

46 3 139 8.5 69374 44

FOREST AND STREAM.

A Weekly Journal of the Rod and Gun.

ANGLING, SHOOTING, THE KENNEL, PRACTICAL NATURAL HISTORY
FISHCULTURE, YACHTING AND CANOEING

AND THE

INCULCATION IN MEN AND WOMEN OF A HEALTHY INTEREST
IN OUTDOOR RECREATION AND STUDY.

VOLUME LII.

JANUARY, 1899—JUNE, 1899.



PUBLISHED BY THE
FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING COMPANY.
NEW YORK

204983

FOREST AND STREAM.

INDEX---VOLUME LII.

EDITORIAL.		THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST.		NATURAL HISTORY.		GAME BAG AND GUN.	
	Page.		Page.		Page.		Page.
Adirondack Guides.....	201	Adirondack Deer Hunting Days.....	302	Alaskan Expedition, Harriman.....	346	Adirondack Deer Law.....	206
Adirondack Moose.....	281	Adirondack, Few Days in.....	2	Alaska Hot Water Lake.....	205, 226	Adirondack Deer Protection.....	86
All of It.....	401	Adirondack Moose.....	183	Alaska Reindeer.....	165	Adirondack Deer.....	246, 291
Bears, Sinnaker.....	221	Adirondack Ruin.....	464	Animal Cemeteries.....	404	Adirondack Guides' Association.....	85
Beede, Protector.....	61	Alaskan Moose.....	22	Antlers, Locked.....	305	Adirondack Hounding.....	109
Bigness.....	361	Alaska Trophies.....	282, 306	Armadillos in Texas.....	366	African Hunting Experiences.....	266
Birds and the Storm.....	121, 301	Antoine's Brother-in-Law.....	203	Audubon Society.....	243	Alaska Hunting.....	306
Buffalo Hunting, Indian.....	421	Bee Hunting Story.....	263	Baird's Sandpiper.....	9	Alaska Hunt.....	227
Business and Sport.....	361	Blank Days.....	43	Bear, Breeding Habits.....	185	Association Project.....	163
Buzzards' Roost.....	101	Boy, Just About a.....	23, 42, 144, 183, 242, 344, 423	Bears Born in Captivity.....	84	Bear, Uncle Jimmy's Last.....	423
Canadian Salmon Rivers.....	61	Boy, That.....	364	Bears, Rocky Mountain.....	6	Beede, Protector.....	66
Carp Nuisance.....	481	Buck Ranch.....	324	Bears.....	165	Bird Hiding.....	347
Colorado Game Law.....	281	Camping Ways.....	284	Beaver Dam in National Zoo.....	424	Boone and Crockett Club.....	66
Columbia and Defender.....	461	Canadian Woods.....	24, 43	Beaver in New York.....	45	Bull, 'Big.....	228
Congress and the Birds.....	21, 41	Cat Claw Park.....	324	Beaver Land.....	226	Cabin Plan.....	128
Connecticut Fish Commission.....	361	Chat.....	442	Birds in London.....	126	California, Jolly Camp.....	286
Conventionalisms.....	21	Chickahominy.....	402	Birds of Indiana.....	243	Caribou, Mr. Riordan's.....	88
Dogs in Cities.....	301	Chinaman Cook.....	363	Birds' Services.....	147	Catlin Pictures.....	60
Elk, Eastern.....	181	Comrades.....	322	Birds that Hunt.....	107	Christian County Club.....	488
Elk in Canada.....	141	Desk, Old.....	364, 385	Bob White in Town (photograph).....	404	Colorado Game.....	327
Exterminatory Peregrinators.....	441	Dixie, Origin of.....	263, 364	Buffalo in Van Cortlandt Park.....	305	Colorado Law.....	148
Fish Sale in Close Time.....	201	Eye Theory.....	364	Butterfly, American.....	345	Congress and the Game.....	28, 46, 65
Florida Game Protection.....	401	Flags, The Two (poetry).....	4	Caribou Heads.....	108	Connecticut Grouse Snaring.....	347
"Forest and Stream" Volumes.....	101	Florida, Boyhood Days in.....	362	Caribou, Captive.....	424	Cuvier Club.....	43
"Game Hog".....	201, 221	Florida Gulf Coast.....	25	Caribou in Maine.....	26	Daly, Charles.....	51
Game Parks.....	361	"Forest and Stream".....	104	Cricket, Jerusalem.....	385	Dame Nature's Store.....	265
Game Protection Public Concern.....	21	Freezeout, Game of.....	482	Crow as Nest Robber.....	144	Deer Hunt in Adirondacks.....	—
Game Reservations.....	81	Gens des Bois.....	3, 182, 342	Crow Nests.....	45, 65, 108		
Game Sale Bill.....	341	Georgia, Trip to.....	202	Deer, Brush.....	404		
Getting Away from It.....	141	Havre de Grace.....	222	Deer, Spotted.....	45		
Gomez, Jno.....	1	Highways and Byways.....	242	Deer, Weights, Vermont.....	9		
Guides and Their Ways.....	361	Houseboating Under Difficulties.....	3	Ducks, Tree-Nesting.....	346		
Home Animal.....	341	Indian, Lazy.....	402	Eagle.....	425		
Knives.....	321, 341	June Prospects.....	483	Elk, Eastern.....	147		
Lacey Bird Bill.....	21, 41, 181	Kansas Prairies.....	283, 303	Elk, Quebec.....	185, 203		
Landing Net Law.....	461	Kootecheran and Pemmican.....	342	Elk, Vermont.....	185, 244		
Maine Guide License.....	61	Making Acquaintances.....	483	Elliott's Wildfowl.....	83		
Marsh, Prof. O. C.....	221, 261	Moose Hunting with Camera.....	243	Eyes.....	243		
Mill Dams.....	461	Moose on Railroad Tracks.....	344	Fawn, Tame.....	7		
Mounds and Animal Effigies.....	281	Moose, Uncle Oliver's.....	183	Florida Birds.....	84, 108		
Mountains.....	101	Nicaraguan Experiences.....	362, 382	Florida Great Blue Herons.....	44		
National Park.....	1	Night, Things of.....	442	Fox Weight.....	264		
Newfoundland Caribou.....	181	Nitro.....	323	Game Breeding.....	263		
New Jersey Protection.....	401	North Carolina Game Hunt.....	304	Horns and Rodents.....	7		
Old Times on the Plains.....	161	Notes, Three Brief.....	423	Indian Natural History.....	345		
Paris Exposition.....	421	Old Derry.....	322	Instinct.....	225, 326, 346		
Pemmican for the Army.....	301	Open-Air Service.....	343	Introducing Noxious Species.....	425, 443, 465		
Photographs.....	81	Papskane Creek.....	304	Jaguar Ways.....	206		
Prairie Chickens in Arkansas.....	301	Pemmican as an Army Ration.....	305	Loon's Flight.....	206, 243		
Preserves and Rentals Abroad.....	481	Pioneer Days.....	422, 442, 462, 482	Man and Brute.....	365		
Prophets.....	101	Pleasure in the Woods.....	363	McKinley, Vermont Deer.....	206		
Rational and Insane.....	41	Podgers' Commentaries.....	384				
Reed, Myron W.....	81	Poetry of Sport.....	284				
Rhode Island Game Warden.....	281	Pot Luck.....	462				
Running Deer Target.....	161	Rainbow Country.....	82, 103				
Sale of Game Bill.....	41	Reed Lights and Juniper Greens.....	483				
Salt-Water Lake.....	381	Regimental Heirloom, A.....	403				
Schweitzerkase.....	381	Rockies, Winter in.....	184				
Ships.....	101	Samoa Malanga.....	122				
Skylarks.....	121	Sea Story.....	363				
Spring.....	261	Seminole Bear Hunt.....	384				
Streams Posted.....	441	Seminole in Everglades.....	422				
Toilsomeness of Sport.....	481	Seven Sportsmen.....	162				
Toledo Fisheries Exhibit.....	341	Signs of Spring (illustration).....	262				
Walton's Angler.....	321						
Washington Game Market.....	41						
Washington, Bird of.....	141						
Waters Near By.....	341						
White Flag.....	241						
Wild Pigeon.....	81						

Page.	Page.	Page.	Page.
Deer in Tioga County.....230	Wyoming Game Situation.....466	New York Commission.....135	Hamilton.....255, 374, 394, 473
Delaware County.....48	Yellowstone Park Enlargement.....10	New York Nearby Fishing.....193	Hand, Jr., Wm. H., Design for 21ft. Sloop.....218*
Elk in the Mountains.....27	Yellowstone Park.....466	New York Winter Fishing.....130	Hand, Jr., Wm. H., Design for 25ft. Sloop.....297*
Epithet, Concerning.....228, 249, 265, 288, 309	Zigzag Experiences.....152	New Zealand Fishculture.....406	Inyoni.....198*, 220*
Exterminatory Peregrinations.....445, 466, 485		North, Kit.....253	Jenny Wren.....78*
Flintlocks.....349		Oneida Lake Pirates.....271	Josephine.....255, 394
Florida Flatwoods.....291		Pacific Notes.....488	McLeod.....313, 374, 394
Florida Shooting.....31		Paris Exposition.....409	Measurement.....35
Forest Reserves.....67		Pennsylvania Association.....331	Models of Warships.....496
Four Days at Quail.....29		Pennsylvania Fishing Interests.....112	Myrtle.....255, 374
Foxes, Digging Out.....446		Pennsylvania Law.....232	New York Harbor Anchorage.....355
Fox, Fleeting.....69		Perch, Large.....470	New York Y. C. House.....93
Game About Rochester.....109		Percy Summer Club.....294	Nymph.....356
Game Forests and Indians.....428		Pickerel, World's Fair.....91	Obituary:
Game Parks.....247, 265, 286, 326		Posted Stream Decision.....448	Robert Goelet.....355
Game Sale, Section 249.....51		Potomac, Up and Down:	R. S. Palmer.....200
Gassett's.....367		Four-Mile Run.....110	Overhangs.....138
Gerry, of Hyde.....50		Edward's Ferry.....190	Polynesian Vessels.....199*
Gobblers, Circumventing.....327		Gravelly Run.....213	Prairie.....394, 473
Good-night, Old Pipe (poetry).....31		Riverton.....252	Quincy Cup.....93, 197, 240, 275, 355, 412
Grays, Among the.....428		Analostan River.....293	Quissetta.....198
Green Mountain Notes.....249		Shenandoah City.....370	Ramona.....356
Grouse Shooting.....127		Little Falls.....471	Rebecca.....55
Gun Notions.....430		Rainbow Trout, California.....331	Regina.....356
Gun, Old.....186		Red Letter Days.....190	Royal St. Lawrence One-Design.....336*
Hawk Winter Food.....89		Reels.....311	Sasqua.....256
Hip Rest.....110, 165, 210		Retrospect.....333	Scantling Restrictions.....15, 77
Hudson's Bay Dog.....347		Salmon Casting.....14	Seawanhaka Cup.....79, 113, 115, 314
Hunt, Annual.....427		Salmon in Monroe County, N. Y.....212	Shamrock.....354, 410, 412, 455, 493
Indians and Game.....387		Salmon Leaping.....14	South Boston.....473
Iowa Association.....429		Salmon of Champlain and Ontario.....171, 230, 254	Spry.....138*, 155*
Iowa Realities.....90		Salmon, Small Chinook.....294	Toronto.....255, 313, 454
Jackson's Hole.....47, 244		Salmon Taste Good.....449	Veva.....275, 314, 454
Kansas Prairies.....228, 244		Salmon, Young, Captured in Atlantic.....433	Yacht Designing.....16*, 36*, 76*, 113*, 156*, 200*, 238*, 274, 312*, 353*, 410*, 453*, 494*
Kansas Quail.....487		St. Lawrence River Park.....134	Yankee.....197, 411, 454
Knives.....151, 152, 328, 347		Salt Water League.....391, 407, 433, 471	Zulu.....114*, 140*
Lacey Game Bill.....109, 127, 148, 168		Seabreeze, Summer.....211	
Lacey Bill.....28, 46, 65, 87		Seal, Tame.....447	Clubs and Races.
Laurentian Club.....169		Sea Trout.....71	Atlantic.....157, 412, 451
Lion Hunt.....486		Seines in Illinois.....253	American.....496
Maine Game Commission Report.....49		Shad, Fly-Fishing for.....400	Baltimore.....494
Maine Game in Boston Markets.....28		Shad Gluts in Old Connecticut.....312	Beverly.....496
Maine License.....31, 66		Shenandoah, On the.....431	Burgess.....452, 495
Maine Trip.....30		Silkworm.....389	Canarsie.....473
Man and Other Animals.....286		Smelts.....191	Corinthian:
Manitoba Game Regions.....246		Snowshoes.....169	Marblehead.....495
Mann, Albert G.....466		Spring Fishing.....368	Philadelphia.....412, 452
Maryland Association.....86		Striped Bass.....230, 271	San Francisco.....473
Maryland Night Shooting Ducks.....30		Sullivan, Jeremiah.....311	Eastern.....494
Mastigouche Club.....387		Sunapee Trout in New York.....407	East Gloucester.....494
Megantic Dinner.....108		Sunrise on the Jersey Coast (photograph).....191	Gilberts Bar.....55
Menotomy Club.....152		Tarpon, Rockport.....392	Harlem.....451
Michigan Deer.....10		Tenderfoot Fishing.....70	Hempstead Bay.....496
Minnesota Forest Reserve.....348, 386		Tourilli Club.....110	Hudson River.....452
Missouri Outings.....29		Trout Culture.....170	Huguenot.....412
Missouri.....87		Trout, How to Carry Home.....392	Hull-Massachusetts.....496
Moose Home.....66		Trout, Lake.....468	Indian Harbor.....452
Moose Hunting with Camera.....250		Trouting Near Home.....229	Jamaica Bay.....473
Moose Killed in Vermont.....290		Trout Habits.....33	Knickerbocker.....411
Moose Trappers.....148		Trout Killer.....390	Larchmont.....412, 496
Mud Shoes.....387		Trout, Mountain.....468	Massachusetts Y. R. A.....256
Mud.....466		Trout on Broadhead Creek.....388	Morrisania.....495
New Brunswick Notes.....89		Trout Quartette.....393	New Rochelle.....436
New Brunswick.....229, 288, 467		Trout Pond Stocking.....51	New York.....137, 355
Newfoundland Caribou.....187		Trout Rod (poetry).....268	Penataquit Cor.....452
New Hampshire Fox Hunting.....264		Trout Streams in Michigan.....451	Plymouth.....452, 496
New Hampshire.....168		Tuna.....450	Portland.....198
New Jersey Case.....51, 52		Turtles, Fresh-Water.....214, 250	Queen City.....453
New York Deer Law.....69		Turtle, To Dress.....293	Rochester.....374
Ontario Quail.....350		Unios for Bait.....251	Royal Canadian.....436, 495
Partridges' Home.....430		Vermont Fish Lecture.....233	Royal Hamilton.....493
Pennsylvania Game Constables.....429		Whitefish in Idaho.....294	Royal Kennebecasis.....140
Pennsylvania Bears.....11		Whitefish, Labrador.....270	Royal St. Lawrence.....394
Pennsylvania Law.....186		Yellowtail Season.....330	San Francisco.....452
Pigeon Days.....166			Seawanhaka.....79, 113, 115, 314, 452
Quail in Winter.....10			Sound Y. R. A.....16, 77, 255
Quail Weights.....152			South Boston.....355, 452
Quebec Notes.....367			Southern.....338
Red Letter Days.....85, 127			Squantum.....495
Rifle, Hunting.....288			Victoria.....496
Rifle, Swivel-Breech.....327			Williamsburgh.....452
Rockies, In the.....386, 405, 427, 486			Winthrop.....455, 474
Rock Springs Company.....268, 366			Wollaston.....452, 474
Rocky Mountain Vignettes.....47			Yankee-Dominion.....113, 197, 256, 454
Sagamore Club.....245			
Shooting, Temperance.....368			Steam Yachting:
Shot, A Remarkable.....127			Ailsen II.....434*
Sportsmen's Exposition.....188, 206			Alberta.....434*
Spring Shooting.....229, 430			Aloha.....37
Storm and Birds.....186			Aphrodite.....275
Tanning Skins.....51			Columbia II.....497
Utah Notes.....249			Corsair III.....17
Venison, Fish for.....228			Eugenia II.....434*
Virginia, Eastern Shore.....386			Flint-Mosher Yacht.....366
Virginia Shooting Country.....69			Gasoline Engines and Launches.....138, 174, 218, 254, 295, 336
West Virginia Game.....166, 244			Idalia.....434*, 474
Woodcock Disappearing.....88			Kismet.....497
Worcester Association.....168			Laverock.....497
oming Elk Slaughter.....167			Mogita.....413

SEA AND RIVER FISHING.

YACHTING.

(Illustrated articles marked thus *.)

	Page.
Navy Cutter.....	238*, 257*
Paul Jones' Wreck.....	97
Royal Yacht, British.....	305, 435, 436*
Steam Yacht Asa, Naval Auxiliary.....	93*
Utowana.....	17
Willada.....	157

CANOEING.

A. C. A.:	
Atlantic Division.....	414
Eastern Division.....	396
Meet.....	272, 373
Buffalo.....	373
Canoe Fittings.....	54, 80
Canvas Canoe Repairs.....	396
Crayfish.....	414*
Cruises:	
All's Well that Ends Well.....	79*
Leaves from Log of Frankie.....	17, 34, 256, 273*
Dartnell, Judge.....	176
New York.....	434, 474
Passing of the Canoe.....	413
Professional Convert.....	373
Red Dragon.....	54, 258
Stony Lake Map.....	80*
Western Canoe Association.....	54, 115

RIFLE RANGE AND GALLERY.]

Cincinnati Rifle Association.....	20, 57, 100, 235, 275, 414, 497
Colorado Springs Rifle Club.....	235
Conlin's Gallery.....	76, 157, 258, 275
Missouri Rifle Club.....	116
National Sportsmen's Association.....	157, 194
New Jersey State Rifle Association.....	360
Shell Mound.....	20, 58, 116, 157, 235, 275, 414, 497
Sport in Ye Olden Time.....	436
Sportsmen's Show Contests.....	215, 234

TRAP-SHOOTING.

Allentown; Trap at.....	278
Altoona Rod and Gun Club.....	178
Amateur Pigeon Championship.....	179
Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association.....	99
Arkansas and the South.....	196
Arkansas Traps.....	216
Auburn (Me.) Gun Club.....	237, 258, 397
Auburn (N. Y.) Gun Club.....	480
Baltimore Shooting Association.....	19, 38, 298, 358
Bison Gun Club.....	100, 237, 298
Boiling Springs Gun Club.....	160

	Page.
Boston Gun Club.....	20, 38, 59, 98, 116, 160, 177, 196, 216, 238, 259, 280, 299, 316, 380, 400, 420, 440, 480, 500
Brantford Tournament.....	440
Brockton Gun Club.....	340, 415, 500
Buckeye Gun Club.....	216
Buffalo Audubon Gun Club.....	19, 39, 58, 75, 177, 197, 216, 236, 277, 316, 338, 438, 440, 500
Catchpole Gun Club.....	177, 216, 260, 280, 400, 438
Centerdale Gun Club.....	237, 259, 277, 316, 340, 420, 480, 499
Chamberlin Tournament.....	419
Chambersburg Tournament.....	298
Championship of New Jersey.....	74, 117, 339
Charter Oak Handicap.....	276
Chicago Athletic Association.....	20
Cincinnati Gun Club.....	416, 475
Cincinnati vs. Buckeye Gun Club.....	40
Confabulations of the Cadi.....	59, 135, 279
Craig-Goodhue.....	500
Cresson Gun Club.....	237
Daddy at Practice.....	100
Danvers Gun Club.....	340
De Lamar Gun Club.....	400, 440
Donly's Tournament.....	60
Du Pont Gun Club.....	420
Du Pont Trophy.....	180, 377
Eastern and Western Shooters.....	38, 117
East Side Gun Club.....	18, 500
East Toronto Gun Club.....	98
Elgin National Club.....	416
Elliott-Crosby.....	440
Eltingville, Trap at.....	136
Emerald Gun Club.....	416
Eureka Gun Club.....	116, 238
Fanning and Banks vs. Heikes and Rike.....	38
Fitchburg Rod and Gun Club.....	358, 396, 420, 480
Florist Gun Club.....	19, 60, 98, 196, 299, 358
Franklin County (Vt.) Gun Club.....	397
Freehold Gun Club.....	498
Fremont Gun Club.....	58
Forester Gun Club Tournament.....	178
Fort Smith.....	380, 474, 500
Fulford's Plan of Traps.....	259
Garden City Gun Club.....	100
Glenville Gun Club.....	315
Grand American Handicap.....	195, 317, 419
Grand American Handicap Entries.....	278
Hamilton Gun Club.....	75
Handicap Table.....	258
Harrisburg Shooting Association.....	40
Harvard Shooting Club.....	419
Harvard vs. Yale.....	357
Haverhill Gun Club.....	338, 380, 396, 419, 480, 497
Hazelwood Gun Club.....	118
Hell Gate Gun Club.....	40
Hill Top Gun Club.....	39
Holmesburg Junction.....	74

	Page.
Honoring Dead.....	500
Idaho Shoot.....	475
Illinois State Shoot.....	398
Important if True.....	358
Inanimate Target Championship.....	377
Indiana Trap-Shooters' League.....	299
Interstate at Oil City.....	420
Interstate at Bellows Falls.....	415, 499
In New Jersey.....	20, 39, 60, 76, 99, 117, 137, 160, 180, 197, 217, 237, 260, 277, 299, 339, 357, 377, 300, 415, 438, 475, 498
Interstate Programme.....	159
Interstate Rules.....	119, 137
Iowa State Tournament.....	439
Jeannette Gun Club.....	195, 338, 380, 498
Jonhson-Morfeys.....	357
Johnson-Welch.....	196
John F. Weiler Gun Club.....	136, 380, 500
Keene Lawn Gun Club.....	480
Kingsbridge Gun Club.....	260, 315
Lane vs. Steger.....	280
Lifters and Liftings.....	500
Limited Gun Club.....	195
Little Rock, Trap at.....	236
Madison Square Garden Tournament.....	100
Maryland Sportsmen's Exposition Tournament.....	339
McAlpine and Welch vs. Money and Guthrie.....	99
Meyer-Lane.....	19
Middlesex Gun Club.....	179
Minneapolis Gun Club.....	397, 420, 438
Misfires.....	178
M. S. F. and G. P. Association.....	100
Missouri State Tournament.....	178, 197, 359, 416
Money-Elliston.....	316
Money Defeats Rothaker.....	117
Monte Carlo.....	136
Montpelier Gun Club.....	315
Mount Shasta Gun Club.....	38
Mount Pleasant Gun Club.....	196
M. W. & Co. Trophy.....	40, 58, 118, 238, 338, 378, 416
Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association.....	315
Nebraska State Tournament.....	379
New York State Shoot.....	158, 178, 415, 440, 476
Noone, W. H.....	195
On Long Island.....	18, 40, 59, 76, 99, 118, 137, 158, 178, 197, 217, 237, 260, 280, 299, 315, 340, 358, 377, 400, 416, 438, 475, 497
Palm Beach Gun Club.....	177, 196, 217, 238, 259
Parmelee-Brewer.....	316
Pawling Rod and Gun Club.....	258, 357
Pawtuxet Gun Club.....	259, 438
Penn. State Sportsmen's Association.....	100
Peru Tournament.....	378
Poughkeepsie Gun Club.....	18
Ramblings in the South.....	19
Reading Handicap.....	74
Red Dragon Canoe Club.....	136

	Page.
Remington Gun Club.....	19
Riverton Gun Club.....	236
Rochester Gun Club.....	39, 260, 298
Saginaw, Trap at.....	217
Savagery of Trap-Shooting.....	415
Scribner Gun Club.....	98
Shasta (Cal.) Trap.....	360
Sheepshead Bay Gun Club.....	76
Sherbrooke Gun Club.....	340
Sidell Gun Club.....	98
St. Paul Rod and Gun Club.....	100, 378, 397, 420, 440
Soo Gun Club.....	419, 438, 479, 500
Spalding Shoot.....	475
Sportsmen's Ass'n Tournament.....	160, 215, 237
Sportsmen's Ass'n of Northwest.....	497
St. Louis Aftermath.....	440
St. Louis Doings.....	196
St. Louis Traps.....	99
St. Louis Shooting Ass'n.....	280, 340, 380, 396
Sumpter vs. Smith.....	40
Texas, Sport in.....	216
Towerers.....	316
Trap Around Reading.....	18, 40, 76, 118, 158, 217, 237, 276, 298, 357, 377, 397, 415, 438
Tyrone (Pa.) Gun Club.....	280
University of Pennsylvania.....	236
University vs. Pennsylvania.....	60
Upon the Heights.....	397
Von Lengerke vs. Dupee.....	437
Warwick Gun Club.....	177
Washington Heights Gun Club.....	340
Washington Park Gun Club.....	58
Watson's, Trap at.....	58, 100, 137, 196, 278
Western Traps.....	20, 38, 75, 118, 137, 158, 180, 196, 299, 358, 378, 397, 416, 437, 475, 498
West Chester Gun Club.....	440
White Plains Handicap.....	196, 438
Woonsocket Gun Club.....	217, 238, 315, 339, 396, 430, 480
W. V. S. S. Association.....	340
W. C. Lynham Tournament.....	316

Illustrations.

Burkhardt, C. S.....	476
Crosby, W. R.....	497
Dickey, O. R.....	277
Elkwood Park Shooting Grounds.....	319
Fulford, E. D.....	277
Fulford's Plan of Trap Arrangement.....	259
New York City Members' Cup.....	477
Interstate Association, Officers of.....	318
Marshall, T. A.....	277
Messner, J. J.....	277
Morfeys, T. W.....	276
Scores Made by F. C. Ross.....	234
Welch, R. A.....	276
World-Record Squad, Lincoln.....	399
World's Record Squad, Peru.....	398

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, \$4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. }
SIX MONTHS, \$2. }

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 7, 1899.

VOL. LII.—No. 1.
No. 846 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, \$4 per year, \$2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iv.

The Forest and Stream Platform Plank.

"The sale of game should be forbidden at all seasons."
—FOREST AND STREAM, Feb. 3, 1894.

Taking the average of shooting companions, however (except to beat a double hedge-row, or divide what could not be seen on both sides), I should pardon any old sportsman for saying that he would rather have their room than their company.
Col. Hawker.

EXTENDING THE NATIONAL PARK.

EARLY in 1898, Col. S. M. B. Young, then acting superintendent of the National Park, submitted to the Secretary of the Interior a bill for the enlargement of that reservation. This bill was intended to give exact expression to one of the recommendations made by Col. Young in a report made to the Secretary at the same time. In due time the bill was submitted to Congress and introduced in the Senate. Since then petitions have been received by the Department of the Interior from residents of the State of Wyoming, asking that certain lands to the south of the present Teton forest reserve be added to it, and that this territory be constituted a new National Park, to be managed separately from the Yellowstone Park.

The boundaries suggested in Col. Young's recommendation would extend the limits of the Yellowstone National Park so as to include the Yellowstone timber land reserve, and all that portion of the Teton forest reserve lying east of the summit of the Teton range, together with two small unreserved tracts at the southwest and the northwest corners of the National Park. The sum of these areas is about 3,260 square miles, and the addition if made would thus come near to doubling the area of the National Park.

In the country proposed to be added to the Park there are a few settlers and a few undeveloped mines. It is chiefly a timbered mountain country, and does not run far enough south to take in the real winter range of the southern elk herd. It is, however, a country abounding in game and in fine timber, and so is well worth preservation and improvement. Its addition to the Yellowstone Park would greatly increase the range of the game and would work no hardship to any *bona fide* settlers, whose claims might easily be adjusted at a later day.

Should such an enlargement be sanctioned by Congress, considerable additions ought to be made to the force of troops now caring for the Yellowstone Park. A permanent post—though not necessarily a large one—should be built somewhere near the southern boundary of the Park, since the patrols who work during the winter should not be obliged to make the long journey on foot from the Mammoth Hot Springs to the southern borders of the reservation. These regular troops, while no more perfect than other men, still constitute the most efficient guardians that can be had for the Yellowstone Park. The Commissioner of the General Land Office says, "The superior discipline of regular troops makes a more effective patrol than the civil forest officers, and cavalry can cover greater extent of territory with more expedition and is better able to cope with trespassers than are forest rangers." The first part of this statement is undoubtedly true, but the last does not take account of the fact that the trespassers most to be feared work in winter, at a time when cavalry is not available. On the other hand, a cavalry force is much better equipped to fight fires than are civil forest officers under present conditions.

The importance of protecting these forest reservations

and the game which ranges in them is recognized alike by residents of Wyoming and by sportsmen all over the land. Both these classes are agreed that this ought to be done. If Congress should enact such a measure, the protection of game in the Park would, of course, be left, as now, to the general Government, while on the residents of the settlement of Jackson's Hole and its vicinity must fall the burden of protecting the game which migrates south during the winter to feed in the warm low country where the settlements are and beyond. We believe that this task may safely be left to those residents. Many of them are thoroughly alive to the importance of enforcing the law and caring for the game on general principles, and many others who take a narrower view are well aware that the destruction of the game would result in depriving them of a considerable income which they will receive each year from visiting sportsmen, so long as game can be had in their vicinity.

In view of the short time that remains of the present session of Congress, it is not likely that action will be taken on this bill unless a concerted effort shall be made to bring it forward both by sportsmen and by residents of Wyoming. The views of the latter are likely to have more weight with Congress than those of even a larger number of men scattered over the country, because the inhabitants of Wyoming are more immediately concerned in it than others. Whatever action may be taken looking to the pressing of this measure should not be delayed.

SNAP SHOTS.

Some months ago came a disquieting rumor of the death of old John Gomez, of Panther Key, off the Gulf Coast of Florida. Now Tarpon writes us from Tarpon Springs that the yacht Maud, Com. Knapp, has just returned from a cruise to Miami, and having called at Panther Key, found Gomez not only alive, but spry and vigorous, notwithstanding his 117 years. He still paddles his own canoe, and manages his boat for himself when fishing and turtling. "It is easy to see that he has failed somewhat," says Com. Knapp, "but his courage is such that he will not admit any weakness." Good fortune to the old man; to bespeak for him long life were superfluous.

Our Boston correspondence reports that a movement is on foot among Maine guides to form an organization for mutual benefit. As we have pointed out, there is much which might be accomplished for the betterment of the guides, should an organization prove practicable. For one thing, some way ought to be devised to distinguish between competent guides and the incompetents. Under present conditions, as the guide license law works, all guides are put on a level with respect to the license system. And just as under the Maine medical regulations a worthless charlatan may buy a physician's license and under its authority start in and kill people, so under the guide law an incompetent and ignorant and not always sober bar-room loafer at Kineo is free under shield of his license to engage himself as a guide to uninformed sportsmen, take them into a country where they would not see game in a thousand years, keep them in camp for the stated period, and in the end rob them by taking their money for services not rendered. As we have said in the past, the efficient and honest guides should devise some way to rid the craft of these fellows for good and all.

The guide license idea is taking hold in the West; it is a feature of the elaborate measure proposed by Mr. Beaman for Colorado. If a license were evidence of capability on the part of the one holding it, the system would be warmly approved by non-resident sportsmen.

The purist is on hand again with his fanciful grievance over the use of the term "hunting" for "shooting." There is a distinction between the two, but one not commonly observed in this country, where hunting covers everything from the pursuit of the grizzly or the moose to the shooting of quail and hares. In years to come sports may so develop in America that we shall be required to observe the niceties of speech in referring to them; but it will be a long time before the word hunting shall be limited to the practice of riding to hounds. For the most part that use of language to describe field sports is best which is simplest and least affected. The technical distinctions

between flocks and bunches and herds and gaggles are hardly known to the present generation. Pedantic writers have written learnedly and oracularly of correct sporting diction, but for the most part their well intended efforts to reform the language have been dissipated in the upper air, leaving no spoor behind.

There was one circumstance in the early history of William and Mary College which our Boston contributor might well have added to the notes he sends of that historic institution. In the early days of the Colony of Virginia deer were extremely abundant, and one of the industries first developed by the settlers was the gathering of deer skins and their preparation for export to the mother country; and when William and Mary College was founded one source of revenue for its support was provided by the imposition of a tax on deer skins. This York River country of which our correspondent writes is one of the most interesting on the continent for its historical associations, running back to the time of sturdy Capt. John Smith.

When the Maine moose season was shortened by the last Legislature, complaints were made that the time allowed was so short as to be extremely inimical to the interests of guides and sportsmen. The statistics of the year, however, show that in 1898 more moose were killed than in any one of the five years preceding; and any endeavor to provide a more extended season is likely to be discouraged by these figures. There is good reason for apprehension that the Maine railroads are overdoing the game killing, and promoting an injudicious drain on the native resources of Maine forests. Certain it is that vast moose districts are being cleaned up; the permanent camp has been established in more than one district, where the result is that the game may no longer be found.

This promises to be an active season in game legislation. In numerous States the laws will be practically new throughout if the plans of projected changes shall go through. It is probable too that there will be less of freakishness and more of mature common sense protection than is usual.

The naturalist Ramon Lista years ago described a strange animal he had found in the interior of Santa Cruz as a form of the sloths or ant-eaters. But in proof of the creature's existence Lista never had anything tangible to show; for though he reported that he had pursued it frequently and had shot at it, he never succeeded in securing a specimen; and by many who read his accounts it was believed that the strange Santa Cruz creature was a myth. The receipt of a specimen from South Patagonia by an Italian naturalist has vindicated the truth of the statements made by Lista, and established the existence of an animal whose characteristics are such as to commend it to those who, like Dr. Blaisdell, of Macomb, Ill., are intent upon stocking this continent with desirable game animals from abroad. The *Neomylodon listai*, as it has been named in honor of Lista, is of the ant-eater family. It is a red furred animal, and has under its hair an armor of bony plates imbedded in the skin "like paving stones," slightly less than an inch in thickness and so tough as only to be broken in with an axe. Moreover, it travels only at night. Thus by its integument and its nocturnal habits the creature would prove admirably adapted to take care of itself with or without the protection of a close season.

A few weeks ago we printed a note from New Brunswick on the horns of a caribou, in which the plow measured thirteen inches at its widest part. This, it was intimated, was a record measurement for this time of the antler in the caribou. It is interesting to learn that the head of the great bull caribou killed in British Columbia by Mr. H. G. Dulog, and figured in FOREST AND STREAM of December 24th, was still more remarkable; the plow measuring sixteen inches, and thus being the largest of which we have as yet any knowledge.

"Fancy trapped quail" are quoted on the "seasonable marketing" lists of New York dealers at \$3 per dozen. Where do they come from? From what district may trapped quail lawfully be had?

The Sportsman Tourist.

A Few Days in the Adirondacks.

My mind had been fixed for months upon the anticipated pleasure of a trip to Vermont after deer. A friend of mine started a week in advance for Bethel. First came a letter saying that he had doubts of success, another saying that deer was scarce, and with advice to give up the trip. "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick." Only a lover of the woods and gun can feel as downcast as I did upon receiving this information. After sitting up late nights to select appliances and to pack up after arranging business matters and procuring the wherewith to meet expenses, I was in a sad state of mind.

Not to be balked, I started alone for the Empire State Express: Changed cars at Utica for Fulton Chain; changed again for Old Forge. The lakes were drawn low to allow for repairs on the dam at Old Forge, hence the trips of the steamers were erratic. It was best to employ a boatman to reach Hess' Camp, at the upper end of Fourth Lake. We started off for the twelve-mile pull. Clouds began to gather and an October gale with rain came on with the darkness. The guide was a lusty fellow, and worked nobly, but as we passed out of Third Lake into Fourth Lake he admitted that we were in for it, and asked me to express my wishes. Not caring to land in a wilderness and sleep out in the rain, I advised going on, and expressed a willingness to take the chances. The chances were terrible. North River was never rougher as I have seen it. Some sportsman can recall that peculiar twist of an Adirondack boat while riding the waves. In spite of the utmost care, the crest of the waves was spilled into the boat, and the guns were wet and the baggage afloat. Bailing was difficult. The wind made talking impossible, and things grew rapidly worse. A glimmer of light shone out from the forest and the guide headed the boat for it. The change of course made "confusion worse confounded." We were carried inshore rapidly, tossed up only to come down upon a rock, and off one rock to land upon another. The result was a hole in the bottom of the canoe. A terrific wail from the guide and the light started toward us, its glimmer interrupted by the motion of the man's legs. One more struggle and we beached the boat none too soon. A leap in the dark and a scramble in the brush, and we are safe. I had often heard that the sins of the past flock thick and fast to one's mind when in danger. It is true. I thought of the many country guide boards that I had peppered with shot and of the town hay scales that I had assisted to blow up one Fourth of July; tried to remember whether I had ever fished Sunday or not, and recalled the day that I carried a huge Remington navy revolver to Sunday school. Once on land I forgot it all. It was another case of "When the devil was sick," etc. The danger over, I juggled successfully with a first aid package, lit an old black pipe and called the guide a chump. This guide's name was Bob Dalton, and the man on shore states that Dalton shouted repeatedly to me to save him. In the West the Dalton boys used to hold up others; in the East they seem to want to be held up.

Our friend on the shore wanted to know what the trouble was. We told him that we had started for Fourth Lake, and had brought up off Hatteras. He said: "This is Dr. Miller's camp, and possibly he may assist you if you are injured." I thanked him for the suggestion and told him that we were looking for a minister while on the lake; now that we were on the land and safe, a doctor might be preferable. There is a Lake Placid in the Adirondacks, but we were not in it. Dr. Miller proved to be a very courteous gentleman. He shared his supper with us and allowed us to rest there over night. The Doctor's health was not good, or as his man put it, "he was enjoying poor health." I alluded to the Biblical admonition, "Physician, heal thyself." His man told me the next morning that he was well healed.

Thanking the Doctor in the morning, we departed, and secured a large flat-bottom boat for the remainder of the trip. We needed it, as the storm was still on. Arriving at Hess' Inn, tired out, wet and hungry, an open fire and breakfast were very acceptable. Fred. Hess was down in Maine after moose, and probably succeeded in securing one or more. A large head of a moose hangs in the office as a test of his prowess.

About noon the sun came out warm, and the remainder of the day was as beautiful as only an October day in the country can be. I strolled away from the hotel for a walk. Skirting Fifth Lake, I came upon the sawmill above. The smell of the new lumber recalled pleasant memories. Sitting down upon a log, drowsiness came over me, and I fancied myself a boy again back in the Berkshire Hills, my old home. There were the paths my father and mother trod; there was the school to which I went; there were the hollyhocks, the sweet brier and the buttonwood tree; there were the lilacs through which the west wind played in summer and the blasts of winter raged. Down across the meadows, past the cemetery, over the brook and railroad track, was the sawmill of the town.

Aroused from the dream by the impertinence of a chipmunk, I wandered along to the dam at Seventh Lake, where I could intercept a guide, who had been recommended to me, on his return from the woods. Thinking over the situation, I recalled the books of the Rev. W. H. Murray. The source of his inspiration was apparent. His inspiration and vivid imagination as expressed in his book has fired many with an ambition for a trip to the North Woods. I am inclined to believe that he was more instrumental in building the Adirondack Railroad than Dr. Webb. I could never comprehend his ghost story nor the canoe ride over the falls. I have always felt that it would be great luck to get near a deer under any circumstances; that a man could get close enough to grab a buck's tail and be yanked about is a little ridiculous. Shooting a loon, as described by him, is all right. I have tried it. "Jollied you" as an expression may not have been in vogue when Mr. Murray wrote the book, but that is what he has done with his readers.

A noise in the brush across the brook attracted my attention, and soon a pack horse loaded with a deer comes into sight. I had inquired at the hotel for a guide named Archie Delmarsh, who had been highly recommended to me. I readily surmised that one of the parties following the pack horse was Delmarsh. I watched him as he

forded the stream, noted the ease with which he climbed the bank, loaded as he was with pack basket and rifles. It was easy to distinguish the guide from the guided. As he approached me I said: "I presume that you are Mr. Delmarsh." "I am," he said. I introduced myself, stated my desires, and the bargain was soon concluded. This guide, Delmarsh, is a fine fellow. An honest eye, pleasant smile, broad shoulders, clean cut from head to foot, he stands before you a young Hercules. A continued acquaintance with him vindicated first impressions. He proved to be a good cook, skillful hunter and a genial companion; his speech is free from ribald jests; and the stereotyped jokes of the camp were noticeably absent.

Well, we collected the necessary articles for food the next morning and started off for the seven-mile tramp through the virgin forest, described by the Irishman as "The forest where the hand of man never put foot." Hardly correct as to this forest, inasmuch as we found where the hand of man had put an axe. On a blazed hemlock five miles or so from the start I saw these words written in pencil:

"Beecher's head wants fixing. It is nearer ten miles from Hess."

Above, in a holder hand, is the word "Liar." Do I quote correctly, Col. Beecher? Adj.-Gen. Tillinghast has read the inscription, so has Raymond S. Spears, correspondent of FOREST AND STREAM, and there are others. They all understand what prompted the writing. It is a recorded wail from tired nature. They tell you that it is six miles to Beecher's old camp. It might seem so on a level road, but over logs and stones, up hill and down dale, through brush and swamp, muck and mire, brooks and brambles, with your boots full of perspiration and the skin off in many places, with your pack straps galling and your gun weighing a ton, you, as a tenderfoot, will say it is twenty miles. Some will ask you why you go and endure such hardships. I go that I may enjoy the hardships. Contrasts are beneficial. I drink ditch water that I may better appreciate Apollinaris; eat bacon that I may enjoy a tenderloin steak; sleep on the ground with the clouds for a roof that I may think better of my bed and home. I wear old corduroy breeches, flannel shirt, heavy boots and leather cap that I may enjoy the delights of creased trousers, white shirt, patent leathers and the Dunlap Derby, in a happy combination with the other requisites of a well-groomed man. There are sportsmen who enjoy the stillness of the woods and the chatter of the birds and squirrels. They enjoy the jingle of the running brook, the twilight, midnight, dawn, sunlight and rain. Some are satisfied to return with empty game bags, and happy in the thought that they have not taken the life of any of God's creatures. There the business man forgets his troubles—bank balances, bills payable, competition and borrowers are forgotten. Everything goes and something new comes. But enough of this pathos. Jog along, boys, to our open camp; it is only a little way further; only another mountain to climb, only another swamp to struggle through, part way up a hill, through a balsam thicket, and we are at the place they talk about. We are actually let in on the ground floor and without any detracting contingencies in the basement. Dropping the rifle and shotgun, off comes the pack basket, and "yours for thirst" bolts for the spring with a tin pail. In the greed to quench thirst, more of the cold spring water goes down the outside than to the inside. The old corn-cob pipe never tasted so good.

This little clearing is a beauty spot and I like it. In "As You Like It" Shakespeare says:

"And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

There are live coals under the back log. The fire has kept twenty-four hours, Delmarsh having left the noon before. The landlord asks me what I will have to eat. I answer that I will eat anything, eat it quick and a lot of it. I will eat pie with a knife, soup from any part of the spoon, and I won't use a napkin or finger bowl. Etiquette at the table be jiggered for once. We haven't a table, only a slab on sticks. The coffee-pot is on, and say, just look at it. It won't take the shine from anything. The pot can call the kettle black and the kettle reply in kind. They can scrap and make up and be no brighter for it. They mean well and are all right inside. Coffee is boiling, bacon is frying, potatoes are soaking, onions are peeling, and my eyes are weeping. "All is well that ends well." Coffee, bacon, potatoes, etc., are disposed of. Delmarsh asks me to eat more and offers to make an Adirondack shortcake, i. e., three toin. flap-jacks with butter and maple syrup between. I tell him that I can eat no more without undressing, and he tells me that he had rather see me go hungry than see me go naked. We wash the dishes with a rag on a stick and hang them up for the sun to dry.

Now for a still-hunt for deer before night comes on. This still-hunting is serious business. Stillness and 210lbs. of clumsy humanity do not blend harmoniously in my case. The leaves are dry and I can crush all the twigs that want to be broken, and kick every stone in sight. The guide tells me I carry the gun all right, but that I must be more quiet. I remind him of my extreme deafness and tell him that he hears more than I do, but that I hear enough.

He led me away off two miles or more from camp; we came to a rock as large as a trolley car. He told me to stand up there and look out; told me to keep my mouth shut and to breathe through my nose after dark, as the night air was bad for gregarious people. I mounted the rock and posed as Ajax Defying the Lightning, or as a plate of ice cream upon a sideboard.

He left me and said that he would call later. Inasmuch as there seemed to be no deer passing, I wondered what had passed in the past. Possibly Leather Stocking and Uncas had built their camp-fire and rested under the port quarter of this rock while on their way from Otsego to the Horicon. Maybe Leather Stocking, alias Natty Bumppo, told the untutored savage the tale of Elijah and the bald head and bad boys. Maybe Lydia Pinkham had waltzed past three or four generations ago clad in a bicycle suit and with her pockets full of artichokes, wild onions and tansy. It had grown dark before the guide returned. He came upon me suddenly and with no warning. I advised him that he was careless, that he might be considered as a deer and get his solar-plexus disorganized by a bullet. He told me that he had con-

sidered that before leaving camp, and had prudently removed the cartridges from my rifle. I lifted my hat to this philosopher and allowed him to lead me by the hand back to camp. We passed near the place the next day and inadvertently found a spot where the dead grass had been matted down by some reclining form. By a kind of Sherlock-Holmes deduction, I was satisfied that Delmarsh had slept quietly through my four hours of watchfulness on the previous day. These Adirondack guides are slick and earn their money by head work.

We had to eat supper, we had to smoke, we must sleep, but before attempting the same I watched for the fairies and fantasies read about as seen by others in the embers of the camp-fire: I got nothing but heat and beechwood smoke for the trouble. The focus was wrong. Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep, held first mortgage and foreclosed. My last thoughts were for the absent night gown with the words, "Sweet lilies close their leaves at night" embroidered down the back. Morpheus was in command until 3 o'clock A. M., when he was ousted by Mephiti Mephitica with the usual accompaniment. The aroma was all pervading. I swatted Delmarsh with a gun cover and yelled, "Get up, landlord; the plumbing is bad and the house is full of sewer gas."

"Oh, go to sleep; that's a skunk, and I will shoot him," he passed back.

"Don't do it, Archie," I replied, "do as Rowland Robinson's Irishman did, 'Leave him alone and he'll stink himself to death.'"

A hunter can go out with a fixed purpose of shooting deer, and with no thought of feathers, but let a skunk that is careless with his priming cross his path, and you can be assured that he will "consider the 'fouls' of the air."

Tuesday and Wednesday passed and we were still hunting. Up in the morning before light, out in the afternoon till after dark, and no deer in the camp. I had a splendid chance at a fawn, but some way I could not kill the little chap. It was not buck fever; it was far pleasanter to watch him. Of all the pleasures of the trip, the sight of that graceful creature is the clearest in my memory. My little friend skipped over the ridge, and I wished that he might live forever. I gathered in four partridges with my Daly shotgun. Birds wait for an introduction before departure in that section, and the only sport obtainable is to shy a stick at them to start the wings in action before shooting. Broiled partridges, flapjacks, coffee and cigars for supper, the Café Savarin is a nonentity in comparison to such a meal in such a place.

Friday came around in regular order. "This is the day that tries men's souls." With thirteen cartridges in my pocket just for luck, I started out in the rain. The leaves were damp under foot, and there was sufficient wind to cover any sound caused by passing through the undergrowth. Delmarsh waited around the camp until I had been gone thirty minutes or more. He then started off to the right for a valley between the mountains. I had reached the opening of the valley down in the plains and paused for a moment to locate the ford of the stream that pelts down through the valley and empties into the river. Oh, my eyes! Across the river, and jumping as only a startled deer can jump, was the largest buck ever seen in the Fulton Chain regions. My .38-55 handled itself grandly, and it called for lively work on the part of its owner to keep up with it. The first shot smote the hindquarters—all that was in sight at that moment. The second shot spat into the brush where the poor fellow had gone down. The second blow evidently stung sharply, for the head and foreshoulders appeared on the other side, while the haunches were down. Although the distance was considerable, I could discern that the stricken beast was looking for his tormentor. A feeling of sorrow for his suffering came over me, and it seemed merciful to send the third message through the heart. Just how I reached the fallen I don't know. Most of the way by water, I think, for I was soaked head, hams and heels. There was no feeling of exultation—rather a sense of guilt. To see such eyes grow dim, to see the changing colors and the final shriveling, is not glory. Lay the blame to your ancestors, to the atavism in your make-up, and hope for the day when man will not kill. As an offset for my conduct, I mused that inasmuch as the allotted life of a deer was about twelve years, I had not deprived him of all; possibly he would have died of old age and suffered much toward the last; possibly he would have been stricken by one of his own sex and kind, a younger and more vigorous creature, in a struggle for supremacy.

The weight at Fourth Lake after the dressing was 225lbs. Allowing less than the usual one-third for shrinkage, it is safe to presume that the weight in life was 310lbs. If any one can tell of a heavier deer than this there is a modern Ananias somewhere. Raymond S. Spears told of this one in yours of November 13, 1897.

Archie had heard the three shots and came down to see what the trouble was. Upon seeing the deer he said, "If I had known that you could shoot I would not have untied that buck. I have kept him for the last five years in order to allow my guests to see one upon the last day." Othello's occupation's gone.

Wellington Kenwell lived seven miles further on. We met him on the trail with two pack horses. This was luck. I could ride old Doctor and the deer could be packed upon the other horse. A hot fire and a partial change into dry clothing, and "Richard was himself again." The last meal was cooked and eaten. I had mounted the old Doctor; Delmarsh passed up the pack-basket loaded with pots, kettles and pans. On top he placed a bag of buckwheat flour that he wished to save. We bade good-bye to the old camp and promised to come again.

This old horse, Doctor, is a famous beast about thirty-seven years old. A big bay at one time, but now grizzled with age. He has carried many burdens and been faithful through all. His end is near, possibly at this writing he has passed over the great divide. If there be a heaven for horses, may he reach it and there, with Bucephalus, Pegasus and Balaam's trotter, with the other steeds of antiquity, together with Dexter, Flora Temple and others of modern times, may he cavort in green pastures and feed upon celestial oats. May the only cinch known to him be that of ready access to the heavenly grain-cribs. Two miles from camp he erred sadly and caused me much discomfiture. I forgave him,

It was caused by a dimness of sight and the stiffness of old age. We were crossing a swamp where the mud is bottomless. The path was rudely corduroyed. The Doctor let one of his stern anchors down between the timbers and the old craft began to settle. With a tremendous effort to retrieve, and by a reflex motion, I was bucked high in the air. I clutched at the tree tops, looked longingly at the clouds, and came down with the proverbial dull thud. The pack-basket came down next, then the rifle, then a shower of nuts, tin plates, knives and forks; the buckwheat flour came down last and covered what the mud did not. Oh! "I was right in it (the mud) and out of sight." Kenwell and Delmarsh pulled me out; one picked the mud from my best ear with a match, while the other scraped my bald head with a tin pan. I was a study in black and white and spatter work that would put in the shade the best efforts of Frederick Remington. I alternately spat mud and flour until I wondered whether I was a dump-cart or a grist mill. The Doctor was struggling to get up and slinging mud like a yellow journal editor. I asked Archie why he had saved that buckwheat flour, and he said, "I have not saved it." It angered me to think that any one could joke at such a time. I twirled the coffee-pot at him with a left in-shoot, he ducked and took first on passed balls. I passed the spot this year (on the other side). A badly battered coffee-pot hung on a limb of a scarred tree—hung there not as a harp on a willow, but as a tangible evidence of an ungovernable temper.

Jog along, boys, there's soap and water at the hotel and a complete Baxter street outfit. We reached Fourth Lake safely. I gave old Doctor a good cleaning, saw that he had his peck of oats, kissed his old muzzle, and we laughingly parted as good friends. A bath, supper, bed and night's sleep were never more highly appreciated.

In the morning Delmarsh was on hand and his bill was paid. I gave him an extra counterfeit ten-spot. The chap really seemed to like me and requested me to come in '98. I led him to the valley where the stream from Fifth Lake empties into the Fourth, and assuming an Aguinaldo attitude I whispered thus: "In '98 I'll meet you, when the leaves turn, Archie; when the beech nuts are falling I'll meet you; down there where the canoes land I'll meet you; stay for me there; I will not fail to meet thee in that hollow vale." His answer was pathetic. I could only catch two words between his sobs, "rats" and "crazy."

Delmarsh's brother and the deer took one canoe, Delmarsh and myself another, and we started, for Old Forge, intending to catch the afternoon train and procure a berth in the Montreal sleeper at Fulton Chain and reach New York Sunday morning. The lakes were like mirrors; the mountains, trees and cottages were reflected perfectly. If you should stand on your head you could not tell "t'other from which." I proposed a race; the boys agreed. Archie said there was an old buck in each canoe and the chances were even. It looked like his race until I called his attention to a stump ahead. While he was looking over his shoulder I got out a sea-anchor in the way of a rubber boot. The stakes—my pipe and tobacco—and the race went to his brother. The race and the stillness of the water brought us to Old Forge in time for the noon train. By quick work with the express agent I made it. The first newspaper I had recorded the death of that fine American, Charles A. Dana, and I realized that an able man had passed away.

Arrived in New York at 10 P. M. Taking up the Sunday paper the next morning, I read of the disaster on the Hudson River Railroad. A whole train had gone into the river, and with it the Montreal sleeper that I had intended to take. I might have escaped—I might not. If not, I could wait patiently with the others for the clarion notes of the Angel Gabriel's reveille.

In relation to guns, they can dispute as to the merits of the .22, .25, .30, .40, .45, .50. I am willing to force the center with a .38-55 as a flying wedge. A kind of "middle-of-the-road pop," as it were. In relation to whiskey in the camp, I assert that the whiskey drinker is the rear guard on a long tramp; that the partridge is out of his bailiwick before he can raise his gun; that he does not "saw wood and say nothing;" the fire goes out and he talks all the time. Whiskey means locomotor ataxia for his legs, incipient paresis for his brain. Extract of witch-hazel is of far more use. Ring off!

W. W. HASTINGS.

NEW YORK CITY.

House-boating under Difficulties.

HOUSE-BOATING in Maine, up to the present time, has not become a craze of her summer saunterers; but some observers, to see the proprietor of one that recently came under the writer's notice at Isleboro, Me., tied up to an old wharf of one of its many picturesque coves, not knowing of his success at the business, would deem him at least crazy to attempt in his crippled condition such hazardous work as it must be to go from port to port alone. For he is a used-up man, apparently, having been born with a withered leg and arm, and one foot which is twisted and deformed, and a mere apology for that part of the anatomy, and on land he hobbles about in a very laborious manner, and painful to look at.

W. O. Cottle, the subject of this brief chronicle, is a native of Jonesport, Me., and is now a weather-beaten, grizzle-bearded, pleasant-spoken man of fifty-five years of age. Notwithstanding the handicapping nature has saddled him with, he has successfully followed the sea, and at one time was first officer of the good schooner Sea Breeze, of Ellsworth. He has also served as cook on several vessels satisfactorily, and between voyages he has learned the shoemaker's trade. Four years ago, having become too old for nautical life, as he had found it, he says, and somewhat tired of its arduous duties, he concluded to retire from it, and go house-boating.

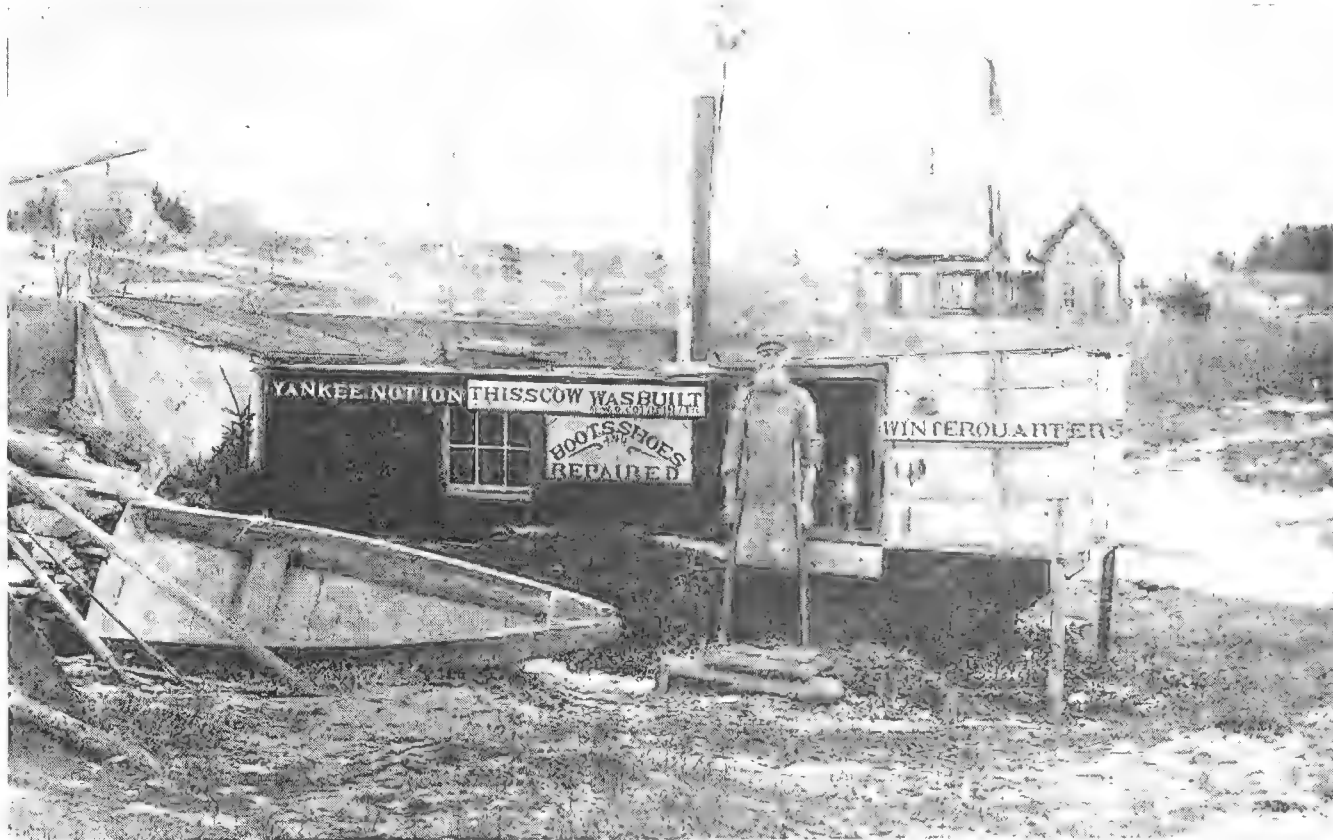
Obtaining the necessary material, he constructed alone, unaided, from keelson to truck, a scow 20 by 6, with a house on it roof, long, and the width of the craft, and christened her with a bucket of pure Penobscot bay brine The Yankee Notion; and though his first attempt in the line is a very creditable piece of workmanship, and one that is destined to give the house-boat building in Maine

waters a new impetus; for a number who have seen it have already laid their plans to build one.

The house has a door in each end, which, being lashed open, permits him to see through it to steer. She is sloop-rigged with two weatherboards on each side, which enables her to get to windward quite a distance in a day. All of the hoisting tackle leads aft to his seat by the tiller, and can be worked without his moving from his position. In the house in one corner is a yacht stove. In another is a convenient cuddy containing all the articles with which to get up a palatable meal, and with the tiller becketted his craft steers herself in any ordinary wind for hours; thus giving him ample time to prepare his food and discuss it. Another corner contains a bunk in which he sleeps with his faithful little dog Snip, who has been his mate the whole four years.

On one side of the house is a shoemaker's kit, and the business part of his cruising is to go among the islands and to anchor at any port that affords a prospect of work, and to repair boots and shoes; and in most of his ports he has no competition, and he picks up many a dollar.

The picture accompanying this brief chronicle of a man worthy of Clark Russell's pen shows him hauled up in winter quarters at Swan's Island. This place was his home last winter, and it speaks well for the humanity of its inhabitants to know that this unfortunate battler for an existence was attended by them through a severe attack of the grippe, which confined him to his bunk for weeks, and which threatened to end his voyaging, as carefully as if he was a brother, instead of only a visitor.



THE YANKEE NOTION IN WINTER QUARTERS.

He has never met with a mishap worthy of mention except once, though he has been obliged to scud her under bare poles more than once, and run to leeward. This time the staunch Yankee Notion took a notion to maroon him, on one of the uninhabited isles he had run her nose on, while he stepped ashore to get driftwood for fuel. The wind was off shore, and the tide ebbing, and as it happened he had moored her insecurely, and a strong puff of wind was enough to set her off, and when he noticed it she was 20 ft. from the shore. Not wishing to do any cruising in this latitude, he plunged in, and kicking out gamely with his game leg, he swam to her and got aboard before she had gained much headway, and navigated her in, where he cast a bowline and a bight around a spruce tree that held her till he had wooded up.

Captain C. says he has a good chance to demonstrate the value of fish as a brain food, and means to jot down in his log its effects, for he subsists largely on it, and in its freshest, purest state. He can cull a mess of edible fish from his backyard, so to speak, at any hour, and the different localities he visits afford an infinite variety in his menu. For instance, mackerel, cod, haddock, pollock, lobsters, clams, scallops, periwinkles, mussels; to say nothing of the humble flounder, which it is said often masquerades as sole. After satisfying the inner man from some of the succulent specimens named, he leans back on the taffrail with a "fate-cannot-harm-him" air worthy of the philosopher that a conversation with this mariner leads one to think him to be.

Capt. Cottle is not able to go aloft now, but could once, in spite of his disabilities, and pass the weather earing as lively as any mate afloat. Now, when anything gives away in that part some one in port must lend a hand and help him out, otherwise he is independent of any help but that of his own calloused, crippled fingers. He dispenses with his crutches when at sea, and supports himself by convenient lanyards and the sides of his boat.

His example is a good lesson for some to contemplate who, under more favorable conditions than his, would no doubt give up in despair and become charitable charges. He is not acquiring wealth at present very fast, he says, but obtains enough of it to supply all of his wants, and he contents himself with the fact that he is not wasting his substance as fast as the average house-boater we read of must be obliged to do, and that he takes as much solid comfort among the beautiful Penobscot Bay islands as the owner of the most palatial steam yacht that plows her way around them in nickel-plated splendor, and that the boat, tender and sails cost only \$50.80, all told.

E. S.

BANGOR, Me.

The Forest and Stream Publishing Co. are the largest publishers and importers in America of Books on Outdoor Sports. Their illustrated descriptive catalogue will be sent free on request.

Gens des Bois.

Guy Brittell.

SOME men are famous for one thing, some for another. Fitzgerald was the only man who ever reached the summit of Aconcagua, and Guy Brittell is the only man who ever caught an eel in Deadwater Pond, at the headwaters of one of the main sources of the Hudson. In my short acquaintance with Guy, I did not see any noticeable evidences of pride or vain glory aside from the mention of the eel, but when he told of that, the original sin which caused the fall of the Angel of Light from Glory manifested itself. He had done what no other human being before or since has done, and nothing could quench his pride in that achievement.

Guy's claim for recognition fortunately rests on a more substantial basis. He is one of the Gens des Bois or People of the Woods, a man in whom the potent blood of mighty forefather Nimrod has again had life. A man in whom the secret witchery of nature works, and who has periods of woods insanity when he cannot resist the spell of the wilderness. A man, in short, who can never become thoroughly civilized or come in touch with the commonplace level of the rest of gregarious humanity.

Guy is fifty-five years of age, with a capacity for being unobtrusive and also a capacity for commanding attention.

If the conversation is one which does not interest him one does not notice his presence in the room. The

gawky teamster, though he says no more than Guy, shuffles his feet and clears his throat so that you are always conscious of him, but Guy fades into the background much as he does when still-hunting. He has in a way the powers that the fairy stories tell about, of making one's self invisible.

When the subject, however, turns from politics to the difference between coon and hedgehog tracks, let us say—a matter in which he is interested—Guy takes the leading part in the conversation. He is sure to be well informed, and his remarks are shrewdly put and to the point.

Guy is a Jack of all trades. He makes razors from old files, and when he finishes the last process of honing them on his horny hand the razor is guaranteed to be a good job, though perhaps not very fancy with its copper rivet and plain cherry wood handle.

He works in the sawmill at Newcomb just now, but he is a veteran of the Civil War, and for years lived in an isolated locality near the juncture of the north and south branches of the Boquet River, under the shadow of old Dix. He was a squatter there, and eventually the owner of the land turned him off in order that a hotel, where trout suppers and game dinners are the feature, could go up on the site of his modest home.

Trapping with 'Lige Simonds.

Lige Simonds, the man who is said to have killed more bear, deer and foxes than any other hunter living in the Adirondacks, used to visit Brittell, and together they hunted and trapped on the Boquet. One October they killed eleven deer in a few days at the Lower Stillwater, with the help of two cur dogs, one a coach dog and the other part cocker spaniel. These dogs would run a deer a few minutes as if the devil were after it, just long enough to get it badly scared, and then give it up and return to their master. The deer generally put for the river, and there one of the hunters who was in waiting accounted for them.

Sometimes they got four or five deer a day. Simonds had a little log camp built at the side of a big rock, no great distance from the bear wallow. This bear wallow lies in the swamp between Lily Pad Pond and the Boquet, and is a place where the bears resort in hot weather to cool off, wallowing in the black mud like pigs. They have worn out a number of holes here, and one may find fresh sign at almost any time during the summer.

Another natural curiosity in the same general neighborhood is the "laurel bed," where grows a very beautiful flowering laurel. The laurel is almost unknown in the Adirondacks, at least on the eastern side, and the exact location of this bed is not generally known. Guy avers that the leaf is very poisonous, and that cattle are killed by eating it.

From the Lower Stillwater a bear trail runs around the west side of the Twin Ponds, and so on to Noonmark.

Guy and Simonds both had traps set on this trail one summer, but while Simonds secured most of the bears

that investigated his trap, Guy had bad luck, and lost six bears in succession. One got out by a cute trick, which proved that he had a mechanical head and a higher order of intelligence than is generally characteristic of bears. He selected a spot where there was a narrow opening between two poplar trees, which grew about 18 in. apart, and turning the trap up on edge so that one spring on each side rested against the trees, he pulled on the trap. In this way a tension was put on the springs, and the jaws were released and the bear's foot came out easily. That bear seemed to understand the mechanism of the steel trap, and Guy says there isn't a trap in the woods that will hold him now.

The last bear to get away pulled Guy's trap all out of shape, so that it was only fit for the junk pile. The clog happened to become very securely caught among some rocks. Ahead, and just within reach of the bear, was a stout young birch tree. The bear clasped this, and like Sampson of old, pulling on the pillars of the temple, exerted a mighty heave, bending the heavy jaw of the trap, and releasing its foot.

A Much Caught Bear.

This bear, as far as intelligence went, was a contrast to the little one with the mechanical turn that Guy first told about. Before it had gone half a mile it stumbled into one of Simonds' traps, and this time it was caught for good and all, as Simonds came up and shot it.

It was one of those creatures who learn nothing by experience. Each one of its four legs had been in traps, the fact being attested by three broken feet and one missing, self amputated, no doubt, at the trap. One foot had been uninjured till caught in Guy's trap, but the foot in Simonds' showed old scars, indicating that the bear had been caught at least five times.

How Guy Sets Bear Traps.

Bear trails in places are well defined paths, and in the running season, which is at its height in June (?), the bears blaze it by biting trees, each leaving his mark as high up as he can reach. In passing over these trails the bears step in each other's footprints, and if one bear fifty years ago crossed a log at a certain spot, every bear that followed is morally certain to have chosen the same place. Moreover, they never deviate from the exact line of their trail if it is in any way possible to avoid leaving it. Knowing these facts, Guy never baits his traps. In setting them he has two considerations to keep in mind—first, placing the trap where a man will not set his foot in it, and second, where a bear will.

On the Twin Pond runway he found a spot where a small spruce tree had grown up directly in the bear's path. A man would step to one side to pass this if he happened to be following the bear's route, but the bears themselves on account of their conservatism preferred to go under the low reaching boughs. An old mouldering log lay here, and where the bears stepped in crossing it Guy chopped out a hole in the mossy sod large enough to receive his trap. He buried it carefully and smoothed a spot in the center over the pan for the bear to set his foot. The chain was fastened to a birch log 8 ft. long and 4 in. in diameter. The ring was slipped over this and secured 2 or 3 ft. from one end by driving spikes both sides of the ring.

A Jumping Hare.

I once heard a lady mention the fact that in Colorado they have jack rabbits 17 ft. long. She knew it, for her son had told her so. What she meant was that the rabbits jumped 17 ft. Guy says they don't have any such rabbits in the fauna of the Adirondacks, but he has seen one that jumped 10 ft. straight into the air. He had set some twitch-up snares on one occasion, and a rabbit that a dog was chasing happened to get into one. The dog tried to catch the rabbit, but every time he made a dive for it the rabbit jumped, and with the spring of the elastic sapling to which the snare was attached shot up in the air to a surprising height. It kept the dog guessing, for he had never seen a rabbit come so near flying.

Hunter's Luck.

Once Guy hunted all day with his boy without seeing a fresh deer track.

Toward nightfall they stopped at a brook to drink, and while the boy was stooping over Guy looked down the mountain side through the hardwood timber, and saw a deer standing feeding in the top of a fallen tree. Guy caught the boy's eye, and motioning to him to be quiet, raised his rifle and fired. The deer sprang square into the treetop, and disappeared from view. The next instant out it came, apparently from the opposite side, and bounded up the mountain.

After running a few rods it stopped. Guy felt sure that he had hit the deer, and hardly thought it necessary to shoot again, but the boy threw up his gun and fired and down it came. They went over to where it had fallen, and to his surprise Guy found that the deer had only been hit by one bullet. He couldn't understand how he had missed, but would never have thought of the real explanation if he had not heard a deer "blat" below them. This directed his attention to the treetop, where the deer had first been seen, and going over to it, he found a deer with a broken back. There had been two deer feeding at the treetop, and the instant the first was shot the second sprang from the opposite side of the tree so quickly that no eye could have distinguished between them. Both were yearlings and similar in every respect.

A Calathumpian Drive.

Guy is bothered a good deal by rheumatism contracted in war times. He left Newcomb and came over to North Hudson to get a little rest, which naturally meant hunting and trapping. After he left Newcomb he says some original genius organized a calathumpian deer drive. A large number of men and boys arrived with tin pans, horns, circular saws and other contrivances for making a hideous noise, marched across one of the best deer grounds in the neighborhood, and drove the deer toward stands where other hunters lay in wait to kill them. A few deer were killed, and the rest so effectually frightened that they left the country, and haven't yet returned.

J. B. BURNHAM.

The Two Flags.

O'er the Western world, in its pride unfurled,
Long floated the flag of Spain;
And the tropic seas, where it caught the breeze,
Bore the name of "the Spanish Main."

On its ample fold of "blood and gold"
Were blazoned both means and prize,
For the stripes of red marked the blood they shed
For the gold which had filled their eyes.

Lands he did not own, from his priestly throne
The Pope unto Spain had given;
And the Spaniard thought that the crime he wrought
Was a passport sure to heaven.

Though they crossed the seas in the name of Peace,
They went with the sword in hand;
And the cross they bore was steeped in gore
When they entered a foreign land.

In the field and mine, by their right divine,
The Indians were forced to slave,
At proud Spain's behest, till their only rest
Was the rest of a bloody grave!

With the march of time comes the end of crime;
And the banner of gold and gore
From the peaceful smiles of those tropic isles
Has fallen to rise no more!

For the early dawn of the new year's morn
Sees another banner rise,
Which blends the hue of celestial blue
With the rose of the morning skies!

Its bands of white speak of truth and right,
For which that banner stands;
While the stripes of red mark the blood they shed
Who fell for their native land!

And above the bars they have placed the stars
In their field of heavenly blue,
As the beacon light in time's darkest night
Of the flag of the free and true!

Long may it wave o'er a nation brave,
And be freedom's symbol fair;
That the banner of Spain shall ne'er again
Claim rule o'er the Western air!

VON W.

In Southeastern Texas.

PERMENUS BRISCOE lived in Houston, Texas. Good, easy, quiet bachelor, he possessed faculty for hard work, physical and mental, from about daylight on Monday morning until his own mill whistle sounded at noon on Saturday. Then came an irresistible longing to get away out of town in season to get a bit of shooting of one sort or another, to have a cast at bass, or possibly only to lounge and snooze, and browse and nibble buds and culms of sedge.

Briscoe's father had been one of the earliest settlers around Houston; he was indeed one of the immortal Texas men, who in '36, under heroic Old Sam, on the field of San Jacinto, had overthrown the self-styled "Napoleon of the West" and given life to Texan independence. The veteran was of prodigious stature, standing 6 ft. 6½ in. in his moccasins, weighing 245 lbs., and withal as powerful and agile a man as had ever been on that frontier. Calm dignity of manner, reputation for great courage, together with proverbial reticence, gained for him extraordinary prestige with the Indian tribes who in those days frequented as hunters in a half-friendly way the semi-wooded precincts of Buffalo Bayou and the San Jacinto River. Owing to a habit of the old frontiersman of producing a prodigious noise when he sneezed—some such blended racket as might accompany the simultaneous blast of a fog horn and the explosion of a submarine torpedo—he came to be called, among his Indian acquaintances, Big Sneeze.

Savage minds, with quick perception and appreciations of natural phenomena, attribute to men who go off in a loud hiccoughy way when their nose membranes tickle, honest, open natures, alive to keen enjoyment of pleasurable sensations. With them, on the contrary, a sure indication of a mean spirit is the effort to strangle a sneeze.

It was amid such wild associations in the later '40s that my Briscoe, as a lad, acquired taste for camp loitering along the timber fringes of the bayous. He had long ago scouted and trailed along with half-nude, dusky young hunters where Houston town had since come to be. Where game could be found, and how best be taken, was exact knowledge, as assiduously sought and improved by Briscoe as were facts relating to his well-conducted business of saw milling and dealing in lumber.

Just when I first knew of this man I scarcely recall. In 1877 my shingle—mine among scores of those of other young lawyers—swung hungrily in the prairie breeze of the Lone Star State. Prostrate behind a pawn-begged book-case in my office in the Bayou City lay an old camp-worn gun case, and beside it a disused dog whip. Dust was thick upon the one, which mice and roaches had knawed and nibbled the greasy plait of the other. Yet lovingly, aye, most tenderly, would my truant mind sometimes loaf behind that shelving, and toy pleasantly with those old companions, while my professional eyes lolled listlessly over annotated pages on my town-tired knees; for I too had known the chase, and had ranged the forest and fallow lands of the old plantation in Piedmont, Fla., the beautiful hill region of the Tallahassee country, where dogs, guns, game, camp-fires and such belongings were, and still are, thank fortune, very much in evidence. The nature of a man who has once acquired a taste for such diversion becomes "powerfully sot," as the negroes say. His soul remains forever in sympathy with the spirit of the thing.

I remember, however, finding Briscoe one afternoon in my office engaged in some matter of business with my partner, after the conclusion of which his sportsman's eye, wandering around—for such men are ever close observers—fell upon the familiar outlines of a gun case.

"What sort of an iron have you there, St. Clair?" inquired he, addressing my partner, Mr. St. Clair Talliaferro.

"I can't say," replied that worthy; "I'm not shooter; know nothing of guns, large or small; but, believe me, if there be such a distinction in gun iron as sex, then I believe that particular one to be a she-thing, notwithstanding its reticence, because now and again I come in and find my partner, Call there, patting and admiring it with a manner which I can only understand a man bestowing on a woman."

We laughed at Talliaferro's joke. Seeing that Briscoe wished to inspect the piece, I arose to secure it for him, saying "That's an old gun of mine, Mr. Briscoe; nothing handsome, but an uncommonly good one, I think; one of Parker's early make, a 12-gauge, with the old push-up-under action in front of guard. It is a close, hard hitter, and has for a long time done excellent service in covert and on the marshes."

"Do you shoot, Mr. Call?" he eagerly inquired.

"Do I shoot? Man alive!" I exclaimed. "The only thing I've seen in a twelve-month that suggested a shot was that tin chicken down street on a stable vane. I have been a shooter, fonder of it, indeed, than any other occupation. I have no opportunity nowadays for pleasures of that kind." I handed him the old gun, which I had "put together." Sometimes I feel tempted to seize that old fusil and get out of this town for a tramp at least or go mad."

Briscoe looked the old gun critically over, unbreached it, inspected the inner surface of the barrels, tried the action of the locks, passed his hand discriminatingly over the stock, standing, fetched the piece to face and shoulder several times to test its balance, and said slowly, "It has seen service, but you keep it in excellent order."

"I never touch it," I replied. "It has lain there these two years."

Fetching it again to his shoulder with an easy, graceful swing, and a quick glance along its rib at my silk hat hanging on its peg, the Texan asked, "What do you know of its shooting buckshot?"

"Very much," I answered. "That is one of its special accomplishments. In Florida, in my own and other hands, it has gained somewhat of a reputation for putting buckshot hard, close together and well away."

My listener, with thoughtful manner, began laying the piece away in its old case carefully, tenderly. After a little hesitation, he said, "I'd like to shoot that gun. I'm in the habit of getting out around about here occasionally, and sometimes have fair sport. I'll be glad to have you join me if you will, when you choose."

"Thank you; I shall be pleased to do so whenever you will allow me. In the meantime, Mr. Briscoe, I beg that you will consider that gun at your service. I suspect you of being appreciative of gun excellencies, and have confidence in that old piece possessing qualities likely to satisfy a fastidious man."

This was the beginning of my acquaintance with one of the plainest, truest men, and most delightful field companions I have ever known—one memory of whose genial, manly nature has pleasantly solaced me in late years, and will linger kindly with me forever.

Squirrel Fat on Sim's Bayou.

On a Saturday in September, 1877, in the District Court of Harris county, Tex., I was engaged in the trial of a civil suit, in which my thrifty client sought to avoid payment of rent for premises where he did a retail dry goods and clothing business, because of having suffered, at the hands of his landlord, an eviction from part of the demise by the nailing up of a door to an outhouse which had been used and enjoyed by tenant since going into possession. My client's contention was that, having been evicted from a part of his demise by the willful and wrongful act of his landlord, payment of rent for the whole was suspended for the term.

The weather was insufferably hot, the atmosphere close and stuffy, the court-room crowded with an especially sour, bad smelling lot of spectators. The trial had continued for a day and a half, and the exhausted jury had just rendered one of those inexplicable compromise verdicts intended to favor both plaintiff and defendant—one of those verdicts that make lawyers tired—from which you scarcely dare appeal, and yet sickened to have to abide by. I was heated, jaded, disappointed, a disgusted sense of the greasy, sordid people, whose mean, dirty business I had to consider seized me and filled me with an absolute loathing for a life that put me in contact with such conditions. Inexpressibly sick and tired of the whole business, I turned dejectedly away.

I staggered out of the smoke and tobacco scented hallway, down the stone steps into the dusty street, among a hustling, perspiring throng of human dollar hunters, every nerve in me tingling with a discordant sense of unfitness. At the first crossing I came upon Briscoe.

"Ah, here you are," he cried. "I was on my way to find you. Are you busy this afternoon?"

"No longer so."

"Then what will prevent our getting out of town a little way and spending a couple of nights in camp? Get your dinner and I'll call for you in my wagon at 3 sharp." And he sauntered away.

"The very thing," I thought, and a sense of delightful anticipation took possession of me. Hurrying to the office, I got rid of some law books I carried, gave my partner, Talliaferro, a galloping account of the knock-kneed verdict rendered and rushed off, gun case in hand, to absorb a bit of nourishment and get ready for Briscoe's coming. Somewhat later, by that good angel's side, in his light hunting trap, I drove out into the prairie.

There is a buoyant, free-roving sense attending a drive over a prairie, inexpressibly invigorating and somewhat analogous to sailing, but with greater confidence of safety to lubbers.

Briscoe proved to be a thoroughly pleasant fellow during our drive, not a gabby chap; scarcely a man of conventional cultivation at all, but clever, full of well-digested observation of men and things he had come in contact with, a patient, discriminating listener, searching in his inquiries and making observations in simple, forceful speech. To my yarns, volubly spun for his edification, he listened with an extremely quizzical expression of countenance, chuckled softly at my jokes, and left you with a sort of semi-consciousness of having talked a little too much.

About sundown, perhaps ten miles away from town, we entered a region of fairly grown post-oak and short-leaved pine timber, and presently reached the edge of a sluggish, muddy little drain-way, the turbid waters of which stood rather in a succession of puddles than in any continuous stream. Here were seen in the soft mud of the puddle margins numerous footprints of raccoons, herons and cranes which had been in search of tadpoles and frogs, and among the broad tracks of cattle were discernible those of deer in considerable numbers.

Determining it a likely locality in which to find antlered game, my companion proposed that we stop here, having wood and water, and that we fire-hunt the range that night and push on next day in the sunlight to Sim's Bayou, the point we had started out to reach, and hunt that cover the next night. This arrangement was determined upon, and while my companion got the ponies out of their gear and fed and watered them, I kindled a fire, made a pot of coffee, and spread out upon an un-cushioned wagon seat, placed on the ground, some of the contents of our well-filled lunch basket. After the meal Briscoe suggested that he would saddle the horses, while I refilled and trimmed the lamp, preparatory to riding out in search of deer.

The truth was, that fire-hunting, or the effort to shoot deer at night by shining or reflecting their eyes with a light carried for the purpose, was a method of taking such game with which I had very slight familiarity, and was not at all in conceit of. In Florida, where my hunting experiences had been evolved, that particular caper was scarcely the thing, but, on the contrary, was held by real sportsmen considerably in contempt, as smacking of a potting purpose really too greasy for a sportsman's toleration. Among "meat-hunting" country folk there such practice was sometimes indulged in, but in a very clumsy fashion, by two men afoot, one going ahead with a gun, looking out for shining eyes reflecting the light of blazing pine knots, the knots being carried in a long-handled pan over the shoulder of the other man, who walks behind. Two such demons go stalking through the woods, casting silver light and dancing shadows far ahead of them, that every kind of intelligent creature might see them afar off and clear out. Occasionally the hunters come upon a feeble-minded, unsuspicious creature, now and then a deer, oftener some domesticated animal, and while it stands innocently staring the hunters march up and blow out its brains. I had once or twice, in earlier life, gone "fire-hunting" after the manner that obtained in Florida. I had never succeeded in killing anything but my pointer dog, which, poor creature, incautiously looked back at me as he ran unobserved ahead.

I had said nothing when Briscoe first mentioned "fire-hunting" as a favorite scheme of his, but had kept up a thinking. What a fine, large, open, extensive sort of recreation it must be, thought I, wandering about afoot at night on a nice broad prairie looking for deer with a lamp. Then I remembered that when a boy I had been induced to accompany another chap at night with a torch, at low tide, in the Gulf of Mexico, in pursuit of flounders on a mud flat, and that besides actually jabbing a sting-ray I had scalded my hand with dripping pitch from the torch, cut my foot badly on an oyster-shell, skinned my hands with barnacles and had "lots more fun." My experiences clearly were that you can't sometimes tell just how a thing will turn out until you've tried it. So when this contriving Texan said he would saddle the horses while I fixed the lamp, and we would ride after deer, I began to take a little heart, and thought so much better of the project. We were going into the wild, delirious sort of thing mounted, at any rate.

Knocking the ashes out of my old Powhatan, I rose and sauntered leisurely toward the wagon. On the outside of the body of the vehicle was attached a capacious covered box, or locker, for axle-grease, wrench and other paraphernalia of camping. Out of it I had already fetched a coffee pot, tin cups, etc., and as I now approached it I endeavored to recall having seen any article in it that suggested a lamp, but I could not, so into it again I began to rummage, whistling the while in as nonchalant manner as I could assume. I had never seen a Texas "head lamp" that I was aware of. Failing, among the mass of discovered contents, to find anything at all resembling any conceptions I had of a lamp of any kind, I finally fastened on to the only thing I saw I did not know the name or use of. I entertained a sort of general impression that upon closer inspection, in a better light, the nondescript I had captured might turn out to be a dilapidated coal scuttle, an abandoned grocer's scoop, or possibly only a bit of battered guttering; but I didn't intend to play "greeny," and so whistled away desperately as I approached the fire, swinging the tin contraption as a careless girl might her sunbonnet.

"Now, trim her up nice," said my hunter friend. At a glance I saw he was regarding the machine in my hand. Then I knew I had the lamp. To picture a Texas "fire lamp," fancy one of those little French carriages, yclept a cabriolet, made entirely of tin, the wheels removed, the shafts put on the back side, and you have at least an outline idea of it. It holds a pint or more of oil, sits on the hat brim in front, backed by a shield or tin shade, resembling one of those to footlights on a dramatic stage, made fast by bending the tin "shafts" or strips around the hat crown and tying behind with string. Jack-lamps, flash-lamps, bullseyes, "can't hold a candle" to a Texas fire lamp.

I filled the oil receptacle from the can of mixed lard and kerosene oil, carefully sat the oil can away from the fire near the root of a big tree, and announced in a loud voice that things were "all right."

In the meantime Briscoe, having saddled the horses, had taken the old gun out of its case, put it carefully together and stood, back to fire, fetching it smartly to shoulder and catching quick aim at numbers of imaginary eyes peering at him from the shadows.

"She certainly comes up nice," he muttered. "Well, let's ride. You take the mare. She is steady under the gun. Here, hold your head still, while I fasten the lamp on."

"No; no!" I exclaimed. "You do the shooting. I want you to shoot that gun, you know."

"Yes; but you don't know these woods; you can't steer, follow the feeding grounds, and come back to camp," he suggested. It was too apparent to admit of argument; so on to the mare I sprang, lamp atop, the old

gun across my lap; and heading along the trend of the drain, away we rode.

After a short stretch Briscoe said: "I don't like the way old Jim behaves."

"What's the matter with him?"

"He pears to worry and keeps a-scenting the wind, like it might have wolf in it."

"Wolves! there's no danger of wolves about here, I hope."

"No danger from them, I reckon, but mighty apt to be wolves, and if so, our chance of getting deer is bad."

I soon found the effect of the method of hunting we were engaged in exciting and interesting in the extreme, and was instantly a convert to the fascination of mounted hunting with a Texas fire lamp.

In front, and for an angle of 30 degrees on either side, was thrown a bright, steady light 50 ft. away, within the radii of which objects could be distinctly discerned. Beyond hung impenetrable darkness. My person, the horse under me, the mounted companion and everything else behind could not be discovered by eyes looking toward us from the front. I then readily conjectured what I subsequently verified, that even a man, looking at such an approaching light, has no suggestion offered him of anything else; he sees only an air-tossed flame, the real nature of which, or its distance away, cannot be most vaguely guessed at—a very will-o'-the-wisp, startling, curious, murderous to staring creatures along its route.

It was while reflections of that kind were passing through my mind, yet with all my hunter's instinct on the alert, that out of the depths, beyond the range of bright light, I saw two yellow balls—a mere flash. Then they were gone. Instantly there they were again—and two more. Certainly those were eyes—live things—and looking at me. The mare checked her own headway, my gun came up involuntarily, and in an instant the sharp, snappy report awoke the echoes of the dark woods. There followed a furious yelping, howling, growling, and the mare, as steady as a grave-stone under fire, began to dance.

"Wolves!" shouted Briscoe. "That settles to-night's hunt, sure; but you have settled one of the yellow varmints. Whoa! Jim, you old idiot! Here, Mr. Call! hold my horse and give me the lamp. You can't ride that mare up to a dead wolf."

Fastening the lamp on his head he took the gun and went forward. "Here he is!" he cried; "dead as Hector." After stooping a moment he shouted, "There are five shot in his front, two of them in his face. You are surely right about that gun. As my old friend Jones would say, 'Hit flings 'm p'intedly;' but see here, there's no sort of use in our propping around in this neck of the woods any longer; that pack have put every deer away from hereabouts. The moon will be up in half an hour. A good scheme will be to get down to Sim's before daylight, take a rest there to-morrow, and hunt that cover at night, when we will be fresh."

It was so ordered, and back to our camp we rode.

I quickly had a pot of hot coffee, and after a bite of snack we hooked up the ponies, extinguished the fire and rolled out.

"There comes the moon, now. We'll shake the nags out and race right along."

As the sun rose and sent its autumnal rays slanting through the boughs of the scattered tree growth along the secluded margins of Sim's Bayou, Briscoe picketed our horses to graze on tender mesquite grass of the prairie; hardly our blankets were spread in the shade beneath a giant pecan tree, and stretching our tired limbs upon them we soon drifted away into that "sure-enough" kind of sleep that comes to tired hunters lying on the ground. It was some hours later when the first period of sound, restoring slumber was over, that I sat upon my blanket, and glancing through overhanging boughs noticed that the sun had slipped well down the western slope, and then the mare looked intently toward me and whinnied.

A merciful man totes fair with his broncho. "Arise! oh, sluggish son of Big Sneeze!" I cried. "Fetch hither yon lariat-ed brutes, that they may slake their thirst even in the tepid ooze of this muddy slough."

"The thirsty critters may have a suck of warm mud," he responded, "and while I fetch them, be handy-like with your cooking tools, and then we'll mouth a bite." And the hearty fellow strode away for the horses.

After kindling a blaze, I was slicing some bacon, when I saw a gray squirrel skip from one tree to another nearby. "Ah-ha! I need you in my business," thought I, and fetching a gun quickly from the wagon I tumble him from a limb. Making him ready for the roasting, I was struck with the exceeding fatness of the little rodent. Very soon, stretched on a forked twig, sprinkled with salt and just a pinch of pepper, the bit of venison was stuck before the fire. Seeing the fat briskly dripping into the ashes, it occurred to me it would serve to soften our bit of stale loaf, and I placed a tin cup to catch the unctuous drip. While "mouthing our bite," as my Texas friend expressed it, we both sopped our crust in the sweet squirrel grease, and marvelled what a lot of it had been tried out of one little creature.

Briscoe glanced at the declining sun and said, reflectively, while gazing across the prairie, "I think we'll find game to-night over there, where the horses were tied; I saw fresh deer sign. A buck loafed around here last night."

While speaking, he sauntered toward the wagon. "You shall do the shooting to-night," I declared. "Here, in the prairie, where I can see stars and take courses, I can steer as well as not."

"We'll take it turn about," he said, slowly, as he fumbled the things about in the wagon locker. "See here, where's the oil can?"

"The oil can?" I reflected a moment; a cold chill climbed up my spine, and then the mortifying truth jumped on me with both feet—I had set it away from the fire the night before, and came away without it. In a sheepish tone I suggested, "It's back at the other camp."

I shall never forget the patient, melancholy look that Texas man gave me, half pity, the other half rank contempt.

"H'm!" he grunted, "that's thirteen miles away; no time to go for it and back before moon rise. There's not enough left in the lamp to last an hour."

I sat down, mortified beyond measure. "Can we do nothing?"

"Yes, we can jog along homeward," he said, mildly. "I did want to try that gun, but we've had a pleasant day of it, and may have better luck another time."

Would he ever wait such a numb-skull along "another time," thought I.

"Haven't you some loaded bird shells in your gun case?" he presently inquired, "I'll step up the timber a little way and try and bag a mess of squirrels to take home. Suppose you fetch the horses to the wagon, give them a feed of grain, and when it's cooler we'll roll out." And he strode away.

Moodily lighting a pipe, I sat and smoked, feeling meaner than pewter money. I cursed the confounded luck, and heard Briscoe popping away at the squirrels. Presently I went for the horses. One of the lariats had fouled a mesquite bush, and I was some time disentangling it. On approaching the camp again, I saw the fire freshened up, blazing away merrily, while the doughty son of Big Sneeze sat near by composedly, but busily skipping squirrels.

"What a lot of them you've gotten," said I, "but they'll carry better with their hides on."

"See here," said the Texan, "what's the matter with 'circumventing' our gay gazelles with squirrel grease?"

"Do you think it possible?" I exclaimed, as the novelty and feasibility of the project dawned on me.

"Well, now, we might just as well find out about that, practically. Just see there," holding up a skinned squirrel, "did you ever see such fat beggar? Remember what slathers of grease trickled out of that one little chap we had for dinner? There's plenty more of it in these, plenty more of these sort up the bayou yonder, plenty of fire to roast them with, and plenty of time to do it in; so come along. Give those brutes a bite of stuff, get some pans out to drip grease with, and let's set all these kittens a-sputtering."

Within an hour we were fairly through with our trying-out process, and as a result had two tin cups full of melted fat.

About 3 o'clock the next morning, the moon getting up a little way, we rode back to camp, each with a buck athwart his horse's haunches. Both were of Briscoe's kill.

"I can cover four shot holes with my open hand," said Permenus, as, kneeling, lamp on head, he examined the wounds in the breast of one of the dead deer. "She certainly do fling 'em close together."

After swallowing some hot coffee, we hooked up the bronchos; then, standing uncovered, we solemnly pledged our faith in squirrel fat, and drove away in the night from Sim's pecan girt borders in excellent conceit of ourselves.

On the Historic York River.

THE annual gathering of the tribe of Taskinas took place, in December, at the hunting lodge of its chief, Opecanacough, on the banks of the York River, the Honorable, the Colonel, the Squire and the Man from Boston comprising the party.

Owing to the close season of the past few years, quail were abundant, some woodcock were found in the bottoms, wild turkeys were plenty, a gang of fifteen or more frequenting the immediate vicinity of the lodge; black ducks were numerous, with a few mallards, although the redheads were scarce. There has been less deer hunting than commonly this year, and as a result the dogs started one or more each time the hunt went out.

An unusual variation from the daily deer chase came one day when the tribe was invited to a hunt for wild cattle, by a gentleman living near, who nominally owned a herd, descendants of cows which had escaped into the forest some years ago, and which had become perfectly wild, never having been handled or approached by man, excepting when darkies had endeavored to capture the calves.

We assembled one fine morning, the party from the lodge armed with rifles ranging from .45 Winchester through .38-55 Marlin to .30-30 Winchester, but alas we were on foot, and through some misunderstanding on their part the cattle, when started by the hounds, neglected to pass the stands where the riflemen were stationed. The pack consisted of some ten foxhounds, the best deer dogs in the country and two shepherd dogs, which were found very useful when the cattle were brought to bay. Fortunately for the success of the hunt there was a cavalry contingent composed of the neighbors, armed with double shotguns charged with buckshot, and they each succeeded in getting a shot, and in the chase killed three. Then ensued a scene such as is seldom witnessed in this section of the country. At the crack of the gun, almost as if they had sprung from the earth, appeared three or four darkies, each armed with a long, keen-edged knife, and the butchering began on the sward under the greenwood tree. The horses, whinnying, fastened to surrounding trees, the hounds running about, quarreling for bits of the beef, the gleaming blades, and hands crimsoned with gore made a strange sight to those of us who were from the North, and one not readily to be forgotten. Following the rule of the chase, the owner of the cattle, who had redeemed his equity in them by the capture, was expected to divide the beef equally among the participants in the hunt, but, although the party from Taskinas were offered their share, they declined with alacrity, visions of tough beef, made sinewy by running through the forest, possessing no attractions for those familiar with the markets of Richmond and Boston.

To vary the monotony of a daily deer hunt, one of the party visited the neighboring city of Williamsburg, where he was most hospitably entertained by one of the representative citizens of the ancient town, and met numberless descendants of the F. F. Vs.

The day passed all too quickly, in driving to the battlefield, looking over the buildings of William and Mary College, barring Harvard, the oldest college in the country; inspecting its library and viewing the portraits of dead-and-gone celebrities, prominent in the annals of Virginia; peeping into the old powder magazine, now occupied by the local historical society, and possessing a stained glass window in memory of the Royalist Governor Spotswood; visiting the court house, built in

1769; and at last in passing a quiet hour in the old Episcopal Church of Bruton parish, the oldest church building in Virginia, still in good repair, with commemorative tablets set in the chancel walls, and most interesting tombs of departed worthies in the churchyard. One inscription was so fervent that it should be given place here, premising by saying that its author, notwithstanding his faithful sentiments, is said to have married twice afterward:

Here lies all that the
Grave can claim of
Mrs. Ann Samson Brown,
Consort of the
Rev. Soveran Brown.

If woman ever yet did dwell:
If woman ever did excell:
If woman Husband ere adored:
If woman ever loved the Lord:
In human flesh did love and move:
If all the graces ere did meet:
In her, in her, they were complete.

My Ann, my all, my Angel Wife,
My dearest one, my love, my life;
I cannot say or sigh farewell,
But where thou dwellest, I will dwell.

THE ALGONQUIN.

Sombrero Days.

It is a cold and dreary December day; a strong north wind is driving before it a storm of rain and sleet, covering everything it touches with a coating of ice. The Green Mountains and the Adirondacks are shut from view as if Dame Nature, enraged at the elements and the general dreariness of the scene, had drawn a curtain across the face of the country. Down in the protected portions of the bay the seagulls have sought shelter from the pitiless sleet. But out in the open the great rollers are coming in and breaking on the reef with a dull moaning roar, as if they too were adding a protest to Dame Nature's. The saucy little English sparrows are for the once subdued, and have sought shelter under the eaves with many loud chirpings; and following their example, I also will stay under shelter and not venture down town to-day.

Lunch is just over, and I decide to pass the afternoon in my usual rainy day way, in overhauling my hunting and fishing outfits. But after lighting my pipe I decide to let the outfits go; and I unlock a little brass-bound trunk that contains many and many a souvenir of forest, field and stream. How the old things serve to burnish up memories of the past.

That old brass reel, with its twenty or more yards of line wound tightly round its spindle, and yet green where it was dragged over the rocks and moss, when I had the fight with the big cat below the old mill dam on the Blue River of Nebraska. And that bunch of frayed flies and broken leaders, how the trout and bass seem to rise up and confront me; but one pang of remorse darkens memory's pages, as the frayed end of that leader reminds me of the big one I failed to net, and again I seem to hear the laughter of the little mountain brook up in the Wyoming hills when that leader parted and the big one rushed down stream free.

That beaded buckskin tobacco bag, that now contains arrow heads and a few medicine herbs of the Sioux, reminds me of my hunt in the bad lands with Sitting Bull's braves before the fight at Wounded Knee. The broken blade of a hunting knife, the skull of a prairie dog of South Dakota, a pair of beaded moccasins taken from one of Big Foot's braves by a friend in the 9th Cavalry. A horse-hair chain and hat band of the same material bring to mind a trip into sunny Mexico. A bear claw that was given me by Hog Jaw, chief of the Otee tribe. The tusk of a peccary that I shot on the Rio. The polished hoof of an antelope that was killed near the Yellowstone Park; and then I lay tenderly aside article after article till I come to the old battered sombrero of my boyhood days.

Again I see the little band of savages camped under the "three maples" above the pontoon bridge. Five in number, but of that experience only acquired by youngsters who are raised on the frontier. They are Will, Sheely, Harry, the Deacon and myself. Camp has been pitched by the bent and scarred trunks of the three maples, a brisk fire is burning in front of the tent, and Sheely is busy with the frying-pan and coffee-pot, while the Deacon is cleaning a couple of channel cats caught on our way up the river. Will is just returning with a pail of water from the spring, and Harry is getting up wood and arranging a covering to keep it from the storms. This is the sight that gladdens my eyes as I run the little black canoe up on the beach in front of the camp. What more beautiful picture can one desire than the one now before me? The white tent thrown into prominence by the dark background of foliage, the busy figures round the fire, the soft murmur of the river, and all this framed in by a sky painted with the hues of the sun's departing rays. And as I sit and take in this scene, across the river I hear the call of Bob White and the honking of a flock of geese on their way north, for the time is spring. The air is filled with the many sounds of bird life bidding farewell to the departing god of day. And the very leaves seem to share in the general worship, for there is a perceptive rustle and sighing in the tree tops as the sun sinks out of sight. I am rudely aroused from my reverie by the banging on a tin pan and a cry of "muck, muck!" Mooring the black canoe by the side of its mate, and picking up rod and Winchester, I join the group by the fire. Thus, year after year, this little band of "sombrero savages" had camped by mountain, forest and stream, and had roamed the broad Western prairies on their hardy little Indian ponies.

But, ah! I have been dreaming again. And as I knock the ashes from my pipe and reverently put back into the little trunk the treasures of long ago, I am brought back to the present by the clanging of the bells on the electric as they pass the door; the droning of the lake on the bar; the dashing of the rain against my window, which forcibly reminds me that I am "chained to business."

But "manana," there is always a "manana," and maybe one of them will see me again at the old haunts of my boyhood's savage days. But the participants in these camps! Where are they? Some may be camping in the "Happy Hunting Grounds," while others may be in the busy whirl of business; but if they chance to read these lines they may bring back to them as pleasant memories of the past as it does me to call them back to the present.

AK-SAR-BEN.

Natural History.

Rocky Mountain Bears.

A VERY interesting study of the evolution of animal habits and characteristics under changing conditions of life and surroundings is afforded by the bears of the Rocky Mountains during the last twenty years.

Up to within a short time ago, a period so short that to many of us it seems but yesterday, the bear was one of the animals most frequently seen in the mountains. In the old days the bear was a beast of the open country, a daylight traveler, seeking his food when and how he pleased. As neither the white trapper nor the Indian made a practice of molesting bruin, killing him only when the occasion called for it, bears had very little fear of human beings.

More than one old he grizzly has made me give the trail, just because I did not happen to have a gun. I remember one morning, in Colorado, in the days when it was even up whether the Utes or the cow-puncher should possess the land. It was at a horse camp in the mountains, and one of the boys had gone out to bring in the saddle horses. Riding down a trail in the quaking aspens, he came face to face with a big grizzly, and being a polite youth gave the trail and went on. Hunting among the parks for strayed ponies, he met Old Ephraim again, and again gave the trail. But when this happened a third time he came back into camp, remarking that bears were too thick out there for him, and if anybody wanted horses they could get them themselves.

That was a great bear country, anyway. One moonlight night the foreman, hearing a noise at the end of the cabin, went out, and turning the corner suddenly ran slap into three silver tips that had pulled down our supply of venison and were regaling themselves. Instead of coming in quietly, George came in on the jump, yelling for a gun, and as a result all we saw was three shadows slipping into the timber when the rest of us rushed out.

Not long after this I discovered that you cannot always tell how big a bear is by looking at him. The day it happened, one of the boys had a cub up a tree. As he had no weapons, he had tried to kill the cub with rocks, but had only succeeded in knocking it out of the tree. He said that it went off on three legs. As I was coming into camp that evening I passed near the spot where I had killed a buck the day before, leaving the forequarters in the woods. As I came close I saw a small black bear feeding at the carcass. Seeing me, it ran off on three legs, and as my horse was afraid of bears I jumped off and took after it afoot, thinking that I was chasing the lame cub. I overhauled the bear hand over fist, and was within 50ft. when it turned and stood up. To say that I was astonished is putting it mildly. That bear overtopped me by 2ft., turning out to be the biggest black bear that I ever killed. He got a .45-70 through the chest in short order, and when skinning him I discovered that he had eight buckshot in one elbow, the joint being perfectly stiff, which of course handicapped the old fellow.

It is very hard to guess the size of a bear when he is moving in grass or brush. A bear moves with a rolling gait hard to describe, and gives one no idea of his size. One moment he appears rolf, long, and the next he draws up to nothing. Even when one is close up to a bear in open ground you never can tell how big he is until you have him down.

Of course, there are times when a bear appears very large indeed. I remember one big grizzly that rose up out of some brush about 20ft. away once on a time. As I remember that bear, he was at least 20ft. high and 10 wide, while his roar was something awful. At any rate, I forgot what I was there for and did not remember until I was out of that brush. To be sure, the bear had a trap on one foot, but a trap without any clog affects a big grizzly much the same way as pounding his finger does a man.

Those big bears were pretty cranky at all times. A few days before this row one of these old fellows had killed a big stallion, and catching him at the carcass, I cracked him one with a six-shooter just for luck. The bear was standing up on his hindlegs at the time and the bullet barked his neck. The big brute slapped the side of his neck with his paw, let out a roar that could be heard a mile, and then the way he made my pony get up and dust out of there was a caution. When he stopped I kept right on, and went back to camp after a rifle. When I got back the old fellow had gone, but to show how plentiful and bold bears were at that time, I saw five at the carcass at different times that afternoon, killed one of them, wounded another, and let the rest get away.

Even at that time bears were sometimes very cunning. There was one old cinnamon that it took seven days to trap. I had killed a deer and set a trap, and that night the old fellow came around. I had wounded a deer at the same time that I had killed the bait, but had not found it. The old bear, however, picked it up, brought it down alongside the trap, ate it up, pulled the bait out of the pen, ate what he wanted, and went off. And for six nights he came back, every night nearly eating a whole deer, which I took pains to keep ready for him, but never getting caught. By the sixth night I had three traps set for him, and a solid log pen 5ft. high, 15ft. long, and about 2 wide. By this time I had a half wagon-load of bones piled up in the end of the pen, on top of which I used to place his nightly lunch. I had one trap set in the pen, and the other two set where I thought the bear might step. But he didn't. He would come along, step carefully over the trap in the pen, grab hold of his fresh deer, back out carefully again, dragging the bait over the trap and springing it, eat what he wanted and depart. The seventh night, though, he came to grief. I took an

old bouble-barrel, muzzle-loading shotgun of 10-gauge and put ten drams of powder in each barrel; then on top of that I put slugs of lead two inches long. Then I fixed the gun under the pile of bones so that it raked the pen lengthwise, put a new deer on top of the bones, ran a string from the bait to the trigger, cocked both barrels and went down to camp, a mile or so away. An hour or so after dark the gun went off, and directly after I heard the bear roaring. Next morning I went up, but things were not as I expected to find them. The bear had gone into the pen and pulled the bait, both barrels had gone off and never touched him. How it happened I have never been able to figure out. The pen was just wide enough to let him in, the muzzle of the gun was just under the bait, and both slugs were in a quaking asp tree that stood opposite the mouth of the pen. And the bear was in the pen when the gun went off, because the marks of his teeth were on the bait, and he was hard and fast by the hindleg in the trap that had been set at the mouth of the pen. I always thought that when the gun went off in his face he got so badly rattled that he forgot about the trap and backed into it, though how those slugs missed him is beyond me. Of course, he might have been crawling on his belly, and the slugs have gone over his back, but it did not seem as if there were room. And if the charge went between his legs it looks as if the hair would have been powder-burned, which it was not.

The cunning of some of the old bears is almost beyond belief. There was one big grizzly that several of us hunted off and on for years, but neither traps nor still hunting nor dogs had any effect. And he is there yet, waiting for some lucky hunter.

He belongs to a variety of grizzly that inhabits bad-land countries, and is called locally ranger bear. He is a long-legged, slab-sided, big-headed beast, with rough hair. As a rule, they live on cattle, nearly all the bad lands being cattle country. Having to travel, as they do, long distances for food and water, they are great runners, having plenty of wind and staying qualities. Whenever this bear that I speak of came where a trap was set, if he happened to be hungry he would nose out the trap, turn it bottom side up, and eat what he wanted of the bait. But as he generally killed his own food, baits had very little attraction for him. Several times he was taken for a big roan bull by those seeing him after dusk or at a distance, but of the many hunters who were always after him none ever got a shot.

Up until along in the 80s bears were not hunted much; but along about '89 the skins took a jump in price, and at the same time some of the Western States put a bounty on bruin. This made hunting them profitable, and they commenced to decrease rapidly. Before this time hardly any one killed them except during the short season in spring and fall when the fur was good. But now, when every bear, cubs and all, were worth \$10 apiece, the poor brutes had no rest. As a usual thing, bears take bait poorly during the early spring and late fall, but during July and August they take any kind of animal food, carrion or not, greedily. Consequently, most of the bears trapped for bounty were killed when the fur was not good, and any number of bears had only the scalps taken. From this time on bears began to change their habits greatly.

Bears go into winter quarters when the first heavy snows and cold weather begin, which is usually in November in the Rockies. In the old days they would den up right in open country. A bear's winter den is nearly always on a north hillside, where the snow falls deepest, and if possible they choose a place where a drift will form. Sometimes a bear will den up in a natural cave or crevice, but more often will dig himself a hole 10 or 12ft. deep. Nowadays this den is almost always in the roughest country he can find, and is generally pretty well up in the mountains in heavy spruce timber. A bear may make his den early in the season, but until cold weather drives him in he roams around a lot. For nearly a month before denning bears eat very little, or not at all, and before they go in for good the stomach and intestines are frequently clean and empty. The stomach is drawn up into a solid lump like a chicken's gizzard, and the bear is a solid mass of fat, inside and out. Along in February or March, when bruin comes out again, he is still hog fat, and he keeps this fat until the snow is pretty well gone. When he first comes out he does not travel much, but as the weather warms up he soon runs off all his fat, though I have seen very fat bears as late as the middle of May, after the trees were green. As vegetation starts, bears live almost altogether on grass, roots, etc., though, of course, they will often eat meat. Still, I have had baits right among the bears, with bears passing within 50ft. of the baits every night, and it was the middle of June before one of them touched a bait, and then they were at the baits all the time.

Even now bears feed a good deal in the open in the spring, when they are not molested, and spring is by far the best time to hunt them. But, as a usual thing, a bear nowadays keeps pretty well under cover. During the day he finds the thickest brush or timber that he can, and there he stays, slipping away quietly at the slightest suspicious noise. It used to be that if a bear heard or saw something that he did not understand, he would stand up on his hindlegs to look. And if he was suddenly startled he would often after running a way stop and stand up to look back. I have killed several bears in thick brush by getting close to them, knowing about where they were, and then speaking aloud. Bruin would nearly always stand up to investigate, thus giving me a shot at his head. But now a bear that hears a human voice hardly ever stops to look, but gets away on the jump.

The blacks and cinnamons also used to tree very easily. I have run a good many up trees by giving them a sharp run on horseback for a mile or so in open timber, and have run two up trees by chasing them on foot. And twice I have missed bears at rather close range and had them take to trees. In one instance the bear went up the nearest tree; in the other the bear, a she with cubs, bolted a hundred yards or so before she treed. And speaking of cubs, I never saw but one she bear that would not bolt and leave her cubs when attacked. The exception was a small cinnamon, and I got between her and her cub and got charged. Only the other day I saw three of the dogs maul a grizzly cub until you could hear him squall for a mile, and the old bear all the time was standing in the

brush not a hundred yards away, and never offered to attack. But nowadays it is almost impossible to tree a bear or bring it to bay, even with good dogs. It always was hard to bring grizzly bears to bay with dogs, but almost any dog would put a black or cinnamon up a tree in short order. Now a bear will run all day ahead of the dogs before taking to a tree or coming to bay. About the only way to hunt bears at present with any chance of success is in the spring after they begin to take bait well. By stringing out a lot of baits and still-hunting early and late fair luck may be had.

In a country like that around the Yellowstone Park bears are quite plentiful, and in many of the remote parts of the mountains they are still thick enough to give good hunting. In a country where much other game is killed, such as elk and deer, and consequently much offal is left, bears are not at all timid about coming to bait, and one need not be careful about leaving scent behind. This is because they are in the habit of eating offal from which the hunter has been gone but a few hours. But in a country where not much food is left lying around for them, and where they are much hunted, every precaution should be taken. The baits should be placed in as open a place as possible. If they are 200 yds. from cover so much the better, as this gives a chance to stalk without being heard. After a bear comes to a bait once or twice without being disturbed, he is apt to get careless and come early in the evening. It is not much use nowadays to lie by a bait at night, as when one is near enough to see to shoot the bear nearly always winds his foe and does not show up.

Take it all in all, bears, and especially grizzlies, are holding their own fairly well in parts of the Rockies, and unless some new method of pursuit is discovered will give us bear hunting for many years.

WM. WELLS.

WYOMING.

Horns and Rodents.

A GOOD many years ago, when a considerable proportion of the present readers of the FOREST AND STREAM were in their nurse's arms, a spirited discussion was carried on in these columns as to what becomes of the old horns dropped by the deer. A variety of beliefs were expressed on this subject. Some people thought that the deer went off to some secret place and there hid the horns which they lost. Others averred that they ate them; others still that they buried them. Many letters were written, some of which displayed great ingenuity and ignorance, and others more or less knowledge of the facts. The whole correspondence showed that among people at large little was actually known about the subject.

It may be assumed that most people understand pretty well that a deer's horns are dropped just where the

perhaps a question. It may be for something that they find in the horn which they like to eat, or which perhaps is necessary to their well being, or they may do it for the pure pleasure of grinding down their incisor teeth.

The front or incisor teeth of an animal like a rat, woodchuck, porcupine or beaver of course grow from persistent pulps, and continue to grow through life. These teeth are constantly being used on hard substances and wear down very rapidly, and if it were not for the constant growth they would soon be worn away

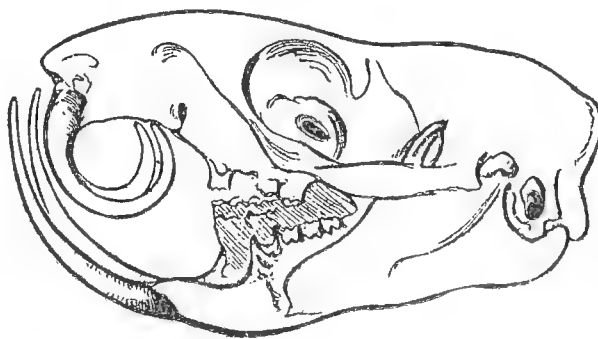


Mountain sheep horn gnawed by rodents. From Goat Mountain, St. Mary's Lakes, Montana, 1897. This shows one method by which old horns are destroyed and disappear.

down to the gum, would be useless, and the animal might no longer be able to procure its food. These teeth wear away against each other. The back part of the tooth, that toward the animal's body, is formed of dentine and is softer than the front part, which is coated with enamel. The soft, bonelike dentine, wearing down much faster than the hard enamel, keeps the teeth constantly with a keen chisel-like edge. A very familiar picture in books on natural history is the cut of the head of some rodent which by accident has lost one of its incisor teeth, when the opposing tooth in the other jaw, not being worn down, continues to grow, curls about inward and perhaps penetrates even the flesh and skull of the unhappy animal. We reproduce from an early number of FOREST AND STREAM a woodchuck skull, showing what happens when the teeth do not meet.

Now it is certain that many species of rodents, for whatever reason, delight to gnaw horns. A cut is given herewith of an old weathered deer skull on which one of the horns remains. This antler has been gnawed down by porcupines, as shown by the size of the tooth marks, so that in some places it is as thin as paper. Another example of this sort is a nodule of moose horn which comes to us from Canada. This is as large as a small hen's egg, irregular in shape, and presents a half dozen flat faces showing marks of the porcupine's teeth.

We picked up on the side of a tall mountain in Northern Montana the old mountain sheep horn which is figured. This has been gnawed in a dozen places,



Abnormal Growth of Woodchuck Teeth.

chiefly, it would seem, by mice, or possibly by the mountain marmots, or whistlers, a species of woodchuck found abundantly all through the Rocky Mountains. This is the first example of a mountain sheep's horn gnawed in this way that we happen to have seen, but no doubt the rodents whet their teeth to some degree on these, though manifestly, from the very soft horny texture of the sheep horns, they would not be so attractive to the rodents, if tooth sharpening were their object, as the harder antlers of the deer.

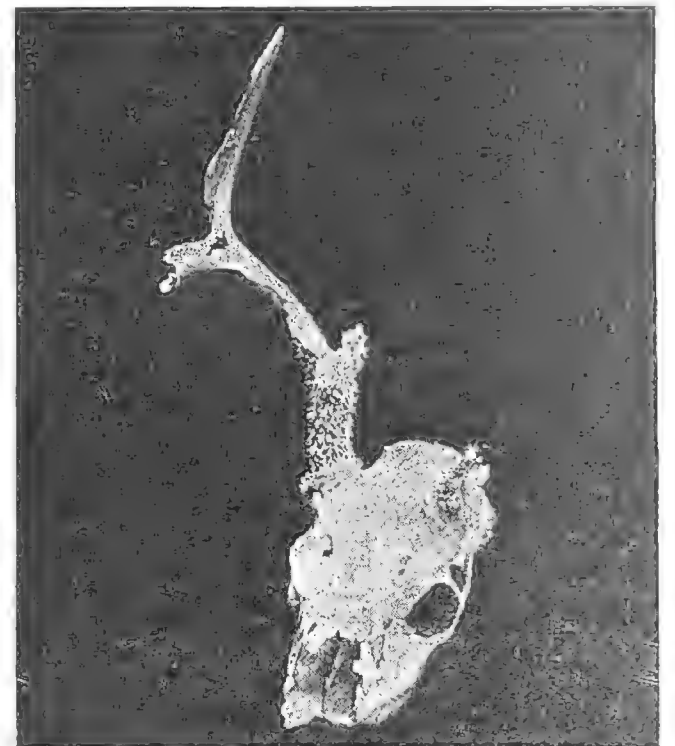
We have never seen the horn sheaths of antelope bearing the marks of rodents' teeth. Perhaps these are too soft to attract them. Certainly they are very perishable. We satisfied ourselves on this point on one occasion many years ago when we placed a pair of antelope-horn sheaths in a particular spot one summer and visited them each year when we returned to the locality. The first year after they had been put out

they showed some signs of cracking, the second year they were badly split and curled, while on the third visit a year later nothing could be seen of them except a few hair-like splinters of blackish-brown horn.

It is hardly necessary to occupy ourselves in devising elaborate explanations of the operations of nature when simple and natural ones will do as well. The deer do not go off into a secret place to hide their horns, and indeed it would be difficult to understand what is meant by a secret place in the forest or on the prairie. All places are alike secluded where natural conditions prevail, but so soon as man has found his way to them they cease to be secret. Neither do deer bury their horns. The horns are buried ultimately, but it is by due process of nature working in her slow and silent way, and instead of the deer eating their horns, they furnish horns to be eaten by others, by the small, seldom seen creatures of the grass, the rocks and the woodland, which by their numbers, if not by their size, play a most important part in the economy of nature.

Nannie.

NANNIE was the name of a gentle-eyed creature that was led into the yard one day—all bruised and full of wood ticks. She had been taken from her far forest home when she was but a fragile spotted fawn. Reared on the bottle, she almost seemed to grow up as one of the children of the hunter's family. She followed them in their play, and like Mary's little lamb, attended the district school—but book learning wasn't her role, and when school would "take up" Nannie returned home, only to follow again the next morning. When school closed she took her recreation by going to the pasture with the cows, browsing with them, but returning when the capricious notion occurred to her. At length garden season was "on," and Nannie commenced to make sad havoc with the tender plants. She was the idol of the country family, but her browsing habits and athletic qualities caused her to be brought to town and put on sale. Bruised from her long ride in a lumbering ox-cart, she enlisted sympathy and secured a home. For two or three days amid her new surroundings she suffered with homesickness, apparently missing the children most, for she would run to the fence as children passed, enjoying their caresses intensely. Although only confined in the large yard, she made no effort to escape. Gentle and affectionate, loving companionship, her wild instinct was ever present. A strange sound, and she would dart away.

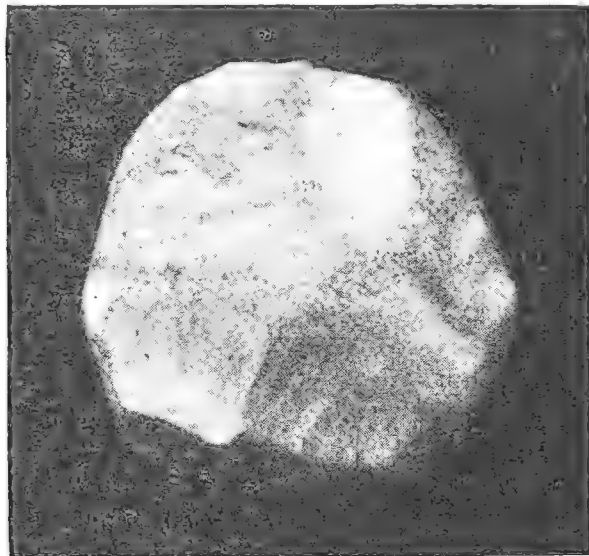


Fragment of Gnawed Horns.

The passing by of a neighbor's dog would cause every nerve to quiver, and with head erect and eyes dilated, with her grace, beauty and symmetry, she made a picture worthy of a Bonheur.

She was so friendly and so gentle that she grew to be an annoyance to the cook, by coming into the kitchen and taking cabbage, potatoes, etc., from the table, as they were being prepared for dinner. The kitchen had so many openings that she felt no fear of getting into a trap; but it was never possible to get her beyond the middle of the hallway of the house, where she would stand with a wistful look in her wonderful eyes, but no entreaty or tempting food would persuade her beyond what she seemed to consider the "de i line." She would stand on the piazza by the hour chewing her cud, and when tired would contentedly lie down, as if feeling the presence of the inmates within doors; but a sound to which she was unaccustomed would cause her to leap over the railing, the noise and the jump apparently being instantaneous. She would occasionally take playful spells, and with tail and head up run round and round the house until she was all out of breath. Her eating showed the effects of civilization. Candy was a tempting morsel to her, while cake, bread and oranges, saying nothing of sweet potatoes, both raw and cooked, corn and oats, kept her for a time from nipping plants and flowers in the yard. But the greatest surprise in her eating was yet in store for us. Day after day the minnows, kept for the herons, would be missing, but who was the culprit? Nannie had been seen at the tub, but then "Nannie wouldn't eat minnows." One day a boy brought a fresh lot of minnows, and the deer seemed excited over the contents of the bucket; he quietly and without thought handed her a fish and she ate it ravenously and begged for another, and so on till we called "enough"—but the minnow thief had been discovered!

A scene, that should have been photographed, was often witnessed on the veranda steps. In the center stood the deer, with forefeet on second or third step and hindfeet on the ground, taking this position so that she might reach the food from the hands of those on the upper step. The dog and cat on either side of her head, while at the base of the steps the big blue herons



Nodule of moose horn; all that is left of an antler gnawed by porcupines. From Canada. Shows the way in which shed antlers are destroyed more speedily than by natural decay.

deer happens to be at the moment when the antlers become sufficiently loose on the head to part company with it and to fall by their weight to the ground. It is also understood that the two antlers do not necessarily fall at the same time, though usually they fall on the same day. A friend has reported to us that he saw a deer pass over a hill wearing both his antlers, and that when in his pursuit of the deer he next saw it it was carrying only one antler, and that before he shot it it had dropped the second.

In a timbered country, the antlers falling in the forests or in the underbrush are soon afterward partially covered by the vegetation which grows up about them, and when autumn comes they are still further concealed by the dying grass and the falling leaves, and when one considers how small an amount of space even the largest horn takes up, it is not strange that we do not stumble on them more frequently. On the other hand, in old times, in certain parts of Colorado, where, in the late winter and early spring, great herds of elk frequented high bald hills, which the wind kept constantly free from snow, we have seen shed elk antlers strewn so thickly over the ground that it was necessary to wind in and out among them to avoid stepping on or over them. In such places twenty years ago it would have been practicable for a man to have collected each spring many wagon loads of such antlers if he had wished to do so. Similar conditions no doubt prevail now in and near the Yellowstone National Park.

A shed horn is merely dead bone, and when it lies out in the weather is just as perishable as any other bone. It soon becomes white and weathered, begins to split and to become porous on the surface, and as it grows older and older the animal matter leaves it more and more, until at last it splits into fragments, breaks into small pieces and becomes a part of the soil. This process of rotting and weathering, however, is not the only way in which the horns are destroyed and disappear. As is well known, the rodents or gnawing animals which constitute so very large a portion of our fauna like to try their teeth on horns that they may find lying upon the ground. Just why they do this is

stood snapping their beaks in anticipation of the expectant bites of beef—all within a range of 4 or 5 ft. With the supper over and good nature diffusing everything, the dog would rub noses with the deer, while the white cat would roll at her feet in a seductive way, inviting her caresses. At all times the deer's greatest affection was for the cat; exactly as a mother cat washes her kitten, the deer would lick her protegee until it was wet, the cat, in evident satisfaction, turning from side to side so that no spot would be missed.

Within a few weeks Nannie grew bold enough to venture over the fence and shyly investigate surroundings. She soon found a herd of cows and would go off with them at night, returning in the morning. As she approached near home, she would browse along with a supreme indifference to the pleading calls of "Come, Nannie; come, Nannie." That she heard the calls was not questioned, and while she might be close by the gate, she would not jump till we would hide ourselves and she would think no one present. Whether her jumping place was her secret or not, it is hard to say. Once within the yard, her hearing became excellent, and she would come running for her breakfast. During all these weeks Nannie had been petted and fondled so much that when her owner was taken with a dangerous illness, and no attention other than her food was given to her for three weeks, she grew homesick and goodnatureedly sauntered back to her old home, a distance of several miles, where she spoiled a fine potato patch in a very short time.

MINNIE MOORE-WILSON.

KISSIMMEE, Fla.

A Squash in Harness.

REFERENCE was made the other day by Mr. Chas. H. Ames to the experiments conducted at the Massachusetts Agricultural College, at Amherst, some years ago, to determine the expansive force of a growing squash. President Henry M. Goodell has kindly sent us a copy of the report made at the time by President W. S. Clark, from which we give the following description of the famous squash in harness:

The following considerations suggested the idea of experimenting with this plant:

First—It is a well-known fact that beans, acorns and other seeds often lift comparatively heavy masses of earth in forcing their way up to the light in the process of germination.

Secondly—We have all heard how common mushrooms have displaced flagging-stones, many years since in Basingstoke, and more recently in Worcester, England. In the latter case, only a few weeks ago, a gentleman, noticing that a stone in the walk near his residence had been disturbed, went for the police, under the impression that burglars were preparing some plot against him. Upon turning up the stone, which weighed 80 lbs., the rogues were discovered in the shape of three giant mushrooms.

Thirdly—Bricks and stones are often displaced by the growth of the roots of shade trees in streets. Cellar and other walls are also frequently injured in a similar way.

Fourthly—There is a common belief that the growing roots of trees frequently rend asunder rocks, on which they stand, by penetrating and expanding within their crevices.

Having never heard of any attempt to measure the ex-

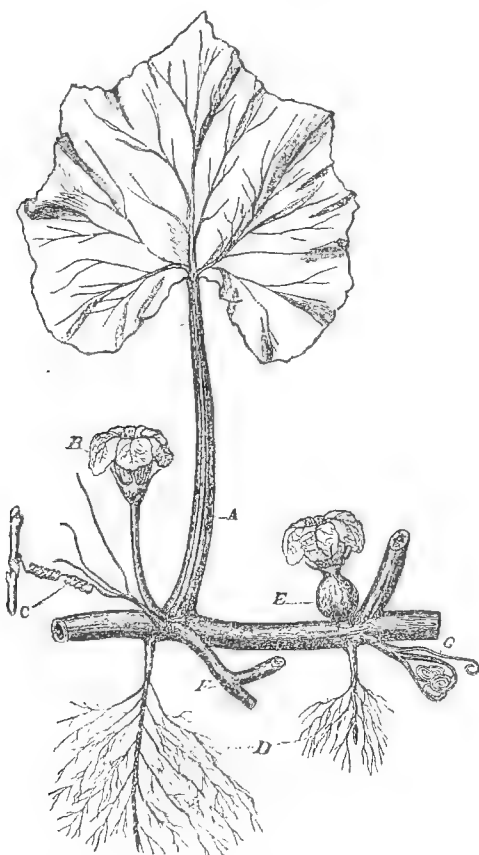


Fig. 1 represents two nodes of the squash vine. A is the petiole of a leaf, showing vertical strie. B, a staminate flower on a long peduncle. C, a branching tendril exhibiting the mode of attachment to a support, and the double reversed spiral of the portion between the support and the base of the tendril, by which all the branches of a tendril are made to bear their share of the strain, if they secure an attachment; and by which also great elasticity is given to the tendril, and the liability of rupture largely diminished. D, nodal roots. E, a pistillate flower with a short peduncle. F, a lateral branch of the vine. G, a tendril which, having failed in finding a support, has coiled upon itself and turned back toward the older portion of the vine.

pansive force of a growing plant, we determined to experiment in this direction.

At first we thought of trying the expansive force of some small, hard, green fruit, such as hickory nut or a pear, but the expansion was so slow and the attachment of the fruit to the tree so fragile, that this idea was abandoned. The squash, growing on the ground, with great rapidity, and to an enormous size, seemed on the whole the best fruit for the experiment.

Accordingly, seeds of the mammoth yellow Chili having been obtained from Mr. J. J. H. Gregory, of Marblehead, they were planted on the first of July in one of the propagating pits of the Durfee Plant-house, where the temperature and moisture could be easily controlled.

A rich bed of compost from a spent hot-bed was prepared, which was 4 ft. wide, 50 ft. long and about 6 in. in depth. Here, under the fostering care of Prof. Maynard, the seeds germinated, the vine grew vigorously and the squash lifted in a most satisfactory manner.

Never before has the development of a squash been observed more critically or by a greater number of people. Many thousands of men, women and children from all

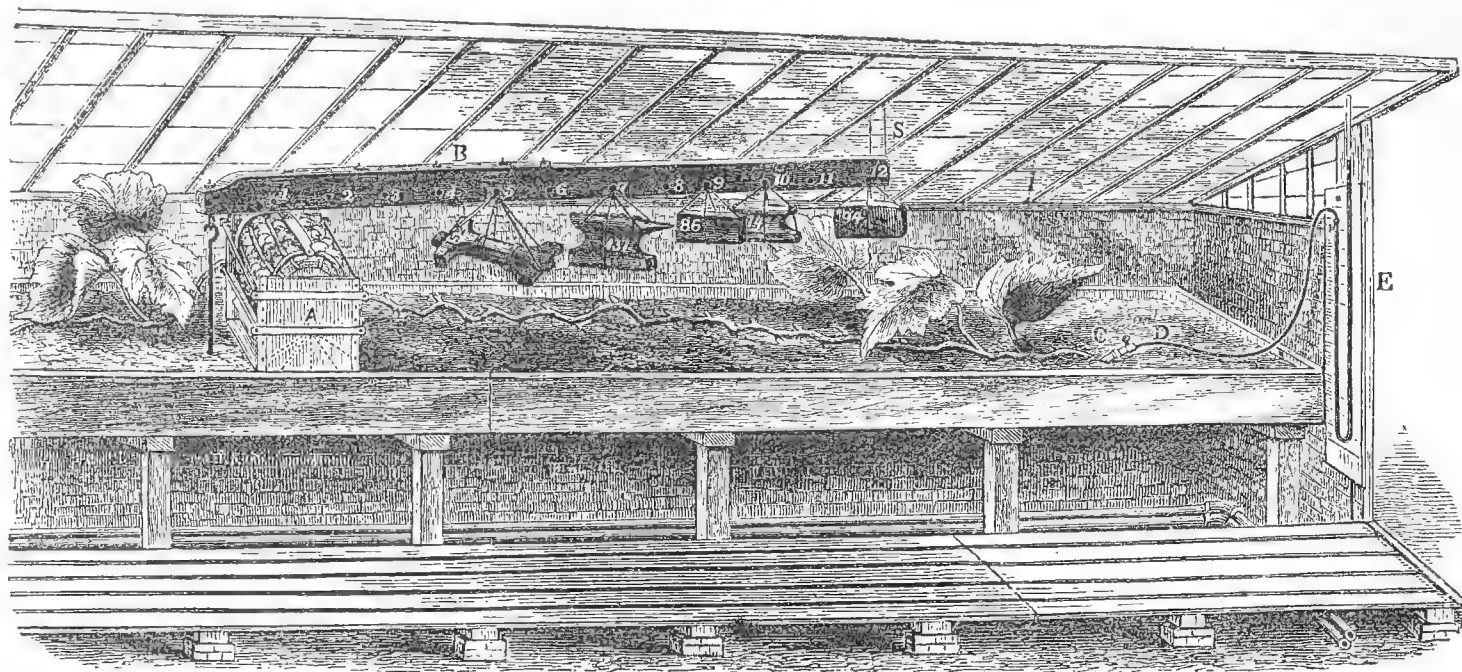


FIG. 2, EXHIBITING THE PROPAGATING PIT WITH ROOT OF A SECOND VINE ATTACHED TO A MERCURIAL GAUGE TO SHOW THE PRESSURE OF THE SAPH.

A, the box in which the squash was placed.
B, the lever to support the weights.
C, the root from which the principal vine grew.

D, the root of the vine, which was cut off when eight weeks old and connected with a gauge.
E, Mercurial gauge.
S, scale to indicate the variations in the position of the lever.

classes of society, of various nationalities, and from all quarters of the earth, visited it.

Mr. D. P. Penhallow watched with it several days and nights, making hourly observations; Prof. H. W. Parker was moved to write a poem about it, and Prof. J. H. Seelye declared that he positively stood in awe of it.

Curious facts were noted in regard to all parts of the plant, but among the most surprising were those relating to the development of the roots. Growing under the most favorable circumstances, they attained a number and an aggregate length almost incredible. The primary root from the seed, after penetrating the earth about 4 in., terminated abruptly and threw out adventitious branches in all directions. In order to obtain an accurate knowledge of their development, the entire bed occupied by them was saturated with water, and after fifteen hours numerous holes were bored through the plank bottom, and the earth thus washed away. After many hours of the most patient labor, the entire system of roots was cleaned and spread out on the floor of a large room, where they were carefully measured.

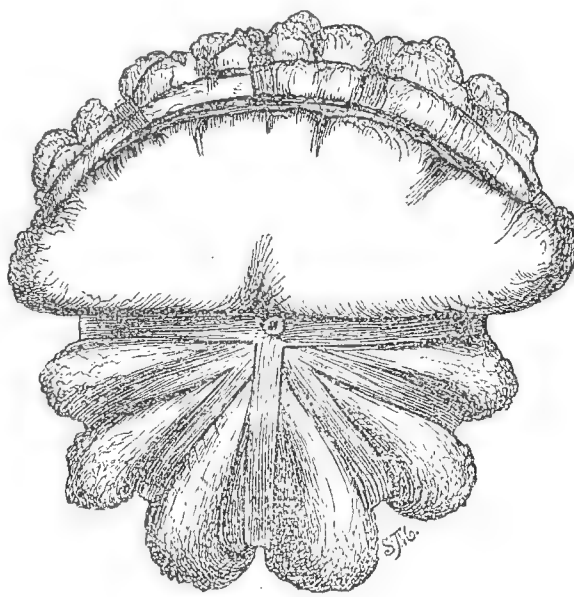


FIG. 3.

The main branches extended from 12 to 15 ft., and their total length, including all subdivisions, was more than 2,000 ft.

At every node or joint of the vine was also produced a root. One of these nodal roots was washed out and found to be 4 ft. long and to have 480 branches, averaging, with their branchlets, a length of 30 in., making a total of more than 1,200 ft. As there were seventy nodal roots, there must have been more than fifteen miles in length on the entire vine. There were certainly more than 80,000 ft., and of these 50,000 ft. must have been produced at the rate of 1,000 ft. or more per day.

Now, it has been said that corn may be heard to grow in a still, warm night, and it has been proved that a root of corn will elongate 1 in. in fifteen minutes. But here are 12,000 in. of increase in twenty-four hours. What lively times in the soil where such vital force is at work! The wonder is that we do not hear the building of these roots as it goes on.

But in addition to the movements caused by the increase of the roots among the particles of the soil, we should remember that solution, chemical affinity, diffusion and capillarity, as well as the absorption of the feeding rootlets, are incessantly at work beneath the surface of the silent earth.

With what amazement should we behold the development of a crop upon a fertile field, if we could but see with our eyes the things which are known to transpire!

The flowers of the squash are arranged in regular succession, one at each node. A female flower is usually succeeded by four males, so that squashes would be produced at every fifth node, if all should set, which, however, never happens. The impregnation of the ovules within the ovary of the female flower requires the deposition of pollen grains from the anther cells of the male

flower upon the stigma of the former under favorable circumstances. The stigmatic surface must be in a proper condition to retain and develop the pollen, which must also be in a perfect state. Bright, warm weather will doubtless aid in the process, though much remains to be observed in regard to it. The pollen grains of the squash are large and rough, and of a spherical form, and consist of an outer and an inner coating of membrane

filled with a proto-plasmic fluid. In the outer coating is a minute orifice, through which, when moistened by the saccharine secretion of the stigma, the inner coating protrudes as a microscopic structureless tube which pushes its way into the tissues of the style and ovary until it reaches the embryo sac of an ovule, which may then become a perfect seed. This contract of the pollen tubes with the ovules is essential to the setting of every squash. The transfer of the pollen grains to the stigmas is usually accomplished by insects, which fly from flower to flower in pursuit of food. It may also be done artificially, and there is reason to believe that the crop of squashes, melons and cucumbers might often be largely increased by attention to this matter in out-door cultivation. When grown under glass, fertilization must always be effected by artificial means. [See Fig. 1.]

The pistillate, or female flower, on the twenty-first node of our growing vine, was carefully impregnated with pollen on the first of August last. The young squash immediately began to enlarge, and on the 15th of the same month measured 22 in. in circumference; on the 16th, 24 in., and on the 17th, 27. Though the rind of the young fruit was very soft, it was now determined to confine it in such a way as to test its expansive power. In doing this, great care was taken to preserve the health and soundness of every part of the squash, and to expose at least one-half of its surface to the air and the light.

The apparatus for testing its growing force consisted of a frame or bed of 7 in. boards, 1 ft. long. These were arranged in a radial manner, like the spokes on the lower half of a wheel, their inner edges being turned toward the central axis. These pieces were held firmly in place by two end-boards 12 in. square, to the lower half of which they were secured by nails and iron rods. A hemi-ellipsoidal cavity, about 5 in. deep in the center and 8 in. long, was cut from the inner edges of the seven boards, and in this the squash was carefully deposited, the stem and vine being properly protected by blocks of wood from injury by compression. Over the squash was placed a semi-cylindrical harness or basket of strap iron, firmly rivetted together. The meshes between the bands, which crossed each other at right angles, were about 1 1/2 in. square. The harness was 12 in. long and the same in width, so that when placed over the squash it just filled the space between the end-boards. Upon the top of the harness and parallel with the axis of the cylinder and the squash, was fastened a bar of iron with a knife-edge to serve as the fulcrum of a lever for the support of the weights by which the expansive force was to be measured. At first an iron bar 1 in. square was used for a lever; then a larger bar of steel, then a lever of chestnut plank, then one of seasoned white oak plank, and finally one of chestnut 5 x 6 in. and 9 ft. long; but even this required to be strengthened by a plate of iron 4 in. wide by 1/2 in. thick and 5 ft. in length. The fulcrum for the lever was also renewed from time to time, as the weight was increased. [See Fig. 2.] The following table shows the weight of iron lifted by the squash in the course of its development:

	Pounds.
Aug. 21.....	60
22.....	69
23.....	91
24.....	162
25.....	225
26.....	277
27.....	356
31.....	500
Sept. 11.....	1,100
13.....	1,200
14.....	1,300
15.....	1,400
27.....	1,700
30.....	2,015
Oct. 3.....	2,115
12.....	2,500
18.....	3,120
24.....	4,120
31.....	5,000

The last weight was not clearly raised, though it was carried ten days, on account of the failure of the harness

irons, which bent at the corners under the enormous pressure of two and a half tons, and consequently broke through the rind of the squash. It was not feasible to remove the harness and substitute for it a stouter one, on account of its being imbedded in the substance of the squash, which grew up through the meshes of the harness, forming protuberances $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. high and overlying the iron bands. When, on Nov. 7, the harness was removed, in order to take a plaster cast of the squash, it was necessary to cut the straps with a cold-chisel, sometimes into several pieces, and draw them out endways. The growing squash adapted itself to whatever space it could find as readily as if it had been a mass of caoutchouc, nor did it ever show the slightest tendency to crack, except in the epidermis. This would often open in minute seams, from which a turbid mucilaginous fluid exuded. In the morning, drops of this would frequently

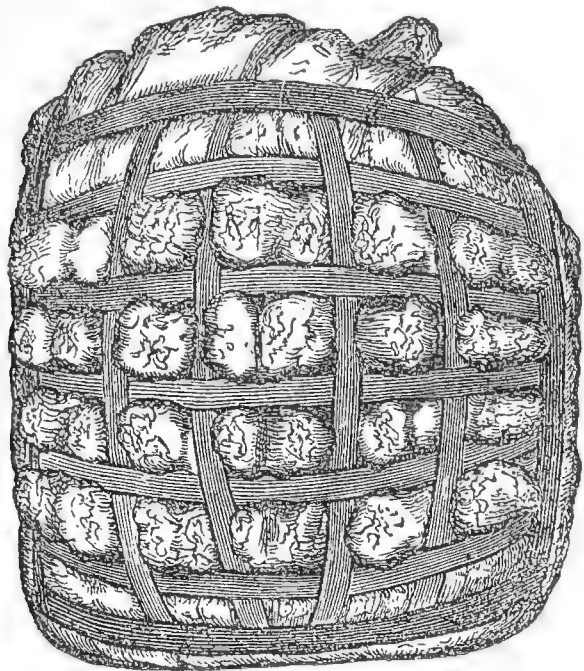


FIG. 4.

bedew the protuberances, like drops of perspiration. In the sunshine these dried up and fell off as minute globules, resembling gum-arabic.

The lifting power was greatest after midnight, when the growth of the vine and exhalation from the leaves was least.

The material out of which the squash was formed was elaborated in the leaves during the daytime and transferred through the vine to the stem. Through this it was imbibed by the living, growing cells of the squash, which were constantly multiplying by subdivision until their number was many billions, notwithstanding the enormous pressure under which they were forced to develop. This growth was possible only because life, being a molecular force, exerted its almost irresistible power over an enormous surface of cell membrane.

Scarcely less astonishing than the mechanical force exhibited was the ability of the tissues of the squash to re-

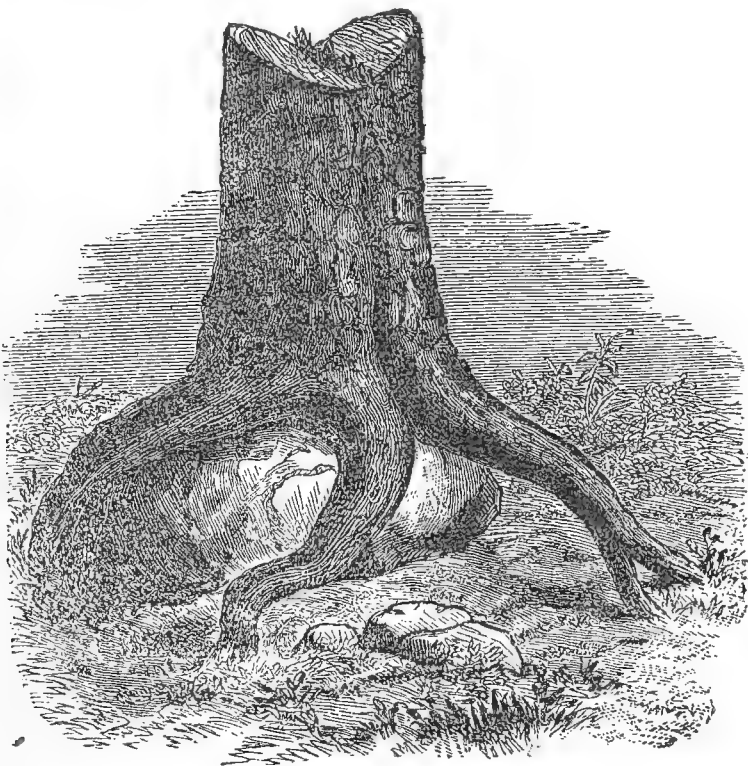


FIG. 5.

sist chemical changes and the attacks of mold where the rind was injured by bruises or cuts. Whenever fresh-growing cells were exposed to the action of the air, they immediately began to form a regular periderm of cork, precisely resembling in appearance and structure that produced upon the cork oak, the elm and other trees.

The form of the squash can hardly be described, but may be seen in the drawings, which show the end and the upper side. The weight was $47\frac{1}{4}$ lb., and when opened the rind was found to be about 3 in. thick and unusually hard and compact. The internal cavity corresponded in form to the exterior, but was very small, and nearly filled with fibrous tissue, and plump and apparently perfect seeds in about the normal number. [See Figs. 3, 4.]

The frequent displacement of flagging-stones and the damage often done to brick and concrete pavements and stone walls by the roots of shade trees, considered in connection with the wonderful expansive power of the squash in harness, made it evident that growing roots of firm wood must be capable of exerting, under suitable conditions, a tremendous mechanical force. Upon searching the fields for examples of trees standing upon naked rocks or ridges covered with only a shallow soil, many interesting specimens were readily discovered to demonstrate this fact.

In South Hadley, Mass., a sugar maple was found which had grown upon a horizontal bed of red sandstone. The tree stood upon the naked rock, over which its roots

extended a few feet in three directions into the soil. One root had pushed its way under a slab of the rock which measured more than twenty-four cubic feet, and must have weighed nearly two tons. In the course of twenty years or more, this root had developed to such a size as to raise the slab entirely from the bed rock and from the earth, so that it rested wholly upon the wood.

Upon examining the tree, it was evident that as it stood upon horizontal roots, which rested on solid rock and had a diameter of nearly a foot, and as they had grown by an annual deposition of wood entirely around them, and as the heart, now several inches from the rock, must once have rested on it, and as the rock could not have been depressed, therefore the tree had been lifted every year by the growing wood of the outside layer. Another tree of paper birch having been found growing in a similar manner, one of the horizontal roots was sawed through and the center of the heart was seen to have been elevated 7 in. since the tree was a seedling.

Now, it is clearly demonstrated that the power of vegetable growth can lift a tree, and that it must do so whenever the bed of the roots cannot be depressed. It is evident, also, that old trees on a clay hardpan, or any other unyielding subsoil, must be thrown up by the process of growth. Every person is familiar with the fact that large trees usually have the appearance of having been raised, and their roots are often bare for considerable distances around the trunk. [See Fig. 5.]

This lifting of the tree from its bed would seem to be advantageous to it, by tightening the roots so as to hold it firmly in place, notwithstanding the possible elongation of their woody fiber by the excessive strains to which they are subjected during violent storms. This method of securing the tree in place would be still further improved by the constant enlargement of the roots by the annual deposition of a layer of wood and the consequent filling of any space formed in the soil by the movement of the roots, caused by the swaying of the tree in the wind.

This slight annual elevation of trees, by the increase in diameter of their horizontal roots, furnishes an explanation for the differences of opinion in regard to the question, whether a given point on the trunk of a tree is raised in the process of its growth. While it has been demonstrated by Prof. Asa Gray that two points in a vertical line on the trunk of a tree will not separate as it enlarges, it seems equally clear that both of them may be quite perceptibly elevated in the course of time.

It has been stated, on good authority, that at Walton Hall, in England, a millstone was to be seen in 1863 in the center of which was growing a filbert tree, which had completely filled the hole in the stone and actually raised it from the ground. The tree was said to have been produced from a nut which was known to have germinated in 1812. The above story has been declared false, because, as asserted, the tree could not have exerted any lifting power upon the stone. It is, however, not difficult to see that it may be true, and is even probable.

Yet it should be remembered that the amount of elevation, in any case where it occurs from the increase in the size of the horizontal roots, must depend upon the character of the material on which they rest, and can never exceed one-half the diameter of the largest ones. When, therefore, a writer asserts, as has recently happened, that during a visit to Washington Irving, at Sunnyside, he carved his name upon the bark of a tree beneath which he was sitting in conversation with the illustrious author, and that many years after he went to the place, and, with much difficulty, discovered the identical inscription high up among the branches, far above his reach, it may be safely inferred that the number and exaltation of his feelings interfered slightly with the correct action of his intellectual faculties.

It is evident, in conclusion, that we have much yet to learn about plant life, and that it is very unwise to attempt to explain all its phenomena by a few general statements.

Life has been well styled the loftiest subject of philosophy, but let us not forget that the only way to a sound philosophy is through a knowledge of the truth, and that this is to be obtained in completeness only by laborious and intelligent investigation.

"Old Red Legs."

IN my trips to Lake Champlain I have heard of a large individual of the black duck family, that is taken very late in autumn, and only then. A specimen was sent me some years since, but arrived in such condition as to be beyond saving. The bird was certainly much larger than the usual run of *Anas obscura*, but as above its condition rendered a careful comparison out of the question.

I wrote my correspondent in Milton, Vt., a native and life-long frequenter of the lake, familiar with all its feathered and scaled frequenters, and with a capital observer. His reply was mislaid, and only after a most painstaking search have I been able to find it. I quote verbatim:

"It's but little I can tell you about 'old red legs,' as we call them. I calculate they come from very far north, as they arrive about the same time the geese do. A 'pure blood' has bright red legs, and the body considerably darker in feathers than the ordinary blacks. I have seen them so much darker as to be noticeable at a glance. The upper half of neck to the eyes is very light colored. The 'penciling,' as I would call it, is much more distinct on this duck than on the other kind."

"I think I have seen them that would weigh about one-fifth more, possibly a little better than that. They would run about one-fourth heavier on an average, I should say. I have seen large flocks of them, but as a rule they fly in small parties. They are here very early in the springtime, but only stay a few days. I never knew of their nesting about this lake, consequently I believe they must habit about the same grounds as the geese do for that purpose." * * *

Do you know this bird? Will you give us the benefit of your knowledge? WILMOT TOWNSEND.

[Several species of "black ducks," i. e., ducks of the *Anas obscura* type, have been described for the United States, but it is impossible from our correspondent's description to determine which the bird is to which he

refers. The southern forms of "black duck" usually average smaller than the northern ones, but all gunners are aware that there is much individual variation in this species. Moreover, black ducks and mallards hybridize not very infrequently, and the progeny very often is closely similar to the black duck parent, yet often considerably darker than the average bird, showing a tinge of green on the head—in the male—brightly colored feet and often—also, of course, in the male—a trace of the curled upper tail coverts, which is the sign of the mallard drake. They are also in our experience considerably larger and heavier than the common run of black ducks. Really, to identify a black duck, one ought to be an ornithologist and to have the bird in his hand.]

Baird's Sandpiper in Western New York.

Editor Forest and Stream:

While spending the past season at Lakeside Park, Orleans county, N. Y., I noticed many shore birds at the entrance of Johnson's Creek, running into Lake Ontario. This was directly in front of the cottage we occupied, and therefore I had a good opportunity to observe them; and I noticed there were some species that were new to me, at least some that I had never secured for my collection. I wanted them; but had to be content to use only the field glass on them until the open season, Aug. 15. In the meantime I had wheeled up to Lockport for gun and shells. When the season opened the birds were missing; but ten days later they returned in force, and on the morning of Aug. 25 at the first discharge, and with No. 12 shot, I secured three birds; a sanderling and two that I did not identify. I sent these birds with two semi-palmated sandpipers to Miss Schlegel, of East Aurora, N. Y., and by return mail she wrote that I had secured a new species for western New York, i. e., Baird's sandpiper (*Tringa bairdii*). On Sept. 8 two more specimens were secured; and another on Sept. 15. During this time I had also taken two turnstones (*Arenaria interpres*) and specimens of least and pectoral sandpipers, all of which were sent to Miss Schlegel to be preserved, and she has them all mounted.

I think this is the first record of the occurrence of Baird's sandpiper in western New York. There may have been others taken and not reported, and therefore this must stand as first. J. L. DAVISON.

LOCKPORT, N. Y., Dec. 3.

Moose Head Measurements.

WE measured a few days since at the store of W. W. Hart & Co., 47 East Twelfth street, New York, two moose heads, said to have come from Alaska, which in some respects are peculiar.

Head No. 1 has a spread of $64\frac{3}{4}$ in., with a length of palm, measured from tip of antler to curve inside the brow antler, of $36\frac{1}{2}$ in.; length of palm, measured to curve outside of brow antler, $35\frac{1}{2}$ in. The circumference of beam just without the burr is 9 in. The palm on the left-hand side is somewhat longer, measuring $39\frac{1}{2}$ in. to inside and $36\frac{1}{2}$ in. to outside of brow antler.

The spread of head No. 2 is $65\frac{1}{2}$ in.; length of palm, inside 42 in., outside 40 in. The beam measures $8\frac{1}{2}$ in.

The width of palm in both these heads is very small, running from $10\frac{1}{4}$ to 11 in., but nowhere reaching 11. On the other hand, the points rising from the margin of the palm are long and slender. The brow antler in head No. 2 has a third stout and heavy point nearly a foot long directed downward and forward over the animal's face. On the whole, the heads are of somewhat unusual type.

Weights of Vermont Deer.

ST. JOHNSBURY, Vt., Dec. 27.—Editor Forest and Stream: I noticed some time ago in your paper comments on the weight of deer, and it occurred to me that you might like some items on this subject from Vermont. I have an impression that our deer in many instances have exceeded the average in weight. In obtaining statistics, most of the reports give the estimated weight of the animals, but in many cases the actual weight was given. A great many of the deer weighed over 200 lbs. In some instances I have written personal letters to the men who captured the deer and ascertained the truth of the original reports, and have received in reply four letters giving the actual weight of the deer killed as 231 lb., 261 lbs., 316 lbs. and 370 lbs. George A. Wood, of Woodford, Vt., appears to have taken the heaviest deer captured in Vermont the past season. JNO. W. TITCOMB.

A Tarantula in Court.

Just before Magistrate Simms took his seat in the Essex Market Police Court yesterday morning, and while the liquor-saturated, half-stupefied prisoners were awaiting his arrival, a ragged and frowsy-haired man put his hands over his eyes and cried out: "Take it away, take it away." A policeman, thinking that the prisoner had been seized with delirium tremens, took him out of the line, but scarcely had he gone when another man began to paw the air and dance backward. "I've got 'em, I've got 'em," he yelled. Then a man near the end of the line, who was watching the antics of his fellow prisoners, uttered a cry, and pointed to the bridge. The rest of the unfortunates looked in that direction, and a stampede to the rear railing ensued, which took all the energy of the policemen to stop.

After quiet had been restored, the officials beheld, leisurely crawling along the bridge, an immense tarantula.

"Who owns the bug?" shouted the sergeant. "I do," said a brawny fellow, edging his way through the crowd of frightened men. He was Francis Pope, a porter in a wholesale fruit house at 156 Franklin street. He found the tarantula in the hold of a Panama steamship and explained that he had brought the insect with him for the purpose of showing it to Policeman Byrnes. He had put the insect in a cigar box, and in some manner it had escaped. He apologized to the court for the contempt that the tarantula had shown for judicial dignity and picked it up and replaced it in the cigar box.—New York Times.

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of fishing and hunting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in *FOREST AND STREAM*.

Michigan Deer.

PORTLAND, Ind.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: Some of the members of the Michigan Legislature are sportsmen surely, and as certainly readers of *FOREST AND STREAM*. I am advised that there is some agitation of the game-law question, and I hope there will be more agitation, and that when the lawmakers get through with the subject they will have so amended the non-resident and non-export sections as to permit a non-resident to kill one deer (no more), and to take that deer home to his family. Also that they will append a paragraph prohibiting the sale of deer and parts thereof (except the skins of deer legally killed) within the State, and the shipment of deer carcasses to any point without the State. That would, in my judgment, be a sensible law. If they wish to continue a license system, charge each non-resident hunter \$5 for the privilege of killing his one deer.

In company with two friends, C. F. Bender and Dr. C. W. Mackey, I spent the first two weeks of November on my old hunting grounds at Witch Lake. The first week ended before the deer season opened, and as we had but one week more at our disposal we did not think it advisable to pay \$25 for the privilege of killing five deer. There was venison for sale, and it took a good deal less than \$25 worth for our table. We pitched our tent in the timber, and the pine squirrels chattered to us from all sides, while rabbits and partridges occasionally came near our tent. Ring perch took the hook readily, and all in all we spread upon our board all the varieties and delicacies of the season.

In recent numbers of this paper I mentioned the fact that this part of Michigan was opened up by an extension of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad, and in discussing this game question these railroads that have made it possible to go in and out and live in that country should not be lost sight of. There are no wagon roads except tote roads, and they are kept open only for lumbering purposes. The ground is so knotty and rocky that to ride on a wagon along one of these roads is a picnic one will not soon forget. The present non-resident law has deprived these railroads of thousands of dollars by limiting travel. Men who would pay car fare and a \$5 license fee for the privilege of killing one deer and taking it home, rather than pay \$25 for the privilege of killing five deer and selling what they can't consume in camp at the market price, i. e. 3c. or 4c. per pound, stay at home and eat venison shot by resident hunters and shipped to market by the underground route.

The intent of the recent law is to make it so expensive that non-residents will stay out. The result is, the law is frequently violated. The more unreasonable a law, the less it is respected. It is an easy matter to "go a-fishing" and eat venison in camp, or at the summer resort hotels. If you can't kill it, you can eat what some other person killed. Many resident hunters violate the law openly and repeatedly. Here is the way one stated the case: "No; I have not worked for four years. I guide and hunt. When I want meat, instead of going to Republic and buying old spoiled beef, I go out and kill a deer." And these men not only kill deer out of season, and for their own consumption, but they kill at every opportunity and sell their surplus.

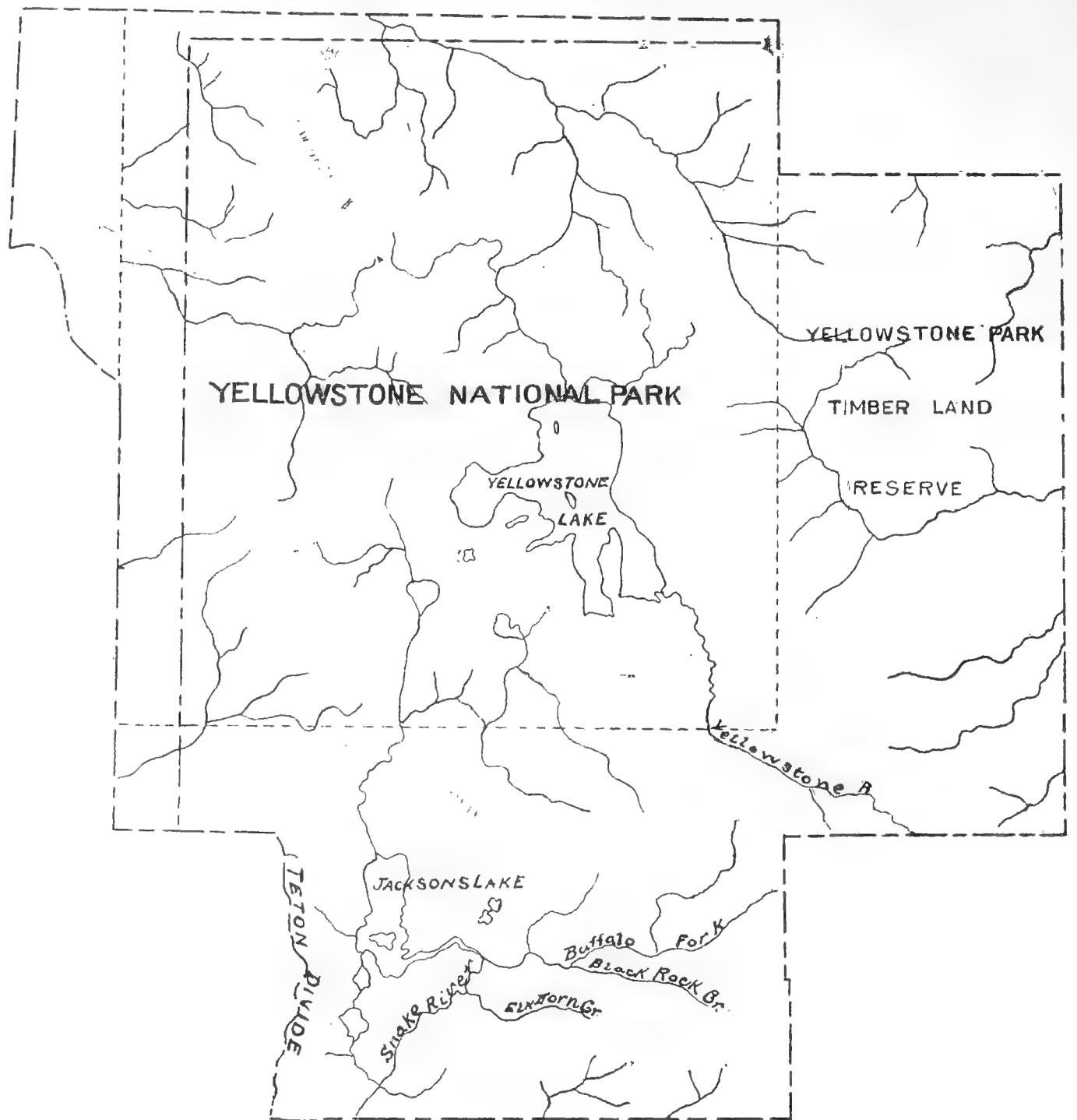
Such men, as a rule, have no abiding place. They must live, of course, but the State does not owe them a living. Many of them are transient, like the deer. Some come from the slums of cities like Marinette and Menominee. I have heard the boom of their shotguns along the railroads night after night. Others may be late arrivals from Canada, or from Sweden, with scarcely any knowledge of the English language. On the other hand, an ex-mayor of one of the largest cities in Wisconsin, a judge, together with other men of like station, shot deer before the hounds within my hearing daily in open violation of the law. The Indians and wolves form a third class. You can classify them to your own liking, but these three types of hunters are chiefly responsible for the destruction of the deer. The baying of hounds, the boom of the shotgun on dark nights, and the bleaching skeletons of deer tell their own story. Bender walked on to two deer carcasses from which only the skins had been taken. I took some long rambles and visited places "to memory deer," but I did not find my lost lake. I found a salted stump that had lured many a deer to its death, judging from evidence at hand.

I want to emphasize the fact that the present non-resident law in Michigan and Wisconsin does the railroads a great injustice, and the amendments suggested would in my judgment increase travel without increasing the slaughter of game. The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Company has three lines running through deer country. Its employees are courteous and accommodating, stopping trains between stations to take on or let off passengers. They make it possible for white men to exist in the country through which they pass.

A gentleman from near Chicago, whom I met on the train both going and coming, told me on the return trip that he spent two weeks with the proprietor of the Fence River lumber camps on Fence River. That while he was out in the forest he saw a perfectly white deer. It was standing when he first saw it, but while watching it to satisfy himself that he was not mistaken, it jumped over a large log and gave him a perfect view of its entire side.

I also met Mr. G. W. Johnson, who is in the employ of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. He had recently returned from the Leech Lake country, in Minnesota. He said the Indians at first did not like the brass buttons on his waistcoat, but he made friends with them and they showed him some fine hunting country. He has purchased some land up there and contemplates erecting a club house at Island Lake, north of Brainerd.

I notice that Mr. Hough is after us non-residents with his usual energy. I am inclined to the opinion that Brother H., with all his keen perception and facilities for information, has not seen as much of one side of this



NATIONAL PARK BOUNDARIES—PRESENT AND PROPOSED.

question as the other. Personal observation is the best evidence. It is much easier to stand at a gateway and keep tab on those who go in and out than on those already within. If Mr. H. will camp and mingle with hunters, as I have done, he will see, as I have seen; and if we don't then agree it will be on account of perverse human nature, and I will plead guilty to my share. Let us try the kernel of that nut. By the way, there is a fine large buck hanging outside a butcher's stall in this city. It was shot by a resident of Wisconsin since the season closed.

G. W. CUNNINGHAM.

The Quail's Hard Winter Fight.

ONTARIO GAME AND FISH COMMISSION, TORONTO, Dec. 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: There has been no change as yet in the game laws of Ontario. I expect that considerable changes will be made by the next session of the Legislature.

I have been advised by the express companies that 1,822 carcasses of deer have been carried by them during the late open season. It is safe to infer that fully this number must have been killed by settlers under permits; and no doubt large numbers have also been taken out of the woods by teams, of which we have no record. I consider that 4,000 head of deer have been killed during the late open season in Ontario. This is a low estimate.

I enclose a letter from Mr. C. W. Nash, one of our best known naturalists, concerning the protection of quail in winter.

A few years ago fears were expressed that quail, which at that time were nearly exterminated, would in the near future be like the buffalo and wild pigeons, become things of the past. I am glad to know those expectations were not realized, in a large measure due to the exertions of sportsmen, who for several years past have at considerable expense imported large numbers of this beautiful game bird, and turned them loose in their respective localities. Mainly owing to these measures by sportsmen and the protection afforded quail by the game laws, they have largely increased, and at the present time are fairly plentiful in the southwest part of the Province, and there is good reason for believing they will continue to be so if the laws of nature and common sense are carried out. I most strongly endorse Mr. Nash's letter, and feel sure the genuine sportsmen residing in the towns and cities will most heartily co-operate with the farmers and fruit growers in carrying out the measures so ably recommended by him.

E. TINSLEY,
Chief Game Warden.

Mr. Nash writes to Chief Warden Tinsley as follows:

Dear Sir—Can you by any means impress upon the sportsmen, farmers and fruit growers of the southwestern counties of this Province an idea of the great advantages they would derive if they could give the quail of their locality some little food and shelter during the remaining winter months?

It is not necessary to urge upon sportsmen the desirability of increasing the stock of this beautiful little game bird; they are all agreed as to that; but I wish to point out that to the farmer and fruit grower the quail is of the greatest possible economic importance, apart from its value as a game and table bird.

The quail is one of our few species of birds that are directly beneficial to the agriculturist; all its life is spent among the crops upon which man expends his labor and from which he derives his profit, and it is constantly en-

gaged in destroying the insects that are most destructive to the plants raised by his care under cultivation.

For the first two or three months of their lives, young quail feed almost entirely on insects, and each one will while it is growing consume nearly its own weight of them every day. To obtain this quantity the number eaten must be very large. As the birds near maturity they vary their diet by adding the seeds of various weeds, grasses, etc., to their bill of fare, but still take large numbers of insects so long as they are obtainable, grasshoppers in the autumn forming their principal article of food. After these fail they are compelled to find their sustenance in the stubble fields and weed patches, where they glean sufficient grain and seed to keep themselves in good condition until the supply is cut off by deep snow; then it is that our quail suffer from lack of food and die in large numbers from starvation and cold.

If well fed quail can withstand the severity of our winters quite readily, but if starved they, like all animals, gradually succumb to cold, and it is by reason of their inability to obtain food when deep snow covers the ground that so many are lost every winter. This could be prevented if the farmers and fruit growers in the quail counties would afford the birds a little food and protection to carry them over the latter part of the winter season, in which the greatest mortality occurs.

A simple method of affording the requisite protection and food is to arrange three or four forked poles so that they support each other in tent form, and throw over them a little pea straw, buckwheat stalks or waste straw, etc., so as to leave a hollow underneath, into which the birds can go and be safe from storms. Into these places throw a few measures of tailings or waste grain occasionally, and the quail will be able to maintain themselves in safety.

For the slight trouble necessary to provide a few of these shelters around a farm and orchard the farmer and fruit grower will be amply repaid the following season by a good stock of quail to keep down the insects that destroy his crops during the summer, and to provide sport for himself and his friends in the autumn.

C. W. NASH.

Yellowstone Park Enlargement.

THE map here given indicates the approximate boundaries of the Yellowstone National Park in case the Hansborough bill for the enlargement of the Park should become law. Such a map is necessary to a comprehension of what the extension of the Park will mean.

We repeat here the resolutions unanimously adopted at a public meeting held last spring at Jackson, Wyo., and signed by S. N. Leek, chairman, and Frank L. Peterson, secretary. They are as follows:

Whereas, The Jackson's Hole country is the only territory south of and contiguous to the Yellowstone National Park which is susceptible of settlement and cultivation; and

Whereas, The constant agitation of the question of extending the limits of the National Park by annexing adjoining territory has a tendency to retard the normal development of our community.

Therefore, Be it resolved by the bona fide settlers of Jackson's Hole, in mass meeting assembled:

First—As a satisfactory and permanent settlement of all plans for the future enlargement of the National Park by an addition of territory on the south, we do most earnestly recommend the immediate extension of Park control over the territory now embraced in the Teton Timber Reserve, believing that such addition to the Na-

tional Park will amply suffice for the further and better protection of large game.

Second—While we favor the extension of the National Park to the south line of the Teton Timber Reserve, we are unalterably opposed to any other or further extension of the south boundary of the Park so as to encroach upon or curtail the present limits of the Jackson's Hole settlement. We do not believe that it would be either good policy or economy for the National Government to incur the enormous expense necessary to oust the bona fide settlers of a large and prosperous community, merely to extend the game area of the National Park; and further, we are firmly convinced that the addition of the Teton Timber Reserve will satisfy all reasonable demands for an extension of the National Park toward the south, and at the same time allay all apprehensions of actual and intending settlers in the Jackson's Hole country proper.

New England Sportsmen.

BOSTON, Jan. 2.—Dr. Heber Bishop received the congratulations of his friends at the Copley Square Hotel Saturday evening, the occasion being the arrival of the big bull moose killed in New Brunswick by the Doctor, and already noted in the *FOREST AND STREAM*. The big animal was on exhibition, having arrived that day by boat. A lunch was served and the big bull was admired by about 200 of the Doctor's friends, and prominent members of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association. The taxidermist is to commence work at once on the moose. He is to be mounted on his own skeleton, purposely for the New York Sportsmen's Exhibition in March.

A Bangor, Me., dispatch of Saturday says that the shooting of big game in Maine is ended for the season of 1898. Reports at hand show the season to have been the greatest on record. Returns from the Bangor and Aroostook region, and other sections, show the number of deer killed by sportsmen and shipped by the transportation companies to have been at least 3,032, 159 moose and 58 caribou. More hunters have been in the woods than ever, and they have obtained more game. The records of game transported for six years are as follows:

Year.	Deer.	Moose.	Caribou.
1894	1,001	45	50
1895	1,581	112	130
1896	2,245	133	130
1897	2,940	139	78
1898	3,032	159	59

It is proposed to form a brotherhood of Maine guides. The Rangeley Guides' Association is in receipt of communications from the Moosehead Guides' Association, proposing a State or general association, for the purpose of advancing the welfare of the craft throughout the State. It is proposed to send representative guides to Augusta early in the present session of the Legislature, to formulate a State association.

One of the most remarkable deer shooting seasons Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont have ever passed through has closed with the old year. The early slaughter was great, followed by snows most remarkably early. Snow fell before Thanksgiving and made good tracking, and a great many deer were taken. This snow did not go away, as is usually the case, but was followed at Thanksgiving, and a few days after with heavier snows, making good snowshoeing ever since. With these heavy snows sportsmen from the cities seemed to stop, but not so the local hunters. They have gone after the deer with unusual vigor, and the slaughter has been great. The snow drove the deer to yarding early, and the hunters on snowshoes have found them easy prey. To find a yard of deer has been too easily taken them all. True, the law does not permit of but two deer to the individual, but I met a hunter the other day, a citizen of Maine, who coolly told me that he had taken his own two deer, and two each for his three boys. I suggested that he should have taken two for his wife and each of his daughters, and he did not see the joke, but admitted that he should have done so but for the reason that he had not had the time since the snow came on.

This great slaughter of deer by local hunters will never appear in any records. The railroads do not transport them openly at least, and "registered guides" will have no occasion to make returns of them. But of one thing I am very sure, many of them have found their way directly into the Boston markets. I counted thirteen fresh arrivals of deer hung up in front of one Faneuil Hall Market store on Saturday. That they came from Maine there is not the least doubt, and it is equally sure that they were the results of recent hunting. Almost every market in Boston has been ornamented with fresh arrivals of deer within a couple of weeks. Will the coming Maine Legislature do anything to stop this shipping of deer to market? Or is there sufficient law already, and will the commissioners see that illegal shipping is stopped?

SPECIAL.

Indiana Quail.

ORESTES, Ind., Dec. 22.—Quail are very plentiful out here, and good cover being available the birds have escaped the onslaught usual in a more open, thickly settled country. There is hardly a stubble field about that is not bounded on one side by a wood or thicket. Most of my time being occupied, I have had to be satisfied with a two or three hours' tramp in the morning, several days, bagging from five to ten birds. The other day I started with my dog for a tramp. When about a quarter of a mile from my house she pointed to a briar bush. I walked up and out came two birds. I dropped them in time for another that started a little later. By that time the rest of the bevy were free from the bush, and I got two more with the two remaining shells in my repeater, making five straight shots without taking gun from my shoulder, three going south and two north. As there were only three or four birds got away, I did not follow them, but took a circular route home, not finding anything more to shoot at. Although quail are plentiful, there is hardly any other kind of game to be found here; even the rabbits have all been killed off. 11.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

The Old Gun.

I got a letter from my old friend the Mayor the other day. He is or was the Mayor, and he knows where all sorts of quail and grouse are to be found, though he always takes me in there blindfold, and I couldn't for the life of me tell where it is unless I broke my sacred word and licked the Mayor, neither of which things I should like to have to do. The letter of the Mayor says the quail are getting to be so thick that they are a positive popular detriment, and he wants aid in his official capacity. The partridges grow on every bush and fill the air in a dark continuous procession; and would I come and help remedy all this. Therefore today I took down the old gun and looked at the places on the barrels which were worn white in other days. Also I looked through the barrels—I am glad to say that I could see clear through barrels, which shows the condition of the gun. And I have secured me some food for the gun, and am hunting around to see if I can find an old pair of shoes somewhere—for this Mayor is an awful walker. Should all go well, I might, unless something happened, get over to the Mayor's place and help him save the region from an unduly aggressive and cumulatively agglomerated excess of game.

But it was about the old gun I wanted to speak. There are a great many young men who are just now grasping in their hands some hard earned money, and who are just going to blow that hard earned money against a fine new hand-painted, chokebored gun, warranted to shoot 947 pellets of No. 7 shot into a half-dollar at 40yds. My advice to these young men, if they want to shoot game in cover, and not at the trap, is, don't. Order a cylinder bore gun instead. You won't get a cylinder at all, but will duly receive one which will make a "good pattern." Send it back, and get it "opened." It still won't be open. Then take a saw and saw the front end off the gun, and you'll help it a good deal. After that, ream it out some. That is what I did to my old gun, and it is the only good gun I know of anywhere. I never miss with it—except under certain unavoidable and wholly extenuating circumstances—and nobody whoever shot this gun failed to try to steal it. They got it away from me one time down at Memphis, and I never saw it for a year, and everybody in town was shooting it. They fell to scrapping among themselves about who should shoot it most, and that was how I happened to get it back again. This old gun has killed a great many hundred birds—perhaps thousands; because earlier and other owners and borrowers have used this gun much more than I get a chance to myself. I have to take a screwdriver along with me in the field when I shoot it, so I can put it together again once in a while. Sometimes it goes on strike, and I have to rest it so it will be satisfied to go to work again. Still, it goes off every once in a while, and once in a while I kill something when it does go off. That is why I like this particular gun. If there were others like it this world would not be so full of tears, and it wouldn't be so full of game, either. This old gun is a cylinder, or may be a little bit better than that. I never aim at a quail with it, because that is too finicky a way of shooting, and besides is not in the least necessary. I just hold it over in that direction, and I always get the quail—unless there should, as I have above remarked, be something come up which is wholly unavoidable and excusatory. This is a meat gun, and I'll have to be pretty badly broke if anybody ever gets it away from me. And the Mayor has a meat dog. We both have other and better guns and dogs, for far-off shooting and for fancy ranging, but for this close-up shooting, where the quail and partridges are oppressively abundant, we believe that the meat dog and meat gun will be about right. I have a notion to grease the old gun some to-day, just as a mark of affection.

Distinguished Sportsmen.

The Hartford Times, of Indiana, prints the following: "B. F. Davis is the crack shot of the season in this vicinity, so far, in killing fifteen quail at one shot."

The Montpelier Leader, of Ohio, prints this: "G. W. Shaul is the champion 'quail shot' of this section of the county. He took an old smoothbore rifle out one day last week and killed eight quail at one shot, and he says that it wasn't an extraordinary day for quail shooting either. This beats the record for quail shooting so far."

Bags.

A party of hunters from Parsons, Kan., went into the Indian Nations this month and brought back five deer and over fifty wild turkeys.

The sportsmen of Virden, Neb., held a side-hunt last week, and killed 402 rabbits.

The Emerichsville Gun Club, of Indiana, spent three days in Morgan county last week, and killed 338 rabbits. They said if they "had not been worn out" they could have killed twice as many.

The Singing Mouse.

My friend, Prof. J. A. Balmer, now of the Agricultural Experiment Station at Pullman, Wash., writes me the following information regarding a singing mouse. If I am not mistaken this makes the sixth singing mouse to be recorded in the *FOREST AND STREAM* chronicles. Mr. Balmer remarks:

"I was over on Puget Sound last week and heard a very interesting 'singing mouse' story. I was talking with a friend, Mr. A. B. Leckenby, and happened to ask him whether he believed mice could sing. He said, 'Why, sure! Did I never tell you about my singing mouse?'

"He then went on to relate how, when he was 'batching it' in Portland, or somewhere, and where the house was overrun by mice, how almost nightly one particular mouse would regale him with the most beautiful music. 'Yes,' he said, 'I not only believe there are singing mice, but I firmly believe that all mice sing.' He described how the other mice would sit on their hind legs and listen to this one, and he could see their little throats vibrating as if to burst; and he felt sure they were sing-

ing, but that his car was not attuned fine enough to hear them."

Mr. Balmer goes on to say: "I could tell you a nice story of how many hundred mountain trout we caught last summer, and of the bear that tried to help us fish the Lo Lo River, and of the two moose I met on the Eldorado, and of the dead man at the elk lick that we are going in to bury next summer; but maybe you would want to go along."

How to Tan at Home.

J. A. R., of New Orleans, La., asks the following interesting questions about tanning light hides, which I hope several will answer, for it is of interest. Next week I shall find a moment to tell what little I have learned about this sort of thing. Briefly, I may say now that the secret of the Indian tan is the use of animals' brains as grease, the use of plenty of time and labor, and the use of smoke in putting on last touches. The letter follows:

Having read your journal for the past five years, and knowing that few, if any, of the questions asked remained unanswered, I would ask any of the agreeable old-timers to answer this: I am sure that many sportsmen like to have in their den or office the skins of deer or other animals killed in the chase, but would feel proud to say that such skins were tanned or dressed by their own hands.

I have dressed several deer skins myself from directions found in books, but they were not satisfactory. I have always been anxious to know the different methods used by the Indians in dressing skins with the hair on. Should any of my brother sportsmen who are able care to trouble themselves with an answer they will greatly oblige

J. A. R.

They do Ship it.

Mr. H. O. Wilbur, of Philadelphia, paid this office of *FOREST AND STREAM* a pleasant call to-day. Mr. Wilbur has been out West and has observed that a vast amount of game is brought out and shipped out of several States which forbid that action. He wants to know what can be done about it. Nothing, I imagine, but to sit and hope for more wardens, more vigilance and more sentiment in favor of game laws. Canada can keep a game law, because Canada wants it kept.

The Coyote.

The yellow-haired, scrubby, scrawny, hammered-down wolf of the West, known universally as the coyote, has up to recent date been regarded as a nuisance, to be pursued on a purely Ishmaelitic basis, but it seems there is dawning for him a more dignified day. Over in England the man who kills a fox is regarded as no better than a pariah, to be classified only lower than him who shoots a pig in India. Once it was thought sweet and fit to gather a coyote in any fashion possible, from strychnine to rifle. Now I learn that the sportsmen of Colorado Springs have made coyote coursing a high grade social sport, and more than that, they are beginning to protest against the killing, trapping or poisoning of coyotes by ranchmen or other parties. There is some indignation against certain Colorado Springs sportsmen who go out gunning for coyotes, and they are told they ought to be ashamed of their unsportsmanlike conduct, and should leave the game for the dogs. Thus are times and customs changed, although methinks it will yet be many a day before the sturdy Western rancher learns to stay his hand when he gets a chance at a coyote.

The Uniform Law.

During the ensuing month there will be local action in the different States on some of the features of the proposed uniform game law agreed upon in the Warden's Convention in this city last month. Wisconsin will swing into line with this law and its provisions with very fair unanimity. Wisconsin is getting ready to stop spring shooting. The license idea may be said to have taken firm root in that State, and this fact is liable to somewhat disturb a good many men who belong to shooting clubs in Wisconsin, and who may object to paying club dues, and then a \$25 license on top of that. It seems to me that there has been more growth in protective sentiment in the State of Wisconsin this year than for the five years last preceding.

In Michigan the annual meeting of the State Game and Fish Protective League will be held at the Hudson House, Lansing, on Tuesday, Jan. 17, at 1:30 P. M. The matter of proposed changes in the game and fish laws will then be taken up for earnest discussion.

In Minnesota they are getting ready to stop spring shooting, and we may look for pronounced action along the lines of the idea that the State of Minnesota owns the Minnesota game. This will have much to do with the export and sale of game. It will be a loss to Minnesota if Sam Fullerton goes out of office the first of the year, as I fear will be the case. In all the history of Western protection the names of S. F. Fullerton and his legal right-hand man, Tim Byrnes, deserve a very high place. With such men as these, with Senator J. Herbert Greene, of Milwaukee, and Attorney C. E. Whelan, of Madison, with Chase S. Osborne and Charlie Brewster, of Michigan, there can be something actually accomplished in the way of intelligent progress in game matters, and it will be matter of regret should any one of these drop out of the ranks.

Net Results.

The question of non-resident deer hunting has been pretty well hashed over this season, but I may sum it up with the final report from the State of Michigan that that State had 10,000 hunters, who killed 3,000 deer. There were thirteen hunters accidentally killed and nine wounded. This is the record of one State alone.

The Indians.

The Indians and breeds out near Williston, N. D., have been killing game illegally, and Warden Bowers is out with a posse after them.

In Wisconsin the Oneida Indian reservation has been a favorite hunting ground for many people from Green Bay, De Pere, etc. U. S. Indian Agent D. H. George has issued an order that whites will no longer be allowed to hunt on that reservation.

Out in Minnesota the Indian troubles are temporarily quieted. In due time the traders will again make trouble

for the authorities by inciting the Indians to do market hunting. Then there will be another row and another pursuit to the reservation. Thus it will go until finally the traders are suppressed. The Indians themselves are not so bad.

At the Restaurant.

Sometimes I take Saturday night dinner at the table of a fat and unctuous restaurant keeper, who knows a good thing when he sees it. I used once in a while to take a bird in there for him to broil, and he appears to have remembered that fact. The last time I was in he came over to my table and told me beamingly of a bit of news that had just come to his notice. He said he had just seen a trunk full of quail which had been checked out of Wisconsin to Chicago, and out of which he was asked to make some purchases. He seemed to think this the shrewd thing to do. "But prairie chickens are what I want," said he. "They cost 90 cents each these days. I wonder what makes them so high?" For the sake of those who know that kind soul and good sportsman, Bill Werner, who also runs a restaurant, I will say that the man above referred to was not Bill Werner.

"Coeur d'Alene."

The other day, while I was riding along Wabash avenue, I saw, among other odd signs, the inscription borne above the door of a place devoted to liquid refreshments—"Coure de Leine." Whether the owner of this joint meant to say Coeur d'Alene or "Coeur de Leon" I cannot state. It would no doubt have taken a lion hearted man to go against the sort of refreshments he offered. But if his intent was to the other hand, what affront to the reputation of the Coeur d'Alenes!

Round Numbers.

It is often said that a sportsman and his pipe are inseparable. Sometimes the sportsman and the cigarette are also inseparable. A sportsman friend of mine this week figured out that he had in the past twenty-four years smoked twenty cigarette a day, or 175,200 in all.

Law at Jackson's Hole.

News comes from Jackson's Hole country this week that nine arrests have been made of parties who have been killing elk, and that there have been four convictions with fines. Over 1,000 head of elk were killed on the Teton reserve in November, and the residents of Jackson's Hole charge this to Idaho hunters, and have held a mass meeting to take action against such proceedings. This attitude on the part of the residents of this famous neck of woods is singular and gratifying.

Misplaced Confidence.

One day this week Deputy Warden C. E. Brewster dined at the Cadillac in Detroit. The owner trustingly served him quail and venison to order. It was a case of misplaced confidence.

To Cincinnati.

About fifty of the traveling men of Hibbard, Spencer, Bartlett & Co. will leave Monday night for a visit to the Peters Cartridge Co. at Cincinnati. It will be a jolly party, and will be well received by the officials of that company. Mr. Milt Lindsley kindly sent an invitation to the writer to join the party, and naturally I regret very much that this is impossible at the time. E. HOUGH.

1200 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Pennsylvania Bears and Birds.

WHITEPINE, Pa., Dec. 26.—The warm, lowery weather of last week waked Bruin up, and sent him prowling about the hills, where the hunters, who were also very much awake, found him. Two bears were killed on Little Pine Creek, a few miles above Waterville. One on Keen's Run was shot in its den, and proved to be a 200-pounder. Walter Carson killed one, Bennett the other. The pelt of the best one brought \$25. Several others were seen, and at least two others were wounded. One of these came down the hill near Sam Carson's logging camp and was shot by one of the men at the camp. The other was shot through by John Smith, about five miles above English Center, on what is known as the Blockhouse Creek. In the pursuit of the bears, some of the hunters ran into a yard of deer and saw seven in one place and two more further on. It is reported that one man emptied his magazine of sixteen shots in all at the last two seen, but failed to score. This was on Keen's Run.

Some days before the snow came a large flock of young pheasants were seen by several persons. The flock kept in a thicket of young bushes and briars below the hill road leading from English Centre to Brookside. Dec. 21 or 22 they were seen again by Lewis Griswold, who says they are about half-grown now. There were twelve or fifteen in the flock. This is the first time anything of this kind ever came to my notice, and I have lived among the grouse for forty years or more. Do they sometimes rear two broods in a season?

On Dec. 21, Joe Wood, of this place, succeeded in bringing in a fine fat coon. NEMO.

[It is possible that the first nest of eggs having been destroyed, the grouse began over again, and so her brood was late.]

In a Moose Country.

EDMUNDSTON, N. B.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Having been in the woods for fifteen days early in December, I will tell you what we saw there. With a gentleman from Pittsfield, Mass., we made permanent camp fifty miles from here; forty of these miles were through woods without a clearing, and beyond even the range of the logger. Leaving camp the first day after straightening up and getting things in shape (for it is no fool of a job to keep warm and comfortable in a tent in December nights in this country), we took a walk of three miles to the top of a ridge and walked into a yard where seven moose had made their home for the winter. A heavy crust was on the snow, and our footsteps breaking through this made a loud noise. This spoiled all chances of getting near any big game, although we tried every known way.

The next day we went in another direction about two

miles from camp, and started three moose, which we must have been very close to, as signs were warm. The next morning we took a directly opposite course, and at about one and a half miles from camp struck another yard of four. Each succeeding day was a repetition of the previous one. On every ridge we found them. Not a day did we go out in any direction but we found their yard just vacated. In all we started twenty-one different moose, and this in a radius of one and one-half by three miles. I have not the least doubt that every hill for say forty by sixty miles is peopled by moose as plenty as this section visited by us.

In March, when snow-shoeing is good and traveling easy, I am going to explore a large portion of this section for the benefit of any who wish to utilize the knowledge. S. J. RAYMOND.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

Mac's Bird Dog.

I was comin' up from the woods wid me axe on me shouldther, whin I met Ryan dhrivin up the road. Where are yez goin? sez I. Home, sez he. What's that follyin ye? sez I. A red dog, sez he, that kem to me down be the wood lot, sez he; de yez want him? Well, sez I, I don't mind, sez I. So I got him by the neck and tuck him down to me boordin house, an sez to the lanleddy, sez I, trow a loaf of bread into me dog, sez I, for I didn't want the poor devil goin to bed hungry. Purty soon the lanleddy sez, Mac, yer dog doesn't seem full, she sez. Giv him another loaf, sez I, an I'll pay you fur id. An wid that I walks out af the house and wint down to see Webber.

Webber's a friend of mine that lived nearby, an I ups and tells him about Ryan givin me the dog. What kind av a dog is id? says Webber. It's a red dog, sez I. I'll go get him, sez I, an ye can see fur yerself.

As soon as Webber claps eyes an him, he sez, He's a bird dog, he sez, a huntin dog, an if ye like, he sez, I'll borry a gun in the mornin an we'll go out an try him, sez he. I'll go, sez I.

So in the mornin Webber comes up an out we wint. As soon as we got to the woods the dog comminces to run up an down as tho he wus crazy. Me and Webber follyed along aither him, an thin we saw him goin slow like up to a brush pile, wan fut afther the other as tho he was walkin on eggs, an thin he stopped still, an humped up his back an lucked at the brush pile, an Webber sez, Mac, what the devil's he doin there? sez Webber. I dunno, sez I, but I'll soon find out, sez I. And I walks up an gives him a push wid me fut, an whisht wint a patridge out of the brush pile an the other side. Webber lucked at me an I lucked at Webber, but we didn't aither of us say anythin.

Off wint the dog again, and purty soon he kem to a big log, an there he stands on three legs wid wan leg curled up undther his belly, an his head stuck out in front. What ails the dog now? sez Webber. He's the biggest fool I ever see; danged if I know, sez I. An I wint over an gev him a kick in the ribs that nearly lifted him over the log. He let a yelp out af him, an up wint another patridge from the other side of the log. De ye think the dang fool dog knowed he was there? sez Webber. I dunno, sez I, an away we wint again afther the dog.

He thried the same game on us two or three times more, and thin Webber sez to me, he sez, Mac, yer dog's no good, he sez, fur he won't bark at all, he sez, and if I wus in your place I'd lave him in the woods, he sez. But anyhow we shtarted for home and the dog follyed along. On the road we met Jim Turner's lad, an Webber ups and tells him all about the hunt. An Turner's lad sez to me, I'll gin ye me single-barld gun fur the dog, he sez. The gun was a Zulu, an not worth much, but annyhow I tuck the gun an Turner's lad tuck the dog, an two or three days afther that he sold the dog to the banker in town for forty-five dollars, and now he sez the banker wouldn't take a hundred dollars fur him.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing and hunting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in *FOREST AND STREAM*.

An Outing on Great South Bay.

BY FRED MATHER.

WHILE Capt. Smith and his crew of three fishermen occupied the cottage on Great Island I was the guest of Dr. Bashford Dean, and when they sailed away to market we did our own cooking for twenty-four hours. A few days of fried fish diet, strong coffee and fried ham, had rather upset our internal economy, and as a grill or broiler of any kind was an unknown implement on the island, we promised to treat ourselves somehow the next time we were alone, although we had no definite notion just what the treat would be, but it would be some kind of a change of diet. The last trip to Freeport that the crew made brought a lot of lemons for use on sardines—more dyspepsia encouragers—and they were to go again in the morning.

After a breakfast of fried fish the Sleepy Ann sailed away for Freeport, leaving Dr. Dean and me to wash the dishes and to "muck out," as the Captain called it. The phrase struck me as good, and now I muck out my desk and my den. I now know that when Hercules cleansed the Augean stable he was simply "mucking out," only the truthful historian had not run up against that descriptive, if not poetic, term. Conversation and mucking out are not incompatible, else the Doctor could not have asked: "What shall we do with ourselves on this second day of freedom?" Nor I have asked, as I threw a ham-rind to the crabs in a pool near the door, "Freedom from fried things, do you mean?"

"Of a verity, Major, you guess well. We have eaten

too rich food and taken too little exercise. How much exercise have you taken in the past three days?"

"Truly, Doctor, there is no record of it, but I've walked to the landing, full 100ft., a dozen times, have pulled up a lot of sea bass, toadfish and flukes which in the aggregate must have weighed several pounds, without counting the sinkers. But you advocate exercise. Go you, take that ramshackle gun that lets a lot of daylight through the breech, and kill me some game; let it be duck, meadow-hen, yellow-legs or shitepoke. Come back about noon when the tide turns and we will fish. When you return, loaded down with game, you will find a proper method of cooking provided. You stated the fact that I was an old campaigner and insinuated that the aforesaid O. C. should be able to meet such a simple emergency as a substitute for the frying-pan. Go thy way and seek the more or less toothsome duck, the sedgy yellow-legs or the thin, wedge-shaped clapper-rail which is here brevetted a 'meadow-hen.' Lay these gifts of thy prowess at my feet and rely on my word that they will find all the appliances wherewith to put them before an epicure in the style that they would wish to be served in if they had a choice in the matter."

"How can you do it? There is not a grill on Great Island, and nothing to make one of. There are no ducks here now, and only a few meadow-hens and yellow-legs, but I will go out and do my part without further question, trusting to you to do the rest. Please forget my question, it came out in haste. I will try to be the provider, the steward, if you please, and will leave to you the self-appointed duties of chef; of course, you know how to cook over coals or you would not be alive today."

The Broiling of the Fish.

And the morning passed. There were shots off to the north, east and west, on Great Island, which covered some four square miles, and as I heard them I knew that no one was shooting on the island but Dr. Bashford Dean, of Columbia University, and visions of a game dinner came dreamily up as my work of hunting up a grill went on.

Dr. Dean came in about an hour before the flood-tide was at its height and the fishing time was at hand. He laid down, as his morning's work, two magnificent specimens of "sandpiper," the smallest of all the "teeters." Dressed, they might have weighed an ounce, in the aggregate.

As he needed a lesson, I arose and administered it in this way: "The time has come when game birds, beasts and fishes have decreased so that the man who goes out and kills more than he has use for is not looked upon with favor by his fellow sportsmen, and they have invented a vulgar and degrading title for him, whereby he is classed with the swine. You have laid these two royal birds at my feet and I fear that they may not keep sweet until the fishermen return to help us eat them, and it is a sin to waste the gifts of nature."

The Doctor had skimmed his game by this time and they did not loom up so large, but they were nearly as big as canary birds and he gazed fondly on them as he replied: "I think that we can use one for dinner and supper and leave the other for our friends, the fishermen, but what have you been doing? Taking exercise by sitting on the bench and watching the flight of the summer gulls and working your ears to catch the roar of the surf on the outer beach?"

"My eyes rested on a clam-rake, superannuated by rust. At first it was a clam-rake on the puddle's brink, only this and nothing more; but I picked it up in a feeble way and then shouted, 'Eureka!' and would have sacrificed one out of a hecatomb, only there was not a cow on the island. Then I burned the rust off, found some wire to weave across it, and there you are! The best broiler on Great Island!"

The Doctor inspected the improvised grill critically, pronounced it good and asked: "But what have you to broil on it?"

"As the chef, I have merely provided an implement to properly serve such game as the steward brought to camp, but the tide will turn in half an hour, and at high-water slack we can provide something for the grill. I rowed out and bought some oysters from the float and selected some 'mediums' which have never been near fresh water, and as the air is cooler than the water they are in the shade of the piazza. That stew-pan on the bench at my left contains some onions peeled for boiling, but as we cook with wood there is no use in warming them up until we go out and catch our dinner, for it is not well to gorge on sand-peeps, they are too rich; we must have a course of oysters and of fish first."

We went to a little indentation in the shore where the oyster watchers, who were our only neighbors, had thrown the refuse from the eels they had speared the night before, and with a dip-net caught all the bait-fish needed. The toadfish were plenty just then, and they have a way of swallowing a bait before giving a sign of their presence that gives the salt-water angler much trouble to unhook them, for he might as well have his fingers in a fox trap as in their jaws. Several of these pests came in and a few small sea bass, when the Doctor boated a 4lb. fluke. Now, the fluke is a very good member of that tribe of flat fishes which includes the great halibut, the European turbot and sole, as well as the humble flounder, and as the fish flopped on the bottom of the boat and sent mud and scales into the eyes and nose of that famous scientist, he spluttered out: "Confound that fellow; put your foot on him; durn him, I can't see. Pull up the mud-hook and go ashore; he'll do for dinner and I'm as hungry as a cormorant. Hold on till I wash out my eyes. Now go it."

And the Frying-pan Hung on the Wall.

The water was bubbling under the onions and potatoes when Dr. Dean placed two great slabs of fish on a platter and remarked: "In New York these would appear as fillet de sole, but here they are simply cutlets de fluke. As you have eaten the sole in Europe and know that we have no flat fish which equals it, you must be amused to see sole on the menu in New York."

"It depends, my boy, where you see it. Blackford imports sole from England at times, and that means expense to those who know what a delicate thing the

sole is, and only a few restaurants can afford it, but then they have been on ice for a week."

"True," remarked the Doctor; "our fluke, fresh from the water, should equal a sole brought across the sea. I remember the story of an Englishman in France who wanted a fried sole and asked a countryman what sole was in French. As sole and soul are pronounced the same in English, he ordered 'un esprit fried.' But while you broil this fish and get the dinner, I'll make a skeleton of the fluke, for his sides were carefully dissected from the skeleton, leaving the vertebrae and all the ribs."

As I went about my work I thought that if I were dead and were to be skeletonized for a museum, how lovingly Dr. Dean would do the job, for he made more than a dozen skeletons of fishes down there when he might have been having fun with me sleeping on the piazza or watching the gulls. But the Doctor was dissecting or skeletonizing when not fishing or shooting, and a funny thing one skeleton was. It was a little silvery, blunt-nosed shiner, which Capt. Smith called "head-down," a fish so compressed as to be almost a skeleton in life, but with its very high forehead it was comical.

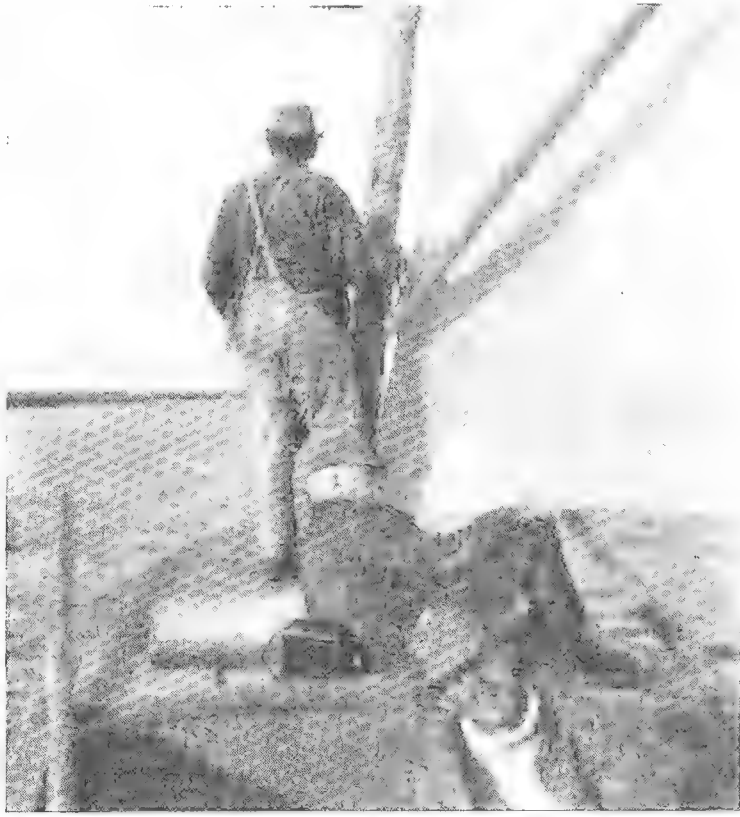
When the onions and potatoes were boiled there was a good bed of coals, and the improvised grill, with its burden of fluke, was heated up, and when one side of the fish was broiled enough it was turned, for the grill was a single action one and could not be flopped. When the Doctor washed up and came in he exclaimed: "Ah!" as he saw the oysters on the half-shell; the dishes of steaming vegetables and the fish, nicely buttered, on a hot platter, and hot plates to serve it on. While we differed as to the comparative merits of lemon or vinegar on oysters, we agreed that a squeeze of lemon was the proper thing on broiled fluke.

"Well now, this is a grand blow-out," said he, "and not a fried thing in sight. If that old frying-pan hanging there could talk, I'd like to hear its opinion of your new way of cooking fish in this camp, wouldn't you?"

"Certainly." But the frying-pan hung dejectedly on the wall in silence while we spitted the sand-peeps and broiled them as a bon bouche.

After dinner we "mucked out," and I reclined on the

ashore, so that all could watch the distant sail, I was not surprised to see the ever-busy Dr. Dean step off into the grass, perhaps to watch the marsh wrens or to see what inducements these salt meadows presented to the milk-weed butterfly, which was abundant; but just as Capt. Smith exclaimed, "Them fellers is goin' to fish our grounds!" that camera snapped on the group. Since the invention of the camera our language has been enriched by a new compound word, which may or may not have got into the dictionaries; it is "camera-fiend."



"HEAD HER FOR THE P'INT.

and I don't exactly know its full scope, unless it means one who always keeps out of range of his own lens, as is the practice of Dr. Dean.

Nothing left now but to get back to the Captain's proposition of mud cove, and away we went. As we neared our cottage our good-natured giant Captain said: "Well, now, it's a little chilly, an' we'll haul until the moon goes down, say about eight, an' if you two don't care to stay we'll put you off at the cottage and you can have the coffee a-bilin' when we git there. How's that?"

This was just to our liking, and we soon had a fire going and things in shape for the wet and hungry men when they came in, chilled to the bone, after two hauls which were largely water. Truly, a fisherman's life is not a happy one, even in the safe waters of Long Island's great bay. Yet the cheerfulness of this particular crew with a lesson for grumblers and discontented soldiers. Rain or shine, hail or sleet, these men toiled waist-deep in water for a meager living. Some weeks their reward would be great, from their point of view, and then there would be weeks when they did not divide a dozen dollars among four men. Their grub was only drawn in part from the water in the shape of the smaller fish, but bread, butter, lard, coffee, sugar and the many other real necessities of life had to come from their sales of fish, and the prices which they got were but a fraction of the price which the consumer pays. As an instance of this, I saw a small yacht pass us and ask if we had a



"EUREKA!"

bench to rest and positively refused to walk, row or fish. "Doctor, I didn't come down here to work, but to get rid of it and to enjoy the Italian saying: 'Dolce far niente.'"

"Yes," he replied, "but it's sweet to do something, sometimes," and "click" went that wretched little camera; "and there you are."

It was dinner-time next day when our boat hove in sight while we were fishing off the point, where we always found plenty of fish at the turn of the tide. We had fished about an hour and a half and had fifty sea bass of ½ to 2lbs., four large flukes, one snapper and the usual assortment of toadfish. As our bait had been all used, we went to the house and waited for our friends. When they tied up we put our fish on ice for others to eat two days later, as we were only eating fish caught in the swim just before each meal.

They brought the usual things; ice, two 10-gallon cans of water, provisions, bananas and a box of those abominable drinks, "pop" and "sasfariller"; high flavored bilge water is much better. If ever men worked hard to earn a good three-ply dyspepsia, it was these good fishermen.

The East Wind Blows.

It was in the middle of the afternoon before they were ready to fish, and Bob Denton and Cap. argued it out where there was likely to be some weakfish. "I tell you," said Bob, "that off east, inside of sandy p'int, we'll be likely to take in some weakfish, but down there near mud-cove it's doubtful if it's worth while to wet the net as long as the wind is in the east." And Bob carried the day, as he generally did.

The wind had shifted to the eastward when the tide turned, a little past noon, and I had felt it, for an east wind, especially on the coast, is one thing that is dreaded. When I arise in the morning, and before looking out, I shiver and know that the wind is in the east. But I went inside of a heavy overcoat. We had gone a mile or two when the Captain ordered: "Put her ashore, Bob, and let's see what them fellers is goin' to do." I had noticed him watching a sail on the other side of the island and had seen Bob and Byron also looking at it, but it did not interest me in the least; my object on this outing was mental and physical idleness. I watched the gulls and occasionally got up energy enough to answer the yellow-legs as they flew high above, but after being confined to the city for over a year, treading the daily mill, for a while I would say with the Italian: "It is sweet to do nothing." Therefore, when the boat was put



"THEM FELLERS IS GOIN' TO FISH OUR GROUNDS."

weakfish, tossing a quarter aboard. Cap. hove to and threw over three 4lb. fish, and then seemed to think he had not given enough for the money!

A Fluke Chowder.

The fishermen, chilled by the east wind and the wet, soon got into dry clothing and had some hot coffee as a bracer; then Bob Denton inquired what was to be had for supper, a very pertinent query, as there had been no move made toward eating. The fish were all in the ice-boxes in the boat, or we would have cooked some, and the pantry only held some salt pork, ham and vegetables.

The Captain's face, always cheerful, lit up with a smile "not as deep as a well nor as wide as a church door," and as rubelets of tobacco-juice coursed down his chin he remarked: "I'm more'n half a mind to make one

o' them fluke chowders, an' I will. Bob, you go an' dress two o' them flukes an' I'll get the rest of the things ready; Byron, you peel six fair-sized 'taters, and Major, you just tend to the inguns; I'll leave that to you, for I know you'll put in plenty. Doctor, you just crank the wood in the stove; Jo Brown, you go set the table."

For the first time I saw the Captain's orders carried out without protest or argument. Chowders are a gross form of food, usually erring on the side of pork, and therefore are to be touched lightly by all who have stomachs more highly organized than the gizzard of a bird, and the lover of chowder and a clam-bake would prefer such a mess to a juicy steak or equally juicy canvasback, just done so as to cut red. This is not an essay on cooking for sensitive and responsive stomachs, but is merely an introduction to my first fluke chowder. Now, a chowder is a "mess," in the strict definition of that term, and is more indigestible than a "New England boiled dinner," where cabbage, turnips, and all the produce of the farm is cooked in one pot, because the "boiled dinner" usually has wholesome corned beef as a foundation, while the chowder is built around greasy fat pork.

With all this in mind I peeled a great lot of onions, sliced and minced them so that they would not show up big, and hinted to Byron that if he peeled a dozen potatoes there would be less room for pork. I had in mind the old verse:

'Different people has different opinions,
Some likes apples and some likes inions,'

and I wanted to impose my likes on the Captain; but as Robbie Burns most truly said: "The best laid plans o' mice an' men aft gang agley."

There are uncounted instances where men have reckoned without their hosts, and this was merely one more. To my horror, the Captain had covered the bottom of the stew-pan with cubes of pork to the depth of two inches! Dr. Dean had the fire roaring; the casserole was put over the fire as Byron dropped the potatoes on the pork, and Bob put in the fish, while the onions fol-



"CLICK WENT THAT WRETCHED LITTLE CAMERA."

lowed. Then the Captain bethought him of a can of tomatoes and that went in, while he stirred the mixture as it boiled and bubbled. I must admit that it smelled good, and also that after proper doses of pepper and salt it tasted good; but that it was a fit conglomeration to insert into a human stomach I deny. Perhaps I may not be an impartial judge of these things, and yet in what scales can we weigh judgment of anything but our own?

Of course, I would not protest by word or look, for I was Dr. Dean's guest, and he in turn did not care to talk of greasy messes, although he had caught me with his camera while telling the Captain that he was eating too much fried stuff. A hungry man has only one idea in his head until he is nearly satisfied. Then he may think that a reckoning will come, but he thinks it in a dull way, as if the future were uncertain.

The morning tides were still low, but of course were getting later. Our room had two beds in it, and we were alone. As we dressed in the morning I remarked: "Doc., that chowder last night was mighty fillin'; I don't think I will want to eat a thing for a week. It tasted good, for we were hungry, but how all these dyspeptic fishermen get away with it is more than can be guessed."

We took a little coffee and nibbled at the bread. The men went about their work of "mucking out" in cabin and ship, the Captain mended the net, and all waited for the tide to come in.

Some Embryo Dogfish.

On the afternoon trip the wind had shifted to the south, and there was none of that depressing feeling which an east wind brings. We had started for some fishing place agreed upon and the Captain was forward, looking out. He saw something which made him exclaim: "Head her for the p'int; there's a lot o' fish there, an' I think they're weakfish." For once there was no dissent from the Captain's order. The "p'int" was shoal for a long way out, and a haul was made in shallow water, and it was a dogfish haul.

Like all fishermen, these men could not spare time to kill their enemies and rivals which were living on and destroying the fish that they were after. The edible fish were killed, but the dogfish, a connecting link between the sharks and skates, were returned alive to the water. When the seine was pursed up so that the fish could be dumped in the boat to be sorted afterward the weight was too great to more than get them to the surface, and the men would seize the dogfish by their tails and throw

them into the water, unharmed. I counted seventy-one dogfish in this haul, and they were from 3 to 5 ft. long. Of course, some of these beasts had been taken on other hauls, but not in such numbers. I recommended a club about a foot long, with a sharp spike in the end to pierce the brain, but it's easier to let them go alive; never mind the future, after us the deluge! That view is common to all net fishermen; we want fish to-day; there'll be plenty more to-morrow.

And now Dr. Dean was busy. This was the time of year, the last of September, when the dogfish were bearing young, and they would leave our coast for the south in a few weeks. He selected two of the largest females, opened them and found embryos from 3 to 5 in. long. One fish had four on one side and three on the other, while the other had one less on each side; averaging six young each. The embryos were quite well formed, and, as is the case with most fishes, the eyes were well developed. There was no way at hand to preserve these specimens, and the Doctor arranged to send alcohol to Bob and have him put up a lot before the dogfish left the coast. The next morning was Thursday, one of the days to be in Freeport with fish for the peddlers, and the boxes were not full, although the dogfish haul of yesterday had panned out well, for the dogfish had gathered where there was food, as the vultures do, but the crew got off at 4 A. M., before daylight, and made a haul or two, but the wind died down and they did not get to the cottage until 10. Then breakfast, and we left with them.

At the railway Bob called out: "Better send the alcohol down at once, for we don't get dogfish every day. Major, I'll send you up some soft-rock crabs as soon as cold weather sets in and—" but the engine whistle blew as the train rumbled out, and the rest was lost.

ANGLING NOTES.

Salmon Casting.

EXPERIENCE teaches the angler much that is not put down in the angling books, excellent as they may be, and it is often the little things, not of sufficient importance for mention in a text-book, that may add to or take away from an angler's success when pursuing his favorite sport.

A very reliable American book upon salmon fishing will tell the fisherman to lengthen his cast on the right or left of the canoe when casting at right angles to the direction of the current (by the way, I never have seen an angler cast directly at a right angle to the direction of the current, but rather at about an angle of 45 degrees), and always to lengthen the cast on the same side of the canoe. Many fishermen do this; in fact, I do it myself, always lengthening the cast on my left. Last June, while fishing the Restigouche River, I had for one day an old Scotchman in the stern of the canoe, and after casting for some hours I asked him if he could cast, and he said a little. So I gave him my rod and proceeded to fill my pipe and rest my weak right shoulder. When the pipe was lighted, I settled back to observe the man's casting, which was of a quality to show that a salmon rod was not a new weapon to him, and I noticed that he lengthened his cast directly behind the canoe, working the fly persistently fairly in line with the canoe before making a cast to the right or left. The more I watched him the more I became satisfied that he was right, and that I was wrong, and it was better to lengthen the cast always directly down stream behind the canoe rather than on the right or left casts. Afterward I found that one of the best native fishermen on the river did the same thing. It may be said that there is little if any difference in the result if one casts true whether the line is lengthened behind the canoe or at an angle on the right or left, but the former looks more workmanlike in comparison. When I took the rod in my own hands again I killed two fish, and as it happened both were struck as I was working the fly behind the canoe after lengthening the line, and one fish came from quite a distance on one side of the fly to get it, but that is not the point. When the line is lengthened behind the canoe the fly is pulling straight with the tip of the uplifted rod, and when lengthened at the side just before the line is recovered the fly is drawing on a rod held at 45 degrees on one side of the canoe and the pull is not so direct. If there is a "slobber cast" at all it is on the angles after lengthening the line, but when the line is lengthened behind the canoe and worked over a space 5 or 6 ft. wide before recovering the angler knows just the amount of line he must handle. The difference between the two styles appears to be very slight, and so it is, but after trying both I rather like the old Scotchman's method, who, by the way, was a better caster than gaffer. Mr. J. W. Burdick, of Albany, and I were the guests of Mr. Archibald Mitchell, of Norwich, Conn., and we were fishing the Alford water. Mr. Burdick had hooked a fish of 32½ lbs. above me, and had passed down river, his fish on one side of me and his canoe on the other, into the fog, which shut him off from my view. Soon after Mr. Burdick had disappeared I hooked a 26½ lbs. fish, and put on the pressure to kill him quickly and get back to my fishing before Mr. B. should return. I asked the old Scotchman if he could gaff from the canoe, and he said yes. When I drew the fish to his gaff he simply raked him up the side with the steel, and the fish was off down stream, apparently as fresh as at first. Again I brought the salmon to the gaff, and again he was raked up the side and ran under the canoe, the leader drawing across the gaffer's neck, but he did not move, and I cleared the line before the fish had fairly got up steam to run for the Dawson water below. As I brought the fish up for the third time, I said, "At least put the canoe where the fish cannot run under it if you miss again." That remark did the business, and the steel went home. Both fish killed that afternoon were killed on a Durham-ranger. I had fished all the morning without a rise, and at noon Mr. Alford asked what I had been using, and I said, "Jock-Scott and dusty-miller," and he said, "This is great water for the Durham-ranger; try one this afternoon." The first fish rose short to the ranger and would not come again, and I tried him with various

flies after resting him, and finally put the Durham-ranger back on the cast and got the fish on first cast.

A Grand Day on Grand Cascapedia.

On my way home from the Restigouche I found that a friend, Mr. James Barnes Baker, was at the Restigouche Club, but when I arrived he was in bed and I would not have him called, for I was to take the train at 1:30 A. M. for Quebec. A couple of weeks ago I was at dinner at the Plaza, in New York, when Mr. Baker came from a nearby table to speak to me. He said that a few days after I left the river he went to the Grand Cascapedia, and in one day in one pool, with not above three drops, he killed seven fish, weighing 41, 40, 38, 35, 35, 30 and 28 lbs., a total of 247 lbs., and an average of 35 2-7 lbs. It is the most remarkable salmon score for one day's fishing that ever came to my knowledge, and when I sent the score to Mr. Mitchell he used the same language in writing about it, that he had never heard of its equal.

This salmon score is not the only remarkable occurrence of the past season in the region of Matapedia, as witness the letter of Mr. Alexander Mowat, of a spawning grilse and a salmon, giving both ova and milt. I confess I had to read his letter twice over to fully comprehend what he had discovered.

A Chance Meeting.

Last September I was seated at luncheon at the Chateau Frontenac, in Quebec, with Col. Andrew Haggard and Mr. E. T. D. Chambers, when Col. Haggard said, "Has it occurred to any one here that it is rather strange that we three men should be gathered at this table? Here is Chambers, of Quebec, author of 'The Ouananiche and its Canadian Environment'; Cheney, of New York, to whom the book is dedicated; and Haggard, of London, who wrote the introduction to the book, and without any previous understanding we have met at this place, quite by chance, as it were, and are lunching together and talking fish and fishing in the land where the ouananiche grows in all its perfection. This world is not so big after all." It was rather curious that the three men mentioned should meet as they did, for I was returning from the Triton Club, ill and miserable, anxious to get home to my physician; my baggage was checked to Montreal, my ticket and berth secured, and it was five minutes after the time for the train to leave when Chambers rushed into the car and rushed me and my rods out and into a cab and up to the Garrison Club; so the meeting came about only by a margin of five minutes. Furthermore, if I had not been ill I would not have been there at all at that time, for I had been in camp but two days when I was obliged to take the back track without having done any fishing worth the mention.

The Leap of the Salmon.

It is doubtful if any reader of FOREST AND STREAM enjoyed the article, accompanied by illustrations, by Dr. Morris, on the leap of the salmon, in the issue of Dec. 24, more than I did, and for this reason:

Something like nine or ten years ago I wrote an editorial article on the leaping powers of the Atlantic salmon, and quoted from the experiments of Dr. Landmark in Norway, showing that some salmon had been known to leap 16 ft. A well-known angling writer detected me as the writer, and took me to task in another journal, editorially, and thought I should know better than to write such stuff when it was well established that salmon could not jump much if any above 6 ft. in height. Then I quoted authorities, books and anglers, to prove that I was right and he was wrong; but I only made the matter worse, for my friend would not be convinced that salmon could jump anything like the distance I had given. Now I am wondering what he will say about the statements made by Dr. Morris, for 18 ft. is more than 16 ft. I have had the pleasure of listening to Dr. Morris' description of his fishing experience in Labrador, but he did not happen to mention the leaping of the salmon or I would have importuned him to do just what he has now done in FOREST AND STREAM. There is an enlarged photograph in my possession of an Alaska salmon in the act of leaping, and it makes the most striking picture of a jumping fish that I have seen, as the fish is of such great size in its enlarged form as to be impressive. There is one thing about it which seems peculiar at first glance, and this is also true of a picture of an Atlantic salmon which I have; the fish is caught as it is nearly at the height of its leap, and the question in the observer's mind is: How will the fish get the lateral motion necessary to reach the crest of the fall, for the leap seems to have been made straight upward from the base of the fall, leaving considerable space between the position of the fish and the top of the fall, which the fish is endeavoring to gain. Not one of the photographs by Dr. Morris gives a similar impression, for every one of the six fish seem to be going over the fall as straight as straight can be.

Landlocked Salmon.

The remarks of my friend Von W. about the unfitness of the name landlocked salmon reminded me of something I had read on that subject, and upon hunting for it I found I wrote it myself in the report of the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commissioners of the State of New York for the year 1895, and this is it:

"The landlocked salmon is another example of inapplicable names for sea fishes. It is not landlocked, and never was landlocked in its original habitat, whether that was Maine, Quebec, Labrador or Sweden. It has been established that the original common name of the fish (in the Indian tongue) was ouananiche, pronounced whon-na-nishe, and that is what it should be called, whether it is found in the Dominion of Canada, Maine, New Hampshire or New York, reasoning from the standpoint of the scientist who calls a black bass "trout-like" because it was the first name applied to the fish. If the first scientific name applied to a fish should hold, why not the first common name, particularly when it is appropriate, musical, distinctive and a departure for once from "tin mouth" and "red eye"? Reforms of this kind can be worked much more effectively through the fishery newspapers and the great body of fishermen, but a fisher-

ies commission may put the seal of approval upon them."

I fear I have not in all cases stuck to what I preached in the quoted extract, but I believe it now, as I did when I wrote it, that it would be far better to adopt ouananiche as the common name of the so-called landlocked salmon, and in this note I will stick to my text and say that I have recently been to Lakes George and Champlain with car No. 1 of the U. S. Fish Commission to plant a lot of fingerling ouananiche—3,000 in each lake. The day that we were at Port Henry a ouananiche of about 5 lbs. was caught through the ice by a perch fisherman. The first plant of fingerling ouananiche was made in the lakes in 1894, when 10,054 were planted in Lake George and 9,770 in Lake Champlain. In 1895 5,000 were planted in Lake George and 5,000 in Lake Champlain. There were no plants in 1896, but in 1897 4,800 were planted in Lake George and the same number in Lake Champlain, making a total to date of 22,854 in Lake George and 22,570 in Lake Champlain. During the summer of 1897, when the fish were three years old, Judge Ducl, of New York, caught a ouananiche of 6 lbs. in Lake George, and the same season one of 3½ lbs. was caught in Lake Champlain. During 1898 nine were caught in Lake George, of which I have record, and seven in Lake Champlain. The fish were from 5 to 6½ lbs. in weight. In Lake George they have round whitefish, Adirondack frost fish, as well as the big lake whitefish, for food; and in Lake Champlain they have smelts. All the ouananiche have come from the U. S. Fish Commission stations in Maine, and it has been the policy of the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission of New York to concentrate the plants and establish the fish to draw upon them for eggs to stock other State waters.

A. N. CHENEY.

Alaska Fishing.

PHILIPSBURG, Centre County, Pa., Dec. 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* This fish story my brother, O. T. Switzer, asked me to send to you for publication. He went to Alaska in August, 1897, has reached Teslin Lake, and during the last summer had the fishing experience which is here written.

E. A. S.
Teslin Lake, Alaska, Sept. 16.—I wonder if you can stand a fish story? You know I have been awfully disappointed in the fishing. While I have taken quantities of fish, it has been the coarsest kind of fishing, void of any skill, only good when you are hungry; but I owe British Columbia an apology and will never do so again. The south end of Teslin Lake, on which I am located, is about one-half mile wide and continues so a distance of nearly two miles. At that point it narrows up and runs through a channel not more than 100 ft. in width. On the left bank there is a perpendicular wall of rock, broken fragments of which have fallen into the water until they have almost closed the channel. On the right bank is a level, sandy beach. It is an ideal spot for fish, and I anticipated great sport when I first saw it and did not lose much time before giving it a trial. I think I have whipped over that spot twenty times with the most attractive flies I possessed, but never a rise. I could take annconnia with a spoon, trolling from a boat, but never a trout. I have one of my nets set at the mouth of a stream a short distance below this, and while passing through these narrows a few days ago I saw an immense trout rise only a few rods from the boat. I went back home and rigged up my fly rod. Had nothing heavier than single gut leaders, and my rod only weighed 4½ oz., but it is the best that can be made, and it is supposed to land any ordinary brook trout, providing you know how. Don't think, however, the maker would recommend it for such fish.

Arriving at the spot, I made a cast, selecting a spot close to a rock which was partially out of the water. At the first rattle out of the box there was a flop, and an electric shock passed through me, completely unnerving me for a second, followed by the zip of the reel. With the first feel of the hook he made his initial rush down through the channel. I had 150 ft. of line, but thought he would never stop, and knew if he did not stop of his own accord before he reached the end of my line that it would be all off. He did, but there was not 2 ft. of line on my reel when he quit. I wanted that fish, but made up my mind to lose him rather than damage my rod. Had there been another man in the boat to row, it would have been very much easier, but being alone I had to handle the boat and the fish also. There was a paddle in the boat, so getting in the stern, I handled the rod with my left hand and managed to keep the boat in proper position with my right. I worked up on him about 50 ft., at the same taking in line. About this time he concluded to change position and started at right angles from the boat. It took both hands on the rod then. The second rush was nearly as long as the first, but owing to the direction he took, did not use up so much line. I worked to within 50 ft. of him before he changed position. This time he came directly to the surface and threw himself clear out of the water. That was the first sight I had of him, and he was a corker. His head was fully as large as Bill Holt's dog Collie. After his examination of things on the surface, he made two complete circles around the boat, and went to the bottom almost beneath me, which enabled me to get in all my line but a few yards. This thing continued, with a slight change in his maneuvers, for over two hours and a half. I never let him rest. As soon as I could get my line in would feel him gently and keep him moving. Finally I grounded my boat on the sandy beach and got on land. By this time his runs were very short, but I could not get him ashore without endangering my tackle, and after once seeing him wanted to keep him if at all possible. When I did get him to shore he was bottom side up and had just a gasp left. I lifted, or rather dragged him out by passing a forked stick through his gills. I took him up to the store, and undressed he weighed 23 lbs. and measured 34 in. It was the longest fish taken this year from the lake by any means, nets, spoon hooks, etc. A fresh-water trout taken with a 4½ oz. split bamboo, single gut leader and a No. 10 fly, ordinary black gnat.

It has been raining all day and blowing hard from the north. I am afraid our summer is about ended. The days, too, are getting shorter; at 6 P. M. we have to light our candles. The trail is finished at last and old prospectors say it is now the best one they have ever

seen. As a matter of fact, one could ride a bicycle from Telegraph Creek to Teslin Lake, barring the hills. Had the work been done early in the season, what a difference there would have been in Teslin to-day. Late as it is, there are more people on the trail now than there have been at any one time during the season. Every conceivable kind of vehicle excepting a baby carriage—push carts, dog-carts and pull-carts, oxen hitched single, double and tandem, yoked and collared, horses fat, lean and sore-backed, donkeys, burros, mules and asses, driving and being driven, all rushing, pushing and scrouging to get to Teslin, whose lake shores they expect to see covered with nuggets. A Boston man dropped in to-day and said: "Any gold close by?" "Not that I have heard of," said I. "What! Really! Well, what are you doing here?" "Too poor to get any farther," said I. "Come, now," he said. "No joking. Is there no gold on the banks of Teslin Lake? That is the only thing that has kept me alive for the last two months. I thought when I once got here the hard work was all done; that accumulating gold when you get in was easy." I told him I knew some old prospectors who had been in the country for the last twenty years, and to-day all they had in the world was the clothes in their dunnage bag.

I have a chance to send this letter, so must bring it to a finish. O. T. S.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

Jan. 16.—Bakersfield, Cal.—Field trials of the Pacific Coast Field Trials Club. J. Kilgari, Sec'y.
Jan. 18.—Logansport, Ind.—North Central Indiana Poultry Association's bench show. Sol. D. Brandt, Sec'y.
Jan. 19-21.—New Orleans, La.—New Orleans Fox Terrier Club's show. Wm. Le Monnier, Sec'y.
Jan. 23.—West Point, Miss.—Champion Field Trials Association's fourth annual trials.
Feb. 21-24.—New York.—Westminster Kennel Club's twenty-third annual show. Jas. Mortimer, Sec'y and Supt.
March 7-10.—Grand Rapids, Mich.—Butterfly Association's bench show. Miss Grace H. Griswold, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Jan. 16.—West Point, Miss.—U. S. F. T. C. winter trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.
Feb. 6.—Madison, Ala.—Alabama Field Trial Club's third annual trials. T. H. Spencer, Sec'y.

Fox Hunting in Dakota.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 15.—In the South they hunt foxes with foxhounds, and join the folk of the old world in calling it absolute treason to kill a fox in any other way. In New England they go not fox hunting, but fox shooting, and consider it sweet and decent to shoot a driven fox with any sort of gun. Out in North Dakota they hunt the fox with greyhounds. I have often seen these dogs kill wolves and jack rabbits, and other animals up to the antelope and deer, but I never saw a fox hunt with greyhounds, and I think never read of one, though, of course, since the greyhounds have become so common in the Western prairie States, they must have been generally used in that manner. Mr. Clint Smith, of Fargo, North Dakota, sends me the following little account of the way they do it out in his part of the world, and knowing Mr. Smith as I do from other hunting with him in that section, I can well imagine the hilarity of these winter fox chases with the narrow gauge hounds.

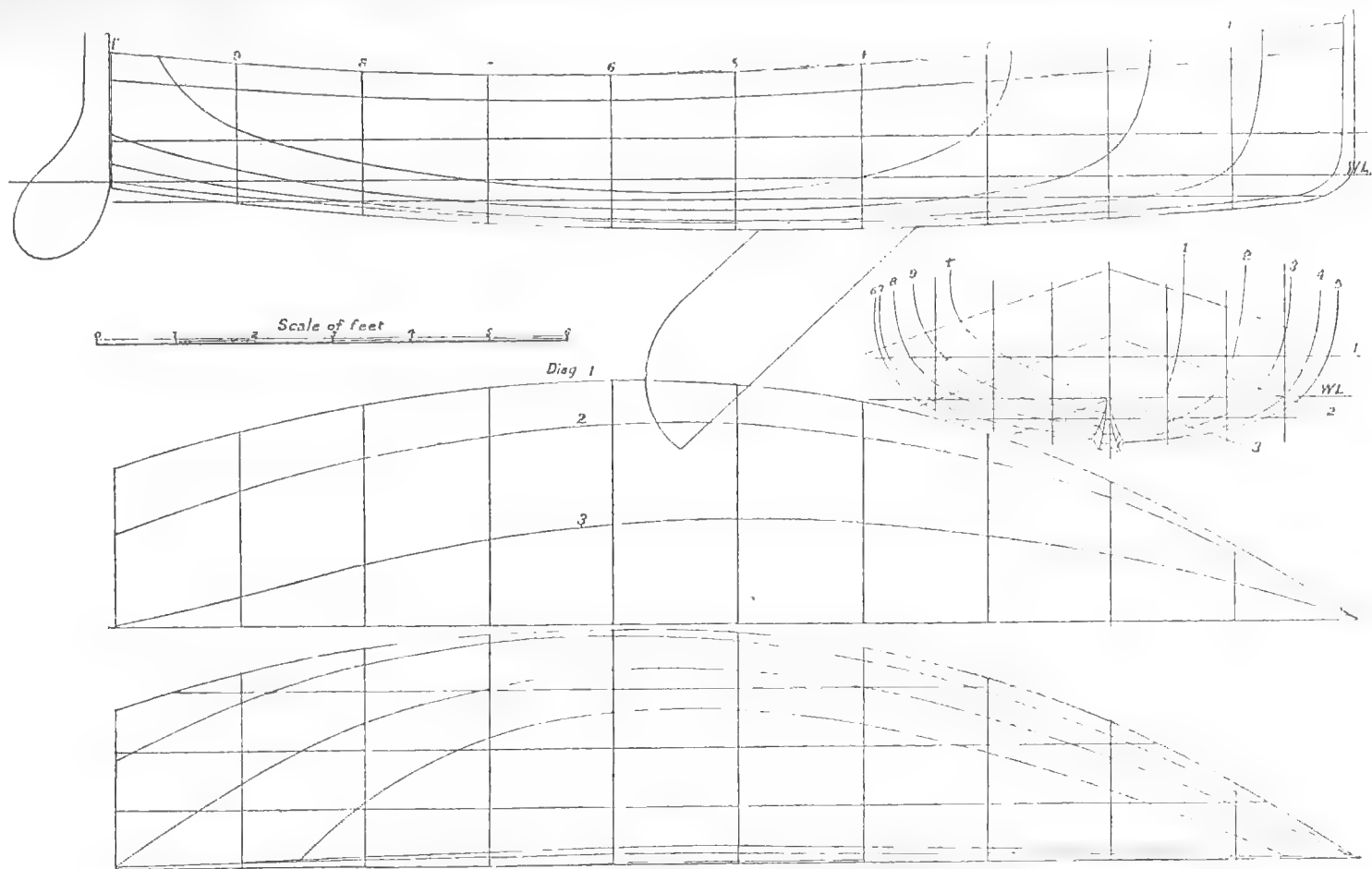
"The day was a beautiful one," he says, "the sun shone bright and warm, and at fifteen minutes of ten we started with the dog, our party being Charley, old man Pull and myself. We went west to the second tree claim, and then north, and crossed the Cheyenne River; then went west about half a mile. Here we saw a fox, about a quarter of a mile away, on the plowing. We drove as close as we could, and gave a yell, and away went the fox, and away went the dogs, first Rox, then Bob, then Nig. They went to him like a blizzard, made three good, sharp turns and drove him into the black dog, and it was all over with the fox.

"Charley and I walked over and got the fox away from the dogs, and found they had chewed him up somewhat, but not badly. We then started northwest to the Glendale hay land. Passing by some snow drifts in a little piece of stubble, we noticed the rabbit tracks quite fresh, so Pull and I got out to see if we couldn't kick out a jack, which we succeeded in doing, and with a 'Hi yi' to the dogs, they went off in a bunch. They made a nice run, but it was a short one. Rox made the turn and kill, but he had a little the advantage, as he got sighted first and consequently got the best of the start. You should have seen those dogs land on that jack. They fell over each other and stood on their heads in the snow.

"We now worked over toward Canfield, and on the plowing just north of the elevator we saw another fox. We drove toward him, and he worked to the north. I happened to look to the south, and saw still another fox walk out from behind a straw stack. 'Great Scot! Two at once!' said Pull, excitedly. 'The more we kill the more there are.' We drove for the one to the north, he jumped, and away went the dogs. The fox had a big start, but they got to him, and got three or four turns out of him, when he holed. Pull plugged the hole, and is going out to-morrow to dig him out. In the meantime the other fox had turned and run east, and I guess he hit the timber, for we could not find him. This was a little bad luck, but Pull said: 'Good bye, my boys, I'll see you some other time.'

"Charley thought that we had better cross the track now, and go south, so away we went. About a mile and a half south we saw another fox, and here we had the star run of the day. He jumped when we were quite a way from him, but Rox got his eye on him, and with both of the others close up, the fourth race of the day was on. That fox was a clinker. Not a stop did he make, and no look around, but just tended to business. Pull said: 'Look at them boys shovel snow!' and how the snow did fly. They landed him in about a mile, after five or six of as pretty turns as you ever saw, and they were bunched so that we could not tell which one killed. We now had two foxes and a jack, which was pretty good, and so we started for home.

"We drove north and struck the road that goes by Luce



UNBALLASTED SAILING BOAT, 16FT.

Designed by Miss Minnie Doyle, 1898.

Barnes', and we passed his place about 5 o'clock. We had got almost to Fulkrod's, and were talking about one thing and another, when Pull said: 'Say, boys, there is a nice fox,' and there on the plowing, walking around, was a fox. We knew it was getting late, but we wanted that fox, so when we got to the corner we crossed the track and went west. Bob had wrenched his shoulder in the last chase, so we let Rox and Nig catch this one. When the fox jumped Charley gave a yell, Nig caught sight, away he went with Rox after him, and the Derby was on. They ran straight south, almost to Barnes' house, where they made three or four good, sharp turns, and old Rox took him in out of the wet. So our day's sport was over.

"This is how we hunt foxes in North Dakota. This makes twenty-six foxes and nine jacks we have killed this fall with our pack. We saw two nice big flocks of chickens, over 100 in all, I should say."

Yachting.

As the yachting journal of America, the *FOREST AND STREAM* is the recognized medium of communication between the maker of yachtsmen's supplies and the yachting public. Its value for advertising has been demonstrated by patrons who have employed its columns continuously for years.

THE labors of the Sound Y. R. A. executive committee have lasted well up to the end of the year, the work entrusted to it at the meeting of Nov. 3 having been completed only on Dec. 27. It is but fair to say that in revising and extending many of the regulations, the committee has done much more than to prepare a table of scantling restrictions; but the necessity for the revision of the cabin regulation, knockabout rules, etc., was too plain to be avoided. As they now stand, the new regulations cover the main points very thoroughly, and offer good inducements to general building and racing in the smaller classes, below 36ft. While experience will develop some defects, we believe that a substantial step has been made toward the regular and systematic improvement of the rules year by year, until a reasonable degree of perfection is attained. The Y. R. A. of Massachusetts has also practically finished its work of revision, even with the new year; in good season for the building of the smaller sizes of yachts.

The Sound Y. R. A.

A MEETING of the executive committee of the Sound Y. R. A. was held on Dec. 27 at the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. house; all the members of the committee except Mr. Hart being present. All the other changes having been disposed of and adopted by the Association at previous meetings, the entire evening was devoted to the details of the Table of Scantling. Mr. Stephens' adaptation of the table prepared by him for the Y. R. U. of the Great Lakes was discussed item by item, and a few clerical changes made, after which it was adopted by the committee. In the two open classes, of 21ft. and 18ft. R. M., an extension of the original table, the committee at a previous meeting decided to make the sizes less than a proportionate reduction from the cabin classes would call for; the planking for the 21ft. class, for instance, being $\frac{5}{8}$ and for the 18ft. class $\frac{1}{2}$; somewhat over the current practice in this type of small sailing boat, and from two to three times as thick as the latest racing construction. After a long discussion it was finally decided to further increase the size of planking and decking to $\frac{3}{4}$ in. in the 21ft. class, and $\frac{5}{8}$ in. in the 18ft. class, and the frames to $1\frac{1}{4}$ and 1in. respectively. This brings the construction of the 21ft. class by Seawanhaka rule rather over that of the 21ft. l.w.l. knockabouts. The question of allowing existing yachts of good construction, but not fully complying with the table, to race in their classes, was discussed; but it was decided to leave this to the different clubs.

The numerous changes of details in all parts of the new rules at the meetings of the committee and the Association have made a great deal of work for the secretary, and the final proofs of the much revised amendments have not yet been made. We shall publish the complete rules as soon as the official copy is ready.

A Lady Yacht Designer.

THERE is no good reason why a lady should not interest herself in a pursuit so artistic and fascinating as yacht designing, but it is a fact that very few do. One of these few is Miss Maimie Doyle, of Kingstown, Ireland, the seventeen-year-old daughter of James Doyle, the designer and builder of the well-known Colleen one-design class. The design here reproduced, from the Yachtsman, is for a 16ft. unballasted sailing boat, the unassisted work of the fair amateur, and does her much credit.

The Canada Cup.

THE Chicago correspondent of the Toronto Globe writes as follows concerning the Canada cup races of next summer:

The coming races will be second in importance only to those in which Sir Thomas Lipton's yacht will meet the defender of the America Cup. In many respects the race on the inland sea will be a rival to the one on the ocean. It will be the first time in the history of yachting that two international events of so great importance have taken place within a single year.

The Canadians, as the holders of the cup, will be the entertainers, and they are making great preparations for the event. Their committees are now at work not only urging the construction of yachts, but planning the event itself. They are hoping that some member of the Royal House of England will be a spectator of the contest that will decide the supremacy of yacht building along the great lakes. Invitations will be extended to the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York. They will be engrossed and sent to England by chosen delegates.

Chicago men are pleased that so much has come as a result of their challenge. Members of the club meet almost daily to act on the propositions that come from local men for building yachts to enter the preliminary contests. Work on some of the boats has already begun, and others will be started in the slip at South Chicago next week. Commodore F. W. Morgan is one of the most active builders.

The America Cup.

WHILE work is progressing regularly both at Fairlie and Bristol, neither Mr. Fife nor Mr. Herreshoff is taking the public into his confidence as to details. Such news as is published on both sides of the ocean in considerable quantity is all unreliable and largely untrue; being absurd or impossible on its face. It is definitely known that work has been pushed on Defender at Bristol, and much of her aluminum has been removed, to be replaced by new sheets and bars. The other metals in the hull are in good condition. The keel mould for the new boat is about finished, and it is stated, but without good authority, that it shows a shorter and lighter keel than that of Defender. It will not be run until the old ship is out of the shop. The most reliable reports about the new Shamrock are to the effect that she will be built by Thornycroft & Co., the noted builders of torpedo craft, at Chiswick on the Thames; where the material will be shaped from moulds and templates sent from Fairlie; the ship being erected at the Blackwall Yard, further down the river. The material is stated to be nickel steel, made by Krupp, of Essen, Germany, the same material that the German 65-footer Kommodore was built of. It is settled that Capt. Archie Hogarth, formerly of the Fife 65-footer Isolda, will command her. One report has it that the construction will be carried out at Harlan & Wolf's yard, Belfast.

Hollow Spars.

THE Spalding St. Lawrence Boat Company, which has made a reputation within the past two years as the maker of hollow spars after the method of L. K. Young, and under his superintendence, is continually improving its product and starts the season of 1899 with a specially fine stock of spruce timber selected for this purpose, much of it being brought from the Pacific Coast. The saving of weight in these over solid spars makes them indispensable in a racing yacht, and with the waterproof cement used gives them a life that was not possible in hollow spars made a few years ago.

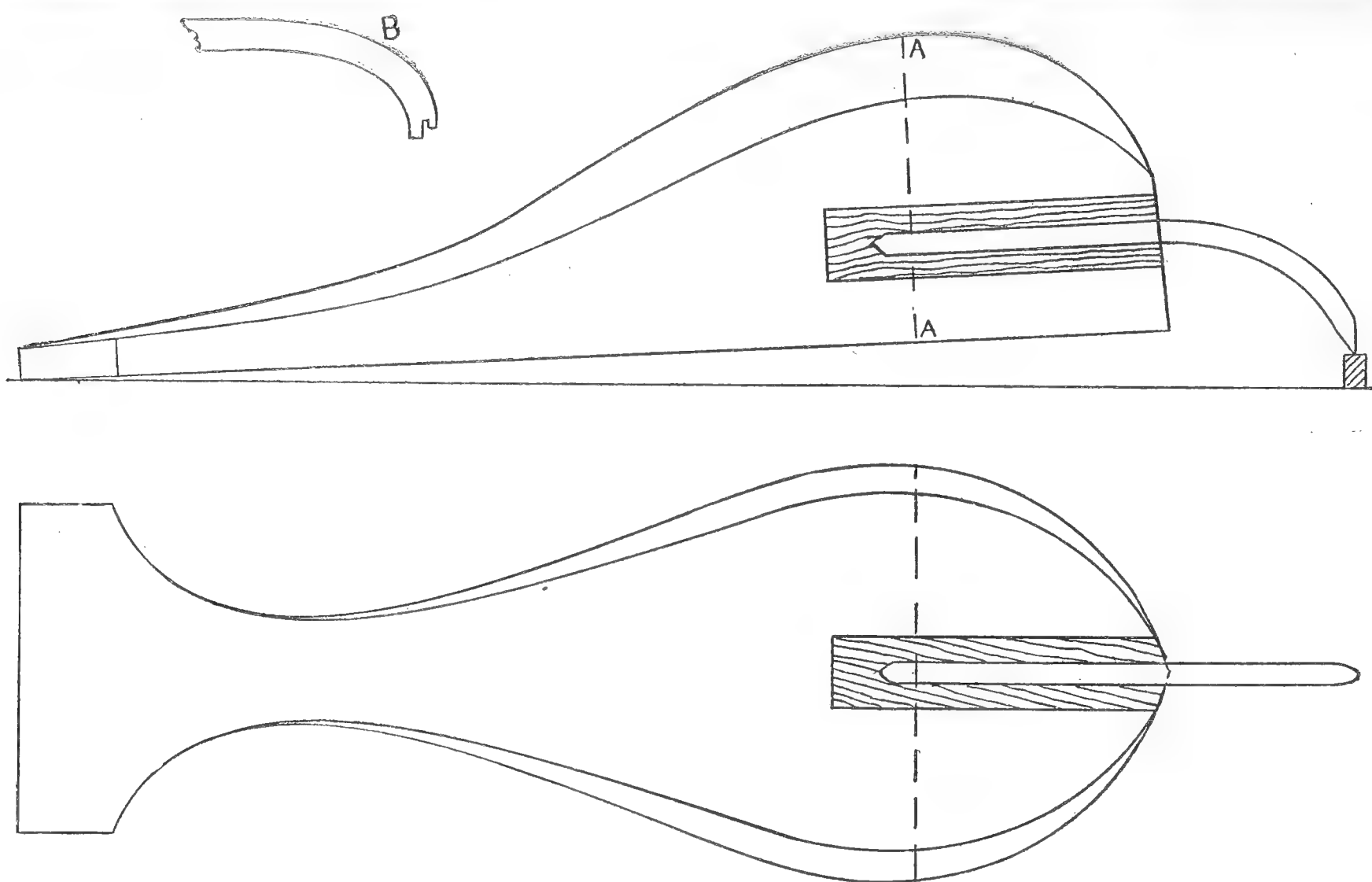


FIG. 37.

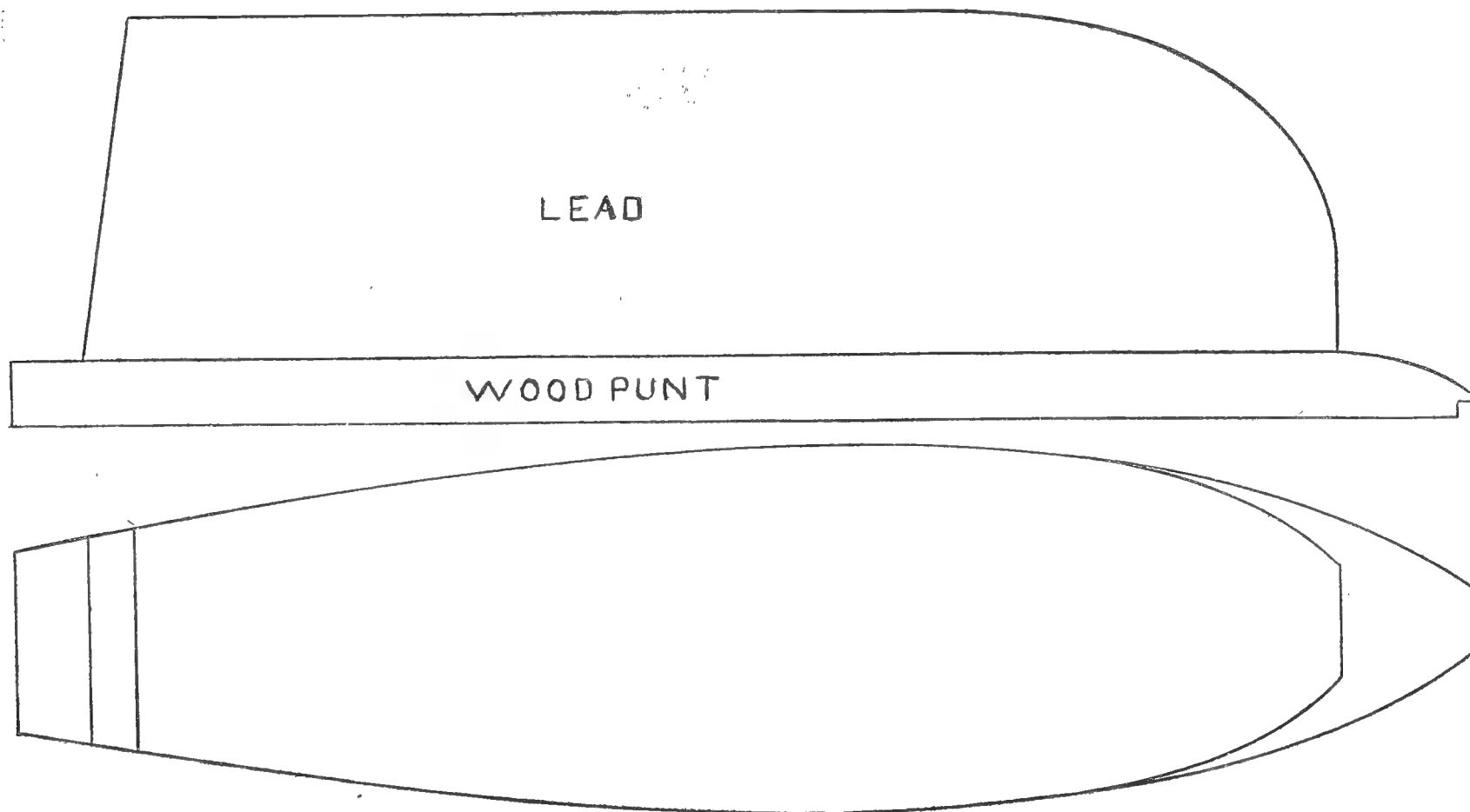


FIG. 40.

Yacht Designing.—XX.

BY W. P. STEPHENS.

IN the last chapter were described the splines or battens used for drawing the curve lines of a design. They are held in position upon the drawing by metal weights of 3 to 6 lbs. each, of lead or iron. These are made of different shapes, as a rule, each designer having a particular pattern of his own, by which he sets especial store. The main points in a weight are that it shall be of such a shape as to be readily grasped in the hand, that the center of gravity shall be as near as possible to the end which holds the batten, that there shall be a suitable projection for this latter purpose, and that the front of the weight shall be cut away enough at the top to allow the hand and pen to pass without danger of touching.

We have among our most treasured relics a lead weight that was once the property of George Steers, and still bears his name stamped in the bottom.

It is of the conventional shape more frequently used than any other, a rough resemblance to a fish, from which it is termed a "dolphin." It weighs a little less than 3 lbs., and its exact size and shape are shown in the drawings, Fig. 37. A plug of hard wood, about $\frac{3}{8}$ in. in diameter and 1 in. long, is driven into a hole in the fore end, and in this is driven an iron hook with a sharp point, which catches the upper edge of the spline. The weight shown in Fig. 38 is small and compact, a common iron *tenter hook* is driven in the point. A larger weight of very good form, designed, we believe, by Mr. J. Beavor Webb, is shown in Fig. 39. The bottom is a plate of cast brass, the lead being cast on to it. At A is a slight depression, to make a point that will hold the spline. Being quite narrow, this form allows a number of weights to be placed close together on the inside of a sharp curve, which cannot be done with the wide spreading tail of the "dolphin."

What is called a *punt weight* (Fig. 40) dispenses with the wire hook, the weight itself being fastened to a piece of oak, mahogany or other hard wood, called a *punt*. On the fore end of the *punt* a notch is cut, leaving a projecting end to go on top of the batten.

Weights are sometimes made up quite elaborately, a

hollow shell of cast brass being filled with lead and fitted with several sizes and shapes of hooks, made from brass wire and fitted to screw into the casting so as to be changed at will. Fig. 41 shows such a weight; a boss is cast at A, and drilled and tapped, and the tail is notched out at B, to take a piece of rubber, to prevent slipping. In the ordinary *dolphin* a wide rubber band stretched over the tail answers the same purpose.

For specially sharp curves with a stiff batten the ordinary weights, even when placed close together, fail to hold. The weight shown in Fig. 42, an old English pattern, is so shaped that one may be inverted and placed on top of another, thus doubling the weight and increasing the holding power. In the tail of each weight is a hard wood dowel, fitting into a corresponding hole in the head of the other weight. A full set of weights is not specially portable, and a novel form of weight has recently been devised by Mr. John Harvey, a box of cast brass, with a sliding top, which may be filled with shot. In carrying from place to place, as sometimes happens, the boxes may be emptied, being refilled again with new shot when next wanted for use.

The cost of lead is so little greater than that of iron that it hardly pays to use the latter.

Several different forms are used for the point of the *weight*. In some cases the wire hook is filed to a sharp point, as in Figs. 37, 38, which holds the *batten* firmly, but tends to destroy it. Sometimes the end of the hook is flat and blunt, like the point of a small screw-driver, or somewhat as in Fig. 41, to enter the groove on the top of the batten; but this is not a good form, as grooved battens are not the best. The square notch, as in Figs. 40-42, does not mar the batten, and though it has not the holding power of Fig. 37, it is to be preferred. A good end for a wire hook is shown at B, Fig. 37, filed to a square angle and then notched with a hacksaw to a depth of 1-16 in. This point holds well on the ordinary square *batten*, and it can also be used for the thin spring steel *splines* sometimes used for very sharp curves.

The ordinary *punt weight* may be easily made by any amateur mechanic; a good pattern for a weight of about 5 lbs. is that shown in Fig. 40. The pattern is whittled out of dry pine and neatly sandpapered off, a coat of shellac

improving it, though not absolutely necessary. Old lead pipe or scraps of any kind that may be procurable will answer for the castings; as the impurities come out in the melting. An iron quart pot or ladle will serve as a *crucible*, with a common starch box full of fine, dry sand.

The pattern is placed on a flat board, and the box, without top or bottom, is placed around it; the sand is then packed in firmly and the box inverted, after which the pattern may be withdrawn by screwing a common screw-eye into it and rapping it lightly. A board with a $\frac{1}{2}$ in. hole through it is now placed over the sand and held in place by a couple of bricks or other weights, and the molten lead is poured through the hole in the board into the cavity in the sand. The sand must be slightly damp in order to pack firmly and to hold its shape when the pattern is removed, but the board must be perfectly dry, as any water will cause the molten lead to fly. The casting will set in a very short time, and may then be dumped out of the box and the sand used for another casting. After the lead is quite cool, which will take some time, it may be smoothed off all over with an old plane. The *punts* may be made of mahogany or teak, about 5-16 in. thick, though commoner hardwoods will answer. The notch at the point should be just large enough to catch the smallest batten without quite reaching the drawing edge, where the pen would hit it; and at the same time to keep clear of the board, except at the after end, putting most of the weight on the batten. The *punts* will be fastened to the weights by screws, the lead may be painted, the edges of the *punts* shellacked, and the bottom of each covered with green baize or similar material, glued on.

At least a dozen weights are necessary, and even more will be found convenient at times. They may be all of one weight, 5 lbs., or some of them may be about 3 lbs.; the pattern being cut down after the heavier ones are cast. Even where the *punt weights* are preferred, a few of the hook weights, Fig. 37-41, are always useful for special purposes.

We have already alluded to the adjustable curve rulers, made of lead bars or steel springs in combination with rubber, and intended to retain any curve into which they may be bent, without the use of weights. For marine

drawing, at least, we would advise the draftsman to waste no time over them; they cannot be made to take the fair and delicate inflections of a wooden *spline*, nor can they be relied upon to retain the exact shape under ordinary handling. They are in no sense a substitute for the wooden *spline* and the *spline weights*; and, having the latter, there is no necessity to resort to them.

There is one very important class of instruments that may properly be classed at the same time under the three heads of Ruling, Measuring and Marking; being used

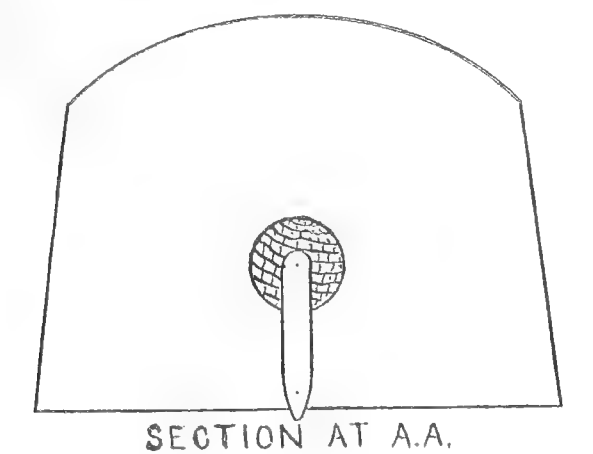


FIG. 37.

for the three purposes. The *compass* is strictly a marking instrument, in that it carries either a pencil or a pen; but it is also a ruling instrument, as the pencil or pen cannot be directed freely in any direction, but must move in a circle. With its marking points removed and replaced by a plain steel point, it becomes the *dividers*, a strictly measuring instrument. The *compass* is found in a variety of sizes and styles, the principal one being the regular large *compass* with several interchangeable legs, Fig. 43. The two legs are united by either a tenon or pivot joint. Of the former, the *double-sector* is preferable, one leg being fitted with two steel plates, while the other is divided into three leaves of the metal of which the instrument is made, between which the steel plates fit. By means of a binding

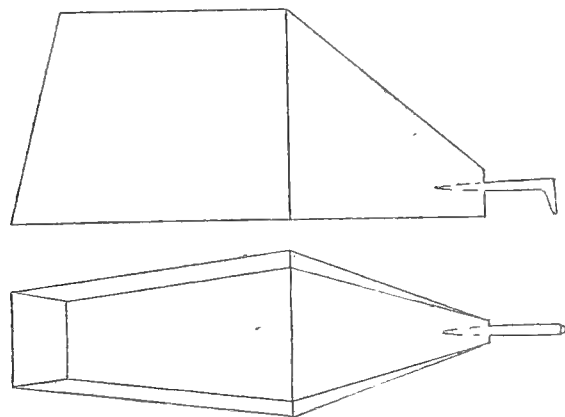


FIG. 38.

screw the joint may be made to move as freely as is desirable. Another form of good construction is the pivot joint; the heads of the two legs being clasped between a yoke forming a handle, while they are centered by two pivots with conical ends.

However constructed, the joint should move smoothly and evenly, whether the points are close together or wide apart. If this is the case, the joint may be screwed up so tight as to prevent any accidental derangement of the points in ordinary use; and at the same time to respond to a moderate pressure of the fingers in adjusting. One leg should be fitted with a hinged joint near the middle, similar to the main joint, but with fewer leaves; in order that the lower portion of the leg may be held at right

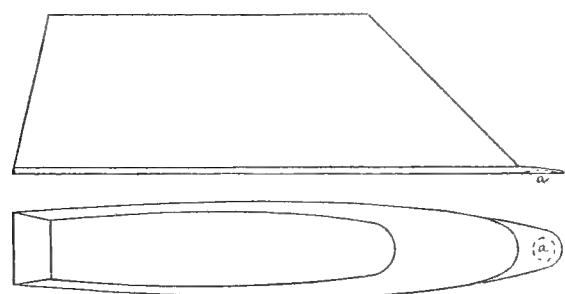


FIG. 39.

angles to the paper when drawing circles of large diameter.

The other leg should be fitted with three interchangeable points, each provided with a similar point. One of these should be a plain steel point, one a pen point carrying a right line pen such as will be described later on, and the third fitted to carry a movable lead, as made for lead pencils. In the older compasses, the lower end of the leg formed a split tube large enough to take a specially small lead pencil, of about one-half the ordinary diameter, made for the purpose. A newer form has a screw chuck, the same as in the pencils with movable leads, and uses the same leads. The best form has the split tube of such small size as just to take a movable lead; of good length, so as to grasp the lead without breaking it, and with a binding screw in the center of the split tube, putting an even pressure on the lead for the whole length of the tube.

The movable legs are joined to the main part of the instrument in several ways, the best being the *bayonet* or *socket* joint, Fig. 44. In this the upper end of the leg is turned truly cylindrical and fitted with a feather, while the socket is bored out to fit and slotted to take the feather which prevents the leg from turning. The next best form, Fig. 45, has a pentagonal shank to the movable part, with a socket of similar shape on the main part and a binding screw to keep the two together.

Next to thoroughly good joints, the main requirements of good compasses are that they shall be stiff and rigid throughout, as light as is consistent with this rigidity; and shall balance well in the hand. This quality of perfect balance is most essential in *compasses*, *dividers*, *drafting*

pens and all similar instruments; and is only to be depended upon in those of first-class make throughout.

The steel points may be either the long conical *English* pattern, which has superseded the old triangular points, or the *needle point*. The latter is a piece of tempered steel wire, about 3-32 in. in diameter, and 3/4 in. long, each end turned down so as to leave a very fine point about 1-32 in. long projecting from a square shoulder. This piece is held in a sleeve with a binding screw in the end of the leg. The *needle point* is considered to damage the paper less, where much work is done from one point, than the solid steel point. It is, however, more clumsy and heavy, and somewhat in the way of a clear sight in setting the instrument to any given points on the paper. For those who can handle the *compasses* and *dividers* with the delicacy which such tools really demand, the plain solid point will be found better in every way. The *compasses* are usually fitted with a *lengthening bar*, a straight piece with a male fitting at one end and female at the other, by means of which one leg can be lengthened for drawing circles of large diameter. This piece is by no means essential, and may well be dispensed with. The large *compasses* are much less used in marine drafting than in mechanical and architectural work, and for the former we should prefer a pair with one solid leg with a single joint in the center, ending in the *English point*, the other leg being fitted with a similar point, movable, and also pen and pencil points. The average size for this instrument is about 6 in., and it is also duplicated in a smaller size, of about 3 1/2 in. The larger size will sweep a circle of 12 to 14 in. diameter, with lengthening bar, and

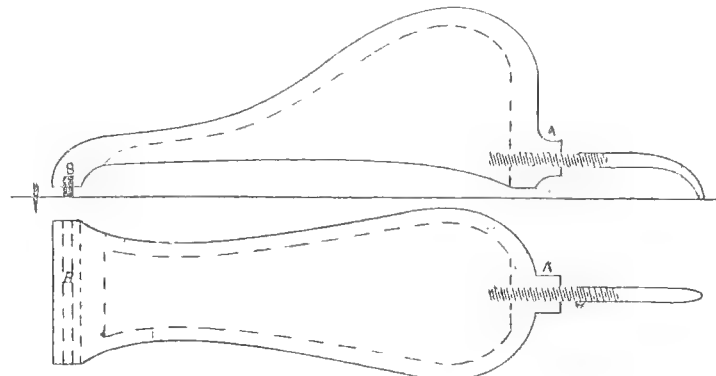


FIG. 41.

from that down to 1/4 in. or less; but it is a clumsy tool for small circles. The smaller size is intended for medium and small circles, but for the latter it is inferior to the *bow compasses*, Fig. 46. In these the upper joint is omitted, the two legs forming a single steel forging with a small ivory handle on top. About the middle of their length they are joined by a long screw and nut, by which they can be drawn together, their upper parts being thin and elastic. They do not permit as much variation of size as the regular *compass* form, but they are more convenient and more accurate for circles within their capacity. They may be had with either plain or *needle point*, but each is made up as a separate tool, *bow-dividers*, *bow-pencil compass* and *bow-pen*.

Theoretically, the small *bow-compasses* will draw the smallest possible circle, but practically there is only one good tool for very small circles, under 1/4 in. diameter.

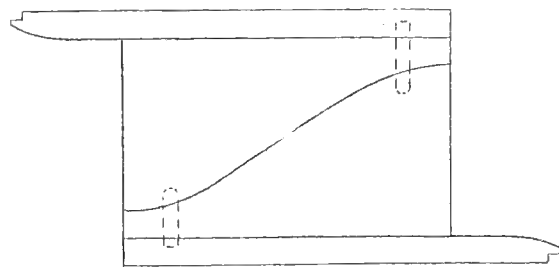


FIG. 42.

This, the drop compass, Fig. 47, is a comparatively new tool, and differs from the ordinary *compass* and *bow-compass*, in that the whole tool does not revolve in drawing a circle, but the leg which carries the pencil or pen revolves around a stationary axis, a plain, straight leg of steel wire. As the marking leg moves freely up and down on the stationary leg, the pen may be lifted from the paper and poised clear of it until properly adjusted, then dropped lightly and swung around by the thumb and second finger, the central stem being held vertical by the forefinger. With this tool a circle may be drawn almost touching the fine central point.

In all forms of *compasses* and *dividers* the instrument should stand all possible tests that will show the two legs to be in absolutely the same plane, whether closed or opened. In the *compasses* with joined legs, the points of these legs should come accurately together when the main legs are wide apart at the top and the points turned in. In the *spring bows* the sides should be firm and rigid, whether open or closed, and the screw and nut should work smoothly and easily.

For circles over 12 to 14 in. in diameter, the *beam compass*, Fig. 48, is used. This tool consists of a bar of wood or metal of any desired length, at one end being a fixed head carrying a plain or a *needle point*. Another head, carrying a plain point, a pencil or a pen, at will, is fitted to slide on the bar; being clamped in place and provided with a screw for very fine adjustment. The only limit to the diameter of the circle is the length of bar, which can be swung and handled. This tool in a heavier form is used by machinists under the name of *trammel points*.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Utowana, steam yacht, Allison V. Armour, sailed from New York on Dec. 24 for an extended cruise through the West Indies and to Mexico, where the party will proceed inland from Progreso on a botanical expedition. The yacht will call first at San Juan, Porto Rico, and then at Santiago. With Mr. Armour is Dr. C. F. Millsbaugh, curator of the botanical department of the Field Memorial Museum, and Messrs. Allen, Mott and Ischman. Capt. John Crawford is in command.

Pawnee, yawl, has been sold by F. V. Alexandre to T. C. Zerega, former owner of Nymph.

The annual meeting of the Knickerbocker Y. C., of New York, was held on Dec. 22 at the Hotel Marlborough, the following officers being elected: Com., S. H. Mason, Jr.; cutter Moccasin; Vice-Com., W. G. Newhall, knockabout Willada; Rear-Com., H. A. Quackenbush, sloop Viking; Treas., George H. Cooper, Sec'y, J. O. Sinkinson; Meas., John J. Honey; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. F. H. Boynton; Board of Directors, H. Stephenson, F. E. Barnes, Charles W. Schlesinger, Rodman Sands and L. Lochman, Jr. A mess dinner will be served at the club house, College Point, every Sunday afternoon at 2 during the winter. The club proposes to charter a steamer to follow the America Cup races next fall.

The Harlem Y. C. has elected the following officers: Com., John A. Kipp; Vice-Com., H. Hanlein, Jr.; Rear-Com., John Symmers; Fleet Capt., A. Hochstatter; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. J. C. Shannon; Meas., John Wimmer; Treas., J. H. Andrews; Fin. Sec'y, T. B. Bates; Rec. Sec'y, F. S. Sullivan; Cor. Sec'y, S. L. Schneider.

Queen Mab, cutter, J. S. Fay, has been sold through Manning's agency to C. L. F. Robinson, New York. She is now laid up at Morrell's yard, Newburgh.

Gitona, schr., F. B. McQuesten, Boston, sailed from that port on Dec. 26 on a cruise to the West Indies.

Corsair, Com. Morgan's new steam yacht, is on the dry dock at Hoboken, N. J., near the W. & A. Fletcher works. Com. Morgan sailed for Europe on Dec. 28.

The Roberts Safety Watertube Boiler Company has fitted a new boiler in the steam yacht Impatient, W. P. Jackson, Salisbury, Md. The Herreshoff steam yacht Dawn, T. H. Newberry, Detroit, Mich., was fitted with a Roberts boiler about a year ago, increasing the speed with a reduced consumption of coal. Mr. Newberry is now putting another of these boilers in his yacht Truant.

Canoeing.

A Few Stray Leaves from the Log of the Frankie.

On the Wabash.

I.

DAVE and I had always had a desire to explore the Wabash ever since, as little children, we stood on its banks, or on the old Covington drawbridge, and watched its waters flow silently by, and wondered where all the water came from and where it went to, and when it would all get by and stop running.

In after years, when we sailed, rowed, paddled and otherwise got over its surface in all sorts of ways, more or less ingenious, and generally of our own contriving, after the manner of boys, our desire gradually crystallized into shape—to explore its course from its source in and near the great Mercer county reservoir in northwestern Ohio to its confluence with the Ohio at the southwestern corner of Indiana.

The combination of flat-boat, house-boat and steamboat which a few years ago with infinite pains and labor I had designed as the means by which the trip would be made would provoke a smile from the readers of FOREST AND STREAM. Indeed, Dave and I had many a smile ourselves when shooting a ticklish, risky rapid or carrying our canoes around a dam, as we conjectured how that old stern-wheeler would have conducted herself in such an emergency.

A stray catalogue from a prominent builder quickly decided me in favor of the modern cruising canoe; but as the beauty and utility of the modern cruising canoes were only equalled by the altitude of the prices asked for them, the canoe project seemed hopeless until I finally hit upon the idea of building my own canoes, which I did from a simple little plan prepared by Mr. W. P. Stephens, and published in Harper's Young People, modified somewhat to suit our requirements.

Both canoes were canvas canoes. The Belle was 14 ft. in length by 30 in. beam, with a cockpit 8 ft. long by 20 in. wide amidships, tapering to 14 in. at each end.

The Frankie was 14 ft. long by 26 in. beam, with an oblong cockpit 4 ft. long by 18 in. wide. The cockpits of both boats were amply protected by Tredwen hatches, with aprons of oiled muslin fitting close about the bodies of the skippers. The Belle was propelled by a 7 ft. paddle, while the Frankie was driven by a magnificent 9 ft. double blade, which I took the earliest opportunity of exchanging with the captain of the Belle for his smaller and lighter 7 ft., which answered my purpose much better. In addition, both canoes carried a lateen dandy sail, which, when a sail could be used, was stepped forward in place of a mainsail. As might be expected in inland cruising on so small a stream as the Upper Wabash, we had very little use for them during the trip, and when used they answered our purpose as well as a larger sail and possessed the advantage at all other times of taking up much less room than a mainsail. When not in use, they were buttoned alongside the cockpit coaming on deck with light leather straps.

The Frankie carried a light little tent of the Mohican pattern, just large enough to cover the cockpit, while the Belle was fitted with a small A tent, which could be readily converted into a small wall tent by erecting it on the ground on our 7 ft. pike poles; when thus erected it stood 3 ft. off the ground all round at the bottom. A strip of light goods 3 ft. wide was then buttoned all round inside the lower edges of the tent and pegged to the ground at the corners. During the cruise we slept in this tent when the ground was favorable; when not, we slept in our canoes.

Our clothing and personal effects were carried in rubber or oiled canvas navy bags; our blankets were also carried in oiled canvas bags. We carried a sheet-iron camp stove, a mess chest 12x17 in., containing tin cans of coffee, sugar, lard, butter, salt, pepper, etc., together with our knives, forks and spoons, and a substantial lunch for each day's midday meal; the usual supply of tinware and cooking utensils. Our provisionary supply consisted of bacon, potatoes, onions, eggs, biscuits, coffee, sugar, etc. Everything that was not

packed in tin boxes or buckets was carried in small bags of heavy sheeting.

Owing to extreme low water, we decided to abandon the upper part of the cruise and start from Huntington, on Little River, two miles above its junction with the Wabash, and about ninety miles below the reservoir.

II.

The Wabash, at the mouth of Little River, where we first reached it, is about 150 to 200 ft. wide. We found it a succession of clear, still pools some 2 or 3 ft. deep—in some instances much deeper—and swift, gravelly rapids. In the rifts the water—which in the pools spreads evenly from bank to bank—contracts to a narrow, deep chute and pours swiftly down over the gravel reef, which occasions the rapid. In a very few instances the rapids are broad and shallow, but in most cases we found good water, although the river was at quite a low stage. The banks are steep and gravelly, and the entire bed of the river—banks, pools, rapids, etc.—is profusely studded with boulders and rocks of all conceivable sizes and shapes, making the running of the rapids somewhat exciting.

After the Mississinewa comes in the river increases in size and changes its character to such an extent as to almost justify the forming of a third river from the union of the other two—the Mississinewa being almost or quite as large as the Wabash. We found but few pools below the Mississinewa, but a succession of swift, rocky, gravelly rifts and rapids—beautiful canoeing water, in fact—clear down to and below the Tippi canoe, to where the river flows deep and still, near Lafayette.

III.

A couple of miles or so below La Gro, as we slipped smoothly down over a gravelly little rift into a deep, black pool up under a high bank, we were hailed by a man plowing in the field on top of the bank, who asked us if we had seen Jim Conner. We confessed to the fact that up to date Jim had not been visible to us, whereupon the man informed us that Jim had ridden up along the river bank on his horse some time previously looking for us and had left word that we were not to pass Wabash without landing and looking him up. Jim was an old college friend of ours, and Dave had written him a card from Huntington before we sailed announcing our cruise and asking him to look out for us at Wabash about Friday afternoon; and we were quite gratified at the interest he seemed to be manifesting in us. A couple of miles below we passed a fishing party comfortably disposed on a grassy bank in the shade of a couple of fine old elms. We were hailed and informed that Jim Conner had ridden by shortly before and had left word that we must stop at Wabash. We thanked our informants, assuring them that we would surely endeavor to do so, and were soon out of sight behind a wooded point a short distance below. Half an hour later, on rounding the point of an island, we came upon an ancient disciple of I. Walton dozing over half a dozen fish poles "set" in the bank, of whom I bought a fine string of bass. He also related the Conner anecdote, and we thanked him and paddled on. Half a mile below a squad of small boys in swimming imparted to us the same information, and we reached the conclusion that our friend Conner had posted the entire river population in regard to us, with instructions to look out for two suspicious looking characters in small boats, who were running the river, and instruct them to stop at Wabash. Presently we have in sight of the city, when Jim himself was discovered hastening over the hill top, and in a few minutes more we made a landing, and he was fraternizing with us on the bank—portly, full-bearded, married, and as unlike the slender stripling we had known at college a dozen years before as could well be imagined. He pressed us to stop over night with him or at least to come up and take supper with him; but as our costumes were hardly presentable in a lady's parlor, and as we did not deem it safe to go away and leave our canoes unprotected so close to civilization, we were obliged to decline both invitations, much to our regret, as well as Jim's.

F. R. WEBB.

Trap-Shooting.

Fixtures.

- Jan. 5.—Newark, N. J.—Tournament of East Side Gun Club; main event, match between Morley and Schortemeier for E. C. cup, and State championship.
- Jan. 10.—Brooklyn, L. I.—Brooklyn Gun Club's invitation live-bird shoot. John Wright, Manager.
- Jan. 11.—Lyndhurst, N. J.—Twenty-five live-bird handicap, \$10, birds extra; commences at 12 M. T. W. Morley, Sec'y.
- Jan. 17-20.—Hamilton, Ont.—Annual tournament and grand Canadian handicap of the Hamilton Gun Club; \$1,000 guaranteed. H. Graham, Sec'y.
- Jan. 18.—Reading, Pa.—The Reading handicap; open to all, \$10 entrance, \$150 guaranteed. Arthur A. Fink, Manager.
- Jan. 18.—Stony Creek, Pa.—Stony Creek handicap, 25 live birds. A. A. Fink, Manager, 426 Franklin St., Reading, Pa.
- Feb. 22.—Worcester, Mass.—Tournament of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club; targets. A. W. Walls, Sec'y.
- April 6-8.—Utica, N. Y.—Fulford's handicap at live birds. E. D. Fulford, Manager.
- April 11-13.—Elkwood Park, Long Branch, N. J.—The Interstate Association's seventh annual Grand American Handicap tournament.
- April 18-20.—Lincoln, Neb.—The Lincoln Gun Club's second annual interstate tournament; targets and live birds; \$500 added. Geo. L. Carter, Sec'y.
- April 18-21.—Baltimore, Md.—Prospect Park Shooting Association's tournament; \$500 added. Stanley Baker, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The programme of the Hamilton Gun Club, Hamilton, Can., for its ninth annual tournament, which takes place Jan. 17 to 20, is an attractive one. The first day has two live-bird events, one at sparrows and three target events. Each target event is at 20 singles, \$2 entrance, one event having \$50 guaranteed. The sparrow event is at 15 birds, \$2 entrance, \$50 guaranteed. The first live-bird event is the introductory, at 10 live birds, \$5 entrance, \$100 guaranteed. The handicap is at 20 live birds, \$15 entrance, including birds; surplus added. Divided, first, \$125; second, \$85; third, \$55; fourth, \$55; fifth, \$45; sixth, seventh and eighth, \$35; each; ninth, tenth and eleventh, \$25 each; twelfth, thirteenth and fourteenth, \$15 each. The second day will be devoted to a continuation of the handicap, one event at sparrows and three at targets. On the third day there is a 10-bird event, \$5 entrance, \$100 guaranteed; one at sparrows, \$2 entrance, \$50 guaranteed, and two events at targets. On the fourth day is the open handicap, 25 live birds, \$25 entrance, four moneys, \$200 guaranteed, surplus added, high guns.

There was an excellent attendance of shooters at the Carteret Gun Club's grounds, Garden City, L. I., on Jan. 2, the main event being the New Year's cup, value \$100, and presented for competition by Mr. George B. Magoun. The conditions were miss-and-out, handicaps from 25 to 32 yds., entrance \$20. The competition was open to members of the Westminster Kennel Club, Herron Hill Gun Club, Riverton Gun Club, Philadelphia Gun Club, Country Club of Westchester, Meadowbrook Hunt Club, Rockaway Hunt Club, Washington Gun Club, of Chicago, and the Carteret Gun Club. After the 15th round, when Mr. Fred C. Moore retired, the contest continued between Messrs. Frank Hall, 25 yds., and W. S. Hoyt, 27 yds., both members of the Carteret Gun Club. The former won at the 39th round. Messrs. McAlpin and Butler retired at the 14th round; Mr. Foxhall Keene at the 10th, Mr. C. S. Guthrie at the 6th, Messrs. Eddy, Money and Sanford at the 3d, Mr. E. C. Hoyt at the 2d, Messrs. Stafford, Hooper, Thorne and Kernochan at the 1st. A sweepstake at 5 birds and a miss-and-out also were shot. E. C. Hoyt, H. Money and Moore divided the former. Sanford, Guthrie, Hall and Money divided the miss-and-out.

Mr. John S. Wright, manager of the Brooklyn Gun Club, desires that his guests note the following: "Shooting will commence at 10 A. M. sharp. There will be plenty of good birds at 25 yds. each; also luncheon—a most important item—at prices to suit. Entries will be taken and cash paid out by John D. Regan, Sec'y of the Brooklyn elevated run from the Bridge (New York side) direct to Cypress Hills. A. S. A. rules will govern all contests at this shoot. All purses divided, class shooting. Three moneys in Nos. 1 and 2; four moneys in No. 3." In contest No. 1, 5 birds, \$3, all stand at 28 yds. In No. 2, 7 birds, \$5, handicaps 28 to 31 yds., and No. 3, 10 birds, \$10, handicaps, 26 to 31 yds., will govern. Shooting will begin early; therefore the guests should endeavor to be on hand at Dexter Park, at 10 A. M., Jan. 10.

Mr. Edward Banks spent the latter part of last week on the shores of Maryland shooting ducks, and he made several of his friends additionally happy by gifts of the proceeds of his skill. On the evening of Jan. 2, after the Boiling Springs handicap, in a cosy hostelry, he gave a dinner, the main dish of which was ducks of his own killing, deliciously served. His guests were Messrs. L. G. Duff Grant and F. W. Jones, of the Smokeless Powder and Ammunition Company, of England; the veteran Uncle Jacob Pentz, and Messrs. W. R. Hobart, Harold Money and B. Waters. If the New Year continues as happily as it began for the little party, it will be quite as happy as need be.

The New Year's cup was the main object of contest at the Westminster Kennel Club's shoot on Jan. 2, at Babylon, L. I. It was a 10-bird handicap, with sixteen contestants. Messrs. G. B. Magoun and H. K. Knapp tied on 9. The latter killed 4 out of 5 to the former's 3 out of 5 in shooting off the tie, and won the cup. Two other events were shot, the first a 5-bird sweepstake, \$5, handicap. Magoun and Ferguson were the only ones to kill straight. In the miss-and-out which followed, Magoun killed 13 straight and won. His nearest competitor was W. C. Floyd-Jones, who killed 12.

The calendar of the Laffin & Rand Powder Co., 99 Cedar street, New York, for 1899, is quite unique and original. A muscular Jackie, whose cap bears the name of that giant gladiator, the Oregon, leans at ease on the muzzle of a mammoth canon, while on his right shoulder he bears a load of cannon powder. The legend "Manila, Santiago, Porto Rico," brings up memories of what good powder could and did do. Under each leaf of the calendar are wise suggestions for the thoughtful shooter to ponder over.

The Winchester Repeating Arms Co.'s calendar for 1899 is replete with pictorial suggestiveness of sport afield with rifle and shotgun. A spirited portrayal of a bear hunting scene graces the top; two hunters, rifle in hand, are stealthily approaching a bear which is in the open. At the bottom is a prairie scene in the chicken shooting season. Two setters are standing stanchly, one on point, the other backing, while the shooter, alert, and with his gun ready for instant use, approaches to flush the birds.

On the grounds of the Lyndhurst Shooting Association, on Jan. 11, commencing at 12 M., there will be a handicap at 25 live birds, \$10 entrance, birds extra at 25 cents. The grounds can be reached from New York either by the Erie R. R. to Rutherford, N. J., or D. & L. & W. to Lyndhurst, N. J. Trolley cars from Newark, Jersey City and Paterson. T. W. Morley, Sec'y-Treas.

The catalogue of the Savage Arms Co., Utica, N. Y., mailed free to those who apply for it, presents an elaborate description of the military, sporting rifles, carbines, ammunition, etc., manufactured by the company, together with a full explanation of the Savage system of mechanism, its advantages, etc., all fully illustrated with engravings of rare excellence.

The East Side Gun Club, of Newark, N. J., have now in use the set of live-bird traps formerly owned by the Carteret Gun Club and used by the latter before the removal to Garden City. The East Side's next live-bird shoot is on Jan. 26.

Mr. Gus Grief, of Von Lengerke & Detmold, returned last week from a trip in northern Dakota, where he was enjoying the big-game shooting of that region. He reports a successful outing.

According to the conditions governing the Clinton Bidwell trophy the first contest was to take place on Monday of this week. The conditions are published in full in our trap columns.

The regular monthly club shoot of the Boiling Springs Fishing and Gun Club, Rutherford, N. J., has been postponed to Saturday, Jan. 19.

Trap around Reading.

READING, Pa., Dec. 26.—The South End Gun Club, of this city, held their annual Christmas shoot to-day on the Island grounds. The principal event of the day was the medal shoot, open to club members only, in which good scores were made, especially by Jack, who broke 24 out of 25 targets, and thus won the Class A gold badge. The Class B silver badge was won by Charles Miles, president of the club, who succeeded in breaking 19 out of 25. The bronze medal, or Class C medal, was awarded to Joseph Downs, with 8 out of 25. Sweepstakes were shot before and after the club event. The attendance of club members was one of the largest for many years, there being twenty-one of the twenty-nine enrolled members present to shoot. The scores of club shoot in Class A were: Matz 19, W. Miller 16, H. Yost 11, G. Miller 17, Rhoads 17, Jack 24, Capt. Yost 22, Ball 15, Harrison 18, Gerhart 17, Thompson 13, Yeager 20.

Class B: Miles 19, Kelly 15, Farr 16, Gicker 15, Shultz 12, Hill 14, Dexter 5.
Class C: Renninger 5, Downs 8.
West Chester, Pa., Dec. 26.—This afternoon the West Chester Gun Club held a shoot at bluerock targets on the club grounds.

Phoenixville, Pa., Dec. 26.—The annual Christmas shoot of the Phoenix Gun Club was held here to-day. The following scores were made:

Event 1, championship of Phoenixville Gun Club, at 25 targets: Holman 14, Dotterer 19, Williams 19, Hodge 15, Pahlert 18, E. Buckwalter 10, Pennypacker 15, Dunlap 10, James 12, J. Erb 17, Harris 18, Bell 11.

Event 2, team shoot, at 10 live birds per man, teams of two men each, for Gen. Pike Hotel challenge cup: Dotterer 4, Hodge 3; total 7. Edward 4, Holman 6; total 10.

Pottstown, Pa., Dec. 26.—Live-bird match followed by target shooting took place to-day here on the Shuler Gun Club grounds. Oakbrook, Pa., Dec. 26.—The Oakbrook Gun Club held a target shoot to-day on the club shooting grounds at the Kurtz House.

Following the target shoot a live-bird match was shot between Hoffer and Breneiser, 10 birds, for \$5 a side, loser to pay for birds, 28 yds. rise, 50 yds. boundary: Hoffer 5, Breneiser 4. Also a target match between Hoffer and Haas, 10 targets per man, resulting: Hoffer 7, Haas 6.

Pottstown, Pa., Dec. 26.—A live-bird match followed by target the Keystone Gun Club, of Lebanon, and the Shuler Gun Club, of this place, resulted in the visitors winning the live-bird event by the score of 86 to 84 killed, and the Shuler boys victorious in the target match by the score of 150 to 132. The match was shot in the face of a rain and hailstorm, which made good shooting difficult. In the team shoot each club was represented by ten men. The scores were as follows:

Live-bird shoot, Keystone vs. Shuler, for teams of ten men each, each man shooting at 10 live birds, 28 yds. rise, 50 yds. boundary:

Keystone—Capt. Smith 10, Langdon 5, Bates 8, Reinohl 7, Bollman 9, Gruber 9, Witters 8, Trafford 10, Shoemaker 10, Zellers 10—86.

Shuler—Sheeler 7, Benner 8, Trumbauer 7, Capt. Cole 7, Yerger 9, Slonaker 9, Urner 9, H. Wien 9, Pennypacker 10—84.

Dead out of bounds: Keystone 7, Shuler 9.

The target match, Keystone vs. Shuler, teams of ten men each, each man shooting at 25 targets, over the mautagtrap:

Keystone—Trafford 17, Shoemaker 15, Witters 18, Capt. Smith

13, Zellers 9, Gruber 7, Bates 13, Bollman 10, Langdon 12, Shoe 4—118.

Shuler—Sheeler 16, Taylor 16, Trumbauer 16, Benner 19, H. Wien 17, Urner 10, Miller 15, Slonaker 16, Jenems 15, W. Wien 10—150.

Special event, 5 continuous targets, for Winchester repeating guns: Langdon 3, Miller 5.

Boyertown, Pa., Dec. 29.—The Boyertown Rod and Gun Club held their annual target tournament to-day, and a better day could not have been selected, as the sun shone brightly and there was no wind blowing, which made it very pleasant out of doors, and at least 400 spectators watched the different events during the day. The shoot was under the management of Arthur A. Fink, of Reading, who succeeded in throwing over 5,000 targets from 10 A. M. to 5 P. M., when darkness set in and stopped shooting. Two traps, set close together in a pit, were used to throw the targets, and gave entire satisfaction to all. This event was the largest shoot ever given by the Boyertown Club. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
Targets:	10	10	15	10	10	10	15	15	10	10	10	10	10	10	20	10	5p
Smith	9	7	13	6	3	7	9	7	13	8	8	7	7	7	7	7	7
Schoffer	9	9	11	10	6	7	11	10	8	8	9	7	9	7	9	8	5
Trumbauer	8	8	11	5	8	10	8	11	8	9	6	9	8	7	16	8	3
H. Wien	8	8	8	7	6	9	10	11	14	6	7	9	5	7	17	6	5
Schealer	7	10	13	6	8	8	7	13	13	10	9	9	9	9	16	9	6
Benner	7	8	12	8	5	9	8	14	14	10	8	10	8	18	9	9	9
Coldren	6	7	12	8	9	9	8	14	8	9	8	7	9	20	6	6	6
Dotterer	5	2	8	6	8	7	9	8	10	6	9	8	7	19	7	3	3
Emmers	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
Holman	4	6	9	4	5	2	6	8	9	4	4	4	7	7	8	5	2
W. Wien	4	8	6	7	5	8	8	8	5	7	7	7	8	16	7	5	5
Jack	3	4	10	6	4	7	6	10	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Brey	7	11	8	6	9	8	12	12	9	9	8	10	9	19	8	7	7
Wertz	8	8	9	8	8	13	14	10	8	10	8	17	11	11	11	11	11
Miller	7	7	7	7	12	13	9	7	7	6	10	16	10	5	5	5	5
Hendricks	6	6	6	8	10	12	6	8	8	7	5	18	6	2	2	2	2
Nuss	6	6	6	8	6	10	12	9	6	7	7	14	11	11	11	11	11
Irwin	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Lenhart	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
George	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3
Graff	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7

DUSTER.

East Side Gun Club.

Newark, N. J., Dec. 26.—The Christmas shoot of the East Side Gun Club was well patronized. There were nineteen who shot through the main event, the conditions of which were 15 live birds, \$5 entrance, birds extra. In events Nos. 1 and 2, 5 birds, the entrance was \$3. No. 3 was 7 birds, \$4. All stood at 28 yds.

The birds were a good lot, though the absence of any wind was an advantage to the shooters. The air was cold and bracing. Feigenspan was the only one who made a straight score in the 15-bird event, though six landed in the 14 place. Schortemeier was in good form, killing 31 out of 32, Feigenspan having a similar score. The referee was Mr. H. P. Fessenden. Scorer, J. H. W. Fleming.

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
H. Money	21102-4	*1122-4	1222211-7
H. C. Larkey	01011-3	01010-2	1112111-7
J. H. Schortemeier	21222-5	11211-5	1121111-7
S. Castle	101*1-3	11111-5	1110*12-5
John Erb	21101-4	21112-5	1111111-7
C. W. Feigenspan	12011-4	11121-5	1121111-7
H. Otten			12110*2-5
C. Steffens			2221201-6
W. Hassinger			2102101-5
L. W. Colquitt			*212200-4
F. A. Thompson			2020222-5
J. F. G. Gaughen			2022212-6

No. 4, 15 birds, \$5, birds extra:	
C. W. Feigenspan, 28	211212212112121-15
H. Money, 29 1/2	1*10112211*1222-12
H. C. Larkey, 29	2112211011121212-14
W. Hassinger, 28	22210222212222-14
H. Reiboldt, 27 1/2	121022201102111-12
J. Erb, 28	2222112121111*1-12
T. H. Lenthauson, 28	1122121210202*1-12
L. H. Schortemeier, 28	112221122202222-14
S. Castle, 28	012211011112222-13
H. Otten, 29	02*22010202200-7
J. Fischer, 27 1/2	21112202212120-12
F. A. Thompson, 28	222222222222*2-14
J. F. G. Gaughen, 28	22222011112122-13
C. Steffens, 28	2002102122121*0-10
E. A. Geoffroy, 29 1/2	211112222110*22-13
T. C. Wright, 30	222*22222002212-12
W. F. Ferguson, Jr., 28	222222212021212-14
J. G. Young, 28	121200211212110-12
R. Schrafft, 28	111012200121221-12

The following shot at 10 for birds only:
J. H. Johnson, 28.....001101111-7 L. Colquitt, 28.....1222011112-9
H. Fessenden, 28.....2*02221202-7 G. Kitching, 28.....1*221101*2-7

ON LONG ISLAND.

Hell Gate Gun Club.

Brooklyn, L. I., Dec. 27.—The club shoot, point handicap, 10 live birds, was held in Brooklyn to-day, with scores as follows:

Seven points:
J. Voss, 30.....2221122122-10 E. Doenick, 30.....21*22*2.22-7
H. Forster, 30.....022*212122-8 F. Trostel, 30.....00220*1222-6
C. Weber, 30.....210201221-8

Seven points:
J. Quinn, 28.....201202122-8 P. Woelfel, 28.....202*02202-6

Six and one-half points:
J. Belden, 28.....11122*1112-9 E. Peterson, 28.....2221101202-8
W. Sands, 28.....222220222-9 J. Dannefelser, 28.....2112220022-8
E. Steffens, 28.....0211212012-8 E. Metz, 28.....0112202202-7
J. Willbrock, 28.....2112110201-8 L. Muench, 28.....20110*201*-5
C. Rabenstein, 28.....1221202210-8

Six points:
F. Gerbolini, 28.....0111101112-8 A. Schmitt, 28.....0211200200-5
C. Lang, 28.....2202221200-7 P. Garing, 28.....0*2110112-6

Five and one-half points:
J. Himmelsbach, 28.....212011021-7 F. Wehler, 28.....2011020120-6
R. Regan, 28.....0021012112-7 E. Karl, 28.....101200210*-5

Five points:
J. Kessler, 28.....2211111210-9 J. Newman, 28.....1120210202-7
J. Kreeb, 28.....1002111011-7

Four and one-half points:
H. Koch, 28.....1201012211-8 G. K. Breit, 28.....012020012*-5
W. Noe, 28.....2001201012-6 H. Schmitt, 28.....001000*201-3
P. Brennan, 28.....201*010222-6 *H. Carroll, 28.....1102120200-3
A. Knodel, 28.....1021100201-6

* Guest.

Poughkeepsie Gun Club.

SOUTH MILLBROOK, N. Y., Dec. 26.—Inclosed please find scores made by members of Poughkeepsie Gun Club on Christmas Day. Each member shot at 25 single targets, unknown angles. The Poughkeepsie Gun Club has over 100 names on its roll, all members in good standing, and still there were only nine men put in an appearance to shoot for the 500 loaded shells, which were to go to the five high guns:

Perkins	1111001011111111010001111110-18
M. Spencer	011101100001011011001000-13
Briggs	1100100110110001000100101-12
Tallman	111111111101111111111111-24
J. Spencer	1110100110111111

Ramblings in the South.

CINCINNATI, O., Dec. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have just read a book! To a man who has been reading books of various kinds in three or four languages for the last forty years one would naturally suppose that going through one more or less could not in the end make much matter. Such, however, is not the case, for the book in question is one which will always remain in my memory as alone in its class, and so far beyond any book of same character that it stands apart, towering above all others just as Diomed, the dog who wrote it, must have stood in his day. Diomed the peerless, Diomed clearly one of the grandest and most magnificent dogs that ever lived! It was a quaint conceit of the Hon. J. S. Wise, of Richmond, Va., to originate the idea of having his own dog write a life of himself, his travels and observations, and also give so accurate, albeit most modest, sketch of his master; but, if ever a book containing as much genuine love for his cherished, faithful, glorious companion has ever appeared, then I want to read such, for one always feels kinder toward mankind at large after such occupation. There is something so genuinely real about the whole volume—so utterly and absolutely sincere—that one could as well deny the existence of Mount Hood when viewing it from afar, or the Mississippi River while standing on its bank, as doubt the bred-in-the-bone, un-failing love and admiration for each other that existed (and may still exist) between dog and master, between this genuine old-school Virginia thoroughbred sportsman and his noble companion, who “from day up to day down, week in, week out,” never faltered, forged ahead. Ouida, in “Under Two Flags,” has given us some scenes between Bertie Cecil and his horse that are in my humble opinion the greatest masterpieces of her prolific pen—scenes which appeal to any man who at one time or another of his life has felt that all in this world depended on his mount, that his horse was his only means of salvation. A plainsman and a soldier know what I mean, and as such I hope I appreciate Ouida’s magnificent tribute to the valiant high-spirited horse.

Hon. J. S. Wise, in his most touching and beautiful essay on his friend Diomed, gains absolutely nothing by comparison with any writer, so far as I know, living or dead. Still it is human nature to link ideas, thoughts or scenes one with another, and fondly review them in quiet moments when apart from the howling mob. At such times I will be the better man by contemplating both horses and dogs, patient, obedient servitors both, seeing them in their true light, as shown by those peerless writers, and ever thank them for the masterly gift of showing with true reflection what the mirror of nature would have us see! Well, I am so brim full of Diomed that I had to say something, more particularly nowadays, when one reads so much trash and gush that is such thin veneer as to be quite transparent. Children and dogs know who loves them. Sportsmen—I mean men who shoot afield for pleasure—know the genuine article, and I know all will say with me, after reading Diomed, “All hail, John Sergeant Wise! Salute!”

Well, I intended writing a short note, telling your readers something about my last Southern trip, so it is about time I commenced.

At Knoxville I had the pleasure of being with my good, warm-hearted friend Frank S. Mead, who is keeping bachelor’s hall in the old mansion, his father and mother being away in New York. Ah! what a home that is! What a peaceful, refined, elegant abode! Books, pictures, bric-a-brac, objets d’art. Books by the thousand, the most beautiful editions, and some of the rarest works. Mr. Wm. Mead, Frank’s father, dotes on books and pictures, and his fund of knowledge and lore on such is as the sea, without limit or end; and, moreover, like all really great learned men, so quiet and reserved, that it is only to his most intimate associates that he reveals the depths of his fathomless soul. What a cruel blow it was to deprive such a family of such a son as the lamented Arthur—mourned, yearned for, departed, with prime of youth and life, depriving us of an ornament, a friend, a companion. One of God’s marked and made clean-bred sportsmen! Alas! why are such called away? It was Mr. Mead, by the way, well knowing my genuine fondness for sportsmanship, who gave me Diomed, rendering me, therefore, still under more obligations. Frank is anticipating great sport this season with a dainty little 20-bore I had put up for him, and from all accounts gun and man are en rapport and quite formidable on quail, of which there are so many this year. Good luck, old boy; I wish I was with you oftener, for of such are sportsmen made.

At Memphis I found shooting matters very quiet. Ducks had not appeared in usual quantities at Wapanoca, nor on the other noted lakes near by in Arkansas. It was too early for quail shooting, and pigeons are not trapped and shot by Memphis Gun Club much before February. I had several delightful confabs with my friend J. C. Neely, Jr., Esq., a most enthusiastic sportsman and good trap shot. About the first thing we thought of was the sad death of Judge S. P. Walker, a man so thoroughly well known, loved and respected in all his State that his death comes as a rude shock to the whole community. Judge Walker was a typical cavalier of the old school—one of the Col. Newcomb style—one of those men who meet you with a smile, not only on their lips, but with an open heart and an open hand. Judge Sam P. Walker was simply idolized by the Memphis Gun Club, and his loss can never be repaired! There is no man living who can take his place! There are very few people in Memphis worth knowing who will not bear me out in what I say. Such men are so rare that when met they make an impression on one not easily effaced. And it does seem strange that, with such a job-lot of odds and ends in this world, a pack of scheming, tricky scamps, who live to a green old age, fleecing whom they may—it does seem strange that such jewels as the judge must be called away and such riff-raff remain. Who can penetrate the mysteries of an all-wise Providence? and why should we mourn those who have gone before to their long and well-earned rest?

In February the club will commence operations on pigeons, and the purveyor, Mr. Fred Schmidt, will see to it that they shoot at good birds. The Memphis Gun Club is composed of many of her very prominent men, and numbers in its ranks some excellent shots. We all know that, and we hope to see several of the best taking part in the Grand American Handicap next April.

I would like to have had a day’s quail shooting there with my friend Mr. Will Allen, but unfortunately we could not arrange it. Better luck next time, for here’s another of your clean-bred sportsmen, and one with whom it is a great pleasure to shoot. So I will lay for him on next trip sure; and if he gets away from me it won’t be my fault.

Well, I eventually struck Shreveport, La. Shreveport is the home of Sam Enders. There is just one Sam, and that is the only Enders, and that ends it. Sam was not quite sure about the ducks. He said he was right side up himself, his boat was stanch, his live decoys saucy, fat and charming as ever; his guns o. k., at least one of them was; the other—well, never mind. But the ducks were not there so thick—that is, so many. Too much water, lack of concentration, universal deluge; ducks scattered to the four winds. As the Sioux Indian would have expressed it, “Minnesota—heap water.” But we went at it under his most skillful guidance; had pretty fair shooting; bagged about 150 between us in three trials—black jacks, teal, mallards and canvasbacks, though only four or five of the latter. We were both extremely sorry that our mutual friend Mr. A. F. Jenkins, of Shreveport, could not join us. He is so busy at that season managing an immense cotton compress that he could not get away. This I particularly regret, as I feel under many obligations to him, having always shot over his decoys and used his boat and paddler.

Sam says he will have a few pintails staked out for me when next I go there, which I hope he may, as it is a real treat to double them high up in the air; they fold up so beautifully when hit center with a full-choke gun; and, I say, I have just such a gun—a 32in., that seems to shoot all sizes of shot with great force and wonderful compactness; in other words, a gun that goes about 80 per cent. of its charge in a 30in. ring at 40yds., giving beautiful distribution of its pellets, and when using say 3/4drs. best nitro powder—and that I opine is pretty good—all the same I never have had one before that would do it.

Well, I next shot at Lake Charles, La., with my old chum J. C. Elstner. We did not break any records this time, but just potted about, bagging a few quail, snipe and some doves. Mr. Charles Lyman, a most enthusiastic sportsman, very kindly took me in tow on one day, and a fine time we had of it, driving out to Mr. Nicholas’ farm and kennel, where we saw some splendid work by his dogs. Mr. Nicholas has the ways and style of a very competent dog trainer and handler, and I’m sure will turn out great dogs.

But the day we most enjoyed at Lake Charles was the one we put in prairie chicken shooting. We started out before 6 A. M., drove about fifteen miles to a certain ridge, and then let the dogs range wide, skirting the highest ridges all the time. Every now and then a point would be made, a chicken or two flushed and shot, and then the journey resumed. Joe Elstner and I took one vehicle, Messrs. Moss and Lyman going in the other. Mr.

Moss was pilot, having for many, many years shot over that ground. In the evening we had but fourteen chickens—pinnated grouse—to show, but they were all such fine, large birds, fat, sleek and in prime condition every one, and that was enough. We also picked up a few snipe en route, sundry hawks en passant, as it were, and all in all had a great day, breathing fresh air on that great Louisiana plain.

As a wind-up, I landed in New Orleans, where I found my good friends Messrs. John W. Phillips and Norvin T. Harris. With the latter I went to Baton Rouge to attend a tournament, but it rained so hard we could not shoot. However, it is a great privilege to enjoy the close companionship of such a man as Norvin Harris; so, although we did not smash any targets, which by the way, can be done at any crossroad, yet we chatted along all day, and late into the night, as men who always understand each other can, and had a sociable, quiet, good time by our lones. To thoroughly appreciate Mr. Harris, one should see him at his home at Hurstbourne Farm, Kentucky. There you have him at his best sans flub-dubs, sans fringes, sans tinsel, sans ceremonie—just a country gentleman, and who is never so happy as when dispensing hospitality with a free, open hand, lavish in its prodigality. It is a pity we can’t all know him, for some of us might with much profit and benefit take lessons from such a noble character; and every one who is honored with his acquaintance, from the highest and most exclusive Britisher to the lowliest peasant, will bear out all I have ever said about our Southern country gentleman—our Norvin, as we all love to call him.

And then I had a feast of French opera. Ah! such music! particularly such orchestration as one hears at the French Opera House. It was all a grand treat to me, so fond, so passionately fond, am I of music. With so an fait a chaperon as Mr. Phillips, one must enjoy a performance much more than one could alone. He is so brim full of reminiscence and anecdote of so many actors and actresses that there alone exists a great charm in itself. I am looking forward to February, when I hope to have both of these men accompany me on a snipe shooting trip with our host, Mr. J. C. Elstner, at Lake Charles. We will be sure of excellent food and a most hearty welcome at the Howard House by its proprietor, Mr. Pierre Theaux, and that means a good deal. Then, with my New Orleans men, and Jo to steer things, I don’t see how we can go amiss, for Jo, while he does not say much, generally lands on both feet. Well, it is only a short spell until February, yet the days drag along slowly enough.

At Louisville I no sooner landed than the irrespressible Harry Lyons climbed my collar and challenged me to shoot him at 25 pigeons, loser to pay for the birds. Well, we shot, and the scores were not good, so we will let that pass. But the birds were good enough, and we had out some of them pass too. So now in matches I think Harry may even; but I know he is laying for me when he gets his next gun.

I no sooner got home than I was attacked by the gripe, and so could not go to Indianapolis tournament, much to my chagrin. Affairs at the Cincinnati Gun Club seem to be going on as usual. One thing, however, looms up, and that is the great, steady and strong shooting of Maynard, an old-timer, with whom I used to smash Ligowsky clay pigeons fifteen to eighteen years ago at Price Hill. Maynard seems to have found the place. I only hope he may keep it. But it is an illusive grasp most of us ever fasten on the evanescent blue-rock; even when we think we have it throttled, it may glide away most serenely; and many a man has bobbed up and down so often in his scores that he has given it all up in despair. But I think Maynard will stick. He is that sort.

With very best wishes to all my friends for the coming year, and wishing them happiness, health, prosperity and peace, I subscribe myself now, as always,

GAUCHO.

Buffalo Audubon Gun Club.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Dec. 24.—Subjoined is the official score of the Burkhardt-Besser match, which was shot at Audubon Park, Thursday, Dec. 22. Mr. Besser won out, making a grand score of 93 to Burkhardt’s 59. Mr. Burkhardt was handicapped very much by the breaking of his gun on the 8th bird of the match. He had to finish with a strange gun. A noticeable fact was his ability in using the second barrel with this gun, owing to the difference in the pull between his and the one he was obliged to use. It was almost useless to him. About 500 people witnessed the match, and considerable money changed hands on the result. Immediately after the match Mr. Burkhardt challenged Mr. Besser for another match for from \$100 to \$500 per side, which in all probability will be accepted. As they have each won one match apiece, the deciding one no doubt will be a very interesting affair, and would be worth going miles to see.

Barker Talsma, referee; Wm. Daw, judge for Besser; C. J. Moyer, judge for Burkhardt; F. P. O’Leary, scorer.

Trap score type—Copyright, 1899, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

	5	4	2	1	5	3	1	3	4	3	2	2	1	1	5	4	3	2	2	5	5				
	↓	↓	↓	↓	↓	↓	↓	↓	↓	↓	↓	↓	↓	↓	↓	↓	↓	↓	↓	↓	↓				
Besser.....	1	2	1	2	1	2	1	1	2	2	1	1	1	1	1	2	2	1	2	1	2	2	4		
	2	1	4	3	1	2	2	5	5	3	1	5	2	2	4	2	5	2	1	4	3	5	2	2	
	↖	↗	↖	↗	↖	↗	↖	↗	↖	↗	↖	↗	↖	↗	↖	↗	↖	↗	↖	↗	↖	↗	↖	↗	
	0	0	2	2	2	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	2	1	2	2	1	1	1	1	1	2	
	1	2	5	3	4	5	2	5	1	1	2	1	2	5	3	5	1	1	4	3	4	1	2	3	
	↖	↗	↖	↗	↖	↗	↖	↗	↖	↗	↖	↗	↖	↗	↖	↗	↖	↗	↖	↗	↖	↗	↖	↗	
	2	1	1	2	1	2	1	2	1	0	1	1	2	2	1	1	2	2	2	2	1	1	2	1	2
	4	2	2	5	4	1	1	2	3	4	2	1	5	1	2	3	4	2	1	3	3	2	5	4	2
	↖	↗	↖	↗	↖	↗	↖	↗	↖	↗	↖	↗	↖	↗	↖	↗	↖	↗	↖	↗	↖	↗	↖	↗	
	2	1	2	0	2	2	1	1	2	1	2	1	1	2	2	2	2	1	2	2	0	2	1	1	2
	4	1	3	5	2	3	3	2	3	4	5	4	3	3	4	2	4	5	2	4	1	4	2	5	
	↖	↗	↖	↗	↖	↗	↖	↗	↖	↗	↖	↗	↖	↗	↖	↗	↖	↗	↖	↗	↖	↗	↖	↗	
C S Burkhardt.....	2	2	2	1	2	1	1	1	2	1	2	0	2	2	2	1	2	1	1	1	2	2	1	1	2
	3	3	2	5	4	1	5	4	1	5	4	3	3	4	2	4	5	2	4	1	4	2	5	1	
	↖	↗	↖	↗	↖	↗	↖	↗	↖	↗	↖	↗	↖	↗	↖	↗	↖	↗	↖	↗	↖	↗	↖	↗	
	2	2	2	1	2	0	1	0	2	2	2	2	1	2	2	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	2	
	1	5	4	5	2	1	1	5	3	5	4	5	2	4	5	1	3	3	4	4	2	5	3	1	
	↖	↗	↖	↗	↖	↗	↖	↗	↖	↗	↖	↗	↖	↗	↖	↗	↖	↗	↖	↗	↖	↗	↖	↗	
	0	2	2	1	1	1	2	1	1	2	2	1	1	1	1	2	1	1	1	2	1	1	2	1	
	3	1	3	4	3	2	3	1	4	5	4	5	1	4	2	3	3	1	3	4	1	2	4	4	
	↖	↗	↖	↗	↖	↗	↖	↗	↖	↗	↖	↗	↖	↗	↖	↗	↖	↗	↖	↗	↖	↗	↖	↗	
	2	2	2	2	2	2	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	2	1	2	1	0	2	2	1	1	1	1	

Clinton Bidwell Trophy.

The conditions governing the Clinton Bidwell handicap, for the Clinton Bidwell trophy, as drafted by the committee—Messrs. Edwin N. McCarney, C. S. Burkhardt and Leonard W. Bennett—are as follows:

First—All contests must take place on grounds of the Audubon, Bison, Buffalo or Cazenovia gun clubs, holder of trophy to have the selection of grounds and name date of contests, but must name date not later than two weeks from date of challenge.

The first contest will be on the grounds of the Buffalo Audubon Club, on Jan. 2, 1899, beginning at 10 A. M. sharp, and will be at 25 live pigeons. The final contest will be on May 30, 1900, and will be held on the grounds of that one of the clubs specified which offers the largest amount of privilege of contest. Surplus money over amount paid to the holder of cup at that time to be added to sweepstake. This final contest shall be at 50 pigeons. Birds for all these contests must be furnished at 30 cents per pair, dead birds to the ground.

Second—Any resident of Buffalo, or member of any regularly organized gun club having its headquarters in Buffalo, is eligible to shoot in these contests, subject to the following conditions: The committee on arrangements has the right at any time to exclude any person or persons from entering in competition for the trophy. It shall not be required of them to make any necessary explanations or say why they wish to regard any one as not eligible.

Third—Latest revised American Association rules to govern, with the following exceptions: All contests subject to handicap rise. Black powder and 10-gauge guns barred.

Fourth—Clinton Bidwell is to name referee, providing competitors cannot agree on same.

Fifth—The amount of entrance money in open competition shall be \$10 to the sweepstake and \$3.75 for birds. All contestants in open competition must send \$3.75 to E. N. McCarney, No. 14 West Swan street, with entry. This amount represents the cost of birds, and should individuals not compete, the money will be added to sweepstake. This deposit must be made with entry at least two days prior to date of contest, in order to enable handicap committee to arrange handicaps. Post entries must pay \$1.25 extra, which will be added to the sweepstake. Balance of entrance money, \$10, may be paid on day of competition. Any person who has entered in advance for open competition must be on hand

and ready to shoot before the end of the fifth round. Should he fail to be at the score at that time, the advance entrance, \$3.75, shall be forfeited and be added to the sweepstake. Post entries allowed only up to the end of the second round.

Sixth—The cup shall go with first money. Should there be ties, the money will be divided. Ties for first place shall immediately shoot off for possession of the cup. All moneys will be divided, “class shooting,” as follows:

Three entries or less, one money.

Four to six entries, two moneys, 60 and 40 per cent.

Seven to ten entries, three moneys, 50, 30, and 20 per cent.

Eleven to fifteen entries, four moneys, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent.

Sixteen to twenty entries, five moneys, 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 per cent.

Over twenty entries, six moneys, 25, 20, 17½, 15, 12½ and 10 per cent.

Seventh—Winner of cup in any contest must defend the cup within two weeks if challenged, or forfeit cup to challenger. Priority of claim of challengers to be decided by scores in opening contests. Challenges must be within twenty-four hours after last contest in order to hold right of claim to next contest. No person having once competed in match contest to have claim to another contest while others are waiting. Challenges must be sent to E. N. McCarney, No. 14 West Swan street, accompanied by \$7.50 to cover cost of birds for both contestants. Challengers must also pay to referee \$10 on day of contest, which latter amount shall go to winner.

Eighth—If there be no challenge for two weeks, any regularly organized gun club of the city of Buffalo to have the privilege of calling in the cup for open competition, under same conditions as opening contest by paying the holder of the cup \$15; privilege of challenge after that time to be awarded same as after first contest.

Ninth—In the event of circumstances preventing any contest on date named, committee to have privilege of naming another date, or awarding cup, at its discretion.

Tenth—On May 30, 1900, all who have won cup either in open competition or by challenge will be entitled to compete for final ownership; holder of cup at that time to receive the usual compensation from club wishing contest.

CHAS. J. MOYER.

Remington Gun Club.

ELION, N. Y., Dec. 27.—The Remington Gun Club held a shoot on their grounds, Dec. 26. Nine members of the Richfield Springs Gun Club attending and taking part in the programme. There were eight target and one live-bird events. Nos. 1 and 2 were the club badge shoot; Nos. 3, 4, 5, 7 and 8 were sweepstakes, 15 targets; No. 6 a team match, Remington vs. Richfield Springs, nine men on a side, 25 targets; Nos. 9 and 10, live birds. The team match was won by Remington Gun Club; score, 154 to 152.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	25	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	10
Caney**	10	9	10	12	21	8	11
F Jenne*	12	11	12	9	15	9
Barker**	10	11	11	11	11	11	12	9	..
Fairchild**	8	10	12	16	11	11	12	10	..
Hubbard*	7	8	4	12	7
Hepburn*	21	10	13	21	11	12	6
Green*	24	10	11	12	32	12	13	8	..
Cole**	8	9	7	21
Lawrence..	4	5
Borland**	10	8	9	13	9	8	8
Kohrer**	5	8	8	12	16
Haltmar..	3	9	6	4
Ycoman**	7	9	10	20	11	..	8
Colling**	11	9	11	14	11	9
Humphreys*	11	9	11	19	13	10	7
C Jenne*	10	10	11	10	21	13	9
Avery.....	11	11	11	6	7
Bassett..	11	5	8	8
Baker**	8	9	9	14	7
Ringwood..	6	4	9	8
Kittams..	6	..	7
Armstrong..	6
Freeman**	15	7
Munger**	11	6
Carey**	13	7
McMullen..	8

* Remington Gun Club. ** Richfield Springs Gun Club.

Baltimore Shooting Association.

BALTIMORE, Md.—The weather was favorable for the Christmas shoot of the Baltimore Shooting Association. The live birds were first class.

From morning until early in the afternoon the clay target traps were used. Capt. James R. Malone, of the Shooting Association, had perfected arrangements for the shoot, with the result that the crowd of gunners and their friends found no interruption to their desire to try their luck. The chief event of the day was the 10 live-bird handicap, \$5 entrance. Fox and Johnson were the only ones to kill straight, and they divided first money.

At both targets and live birds there was uninterrupted practice, and a long string of sweepstakes and miss-and-outs were shot. Dixon and Hood shot a 10-bird race, both tying at 9 birds. Hood won the miss-and-out shoot-off, as Dixon missed his third bird. Fox, Malone, Hood and Mitchell tied in one live-bird miss-and-out, and then Hicks, Malone and Hood tied in a similar event.

The principal event with the targets was a 25-target handicap, \$1.50 entrance. The scores in this event, with the number of birds shot at, are as follows: Hood, 25, 23; Thomas, 33, 11; Starr, 26, 20; Greiner, 35, 17; Gent, 28, 20; Dixon, 33, 22; Harrison, 28, 14; Hicks, 27, 23; Malone, 25, 22.

The scores in the Christmas handicap, 10 live birds, are:

Harrison, 281110022111	8	Hood, 300221212111	9
Mitchell, 292012122100	9	Malone, 301211021112	9
Linthicum, 281002122100	6	Gent, 281011220022	7
Hicks, 301212121201	9	Starr, 280222121112	9
Collins, 270121220012	7	Johnson, 282212122222	10
Dixon, 280121121111	9	Brewer, 282000120222	6
Greiner, 262010021111	7	Fox, 302211212111	10

Meyer Defeats Lane.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Dec. 22.—Mr. Ed Meyer, of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club, was an easy winner in the match shoot with Clarence Lane, of the Hilton Gun Club, shot to-day on the grounds of the Hilton Gun Club, and was witnessed by most of the expert shots in the county. The contest was the outcome of a challenge recently issued by Lane, offering to shoot any trap expert in the county 100 targets for \$100 a side. The challenge shoot was preceded by a merchandise event, which was open to all comers.

Meyer	11011111111101111111	23
	11111111111101111111	23
	01111101111111111111	23
	11111101111111111111	24
Lane	1101011111111111110111	22
	110111111111011111001011	20
	11111111111100111111001	21
	1111111100111001111111	21

Florists Gun Club.

WISCONSIN, Pa., Dec. 27.—The president’s medal contest, 50 targets, 25 from a magatrap, 25 known from five expert traps, with handicap allowance, resulted in a victory for Park:

Park, magatrap	01011111111111110100111111	20
Known angles, 4	10111111111101	

Didymus, St. Augustine.—Can you tell me how much a Long Island or New Jersey quail weighs? I've weighed two or three here and they weigh 8oz. I think the Northern quail is one-third larger. Ans. Few people ever weigh their quail. Long Island and Connecticut quail will run from 6 to 8oz., the latter being a heavy bird.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, \$4 A YEAR, 10 CTS. A COPY.
SIX MONTHS, \$2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 14, 1899.

VOL. LII.—No. 2.
No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, \$4 per year, \$2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iv.

The Forest and Stream Platform Plank.

"The sale of game should be forbidden at all seasons."
—FOREST AND STREAM, Feb. 3, 1894.

**Think, in this batter'd Caravanserai
Whose Portals are alternate Night and Day,
How Sultan after Sultan with his Pomp
Abode his destined Hour, and went his way.**

**They say the Lion and the Lizard keep
The Courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep;
And Bahram, that great Hunter—the Wild Ass
Stamps o'er his Head, but cannot break his Sleep.
Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam.**

CONVENTIONALISMS.

MR. WILMOT TOWNSEND'S record of observations at Bay Ridge of the southward flying birds is of peculiar interest, because it exhibits the resources even of the city for natural history study, if only one have for this the bent and the intelligence. Bay Ridge is a part of Greater New York. It lies on a high ridge, as the name imports, whose bold bluff faces New York Harbor and overlooks the Bay to Staten Island and the Jersey shore. It is directly in the line of migration, and gives rich opportunities for study of bird life, how rich and varied Mr. Townsend's record printed to-day and other recent notes from his pen amply attest.

There is a generally accepted conventionalism which deprecates the lot of the city dweller as of one shut off from nature, and those phenomena of earth and air and sky which are supposed to belong exclusively to the privileges enjoyed by those who live in the country. But as a matter of fact the case is quite contrary. Nature in its beauty and glory, with its ever varying moods to engage the attention and divert the mind, and with its influences to depress the spirit or exalt the soul, may be as real, as ever present and as potent in the city, and as much a part of one's life there, as in the remotest wilderness. Indeed, with some whose daily round is in the town, nature—the trees, the clouds, the sky, the tints and tones of the atmosphere, the mist and the haze, the sunlight, the storm, the lightning and the thunder flash, the enshrouding fog, the snowflake and the ice crystal, every phenomenon of the changing seasons—is as well noted and as powerful to excite the same emotions as with one whose surroundings are wholly rural. For him of the town and for him of the country there is, after all, practically the same outdoor world if one have the eye to behold it, the ear to hear it and the nostril to inhale it. The grander phenomena of the succession of day and night—the melting of darkness into the soft gray of the morning, the rosy flushing of the clouds, the lighting up of the eastern heavens, and the majesty of the rising sun—may quicken the heartbeat and the breathing of one hurrying from city home to city task, and give inspiration and mean as much to him all through his day as it does to the dweller in the country who goes the round of chores by lantern light on the farm. As with the coming of day so with its going. A sunset is so transcendent that it matters little whether he who regards it looks out from city windows or from country hill crest. And as for the moon, if you would know the majesty of the lunar orb watch from the windows of FOREST AND STREAM its climbing of the eastern heavens above the silhouette of the great buildings and the mysterious city spread out below. Or, standing on Fifth avenue, opposite St. Patrick's Cathedral, look straight up beyond the lofty spires to the scudding clouds with the moon bursting out now and again through the rifts, and let imagination picture in the apparent movement—not of the clouds, but of the spires and the cathedral and the earth itself—the revolution of the

globe upon its axis. Or again, looking west through a cross-town street, get glimpse of the moon as dipping on the horizon formed by the Palisades it broadens and expands until the sphere fills the full width of the street from house to house. In the country one may watch the moon descend behind the mountain top, or at sea sink into the ocean; but neither of these spectacles so effectually enlarges the disc and brings it close to earth as a sister orb.

As for the minor and simpler things of nature, it would be a mistake to assume that the city dweller has not his share in these two. The trees in city streets and parks perhaps are few, but one may note the swelling bud and the unfolding leaf of springtime, the full foliage of summer, the changing tints of autumn, and the naked limbs and fretted tracery of branch and twig against the winter sky. The city man does see and note these things. They make a part of his life, and in his way and with his restricted opportunities (if any one will have it so) he gets as much and more out of nature than does many a brother in the country. And if there are those who have no eyes for nature in town, it is because they will not see; like that old man who goes scuttling along the gutters of downtown streets gathering bits of tin foil for a living, their attention is concentrated on something else.

There is another conventionalism, perhaps as widely accepted, which assumes that whenever a person goes camping or fishing or shooting he is bent on communion with nature and on looking "through Nature up to Nature's God." Sometimes he may be and sometimes not. When an enthusiastic camp-hunter talks about communion with nature, and lets on that his method is to strap a jack-light to his head, load up the old gun with buckshot, and go prowling through the brush trying to shine the eyes of a buck, the correct diagnosis of his case is that he is impelled not so much by fancied necessity of communion with nature as by a hankering after deer meat. "The depths of forests, the summits of hills, make not a man blessed, if he have not with him a solitude of the mind, a Sabbath of the heart, a calm of conscience and inward aspirations," wrote Ivo de Chartres of the anchorites and hermits of his day; and the words have a certain applicability to your fire-hunter and what he calls his communion with nature.

CONGRESS AND THE BIRDS.

As reported in another column, by courtesy of Mr. Fred Irland, Mr. Lacey's bill, to enlarge the scope of the National Fish Commission so that it shall include game interests, was adopted by the Senate on Jan. 7. It had previously been passed by the House. The Senate incorporated with it Senator Hoar's bill, previously approved, for the protection of birds by prohibiting their introduction into the United States for ornamental purposes, and forbidding their transportation between the States. The Lacey bill, as amended by the incorporation of the Hoar bill, was sent to a conference committee of Senate and House; and there is reason to believe that it will find approval.

The section of the new bill which relates to transportation reads as follows:

"Sec. — That the transportation of birds, feathers, or parts of birds, to be used or sold, from any State or Territory of the United States to or through any other State or Territory of the United States is hereby prohibited. Whoever shall violate the provisions of this section shall, upon conviction in the district where the offense shall have been committed, be punished for each such offense by a fine of \$50."

This wording is so general in terms as manifestly to include game birds; and the question arises whether, in event of the enactment of the law, it would be held to forbid the transportation between the States of game birds. If such a prohibition extended only to game birds shipped for traffic, there could be no objection to it; but the clause, "the transportation of birds to be used," goes beyond the sale provision, and if upheld as constitutional by the courts would prevent the sportsman from carrying home his game. We refer to the constitutional aspect of the question, since the United States Supreme Court has held that the regulation of the export of game is something which belongs to the individual State concerned as a part of its police power. In certain States it is expressly provided, as in Wisconsin, that persons may take limited quantities of game birds out of the State. In this the Na-

tional law and the State law would clash; and according to the Supreme Court the State law would prevail. We infer, however, that Senator Hoar has considered the proposed law in its relation to State laws and its bearing on game protective interests in general; and we assume that it is not his intention to cut off from the legitimate sportsman the privilege of bringing home his birds.

GAME PROTECTION A PUBLIC CONCERN.

MR. E. C. FARRINGTON, Secretary of the Maine Sportsman's Association, in his report to that organization urges that a license fee shall be exacted of big game hunters, \$2 for citizens and \$5 for non-residents. He gets at the justification of this measure by a very curious course of reasoning, which is to the effect that as only a small number of the citizens of the State hunt large game, the people of the State at large should not be called upon to support game protection for the benefit of the few. Mr. Farrington finds that a larger proportion of the citizens of Maine indulge in fishing, and reap advantage from angling interests. But no one can pretend that all tax-payers are fishermen or are immediately concerned with fishing. To be logical, then, the advocate of special taxation of big game hunters should extend his system to a special tax for the larger but nevertheless limited class of fishermen. Indeed, if a scheme of taxation is to be developed on these lines, it cannot logically be restricted to hunting and fishing, but must extend to all the other varied interests and privileges enjoyed by "classes." It is mistaken and futile to endeavor to set the citizens of a State who hunt and fish apart in a class by themselves as having interests distinct from those of the people at large. If Maine's fish should be protected, as Mr. Farrington rightly says, by the public, game protection should have support in the same source and for precisely the same reasons. One interest is in principle just as much a public concern as is the other. We are not now dealing with the question of the desirability of a game license system as a protective measure or as an expedient for raising revenue; we are simply pointing out the untenable ground upon which this Maine license is suggested. The game is a resource of the State, and of the whole State; as such it should be protected by the State and by the whole State.

SNAP SHOTS.

It is not yet too late for New Year's resolutions, if the resolves be of a practicable and practical nature. Let us all then take a solemn vow not to transmit money to publishers for books or papers unless we sign our names to the letter so that the recipient shall know to whom to send the things ordered. We owe it to ourselves always thus to add the address essential to our getting what we pay for; and quite as much do we owe it to the publisher so that he may send the things paid for, and not incur the bad opinion which we must have of him in default of receiving something for our money. The Forest and Stream Publishing Company is at this moment holding various sums of money sent to it for books and subscriptions by correspondents who neglected to sign their names. In some cases, by sending the letters back to the local postmaster and asking him to identify the writing, the sender has been discovered, and his wants filled; but this is not always successful. No doubt some of these careless folks are thinking hard thoughts of the publishers when the fault is entirely their own—whoever they may be.

The report of the Maine Fish and Game Commission this year is illustrated with plates of moose, caribou and deer. The portraits have the merit of originality and novelty; and doubtless are intended to be taken as accurate and official representations of Maine game. They do not, however, represent the several species familiar to the hunter as inhabiting the game country. Indeed, one who was fortified with the report might kill game out of season, and when brought to book, prove by these official pictures of moose, caribou and deer that the animal he had killed was none of these; and on this evidence the court would not fail to acquit him.

The Amateur Photography Competition report will be given in an early issue.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Yukon Notes.

FROM the 7th to the 17th of November, 1897, McKercher and I occupied a cabin at Fort Selkirk, and busied ourselves searching for two of the lost boats which still remained to be accounted for. Mr. Pitts gave us the use of the best cabin at the post, which was provided with a good cast iron cook stove, and he would accept no rent in return. Knowing the great scarcity of food in Dawson, the agent anticipated a great rush of refugees out on the ice as soon as the Yukon closed, and he stipulated that when this occurred, if we were still at Selkirk, we should exchange our cabin for a smaller one, then used as a storehouse.

Mr. Pitts also stipulated that we should provide our own firewood. Firewood is scarce around Fort Selkirk, and is best secured in the summer time by rafting it down from the islands above. In winter one has to go a mile or more to get anything at all, and the best wood is not found short of a distance of two miles.

Mac and I took turns getting the wood. We laid out a snowshoe trail with easy curves and the best obtainable grades across the plateau back of the post to the nearest spruce forest. All the dead wood near the outskirts had been cut, and we had to go into the timber a considerable distance before we found anything fit to burn. A little clump of dead pines, 6in. in diameter and 30ft. or so in height, was a bonanza. The wood was resinous, and though it burned quickly, it made an elegant hot fire while it lasted.

Our time was chiefly occupied in the search for the lost boats. We traveled up river and down for miles, and spent much time fruitlessly in running to ground rumors originated by enterprising Indians.

We had posted a reward of \$25 for information which would lead to the recovery of the boats, and while none of the Indians really took the trouble to look for them, all were perfectly ready to earn the \$25, provided they could do so without inconvenience to themselves. It may have been that they relied on second sight, or that their medicine man went into trances to locate the whereabouts of the boats, or it may have been simply that the wily tan or black brothers hoped, by a lucky gamble, to guess the information that would bring them the silver. Be that as it may, the Indians were prolific in furnishing positive evidence that cost us much trouble and loss of patience to investigate and prove false.

On one occasion we beat a snowshoe trail and hauled a boat on a sled three miles through the woods to reach a point up river opposite an island, on which an Indian was positive he had seen white men in the act of removing supplies from one of our boats. There hadn't been enough new snow to obliterate man's footprints, and we were able to prove the Indian an unmitigated liar. Afterward, when this same gentleman came to our cabin with his hand on his stomach and the "no-muck muck-fraid-poor-Indian-die" story on his lips, we experienced less regret than usual in refusing food.

Like other aborigines, these Selkirk Indians are thoroughly unreliable. They are not as yet, however, affected to any great extent with the vices of the outside world. Some of the Indians have more wives than is considered proper in the best circles, and their code of morals as regards the sexes is about as low as one might expect, but we saw no very flagrant cases of immorality, and still more remarkable, we never saw a drunken Indian. We once saw whisky offered to Indians, but no one of them bit at the bait. Instead, the spokesman shook his head and said, "No good for Indian." Several years ago there was a Church of England missionary at this place, and the refusal, no doubt, was a result of his teaching. It is sad to contemplate the almost inevitable certainty that his work will be undone. There are practically no restrictions on the liquor traffic in the unorganized northwest territories of Canada, and the time has come when the man who has whisky to sell will set to work to cultivate in the Indians the taste for it.

Frozen Patches on a Leaky Boat.

The day after our arrival at Selkirk was memorable for an experience with robbers. Mac and I went up to the cache at Wolverine Creek and packed the articles we had left there in the boat we had saved from the ice jam with a view of conveying the things to Selkirk and also at the same time making a closer examination of some of the river bars on which it seemed the lost boats might have stranded.

Before launching the boat we took an axe and chopped off a portion of the thick ice with which the bottom was covered. In doing this a miss stroke was made and the axe cut clear through the canvas covering of the boat below the water line. We looked at the boat and then at each other. It was a slow job patching by the usual process, for it involved building a fire to thaw out the canvas so that an awl or needle would go through, and the thing had to be done just right or there would be trouble.

Finally Mac brightened. "How would it do to freeze a patch on it?" he suggested. The idea would have been ridiculous anywhere else than on the Yukon. There it was the acme of good logic. The temperature of the water was below the freezing point, and objects immersed collected ice in a way diametrically opposed to facts as commonly observed.

The outside of the boat was too rough with ice splinters to apply the patch, so it had to be put on the inside, where the pressure of the water would have all the greater chance to displace it. We were confident, however, that our plan was a good one.

The patch was pressed close against the cut and held in position by two wooden splints inserted behind the longitudinal ribs, and a dash of water thrown against it served to seal the edges. When the boat was launched a covering of ice formed instantly on the outer side, and the patch required no further attention.

There was much less ice in the river than for several days past, and it seemed the cruellest irony of fate that we could not take advantage of the opportunity to continue our trip down the river.

We were, of course, unaware of the fact that the Yukon was then closed at Dawson, and that the jammed ice was

backing up toward us at the rate of twenty miles a day. A cake of ice, floating unimpeded with the current, will run five or six times that far in a day. This means that it takes on an average five or six cakes of 20in. ice piled on top of each other, or pushed up on edge out of the water to form a barrier capable of holding back the rush of ice above. No wonder when the river stops its surface is a jagged panoply of broken stratas, and that the walking is the worst that weary man ever dragged his bones over.

Cold-Blooded Robbers.

We pushed off with Mac at the oars, and aided by the setting pole with which I was provided, were able to work our way laboriously among the ice cakes. The current hurried us along and in an hour and a half from the time of starting we came in sight of the network of bars, on one of which we had left the boat recovered the day before. Just then an Indian appeared on the shore waving his arms excitedly. He called out something in which we caught the words, "white men" and "steal," and following the direction of his gesture we saw, with a sudden sinking of the heart, that this time there was no guesswork about the information. A large boat was drawn up in a little cove just below the point, and near by was our boat. Several men could be seen carrying bundles on their shoulders to the large boat, and it required no second glance to tell us we were being robbed.

As the quickest way of reaching the spot, we ran our boat up on the nearest bar, and I waded across to the cove where the strange boat was. The men did not seem at all ashamed to be caught red handed, and I have no doubt their easy assurance was strengthened by the fact that there were four of them, each provided with a revolver of heavy caliber, while we were unarmed.

They said they had found the provisions and proposed to keep them, and that might have been right. The things in the boat were worth a good many hundred dollars, as prices ran on the Yukon last winter, and the thieves knew the booty was worth fighting for.

I told them the boat contained every pound of provisions we had in the world, and that if they took the food we should starve. "Starve and be damned," was the reply.

Under the circumstances it wasn't worth while to waste time arguing with words. Guns had the call in the game, and no other argument remained. I turned abruptly, waded ashore without interference, and set off on the run for our cabin. There I knew I could find an argument that would match theirs.

When I struck the snowshoe trail used by the Indians hauling wood, I looked back and saw that the men were tracking their boat up against the current in an effort to get her around the bars and into the main channel of the river. I felt sure they could not succeed against the downpouring flood of ice, and if they failed I should have no difficulty in heading them off when they attempted to pass Fort Selkirk in the inner channel, which was scarcely more than 100ft. wide, and ran close in under the bank.

When I reached the cabin I began searching for Mac's rifle, but to my dismay I could not find it. I kicked over the few articles of furniture which the room contained, scattered the bedding and upset the provision sacks, but nowhere could I find the gun. Finally, by the merest accident, I kicked the baseboard at one side of the cabin; it fell forward, and there was the rifle where Mac had hidden it for fear the Indians would steal it.

I caught up the gun with a handful of cartridges, dashed out the door and up the trail. The boat had not yet passed—that much was certain.

Our Argument Prevails.

It was late in the day and fast growing dark, and no doubt the robbers had come to the conclusion that it would be safest to wait till after nightfall to pass the collection of cabins they could see on the bank below.

Fortune favored us in more ways than one. When I got back to the cove the party had separated, and only two were in the boat. The others had probably gone ashore for a reconnoissance. The men in the boat were looking out in the river intently watching Mac, who was working his way toward them in the eddy of a sand bar. If the thing had been planned it couldn't have been better arranged, and I had no difficulty in wading out and getting the drop on the men.

I was so angry with bottled up indignation I could scarcely speak, but I managed to impress upon the men the necessity of sitting still. I wanted in the worst kind of a way an excuse for shooting, but they offered no resistance. They sat there with their hands on their knees looking straight ahead like graven images, and they did not even open their lips.

Back on the Skagway trail the subject of punishment to be meted out to thieves had often been discussed, and the majority of men who expressed an opinion had said they would shoot in their tracks any one caught tampering with their supplies. I had never been able to agree with this view of the case, for robbery seemed a trivial offense compared with a human life. Now I realized that circumstances alter cases.

Here were four strong, able-bodied men with plenty of provisions of their own turning to and without the slightest compunction robbing two poor devils of their all. The meanness of the thing was galling, and particularly so seeing it was our ox that was gored.

Mac came over and began taking out of the boat the things bearing our names. It occurred to me that the other men might return and pot us in the back, and after that I kept one eye on the shore. We were not molested, however, in the work, and Mac had gotten everything safely ashore and piled up on the bank before we sighted them coming back.

These men were much more voluble than the others. When they discovered the turn affairs had taken, hell broke loose in the torrent of profanity that fell from their lips. They swore at first more at the men in the boat than us, wanting to know why they had let the things be taken from them.

Their partners replied very meekly that they were not responsible—that a man was holding a gun on them at that moment and that they were in peril of their lives.

The newcomers looked over at me, and realizing that at any but the very shortest ranges a rifle is a more conclusive argument than a pistol, they waded out and got in their boat. As they pushed off into the darkness they

called back: "Wait till we catch you down the river. A man that's had the drop on him never forgets."

"Yes, you'll be glad to see us," said Mac, nonchalantly. "Dawson's a hot place for thieves, and when we meet again it'll be at a necktie party organized for your benefit. Man! man! Ye'll make a lovely picture treading in the air."

Other Robberies.

Our experience was nothing out of the common. We heard of half a dozen wholesale robberies, of which the following are samples: Three stowaways on the Rosalie who were put to shoveling coal to pay their passage from Alaska to Seattle had gone in over Chilcoot a short time before with unusually complete outfits. They left their cabin unguarded while on a trip up to Juneau, and on their return found the place gutted and not an article of the slightest value left behind.

Just before we started from Bennett we saw a good deal of a Hudson's Bay man named Cameron. Cameron had earned an outfit which included a year's supply of provisions by the hardest kind of work packing on his back, and earning by his great strength and endurance as high as \$25 a day.

When we came out we ran across Cameron at Sheep Camp. I told him I thought he was in Dawson City. "I should have been," said the poor fellow, "for I was ready to start before you were, but just as I had everything cached at Lake Bennett somebody come along in the night and stole the entire outfit. Here I am stranded at the start, as you might say, with nothing to show for a year's work but a lame back and a broken constitution."

J. B. BURNHAM.

Belvidere.

ALL summer long the spell of the mountains had been growing stronger upon us, until at last we could no longer resist their invitation to climb. The decisive moment came one evening while the Professor and the Lawyer were seated on the veranda of our little boarding house, in that reminiscent and imaginative frame of mind produced by a good dinner. The conversation turned on mountain climbing, and naturally, for green summits lay all about us, conspicuous in the clear Vermont air. The Lawyer had recently "done" a few minor peaks in Switzerland and the Tyrol, and several months of constant devotion to the law had filled him with a desire for loftier things once more. It was he who remarked at length, "Why not try one of these peaks?" And truly, why not? The Professor was at once seized with the spirit of adventure, and by the time I appeared the project had taken such definite shape that they were already at work making out a list of the necessities for a two days' trip, including a night on the mountain. For even the peak had been selected. Almost directly to the north of the little lake, by whose shores we were, and within easy driving distance, Belvidere lifted his graceful head, not so high as Mansfield, to the south, or Jay Peak, still further north, but a mountain more symmetrical and more beautiful of outline than either. Comparative obscurity added to his charm, for we knew that we should have him entirely to ourselves.

It was our plan to drive to the foot of the mountain, leave our team, and spend the night upon the summit, returning the next day. The Professor at once sallied forth to engage a satisfactory vehicle, while the Lawyer and I, by the aid of our list, collected the necessary "duffle" in preparation for an early start. We tried to exclude all but the essentials, and even then we found that we had an average of some 20lbs. to the man. The evening passed merrily amid these preparations, and after making some arrangements with the cook about the important item of provisions we retired early.

The sun rose clear on the following day, and our team was early at the door. After a substantial breakfast it required but a few moments to stow our chattels and ourselves in the roomy buggy and to drive away amid many good-byes and much waving of handkerchiefs. Vermont is not an easy country for a horse, especially if he has to draw three fairly heavy men, and ours, though a willing animal, was soon inclined to take matters easily. In this we humored him, for we were in no hurry, and we would descend two at a time on almost every hill, thus lightening his load and at the same time stretching our own legs a bit.

We had started for the mountain with no information as to how we might reach the summit, but this uncertainty only added to our pleasure. We enjoyed inquiring our way to the top of Belvidere. A mountain, like most important things in this world, possesses what may be called circles of influence, and it is one of the interesting things about such a trip as ours to note the gradual but inevitable way in which the information about one's objective point converges upon that point as one approaches nearer and nearer. The first village at which we stopped was clearly in the outermost circle. Two of the three men whom we questioned knew nothing about the mountain, although it was in plain sight; a third knew only that it could be approached from the village of Eden Mills. And so for a time we ceased asking about the mountain and inquired the best road to Eden Mills. Another five miles and we met a man who had heard that the mountain could be climbed, and shortly afterward a second, who had heard where the path could be found. We were evidently getting "warm." Finally, not far from Eden, we fell in with a man who had actually climbed the mountain. "Oh, yes," said he, switching the flies from his horse as he spoke, "there is a sorter path part of the way, but it's a pretty stiff climb. The best way to go is by Tucker's Mill, out beyond Eden; and say—when you get up there, I'd like to have you look at that spring on the top and tell me the reason of it. I don't see how water can flow out of the top of a mountain like that." We promised, and moved on our way rejoicing.

For some time the peak itself had been hidden by intervening spurs, but after mounting a tremendous hill a mile or two from Eden it loomed suddenly on our view with the little village nestling apparently at its very base. Though five or six miles away, the mountain seemed so near that a drive of fifteen minutes would take us to it; but a number of steep hills had to be surmounted first—for Vermont roads have a habit of going over instead of around the hills—and the fifteen minutes were stretched into a full hour before we reached

Tucker's, a lumbering station at the very base of the peak. From this point radiated a network of lumber roads, many of which extended far up into the dense forest on the high shoulders of the mountain. At Tucker's we found a comfortable stable for our weary horse, and after a hearty lunch, washed down with cool spring water, we set about preparing our burdens for the upward tramp. Each had two blankets (rubber and woolen), a sweater, and his share of the provisions and cooking utensils. Finding milk obtainable at the house near the mill, we procured a bottleful, although such a luxury was really unnecessary. Water was likely to prove the most necessary thing on the summit, and we carried an empty pail, which we intended to fill at the highest point on the mountain where good water was to be found, for we were skeptical as to the existence of the spring, about which our friend of the morning had spoken, on or very near the summit. Our methods of arranging the packs were marked by individuality. The Professor slung his across his back by a trunk strap. I attached mine to the axe and swung that instrument over my shoulder, much to the later discomfort of the shoulder. The Lawyer was more scientific, and arranged his blankets in the regulation army roll, so that they passed over his left shoulder and met beneath his right arm.

Thus equipped, we started forth, like a trio of campaigners, up the steep, half-obliterated lumber road, through the fragrant woods. We had started at 2 o'clock and had estimated that it would require three hours to reach the summit, a calculation which proved almost exactly right. It required but a few minutes to start the sweat pouring from our bodies, in spite of the coolness of the woods. The packs, too, increased steadily in weight, so that halts were called not infrequently, for we were not out to break a record. But despite the hard work, we still had breath enough for conversation, and now and then a burst of poetry, for there is a quality about a virgin forest that causes one to recall—yes, and repeat—all the moving verse he knows. It is the subtle power of nature working on minds ordinarily removed from her influence. Let that man whose system is stale from much work in one of the many prisons so common among the dwellers in cities hie himself to the country and climb a mountain three-quarters of a mile high, if he wishes to purge himself of all the poisonous elements of mind or body. There is no medicine like it.

The loss of so much liquid through our pores produced a corresponding thirst which we were glad to slake at each of the sparkling brooks that crossed our path. We kept bearing off in the general direction of the summit, as we had marked it by the compass, bent on following the wood roads as long as they would serve us. At last, when occasional glimpses of the valley told us that we were getting pretty well up, our particular road began to lead in an unsatisfactory direction, and we held a council of war, the result of which was a determination to strike directly up the side of the mountain. There is one simple recipe for climbing such a peak: Keep going up and you are sure to reach the summit. We advanced, maintaining considerable intervals, so that if there should be a possible trail we might run a better chance of striking it. And here began our hardest work, for our progress was barred by thick underbrush, fallen trees and boulders, and was necessarily very slow, hampered as we were by our unwieldy packs. It was breathless work. Sometimes one of us would fall, but the ground was so well carpeted with moss and creepers that no bruises resulted. Soon we saw by the more stunted appearance of the trees that we were nearing the summit. And here I may remark that the growth on Belvidere is much more sturdy than that on Mansfield, perhaps owing to lower altitude, but more likely to better soil, for I have been on many mountains not nearly so high, on which there was scarcely any vegetation for some distance below the summit. Belvidere has some respectable trees on the very summit, while the Dome of the Berkshires, for instance, a mountain far to the south and probably over 1,000ft. lower, has nothing but dwarf evergreens and a few scraggy birches. This feature of the mountain rather discouraged us, for it caused us to think the summit more distant than it really was. At last, after half an hour of hard scrambling, the Professor and I, who happened to be near together, reached a sort of shoulder of the mountain, where we paused to reconnoiter. While we were speculating as to the shortest way to the summit, we heard a shout of triumph from the Lawyer away to our left. We shouted an answer, and knowing that he was nearing the goal, set off without a thought of weariness. We fairly raced through the brush, and in a few minutes reached the point where he stood, fanning himself with his hat and absorbing the magnificent view to the east afforded by a break in the tree. There is always a point in the way up such a peak at which one is pretty firmly convinced that it is hardly worth while to work so hard for a mere view, and half decides that the valleys are beautiful enough for him, but all such faint-hearted weaknesses are forgotten as soon as he stands upon the summit and surveys with a sense of victory the beauty which his perseverance has enabled him to behold. Just so in life—but I will not moralize.

We found the summit, which might have been 70 or 80yds. in length by 30 extreme width, well wooded, except on the south, where ledges of rock prevented vegetation, and allowed an unimpeded view in every direction save the north. And what a view! Belvidere, thou art well named! Hardly anything after all can excel New England scenery for well-balanced loveliness. There are many grander prospects, but none more satisfying in their beauty than those commanded by scores of New England mountain peaks. To the east lay the network of Vermont meadow, forest and hill, with the dim forms of the White Hills for a background; to the south and north, billow on billow of the Green Mountains dominated by the huge bulk of Mansfield; to the west more Vermont meadows and the sheen of Lake Champlain, backed by the clustered peaks of the Adirondacks. And over all spread the beauty of sunlight and cloud and sky, while about us was that peculiar, peaceful stillness that dwells on mountain summits.

On the borders of the ledge we kindled our fire, and while the Lawyer tended it and the Professor gathered material for a balsam bed, I scouted unsuccessfully for the spring of which our friend of the morning had told us. My search was far from thorough, and it may be that I missed it. I was encouraged in my quest by the recollec-

tion of the well-known spring only a few yards below the summit of Whiteface in the Adirondacks, at the top of the slide which gives the mountain its name, and of which this trickling water was doubtless the cause. At length, however, I gave up the search and aided the Professor in his bed-making beneath the boughs of some protecting firs. When we had constructed a large, even pile of balsam twigs we spread over it our rubber blankets and our bed was ready for us. We had scarcely finished the work when our friend called us out to watch the shadow of the peak retreating across the valley. The sun was fast nearing the horizon, and threw the silhouette of our mountain far out over the eastern valley. There we could mark it as it crept steadily on, a huge cone of shade, up the sunlit slopes, until the sinking sun left all alike in shadow.

Not one of us was an adept in the art of cooking, and I will not relate all our tribulations in the preparation of supper. Once the wood shifted beneath a pan of salt pork, which was just getting browned to a turn, and tilted it so that the flames lit the pork and a conflagration ensued. I seized the pan and made a vain effort to extinguish the flames, but succeeded only in getting some hot fat on my fingers. Then came a war dance in which by dint of much hopping about on one foot and violent blowing on my fingers, I restored them to their normal state of feeling. I am afraid that the other two enjoyed the dance more than they regretted the loss of the pork! Suffice it to say that, though the potatoes were slightly scorched, and the fried eggs were not things of beauty to the eye, the requisite taste was there, and more important still, the supply held out. And after our climb our appetites were ready for anything. Supper over and the tin plates scoured with paper, for our supply of water was too precious to waste, we settled about the fire, pipes lit, and enjoyed such a chat as only congenial spirits about a camp-fire can enjoy, while far below in the valley twinkled the lights of numberless villages and farms, and about us sighed the cool night wind. Such an evening was well worth the toils of the day, but, enjoyable as it was, we could not prolong it indefinitely, for it was our purpose to be up in time for the sunrise. And so at about 10 o'clock we turned in.

During the afternoon a few drops of rain had fallen, but the wind had shifted to the north and everything promised a fine night. Our bed proved surprisingly comfortable, and the night was so mild that there was no fear lest our supply of clothing prove insufficient. At first, indeed, I was uncomfortably warm. We drew lots as a convenient way to decide our positions. The Professor drew the center, and after he had comfortably settled his 6ft. and more of length the Lawyer and I anchored ourselves on either side. How delicious it was to lie there on those fragrant boughs, above us a canopy of dark evergreens through whose branches the white stars gleamed and disappeared amid the scudding clouds, listening to that indescribably mysterious sound, the murmuring of the wind through the firs. Now it would sink to a whisper, again gradually increasing it would rise to a moan. To me it is one of the most fascinating sounds in nature. Once during the night I was aroused by a few drops of rain, which fell on my face from a passing cloud. I started up on my elbow, but the brilliant moonlight, which almost immediately flooded the mountain, reassured me, and I dozed off once more. The next time I awoke I felt that inexpressible change in the night which betokens the coming of the dawn. The Lawyer, too, was awake, but in a whispered dialogue over the body of the Professor, who was making the woods resound with his snores, we agreed that it would be still some time before sunrise, and so lay down again. Soon, however, the decided increase in the grayness warned us that the sun was coming. We aroused the Professor, and walking out upon the ledges whence an unimpeded view of the east could be had, it was our lot to behold the finest sunrise I have ever seen, although I have witnessed several from such vantage points. There were just the right elements of mist and cloud, and for a long time we were treated to a gorgeous display of changing color.

When the sun was fairly up we set about the preparation of breakfast. Our bill of fare included coffee, eggs, fried potatoes, sandwiches, and one or two minor items. We packed them all away with immense gusto. Such a meal naturally produced a disinclination to immediate action, and for the better part of an hour we lolled about, taking parting glimpses of the view and lazily making ready our packs for the descent. The success of the Lawyer's army roll as a method of carrying blankets had converted both the Professor and myself, and we adopted it now with great subsequent relief to our bruised shoulders. At about 8 o'clock all was ready. On the ascent we had purposely followed a roundabout course in order to avoid the steeper pitches of the mountain. For this there was now no occasion, and we determined to strike almost directly down the side of the mountain toward our starting point at Tucker's.

So down we scrambled, slipping and falling through the dense bushes and over the mossy boulders. Soon, by means of the half-obliterated "blazes" on the trees, we discovered the semblance of an ancient trail. The marks led in the desired direction, and we followed them for some time toward a large clearing of which we could catch occasional glimpses far below. From this clearing we knew that we should find a lumber road leading down the mountain. But it required still three-quarters of an hour's hard work before we reached the clearing. Close to its upper edge, where we emerged, we found a delicious spring in which we fairly wallowed with delight, for we had tasted no fresh water since the preceding afternoon. We needed all the refreshment it afforded, however, for immediately after resuming our march we found ourselves in an inextricable tangle of dead limbs, useless logs, blackberry bushes, and in fact all the refuse of a deserted lumbering camp, which is the most untidy spot on earth. "It only needs the zip of Mausers," said the Professor, up to his neck in brush, "to make us fancy ourselves in some Cuban chaparral"; and he spoke the truth. Cuban jungles, though differing in vegetation, can scarcely be more impenetrable. And there is likewise no hotter place than a clearing in the woods, where the dead brush is thick and the sun pours down on one's defenseless head, while the taller trees about shut off any possible breeze. We struggled through at last and halted in the shade of one of the lumbermen's

huts to cool off a bit. We were now at the lower edge of the clearing, and the rest of our tramp was performed by easy stages down the cool forest road to Tucker's, where we arrived at about 10 o'clock.

Of our homeward drive little need be said. The hills were generally in our favor, and our steady course was broken only by a halt for lunch beside a clear trout stream. At about 3 o'clock in the afternoon we drove up to the door of our summer home, with the conviction that our trip had been a complete success. In Belvidere we had made a friend worth knowing, and we promised ourselves that another season should see us again his guests, should the fates allow.

A. L. W.

Just About a Boy.—XV.

THE day came when the snows were melted and the river ran bank full with a murky flood. The south wind was full of the earthy smell of spring, and robins and bluebirds flitted up out of the sunny lands below the southern horizon. There is something about the awakening of a new summer that makes men restless, so I was not surprised when the boy burst into the workshop like a runaway cyclone and said, "Say, gee!"

"What is the matter, now?" I asked.

"Less git ready 'n' go t' th' mountains. I'm juss dyin' to git out o' this old flat country. Gee! I feel 's if I c'd climb forty mile to-day. Whut's th' use o' us foolin' away our time here—less git th' outfit together 'n' git a hike on us!"

"Now, see here, son," I answered, "you just use a little horse sense and see where you would come out if you started to-day. You know grass won't be big enough for horses to feed for a month yet, and up there your horses have got to have grass, because you cannot carry feed all over a thousand miles of wilderness for them. Savvy?"

"Yep. Less git things ready, anyhow, 'n' start juss 's soon 's ever we can. You tinker up th' wagon 'n' I'll git th' campin' part o' th' outfit in shape, nen we'll have the whole thing ready soss t' leave 'bout th' first o' May—whut d' yeh say?"

"Well, that will do. Suppose we use the shop for a headquarters and bring all the outfit here. You can come here and we can talk things over and decide on any point that may happen to be in doubt, so that when we start we won't have to come back for anything."

"That's a go, then. I'll go 'n' overhaul all th' stuff I got 'n' see what we want to take, 'n' what we don't. I'll fetch 'em in as I come. Goodby; I'm goin'."

Then came thirty days of suppressed excitement and anticipation for the boy, and at last it was over. One bright May morning we drove down through the town, out across the iron bridge that spanned the river, and slowly up the long slope of hillside where the road climbed to the high "divide."

The boy looked back from the hilltop and waved his hand in a good-by to the little river where he had lived so many summers and was now leaving to explore other and unknown lands.

Our outfit was a light spring wagon with a canvas cover and a first class pair of tough little bronchos that would pull, buck, kick or run off with equal vehemence. Packed away in the wagon were all the things that make a camper's heart glad, but there was a conspicuous absence of the many useless and cumbersome things that are made for and used by the would-be camper who expects cream in his coffee in the wilderness and kicks if he has to use a saddle for a pillow.

There wasn't much weight in the wagon, but the boy and I made a good many hundred miles with what we did have. This voyaging across the grass land was a joyful experience for both, and the boy found so many new things to ask about and want information on that it kept me busy answering him.

Up along the divide we journeyed until it was time to head northwest, and then we wound down among the cut clay cañons and entered the great wide valley of the Platte.

"Say," said the boy, as he saw this strange river, "this is a funny kind o' river, ain't it? I've heard about it lots, but I never saw it b'fore, 'n' I reckon I don't think much of it, now't I have seen it. What's th' use o' a river t' ain't got any trees 'long it 'n' nuthin' but sand bars with a little water 'round 'em fr'm one bank t' th' other? Hump! Why, a blamed ole catfish 'd have more sense 'n to live 'n such a place, seems t' me!"

"That's where you don't know. Now, let me tell you something about these sand rivers, because you may want to know before we get back. There are plenty of fish in all of them, but you must understand that they stay in the deeper places, where a current swings around a bend and undermines the bank, for instance, or where a log happens to make a 'bore' in the sand by swinging the current into one place and making it wash the sand away. Now, when you know this, you will not have much trouble in catching a mess of catfish in the Platte or either of the Loup rivers, if you use frogs, minnows or grasshoppers for bait, depending on the season of the year, you know."

"I'm goin' to try 'em first chance I get, 'f that's th' case. I'd like to fool some of 'em just fer fun," he answered.

A few days afterward, when we crossed the South Loup, the boy made his promise good, and we feasted on catfish to our hearts' content.

One evening, as the sun went down, it threw a long, low line of hills into blue relief in the distance, and the boy noticed it.

"What hills are them, 'way off yonder—hain't the mountains, are they?" he asked.

"No; those are the sand-hills, and before noon to-morrow we will be driving over a strange country—one that is always moving toward the southeast."

"Ah, g'won! What yeh givin' us?" said the boy.

"It is a fact, nevertheless. You see that range of hills is nothing more or less than great heaps of sand, partly grassed over and so dry that the wind always blows the northwest side over the top of the hill and leaves it to sift down on the southeast. You see the edge of the desert country up there, and by noon to-morrow you will have seen the hills move and will know how it is done

without any telling. This country stretched from here to the Niobrara River, and after we cross the Dismal River we will follow the Middle Loup right through these sand-hills to the other side, where we will come out at the Pine Ridge country, and that is the last outlying spur of the Black Hills, where they peter out and come down to the level of the grass country. From there the hills get higher and higher, until you get up near Deadwood, then they begin to slope the other way again. You will see all these things as you go along."

"Ain't they any water 'n these sand-hills, only where the rivers cut through?"

"Yes, they are full of little lakes of the finest kind of water, and in season they are alive with ducks and geese. It's a great game country all through—plenty of deer and antelope and a good many elk in parts yet. It used to be a great buffalo country, too, but they are all gone further west or northwest now, and what few are left are pretty wild. It's a Sioux country, too, so we may have a chance to see what a war party looks like before we get back."

"Well, I dunno 's I'm lookin' fer any Injuns to speak of, 'n' I didn't come out here to do any scrimmagin' 'round 'mongst 'em, but I reckon we kin show 'em some fun if they come 'round lookin' fer a fuss."

There was a jolly smile on the boy's face while he spoke, but there was a glitter in his eye and a flush of color on his cheek, too, and I knew how well he could shoot, so I concluded it would be pretty unhealthy for a small war party of Indians if they met those repeaters of ours in a fair open fight—the boy would be apt to think he had struck a diversion and shoot and laugh at the same time—he was built that way, and was a Western boy, who naturally figured on a good Indian being a dead one.

However, no one got our scalps and no war bonnets came within our range of vision on the trip, and the boy found plenty of new and wonderful things to keep him busy asking questions, and me equally busy explaining. It would take too much space to tell you how he thought a soap root was a kind of a palm tree, "er palm bush, like," as he expressed it, and how a mirage fooled him into looking for a lake one afternoon, how he wondered what horned toads lived on and was puzzled about what kind of a bird a young curlew was—he "reckoned it might be some kind o' a ostridge or somp'n o' that breed, on'y they wasn't no ostridges in th' United States, t' he ever heard of 'ceptin' them 't was brought here fr'm Africky."

He even went out and climbed among the sand dunes the first night we camped on the edge of the sand-hill country, just to satisfy himself what kind of sand they were made of. He was an inquisitive, wide-awake, growing boy, with a thirst for travel and the knowledge it brings with it in those days, and gave no promise of developing into the staid, steady man of to-day, who talks good English, albeit there may be a good Western word crop out now and then when he gets into a thoughtful mood and talks of the days that are gone, when we have watched the golden sun sink into the purple west and leave the sky a burning wilderness of color against which our white-tilted wagon stood in bold relief and our camp smoke twisted a thin blue spiral. EL COMANCHO.

In Canadian Woods.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have not had a word to say to you or your readers for a long time. My all-summer, every-day experiences in canoeing, camping, fishing, etc., seemed not worth reporting, however interesting to the participants. We had a very pleasant and busy summer, but nothing at all out of the ordinary until in September I made a trip to some waters little or not at all known to me up to that time. The story of this even will, I fear, be commonplace and uninteresting to outsiders, but you shall have it.

The passengers were my young friend Merrill and myself. The crew consisted of Pierre Kiolet, guide and sailing master; Hippolyte (Poleet for short), now ten years in my employ, and Eugene, a new hand. The start was the usual one, across Lake Clair, down the 250ft. cliff to Lake Long, where the two canvas canoes were in readiness, up that lake, up its inlet to Lake Montauban, up another shallow and crooked stream to and then across Lake Nicholas, three and a half hours' steady paddling at the best. We had expected to meet another man at a certain point, but he was not there. Dinner and waiting for him used up two hours. I knew he must have had good reason for disappointing us, and this we afterward found to be the case. He might have served as guide or canoe-man, but for heavy portaging, which was what we wanted of him, he was entirely incapacitated. A few years ago I would have backed him against any man I ever knew for that work, but those days are past.

So we went on without him.

One thing surprised me. Pierre, with a stroke that seemed to cause him no exertion, and that he could keep up for hours at a stretch, got his canoe along as fast as the two others, who were no more heavily loaded than he. His two passengers were useless. The young man, unused to such labor, would have been completely exhausted in ten minutes, and the old one had been positively forbidden by the power behind the throne either to paddle or carry. Poleet was strictly charged to see that this order was obeyed, which he did. Now either Poleet or Eugene weighed 15 or 20lbs. more than Pierre, and Poleet we know is good for a lift of 400 or 500lbs. any time. He reminds me sometimes of Porphyos in "Vingt ans Apres," where he raises a stone that seven men could not stir. When we are handling heavy timbers and two or three men are fooling around and not half trying to lift, he pushes them away, saying, "*Lachez. Laissez venir le bonhomme,*" or, as we might say, "Get out of the way. Let your uncle take hold," and up comes the stick. But, except for an occasional spurt, the two could not get ahead. Of course, this is the result of lifelong habit and experience. Pierre is a half-breed, and inherits the good instead of the bad qualities of both races. Once, before I knew him much, I asked if he was a good canoe-man. The reply was, "*Sacre, il était eleve ta de dans* (Sacre, he was brought up in one.) When I tried him, his handling of a canoe was almost a revelation to me.

Another thing I had noted in the amount of power and energy that our visitors put into an out of a paddle when they take one, as compared with the regularly employed men. The regulars expect to work all day and not be too tired to dance or frolic half the night while the transients work to get the job done. It happens that many of my visitors are professional men, who perhaps were college athletes in their day, though now long out of training. When they put a paddle into the water the canoe jumps. Once in a while we get hold of a younger man, who is still more or less in athletic form. Poleet knows what to do with those. He gives them the bow of the canoe and lets them work, while he sits in the stern, making believe to paddle, but doing nothing except steer.

But where was I?

At the far side of Lake Nicholas we "took to the woods." With our loads we had to make two trips on each portage, of which there were three before reaching Lac à la Truite, one up hill and long, the other two shorter, but through swamps, with mud to our knees. We took the precaution to get a canoe and fishing tackle over first, so that Merrill and I might get some trout for supper, which we did, enough for the party. Nothing extraordinary, an average of about $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. By the time we had done this the men had got the baggage over and the tents set up, and in the beastliest kind of a place. No getting in or out without climbing over a stump, but it was too late to change.

It was just then and there that Jupiter Pluvius took charge of the weather department and administered it without the slightest regard to our wishes or to any of our remarks. We worried him a little by turning a canoe up side down, supporting it on some forked sticks and hanging some of our clothing under it. As for the rest of our clothes—well, they were wet anyway.

Next morning early we started Pierre off to a settlement six or seven miles away for another man, the rest following later. We reached our agreed meeting place on the River à Pierre about noon, and a couple of hours later Pierre came with his man, who proved a very good one. Rain? Why, yes, of course it rained, but it didn't quite exactly pour until about the time Pierre arrived. As one of our old camping grounds was near by and all ready for use, we decided not to try to go further that day. The tents were pitched in a regular downpour, which never let up till toward evening. A jolly big fire dried us out in part during the night, and the next morning was fair.

We started a little late, going down the Pierre and making three portages, not very long nor very bad, though requiring two trips each. Instead of following the Pierre to its mouth as I have done before, we went across country, reaching the Batiscan River a couple of miles or so further up. This was a good two hours' very hard walking, but we cached a part of our provisions and made only one trip.

But here we met our mishap. Arriving at the bank of the Batiscan, my young friend came limping up from the rear and reported that he had just stumbled and fallen into a hole and strained a ligament, already once injured in a football game. This was a serious matter, and how serious he knew far better than I. The poor fellow said but little, but he knew that the trip that he had anticipated with so much pleasure for the last two weeks was ended, and that recovery even with the best care would be an affair of weeks and possibly of months. And here he was in the wilderness with no knowledge of how he could get out short of being carried back bodily over the road we had just passed. Knowing less about such accidents, I did not at once realize how serious this was, and still hoped that a day or two of rest would set him to rights. We were two miles or more below our intended camping ground, and the river here is almost a continuous rapid. After a little rest and a light lunch, we got the poor chap into a canoe, and Pierre and Poleet paddled and poled us up to our destination. It was hard work, and all of Pierre's skill and dexterity in handling a canoe were brought into requisition. The other men succeeded at length in getting all the baggage up safely, though with a great deal of trouble, for the river, although mostly rapid as a sluiceway, was in many places very shallow and full of boulders of all sizes. They grounded often, and finally reached the shore with several inches of water in their canoe. Here, at the foot of the Rapid à Thifant, our tents were soon set up, and after helping Merrill to bandage his knee, Pierre and I pushed out for some trout. I had no such luck as I have had there before, one story of which I told in FOREST AND STREAM some years ago, though I got what trout the party could eat.

The next day was Sunday and no work was done, except to make a pair of crutches for Merrill and a couple of men went in the afternoon and brought up the provisions we had left behind the day before.

There was a question whether we should all turn back with Merrill or arrange to have him go alone, which was quite possible. He decided it. Although he could not walk, except a very little on his crutches, he had no pain and was quite able to care for himself. We were within four or five hours of the lake that was the immediate objective point of our expedition, and he would not hear of my turning back. He would either stay where he was with one of the men while I went to the lake with the others and came back, or he would go down the river to the nearest railroad station with two of the men, who would leave him and come back to me. I could then go on and follow the route we had intended to go together. The lake was without a name, except the common one of Lac à la Truite, or Trout Lake, and we had agreed that when we arrived there we would rechristen it with the name of a certain young lady. I had for years wanted to visit it, and a year and a half before had sent up by the lumbermen's winter roads a canoe and some tinned provisions, hoping to go there in the following summer. In winter it could be reached with comparative ease, but in summer the route we were taking was the most feasible one. I had heard extraordinary stories of the trout in that lake from two of my intimate friends, who had come on it when caribou hunting, and I had once tried it myself in winter—under a special authorization from the Government, as regarding fishing laws—with most encouraging results. Now I wanted to throw a fly on it, in all probability the first man to do so. The only advantage to Merrill in our turning back would be that we should bear

him company for a few hours. It was decided that I should go on.

Monday morning we put him nicely into a canoe and started him off. It was six miles or more down that Mechant Rivière (wicked river), the Batiscan, with many small rapids to be run, besides that—to me—very ugly one, Les Trois Roches. But with Pierre and Hippolyte I had no fear, Pierre having positively promised me that he would take no risks, and while Poleet was no such canoe-man as Pierre, he was strong and able, and I knew that I could rely on his faithfulness.

The disappointment was hard on poor Merrill, and his eyes were not dry when I gave him the parting handshake. Were mine? I cannot say. They are old and weak at the best.

I reckoned up the time I thought the trip should take and began to look for the canoe at 11 o'clock. At 12 I began to be uneasy. At 1 I sent a man to the opposite shore, from which one could see further down the river. Once he came back and reported nothing in sight. I sent him again, to a point still further away. It was not until after 2 that I saw the welcome signal that a canoe was coming.

All had gone well except for some delays on shore. The passable rapids had been safely run and the impassable one portaged, Poleet carrying Merrill on his back. He was left in the care of acquaintances of mine, who would put him on the train and see that he wanted for nothing. Some ladies to whom he had telegraphed of his return met him on the way, and he was under a friendly roof that same evening.

While Pierre and Poleet were taking their dinners the rest of us struck camp, putting nearly all the baggage into Pierre's canoe, the other we hid in the woods. Pierre poled his canoe a mile and a half up the rapids, declining help, while we walked through the woods with only trifling loads, arriving at the designated point a few minutes after him. Here the portage promised to be a hard one, and there was a dispute about loads, in the midst of which Pierre picked up his canoe, axe and rifle and went about his business, leaving the others to settle affairs as they liked. The discussion was not bitter, being more as to how three men could carry five men's loads than how any man could avoid taking his full share. I was at length obliged to interfere, a thing not often necessary.

The road proved indeed even harder than we expected. It was up hill, of course, and followed a long disused lumberman's road, crossing and recrossing a score of times a Laurentian Mountain stream from which the bridging had been carried off or had rotted away. Many readers of FOREST AND STREAM know what these streams are, and have passed through these same experiences time and time again. Ours were not worse than hundreds of others, probably not much worse than the average. We endured no serious hardships, nothing worse than discomfort and hard work. These any man who goes into the woods for pleasure must expect to meet—and enjoy.

In about half an hour we rejoined Pierre, quietly waiting and smoking. Eugene came up last, grumbling and swearing at things in general. His load was rather lighter than the others, but not being willing to take the advice of more experienced men, he could never get it to ride well. All the loads were indeed too heavy for such rough ground, where a slip or a misstep might mean a broken leg or worse. I had from the first advised making two trips—never liking to see a free horse driven to death—but all the men preferred trying to do it all in one. There was as much more of this same kind of ground to be got over, and the afternoon was advanced. A peremptory order was given that all stores beyond a day's supply should be left behind.

With lightened loads we went on cheerily, although Eugene continued to grumble and swear until it became necessary that he should be "sot on," after which his usual good humor returned. By and by Pierre struck off into the woods, and we presently came to a more level country and more practicable road. It was nearly dark before we came near enough to the lake to see trout rising in the distance, and too dark before Pierre and I could get equipped for them to do more than take a few for our supper, none very large. We ate them by the light of our camp-fire, after which I formally renamed the lake, as well as proxy for my unfortunate young friend as for myself. My tent had been set up, but the men slept in an old lumber camp, a kind of accommodation that of late years, having had experience, I avoid whenever possible.

For the last two days we had had but little rain, although getting heavy showers at night, and this night was no exception. We had thunder, lightning and rain in abundance. In the morning Pierre and I were out early, but had no great sport. Later he and I with Simeon went to the other end of the lake to look for the canoe and provisions I had sent up a year and a half before. The lake is a very pretty one, some two miles in length and half a mile wide, with pleasant looking shores, and being on the top of the dividing ridge between two rivers; the mountains about it are not very high. We found the canoe all right, stored as directed, but the tin boxes had been opened, and except the hard tack, which was as good as ever, everything was spoiled. Nothing had been taken, and we judged the opening had been done in search of liquor. My experiment of keeping cooked pork in hermetically sealed boxes failed on this account. I had not placed too much reliance on its success.

There is another smaller lake about half a mile away according to our maps, where the trout are said to be even larger and more plentiful than in this one, and I had proposed to go there. But by this time the sun was blazing out red hot, and there were heavy white clouds in the west. Moreover, I was either lazy or tired, or both, so I contented myself, while Pierre was gumming up the old canoe a bit, with sending Simeon to investigate the portage. I do not know how far he went, but he returned and reported that the lake was a good deal further away than we had thought, and that the road was swampy and very bad. We returned to camp, where we arrived just in time to escape the worst of a heavy shower. Pierre took his rifle and went off to try and find a short cut to a point on our further journey. He came back late in the afternoon, unsuccessful, the ground being wet and rough. But he reported finding a great lot of very fine timber, which was of more importance. We heard several shots, but he brought in no partridges, at which he was greatly cha-

grined, until he examined the rifle and found it was sighted for 200yds. Then he was not surprised at his ill luck. After he had taken some dinner, having eaten nothing but a single biscuit since our early breakfast, we went fishing again, but had no greater success than before. We came back discouraged and disgusted, this being our last chance at this lake, but we had hardly got the rods taken down and packed away before we saw the fish rising by dozens—and evidently big ones—right in the part of the lake we had just left. It was about the time at which we came in sight of the lake and seen the same thing the day before, and now, as then, it soon grew too dark to fish. It was aggravating.

Meanwhile Poleet and Eugene had brought up the provisions left behind the day before. It was no hard job, and the men were all in good humor.

After supper Pierre and I consulted. I had a positive engagement on the following Saturday morning. We figured up time and distances and found it would be impossible to meet it if we followed out our original plan. But we could go over a part of the route and then by cutting across by a perfectly practicable way, through a country equally new to me, and likely to be equally interesting, it could be done. So it was resolved.

QUEBEC.

G. DE MONTAUBAN.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Cruising on the Florida Gulf Coast.

TARPON SPRINGS, Fla.—I believe I promised you the earliest news from old John Gomez. The yacht Maud, Com. Knapp, has recently returned from a cruise to Miami. She brings word that old John is not only on the face of this earth, but is very much alive, and notwithstanding his 117 years can still paddle his own canoe.

He is still able to manage his own boat, fishing and turtling, and bids fair to do so for some time to come.

It is easy to see he has failed somewhat, but his courage is such that he will not admit any weakness. I shall try and get down to see the old man some time this winter.

The Maud was gone about eight weeks. She reports a very enjoyable cruise. She went up the inside passage from Cape Sable to Miami via Cards Sound. Although the prevailing northerly winds caused low tides, they made out to get through. Perhaps they did a little poling and wading; most folks who cruise in Florida do. Still they had a good time. Fishing was good; but they report a scarcity of bird life, as the plume hunter has been everywhere.

The town of Tarpon Springs is wearing mourning. The Tarpon Springs Hotel was burned. It gives Tarpon a black eye, as without tourists things will be dull.

Most of the winter residents are here, and doing their best to catch all the fish in the river. Trout and red fish are biting freely, and every day is a new story of some big catch.

Deer are reported plenty, but hard to get. Turkeys—lots of 'em.

I was much interested in Mr. Burnham's sketch of his visit to Rowland Robinson. I shall not accept Mr. Robinson's statement that Sam Lovel is a creation. No, sir! Sam Lovel just "grewed," and I know him. We all know him. When the last Sam Lovel goes over the river, I want to go too.

I have often thought of asking the readers of FOREST AND STREAM to name their favorite character in the Danvis books. I have tried to decide myself, but every time I read about them I fancy each in turn. I think though that Sam Lovel and John Dart get the most of the honors. Supposing you put the question in FOREST AND STREAM?

TARPON.

Natural History.

Cross-Fires from a Skunk's Battery.

THE trapper learns many secrets in the economy of our furred and feathered friends to which the average sportsman or lover of nature is a lifelong stranger. I was never more forcibly impressed with this fact than during a recent hunting trip in the Alleghanies of Clinton county, Pa. During the six weeks of camp life spent with my wife among these mountains last fall, I was again favored with the occasional company and services of my friend, Seth Nelson, the veteran bear trapper of Round Island. To his forty years' experience with gun, rod, trap and axe in the wilds of the Sinnemahoning, and his ready courtesy in loaning all he had and imparting all he knew I owe much that is related in this article.

Incidental to our bear baiting and deer stalking, I experimented on snaring smaller game from the size of a shrew upward, fox trapping consuming the greater part of my ingenuity and patience. But chestnuts, wild grapes, pheasants and mice were too easily obtained in those glorious October days to insure success in amateur fox trapping. One young fox, however, fell a victim on the last day of our outing, as if to both confirm and deny Nelson's statement that "you might trap for foxes five years and then have to own up that them chaps is one too many for you." As usual, a good many four-legged beasts came along and "put their foot" into our schemes for wily reynard. Porcupines, rabbits, mice, chipmunks and skunks often stumbled into the snares set for nobler game. To the last named animal I was undesignedly led to devote no small attention. My previous experience with this truly beautiful, elegant and useful quadruped in life had been secured at gunshot range, or at that indefinable distance which reveals itself solely through the medium of the nose, in one's woodland rambles. In death I had known it as one of the most pesky, greasy, odoriferous beasts that ever defied the arts of taxidermy. But now I was to see, handle, absorb, and devour this much despised and misunderstood *Enfant du Diable*, or "Child of the Evil One" (as the early Canadian settlers named him), in a fashion more instructive than pleasing. Of course, if skunks did not have the ability to raise a terrible stench on short notice, they would be less talked about and better understood. Their very existence depends on this faculty to such a degree that the more typically carnivorous weapons of tooth and nail have degenerated in the family *Mephitidae* to mere

organs of subsistence, long, straight claws for digging and small, weak teeth for chewing the insects, mollusks, reptiles, birds and mice on which they subsist. In other words a skunk is such a harmless, confiding, well-fed animal, so conspicuous and tempting withal to the uninitiated beast of prey and so poorly armed for an encounter, that we can easily believe the whole tribe would speedily become extinct if they were suddenly deprived of their scent bags. On the other hand, did not man and some of the lower animals, as owls, hawks, dogs, wolves, wildcats, and starving foxes, overcome their prejudices and prey occasionally upon the skunk they would become a nuisance.

The once popular idea that a skunk urinates on his long, bushy tail and then distributes the ill-smelling fluid by a vigorous swish of this member into the face of his antagonist, while largely dispelled, dies hard. The fact that this animal in its unprovoked state is one of the most cleanly and inoffensive of quadrupeds, unsuspicious, courting inspection, intent on its own business, yet sometimes approaching a human being out of pure, confiding curiosity, is something not so well known. In this regard the unreasoning popular horrors of skunks and of rattlesnakes are strangely analogous. In both the up-lifted tail is a timely warning against too close approaches; both prefer flight to resistance; neither acts toward man on the offensive.

It was a long while after the Pilgrim Fathers first came in offensive contact with the Massachusetts skunk that one of their descendants ventured to set himself up against the popular ideas of the animal's economy. Thousands, nay millions, of the skins of this animal had mean-



THE SKUNK AT HOME.

From Audubon's Plate.

while been shipped from our ports before an American anatomist named Wyman* tackled a skunk's carcass in the same spirit that Luther faced the Diet, and by wary strokes of the scalpel extracted the secret that the American Indians had tucked away in their sleeves for ages.

It was no great secret after all. Wyman first published the simple facts that in the skunk those same glands found more or less offensively developed in the mink, weasel, otter and other members of the great fur-bearing family *Mustelidae*, are increased to extraordinary proportions, so that it has the power not merely to secrete a few drops of foul-smelling liquid when assaulted, but to eject large quantities of it to a distance of from 4 to 10 ft. against its enemies. Wyman's experiments, as well as those of subsequent investigators, were made with the dead animal. The observations of Dr. Elliott Coues† and Dr. C. Hart Merriam‡ throw much light on the habits of the living creature, but as I find no detailed records of experiments on the live skunk in action, I venture to present some personal experiences with four of these animals trapped this fall in Clinton county, Pennsylvania. Incidentally these touch upon several debatable points, brought up by the able authors above cited. As is usual in experiences of this sort, even if the personal equation is removed the individuality of the animal in question makes it impossible for us to set a hard and fast rule or venture to predict the results of fooling with such explosive material.

The inconsistencies of a skunk are inexplicable enough. For instance, not one in twenty discharge any odor when the trap nips their toes, nor during their struggles to free themselves, though bones may be broken and feet gnawed off during the struggle. Let a human being approach them in this plight, they immediately raise the warning tail, and if incautiously dealt with give decided notice of "hands off."

In his "Biography of North American Quadrupeds" Audubon relates how he stood by the burrow of a colony of skunks and successively killed several of them with a shotgun as they emerged without causing them to discharge the feto. I have been able to kill them instantly in the same way with a like result, but that this is not the invariable rule may be seen by the following: My Clinton county skunk No. 1 was caught in a steel

* Proceedings of Boston Soc. of N. History, 1844.

† In Monograph of the *Mustelidae*, or Fur-bearing Animals.

‡ In Mammals of the Adirondacks.

rat trap set in a runway for rabbits. It had torn up a small circle of earth and bushes, and was half-dead with cold and exhaustion, but no odor was perceptible. Thinking to kill it so instantly as to prevent a discharge, I dispatched it with a load of shot at close range. Two grains of No. 6 shot broke the skull, one passing through the brain. To all appearances death was instantaneous, but there was a heavy discharge of the fluid. The action in such cases must be purely spasmodic, but why not always so is a problem, unless the exceptions are due to paralysis of the spinal cord, as suggested by Dr. Merriam. This leads us to another problem, the automatic or sympathetic (?) relation of the position of the tail to the action of the scent glands. The tail of skunk No. 1 was lying on the ground in line with the back when the shot struck, but in the death struggle it was erected at right angles to the back. This was in full accord with Mr. Nelson's and other trappers' experience that it is impossible for a skunk to discharge the feto against its tail. In spite of Mr. Merriam's contention that a skunk discharged into his eyes and mouth while he was holding it up by the tail, and a dog was worrying its head, we may safely assert that Nelson's experience is in line with a physiological fact, and that Dr. Merriam and his dog did not succeed in keeping the spinal column of his animal in a straight line during the fracas.

Let any one who is skeptical of this rule and has not been favored to closely observe the glands of a skunk in action manipulate the battery of a dead animal. As the tail is drawn at right angles to the back the movement likewise acts automatically in protruding and constricting the scent glands one on either side, and in exposing the teats of these glands, so that they may be directed backward at the will of the animal in the normal position for a discharge. The raising of the tail in itself cannot cause a discharge. It is analogous to the cocking of a gun; the pulling of the trigger depends on the volition of the animal. An artificial discharge may be performed on the dead animal by raising the tail and applying external pressure upon the glands. Reversing the movement, the glands retreat, the pressure upon them relaxes, and when the tail is at an angle of about 40 degrees they are entirely concealed, rendering an external discharge impossible. To emphasize his theory, and at the same time show his faith therein, Nelson declared he had more than once picked up an over-confiding skunk by the tail while it was innocently prowling about the woods and killed it without evil consequences. Happily I have had no chance to test my faith in this trick, but my firm belief in Nelson's statements led me into other experiments, both entertaining and instructive, demonstrating the individuality of certain skunks and the honest fallibility of the most truthful trapper that ever lived. These may best be told in the words of my journal: "Oct. 17.—Seth says it is easy to get a skunk out of a trap without making a smell of it. 'Just play with him awhile, till he gets used to your being around, and then pick him up by the tail and give him a whack with a stick over the small of the back. Then strangle him. No trouble at all. Why, I've gone up to one on the road and picked him up by the tail and killed him.'" A week later I note: "I had agreed with Seth to meet him early at the bear traps, and then hunt for deer. First I visited my nearby traps, and found a very spirited skunk in the one where the rabbit had been eaten the night before. I fooled with the pesky thing a while, and then decided to test Seth's magic on this one, so left it fast."

Came back to dinner by way of skunk trap, and Seth vainly tried to coax the spiteful beast to let him take hold of its tail. It would hold the tail up in a most convenient position for handling, but that was not reassuring, as its battery was always trained on the enemy. Seth declared he never saw one so frisky. At last he made a stroke with a stick across the animal's rump to deprive it of the power to shoot, but struck too far forward and the crisis came quickly. We were on the windward side, and the spray only reached about 5 ft. from the animal against the light breeze. Its yellowish green color could be distinctly noted. The form of the jet was like that from the nozzle of a lawn sprinkler, set to make the water spray very fine over a circle 5 ft. in diameter. At first it came directly backward, but the last part of the discharge was directed from one of the nipples sidewise, being aimed at Nelson, who had stepped aside to avoid the first onslaught. Neither of us were hit, but the trap and the skunk both got well scented. The next stroke of the stick broke the animal's skull. It had been caught by the hindfoot, the part below the jaws of the trap having been entirely devoured by the imprisoned beast, at least I could not find any trace of the missing fragments."

Evidently Nelson was quite as fallible as other great men. Nevertheless I could see both science and common sense in the idea that even "a bold, bad man" could persuade a trapped skunk to let him whack its spine in such a way that it could never raise its tail again, and so silence its battery forever. It was desirable, too, for scientific and æsthetic reasons, that I should secure my "Alaska sable" with least breakage of bones and smallest quota of perfumery. How this idea was persisted in and practiced upon is narrated in the following journal entry, penned by my wife, because of a little trouble I had just then with my left eye: "S. concluded to visit the traps near camp, which Seth had him set for rabbits in a runway between two huge rocks. In one he found skunk No. 3, and having been so heartily assured by Seth that a whack across the base of the tail would paralyze the stink nerve, he tried it, first coaxing around the animal until it seemed friendly. Then came the blow fair upon the spot—result, just a little smell. Then the animal seemed quiet enough, but to make very sure, he whacked again. This time no more smell, so he loosened the trap chain and carried the whole outfit along gingerly about half-way to the shanty. Coming to a flat rock, he determined to end its sufferings, so placing the outfit on the rock he began to hold the beast down with a forked limb until he could set foot on the right place to suffocate it, when, lo, the nerve worked! Not blindly nor at random, but most accurately did it work. With a sudden right-angled twist of its body the poor beast shot the lovely yellow fluid into my husband's eye and well over his left side. He says he jumped around lively, and is glad there were no spectators, and that he had something of a

private nature to say to that skunk before he was able to see again just what had become of it. Its skeleton was not preserved! I'm thankful to record that in spite of eyes, nose and throat being filled with skunkishness, he ate a hearty supper of stewed bear ribs and baked potatoes."

When my vision returned I could not refrain from jotting down a few items on the affair, as follows: "Seth Nelson is an honest man; he has had lots of experience, but—when it comes to infallibility the Pope can give him some pointers. When I see Seth and Seth smells me, he will gently smile in such an exasperating way that I can't help laughing outright. His rules and regulations for keeping a live skunk sweet are 'subject to change without notice.' I have proved that an '*enfant du diable*' can fire his gun at an angle of 90 degrees to his lumbar vertebrae and hit a man fair in the eye quicker than a wink. As for the odor, it is losing its terrors; I am getting used to it, and somewhat saturated withal, so that I have to get my wife to smell things for me to see if they are bearable before I enter the shanty. In short, the odor of a skunk is not what it is cracked up to be, and I realize how some wild animals kill and eat him in spite of his gunpowder. I shall eat this one myself, to get even with him."

In the final experiment, conditions were most fortunate for determining the manner in which a skunk can train its breechloader, also the amount and quality of the ammunition at its disposal. It occurred the next day and is thus recorded: "The trap set yesterday among the rocks for a porcupine contained skunk No. 4. As usual, it had eaten the caught foot off up to the jaws of the trap. No odor was perceptible. It could get just far enough under the rocks to hide all but its extreme hind parts, and there the trap held it. Perched upon a big boulder, directly above and out of range of the excited animal, I was master of the situation. At this juncture a loosened stone rolled against its hind leg in such a position as to receive the full force of the resultant discharges. As the stone made no objection, and the air was clearer for its service, I let it alone until the magazine should be exhausted, meanwhile watching the process of expulsion and nudging the beast with a stick to expedite matters and test its powers of manipulation. Perhaps it fired off a tablespoonful under these conditions, and then the stone was removed, and a closer inspection made of the movements of the depleted glands. The animal could discharge from the right or left teat separately, according to the side touched, in such a way as to foul the stick in nearly every instance, whether above or on either side of the orifice, so that I soon saw how the one killed yesterday had served me such a dexterous trick. When the supply of fluid was exhausted it ejected with decreasing power a dense yellow substance, which appeared to be the dregs of the normal fluid, resembling drops of curds. These amounted to about 1/4 oz. before the supply was exhausted, and were not expelled more than 1 ft. from the glands."

This experiment was of great interest in its conclusive proof of the independent action of the glands, their mobility and capacity for intelligent directive effort on the part of the skunk, and the ability of the animal to work his battery intelligently against an invisible enemy.

S. N. RHOADS.

ACADEMY OF NATURAL SCIENCES, Philadelphia, Dec. 19.

The Seaboard Air Line.

THE migration during the fall of 1898 was unusually large as compared with that of any year during the last ten. It began in late September with the passing of hundreds of the charming bird families that real estate agents never see, though at times for days together the low coppices and fragments of natural coverts (always the last to fall before the ruthless advance of a city) fairly swarmed with their restless forms, while the still air held the music of their voices for a space in these localities. In early October their tiny voices floated down to me at night as they swept along under the stars. Bunting, finch, warbler, all were there, traveling in the dark. Plover, sandpiper, ayé geese and swans. They must have known I was listening, for they called to me as they passed, just as they have done year after year for half a lifetime. They could not see me, so they called, and oft I answered. Many a ringing response has come to me from out the chill of the starlit sky. Oh! the mystery of it! the witchery of these night migrations! I wonder if they appeal to others' of your readers as they do to me.

I saw an unusual number of bluejays en route this fall; one still, misty Indian summer day, thousands of them crossed the lower bay bound for Staten Island and Jersey. The cause of the fall migration is always the same. During the last twenty years I have not known it to vary. The flight comes from northward and extends along the Bay to Bay Ridge and Fort Hamilton, where the main body cross via Staten Island to Jersey, and so on down the coast. Highholders were here in myriads for at least a week, when one golden morning they started high in air; all day long they were crossing; I saw thousands go by from my vantage ground on Van Brunt's Point (which, by the way, is the most westerly point of Long Island), all bound south.

As I have said, the smaller varieties were in large numbers during all the fall migration. As for the geese and other wildfowl, I have heard the bugle calls of a still night as they drifted over from the men-o'-war anchored off Tompkinsville, answered by the trumpets of a gang of wild geese as they swept by far overhead. The geese have passed in large numbers. I saw many and heard more, and have to chronicle the unusual incident of a large wild goose alighting in the grounds of the Crescent Athletic Club, where it was secured by the superintendent, Mr. Kerr. We had a three days' flight of hawks Sept. 26-29, heaviest on the 27th, when, look where you would in the clear sky, their circling forms were seen in numbers.

In these low barometer days a few woodpeckers, with an occasional solitary hen hawk, serve to emphasize the dreariness of the unimproved town lots that still remain. Meadow larks, starlings, and a few odds and ends are still fairly plenty in the vicinity of Bensonhurst. But I must conclude.

I had thought of heading this desultory chat "Bird Life in Greater New York," but older than Greater New York,

dating way back among the hills, the Seaboard Air Line was established and thousands of feathered travelers take this "route" twice each year in preference to any other. Having lived my life at one of the way stations on this old and reliable line, I have taken stock in it, and yearly receive a large dividend of pleasure from my holdings. Next spring when the travelers return, and call down to me in passing, D. V. I will answer them, and wish them "godspeed," for I know many of them.

WILMOT TOWNSEND.

BAY RIDGE, N. Y.

Caribou in Maine.

It is very uncertain at what time caribou first appeared in Maine. John Josselyn in his "New England's Rarities Discovered in Birds, Beasts, Fishes, etc.," published in 1674, from voyages made from 1638 to 1663, says: "The Maccarib or Caribo, a kind of Deer, as big as a stag, round hooved, smooth haired and soft as silk; their Horns grow backwards along their backs to their rumps, and turn again a handful beyond their nose, having another Horn in the middle of their Forehead, about a half a yard long, very straight, but wreathed like an Unicorn's Horn, of a brown jettie color, and very smooth. The Creature is nowhere to be found, but upon Cape Sable in the French Quarters, and there very rarely, they being not numerous; some few of their skins and their straight Horns are (but very sparingly) brought to the English."

Again he says it "is not found, that ever I heard yet, but upon Cape Sable, near to the French Plantations."

In his two voyages to New England (1672) he gives six names of the deer tribes, several of them duplicates. He seems to have known the Virginia deer and moose intimately, but the caribou only by hearsay and by sight of their skins. It is very evident that although he mistook the horns of the narwhal for a middle horn of the caribou, that he had seen the skins and heard a good description of the animal. From this it would seem quite certain that from 1638 to 1672 there were no caribou in New England, and as both Wood and Roger Williams speak of the Virginia deer and moose, and neither of them make any mention of having ever heard of the caribou, there seems to be good reason to suppose that up to the time of their writing none had come to New England. The first mention of the caribou being found in New England is in "The American Universal Geography," published in 1802 by Jedidiah Morse. In giving the list of the animals found in the United States, he says: "The importance of this part of our natural history has induced the author to pay the most assiduous attention to it, and to seek information from every authority on the subject." He also says: "The caribou is distinguished by its branching, palmated horns with brow antlers, and that it is found in the District of Maine."

My father has often told me of finding caribou on the Passadumkeag, some thirty miles northeast of Bangor, between 1825 and 1830, but at that time none were found lower down on the river. Some time about 1840 they began to appear in large droves on Chemo bog, some fourteen miles from Bangor, and on all the large bogs to the east of us. I used often to hear the hunters tell of seeing from twenty-five to fifty in a drove on Chemo bog, and also on the Cherryfield barrens. I well remember one hunter bringing in three skins, which he said he shot from a herd of at least seventy-five in Chemo. Just when they began to migrate I cannot tell, but they must have all gone in a very short time, as I do not think there were any as late as 1845. In 1852 I hunted six weeks between the head waters of Union River, Passadumkeag and Naraguagus, but the caribou were all gone years before, although I saw two shed horns, not mates, which, having been shed on a bog, the mice had not eaten.

Now where did the caribou go when they left Maine? One would naturally suppose that they would go east, as the country there is well suited for them, but I think I can show very strong proof that they did not go east, or if they did, that they did not stop this side of the St. Lawrence.

Early in the fifties two Maine hunters, Henry Clapp and R. B. Philbrook, of Brownville, Maine, reached the Restigouche, by way of Grand River and Wagon Portage, and went down that river to the Kegwick (Wetomkegwick), and going up that some miles stayed nine months, hunting over a large territory, and in March moved their camp a long distance. I afterward hunted with them both separately, and both told me that they saw but one caribou track. This one kept round a mountain, and they finally shot him. In 1858 the writer, in company with three others, went up the Tobique, and we were a month traveling in the vicinity of Bald Mountain, some of us a good way down the Barthurst. We were nearly over to the head waters of the Miramichi and a long way to the northeast, toward the Restigouche, and from the forks of the Tobique to Nictor Lake, a distance of forty miles, we explored back in many places, but none of us saw any signs of caribou except the tracks of two on Bald Mountain. Several months later one of the party shot two near the forks, but up to that time they could not be called plenty in New Brunswick. The first any one in this State heard of caribou returning was in the fall of 1859, when a large bull was shot by a man named Morrill, near Guilford, Me. This was shot a little southwest of Moosehead Lake. In February, 1861, another was shot at Eliotsville by A. B. Farrar. This is nearly south of Moosehead Lake. In March, 1861, R. B. Philbrook and T. W. Billings shot another on Alligash Lake. This was a cow, and although late in March, had quite large horns. I was there a few days after this was shot, and saw the skin, as also the other two. In 1857 and 1869 I was in the woods a large part of the fall, and was over a large territory. Also in the spring of 1861 I traveled over many townships on the heads of Penobscot, Alligash and St. Johns, and in the summer and fall of that year went by canoe from Mattawamkeag to the north corner of Maine at the foot of Boundary Lake, but did not see the track of a caribou or see any hunter who had seen a sign of one, except the three already mentioned, and those as near as could be told all came in from the west. As they began to increase they became plenty in the country to the west of the East Branch of Penobscot, before they worked their way further east, and in fact only a very few ever reached their old haunts on the Mattawamkeag, Machias and St.

Croix. Now that they seem to be slowly leaving, there seems to be good reason to believe that they are going east, from the fact that they are reported as being so abundant in New Brunswick. Cannot Mr. Risteen or some of your other correspondents tell us about when they began to increase in New Brunswick, and from what direction they came, and whether they now seem to be located or are still moving gradually east or north?

M. H.

"Old Red Legs."

Editor Forest and Stream:

Feeling myself to be in a position to give Mr. Townsend the information desired regarding "Old Red Legs," as I have under continual observation a number of wildfowl of several species, among them a flock of black ducks of various ages, I feel free to assert that the bird in question is the *Anas obscura* fully matured, and in winter plumage, and two years old at least. His bill is pale olive, head and neck light gray, stopping sharply in the brown body feathers, legs almost vermilion in color, weight in good condition over 3 lbs., female slightly smaller, other markings identical excepting bill, which is much darker olive barred by broad black smooch across the middle, the above difference being the only distinguishing mark I have found always existent. Contrasting this bird with those shot earlier in the fall, which for the greater part are young ducks, drakes having slaty bills, hardly to be distinguished from that of the female, legs of both a dusky red, I find them to tally absolutely with young birds bred by these same "old red legs" under my observation. The species breed to a feather. A reason for the late migration of the mature birds, which to me is convincing, is the fact that the mother duck does not moult and shed her pinions until the young can fly. I can also assert that they undertake their fall migration regardless of their mother's feelings in the matter, that is, whether her pinions are strong enough.

Birds having mallard markings are probably the result of a cross while Mrs. Black was accumulating her setting, the accident influencing the fertility of an egg or two; and the accident would not have occurred had the master been about at the moment, for there would have ensued a battle royal on the first manifestation of anything improper on the part of the mallard, ending possibly in the drowning of the strange drake. That such crossings under natural conditions are rare is proved by the very infrequent specimens observed by gunners. They are possibly the result of matings of cripples of two species, but more probably the result of accidents as pictured above. For the female is at once an extremely jealous and faithful consort, always scolding frivolous sisters to whom her spouse may incline to extend civilities. May I add that the mating seasons begin in the early autumn, at which time ducks will decoy to almost anything alive—separating into pairs or trios in the spring. I strongly advise spring shooters to make doubles, for if the female survives she will not take unto herself another mate that spring, though assaulted by bands of desirous drakes. I fear I wander from the text, though I could tell of other things about ducks than mark right, mark left. W. L.

BOSTON, Mass.

Feather Tracts of N. A. Grouse and Quail.

IN the Proceedings of the U. S. National Museum, Vol. XXI., Dr. Hubert Lyman Clark, of Amherst College, publishes a paper on the feather tracts of some of our game birds, which is of interest to sportsmen. Dr. Lyman has been able to examine in the flesh sixty-five specimens of grouse and quail, representing eighteen species, and all the North American genera. The paper is distinctly technical, but certain points of general interest may be mentioned. Thus in all the genera of quail, except *Cyrtonyx*, it is to be noticed that the thumb of the wing carries a well developed claw. The quill feathers of the tail (rectrices) are remarkably constant in number, usually only twelve and never more than fourteen.

On the other hand, the grouse all lack the claw on the thumb, the number of rectrices is very variable, being constant within some genera while in others it is very variable. Thus in three different subspecies of the dusky grouse the number varies from fourteen to twenty-two. The details of Dr. Clark's work are interesting, but they do not go far to indicate the origin or relationships of the larger groups of the North American Gallinae.

White Crows.

WEST WINFIELD, N. Y.—During the past fall I discovered near this place a flock of crows. Nothing peculiar about that, save that out of the seven three were perfectly white or nearly so. Having never seen one before, would ask you if they are frequently reported. Of the three, two were killed, the remaining bird now being here and occasionally seen. W. E. A.

[Albino crows are so rare that their occurrence is well worth noting. Several have been recorded in our columns in past years.]

Caribou Horn Measurements.

BURLINGTON, N. J., Jan. 5.—Editor Forest and Stream: I see in your issue of Jan. 7 the record of 13 in., and the remarkable record of one 16 in. plow on the horns of a caribou. I am the proud possessor of one I killed in Newfoundland, of which the plow measures 17 1/4 in.

JOHN W. DAVIS.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The address label on the wrapper shows the date of the close of the term for which the subscription is paid. The receipt of the paper with such dated address label constitutes the subscriber's receipt for money sent to us.

Subscribers are asked to note on the wrapper the date of expiration of subscription; and to remit promptly for renewal, that delays may be avoided.

For prospectus and advertising rates see page iii.

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of fishing and hunting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in **FOREST AND STREAM**.

Elk in the Mountains.

THE month of November came around, which meant that the ranchmen of Big Creek Park begin to "rustle" for their winter's meat or go without.

Two of my neighbors—Harford Loucks and Harry Baugh—agreed to make up a four-horse team and take one heavy wagon and go together, providing I would go along and help to hunt, as neither of them had sufficient record as hunters to give them any comforting assurance of a load of meat to bring home. I had already killed enough deer and antelope near the ranch to feed me all winter, but I agreed to go for what fun I could get out of it, as I was through with my fall work.

The weather looked threatening the morning we were preparing to start, and by the time we had everything loaded up, about 9 o'clock, it was raining. Although we knew by past experience that rain at that time of year in that locality meant plenty of discomfort, there was no stopping at that stage of the game, and we started. When we got to the McAnulty ranch, which was the last ranch before entering the woods, we stopped and ate an early dinner; then continued our course, heedless of the cold and fast-falling rain.

Just as we were about to enter the woods, and at the same time commence a long mountain climb, the wagon went over a big rock and dropped into a deep mud-hole. Harry, who was perched up on the high seat beside the driver, lost his equilibrium and started to earth, head first. The driver caught the skirts of his old overcoat, to preserve as much of him as possible. Harry kept on in his downward course, regardless of friendly hands extended to help him, and landed squarely in the mud-hole in the attitude of a first-class performing clown, while the driver retained a goodly portion of his coat. All persons cannot see things alike, and there were only two of us who could see the funny part of the incident, but it aided us greatly in the next few miles in keeping up good cheer, which is a better preventative against exposure than warm clothes. We reached Hog Park late that evening after a twenty-mile drive through a cold rain, and set about making camp on the thoroughly soaked ground, under circumstances which only well "seasoned" mountaineers could make any pretense of enjoying.

Our beds were wet, our clothes, spruce "feathers" and firewood were all wet. Nine o'clock found us in bed trying to sleep. I had, as I supposed, a fairly good night's sleep, and awakened up, and looking out saw everything white with snow. That was to my liking, and as the snow made everything appear light, I thought day was dawning, and rolled out, started a fire and prepared a hasty breakfast, then shouted to the drowsy sleepers to hustle out to breakfast, that we might get an early start and make good use of the snow while it lasted, for there was only about 2 in.

There was not a time-piece in the crowd. We gulped our breakfast down in a hurry and still the daylight was not increasing. We commenced to wait; we replenished our fire, which we had allowed to burn low. We continued to wait, until the right of more sleep began to assert itself. Conversation almost ceased, and nothing broke the painful silence save now and then a remark tending to destroy any aspirations I might have had for reckoning time. Daylight came, as all things do to those who wait. As nearly as we could tell it was about 2 o'clock when I got up.

Anyhow, we were ready for an early start, and left camp before it was clear daylight. We started out together, but in a few minutes I wished them success and struck out for myself. Before I was out of their sight, and when it was just clearly daylight, I found the fresh trail of seven elk. The conditions were all favorable for still-hunting, and my anticipations far surpassed their realization. I followed carefully for two hours, when I sighted one of them feeding. It was on the brow of a very steep, timbered mountain-side, and the others had moved over the brow of the mountain and were out of sight. I crawled up within easy range and then reasoned with myself thus: "If I shoot that one through the shoulders it will go tearing down through the bunch before it falls, and they, knowing by instinct that the trouble must be coming from behind, will leave at once and I will get no more shots. If I can break that one's neck and drop it, I can hasten over to the brow of the hill overlooking the bunch and perhaps get several shots." Feeling confident I could carry this out, I took careful aim at the neck and fired. It fell on its knees, but recovered immediately and went tearing down through the bunch, which joined in its flight, and left me standing there wondering whether a "bird in the hand" wouldn't have been worth about six in the bush. The one wounded bled freely, and separated from the bunch, followed by one other. I followed for miles until they crossed the Grand Encampment, which was very high and impassable for man. It took all the remainder of the day to get back to camp, where I found the others already in, and one of them had killed an elk.

The next day we hunted some, after packing in our meat, but the snow was about all gone, and we found nothing. The next morning we broke camp and moved about ten miles further west to the headwaters of Snake River, and camped near where four of our neighbors were camped who had gone in while we were in our first camp. We hunted the first day without any success. I found a trail of elk which must have numbered at least three or four hundred, which had been moving westward about three days before. I had been unwell for two days, and decided I would have to give it up and go home. The boys insisted that I go with them next morning and show them where the large band of elk had passed, so that they might follow them, in the hope of finding some stragglers.

We started out, and when near the place where I had seen the trail, as we were going up a ravine, with dead timber ridges on either side, I saw a band of eighteen elk standing away up on one of the ridges looking at us, perhaps 200 yds. away. I called a halt and tried to show them to the other fellows, but as the surroundings were all

covered with dead timber, which was the color of the elk, which were standing still, they could not see one of them, although several were in full view. When they failed to see them, I directed that they should get ready, for I knew they could see plenty as soon as I would shoot. Taking a careful shot at the one standing in the best position, I saw it was hit hard. Then the shooting commenced right lively, but owing to the distance and thick timber it was not effective. We went up and found the one I first shot at lying about 200 yds. from where it had been shot. I went after it, and after some exciting chasing and shooting "bagged" it. They voted unanimously to follow the bunch, while I started for camp, thinking to go home, as I was feeling very much "hors de combat."

When near camp I saw a very fresh deer track, for there was still a little snow in the timber and shady places. I had to follow it through force of habit; couldn't help it, you know. It led me up a very steep mountain about half a mile, where the snow was all gone, and with it all chance for a shot.

The sun was shining warm, and I sat down to rest. I always had a sort of mania for cutting my name on trees, away in some unfrequented haunts of forest. A smooth-barked quaking aspen tree stood near me; I took out my knife and was in the act of beginning my autograph, when I saw at a long distance what I took to be a deer and just supposed it to be the one I was trailing. It was feeding along the edge of green timber, and the space between us was mostly open country.

I started directly toward it, keeping under cover of alders, willows and such bushes as came in the way. When half the distance was covered I got sight of the game again, and saw at a glance it was elk. There were then two in sight. I made my way to the green timber and crawled up within 50 yds. of the two that were in sight and made a successful "double," killing both with two shots. Hearing others on the other side of a rise of ground, I ran ahead and saw five more making off at a lively gait. I got one shot, but missed. As I had not started out to hunt, I did not have my hunting knife with me. As I had often done the work with my pocket-knife, I set about cutting into the neck of the first one. The hide on the neck of the elk is as thick as that of a beef. I gave a vigorous slash with the knife and the rivet holding the blade and handle together broke, letting the blade and handle separate. There I was, quite a long distance from camp, with two dead elk, and a small knife blade to do the work of dressing them, and I was sick into the bargain. I commenced with the knife-blade between my thumb and finger to disembowel those elk, and got through the same day. Any one wishing to know how long it takes may try it. I reached camp at dark, to find the others there empty handed. Of course I was elected to stay another day to pilot them to my last kill.

Going directly there the next morning, we skinned and packed the meat, and I continued my search for more game, while they went to camp. Next morning there was a good fresh snow, and I twisted up my nerves for another day's hunt, although I was a fit subject for a bed and dozer. Out about two and a half miles from camp I found a trail of six elk, and followed it less than 100 yds., when I saw one at close range and killed it at the first shot. I also got a running shot at another, but missed. I followed the rest of the bunch till dark without seeing them, except to get one glimpse in the thick timber.

I was many miles from camp when night came on, but the night was clear and the moon was full. I scared up an elk on my way, which ran off some distance and stopped. I could barely make out the outlines of it as it stood in an open, fallen-timber space, and took a shot just for luck, but there was no luck in it.

The next morning everything was enveloped in a dense fog, and it was snowing. The weather looked treacherous, and we concluded to let the meat stay out which I had killed the day before, and try to get some more. I started out, and only went a short distance when I found a fresh trail of a fine bunch of elk, perhaps twenty. I followed about a mile, when I found where one of the other fellows had come in ahead of me. Thinking to overtake him before he would come up with them, I hastened on, hoping by being together we might finish out our load. I had not gone far when I heard him shoot about half a mile ahead. I went direct to camp and put in one of those days which are not pleasant to recall. Harry came in at about 3 o'clock, empty handed. Harford did not get in till about two hours after dark, and from the rambling and confused account of his travels it was very evident he had been lost or badly confused most of the day, but it was no discredit to any man to get lost such a day. However, he had killed one of the elk and had followed the rest a long distance.

That evening about dark two of our neighbors, who were camped near us, came by our camp with the report that they had killed a bear some miles west.

The next morning there was 10 in. of snow, and it was piling down in great chunks. I wanted to get home that day, but I first had to guide the boys out to where I had killed my last elk. I started out on horseback as soon as I had breakfast, saying I would ride to it, and then come back and they could follow my trail at their leisure and find it. When two-thirds of the way back I met them going with a horse in harness to "snake" the elk out whole, which was the favorite way of moving them when there was plenty of snow. When I got back as far as the camp of our neighbors, they insisted that I stop and spend the day with them. Since it was getting well along in the forenoon, I tarried with them. The boys got in about noon with the first elk, and then started out for the one Harford had killed the day before, as they wanted to get started home next day. About dark I went to our own camp, attended to the horses and cooked supper to have it ready when they came in. I kept up a fire and their supper hot till I judged it to be 9 o'clock, when I rolled in. After I had been sleeping some time I was awakened by their arrival.

They were a sorry looking pair. It had been snowing hard all day, and they had been wading in snow knee-deep since daylight that morning without anything to eat. I had surmised the cause of their delay, and my first question was: "Did you find your elk?" The reply was "No!" and so decided that I changed the subject to that of something to eat, on which I found them more approachable. When Harford had come in the night before

with his random description of where he had been, I had feared he would never find his meat, and so it proved.

As it was snowing continually, we were obliged to make haste in getting out. Accordingly, the boys set to work next morning loading their meat, and I started for home on horseback without waiting for them. After a thirty-mile ride over very mountainous roads and through deep, untrodden snow, I pulled up at my near neighbor's, Elick Hilton's, at 4 o'clock, having my feet frozen some and feeling generally used up. Instead of going to my bachelor quarters at my own ranch I accepted the hospitable invitation to stop, where I laid up ten days for repairs.

After two days of very hard work the other boys got home with their meat, and the hunting for that year was at an end.

EMERSON CARNEY.

MORGANTOWN, W. Va.

A Deer Hunt in the Adirondacks.

THE first of November seemed very slow coming, but it came at last, and then I packed my hunting paraphernalia, and, in company with a friend, set out for the Adirondack Mountains. November 2 we put up at the house of a lumberman, in the forest solitudes of Hamilton county, there to pass the last two weeks of the deer season. Fortunately, however, we did not go so much for game as we did for a vacation. Like Gen. Harrison, we went for sport, and any game we might get we counted as surplus.

We had several days of unsuccessful hunting for deer, it being so dry that the leaves rustled and the twigs cracked under foot, making still-hunting next thing to impossible. The lumbermen explained to us the futility of trying to hunt deer under such circumstances. As one hunter expressed it, the deer had "nothing to do but hark," and could not very well be approached when we made so much noise walking. We therefore gave up deer hunting till we should have rain or snow, and devoted ourselves to hunting small game. One night, after we had been there five or six days, the rain came. It was one of those few occasions when I was glad to see rain. The next morning was ideal in every way for deer stalking. The leaves were well soaked, so we could move through the woods silently, there was not any wind, and it was still cloudy. "This is just the day for still-hunting," said one of the men, and indeed it was.

I went out with a son of the lumberman with whom we were stopping, and saw many deer tracks, all quite fresh, but the deer seemed to be able to prove an alibi. We went along very cautiously, expecting to see one any minute break from the tops of the fallen trees that were lying around. Finally we came to the trail of a large buck and started to follow it. Soon we came to some fresh sign, and not very much further we came to a little brook he had crossed, the water being still muddy where he had stepped in it. We knew we were close to our game, and moved along with panther-like stealth. The nature of the country was such that we could see but a little way ahead, and we peered cautiously over every knoll before exposing ourselves to open view. Occasionally a partridge would get up close to us and fly off with a noise that was exasperating. Whether a deer will heed the flush of a partridge or not I do not know, but it seemed as if they were trying to give the alarm. We found some places where the buck had pawed the leaves under the beech trees, and we tried to guess his weight by the size of his hoof-prints. At length we came to a low ridge, up which the trail led. My guide explained to me that the deer was probably on the other side of that ridge "harking." We proceeded up the ridge, my heart thumping against my ribs with such force I was sure the deer would hear it and make off. Before we got to the top my guide decided that we had better separate, one to swing off to the right and the other to the left, instead of going over where the deer had. We therefore went in opposite directions for a short distance, then went over the crest. Very soon after we went over we started the buck. I caught a glimpse of him as he ran quarteringly past my guide, and heard his rifle crack. I could not see whether the buck fell or not, but the guide held his rifle at his shoulder a few seconds, then called to me that it was down, and started to run toward it. I hurried to the spot, and was much pleased to see a fine six-prong buck lying prostrate on the ground. Then came the work of dressing it and carrying it out to where we could get it with a horse. We tied its legs together and put a pole through them, and took it on our shoulders. The going was rough, and it was after taking many tumbles that we got it down to an unoccupied shanty, where we hung it up to get next day with a horse. By the time we got it to the shanty it seemed to weigh nearly a ton. We sat down a little while to smoke and talk it over, then began our long walk home.

Deer are not so plentiful in the Adirondack region as they should be, and must ultimately disappear entirely unless given proper protection. True, in some localities they are fairly numerous, but on whole they are not holding their own against the army of hunters. The non-hounding law is a step in the right direction, but should be made permanent, not for five years only. In my judgment, the open season should be from Oct. 1 to Dec. 1, instead of from Aug. 15 to Nov. 15, as it now is. All the laws that can be enacted, however, will avail nothing if not enforced. Dogs are still used in the Adirondacks to run deer, and although many people there are hostile to it, they do not like to complain, because it is a very mean thing to do—at least it is generally considered mean.

I hope the time will soon come when we will have game laws that are just and fair to all and that they will be enforced to the letter.

F. L. DECKER.

Three Turkeys at one Shot.

THE old-time stories of wild turkey shooting are not surpassed by the actual occurrences of to-day in the same line. John Gatlin was in the city yesterday with three fine wild turkeys, averaging in weight about 9½ lbs. each. These turkeys were shot by Mr. Gatlin at a point below the mouth of Swift Creek, and were three of four turkeys in a single bunch. The best part of the shooting was that these three turkeys were all brought down by a single shot by Mr. Gatlin.—New Berne (N. C.) Journal.

Maine Game in Boston Markets.

BOSTON, 1899.—For a long time it has been perfectly well understood by persons interested in the matter that an unusually large quantity of venison was being received in Boston. Venison may be legally sold here in the winter season, though illegally killed in Maine and shipped out of that State contrary to law. Jan. 1 the close time begins on Maine deer, and the penalties are heavy for having in possession, whether in transit or otherwise. Shipments of game are forbidden by the statutes of that State, though the hunter returning may bring out his one moose, one caribou and two deer in a season; properly tagged and marked with his own name, but not otherwise. It is a punishable offense to bring game out of Maine for another. These non-transportation laws were designed to prevent deer and other game from getting onto the Boston and other markets. But early in September last year—the open season does not begin till Oct. 1 on deer, and not till the 15th of that month on moose—deer began to come into the markets here, and by the last of the month I had noted more than twenty carcasses of venison. The salesmen did not deny to me that it came from Maine. Before the 15th of October at least one moose had been in this market, known to have come from Maine. Ever since these periods venison has been a drug here. Tuesday, Dec. 6, I counted twelve fresh arrivals of deer in and about Quincy and Faneuil Hall markets, and on North and South Market streets. Part of this venison was in a clump of saddles, in a way that it could not have come through with sportsmen. A day or two before a couple of Maine guides, from Aroostook county, landed here with at least a moose and two deer apiece. People whom they have guided this fall say that they had three moose. They sold their venison for barely enough money to pay their expenses. I am told that they are registered guides, and if the Maine Commissioners desire their names, they can have them.

Last winter, in the midst of the Maine close season, deer were coming into the markets here in quantities far exceeding any previous winter since the non-transportation law went into effect. They come to commission houses and are sold by these houses. Later returns are made to the shippers or owners, after deducting commissions for selling, freight, etc. The Maine Fish and Game Commissioners, when here attending the Sportsmen's Exhibition in March, were apprised of what was going on, and immediately Messrs. Stanley and Oak began investigating the matter, and they then unearthed a system or systems of underground railroad, big game shipping business, very cleverly planned, and sufficiently intricate to greatly interest them, or anybody else, even not interested in game protection.

They first called personally on some of the principal receivers of this venison. They found them gentlemen, and really somewhat interested in the preservation of game in Maine. They have also the word of honor of some of the principal receivers of this game, prominent in their business, that they will do all in their power to break up the practice of shipping game out of Maine in close season; everything that they can honorably do that is consistent with business principles. They express themselves emphatically that they much prefer nice, fat venison in season to the stuff that was then coming—"All hair and bones," as one of them expressed the case at that time.

The shippers of this venison out of Maine, illegally, may rest assured that the commissioners of their State are getting "on to" their methods, and that they are nearer to detection than they may be aware of. If suddenly they are called upon at any time to settle for their illegal shipments, by officers in their own State, they need not blame the FOREST AND STREAM for not having given them fair warning.

Thirty saddles of deer were received in Boston, March 19. None were addressed to a firm dealing in game, but to shoe dealers, dry goods dealers, druggists—friends of the dealers in game. Once in this State the game comes to the dealers here, from these friends—legally—and they see no way but to sell it. Invoices will come a few days later, through similar channels, but not mailed at the post-office where the shipper lives.

Indeed, so well planned is the "underground railroad" for shipping Maine big game in close time that not even the checks of the firms selling it are made out to the name of the shipper, but the checks are "swapped" around till traces of that sort are covered. In some cases the shippers are so cautious that they do not permit the firms selling the illegal venison to address them by mail, lest the firm name on envelopes should lead to detection. Checks in payment are not to be sent in the envelopes of commission men; the State of Maine backwoods postmasters being pretty sharp.

Provision men tell the Maine Commissioners that some years winter venison is fairly good, but last year it was extremely poor. The remarkably deep snows in the big game country prevented the animals from getting food. Dealers would much prefer good fat animals in open season, such as they could keep in cold storage, but they cannot prevent foolish shippers from sending in that which is undesirable. They are aware that every poor and undesirable deer or moose killed takes away one chance or even more of their getting good ones. They say that they are obliged to sell undesirable goods that come to them, for the reason that others will if they do not, and trade will be lost. They are obliged to take the "bitter with the sweet." The shippers have been repeatedly advised that the market is being greatly harmed by the poor stuff creating the impression that venison is always poor.

The Commissioners found that the methods of the shippers are peculiar and well planned. They rarely ship by the same conveyance more than once at a time. Schooners bring in an invoice; the next one will come by steamer; then another by rail. They pack in many varieties of ways. Frequently the saddles are hid in the middle of barrels of vegetables, with holes in the heads or staves, showing the vegetables plainly.

Sometimes the venison is in the middle of boxes of other meats, such as mutton, lamb, or veal. Then egg cases are employed, with even a few eggs that show from the outside. Every possible means is employed to get the venison out of Maine. This is not pleasing to most of

the dealers in game here, and they would gladly give information that would lead to the detection of shippers, but for the fact that they consider it dishonorable to give away business transactions. They say—some of the best of them—that they will gladly join with others in adopting some means to stop the illegal shipping of venison out of Maine; in creating sentiment that shall lead to the stopping of the business altogether.

Later last spring it seems that "something was given away or let drop," for Warden French captured a lot of venison in the hands of shippers, in the neighborhood of Wesley, Washington county, and traced the shipment of fifteen saddles of venison to Boston March 12, which corresponds with the receipt of about the same number of saddles received here a few days after; and concerning which the Maine Commissioners were soon after informed. The same warden then discovered the shipment of about thirty saddles to Boston March 19, which will account for the same number of saddles received in Boston a few days after, mentioned above, and concerning which the Commissioners had information as noted above. Some good work was put in last spring by the Maine game wardens in stopping this terrible shipment of game to Boston, but this fall, even before the open season on deer, the shipment began again, as noted above. I cannot learn that any special effort has been made this fall to stop the shipment. The business has grown this fall with rapid strides. As I have already stated in the FOREST AND STREAM, Boston markets have been ornamented with Maine deer all the fall, and a good many moose have been here. I have taken pains to write the Commissioners of at least one moose case, and laid out a plan of detection of the shipper which seemed to me feasible. I have not yet learned that the shipper has been detected. At one time in November every store or market window in Boston of any pretensions had one or two deer strung up in it, as an attraction. I then stated that 1,000 deer would not more than cover the number on sale in Boston. Since that time not as many deer have been in sight, for they have been put into refrigerators. Still a great many are to be seen. The last days of December I counted one day thirteen fresh arrivals of deer and deer saddles in front of one store in Faneuil Hall market, all plainly Maine deer, some of them the largest bucks I have ever seen. In one case the brother of a certain salesman in a house here shipped from Maine two very handsome bucks to that house, and they were sold at 12 cents a pound whole, when venison was generally bringing but 10 cents. I know of two Boston sportsmen who could not get away for a deer hunt in Maine this fall, but each has had a deer in cold storage, from which he could cut as desired. They tell me that the deer were sent them by friends. In one case I am sure that the friend is a registered guide, for the receiver of the deer told me so, but declined to give me his name or address. Why should he give away such a friend?

After all, for the risk the shippers run in getting venison out of Maine illegally—subjecting themselves to a fine of \$40 for every deer shipped, and imprisonment for shipping moose—they get a ridiculously small return. The winter venison sold here last year at 8 to 9 cents per pound, and one day four saddles sold at 5 cents. The saddles did not average better than 70lbs. weight, and hence the value of the deer sold in the market here was from \$3.50 to \$6. Deducting freight and carting, certainly not less than \$1 each, and commission for selling and other expenses, at least 50 cents each, and the shipper got from \$2.50 to \$4 for his illegal transaction. This fall he may have been getting more for his deer, but only a trifle more, and certainly not enough to pay him for the risk he runs of detection and punishment. To the city sportsman his proceedings look exceedingly foolish. It costs the hunter who goes to Maine from \$35 to \$50, or even much more, for the deer he kills, to say nothing about the unsuccessful ones. All this money is dropped in the State and with the transportation companies. It frequently costs from \$200 to \$300 to secure a moose in Maine, and I know of men who have paid more than \$1,000 trying to secure a moose there, and yet have not succeeded. This money goes to benefit the people of the State. For the big game of the State to be seriously endangered by market hunting that is almost worthless to everybody concerned seems very unwise. Two years more of such crust hunting and forwarding of deer to this market, followed by the tremendous shipments here that have been detailed above, will put the deer of Maine into a rapidly declining quantity.

Will the present Maine Legislature take means to stop this market shipment of deer? Or is there law enough already, and will they take means to enforce the law? The Commissioners are perfectly well aware of the shipment I have described, and yet I see by their report that they have expended but \$8,000 for the protection of game and the enforcement of the game laws, while they have spent nearly \$30,000 for the propagation and protection of fish. Whether this expenditure covers one or two years I am not aware, since the Legislature of that State convenes biennially. I have no interest in the matter beyond the desire to see the big game of Maine protected as it should be protected, and I will gladly render the Commissioners or the present Legislature any assistance in my power. Any facts I have are at their service.

BOSTON, Jan. 9.—The Maine Legislature has assembled in biennial session, and appearances indicate that the tinkering of the game laws will be the most interesting matter to come before that body. It seems altogether likely that a tax will be put upon non-resident sportsmen in some form or other. One of the fish and game commissioners at least is in favor of it. Governor Powers is pronouncedly in favor of such a tax, if we may judge by the tone of his inaugural. Treating upon the subject of fisheries and game, he said, after expatiating upon the beauties of the State, and the thousands who annually come to enjoy them:

Doubtless other and further legislation will be sought in reference to this matter, in respect to which the Commissioners will more fully inform you, but in any legislation which you may deem it proper to enact I hope you will bear constantly in mind the desirability, so far as possible, of compelling those who enjoy the privileges and pleasures of these fishing and hunting grounds, to so contribute to the expense of maintaining them as to relieve the taxpayers and the State in the near future from any further large appropriations for their benefit and support, and make this industry, if I may be permitted to call it by that name, self-sustaining.

That the guide law is a success there can be no doubt in the mind of the Governor of Maine. He says:

The guide law, so called, against which, in some sections, when it was first enacted, there were some very strong protests and clamor, has been found, after due trial, to be of great value in preserving the game, preventing fires, and furnishing strangers and sportsmen who come from other States with competent and efficient guides, and all classes now interested recognize that the enactment of this law was a wise step in the right direction.

The Governor also takes occasion to remark:

Under the vigorous and also economical management of the Inland Fish and Game Commissioners, who have so very generally and effectively enforced the laws for the preservation of fish and game, and prevented illegal hunting and fishing in close time, and in prohibited and protected sections of the State, thereby putting an end to the indiscriminate slaughter of game at any and all times, once so prevalent, the quantity of game is very rapidly increasing, and poaching is fast becoming a thing of the past.

Comment on this latter paragraph is unnecessary. As for the guide law, sportsmen who have employed registered guides can speak. As for the taxing of non-resident sportsmen, the Legislature will do well to take into consideration that more than half of the big game killed—more than half the fish caught—the past season is set down to the credit of resident sportsmen, to say nothing of the vast amount of which there is no record. The returns from registered guides show that these guides have guided nearly twice as many residents of the State as non-residents. The great number of resident hunters and fishermen whom no man has guided must be remembered. Non-residents spend fully ten times the amount of money per man in Maine that residents do. To unjustly tax them may not help the hotel and camp people, and it is possible that the railroads may have something to say.

SPECIAL.

Congress and the Birds.

OFFICE OF OFFICIAL REPORTERS OF DEBATES, House of Representatives, U. S., Washington, D. C., Jan. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In the Senate to-day Mr. Hoar secured the passage of the substitute for the House bill to extend the powers of the Fish Commission over birds. It consolidates with the House bill the measure prohibiting the importation or sale of ornamental feathers, etc. The following were the Senate proceedings in detail:

Game and Song Birds.

Mr. Hoar: I ask leave to report back from the committee on the judiciary the bill (H. R. 3589) to extend the powers and duties of the Commission of Fish and Fisheries to include game birds and other wild birds useful to man, which was referred to the committee the other day. I wish to amend it by passing the Senate bill and send it into conference. It will take, I suppose, but a single moment. I will state, in order that the Senate may understand it, that the Senate passed, after some discussion and with a unanimous vote, I think, with one exception, an act for the protection of song birds. The House has now passed an act to extend the powers and duties of the Fish Commission to include game birds and other wild birds, simply giving them a general jurisdiction over the matter, and in order to get the Senate bill taken up in the other branch it is now necessary to put it as an amendment on this bill. So I ask that the Senate bill which we passed be substituted for the House bill, and that it be sent into conference. I move to amend the bill by striking out all after the enacting clause, and inserting the text of the bill (S. 4124) for the protection of song birds, which passed the Senate at the last session.

Mr. Bacon: I am in sympathy with the desire of the Senator from Massachusetts that the bill which has already passed the Senate shall become a law, but I do not understand that in order to accomplish that purpose it is necessary to strike out the House bill after the enacting clause. Why does the Senator object to the bill which has passed the House? It seems to me it might be a very desirable measure.

Mr. Hoar: I do not object to it. I would as lief have it done the other way, by adding the Senate bill as an amendment. I think that is better.

Mr. Bacon: I very much prefer that course.

Mr. Hoar: I move, then, the Senate bill as an addition to the House bill.

The President pro tempore: The Senator from Massachusetts offers an amendment to the bill, which will be read.

The Secretary: It is proposed to add the following as additional sections:

Sec. —. That the importation into the United States of birds, feathers, or parts of birds for ornamental purposes be, and the same is hereby prohibited: Provided, however, That nothing herein contained shall be construed as prohibiting the importation of birds for museums, zoological gardens or scientific collections, or the importation of living birds or of feathers taken from living birds without injury to the bird. The Secretary of the Treasury is hereby authorized to make regulations for carrying into effect the provisions of this section.

Sec. —. That the transportation of birds, feathers, or parts of birds, to be used or sold, from any State or Territory of the United States to or through any other State or Territory of the United States is hereby prohibited. Whoever shall violate the provisions of this section shall, upon conviction in the district where the offense shall have been committed, be punished for each such offense by a fine of \$50.

Sec. —. That the sale, keeping, or offering for sale, within any Territory of the United States, or within the District of Columbia, of birds, feathers, or parts of birds for ornamental purposes, except such as are excepted in the first section of this act, be, and the same is hereby prohibited. Whoever shall violate the provisions of this section shall, upon conviction, be punished for each offense by a fine of \$50.

Mr. Hoar: In line 8, section 3, where it reads "such as are excepted in the first section of this act," it should read "the preceding sections."

The President pro tempore: The amendment to the amendment will be stated.

The Secretary: In section 3, line 8, strike out "first" and insert "preceding," and strike out "section" and insert "sections."

The amendment to the amendment was agreed to.

The amendment as amended was agreed to. The bill was reported to the Senate as amended, and the amendment was concurred in. The amendment was ordered to be engrossed and the bill to be read a third time. The bill was read the third time and passed. Mr. Hoar: I move that the Senate request a conference with the House on the bill and amendment. The motion was agreed to. By unanimous consent, the President pro tempore was authorized to appoint the conferees on the part of the Senate; and Mr. Hoar, Mr. Teller and Mr. Bacon were appointed. FRED IRLAND.

A Missouri Outing.

Our little club of royal good fellows have just returned from a ten-days' camp on Little River, in Dunklin county, Mo.

We left the railroad at Kennett, and went in wagons six miles to Coker's Landing, on New River. Here we employed boats, into which we piled our camp equipage and ourselves, and going down New River about two miles we came to its junction with Little River, and we turned our boats up stream for a distance of about twelve miles. We passed through what was called the Willow Shoot, where the water runs like a mill-tail for a distance of some four miles, and the royal work we had to do was enough to prove that we were made of heroic stuff that did not flinch before difficulties. We succeeded in reaching Snake Den Camp in good time, and got everything in good shape for comfortable quarters in camp, and then we began to inspect the territory to see what our chances for sport would prove to be.

The water was up high. The river was out in all the low lands, and we soon saw that we were surrounded by water on every side. But, as we were equipped with gum boots we boldly waded in. After a wade of about two miles we came upon a big "deadening," where we found such droves of turkeys as were utterly confusing. One of our boys got so bewildered that out of eighteen shots he killed but two turkeys, and every shot should have been effectual. The turkeys were on every side of him, and in nearly every tree over him, and flying back and forth before his eyes.

We got nineteen of the bronze beauties, and had a royal feasting season in camp for several days. Some of the boys were specially anxious to kill a deer, and to that end they waded those sloughs for miles around. They saw several deer, and got some reasonably fair shots at some of them, but they failed to ever bag their game.

Just above where we were camped is a magnificent range for ducks; and, of course, we could not fail to take that in. We killed lots of ducks and squirrels, and when these were added to our turkeys we had royal entertainment.

There is no doubt that Little River offers to the sportsman a place for genuine pleasure for many years to come. The vast wilderness of swamp can never be anything else but a range for game. Wild turkeys are in great abundance, deer are also plentiful, and there are few better places for wild ducks and geese.

Our entire crowd counted themselves well paid for their trip in the sport they had, and the pleasant renewal of annual fellowship in camp. J. N. HALL.

FULTON, Ky.

Notes on Iowa Game.

DURING the season of 1898 game has been unusually abundant in northern Iowa.

The season has been dry and hot and favorable during hatching and breeding time for prairie chickens, and as a consequence they have been unusually abundant; although as a rule sportsmen have not been able to secure any of the "old-time bags." One of the main reasons for the small bags reported is the many large cornfields which the chickens have learned to frequent for protection.

A very large amount of corn still remains unhusked in the fields; and many of these fields the chickens are now (December) frequenting in flocks varying in number from five to more than 100. The presence of these large flocks with us is indeed a most pleasant sight to all the old-timers who remember so well the myriads of prairie chickens which inhabited the country in early days.

Sometimes a large flock of chickens are seen to fly over, and sometimes alight almost within the borders of the town.

Quail have also been unusually abundant this year all over northern central Iowa, and portions of central and southern Minnesota. They were favored, like the prairie chickens, with a dry, hot season, and have thus rapidly increased in numbers.

They are seen more frequently around artificial groves surrounding former homes, and along hedges which border roadways, rather than in the main bodies of native timber.

The present game law has worked well in aiding to protect this splendid bird; but more has been done by the farmers themselves, who rarely permit this bird to be shot on their land, and who generally in other ways do what they can to protect and preserve them.

Ducks and geese have been a "good crop" in the extreme northwest portion of the State, but as a general rule have been quite scarce elsewhere in the region considered.

Rabbits are also unusually abundant, and they, together with the gray squirrel, practically furnish all the hunting the sportsman has here in winter. An abominable method practiced here, and one which no true sportsman would for a moment be guilty of, is the capturing of great numbers of rabbits by the aid of ferrets.

The method employed is to send a muzzled ferret into a rabbit burrow and drive the rabbit out and into a coffee sack held wide open over the mouth of the burrow, and then kill the rabbit with a sharp rap over the head or back with a club.

It is reported that in a swampy tract of land on the Wapsey, a few miles east from Waverly, two or three young men with ferrets captured, a few weeks ago, 500 rabbits in two or three days.

Where the object sought is the extermination of the

rabbit, then perhaps the use of ferrets may be excusable; but under other conditions it is an inexcusable injustice to every true sportsman whose equal rights should be respected.

The gray and fox squirrel (the fox is only a variety of the gray form) is also unusually abundant in northern Iowa this year, and furnishes fine sport for the hunter. Good bags are obtained where formerly it was the rule to return from a day's hunt with but few if any "tails" to show for the effort.

Red squirrels do not appear, so far as my observations have extended, to have held their own with the grays this year.

During this season fishermen have met with unusually good success with the rod, especially in the Big Cedar and Shell Rock rivers. The main catches have been black bass, pike, pickerel and red horse. In spite of the stringent and pretty well enforced game law of this State, a few "game hogs," it is reported, still persist in violating the law by the use of seines and dynamite.

CLEMENT L. WEBSTER.

CHARLES CITY, Ia.

Four Days at Quail.

CAMDEN, N. J., Dec. 19.—My friend, Mr. Jno. F. Starr, Jr., and I left Philadelphia Dec. 13 for Morgantown, N. C., arriving the following day minus our dog. Be sure to tag your dog for destination; otherwise you may meet our fate. For much to our sorrow, the dog kept on going, and perhaps would be on the train yet if it were not for the hot pursuit of telegraphy. How provoking, after giving every baggage-master instructions and extra pay for the good faith in him. Through the courtesy of the telegraph operator he overtook the first section of our train at Asheville, N. C., but too late to get the dog forwarded for the day, hence our discouraged feelings. The train going our direction was too late for the afternoon start of our first venture for quail.

We, however, had acquaintances, who came to our rescue by producing two supposed-to-be very finely broken dogs. So off we started over hills and valley. After about two miles' walk we found the little dog "Hick" smelling and trailing, when, behold, he came to stand. I signalled Mr. S. to my side, when up flew one poor lonely bird, which I understood had been sent his way for the escape of a rabbit hunter. I had not finished the charging of my gun when the dog went pell mell after the dead bird. In doing this he spoiled our sport, running into a dozen or more scattered birds. Imagine our feelings. We marked a few of them, and landed four to our credit. Over another hill, on an angle of no less than 95 degrees, we reached a fine stubble field. Off went our dogs for a sure find. No more than five minutes had expired when we saw one of the dogs standing, tail up, not down. We hurriedly came to quarters for more of it. Finally I stepped in, and up went about twenty fine big fellows. We bagged two of them. Off goes our dog, my throat commencing to get hoarse from calling to him, so finally I landed a shell of No. 8 at him; but he did not mind it. This got worse than I cared to endure, and we finally agreed to hold our dog when we found he scented the birds, allowing him limited privileges. The afternoon drawing to a close, on our way homeward we accidentally ran into a fair-sized bunch, and secured two more, making it eight for our first quarter-day.

On Wednesday the weather is fine, brisk and frosty. Off we go, repeating the same journey, with our own reliable dog. No more had we gotten out of the woods when to our joy he stood as if anxious to shoot at them himself. Up they get; there are three reports and one bird. The others go into a very dense growth of pine on one of those hills where one requires spikes to keep from sliding down. However, getting near our view of where they landed, we found our dog standing. Up goes one and down he comes. The dog still points to my left; I move backward and up get another. Down he comes. "Dead bird, fetch." But he refused to move when I urged him to fetch, and up got another bird—wrong side up—a miss. Coming in with the first bird he stands near by on point, and I score another. Finally they flew, about six in all, over the hill to another stubble, a distance of a least a mile. We came to a ditch, and as we were jumping across up flew a fine big covey, but I lost my balance and went backward into the ditch. Being unable at that time to locate where they went, I worked hard to find them, and scoured the woods with no signs. We went back to the field, and around the volcano hill; our dog stood; up went another, and another, and on a little further goes another. Well, I may keep on writing and tire you of the same thing, but I want to say any good strong man able to rough it can get all the quail shooting he wants in any part of Burke county, N. C.; but prepare for good dogs. We reached our homes amply justified with the sport and hardship, Sunday at 8 A. M., with eighty-six quail to our credit and our dog feeling the effects of it. G. E. RHEDEMAYER.

Killed by His Dog.

E. K. BLADES, one of the best known members of the legal profession in Los Angeles and an expert marksman, was accidentally shot on the afternoon of Dec. 27, and died of his injuries at midnight. Blades left Los Angeles Sunday evening for a duck hunt at Almitos Bay, near Long Beach. Blades passed most of the day on the bay hunting from a boat, with his dog as his only companion. He reached the shore about 2:30 P. M., and was in the act of pulling his boat out of the water. The dog was leaping about in the boat, anxious to reach the shore, when one of his paws struck the trigger of Blade's shotgun, which was discharged. A charge of No. 4 shot struck the hunter in the fleshy part of the left thigh. Blades gave a cry and fell into the water. The report of the gun and the cry of the wounded man were heard by the McGarvin boys, who live near by. They ran to the shore and dragged Blades from the water. The injured man was taken to Long Beach, where several doctors attended him, but he died at midnight. He retained consciousness long enough to tell how the accident happened, and to give directions concerning the conduct of his personal affairs. —San Francisco Chronicle.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Big Hunts.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 31.—It has been a year of big hunts. Never before in my connection with sporting journalism have I noted so many side-hunts, drive hunts and other field operations by large bodies of men. The Western Slope Hunting Association, the big jackrabbit drives of California, Utah and Colorado all come under this head, as well as countless side-hunts, attempted wolf round-ups, etc. Even in the Old World, though perhaps this may not classify under the head of Chicago and the West, the record runs into large figures. Thus I notice that a big rabbit drive took place this week at Osthausen, Hesse, in which a baron, a grand duke, a prince and a count were among others who formed the firing line. They killed 2,900 rabbits, and I presume thought they had broken the record. In the latter supposition they figured without returns from the New World, where there are more rabbits, bigger rabbits, more hunters and better hunters than anywhere else on the globe. The paltry 3,000 rabbits killed by the noble Germans dwindle into insignificance before the 4,328 jackrabbits which Parson Tom Uzzell distributed on Christmas morning to the poor at Denver, the product of his big seventh annual jackrabbit hunt at Lamar, Colo. This record is only one of several as large, or almost as large, which have been made this fall in those portions of the West frequented by the long-eared hares, which love the short grass and the cold breezes of the upper plains.

There was a modest little side-hunt at Oketo, Kan., last week, with thirty-nine men on the side. One commission firm in St. Joseph, Mo., purchased of these side-hunters 1,360 lbs. of dressed rabbits, which is mentioned as but a small part of the net results.

There was a big side-hunt, of similar nature with those above mentioned, held this week by shooters of Baxter Springs and Galena, Kan., with something like seventy guns in attendance, though I have not yet heard of the results of the enterprise. If this thing keeps up, and if also the rabbits keep up, we shall after a time have fixtures of rabbits shooting for sweet charity's sake, which in due course shall attain the social importance of the charity ball, and which methinks will be of greater benefit to the poor.

I presume I have heard of a dozen big wolf round-ups in Illinois, Iowa and Kansas this fall, but I do not recollect to have read yet of a single wolf being killed. Fort Dodge, Iowa, is the last to undertake a wolf drive. These big round hunts are all pretty much alike. A lonesome little prairie wolf comes into a farming county and kills a chicken or two. He is seen or suspected, and a hundred farmers unite to exterminate him. They have a pleasant day out of doors, and go home each with a sore throat, perhaps an aching head, but they rarely take home any wolf with them. The side-hunt, the round-up hunt and the drive hunt all seem to be institutions of civilization, and may be called the department stores of sport. In the early days in a wild country, when game is really abundant, you do not hear of any such undertaking. Each man does his hunting for himself, and he has his sport alone and in solitude. Although he may hunt for reasons other than those of sport, he is none the less typical of that amateur form of sport which has always seemed to me the backbone of national manhood, and our national sportsmanship. Yet this is a time of trusts and of department stores. Perhaps the solitary man with a gun is a passing figure on our page.

The side-hunt idea seems to be the product distinctly of the Northern commercial spirit. I do not remember to have read in my time of a single side-hunt ever held in the South. Upon the other hand there obtains in the South one peculiarity we do not note to a similar extent in the North. This is the practice of camp hunts, usually made by large parties of sportsmen. The Southerner is gregarious in his sport, but I do not think him so grasping as his Northern brother. The big Southern camp hunts are usually made seasons of jollity and good fellowship, with abundance of good cheer, good service and good sport. It seems to me that in the South, that is to say, in the States to be called purely Southern, there is much less of market hunting than in the West and Northwest. The great markets have been fed mainly from the States west of the Mississippi River, Texas, Missouri and Arkansas contributing perhaps three times as much as all the rest of the South. The scientific market-hunter, who followed the wildfowl from northern Minnesota to Paw Paw Bluff, New Madrid and Galveston, was a purely Northern product, and introduced Northern methods among a people less disposed to utilize, to the limit the bounties of nature. Sometimes such men met opposition from local sportsmen, and often they have been compelled to leave localities where they were shooting for the market. It has always been my belief, ever since I have known the South, that that region will hold its game long after the North has been depleted, and I must pay the Southern brethren of the rod and gun the compliment of saying that it is most likely among them that we shall find enduring the idea of purely amateur and temperate sport. There seems to have come down from some ancestral source in the South a very good idea of the combination of a gentleman and a fowling-piece, of a gentleman and a horse, of a gentleman and a dog. These things appertain also to the North, and they come more and more to be valued all over the West, so that we may not be accused of making odious comparisons. I am only reflecting, as I look over the record of the fall, that in the West I have heard of many side-hunts, and from the South not one.

Southern Hunting Grounds.

I have received the following communication from Mr. F. A. Whitman, of Macon, Ill., who wishes to know something about a good Southern country for turkey and deer:

"Have you any information that you are not using, if so could you spare me a little, on where to go hunting. I would like to know of a place in Arkansas, Mississippi, Tennessee or Louisiana, where a party of three or four could spend a month this winter, with a possible chance of getting a shot or two at deer, turkey and bear. We would want to camp, not stop at a hotel. I have made

five trips to Arkansas with more or less success. The last time there were two parties of us from Illinois, three in each party; we killed fifteen deer, before dogs, but there was no other game, and shooting a deer before a dog is not just the proper thing, I think. This was in January, '97, about ten miles above Clarendon, Ark."

In reply to the above, I wrote Mr. Whitman that I thought he might get good country out at Texarkana, Ark. Now comes friend Joe Irwin, of the Capital Hotel, Little Rock, Ark., with one of his interesting budgets of Southern shooting news, which I give below. Perhaps this will be of use to Mr. Whitman, as well as others. It is my wish to make this office a clearing house for shooting news, and I am always very much obliged to friends who will send information such as that given by Mr. Irwin, who writes as follows:

"A party of four of us went down to Fenton, La., last week, where the shooting on quail last year was very fine, but it had evidently been shot out the year before, as we found them very scarce. Saw millions of ducks in an open lake (Serpent Lake), three miles from Fenton, but there was no cover that we could use to any advantage, though we managed to pick up some fifty or sixty in a couple of days. En route we met our friends Dick Merrill and Frank Parmelee, going to High Island and Port Arthur on a duck and goose hunt.

"At Texarkana we also met Mr. Gray Carroll, of Little Rock, with a party of English friends, returning from a short trip above Texarkana, and they had with them four bears, eight deer and twenty-three or twenty-four turkeys, and as it should be, they were a very happy party.

"I had a little turkey hunt over in St. Francis the first week in December, and was lucky enough to kill six fine turkeys. I called them up as they are called in the spring. I carried three of them on my back about four miles, that made me quite weary.

"Quail shooting has been quite good in Arkansas this year, and ducks too, in some parts, but I have not hunted ducks much yet."

What Ails Wisconsin?

CHICAGO, Ill., Jan. 7.—Yesterday afternoon the FOREST AND STREAM office was favored with a visit from Mr. John Stevens, a wealthy sportsman of Neenah, Wis., who spends a great deal of time in pleasant trips in different parts of the country, especially in the upper part of his own State. Mr. Stevens brings some rather startling news about the state of affairs in Wisconsin. He says that the executive officers of the State entirely fail to give any practical enforcement to the non-export clause of the Wisconsin game law. I have earlier repeatedly called attention to the big game "fence" run under one name or another in the city of Milwaukee. There was some talk about the breaking up of this Milwaukee clearing house for the Chicago game markets, and without doubt a great deal of good was done, yet it would be folly to assert that the clearing house has been abolished or seriously impaired. Not only does Milwaukee act as a blind for the Chicago market, but also for the St. Louis market, the latter one of the largest and most unscrupulous game markets in the world. It is high time that the people of Wisconsin should take it into their own hands to see that the game laws are enforced in this regard, otherwise within the next five years they will wake up and find their State stripped bare, and no better than Illinois or Iowa.

Mr. Stevens was recently in the upper part of the State near Prentice, Fifield and Ogema. He was there not for a hurried visit, but for some time, and he knows what he is talking about. He told me that the amount of partridges that were being shipped from Ogema alone was something almost past belief. He said that time and again he saw heaps of partridges piled up at the station platform in piles reaching almost as high as his head. Shipments of 400 and 500 a day from that one point alone were the ordinary thing during the open season. The express company carries these birds all to Milwaukee. They go into one end of the commission houses at Milwaukee, and out at the other end into a lake boat, which carries them to Chicago. There is no reason or excuse for the denial of these facts, for they are facts. They require no comment other than the reiteration that the people of Wisconsin will do very well to wake up and get their laws enforced.

That so much game should be shipped from one little town, itself only one of many, shows that there has been a systematic and extensive campaign laid out. As a matter of fact, agents of commission houses at St. Louis and Chicago have been out all over upper Wisconsin among the little outlying pine woods towns, and have made business arrangements with local shooters to shoot steadily for their markets. It is not generally known that this plan is pursued by the commission houses, but really this is the way the prairie chickens were cleaned out of the Western country. In the earlier days the commission houses located their shooters, shipped them ammunition and put them on a working footing, one house sometimes having out a great many men. I remember that old Col. E. S. Bond once told me that he had just shipped 3,000 shells to one of his market-hunters out in Nebraska. This same systematic onslaught has been recently transferred from the Western prairies to the Northern pine woods, and the game now marked for extermination is now the ruffed grouse instead of the prairie chicken. The local shooters are paid 40 cents for each bird they kill, sometimes as high as 50 cents. The bags run from twenty to forty birds a day to each man, and the number of men is such as would startle the good people of Wisconsin were it known. A laboring man can make from \$4 to \$6 a day shooting grouse, where he could make perhaps \$1.50 a day at much harder and less pleasurable work. One man said he had shipped 1,500 birds last fall up to date, and he was still shooting, and had seventy-five birds ready to ship. This man said that he had paid off the mortgage on his farm by means of his market shooting.

You may always trust a market-hunter to know the easiest and most deadly way of killing his game. This slaughter of ruffed grouse in Wisconsin is going on in the slashings and pine woods of a logging country. The cover is very thick, and the country is hard to travel. Wing shooting would be too difficult for the market-hunter, nor could a bird dog very well be worked. The market-hunter uses a little yelping cur dog, which trees the grouse, and the shooter has small excuse for ever

missing a shot at a bird, since he simply pots it as it sits on a limb.

It is well known to all acquainted with the Northern woods that much of the shooting on grouse is done along the logging roads, where the birds come to feed or walk around. Often very fair shooting can be had by the sportsman who simply walks along the road and does not need any dog. The habits of the grouse are known very well to these Northern market-hunters, just as the habits of the prairie chicken were known to the Western market butchers. Two men this fall put into practice one of the most deadly schemes of which I have heard. They had a two-wheeled cart, which they loaded up with wild rice and other bait, and they traveled all along the country roads and baited them for miles. After they had done this they began their work along the same roads, and are said to have killed thousands of birds. I am not in the least attempting to be sensational in these statements, but they are all true and susceptible of proof. The express agent at Ogema could tell some startling stories if he could be induced to speak. This is part of the work done by these pious frauds, the express companies, who tell all the game wardens that they are in sympathy with them and want to aid them in their work. They can best aid the wardens in their work by beginning their solicitude at the shipping end and not at the receiving end of the consignment.

Mr. Stevens tells me that a very common method of evading one part of the Wisconsin law is the shipping of deer in barrels, covered up under a lot of partridges. I presume that he may also have heard of the Christmas tree dodge, which has been worked to a very great extent this past fall. Each fall a great many thousand Christmas trees are shipped from upper Wisconsin to the cities, and it has long been the custom of the astute woodsman to conceal a deer or two in the car under the Christmas trees. This is a way they have of saying Merry Christmas to the game wardens. Week before last week there was one arrest made at Pembine of a man who was working the Christmas tree racket.

Mr. Stevens tells me that there is no pretense of enforcing the license clause of the Wisconsin game laws, and he expresses surprise that any one should imagine that there had been any attempt at collecting the non-resident license. He says that the only thing the non-resident hunters need do is to hire a local guide, and he does the rest. At the camp of McCartney and Boyd, near Fifield, last fall, there was one party of twenty-six Ohio men who stayed there for quite a while and shot everything they could. Mr. Stevens does not think that one of them paid a State license, and I am convinced that had they all paid they would have turned in about double the amount of money that was actually collected in the entire State of Wisconsin this year under the non-resident license clause.

The enforcement of the non-resident law in Wisconsin has been worse than a simple mockery.

What ails Wisconsin?

Southern Game.

Mr. Irby Bennett, of the Winchester Repeating Arms Company, with Mr. Charles F. Sylvester, of the same firm, made the FOREST AND STREAM office a very pleasant visit this week. Mr. Bennett went on to St. Louis from this place, but remained here long enough for a good talk about the South and Southern game. He tells me that the shooting at Wapanoca Club preserve, on the St. Francis, near Memphis, has been remarkably good recently. Mr. J. Edrington, of Memphis, on three consecutive days killed the limit of fifty ducks a day, and moreover, killed five turkeys and two wild geese. Mr. J. M. Neely killed 100 ducks in two days. Mr. W. H. Carroll on one day killed fifty ducks and eight wild turkeys. Mr. B. F. Price, the secretary of the club, killed fifty ducks on one day, and Mr. Buckingham and Frank Poston, of Memphis, have each killed the limit on several different occasions this winter. That is really a wonderful shooting preserve, and personally I always liked this club, because it sets a limit to the daily bag, which is something any shooting club ought to do in these days.

The sportsmen of Kansas City complain that the season has been an extraordinarily poor one for sport. The duck shooting was good for only a few days, the quail were shot out pretty badly, and even the rabbits did not seem to have a realizing sense of their duty. Incidentally I notice in the Kansas City Star a statement that during the last week in December the warm weather caused a great deal of game to spoil. The city meat inspector on one day condemned 43 wild turkeys, 980 quail, 423 rabbits, 97 opossums, 27 jackrabbits, 127 ducks, 11 geese and 180 lbs. of venison. Perhaps this is where some of the Missouri game had gone.

Warden Loveday has been getting into the profound dislike of the St. Louis commission men, as it is reported that he has seized several thousand quail intended for the St. Louis market.

In the North.

The wardens of upper Minnesota are having lively times trying to stop the illegal killing of deer by men who hunt for the lumber camps. In the neighborhood of Soltan Springs there have been a number of arrests of the yold hunters. Henry Swenson, John Wade and Edward Orloff are among those who have got mixed up with the meshes of the law.

Quail shooting was good in Minnesota this past fall, but the snow came early, and consequently the number of quail killed has been very large, so that some of the sportsmen fear the supply has been badly cut down. This would be too bad, as these birds are now moving up into Minnesota in great numbers, a fact never before so general and noticeable as within the past two years. I think it undoubtedly true that there has been a general migration, or rather a general extension of the habitat in the West, of the Bob White quail to the northward. The logged-off pine lands of Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota are now, and will be still more in the future, among the best quail grounds in America.

E. HOUGH.
1200 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

JACKSON, Mich.—I get more solid comfort from FOREST AND STREAM than from any other paper I read.

DR. W. W. LATHROP.

A Successful Maine Trip.

NEW BEDFORD, Mass.—In compliance with your requests in asking your readers to report their successes to the FOREST AND STREAM, I'll try to give the main points of my last trip into the North Woods in search of moose. In company with W. M. Stowell, of Dartmouth, my partner of last year, and C. O. Wing, of Westport, we arrived at Swett's Camp, on Lake Sapomeag, Oct. 1. This lake is seven miles in the woods from Oxbow, Me., surrounded by hills and hardwood ridges, making it a picturesque spot amid the most magnificent scenery. Several streams in the vicinity abound in trout. We spent a couple of weeks roaming the woods, endeavoring to locate the most favorable places for calling when the 15th should arrive. It finally got along, bringing with it a thick snowstorm. In the afternoon we started for our chosen spots.

Mr. Wing and his guide, Bert Willard, went up the lake about three miles. Mr. Stowell went over to Carry Branch, three miles to the west, while I started for deadwaters in the north, I went alone to the canoe about a mile from camp. Stowell was to follow in the course of an hour with the camping outfit. I sat down and had a smoke, when all at once I heard a grunt, a bellow and a crash. It did not take me long to locate the sound and to decide that if the moose kept his course in less than thirty seconds I would be face up to a big bull. On he came at a smashing gait down an old logging road. Just across the stream he hove in sight inside of 50 ft., and stopped looking right at me. No one but a moose hunter could begin to appreciate that supreme moment. All the different anxious thoughts that have been chasing each other in mad riot through your seething brain are stilled, the blood that has been rushing and roaring in your ears and making your heart beat as never before has frozen. You are simply carved from stone. All thoughts of the world and yourself have vanished. The critical moment has come. I pity the man who is subject to that common complaint called buck fever, for his chances are slim.

I raised the old .45-90 and taking careful aim placed the ball at the butt of his neck, and as he was standing a little quivering, on through his heart. He simply wilted in his tracks, as dead as a hammer. With exultant thoughts I crossed the stream, to gloat over my prize. He was a beauty, and no mistake. Then I started for camp; on the way I met Swett, and told him of my good luck, and of course he was tickled.

Mr. Stowell came into camp next morning, and after congratulating me in a hearty manner, told of experiences that a tenderfoot is rarely favored with. A cow moose began to call about 3 o'clock, about 500 yds. away, and until dark it was "which and t'other" between Stowell and the cow, which could make the most noise. Before 8 o'clock they had called up four bulls and a cow moose. One of the quartet met the calling cow, but none of the rest cared to come to Stowell. They hovered around for several hours, but notwithstanding all Stowell's persuasive eloquence on the horn, none came in sight. Stowell got no moose, but he had an awful lot of fun that night. Mr. Wing got a small moose by tracking on the snow.

We hunted deer with good success, as they were very abundant around there, anywhere from five to twelve being seen most any day. We came out of the woods the 25th with six deer and two moose, having had a great time. To anyone desiring full information in regard to a good location and a competent guide, I will be most happy to supply both.

MICHAEL SHEA.

Maryland Night Shooting on Ducks.

STOCKTON, Worcester County, Md., Jan. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: This year the wildfowl have been unusually plentiful, and it has been a pleasure to watch the great drifting beds, and the almost countless flights as they pass from one feeding ground to another. Red-heads, bluebills and geese have been killed in numbers not before reached for years, but the brant have behaved very badly. So far we have been unable to break up the great bunches of brant, and as a consequence the decoying has been very poor and but few have been killed. We have had plenty of rough weather, and the bays have been frozen over twice already. The ducks, however, stay with us, and their numbers continue to increase from the Northern birds coming in. In a few weeks the Southern flight will be moving, making the prospects good for plenty of game, and fine shooting will be had until late in March. For several weeks the weather has been too rough for night shooting, so the fowl have not been frightened and decoy well. If this fine shooting were stopped we would have plenty of fowl and good decoying. Night shooting is done very openly here, no one thinks of hiding his outfit or making a mystery of his going out. I am informed, on good authority, that a warden not a hundred miles from here not only shoots at night, but furnishes an outfit for another party to shoot on shares. If the State game warden would do better work on the coast, and give a little more attention to the wildfowl, and a little less to a few stores around the city, much good could be done.

O. D. FOULKS.

Not all of Hunting to Kill.

* * * or worse still, they go out with the idea of killing—no matter what nor how, just so they kill and bring in a big bag.

Which, in passing, is not sport, but mere lust for blood and lacks every element of the keen joy one finds when they have learned to read as they run from the great book Dame Nature pages day after day.

It is this element of love for the outdoor creatures that is so strong in Rowland Robinson and his associates who write for FOREST AND STREAM, and to that is due the high regard held for the paper in the hearts of the old line sportsmen (not "sports") who have the eye to see the great beauties in nature, and the minds which are broad enough to go to the wilderness for other joys than the mere lust for blood. In other words, one head of game fairly stalked and fairly killed with a clean shot, amid the setting of any of nature's pictures, gives a keener joy and a sense of satisfaction and power not to be procured through a big bag and a hot gun. As an exponent of this great principle, I say, "Long live FOREST AND STREAM."

EL COMANCHE.

Good Night, Old Pipe.

By G. H. K.

Good night, old pipe, our smoke is o'er,
Your mission faithfully done;
Don't ask me why, you know it well,
It's January 1.

A new resolve? Sworn off, you say?
Although a slave of thine?
You and I must strangers be
Through this year—'99.

You've served me well, my dear old friend,
And as I part with thee
You bring up scenes which to my heart
Most dear will ever be.

The camp-fire, with its cheerful glow,
The faces, stories—aye,
A thousand fancies to my mind
Which cannot fade or die.

The river, with its roaring falls—
I hear their music yet—
The mighty struggle with the king
To bring him to the net.

The weight—5lbs. 2oz.—yes;
A handsome trout was he;
Again you've taken me far back
That charming sight to see.

The hunt; the chase; the long chance shot;
The satisfaction—all
Come back through your mysterious power,
You necromancer small.

Your curling rings of smoke bring back
The happy days of yore;
And dear old friends, whom you and I
Shall see on earth no more.

But we must part—good-by, old friend—
And as here now I take
A last look at your tempting form
This solemn promise make:

That as I place you from my sight
(What blurs my eye, a tear?),
We'll view these scenes again, old friend,
The first day of next year.

Hunting Licenses for Maine.

In his report of Jan. 3 to the Maine Sportsman's Fish and Game Association, Secretary Farrington discusses the project of a hunting license as follows:

I desire to bring to your attention at this time what seems to me of importance for the future welfare of our fish and game interests. To my mind the time has come for a departure from the former policy of the State in providing for the care of our large game interests. While I have always opposed a license tax law, placed upon non-residents, and would do so now, unless the law was made general in its application, I fully believe that the large game should be protected and cared for by a tax upon those who wish to hunt and kill it. My reason for this is two-fold. First: The State has now to stop and consider just what appropriations are absolutely needed for the actual necessities of the State; that all demands for money which can legitimately be diverted, or where its benefits are not commensurate with the outlay, will be met in some other way, or refused.

Second: To consider if it is necessary to provide for the care of our large game, by direct taxation, or if it pays the State to longer do so, and whether its care cannot be better provided for by adopting another policy. This proposition is expected to be received with hesitation, for we have been accustomed to regard such measures with more or less distrust. My reasons for this view are given in brief, that you may see whether there is sufficient force in them to warrant your consideration.

Why I place this departure upon large game is, that its benefits to the State are less, and widely separated from the fishing interests.

In this connection I want to call your attention to the facts contained in the report of the Fish and Game Commissioners, for the year 1898, just submitted to the Governor. There was expended during the year \$29,632.27, which covers all expenditures of the board, for warden service, attending and advertising hearings, fees of prosecuting attorneys; in fact, all the expenditures of the commissioners. There can be no question but that the amount mentioned was made to go as far as it could, in the care of our game and fish, and that never has the State had the work of this department done with greater zeal and success than has marked the present administration of its affairs.

A careful analysis of the accounts show that \$21,632.27 has been expended for fishculture and matters immediately connected with the fish interests, and \$8,000 for the protection of large game.

The report also shows that according to the report of guides, there were guided 5,820 resident and 7,366 non-resident persons in both fishing and hunting—or 13,186 persons in all. How many of these were in the pursuit of large game? This question cannot be definitely answered, but from the best information attainable the number cannot exceed 2,000 non-residents and 3,000 residents. This gives evidence that the fishing interests are the important interest from which the State receives its chief revenue, for it must be remembered that there are many thousands, residents and non-residents, of those who fish, not recorded as being guided. Thousands of our citizens, who never hunt large game, do more or less fishing in all parts of the State, and the non-resident class, who are attracted to our State by its fishing privileges, not only remain in the State many months, and but few frequent the forests for large game. Our fishing privileges cover all parts of the State, and the thousands of cottages and summer hotels upon the shores of our lakes, ponds and streams give business to many of our citizens and add taxable property to the State. It also gives life and being, and lucrative business to scores of steamers and small boats who attend to their wants.

This cannot be said of the large game interests, the

great domain of which is in unincorporated places, and the lodges and camps inexpensive and beyond the reach of the tax collector.

The report of the guides as to the numbers hunting and fishing, which have been guided—the most reliable data we have—must not be supposed to give a less number than actually frequent our forests for fish and game.

But let us get a little closer to the question. For the care and protection of large game \$8,000 is expended annually, to allow 2,000 non-resident and 3,000 resident sportsmen to hunt our large game, for less than three months in the year. The State has about 160,000 adult male population, and of these 3,000 do more or less hunting of moose, caribou and deer. The State has little trouble in protecting our fish, its main difficulty is to protect our large game for the hunters who kill it. Did it ever occur to you that this is only about 2 per cent. of the male residents of the State? That nearly one-half of these are guides? That ninety-eight out of every hundred of our citizens do no hunting? That we expend \$8,000 annually that these two out of each hundred may hunt our large game? I am aware that my attention will be called to the fact of the employment it brings a thousand and more guides, who get large pay for their guiding, and that to camp owners and remote hotels, railroads and carrying companies, there comes considerable revenues. Admitted. But this proves that the results are sectional and individual in their benefits. I have often heard people express wonder and severely criticize railroad companies for not being more liberal in their treatment of the game question, in contributing money for this and that use, but no longer will it need be regarded as strange when you consider that only 2,000 non-residents come into the State for hunting purposes. It is the fishing, our grand mountains, lakes and sea shores which give the main attraction to the tourist. Let us go further. It is true that 1,000 or more guides receive two or three times as much pay as the common laborer for their work. But is the State to appropriate money to make employment for a class of its citizens that they may get large remunerative wages? One particular class? Where else in this direction does the State look out for its wage earners by appropriating money to establish business? A business which does not accrue to the general good of the State.

But the proposition I make will not in any way hurt or lessen any one of all these interests now benefited. I would not urge it, did I not fully believe it would advance all these interests, and give permanency and stability in the care of our large game.

Without any fear of successful contradiction, I say that with the \$8,000 expended annually for the protection of our moose, caribou and deer, there has been and can be only a show of protection. Thousands of our deer are killed in close time, and there is little gain in putting a stop to it, nor can there be with the money expended. This is no fault of those having this business in charge but the outcome of having this game in the great forests of the State, scattered over millions of acres of unbroken townships of wild lands, where wardenship must be limited, and effective enforcement impossible with a force of less than a dozen wardens. The fact must be recognized that the very men whose own interest and the interest of the State require its care are, as a class, not in sympathy with the enforcement of the law for large game protection. My wonder is that the fish and game commissioners have not been utterly discouraged—less courageous men would have been. It is a humiliating spectacle to see the laws of the State on large game violated as ours are and to my mind the State should adopt a policy which would provide for their better observance and enforcement.

The suggestion I have to make, is to have a law providing that all non-residents who wish to hunt moose, caribou or deer, pay the small fee of \$5, and the resident sportsman \$2 for this privilege, and have the right to send their game to their homes. The non-resident could not regard the law as onerous or partial, for they would realize that the distinction was proper, for the citizen sportsmen in common with others of the State own the game, and have to pay taxes to maintain the fishing interests. The right to send their game home of itself would be worth the amount charged. If the privilege of taking the State's game, the value and the pleasure, is not worth this to whoever hunt it, had it not better be left alone? Let the State give its attention to the care and propagation of its fish. This pays the State in all directions. Let its appropriations be greater than before, and soon all waters in all our towns will be inhabited by such food fish as will be suitable for them. This will be for the general good. The \$8,000, if diverted to such use, would soon make fish abundant in all parts of the State. The people of the State who pay the taxes are outside of these hunting grounds, and not one in 100 of such ever hunt the large game of the State. Put the money where it will do the most good and accrue to the benefit of those who support it, and let this large game matter be taken care of by those who want to hunt it, till it can be shown that it pays the State to do so itself. The proposition is just and equitable, it will relieve the State of this burden, and not keep all interested as well as the commissioners upon the "ragged edge," at every session of the Legislature. The amount thus received would be twice that now expended, and give better protection than ever before.

The idea that the State should expend large sums of money to enforce the law against men who hunt our game and want it preserved—men who, if they were loyal to the State's interest and true to their own, no money would be needed for this purpose—seems to me impolitic and unwise.

Having done this, I would go further, and separate the work of the Fish and Game Commissioners. By force of conditions, they are not to be considered together. Let there be one of the board, named game protector, to have the supervision of the game and its protection, and the other two, the affairs pertaining to the fishing interests. Each may be advisory with the other, and each interest will have the undivided efforts of those in charge. When the "shore fisheries" were made distinct from the inland fish and game supervision, it was thought by many that it would be to the disadvantage of both, but the result has been of advantage to each.

In all States where a tax license law upon those who do the hunting (and that now applies to almost all States where large game abounds) it has worked well, and every year it becomes more popular. Individual effort and individual responsibility always accomplishes more than divided effort and divided responsibility, and in this case the result can but be the same.

E. C. FARRINGTON, Sec'y.

JANUARY 2, 1899.

To Open the Season in Florida.

REPORTS of game being plentiful in the woods so wrought upon my imagination that I could scarcely wait for the season to open, but getting to the deer country seemed impossible till the Doctor used his influence to have me go with him and others on a camp hunt that was to last for an indefinite time. The Doctor, Morgan and Ben were going out with Morgan's brother Joab, who had not hunted for several years, to stay in the woods till the latter shot a deer. All of them were expert woodsmen, and I could not accept an invitation to go with them too quickly.

The afternoon we left Auburndale in two single wagons was like Indian summer at the North, with the same bracing air and sparkling sunlight, and even the animals showed how glad they were to be alive. Doctor's large bay mule, a creature with far-reaching stride, lunged ahead in a walk that lifted heavy sand-cables on wheels and made the horse pulling Morgan's wagon trot to keep within hailing distance. The three dogs, appreciating their importance, traveled with uplifted tails and received friendly advances from less fortunate curs with supreme contempt. Doctor's half-beagle, overcome with exuberance at times, bayed off on trail of wandering dogs; Old Tom, Morgan's spotted foxhound, traveled sedately under his master's wagon, while Pick Up, the black and tan fox hound, searched along the route for bones. All of us were happy.

The course from town to the place we stopped at night lay parallel to the railroad, within sight of numerous shadowed lakes, some of them in groups, and through a continuous pine wood, where the oblique rays of afternoon sun bronzed tree trunks and flashed among lower limbs. At one place we passed from this brilliancy through a deep ford, where night had prematurely settled, into more bright forest beyond.

Our stopping place for the night, near a small lake, was under a grove of live oaks, not unlike large apple trees, with gnarled limbs that were a study in curves and angles, and dense foliage very dark in color. With such protection a tent seemed unnecessary. With a supply of fuel gathered, buckets of water on hand, camp furniture unloaded, the fire burning briskly, and draught animals near by feeding contentedly, our hotel for the night was cozy. The festooned moss ceiling revealed by our fire was beautiful. It gave a flavor to our meal while at supper to study this roof at each swallow of coffee. Afterward, while the others were playing seven-up, my fat wood fire showed the surroundings.

When the cards were at last put away, and we tried to make ourselves comfortable in our bunks, I lay awake for a long while watching the nearby trees dance giddily in the fire light, and the gray beards on mossy limbs giber down at me in a peculiar manner. I heard scratching sounds among the treetops, and afterward saw illumined spots on the bark transformed into flying squirrels peering down with sparkling eyes to satisfy their curiosity, and then to play catcher, a game that was interrupted by screech owls, and once by a larger owl, which seemed to glow from a limb above the fire, to blink wisely at his surroundings for something to seize upon. The stage up there among the crooked limbs, with stars beyond, was interesting; but it was only a part of the great Florida wilderness, and somewhere off in the night the actors were larger—bears, for instance.

We ate breakfast by fire light, then passed through a town of several dozen scattered dwellings about sunrise, into a park-like wilderness, where there were numbers of browsing cattle and glimpses of lakes extending to hazy shores. Further on the deer trails that crossed the road at long intervals aroused us somewhat, and caused our hearts to throb when we saw calves of uncertain color practicing quick-steps. The mule had settled to a stride that ground out sand melodies, dogs strayed less often from their places under wagons, and our party had become taciturn—there was a long journey ahead, and everybody knew it. About midday three of the party hunted a deep bend on the left, while Joab and I followed the road with teams; later all of us raced off on a fresh bear trail; at a point near the end of our journey we shot a number of quail; these diversions shortened the day.

We arrived about 3 o'clock at our destination, a former camping place, near a small lake, recognized from a long distance by Julia with mule shouts that made the wild welkin ring with long-continued gayety, a horrible roar of sound. A large gator appeared a short distance off shore, while we were unloading, that must have been gin, from nose to eye, or gft. by the rule of the woods; a monster to be so near our water hole at night; one whose scent even was dreadful to our dogs, and caused them to carry tails with less uplift. Fear of polluting the water prevented us from shooting this brute. The outlook across the lake, extending a half-mile to saw grass and wild cane shores, backed by pine forest, was distinctly Floridian. Occasional white egrets and awkward sandhill cranes moving about from point to point, and cattle feeding along the lake shore, gave additional character to the scenery. Evidently our camping places were selected with judgment.

A stroll in the afternoon about the surrounding forest revealed the fact that deer were scarce, but that bears were plentiful. The signs of the latter were interesting. At one place bruin had climbed live oaks for acorns, and had torn off boughs as thick through as a man's arm; at another he had gathered palmetto leaves to eat their tender ends; and at still another he had dug deep for one of the large land terrapins. Our friend of the hairy jacket must be an epicure, and believe in course suppers. He observes "good form," I have heard, in various ways, such as sitting up at meals, and etiquette in upper bear-

dom may require smashing land terrapins against a stump and not on your head. He is an interesting creature. For some cause he does not frequent the sand hills in winter.

The next morning, after a chase in which all of us yelled ourselves hoarse, and Old Tom, with a recklessness that disgusted our pick-up hound, hotly pursued a bear that hung tenaciously to the thick swamp on the shore of a large lake, we returned to camp to move to a more promising deer country, twenty miles distant. The trail north of the railroad led for a time along the Florida backbone, a hilly culmination of water sheds unusually rough for this State, then through flat woods, where there were shots at sandhill cranes that approached with loud "karung-karungs," bell-like music, notes of derision when they were safely beyond range. It is said that the meat of these birds, when properly cooked, is equal to turkey—no doubt to persons with vivid imaginations. Progress was interrupted several times on the way to shoot quail, and when we stopped near a grass lake after nightfall the overcast sky caused a pitch darkness that made it necessary to hunt fuel with our feet. The tent was not set up, and when a deluge came about midnight there was wrangling of men and dogs in solid blackness awful to hear. Ben, a hero, at the first sign of light cut a tent pole.

Day broke on a dreary world. Our condition was pitiful; clothing and blankets were saturated, all of us shivered in concert with shivering dogs; mule and horse stood with heads down and feet in a bunch, taking the drenching on humped backs; a blue heron down shore croaked anathemas either at a passing kindfisher for flying so near a gentleman's topknot, or at the weather; the smaller bird answered back sharply, then lit on a snag to mope; the only living creature in sight unaffected was a large gator, that moved about over by the grass island.

When a roaring fire, boiling coffee, and food from the boxes had revived our spirits, we regarded our quarters as very cozy for such a morning. The storm abated after awhile, and three of the party went out to still-hunt, while Joab and I dried clothing. When they returned about noon with a large gobbler, shot by the Doctor, we ate dinner and resumed our journey to regions ahead, where turkeys would be plentiful and deer would run through camp. Joab and I followed the edge of the flatwoods with the teams, while the other members of our party hunted sand hills on the right. My companion had not been in that part of the wilderness for years, but he knew every cow crossing and every dead snag in the swamp to the left; while such mysteries as "upper-cut," "under-bit" and "swallow fork" on the ears of cattle we passed were easy reading, by which he identified each old sukey without hesitating. Men who have spent their lives in the woods are never dull companions.

When we came to the paradise ahead, to insure a camp that would be a credit to our party, all of us went out to select pole and stakes, then Ben cut enough light wood to fill a railroad contract. The clouds, utterly discouraged by such preparations, fled and gave place to a clear sky and shining sun. Clothing of every description was soon drying on ropes about a roar of blazing fat wood, while blankets of startling hues fought wind from the tops of saplings, and men in shocking costumes either moved daintily about the fire or danced lively can-cans on treacherous coals. It was all very picturesque.

The baying of a hound in the distance caused us, clothed as we were, to rush for stands, where we spent a breezy half-hour waiting for a deer that had passed within a few rods of camp, while we were at work. If the signs had indicated a gait faster than an amble, the impudence of passing so near us might have seemed less. Julia, the mule, had noticed the game, or something about that time, but none of us had thought to provide her with a gun. The strange dog fled at sight of us—probably to spread a report in canine circles that some very unusual apparitions haunted our part of the wilderness.

Soon after we had resumed our clothing the breeze fell and trees hushed their musical lull. No bird calls were to be heard then, no insect noises, no songs even of belated grasshopper or early rising katydid, the lowing of distant cattle being the only sounds besides our own voices. Conversation became subdued and laughter seemed impertinent. It was a time to meditate—to recall the past and plan the future—a season, in fact, for quickened fancy to think of supper. The rosy sun kissed earth adieu, then hid behind a cypress swamp. And it was night. And Morgan unmasked a skillet.

The next morning we followed the foot of the sand hills for several miles, and then crossed a wide timbered ford on the left, waist deep at places, where minnows hung suspended in the brown tinted current, and air plants grew from arching moss manes on limbs overhead. The ranks of cypress knees, bottle shape in form, many of them shoulder high, garbed with drab bark, were not unlike stunted pygmies with concealing mantles. Musical echoes of our wading came back to us there as if we were in a cavern, and the voices of my companions discussing the nosing abilities of our pick-up hound had a decided melody in them. We emerged from this into a flat country, where there were a few scattered pine trees and a number of green island-like cypress ponds in sight, the latter promising cover for game and easily surrounded.

Nearly the first of these ponds rewarded us with game. While my companions were rushing for stands, and the hounds were jubilating in the wooded pond, a deer burst from cover within range of where I stood, and after clearing with a few high leaps the surrounding belt of low palmettoes, streaked off at the top of his speed, with two reports of my gun echoing in his wake. At first sight he appeared to be huge; then seen over gyrating gun-barrels he rapidly diminished to the tiniest proportions; resolved into a gray thread after my first shot, his whereabouts became uncertain. I fired my second shot at any place in the gray line. The hounds were soon baying lustily in the swamp, quarter of a mile distant, where the game had disappeared, and afterward we found the deer there with a number of buckshot through him, dead enough after his race. That afternoon Joab made a rice purlew and Doctor treated us to griddle cakes.

Two mornings later Joab and Morgan left in one direction, the rest of us in another, and our division started a large buck near the place where I had made my kill. When we returned about noon Morgan was seen laboring

in the distance under a large deer, accompanied by Joab, who walked with a proud step, for the latter had killed his meat; an event that put an end to our hunt, but one that might induce Joab to go with us on another trip. Striking camp about dinner, and packing wagons for the last time, seemed like the breaking up of a happy family; our surroundings had become so familiar and my companions had been so agreeable that it was with keen regret I performed my part in these final preparations for our departure.

On the way home in the afternoon, through bright forest, we frequently announced the success of our trip by yodelling to log dwellings near cane fields; music that is omitted where there is no game aboard. Those Florida "cow calls" are pleasing to the ear; when subdued by distance and forest they are more delightful than thrush music. Excuse me, I am a little hoarse and cannot do justice to the following "call": "Yi-hi-i-i-e-e, yah-ho-o-o-we-oo-ow-un, yah-hay-ay-ay-e-ow-o-en, ye-hoo-oo-oo-we-e-o-on, yi-i-i, hi-i-i, ye-e-e-ippo!" That night after Morgan and Joab had parted from us on the road their cow calls came back from a great distance in cooing tones that might have been songs of sirens wooing us to a forest life; music, indeed, to dream of later at home, and to recall long after I had told my last acquaintance all about our hunt—and had astonished him.

H. R. STEIGER.

Massachusetts Game Notes.

DANVERS, Mass., Jan. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Another gunning season is scratched off of our lives as far as game birds are concerned. I think that last fall was fully up to the average. I heard of one large flock of quail seen about a week ago, and unless the snow kills them off there ought to be enough left for seed. The local fox hunters have killed more foxes this year than usual. Messrs. Beckford and Langdon are high men. Mr. Frank Killam, of Topsfield, has killed many partridges, but says he hasn't found many quail.

We have some of the best covers here for partridges of any in the State, but some four or five old worthless reprobates make a business of snaring all the young birds within about three weeks' time, and by the time a man has a chance to go out he will find old snares and no birds.

The Massachusetts Rod and Gun Club, of Boston, sent up some of their officers in the town adjoining, and captured one man and had him convicted.

The gun club I think is dead; we haven't had a shoot for nearly a year; principal cause, no suitable range. Rifle shooting is a thing of the past. We used to have a good club here; but the best shots went into the militia; then the range was transferred over to them, and now they are with Uncle Sam, and the range is going to rack and ruin.

How I would like to be in the South with the wild geese this winter instead of up here North, freezing up.

JOHN W. BABBITT.

Out for Bears.

J. L. K. sends us a recent issue of the New Berne (N. C.) Journal, in which appears this advertisement:

BEARS WANTED.

The State Museum wants two large bears—the larger the better—in good order for stuffing, prepared as follows: As soon as possible after killing remove all entrails and rub plenty of salt on inside of body, and put a lot in the mouth. Fill up the body with hay, straw, shucks or any other material that is quite dry and ship at once by express, charges collect, to the State Museum, Raleigh, N. C. We want nothing under 200lbs. weight. Will pay 10 cents per pound, gross weight, for two bears of over 200lbs. each that reach here in good condition. Money sent immediately on receipt of animal.

H. H. BRIMLEY, Curator.

STATE MUSEUM.

Gangs and Flocks.

BALTIMORE, Jan. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Noting the purist in your editorial of last issue with his fanciful grievance over the term hunting for shooting, what will he say that when a boy, fifty years ago, in Virginia, we called a flock of wild turkeys a gang of turkeys. We always managed to get one for Christmas and another for New Year's dinner. We didn't know much about Thanksgiving Day at that date down where I was raised, but were always ready to give thanks for the good things, tame and wild, that the good Lord sent us, and which we could procure by our own exertions. What's in a name? A rose by any other name—but that is worn out.

E. S. Y.

[Gang is still the approved term as applied to turkeys.]

Quail in Virginia.

CHASE CITY, Va.—Quail have never been so plentiful as this season. Sportsmen from the North who have recently visited this place pronounce the hunting the finest to be found anywhere. As many as seven deer have been found in one herd.

Polk Miller, in a recent letter, says: "I have hunted quail for forty years, and in no section of the State is the hunting as good as in the county of Mecklenburg. I find more deer, turkeys and quail there than ever before."

Chas. A. Ochen, of Baltimore, who has been coming here for years, says: "I never enjoyed a vacation more anywhere, and as for game, I consider the vicinity of Chase City a veritable sportsman's paradise."

W. D. PAXTON.

New York Forest Interests.

From Gov. Roosevelt's Message.

THE Forest Reserve will be a monument to the wisdom of its founders. It is very important that in acquiring additional land we should not forget that it is even more necessary to preserve what we have already acquired and to protect it, not only against the depredations of man, but against the most serious of all enemies to forests—fire. One or two really great forest fires might do damage which could not be repaired for a generation. The laws for the protection of the game and fish of the wilderness seem to be working well, but they should be more rigidly enforced.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing and hunting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

A Little of Everything.

BY FRED MATHER.

IN a newspaper now before me an unknown writer uses this quotation: "Our memories go back but a little way, or, if they go back far, they pick up here a date and there an occurrence half forgotten." This accords with my present humor, for after writing the heading of this screed I was vainly trying to recall if I first met it in the Rigvedas, the Brahmanas, or in Josh Billings' Almanac. Anyhow, the story ran that a wayfarer seated himself in a gasthaus in the ancient city of Oshkosh and called loudly for the garcon. When that person stood bowing before him in a spike-tailed coat, with serviette on arm, the hungry traveler in a foreign land looked into his "Ollendorf" and asked: "Wat kin yer give me?" The waiter sized him up. The collar had been on duty for three days without relief, he had slept in his cravat and he evidently had no credit with the barber. Therefore he cautiously replied, in order to hedge if he was entertaining an angel unaware: "Sir Knight, our larder is so well stocked that I can offer you a little of everything." Again the wayfarer consulted his book of colloquialisms and read therefrom: "A little of everything is a synonym for hash." And he declined the proffered dish.

This parable has been cited in order to warn the reader who may not incline, in a gastronomic way, to indulge in such things as hash and chowders, that this paper will be "a little of everything."

Frogs.

IN FOREST AND STREAM for Sept. 10, 1898, I wrote about "Our Frogs," and in the issue of Oct. 15 I wrote "More About Frogs." That exhausted the subject as far as my knowledge went. I proved to my satisfaction that frog culture was not practicable. A recent article in the New York Press says that Miss Mona Selden, of Friendship, N. J., bought a lot of swamp land—some 20 acres—at \$2 per acre, and fenced it in. Then she "spent the winter in reading everything she could get hold of that told about frogs, and when she wasn't reading she was out in a barn shooting at a mark with a target rifle."

The story goes on about her marksmanship and shipping frogs to New York and clearing \$1,500 the first season. Again I quote: "Then those who laughed at her went to shooting frogs and sold them to her, while she shipped them to New York at a nice profit. That was five years ago. She has since made from \$3,000 to \$5,000 a year in the business."

Mark you, there is no word of frog culture in this yarn. According to the story, she merely shot and marketed wild frogs. Do I believe it? No, my child, frogs do not attain maturity in a year, nor in four years. A marsh of 20 acres, where no frogging had been done by man or woman, might yield 30 adult frogs per acre, or 600 pairs of legs. These might weigh 40z. per pair, or 150lbs., which at 40 cents per lb. would yield \$60, and this seems to be a liberal estimate. At Blackford's frogs retail for 40c. @ \$1 per lb., according to season, and it is reasonable to suppose that 40 cents is a fair price to the shipper. A little arithmetic is sometimes good to look at. Miss Selden should have marketed 3,750lbs. of frogs to harvest \$1,500, and as it takes a large frog to dress 40z., she must have gathered in her first year at least 15,000 frogs from her 20 acres, which would allow about two and a quarter frogs to 1 sq. ft., which is a more liberal allowance of frogs than I remember to have seen.

There is something wrong in the figures of the Press, or in mine. But facts are what we want when we go out for them, and in the interest of truth it is desirable that either Miss Selden or some one who knows the facts about the frog farm at Friendship, N. J., if there is such a place, write a plain, unvarnished tale about this frog story and put all such skeptics as the writer on the way to believe in "frog farms." I will see that a copy of FOREST AND STREAM containing this article goes to Miss Selden, with a letter calling attention to it. Until then we rest.

Mr. J. H. McIlree, Assistant Commissioner of the Northwest Mounted Police, writes: "In FOREST AND STREAM of Sept. 10 you told us something about frogs, and therein say: 'The frog is a solitary animal, never in the company of another, except in the spring of the year.' I saw something so opposed to that statement that you might like to hear about it. While grouse shooting in the Cypress Hills, a range about 40 miles north of the 49th parallel, and about due north from Fort Assiniboine, Mont., toward the end of September, we always rested for an hour or two at one of the numerous springs to be found all over the hills. These springs are found well up to the heads of all the coulees running into the hills, and are all ice-cold. Around the springs and the little creeks formed by them, as long as they ran above the ground, were literally myriads of frogs. They were 3 to 4 in. in length and were green, with dark spots on the back. They were in such numbers that there was a leaping mass in front of us as we walked, and it was hard to keep them out of the springs long enough to get water. If I had read your article previously, I would have taken particular notice of them as to description, and also what they were feeding on. Pardon me, as a stranger," etc.

There is nothing to pardon. I thank Mr. McIlree for the letter, from which I will again quote, for it gives chance for an explanation. His adventure with the frogs shows that I should have added to my statement the words: "Or when about to bed in the springs for winter." In the lakes and rivers the frogs bed in the mud singly, as a rule, but the last of September above parallel 49 must warn froggie that winter is near and that he had better seek the springs, where there is an even temperature all winter, and I have seen a dozen taken

from a spring in winter, but it is temperature, and not sociability, that leads them to congregate in this way. That is the only answer I can give my correspondent.

Spring Shooting.

In the same letter Mr. McIlree writes: "I have read *FOREST AND STREAM* from its very early days, and have gathered much useful information from its pages. I have been knocking about the Northwest Territories for nearly a quarter of a century, and have seen the buffalo and other large game disappear, to my sorrow. We have nothing much left now, unless one goes far north, but a few deer and antelope, with some sheep and goats in the mountains. We stop spring shooting at ducks the coming year, and I would like to see it stopped everywhere. By reason of our climate, the duck season is short; it begins Aug. 23, and they are virtually gone by the end of October, and in some years earlier. Then they are continually shot at south of us until they return in April to breed. By what I read in *FOREST AND STREAM* it takes a lot of ducks to satisfy some men, and it is a mystery how the supply holds out. We do not shoot snipe in the spring here, but down your way I read that they are then slaughtered by the thousand."

Here is a sermon in a few words, and they are words of wisdom. If there is to be any game left in the year 1925, we must stop shooting it on its spring migration to the breeding grounds, when every pair of birds is ready to go to housekeeping and bring us a flock in the fall. Wherever moose, elk or deer are protected the close time covers the season of rut to the weaning of the fawns. Any change of these times would mean destruction to the animals. Why hesitate to apply the same principle to all game?

I have seen the prairies covered with buffalo as far as the eye could see; the wood so full of the passenger pigeon that they broke great limbs from trees, while hogs below fattened on the wounded. I have seen flights of ducks on the Mississippi that darkened the air, and have flushed a score of ruffed grouse in a day within sound of the town clocks of Albany, N. Y.

Where is all this wealth of game now? Consider the fact and the question before reading the answer.

The hide-hunter sent a dozen riflemen to follow a herd of buffalo, and only let their horses graze when the buffalo fed. They had a wagon-load of ammunition following. The shooters kept on the flank of that herd for weeks until it was shot to death. Then came a wagon-train of skimmers, who took only hides and tongues, and there ended the American bison. I speak of what I have seen, for I was on the plains of Kansas from 1857 to 1860, and have seen many thousands of carcasses festering in the sun and polluting the air for miles. Once I went on a buffalo hunt and killed one animal, when I sickened at the slaughter.*

The wild pigeon has gone, and it went suddenly. There has been an attempt to prove that its food failed; that the beech-nut no longer grew in quantities to supply the bird with food. If that was so, a few would have survived, but I say it was netting the birds in the nesting season for trap shooting that exterminated the wild pigeon. Come down on me, all you trap shooters of twenty years ago; show that I don't know the first thing about wild pigeons; call me names, if you will, and I will ignore personal abuse and give you facts straight from the shoulder. My days for physical fighting are past, yet I confess to liking a "scrap," and have some mental courage left.

Of the great flocks of ducks, geese, pelicans, sandhill cranes and other birds which went down the Mississippi in my time, much less than half a century ago, there are but a few left where I used to shoot, according to my friend, Judge Seaton, of Potosi, Wis.

It is many years since I have shot in the spring, and I will never do it again. The time has come to prohibit it in every State, but in the New York Legislature the members from Long Island will vote for any sort of law provided that the island is excepted from its provisions, and the members from other parts who want the Long Island votes on other questions give in to them. The laymen and market shooters thus carry the day and shoot in the spring.

Fish Poison Again.

A man in Millville, N. J., writes: "Your article on Skates in *FOREST AND STREAM* of Dec. 17 had an item in it about poison from fish wounds. Next day after reading it I heard of a singular case, which you might wish to record, as it is a curious one. A friend, with whom I was discussing the matter, told me that a man called 'Sailor Jack,' living at Bayside, had been stung by an eel and was blind. Of course, I knew that an eel has no sting, but to look up the matter I went to Bayside and found the man. His right name is William Edger-ton, and he lives by fishing. The case was not a recent one. It happened early in September, and this is the story, divested of his English. He was skinning a large eel and the fish in its struggles struck him in his right eye. The blow was, of course, painful, but he thought it would pass off, and kept on with his work, with one good eye and the other streaming tears.

"In about a week the smarting had given way to an aching pain, and he could not see with that eye. He asked medical advice and the doctor diagnosed the case as one of cataract, but it grew so fast and was so painful that on hearing the story of the man the physician concluded that slime from the eel's tail, impacted on the pupil, was the cause of the trouble. Did you ever hear of such a case?"

I can truthfully affirm that I never did. It "beats all my goin' a-fishin'." I've "skun" many a thousand eels in boyhood days and have seen the pelts taken off from more thousands, but never met a case like this. I hope that Mr. Mitchell will let us know how the case ends; at present the man seems to be not only blind in one eye, but is suffering. Observations of all such cases should be put on record, and I am glad to get them. No man need apologize for writing me such things because he is a personal stranger. If he has a thing of interest and hesitates about making it known to the editor, I will digest

* See sketch of Amos Decker in "Men I Have Fished With."

his facts, and if worth printing will put them in concrete form, as in this case. Many men distrust their "literary style," and fear to write what they know or have seen. As Mr. Mitchell is one of this class I told him, as I have told hundreds of others: Shoot that bugbear of "literary style;" if you have anything to tell, just write it in your own way; the editor is the man whose duty it is to straighten the kinks out of your grammar, spelling, faulty sentences and to "blue-pencil" all ornamental and unnecessary lines in your story, according to his ideas.

With that same "blue pencil" he has killed what I thought to be most brilliant jokes; he, in his reading, didn't catch the point—but we must all submit to the editor—even if I have a personal dislike to his "blue pencil." The editor and the proof-reader are at their daily grind and are not always in sympathy with the writer's thought; imagine Ruskin, Emerson, Byron and the great writers of the past subjected to revision by an editor and a proof-reader!

Charles Hallock.

The perennial and ever-blooming Hallock, long may he wave and bloom, writes me from the South, where he finds life more enjoyable than in the frigid northeastern part of Minnesota, where he went in his younger days and built the town which is named for him. Charles was, and still is, full of vim, but the day has passed when he and I could do forty miles a day on snowshoes, and our ambition to do it has died out. He writes me from Fayetteville, N. C., that he has found a delightful winter home among the pines in the southeastern part of that State, and urges me to join him, if for a week only, any time between now and May. He enthuses over the climate and says: "The water is cool, sparkling and delightful," but makes no mention of the tokay, scuppernong and other things which flow in the hills of North Carolina. He tells of tramps after game that he should write to *FOREST AND STREAM*, and of his successes in that line. All this is mentioned here to let his numerous friends know where he is, and that he is as well and happy as ever, capable of carrying his years like a man who has spent much of his life in the open air, for Hallock, like more of us, is not a spring chicken, but there is a lot of good leather in his physique.

Habits of Trout.

To the old questions: "Do the sun move?" and "Do a trout take a fly with his tail?" I have a new one. It comes from central New York in this shape: "Are trout as numerous in the outlet as in the inlet of a lake, where there is one of each? This refers to such a lake as Cranberry, in the Adirondacks, about the month of August. Some contend that when a trout runs up stream to spawn she does not return, and that in August they are moving up from below the lake. I would like to know how this would affect the fishing fifteen to eighteen miles below, say at Cranberry."

While I have fished most of the Adirondack region, I never got over in the northwestern part where Cranberry Lake lies. In a general way it hardly seems that a trout would drop back fifteen miles from the spawning ground after once starting for it. But, while individual trout in that elevated region may move to the spawning beds in August, there are others which will not start for a month later, for these fish do not all spawn in the same month. Again, there are barren trout which do not need to run up to the gravel beds, and they may move from the outlet to get warmer spring water if the outlet is cold. Some trout spawn only once in two years, and these are the "barren" ones mentioned. There are years when domestic animals are barren; hunters find a barren doe the best venison, and when in the West I found that a barren cow buffalo was the fattest and juiciest of all. These animals may not have been permanently barren, but just skipped a year. Trout are often barren, but whether any of them are permanently so or not I cannot say. Who knows? I made experiments in this direction, but they were not continued to the point of having a decided opinion on the following points. Some trout spawn in successive years; some skip a year. This much I know, but whether there are trout that are permanently barren I do not know.

My knowledge is mainly from trout bred and reared in confinement, where they can be well under observation and marked individuals can be kept track of, but I have taken trout in August in the Adirondacks which gave no sign of developing their eggs, while in June I have found eggs so far advanced that an angler who was not a fish-culturist would consider them nearly ripe. All these things enter into the question of the habits of trout, and in my opinion tend to show that there is no hard and fast rule which impels every trout to follow a rigid custom of its fellows. We are too apt to think that one individual of a species is like all others. As there is what we call "individuality" among men, so there is among animals. The owner of a dozen dogs knows the character of each one, and no two are alike, even if of the same breed. A shepherd knows the face of each of his sheep, and as they differ so do their characters. When a boy I kept cage birds as pets, and knew the faces of my different bobolinks and "yellow birds." As faces differ, so character differs, and I have seen trout of the same age, bred in the same troughs and ponds, on the same food, that at four years old showed different facial characters. A boy's face is like a girl's, it takes time to develop character, and—but this is degenerating into a lecture on physiognomy.

More Dreams.

Mr. C. L. Whitman writes from New Brunswick as follows: "In your article of Nov. 5 you wonder if others are afflicted like yourself in their dreams, and try to shoot game with a gun which will not go off. I am a fellow sufferer in this manner. Hundreds of easy shots at moose, bear and deer have come to me in dreams and I would pull at the trigger until it seemed as if it would break, but the gun would not go off. For a score of years after the Mexican war, where I was behind a gun, there was the same dream disappointment in shooting 'greasers.' Like yourself, I thought it peculiar, but I see by what others say it is a common thing. I have read *FOREST AND STREAM* from the first number, and every number, and hope you will * * * Here the taffy was so thick that the letter was 'balled up.'"

"Calm and peaceful be thy dreams," comrade, and may you have none more frightful than those you tell of, and may you enjoy *FOREST AND STREAM* for many years to come.

A Female Grilse.

CAMPBELLTON, N. B.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As you well know, my dear father was credited with writing some very interesting articles upon fish and game life. He possessed a great deal of practical knowledge, and knew whereof he spoke, and it just occurred to me that the information I am about to convey to you would, I am sure, have been most interesting and surprising to him were he now living.

I have spent twenty-two years in the service of the Dominion Government, part of the time as officer on that king of rivers, the Restigouche, under my father's training; but for many years past I have been engaged in the piscicultural branch, and have operated many of the hatcheries in the Dominion, and think I am safe in stating that I handle and manipulate more salmon annually than any other man in America. The point I wish to make, however, is this, that in all my experience, and that of my father, I never saw nor heard of a female grilse in any of our rivers emptying into the Atlantic Ocean. The theory generally advanced is that the female does not mature and is not ready to propagate until the fourth year of her existence. But while manipulating some 400 or 500 salmon at St. Johns, N. B., this year, I for the first time handled two female grilse averaging about 3lbs. in weight, both yielding eggs. Still a greater curio, however, was an adult salmon possessing the organs of both sexes, yielding both eggs and milt simultaneously. I took about 1,000 eggs from this individual fish, fertilizing them with the milt from the same specimen. These eggs are now in the breeding trough at the Restigouche Hatchery. The results will be closely watched, and may introduce into the Restigouche a new and very interesting species of salmon. This wonderful specimen of fish was sent to Prof. E. E. Prince, Dominion Commissioner of Fisheries, Ottawa, for scientific investigation.

The hatchery is filled to its utmost capacity, and truly this has been a wonderful season on the Restigouche. Fish and game in abundance. It may well be called the sportsman's paradise. Certain New York parties have made as many as four trips to the fishing preserves and hunting grounds this season. One gentleman alone spent over \$3,000 for guides, etc., on the river. When the new Restigouche and Western Railway, which is now being built from Campbellton, N. B., through a pristine wilderness to a point on the upper St. John River, is complete, it will open up the finest fish and game country in the world, and bring the tourists and sportsmen of Boston and New York within twelve or fourteen hours' ride of the Restigouche.

ALEXANDER MOWAT.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Ice Fishing.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 31.—State Warden J. T. Ellarson, of Wisconsin, hands out an opinion from Assistant Attorney C. E. Whelan on ice fishing with hook and line in the State of Wisconsin, which goes on to say that the law does not contemplate the use of more than five lines to one man, or one hook to one line, and does not allow a line to remain set during the absence of the owner. This may affect a certain sort of fishing in Wisconsin rather severely. A great deal of market fishing is done on the ice in that State each winter. It is the peculiar feature of this form of work that it carries its own detection with it.

Michigan Fish Ladders.

Fish Commissioner H. W. Davis, of Michigan, comes out flat-footed in favor of fishways in dams. "It is useless," says he, "and only waste of money, to stock streams with fish if there are dams with no means for fish to get over them." These are words of wisdom.

From the Blackfeet.

Mr. J. W. Schultz, very well known to all *FOREST AND STREAM* readers through his communications from the Blackfeet reservation in Montana, is visiting a while in Chicago with friends. Mr. Schultz, it may be remembered, was the host of myself and Mr. McChesney on our sheep hunt a couple of years ago. We had a rather weird hunt then in some respects. We made a little side-hunt and carried out a small lodge, which we put up on the upper Two Medicine Lake. This lodge we left standing when we returned to the main camp, and old John Monroe said that he would go out and bring it in some time. He has never yet been able to find it, as he was not with us, and we could not direct him very closely. I suppose the little lodge is standing out there yet somewhere in the pine woods, and no doubt at this date buried a dozen feet beneath the snow.

Another little incident of our trip was mentioned in the story I wrote of it at the time. I borrowed one of old John Monroe's big steel traps and set it for a mountain lion, which had been eating up one of our sheep carcasses. John was not with me when I set the trap, and as we had to leave that country very suddenly when the team came in, I could not go out and get the trap. I told him where I had left it set, and though he never expected to find the trap, he said he would go out and try. A little later, as he told Mr. Schultz, he did go out, and found where the trap had been. Something had gotten into the trap and marched off with it, just as I supposed would be the case. I had put a good heavy clog on the trap, and John followed the trail of the clog quite a way down the mountain side, but finally lost it, it being some days old. I have no doubt whatever that I caught old Pahkukkus himself, and my only regret is that I was not there to land him, for he surely had made us plenty of trouble.

Mr. Schultz tells me that our old *FOREST AND STREAM* friend, Billy Jackson, continues in very bad health and cannot go hunting. This is news which no *FOREST AND STREAM* reader will like to hear. I presume every one at the Sportsmen's Exposition at the year of the (*FOREST AND STREAM*) Indian camp will remember the Indian baby,

Natôye, Billy's daughter. This lively youngster is now quite a girl, and there are two other Natôyes at Billy's place, both younger than she.

Jack Monroe, another FOREST AND STREAM familiar, is very well, and every once in a while goes out and kills a mountain lion or so just to keep his hand in.

Funny World.

This is surely a plenty funny world. One day twelve years ago I was out at Hutchison, Kan., and I wanted to go fishing, and I had no fishing companion. There was a tall and nice looking young stranger in town whose name was F. V. Dunham, and somehow we struck up an acquaintance and went fishing together, going over to a clear, swift little stream, known as the Ninnescah River. We caught about a bushel of great big sunfish, which we were told made the only fish supply of the stream. At last I told Mr. Dunham that it looked to me as though there might be bass in that creek. I put on a little spoon hook and almost at once caught two bass, nice little fellows, which made a lot of fun. I took several other bass during the day, and we had a lovely trip, which I remember even to-day. I did not, however, remember Mr. Dunham, and I was a good deal puzzled when a little while ago a tall, dark and handsome young man approached me here in Chicago and asked me if my name was not Hough. In brief, I found that this was Mr. Dunham whom I had not seen for a dozen years. He now represents the North Chicago Street Railroad Company in an important business capacity and is successful and prosperous. Meantime he has been to Central America as an engineer, and has had a great many interesting experiences in his busy life. Yet he has never forgotten that day on the little Ninnescah, out in Kansas, and it seems he had never forgotten me, although I was not so accurate with my memory. Now wasn't that a nice little experience? And isn't this a funny world? E. HOUGH.

1200 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

Jan. 18.—Logansport, Ind.—North Central Indiana Poultry Association's bench show. Sol. D. Brandt, Sec'y.
Jan. 19-21.—New Orleans, La.—New Orleans Fox Terrier Club's show. Wm. Le Monnier, Sec'y.
Feb. 8-11.—Milwaukee, Wis.—Bench show for the benefit of the Wisconsin training school for nurses. E. J. Meisenheimer, Sec'y.
Feb. 21-24.—New York.—Westminster Kennel Club's twenty-third annual show. Jas. Mortimer, Sec'y and Supt.
March 7-10.—Grand Rapids, Mich.—Butterfly Association's bench show. Miss Grace H. Griswold, Sec'y.
March 14-17.—St. Louis, Mo.—St. Louis Kennel Club's show.
March 21-24.—Chicago.—Mascoutah Kennel Club's show.
April 4-7.—Boston, Mass.—New England Kennel Club's bench show. James Mortimer, Manager.
Nov. 22-24.—New York.—American Pet Dog Club's show. S. C. Hodge, Supt.

FIELD TRIALS.

Jan. 16.—Bakersfield, Cal.—Field trials of the Pacific Coast Field Trials Club. J. Kilgarriff, Sec'y.
Jan. 16.—West Point, Miss.—U. S. F. T. C. winter trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.
Jan. 23.—West Point, Miss.—Champion Field Trials Association's fourth annual trials.
Feb. 6.—Madison, Ala.—Alabama Field Trial Club's third annual trials. T. H. Spencer, Sec'y.

Westminster Show.

THE twenty-third annual dog show of the Westminster Kennel Club will be held at Madison Square Garden, New York, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, Feb. 21, 22, 23 and 24.

The judges are:

Miss A. H. Whitney—St. Bernards and Newfoundland dogs.

John Davidson—Bloodhounds, deerhounds, greyhounds, foxhounds, Chesapeake Bay dogs, pointers and setters.

Reginald F. Mayhew—Mastiffs, collies, Old English sheep dogs, bull terriers, fox terriers, Airedale terriers.

J. Blackburn Miller—Great Danes (deutsche doggen).

Edward L. Kraus—Russian wolfhounds (borzois).

H. K. Bloodgood—Spaniels (except toys).

John H. Matthews—Bull dogs (except French).

John R. Buchan—French bull dogs.

Frederick G. Davis—Boston terriers.

George B. Post, Jr.—Beagles.

G. Muss-Arnolt—Dachshunde and Basset hounds.

Oscar W. Donner—Irish terriers.

Dr. M. H. Cryer—Dalmatians, poodles, all terriers (except Airedale, bull, fox and Irish terriers), pugs, whippets, schipperkes, Pomeranians, Italian greyhounds and miscellaneous.

The premium list is now ready, and will be sent on application by Superintendent James Mortimer, 1123 Broadway. Entries will close Feb. 6.

The prize list is most generous. Nine pages of the premium list are taken up with specials, distributed in various breeds. The classification this year is as follows:

Puppy Classes.—For dogs over six months old and under twelve months old on Feb. 21, 1899.

Novice Classes.—For dogs never having won a first prize at any recognized show, wins in the puppy classes excepted.

Limit Classes.—For dogs never having won four first prizes at any recognized shows, wins in the puppy and novice classes excepted.

Open Classes.—For all dogs of any age over six months. No prize winner being debarred from competing.

Team Classes.—For teams of four dogs belonging to the same exhibitor, each of which must be entered in at least one class for which it is eligible. The dogs composing team need not be named at time of entry, but simply as Mr. —'s team. In team classes the whole of the entry fees will go to the winner. Entry fee, \$5, as in all other classes.

There will be winners' classes for each sex in the following breeds, namely: Bloodhounds, mastiffs, St. Bernards (rough), St. Bernards (smooth), Great Danes,

Russian wolfhounds, greyhounds, pointers, English setters, Irish setters, Gordon setters, field spaniels, cocker spaniels, collies, poodles (curly), bull dogs, bull terriers, French bull dogs, Boston terriers, beagles, Dachshunde, fox terriers (smooth), fox terriers (wire haired), Irish terriers and pugs.

Poodles (corded), Airedale terriers, Scottish terriers and Black and Tan terriers will have one winners' class for both sexes.

Owing to the lack of support, the committee have thought proper to exclude field trial classes for pointers; English, Irish and Gordon setters, but such classes will be opened if a sufficient number of entries, five in each class, are guaranteed.

The scale of prizes runs \$20, \$15, and \$10 for first in various breeds and classes, \$10 and \$5 for seconds and silver medals and \$5 for thirds. The classes number 292. There is every prospect of an exhibition which will maintain the prestige of Westminster Show as the leading event of its kind in the world.

Special Prizes for Field Dogs.

Pointers.

The Pointer Club of America offers the following special prizes, open to members only:

The American Field cup, value \$100, presented by Dr. N. Rowe, for the best pointer in the show; to be won three times by the same exhibitor before becoming his absolute property.

The Brokaw challenge cup, value \$100, presented by W. G. Brokaw, Esq., for the best heavy-weight dog.

The Brokaw challenge cup, value \$100, presented by W. G. Brokaw, Esq., for the best heavy-weight bitch.

The Brokaw challenge cup, value \$100, presented by W. G. Brokaw, Esq., for the best light-weight dog.

The Brokaw challenge cup, value \$100, presented by W. G. Brokaw, Esq., for the best light-weight bitch.

The Brokaw challenge cups are to be competed for annually at the Westminster Kennel Club shows, and must be won three times by the same exhibitor before becoming his absolute property.

\$10 for the best heavy-weight dog, \$10 for the best heavy-weight bitch, \$10 for the best light-weight dog, \$10 for the best light-weight bitch.

Beagles.

The National Beagle Club of America offers a gold medal for the best beagle; a silver medal for the best beagle of the opposite sex to the winner of the gold medal; a bronze medal for the best beagle in the field trial class.

The Hempstead Beagles offer through the National Beagle Club of America the Pickhardt cup for the best beagle bred by the exhibitor. Cup to be competed for annually at the Westminster Kennel Club shows, and must be won three times before becoming the absolute property of the winner. Individual prize of \$10 in money or plate added. Open to all.

J. L. Kernochan, Esq., offers the Juvenile challenge plate for the best beagle in the puppy class exhibited by a member of the National Beagle Club of America. Plate to be competed for annually at the Westminster Kennel Club shows, and must be won three times before becoming the absolute property of the winner. Individual shield added.

The above special prizes, with the exception of the Pickhardt cup, are open to members of the club only.

Premium List for Field Dogs.

Pointers.

66. Puppies, dogs and bitches: \$10, \$5, silver medal.
67. Novice, dogs: \$10, \$5, silver medal.
68. Limit, dogs under 55lbs.: \$20, \$10, \$5.
69. Limit, dogs 55lbs. and over: \$20, \$10, \$5.
70. Open, dogs under 55lbs.: \$20, \$10, \$5.
71. Open, dogs 55lbs. and over: \$20, \$10, \$5.
72. Novice, bitches: \$10, \$5, silver medal.
73. Limit, bitches under 50lbs.: \$20, \$10, \$5.
74. Limit, bitches 50lbs. and over: \$20, \$10, \$5.
75. Open, bitches under 50lbs.: \$20, \$10, \$5.
76. Open, bitches 50lbs. and over: \$20, \$10, \$5.
77. Team class, best exhibit of four: Entrance fees.

English Setters.

78. Puppies, dogs and bitches: \$10, \$5, silver medal.
79. Novice, dogs: \$10, \$5, silver medal.
80. Limit, dogs: \$20, \$10, \$5.
81. Open, dogs: \$20, \$10, \$5.
82. Novice, bitches: \$10, \$5, silver medal.
83. Limit, bitches: \$20, \$10, \$5.
84. Open, bitches: \$20, \$10, \$5.
85. Team class, best exhibit of four: Entrance fees.

Irish Setters.

86. Novice, dogs: \$10, \$5, silver medal.
87. Limit, dogs: \$20, \$10, \$5.
88. Open, dogs: \$20, \$10, \$5.
89. Novice, bitches: \$10, \$5, silver medal.
90. Limit, bitches: \$20, \$10, \$5.
91. Open, bitches: \$20, \$10, \$5.
92. Team class, best exhibit of four: Entrance fees.

Gordon Setters.

93. Novice, dogs: \$10, \$5, silver medal.
94. Limit, dogs: \$20, \$10, \$5.
95. Open, dogs: \$20, \$10, \$5.
96. Novice, bitches: \$10, \$5, silver medal.
97. Limit, bitches: \$20, \$10, \$5.
98. Open, bitches: \$20, \$10, \$5.
99. Team class, best exhibit of four: Entrance fees.

Beagles.

201. Puppies, dogs and bitches: \$10, \$5, silver medal.
202. Novice, dogs: \$10, \$5, silver medal.
203. Limit, dogs not exceeding 13in.: \$15, \$10, \$5.
204. Limit, dogs over 13 and not exceeding 15in.: \$15, \$10, \$5.
205. Open, dogs: \$15, \$10, \$5.
206. Novice, bitches: \$10, \$5, silver medal.
207. Limit, bitches not exceeding 13in.: \$15, \$10, \$5.
208. Limit, bitches over 13 and not exceeding 15in.: \$15, \$10, \$5.
209. Open, bitches: \$15, \$10, \$5.
210. Field trial class, dogs and bitches that have been placed at any public field trial in the United States or Canada: \$15, \$10, \$5.
211. Team class, best exhibit of four: Entrance fees.

Sport.

DAYTON, O., Dec. 29.—Sport passed from this life before his days of usefulness should have been accomplished. He was the victim of circumstances and his friends. His decline dated from an unlucky day, upon which he went hunting with his friends, the boys, and was accidentally hit by a stone intended for a rabbit. Notwithstanding every effort of his master, he steadily grew worse until it became necessary, in order to be humane, to use the quieting influence of chloroform.

Sport's death leaves a vacancy in the society in which he moved, among whom he had no enemy. He possessed more than the average intelligence accorded to dogs, and was faithful and kind to the greatest degree. He came into the world a rollicking, fun-loving cross between a high bred Irish setter and a spirited well formed pointer; the combination not only gave him the despised yellow coat, but he also inherited the solid substantial body of his dad and the nerve and "go" of his mother. From the time he was able to run he became the constant companion of his master on the wheel. This developed his muscles to such a degree that he was invincible when it came to a scrap, even with a much larger antagonist, and with him, as with all noble natures, he never stooped to

meanness, never abused a little dog and never sought a quarrel.

Some of his feats showing endurance and speed will compare with the performance of any of his kind. He once ran over a hilly bicycle course of eight miles in thirty-two minutes; at another time he made forty-four miles in four hours; and from these trips he came in seemingly as fresh as when he went out. His speed was always a matter of wonder on account of his weight, which was 65lbs. As a watch dog he was superb, and took care of the house with rare discrimination. Those who had business were never molested, but those whom he did not know were stopped until permission was given to enter the house by some of its inmates. There will be dogs of more value, but there never will be a dog to gain and hold a stronger place in the affections of his master and his friends. C. J. G.

Curing the Grippe.

IN Rowland Robinson's story of Danvis Folks, Sam Lovel's method of curing Peltier is as follows: "I'm a-goin' tu take Peltier a fox huntin'. I believe 'f I c'n git him int'rested in 't an' hev him kill a fox er tew, it'll git him over mopin' and homin' himself to death arter that misible gal."

A few days since I was laid up to a certain extent with an attack of the grippe. After trying for a couple of days and with no apparent effect a remedy which was advised, I told the members of my family that the best thing I could do would be to go out with my dog, take a good tramp, kill a fox and cure myself. I was assured that such proceedings would be very risky. Nevertheless I put it into practice.

Yesterday we had quite a thaw, making crust enough on the snow to hold up a dog, and this morning it began snowing about 8 o'clock. It is somewhat uncertain about starting a fox on such a day, and I thought I would wait until noon before going out. About 10 o'clock one of my neighbors passed and told me that he had seen where a fox had just crossed the road about 150yds. from my house. I took dog and gun and started, and after following the track half a mile or so, the dog jumped the fox. I found the traveling very much harder than I anticipated. In the fields and open pastures the crust held me up fairly, but in the woods and sprout-land, I would go in at times over my knees. The old dog worked like a machine, driving the fox steadily something over four hours. The fox would circle about in certain places two or three times, but by the time I got there he had left. I kept on wallowing along, and was soon perspiring very freely. It was a disagreeable day to be out, and was snowing fast. My gun was covered with snow and ice; my gloves were wet and both my boots had more or less snow inside. At length, after going out of hearing twice, the dog drove the fox back into a piece of sprout-land, and he began to circle about, and I killed him. It was an old dog fox, but he had had about all the run he wanted on such a day. Head and tail were both down when I saw him coming. I got the fox, and I feel as though I had lost the grippe. C. M. STARK.

DUNBARTON, N. H., Jan. 6.

Points and Flushes.

The New England Kennel Club's bench show will be held April 4 to 7. Mr. James Mortimer will manage the show. A liberal premium list will be offered.

Canoëing.

A-Few Stray Leaves from the Log of the Frankie.

On the Wabash.

IV.

It was not a good place for the shore tent; so we decided to sleep in the canoes. So as soon as we had looked the ground over the canoes were drawn up on the bank and unloaded, and the beds made up in them and the tents erected over them; and after we had smoked a couple of pipes or so around Dave's little blaze of a camp-fire—Dave would have a fire, not considering the stove sufficiently camp-like; so at every camp he built himself a separate fire and roasted himself around it and choked in its smoke to his heart's content—we turned in for the night.

It was with many misgivings that I worked myself slowly and carefully into bed in the little 4ft. x 18in. cockpit of my canoe, and the feat was not accomplished without some little difficulty, for I had to work my two feet about 2ft. under the forward deck before I could find room for the rest of my anatomy; and even after I had gotten myself as comfortably disposed of as circumstances would permit, I felt very much as though I was laid out in a cheap, ill-fitting coffin, and found myself just about as comfortable. While I didn't exactly have to get up and go out of doors to turn over, the feat was a delicate and difficult one to accomplish, and required both time and patience. As the pine floor boards of my canoe were not long in making themselves manifest through my blankets, it is needless to say the operation required to be performed with tolerable frequency; and as I was invariably waked up at each performance, it may be readily inferred that I did not get much sleep that night.

Dave, on the other hand, in his 8ft. cockpit, with its high hatches giving him plenty of room for his feet and lower limbs, slept like a log all night, and turned out in the morning as fresh as a daisy. We also found his large, roomy cockpit, with its easily removable yet amply tight hatches infinitely handier and more convenient for purposes of packing and unpacking than my narrow little 4ft. well; and long before this cruise was ended I registered a resolution to fit the Frankie with a cockpit of similar dimensions before cruising in her again.

V.

The river was the finest we had yet had, being broad,

swift, and full of easy rapids, down which the water swung with a power and force not heretofore experienced. The rapids were particularly fine around the bend, past the old town of Lewisburg, ending half a mile below in a pretty stiff fall over an irregular stone fish dam, which we shot successfully at the only available point—just at the left of the big boulder forming the lowest point of the dam, which, as is usual in such structures, was shaped like a V, with the apex down stream.

The river swept in a strong, swift flow around the two or three picturesque rocky islands clustered at the head of the backset from the big dam just above Logansport, flowing like a sheet of transparent varnish over the golden sand and gravel a foot and a half below, and we were shot far out on the broad, lake-like bosom of the backset before the effect of the strong current was lost. We had been dreading this backset, as it was said to be seven miles long, but it proved to be not more than half that distance, and we made most of it under sail. A heavy rainstorm, which had been following us all the morning, overtook us while we were working our way through the backset, but our waterproofs kept us dry for a while, until finally the old "gossamer" which I had thought good enough to do for this trip gave way all at once in the midst of a very hard downpour, and I was soon thoroughly drenched and chilled; so we made a landing near a farmhouse and pitched the tent on a nice grassy shelf overlooking the water, the while the rain came down furiously, and I changed my wet garments, while Dave foraged for fuel. He soon returned with an armful of corn cobs from a nearby stable, and we put up the stove in the tent and had a good hot dinner. It rained steadily for three hours, and we stayed here until 5 o'clock. Our tent proved perfectly tight, and we were snug and comfortable, while outside the wind howled past and the rain dashed against the side and roof of the tent in sheets. We had intended utilizing some of our spare time in writing some letters, but before we had gotten our "after-dinner dishes" out of the way the farmer—near whose house we had camped, and who had been very kind and obliging to us—paid us a visit, followed by one of his kids, then another and another until our little 6x7 tent was crowded; and when finally the family dog arrived I thought it was time to resume the cruise, the rain having passed over some time since. So the tent was taken down and repacked, and we reembarked and pushed off. As we shoved out from the bank the old lady was observed bearing down on the camp.

On reaching the dam the canoes were portaged around the head gates into the mill race on the left bank, down which we dropped for 100 yds., when we portaged back into the river again. We found that the river had risen a foot or more since the rain, and was coming up rapidly, with the prospect of a 4 or 5 ft. rise. We also found a long series of fine rapids before us, with plenty of water, and in a few minutes we passed the head of Biddle's Island and landed in front of Logansport, where Dave went up in town after some supplies, while I remained in my canoe to watch the boats. I speedily had a group of wondering boys and men on hand in spite of the rain, which began again, and the river came up so rapidly that I several times had the aforesaid idlers lift the bows of the canoes higher up on the rocks to hold them to the shore, while points of rock, loose stones, etc., disappeared beneath the water while watching them.

Dave soon returned with his supplies, and at 6:30 in the evening we pushed off again in a drizzling rain, and under a fast darkening sky, and dropped down the rapids under the Wabash Railroad bridge and past the lower end of Biddle's Island in search of a good camping place. Eel River was observed to be looming out into the Wabash as we passed its mouth. We finally found a beautiful spot on the south bank, half a mile below the lower railroad bridge. The bank was too high and steep to get the canoes up, so we made them fast in the river below, with ample provision against any probable rise, and prepared to camp in the shore tent. The rain had passed off and the clouds had blown away, and the moon was shining brilliantly, while the wind blew great guns. Dave went foraging as soon as the camp equipments were up on the bank, while I put up the tent flat on the ground, like an A tent, without the wall, as I was afraid it would not stand in the gale that was blowing. I cooked supper on my alcohol stove inside the tent on account of the high wind outside, and after our evening pipes around Dave's brisk camp-fire we turned in and slept soundly and snugly all night, although it was a snapping cold night outside.

VI.

It is surprising how hard the floor boards of a canoe can get in the course of a night, even when made of soft pine; and my experience at this camp at Attica, where we decided to sleep in the canoes, was quite a repetition of that enjoyed at Wabash, and I cannot say that I got much if any more sleep here than I did there. We had found it convenient to pitch our camp directly under the lower railroad bridge, and about the time I would succeed, after numerous twistings and turnings, in dropping off into something like a sound sleep, a train would cross overhead with a thunderous roar, sufficient to wake a dead man, and I would find myself wide awake again. I think it must have been during this night's experience that I planned the little folding hair mattress that I would add to the 8ft. x 20in. cockpit, already decided upon during the ample time afforded me for reflection at our night's camp at Wabash. However, day broke at last, and we were out early for the last twenty miles of the cruise, for we had decided to end this cruise at Covington, and trust to the future for an opportunity to explore the lower river. We found the river falling as rapidly as it had risen, although, as it was still a couple of feet above low water mark, we had plenty of water. We dropped lazily down the river, keeping on the shady side as much as possible, past Williamsport, past the mouth of Shawnee, and in a couple of hours reached Portland, or rather what remained of it, for the old village appeared to be defunct, and a cornfield occupied its site, with here and there an abandoned old house tumbling to decay amid the corn. We laid by here for an hour for a drink of water, a smoke and a rest in the shade. While here a couple of young men, who were

running the river in a skiff from Lafayette to Terre Haute, passed us. They had camped the night before on the bar off the mouth of Shawnee Creek, and stopped with us long enough to swap yarns and tobacco. After two hours more idly drifting and paddling along the shady side of the river, we reached Baltimore Hill, four miles above Covington, where we laid by for several hours and enjoyed our noonday lunch, smoke and siesta on a shady little shelf high up on the lofty hillside, where the delightfully cool breeze vied with the charmingly beautiful landscape afforded by our elevation in making our stay a pleasant one. Finally we stepped aboard our canoes again and took up our paddles for the last reach of the cruise, every foot of which is familiar ground—or water if you choose—to both Dave and myself; and each old familiar landmark was greeted with the affection every man feels for these old friends when nearing his home after long years of absence. Around the first bend the court house towers at Covington became visible at the end of the long down-river vista. We passed inside of "the islands" for old acquaintance sake, and dallied along under the bluffs below and past the old stone quarry. We passed the Adamson ford, with its old swimming bar; dropped around the bend under the old drawbridge, whose perfect reflection in the placid waters beneath became sadly wrinkled and distorted in the little wavelets made by the passage of our canoes; and at 4:30 in the afternoon I stepped ashore at the old steamboat landing and drew my canoe well up on the rocky beach and announced "the cruise is ended."

Our arrival was expected, and we were hardly ashore before a dray and a carriage were on hand, the canoes piled on the one and ourselves piled in the other; and in fifteen minutes more we were boys again at home, the boats laid out on the grass in the front yard, the tents put up for an admiring crowd and our story of our cruise of 160 miles and seven days being told over and over again.

F. R. WEBB.

A. C. A. Membership.

APPLICATIONS for membership may be made to the purser of the division in which the applicant resides on blanks furnished by purser, the applicant becoming a member provided no objection be made within fourteen days after his name has been officially published in the FOREST AND STREAM.

Atlantic Division.

James H. Oliphant, Brooklyn.
J. Norris Oliphant, Ithaca, N. Y.
Charles A. Smith, Montclair, N. J.

Yachting.

As the yachting journal of America, the FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of communication between the maker of yachtsmen's supplies and the yachting public. Its value for advertising has been demonstrated by patrons who have employed its columns continuously for years.

THE new rules of the German Sailing Union are interesting, as the most comprehensive and systematic attempt yet made to inaugurate a satisfactory set of rules and to keep them permanently up to the original standard. Mr. Benzon's propositions are particularly interesting to us in that they include the method, which we have for some time past advocated, of placing the racing machine in a class apart from the cruiser-racer. This is provided for, as we suggested, by means of two formulae, a comparatively simple one for the racer and one in which freeboard and other essentials appear for the cruiser. Another feature which we have advocated is the establishment of a body of experts which shall pass upon all new or doubtful features that infringe the spirit of the rule and threaten its successful continuance. No rule, however good at the outset, can be maintained under the stress of strong competition unless some such safeguard is established. The time has gone by when, after working for months to establish a supposedly better rule, the clubs will sit down quietly and watch it violated in spirit and often in letter with no attempt to protect it.

The Benzon formula for cruisers is a distinct advance on the Y. R. A. rule; the latter, through the factor of skin girth, gives no inducement to added displacement, but merely puts a small tax on the fin type as compared with the moderate S section. The Benzon formula uses the difference between the skin girth, taken by a tape laid against the planking, and the chain girth, taken by a tape or chain stretched taut under the keel and touching each bilge. This difference places a certain amount of premium on the full section as compared to the fin.

OUR correspondent Sextant praises the new rules of the Y. R. A. of Massachusetts, in that they include some essentials of a good yacht, such as headroom, floor space, etc., that are not included in any of the regular formulas of measurement. This in itself is a very immaterial point, it has never been attempted to include all possible requisites of a yacht in a measurement formula, and there is no reason why an otherwise suitable formula should be thus complicated with non-essentials. The first thing needed is a hull of proper proportions, giving space that may be utilized to advantage for living room. This much attained, it is further necessary to demand a certain headroom, to establish a minimum height of cabin house and to place plus or minus limits to various other details; it does not follow, however, that all of these should properly find a place in one complicated formula. It might be done if necessary; but it can be much better done by supplementary restrictions, which may be verified by the measurer, but which need not be carefully measured as factors of the rule. In the very important matter of headroom purely arbitrary restrictions are the best; as the required amount has no relation to the size of the vessel. A good all-round yacht of about 30ft. l.w.l. may and should have a clear 6ft. of headroom, and one of double the length needs as much and no more. Other details, of fore and aft space, go by the same standard, the height of a man, which is constant for all sizes of craft. A yacht of 25ft. l.w.l. should have one cabin about 7ft. long, at least long enough for a full berth; one of 30ft. will give two such apartments, and so on. These details at least do not vary directly with the size or racing measurement of a yacht, but must be arranged arbitrarily for each class.

The Measurement of the Length Factor.

IN reviewing the development of yacht architecture in America during the past three years, there is very little to be found that can be considered as a substantial advance. In the medium and larger classes there is practically nothing, the few yachts built since Defender (Quissetta, Syce and Kestrel) merely representing an increase of speed through a further perfection of the semi-fin type of racing yacht. Such changes as have been made are limited almost exclusively to the classes of 25ft. R. M. and under, in fact to the 20ft. and 15ft. classes that have been built up by the contests for the Seawanhaka international challenge cup.

The development in these and similar classes during 1896-7-8 has been mainly in three directions; in details of sails, spars, gear and fittings many improvements have been made, with a double gain in weight and in effectiveness; in construction many improvements have been introduced that give strength, with reduced weight, an advance up to a certain point, but the most noticeable point in this connection is the extreme reached during 1898, in which every other consideration was sacrificed to lightness and the boats were unduly expensive and utterly useless after a few races. The most important of all, however, is the altered value of the length factor, which is a vital element of all methods of yacht measurement. Beginning with a mere accidental suggestion in the Seawanhaka races of 1895, the idea of increasing the effective sailing length and at the same time decreasing the nominal length as officially measured was developed to an extreme degree in the trial and cup races of 1896, making obsolete all existing yachts of the class and establishing an entirely new type. The characteristics of this type, as frequently described in the FOREST AND STREAM, were a peculiar form and an abnormal angle of excessive heel, obtained artificially, if necessary; the result being that a yacht of little length and great beam in the upright or measuring position assumed a totally different form, of great effective length and reduced beam, when inclined to the proper sailing angle. Short of the extreme reached in Dominion, the so-called single-hull boats of the class, Glencairn II., Speculator, Seawanhaka and Challenger, all show a gain of upward of 50 per cent. in sailing length over measured length, as compared with the type of small racing yacht developed by Mr. Linton Hope and exemplified by the American 15-footers of 1895.

While opinions differ as to the true value of this peculiar development of a weak point in the rules, it has not yet been proven that it marks any material advance of yacht designing, or is other than a clever evasion of the letter of the rule. It is a very difficult matter to say how much of the great gain in speed of Glencairn I., for instance, over the conventional half-raters and 15-footers, Lotus, Kismet, Sorceress and Ethelwynn, is due to actual improvement in designing, as compared with a mere evasion of the length measurement; and whether, if the recognized disparities in effective length at the best sailing angle could be properly equated, there would be any material advantages on the side of the scow type. Important as this question has become in the small classes of open racing yachts, it is still more so as applied to larger craft. While the ability to shift a large proportion of the ballast is a material feature of the success of the scow type, thus making it less practicable as the size of the yacht increases and the proportion of live to fixed ballast decreases, it is as yet uncertain to what extent the Glencairn type may be enlarged; but a very limited knowledge of designing is necessary to prove to any yachtsman that under all existing methods of measuring the load waterline a strong inducement exists to follow as closely as possible the scow type, with its long, flat floor and hard, angular bilge.

So far as the old claims for the measurement of overhang are concerned, they have but an incidental bearing on this new question; the difficulty is one that cannot be met by a tax on overhang, unless it goes to the point of actual prohibition of all overhang at either end.

It has been suggested by different correspondents that the measurement of the waterline as now taken, in the upright position, be abandoned in all yachts, and that the measurement be made with each yacht inclined to some fixed angle; and this idea is, we believe, gaining ground as the true nature of Dominion, Glencairn and other extreme boats is being better understood. The practical difficulty, however, is almost insurmountable; it would add enormously to the difficulty and expense of measuring if every yacht had to be heeled to some fixed angle and the longest waterline at this angle marked and measured. While closely approximate measurements might be had in some cases from the design, there would still be a large number of yachts which would require actual measurement, and perhaps subsequent verification.

There is one method which suggests itself to us as both effective and easily practicable, an addition to the present methods of measuring length as found in all rules of a requirement that in case the length of any fore and aft element of the load waterline plane when heeled to some limit, say 15 degrees, shall exceed the length of the waterline as now measured, twice the amount of such excess shall be added to the waterline. Such a doubling of the excess is intended as a penalty heavy enough to be prohibitive of the Glencairn and scow type generally, while admitting on her present measurement any yacht with a waterline as full as Vigilant, for instance, or anything yet produced in the larger classes. In practical operation, the measurer could in nearly all cases satisfy himself by a mere casual inspection that the form of waterline is such as not to lengthen abnormally when heeled, so that only the usual measurement of the waterline would be necessary. If the form of the yacht is such as to cause any doubt in the mind of the measurer as to her being near the limit, it may be necessary to measure the actual waterline when heeled; but the penalty is intended to distinctly discourage such extremes and make their actual heeling and measuring unnecessary.

If it be determined that the deliberate heeling and the consequent lengthening of the waterline are desirable features, not to be discouraged, but to be recognized as admissible, provided they are fairly measured, then it will probably be necessary to measure the inclined waterline of every yacht, however difficult and troublesome such a pro-

cess may be; but as far as we have been able to judge of the general sentiment, there will be no objection to the absolute prohibition of the scow type.

Incidentally, we believe that the fairest point of division that can be drawn between different types, old and new, as discussed this year in connection with Dominion and the Glencairn type, lies between the yacht of the old V type, in which the length of waterline actually decreases as the yacht is heeled in smooth water, as shown in the FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 8, and the scow type, in which the length increases with the heeling. Here is a logical, definite and exact point of division, far fairer and more scientifically correct than any yet suggested. It is only necessary to plot the immersed waterline at the assigned angle, 15 or 20 degrees, and to measure its longest element parallel to the fore and aft axis. If this be shorter than the waterline, as measured in the upright position, the yacht is of the normal type; if it be longer, she is of a different type and to be dealt with accordingly.

Yacht Designing.—XXI.

BY W. P. STEPHENS.

(Continued from page 16.)

The illustrations accompanying this article are copyrighted by the Keuffel & Esser Co., New York, to whom we are indebted for their use.

There is one very important class of instruments that may properly be classed at the same time under the three heads of Ruling, Measuring and Marking; being used for the three purposes. The *compass* is strictly a marking instrument, in that it carries either a pencil or a pen; but it is also a ruling instrument, as the pencil or pen cannot be directed freely in any direction, but must move in a circle. With its marking points removed and replaced by a plain steel point, it becomes the *dividers*, a strictly measuring instrument. The *compass* is found in a variety of sizes and styles, the principal one being the regular large *compass* with several interchangeable legs, Fig. 43. The two legs are united by either a tenon or pivot joint.

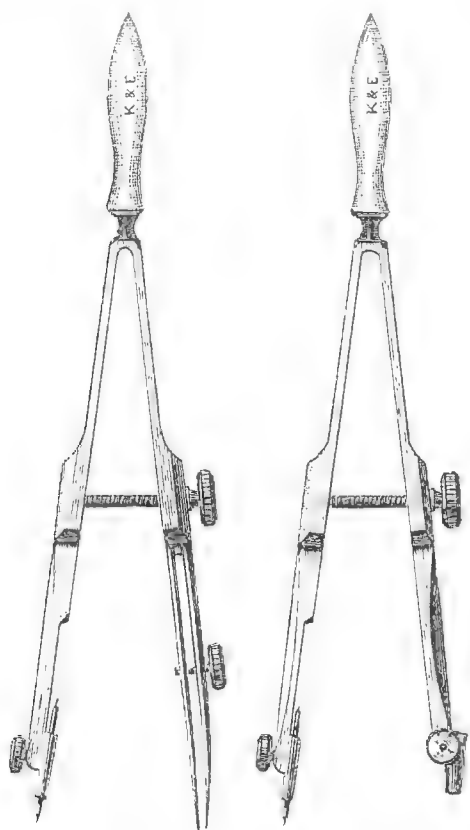


Fig. 45—Bow Pen. Fig. 46—Bow Pencil.

Of the former, the *double-sector* is preferable, one leg being fitted with two steel plates, while the other is divided into three leaves of the metal of which the instrument is made, between which the steel plates fit. By means of a binding screw the joint may be made to move as freely as is desirable. Another form of good construction is the pivot joint; the heads of the two legs being clasped between a yoke forming a handle, while they are centered by two pivots with conical ends.

However constructed, the joint should move smoothly and evenly, whether the points are close together or wide apart. If this is the case, the joint may be screwed up

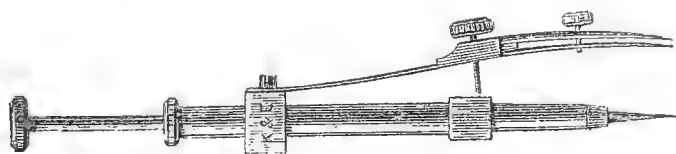


Fig. 47—Drop Compass.

so tight as to prevent any accidental derangement of the points in ordinary use; and at the same time to respond to a moderate pressure of the fingers in adjusting. One leg should be fitted with a hinged joint near the middle, similar to the main joint, in order that the lower portion of the leg may be held at right angles to the paper when drawing circles of large diameter.

The other leg should be fitted with three interchangeable points, each provided with a similar point. One of these should be a plain steel point, one a pen point carrying a right line pen such as will be described later on, and the third fitted to carry a movable lead, as made for lead pencils. In the older compasses, the lower end of the leg formed a split tube large enough to take a specially small lead pencil, of about one-half the ordinary diameter, made for the purpose. A newer form has a screw chuck, the same as in the pencils with movable leads, and uses the same leads. The best form has the split tube of such small size as just to take a movable lead; of good length, so as to grasp the lead without breaking it, and with a binding screw in the center of the split tube, putting an even pressure on the lead for the whole length of the tube.

The movable legs are joined to the main part of the instrument in several ways, the best being the *bayonet* or *socket* joint, Fig. 44. In this the upper end of the leg is turned truly cylindrical and fitted with a feather, while the socket is bored out to fit and slotted to take the feather which prevents the leg from turning. The next best

form has a pentagonal shank to the movable part, with a socket of similar shape on the main part and a binding screw to keep the two together.

Next to thoroughly good joints, the main requirements of good compasses are that they shall be stiff and rigid throughout, as light as is consistent with this rigidity; and shall balance well in the hand. This quality of perfect balance is most essential in *compasses*, *dividers*, *drafting pens* and all similar instruments; and is only to be depended upon in those of first-class make throughout.

The steel points may be either the long conical *English* pattern, which has superseded the old triangular points, or the *needle point*. The latter is a piece of tempered steel wire, about 3-32 in. in diameter, and 3/4 in. long, each end turned down so as to leave a very fine point about 1-32 in. long projecting from a square shoulder. This piece is held in a sleeve with a binding screw in the

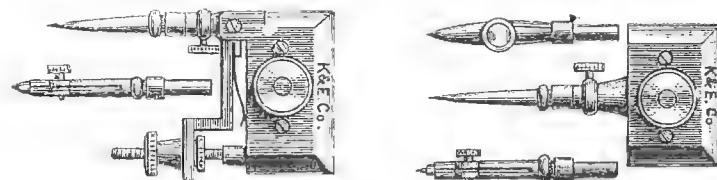


Fig. 48—Beam Compass.

end of the leg. The *needle point* is considered to damage the paper less, where much work is done from one point, than the solid steel point. It is, however, more clumsy and heavy, and somewhat in the way of a clear sight in setting the instrument to any given points on the paper. For those who can handle the *compasses* and *dividers* with the delicacy which such tools really demand, the plain solid point will be found better in every way. The *compasses* are usually fitted with a *lengthening bar*, a straight piece with a male fitting at one end and female at the other, by means of which one leg can be lengthened for drawing circles of large diameter, see Fig. 43. The large *compasses* are much less used in marine drafting than in mechanical and architectural work, and for the former we should prefer a pair with one solid leg with a single joint in the center, ending in the *English* point, the other leg being fitted with a similar point, movable, and also pen and pencil points. The average size for this instrument is about 6 in., and it is also duplicated in a smaller size, of about 3 1/2 in. The larger size will sweep a circle of 12 to 14 in. diameter, with lengthening bar, and from that down to 1/4 in. or less; but it is a clumsy tool for small circles. The smaller size is intended for medium and small circles, but for the latter it is inferior to the *bow compasses*. Figs. 45, 46. In these the upper joint is omitted, the two legs forming a single steel forging with a small ivory handle on top. About the middle of their length they are joined by a long screw and nut, by which they can be drawn together, their upper parts being thin and elastic. They do not permit as much variation of size as the regular *compass* form, but they are more convenient and more accurate for circles within their capacity. They may be had with either plain or *needle point*, but each is made up as a separate tool, *bow-dividers*, *bow-pencil compass* and *bow-pen*.

Theoretically, the small *bow-compasses* will draw the

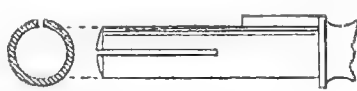


Fig. 44—Bayonet Joint.

smallest possible circle, but practically there is only one good tool for very small circles, under 1/4 in. diameter. This, the drop compass, Fig. 47, is a comparatively new tool, and differs from the ordinary *compass* and *bow-compass*, in that the whole tool does not revolve in drawing a circle, but the leg which carries the pencil or pen revolves around a stationary axis, a plain, straight leg of steel wire. As the marking leg moves freely up and down on the stationary leg, the pen may be lifted from the paper and poised clear of it until properly adjusted, then dropped lightly and swung around by the thumb and second finger, the central stem being held vertical by the forefinger. With this tool a circle may be drawn almost touching the fine central point.

In all forms of *compasses* and *dividers* the instrument should stand all possible tests that will show the two legs to be in absolutely the same plane, whether closed or opened. In the *compasses* with joined legs, the points of these legs should come accurately together when the main legs are wide apart at the top and the points turned in. In the *spring bows* the sides should be firm and rigid, whether open or closed, and the screw and nut should work smoothly and easily.

For circles over 12 to 14 in. in diameter, the *beam compass*, Fig. 48, is used. This tool consists of a bar of wood or metal of any desired length, at one end being a fixed head carrying a plain or a *needle point*. Another head, carrying a plain point, a pencil or a pen, at will, is fitted to slide on the bar; being clamped in place and provided with a screw for very fine adjustment. The only limit to the diameter of the circle is the length of bar, which can be swung and handled. This tool in a heavier form is used by machinists under the name of *trammel points*.

The Yachtsman of Dec. 22 is a double number, very fully illustrated and containing many articles on yachting subjects. We note with regret the announcement of the discontinuance of the Yachting Monthly Magazine, published by the same firm; which has become quite an addition to the regular periodical literature of yachting. It is announced, however, that the Yachtsman will be permanently enlarged in the near future.

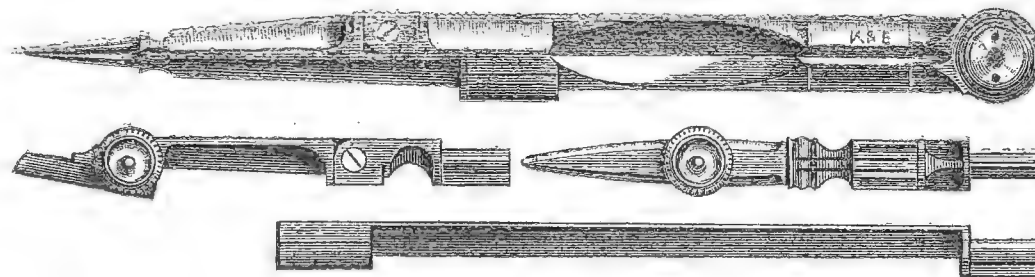


Fig. 43—Compass with pen point, pencil point and lengthening bar.

The New Benzon Rules.

THE Danish yachtsman, Mr. Alfred Benzon, of Copenhagen, is the author of many original and ingenious propositions relating to yacht measurement, which prove him to be a careful thinker and a thorough student of the subject. The following details of a very comprehensive scheme, devised by him, and just adopted by the Deutscher Segler Verband, are given by Mr. Julius Gabe in the special Christmas number of the Yachting World.

Every rating rule is to a certain extent the outcome of some existing evil, either real or imaginary. Every evil, and as such the large proportion of yachtsmen regard craft like *Hammonia* and *Trirumph*, has been evolved by the previous rating rule. And thus the cycle of events is likely to continue its revolutions. What particular monstrosities are likely to be created by Mr. Alfred Benzon's latest rules, it is, of course, impossible to foretell. That ingenuity, running riot, is capable of finding a loophole, which has not been guarded against, is only within the nature of things. And that the framer of the new rules fully realized this fact has been amply proven by the insertion of some very cunning clauses, which invest a body of technical commissioners, as a supreme court of appeal, with practically unlimited discretionary power.

The new formula for measuring racers is not new, since it is to all intent the same as the Y. R. A. formula, which has been in force in this country for the last three years, during which period the sport of yacht racing, despite the prophetic croakings of numerous grumblers, has by no means gone to the dogs. Thus, with the aid of experiences gained in Great Britain, the new racer formula cannot be said to be an unknown quantity. The only point in which it differs from that of the Y. R. A. is the substitution of a quarter instead of a half of the square root of the sail area. Mr. Benzon's avowed object is to encourage a larger sail spread. Mr. Froude proposed to abolish altogether the tax on sail.

The idea of having two formulas, one for cruisers and the other for racers, is a very rational one. If an owner wishes to build a yacht for racing purposes only, he can do so, as under the Y. R. A. rules, without regard to scantling, displacement or comfort—for speed only. If he requires a cruiser-racer, he must conform to certain rules of scantling and comfort, a cabin is a *sine qua non* in the cruiser. The greater fullness of the vessel's underwater body, and the higher her freeboard, the less she will rate under the cruiser formula. Cruisers are allowed to compete with racers, not vice versa.

A comparison of the different values under the old (German) and the new rules shows that one old "sail unit" in the small classes equals from two to three "sail lengths" (Segel Länge, S. L., is the old German term); one old "sail unit" in the middle classes comes out approximately the same as one "sail length"; while one old "sail unit" in the larger classes equals one-half to one-third "sail length." Thus a comparison of the two values is somewhat misleading, since Comet (Thistle) comes out under the new formula as 23.7 "sail lengths" against Obersprees 12.4 "sail lengths." Their previous comparative sizes were: Comet, 15 "sail units"; Obersprees, 17 "sail units." As a rough and ready method of approximately calculating the new values, it may be taken that the "sail lengths" will number about the same as the yacht's waterline in meters. The main points of the new rules are as follows:

Measurement Rules.

A—General Rules.

1. Application of Measurement Rules.—For all open matches the sizes of the competing racing or cruising yachts are determined by the following measurement rules, the result of which is the rating, or racing value R.

2. Duration of the Measurement Rules.—The following measurement rules are to hold good in the first place for a period of three years, and should by that time no imperative reasons for an alteration be brought forward, for a further period of two years.

3. Alterations of the Measurement Rules.—Alterations of the measurement rules can only be made at the annual general meeting of the Deutscher Segler Verband, and then only by a majority of at least two-thirds of the recorded votes. Proposals for any alterations have to be made in accordance with clause 5 of the constitutional rules.

4. Technical Commissioners.—The committee of the Deutscher Segler Verband nominates on the recommendation of the general meeting for the period of the duration of the measurement rules three technical honorary commissioners as a supreme court of appeal in all questions of a technical nature referring to these rules.

5. Abnormal Constructions.—Yachts of abnormal form or construction, and yachts which circumvent the meaning of the rules though within their wording, are debarred from all open matches. Such disqualification has to be decided by the technical commissioners. The builders or owners of such yachts have the right before commencing any construction or alteration to obtain the technical commissioners' decision.

B—Measurement.

6. Obtaining the Rating.—The rating of a racing yacht is ascertained by the following formula:

$$R = \frac{L+B+\frac{1}{2} G \times \frac{1}{2} \sqrt{SA}}{2}$$

Cruisers are measured thus:

$$R = \frac{L+B+\frac{1}{2} G+\frac{1}{2} S A+d F}{2}$$

In the above R signified the rating value; L, the length of

the yacht; B, the greatest beam; G, the skin girth; F, the freeboard; S A, the sail area; d, the difference between the skin girth and the chain girth. All dimensions are in meters.

7. Measuring the Length, L.—The length, L, is taken from the yacht in full racing trim, without crew on board. For the purpose of determining the dimension L, the measurer has to take the length over all, L¹, parallel with the water's surface, and to deduct the overhangs. The length over all is taken by a couple of rods or a steel tape. The length of the overhang aft is taken from a plumbline dropped over the center of the counter to the edge of the sternpost.

8. Determination of Length in Special Cases.—Should the length of the yacht over all, L¹, be less than the length, L, the greatest length wherever found must be taken as L. Pieces of any form cut out of the stem, sternpost or fair line of ridge or counter with the intention of shortening the length shall not be allowed for in measurement of length if within 15cm. above the water level.

9. Taxing Extravagant Overhangs.—Should the length over all, L¹, exceed the length on the waterline by more than 50 per cent. (that is L¹ more than 1.5 l.w.l.), such greater length is added to the L.W.L. and taxed accordingly.

10. Determining the Greatest Beam, B.—The breadth shall be taken from outside to outside of planking in the broadest part of the yacht, and no allowance shall be made for wales, doubling planks or mouldings of any kind.

11. Determining the Chain Girth, Gk.—The greatest girth wherever found is taken from the top of the deck planking around the keel to the corresponding point at the top of the deck planking. The point of measurement is fixed by an official mark (G). Should the chain girth at different parts of the yacht be equal, the point nearest the greatest breadth is taken for subsequent measurement.

12. Determining the Skin Girth, Gs.—The skin girth is taken ashore by means of a steel tape. In the case of foreign yachts where their home certificate does not show their skin girth, these dimensions, in exceptional cases, may be taken from the designer's plans. The skin girth is also taken from the top of the deck planking, at the same spot where, according to clause 11, the chain girth is found.

13. Determining the Factor G.—Deduct from the skin girth twice the freeboard F. The difference is the factor G of the formula.

14. Calculating G in Light Centerboard Yachts.—Chain and skin girths of a centerboard yacht of 0.50 tons displacement and below are taken with the centerboard down to its fullest extent, treating it as a fixed fin.

15. Calculating G in Other Centerboard Yachts.—Chain and skin G of centerboard yachts, of more than 0.50 tons displacement, are also taken with the centerboard down to its fullest extent. In their case, however, only three-quarters of the plate is taxed, taking the lowest point for taxation at 0.75 from the bottom of the hull to the lowest actual point of the center plate. The bottom of the hull is taken at the cross-section where the girth mark (G) has been placed.

16. Ballasted Plates.—These are calculated in the same way as fixed fins, and must not be taken up during a race. Before receiving a prize, the owner or his representative must make a declaration that this rule has been observed. The measurers are bound to notify the technical commissioners if, in their opinion, a centerboard exceeds the usual dimensions. The technical commissioners will then have to declare how the plate is to be measured.

17. Determining Freeboard, F.—Freeboard, F, the vertical distance between the waterline and the top of the planking, is taken at that part of the yacht where the greatest breadth is found.

18. Determining d.—Deduct the chain girth from the skin girth and the difference is d. Clauses 18-22 deal with the measurement of sail area, the same as the Y. R. A. rule.

23. Limiting Crews.—The number of hands allowed during a race are limited as follows: Class VI., three hands; Class V., four; Class IV.b, five; Class IV.a, six; Class III.b, seven; Class III.a, eight; Class II.b, ten; Class II.a, twelve; Class I.b, eighteen; Class I.a, no limit. In all open matches a member of a recognized yacht club must be on board, who is included in the above figures, as is also any pilot.

The America Cup.

THE daily papers, which are taking a great interest in the new Cup defender, seem to be having a great deal of difficulty in determining of what material they will build the new boat. One day last week they had finally decided that she was to be plated with nickel-steel, the next it was positively announced that she would be of composite construction, with hackmatack frames and mahogany planking; a day later, and this method was abandoned in favor of phosphor-bronze plating. We have not yet heard that Mr. Herreshoff has suspended work until a decision is reached by this volunteer advisory board. From similar exclusive reports the challenger will be indeed a wonderfully manned craft. She will have in simultaneous command Capt. Hogarth, Capt. Wringe, Capt. Ben Parker and most of the other prominent British skippers, Scotch and English, and Mr. Watson will sail in her to help Mr. Fife.

The two points that are positively known about the defending boat are that the keel mold is completed and the patterns for the bronze keel have been completed and shipped to the Ansonia works at Bridgeport, makers of Tobin bronze and similar alloys, for casting. The Boston Globe of Jan. 4 gives the following details, and while it is impossible to verify them, they are all plausible and possible:

Bristol, R. I., Jan. 4.—The new Cup defender, soon to be built at the Herreshoff Works, will not be an out-and-out fin keel, but will be an improved Defender, having the same general model and plan of construction.

The "backbone" of Defender was the keel plate of cast bronze, to which the lead keel was fastened, and from which the frames went upward.

That the same form of construction will be used in the new boat was proved to-day by the shipment from the

Herreshoff Works to a Bridgeport, Conn., company of patterns for a keel plate similar in shape and design to that of Defender. The Bridgeport company handles only bronze work, so that the metal of which the keel plate will be cast may be considered settled.

Defender's keel plate was a bronze casting in three pieces, suitably flanged for bolting together into practically one solid piece. The same principle is followed in the keel plate for the new boat, and the pieces have similar flanges. The patterns show also the transverse ribs on top of the plate to give it strength, and also to afford a flange to which to rivet the floors and frames.

The plate in the new, as in the old Defender, will be an inch thick. The transverse webs are 3in. in height, and there are flanges on the edges of the plate of the same dimensions, giving the plate a practical thickness of 4in. for all purposes of strength and resistance to strains.

The transverse webs are about 20in. apart, showing that the frames of the new boat are to be spaced at that distance.

In shape, as well as in construction, the keel plate for the new boat is like that of Defender. Its greatest width is 20in., and it tapers to a point at the forward end and narrows in aft until it is less than half a foot across. This is where the sternpost, patterns for which were also shipped to-day, will be bolted to it.

Defender's keel plate was designed for casting as giving greater strength than any form of plate and rib construction, and bronze was chosen as the metal as being the best in which to obtain a strong and solid casting. The same reasons hold good in the new boat.

The lead keel for the new boat will be a little over 28ft. long, or about 7ft. shorter than that on Defender. It will also differ materially in shape, being in fact more like that of Valkyrie III. in lateral plane, while at the same time being "bulbed" to a greater extent and having its greatest weight further forward.

Defender's lead keel was "rockered" or rounded in the fore and aft sweep of its bottom, having a flat portion of only about 3ft. at its middle. The new defender's keel is flat on the bottom for nearly 18ft. of its length, and this flat portion will be parallel with the waterline, as in the 46-footer Wasp.

The top of the keel has a slope from the forward to the after end. The keel is about 7ft. high forward and 5ft. aft. The forward end comes to a sharp edge. The after end is flattened as if the rudder were to come down upon it, as in Defender. The after end shows a straight line from bottom to top to match the sternpost. The keel is nearly 5ft. longer on top aft than on the bottom, showing a sternpost with a great rake to it.

The forward end of the keel shows a rounded forefoot and then a reverse curve, which will blend into that of the stem. The difference between top and bottom is about 4ft., the extra foot or so to make the over all length of the keel being taken up by the rounding up of the forefoot. The whole keel is very similar to that of the Wasp, but is not so straight up and down on the forward edge.

The greatest thickness through the keel is about 4in., as against 37in. in Defender, and this is just abaft the forward end of the flat portion of the bottom. This also is a more pronounced "bulb" than on Defender, and concentrates the weight to a greater extent. At the same time the extreme thickness of the bulb is lower down than on Defender, the widest portion of the keel being only a few inches from the bottom and showing almost a square corner where sides and bottom come together.

The keel as a whole is finely shaped and of such model as to be easily driven through the water. The mold for casting it is practically completed, and the keel itself will soon be run. It is expected to contain about 60 tons of lead, as against at least 75 tons in that of Defender.

In model the new boat, as has been said, will be an improved Defender, but will approach more nearly the fin-keel type. She will have about the same or possibly a little less beam, and will have a flatter floor and a more rounded side. This at once gives a boat of less displacement than Defender, and at the same time with more power. As compared with Defender, the new boat should show an improvement in reaching and also in work down the wind with spinnaker set. The latter point of sailing was certainly not Defender's strong one.

An apt comparison of the old and new defenders in model and expected improvement in speed would be to take the 46-footers Gloriana and Wasp. The latter beat the former by very much the same differences in design as the new defender is showing over the old, and apparently every one interested has the same confidence in the result.

The question of a skipper for the new boat has been settled. Capt. "Hank" Haff, veteran of many cup contests, will hold the new boat's wheel in the races. Capt. Charlie Barr will sail Defender so long as she is needed for a "trial horse" for the new boat, and he will then go on the new boat as assistant to Capt. Haff, and undoubtedly will have charge of the setting and trimming of the light sails.

Capt. Barr has been under pay and engagement to Com. Postley, of the Colonia, but the latter kindly has relinquished his claim on him in favor of Com. Morgan for the season's racing. Capt. Barr will take some of the Colonia's crew with him.

The work of repairing Defender is nearly completed, and she should be launched and the new boat started in her place before the end of the month. W. K. Vanderbilt, her principal owner, is paying the cost of repairing her as his contribution to the defense of the Cup.

Com. Morgan is bearing the expense of the new boat alone, and Mr. Iselin will manage her on his behalf. A man of wider experience in Cup racing than C. Oliver Iselin it would be hard to find, and at the same time he has those qualities of "push" and determination which compel success.

W. E. ROBINSON.

The Forest and Stream Publishing Co. are the largest publishers and importers in America of Books on Outdoor Sports. Their illustrated descriptive catalogue will be sent free on request.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Yacht Measurement.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The new rule of the Massachusetts Y. R. A. is an interesting attempt to encourage the building of good cruising yachts. It has many excellent features as well as some that seem fundamentally wrong to the writer. Without discussing the rule generally now, the editorial remark in the FOREST AND STREAM, Dec. 31, that "we fail to see as yet the advantage of the new scheme over any good formula," deserves attention.

The Massachusetts rule, among other things, fixes a minimum limit to freeboard, headroom, dimensions of cabin floor, and ballast, and a maximum limit to sail area. These limits are so fixed in terms of length and beam that they are readily ascertainable by anybody, and are so arranged that none but yachts deemed good cruisers can be built under the rule.

The factors of the Hyslop formula, which is approved by the FOREST AND STREAM, are all variable, without limits of any kind, except such as are fixed by the exigencies of speed; and they can be ascertained only by years of building and racing. Any sort of a freak can be built under this rule, and such boats will be built if they have the highest speed. No man can tell what the ultimate product of this rule would be with respect to head room, floor room, freeboard, ballast and sail—all indispensable elements of comfort and safety. Five to ten years of sharp competition in racing would probably develop the general shape of the fastest type under this rule. It is doubtful if any advocate of the Hyslop rule would be willing to say that he can now tell what proportions of freeboard, headroom, cabin floor, ballast and sail, relatively to L. and B. this ultimate Hyslop boat would be.

With a view to producing good cruisers, it would seem to be of some advantage to know beforehand the precise effect a proposed rule would have on the fundamental factors of safety and accommodation.

SEXTANT.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The Yachting World issues this year its usual extra "Christmas and Mediterranean Number," in addition to the regular weekly edition. The special number contains a varied collection of interesting reading, and many excellent illustrations in half-tones and special plates, a portrait of Ailsa under yawl rig being particularly striking. Mr. Linton Hope contributes an article on "A Day in a Skimming Dish"; Miss Edith Hughes writes of "Racing in the Solent Classes"; there is a special article in French on "L'Hiver a Cannes," and a portrait and biographical notice of Mr. Alfred Mylne, the young Glasgow designer. We reprint in this number one of the articles on the new German measurement.

Messrs. Tams & Lemoine, of New York, with whom Mr. C. H. Crane is associated as designer, have contracted with Messrs. D. Willis James and Arthur Curtis James, former owners of Coronet, for an auxiliary brigantine yacht. The vessel will be built by the J. N. Robins Co., at the Erie Basin dry docks, South Brooklyn, and will be of steel, 160ft. over all, 130ft. l.w.l., 26ft. gin. beam and 14ft. draft, with engines 9.14 and 18in. by 23in., and two Almy boilers.

Marcella, steam yacht, formerly Rajah, has been sold by J. B. Dickson to L. J. Busby.

The handsome mansion of Mr. George Bullock, on Center Island, Oyster Bay, close to the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. house, was burned on Dec. 30, being a total loss. Mr. Bullock and family were at their winter home, Cincinnati, at the time.

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Jan. 11.—Lyndhurst, N. J.—Twenty-five live-bird handicap, \$10, birds extra; commences at 12 M. T. W. Morley, Sec'y.
Jan. 17-20.—Hamilton, Ont.—Annual tournament and grand Canadian handicap of the Hamilton Gun Club; \$1,000 guaranteed. H. Graham, Sec'y.
Jan. 18.—Reading, Pa.—The Reading handicap; open to all, \$10 entrance, \$150 guaranteed. Arthur A. Fink, Manager.
Jan. 18.—Stony Creek, Pa.—Stony Creek handicap, 25 live birds. A. A. Fink, Manager, 426 Franklin St., Reading, Pa.
Jan. 21.—Holmesburg Junction.—Fulford-Heikes contest for E C cup at 1:30 P. M., on grounds of the Keystone Shooting League, Holmesburg Junction, on Pennsylvania R. R.
Feb. 4.—Lyndhurst, N. J.—Tournament of the Lyndhurst Shooting Association. Main event, Money vs. Morley, for the E. C. cup and championship of New Jersey. T. W. Morley, Sec'y.
Feb. 22.—New Haven, Conn.—New Haven Gun Club's tournament; \$20 added money. J. B. Savage, Sec'y.
Feb. 22.—Worcester, Mass.—Tournament of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club; targets. A. W. Walls, Sec'y.
April 6-8.—Utica, N. Y.—Fulford's handicap at live birds. E. D. Fulford, Manager.
April 11-13.—Elkwood Park, Long Branch, N. J.—The Interstate Association's seventh annual Grand American Handicap tournament.
April 18-20.—Lincoln, Neb.—The Lincoln Gun Club's second annual interstate tournament; targets and live birds; \$500 added. Geo. L. Carter, Sec'y.
April 18-21.—Baltimore, Md.—Prospect Park Shooting Association's tournament; \$500 added. Stanley Baker, Sec'y.
April 25-28.—Baltimore, Md.—Tournament of Baltimore Shooting Association; targets and live birds; money added. Geo. L. Harrison, Sec'y.
May 16-19.—Erie, Pa.—Ninth annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Reed Hurst Gun Club. Frank W. Bacon, Sec'y.
May 16-20.—St. Louis, Mo.—Tournament of the Missouri State Fish and Game Protective Association. H. B. Collins, Sec'y.
May 24-25.—Greenwood, S. C.—Annual live-bird tournament of the Greenwood Gun Club; 25-bird Southern Handicap. R. G. McCants, Sec'y.
June 7-9.—Columbus, O.—Tournament of the Ohio Trap-Shooters' League, under the auspices of the Sherman Rod and Gun Club. J. C. Porterfield, Sec'y, O. T. S. L.
June 7.—Buffalo, N. Y.—New York State shoot, under auspices of the Buffalo Audubon Gun Club. Chas. H. Bamberg, Sec'y.
June 14-16.—Cleveland, O.—Cleveland Target Co.'s tournament.
June 20-22.—Sistersville, W. Va.—Third annual tournament of the West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Wheeling Gun Club, Wheeling, W. Va. John B. Garden, Sec'y.

WESTERN TRAPS.

Ten birds per man:				
Mack	0210220102	6	Pumphrey	1211210112
Roll	2222111111	10	Steck	2102212220
Dr Carson	2221121121	9	Willard	2011200112
Dr Miller	1111111211	10	Aring	2212000011

Hill Top Gun Club.

PARIS, Ky., Jan. 6.—The third annual crow and target shoot of the Hill Top Gun Club began on Jan. 4, on the grounds of the club, near this city. The weather was very rough, and prevented successful score making. The attendance the first day was large. A very high wind blew from the west, a veritable hurricane of forty-five miles an hour, preventing any record-breaking scores; but the shoot was very interesting and enjoyable both to the shooters and spectators. Many of the crows, after being killed drifted out of bounds and were lost to the score.

The second day opened cold and promised a good day's sport, but the rough weather and the prevalence of the grip prevented many from attending. Nevertheless, the event of the day, the "crow championship of the world," was won in one of the best shooting events ever held on the grounds of the club. George Williams Clay and Thomas Henry Clay, Jr., tied with 25 straight, and Harvey Chenault, of Richmond, showed a good second with one miss. The shoot-off between George Williams Clay and Thomas Henry Clay, Jr., was at 5 birds, and again they tied, each having 4 to his credit. A second tie was shot off, with George Williams Clay 5 straight and Thomas Henry Clay, Jr., 4.

The trophy for this event was a handsome solid silver goblet, engraved with the words "The Crow Championship of the world," presented by the Hill Top Gun Club to —. The name of Mr. G. W. Clay will be engraved upon the cup at the instance of the officers of the club. The cup was presented to the champion by Mr. Alfred Clay, the president of the club, with appropriate remarks, and the response showed the appreciation in which the receiver held the trophy won after such a contest. This was the banner meet given by this club. Not only was the score very excellent, but the social features were of the most agreeable character.

Each day the visitors were treated to a genuine Kentucky burgoo, served with old-time hospitality. The shoot was voted as one of the most successful sporting events of the season.

First Day, Wednesday, Jan. 4.

Event No. 1 was at 5 crows, \$1.50 entrance, money divided 60 and 40 per cent.:

S Clay20000-1	H B Clay22120-4
G W Clay11102-4	C Turney11001-3
J O Ward, Jr.10221-4	Oldham12020-3
J K Spears00100-1	S G Clay22221-5
J Chenault00000-0	D Peed01100-2
H Chenault10200-2	W Clay21210-4
J F Clay01222-4	T H Clay, Jr.22222-5
J Williams21211-5		

No. 2 was a handicap, at 10 crows, \$3 entrance, money divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent.:

J Ward, 310122212221-9	C Turney, 270000100222-4
H B Clay, 281210122121-9	J Chenault, 251002200001-4
H Chenault, 262020111101-7	E Dooley, 251100010010-4
G Clay, 312002022022-6	S Clay, 260021000102-4
T Crawford, 250022010211-6	Oldham, 270002000110-3
D Peed, 270111001100-5	W Clay, 280001000001-2
J K Spears, 250212000102-5	J Clay, 280000101000-2
J Clay, 320000121102-5	J Williams, 270000000010-1
T Clay, Jr, 322020002002-4		

No. 3 was a handicap, at 15 crows, \$5 entrance, 50, 30 and 20 per cent.:

H Clay, 2822120122212022-13	J Williams, 26001210020201101-8
G Clay, 31122010122201222-12	S Clay, 2602001010010212-8
H Chenault, 27201212220101202-11	S G Clay, 3002102011020220-8
Brannon, 2601012112110011-11	J Spears, 25100010000100121-6
T Clay, Jr, 3020222200202020-10	Renick, 25010001200010102-6
J Ward, 3022110010211200-10	J Chenault, 2500222002000000-4
T Crawford, 2500210012220010-8		

Miss-and-outs, \$1 entrance, were shot as follows. In No. 4 T. H. Clay, Jr., and Brannon divided. In No. 5 T. H. Clay, Jr., and G. W. Clay divided. In No. 6 T. H. Clay, Jr., and J. Q. Ward divided. In No. 7 T. H. Clay, Jr., won alone:

	No. 4.	No. 5.	No. 6.	No. 7.
Brannon211-3	2110-3	0-0	
T H Clay, Jr.222-3	2222-4	22-2	122-3
J Q Ward, Jr.220-2	20-1	21-2	
D Smith20-1	20-1		
S Clay20-1	0-0	20-1	20-1
G W Clay20-1	2222-4	20-1	220-2
J K Spears0-0			
J Chenault0-0		0-0	
D Peed0-0			
H Chenault0-0			
J F Clay0-0			
S G Clay0-0	20-1	0-0	
H B Clay0-0			

Second Day, Thursday, Jan. 5.

The 10 and 15-target events were \$1 and \$1.50 entrance respectively, money divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent. No. 6 was a 10-target, three-corner match, \$5 entrance, between the three poorest shots of the shoot. Peed missed 6 straight and then won out by a fine finish.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	10	15	15	15	10	10	Targets:	10	15	15	15	10	10
Gaitskill4	6	Ferguson8	9	10
Neel2	Bedford7	4	6
Steel3	9	13	6	4	Ferguson, Jr.8
Peed2	5	5	3	4	Wilson6	3
Brice3	7	3	4	3	Spears3
Smith5	8	7	6	5							

No. 7 was at 25 crows, \$7.50 entrance, money divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent., and championship cup to the winner:

G W Clay21122211112121212122212-25
T H Clay, Jr.2222122121212222222122212-25
Chenault122121212121202122121212-24
Steel112011012202112122102101-20
S G Clay11112002111200011221122-20
Smith0222110110110110120011021-17
Ferguson2210001102212020101120101-16
Brice211101100210000000021002-11
Peed000000012011001202010000-9
Spears0021001002210200020100000-9
A Clay11120 w

Shoot-off for the cup: G W Clay.....222021222-9 T H Clay, Jr.....2202112202-8

G. W. Clay won the championship at crows: Sam Clay killed 4 straight and won. S. G. Clay missed his 4th, Spears his 3d, Chenault and Gay their 2d, Peed, Steel and Smith their 1st. Event 9 was at 5 crows, \$2. Score: Steel 4, S. G. Clay 3, Sam Clay missed 2 out of 3 and withdrew. The shoot was declared a success.

J. L. B.

Boston Gun Club.

WELLINGTON, Mass., Jan. 4.—Just a full squad negotiated the different events at Wellington, Wednesday afternoon, Jan. 4, the other half-dozen apparently being bluffed by morning downpour. They failed to take into account this variable climate of ours, which is capable of greater expansion than two extremes within six hours, consequently missed a pleasant January afternoon. The usual breeze arrived on time, thus the scores in the individual match were distinctly above the average. Straights were comparatively easy for Gordon, who made 3; Woodruff, Spencer and Miskay 1 each.

The double event proves always the trying time for those anxious to make a good impression in the match. A good score on the singles is quite liable to be robbed of splendor by a poor one on the pairs; nevertheless an excellent plan to follow is to make sure of the singles and trust to luck on the others. Then if making no errors on the first bird one is sure of three and a possible chance of one out of the three second birds dying of right, if not accurate aim. A trite remark often made at the beginning of this event is "Remember, you can't score a pair unless you get the first bird," so it behooves the anxious amateur to take a careful first aim before giving much consideration to the second. Sometimes we do it, sometimes we don't.

Following are to-day's scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
Targets:	10	10	6	10	10	10	5	6	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Gordon, 176	5	5	10	10	7	3	3	9	6	7	7	10
Miskay, 189	10	3	5	9	9	3	3	7	8	9	6	7
Woodruff, 178	8	3	9	8	9	4	5	10	7	9
Sheffield, 168	9	3	6	9	4	3	9	5	7	5	9	7	15
Williams, 159	6	3	9	7	6	3	3	5	7
Parker, 166	5	1	1	5	7	3	5
Peed, 188	10	5	3	8	6	7	6
Gifford, 163	4	2	7	7	9	8	9	9	17

Events 2, 7 and 10, unknown angles; 3 and 8, pairs; 4 and 12, reverse; balance known.

Third contest, prize series, 21 targets: 10 known, 5 unknown and 3 pairs:

Spencer, 18111111111-10	11111-5	10	10	10	3	18
Woodruff, 17110111111-9	11110-4	11	10	11	5	18
Sheffield, 16111111011-9	01111-4	11	00	10	3	16
Miskay, 18111110111-9	10011-3	01	10	10	3	15
Gordon, 17110011101-7	11100-3	10	10	10	3	13
Williams, 151111100100-6	11010-3	10	10	10	3	12
Gifford, 160101010000-3	01111-4	00	10	10	2	9
Parker, 160101001110-5	10000-1	00	10	00	1	7

Team match, 40 targets: 10 known, 10 unknown, each shooter; distance handicap:

Woodruff111111111-10	110101011-7	17
Gordon110111111-9	101000111-6	15
Spencer110111111-9	1010101101-6	15
Sheffield111111011-9	001100011-5	14
Miskay0111110110-7	111011011-8	15
Williams1000001111-5	1011111010-7	12

IN NEW JERSEY.

South Side Gun Club.

Newark, N. J., Jan. 2.—Following are the scores of the holiday shoot of the South Side Gun Club, of Newark:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Whitehead8	6	9	9	8	7	8	6	5
Dawson9	9	6	6	7	6	3	4
Gardiner5	4	3	2	1	4	4	1
Terrill7	7	8	5	5	9	6	5	8	5
Cummings3	4	3	7	2	4	4	5	1
Brentnal4	8	8	6	10	5	6	9	7
Dukes8	5	6	8	6	8	7	7	5	8
Wilson5
J W Smith8	8	6	5	5	6	9	6
Wilson7	6	8	6	6	6	6	6
Canfield9	9	9	8	8	9
Van Dyne4	6	4	3	5	6
J Fleming8	8	8	5	4
Young7	7	8
Bob4	8	7	5	7	7
D Fleming6	3	6	7	7	6
C Smith9	5	8
P M Day3	6	4
Winans5	1
Dovey2

East Side Gun Club.

Newark, N. J., Jan. 2.—The live-bird scores made at the East Side Gun Club's New Year's shoot to-day, on Smith Brothers' grounds, are as follows. The handicap event was at 15 live birds, \$5 entrance, birds extra, four moneys, Rose system.

The handicap:

L H Schortemeier, 28½22112022122222-14
J C McDell, 2822221220222222-14
J B Stewart, 27111121101101101-13
W Hassinger, 28½12111102122222-13
C W Feigenspan, 292211011201121-12
H C Larkey, 29½*121120011202-11
G C Peters, 27022221*12022021-11
C W Billings, 2722222210022020-11
R Schrafft, 2801*11121121200-11
H Pape, 2712*21010102022-9
W S Canon, 26½20000 w

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
Schortemeier22221-5	22121-5	212222-7
Hassinger22011-4	11121-5	22212*1-6
Feigenspan11121-5	11201-4	1212021-6
H Otten1122*4	22*21-4	0211210-5
Pape02001-2	0011110-4	0011110-4
H P Fessenden02022-3	2222222-7	2222222-7
Dr Mulvany11011-4	2100022-4	2100022-4
Larkey1212112-7	2222*21-5	2222*21-5
McDell022211-6	022211-6	022211-6
Baar0211221-6	0211221-6	0211221-6
Canon0211221-6		

Nos. 1 and 2 were at 5 birds, 28yds., \$3. No. 3, 7 birds, 28yds., \$4.

The New Jersey Championship at Newark.

Jan. 5.—The All-day target shoot of the East Side Gun Club, of Newark, on Smith Brothers' grounds, was well attended, the main attraction being the contest between Messrs. T. W. Morfey and Louis H. Schortemeier for the E C cup, emblematic of the championship of New Jersey. Competition for this cup was open only to residents of the State of New Jersey, who are members of clubs who are members of the N. J. State Sportsmen's Association, but it was placed in open competition at Hackensack, N. J., on Dec. 7 last. Schortemeier defeated fifteen competitors by the excellent score of 47 out of 50. Morfey immediately challenged for it, placing \$10 forfeit and a written challenge in the hands of the secretary of the E. C. & Schultze Powder Co., thus taking the necessary steps to qualify. The targets were thrown after the Sergeant system, unknown angles. It was the fifth event shot, and was witnessed by a large audience. Schortemeier was not in his usual good form. His time was slow, and he made hard shooting for himself thereby. Schorty lost 9 out of his first 25, while Morfey lost but 6, and then had the race well in hand.

Among the noted shots present were Capt. A. W. Money, who has almost entirely recovered from his recent illness; Mr. Edward Banks, J. Fanning, J. J. Halliwell, Ed. Taylor, and others. The famous visitors shot for targets only.

Sweepstakes:											
Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	10	15	15	20	10	25	15	15	15	15	10
Japhet4	12	12	13	6	19	10	13	11	10
Money8	12	10	15	10	21	14	15	17	9
Dudley8	10	11	16	7	19	13
Marten7	12	12	13	7	22	8
Morfev10	12	12	15	8	17	13	15	11	9
Banks10	12	13	18	10	18	13
Fanning7	14	13	19	10	24	14	15	13	9
Hallowell9	17	12	19	19	24	15	14	13	6
Waters7	17	11	15	10	17	13	10	10	7
Taylor7	11	8	13
Schmek5
Richard8	19
Otten5	6	7	9
Peters	3
Rieboldt	6	18	12	11
Perment	5	10	5
Farley	5	11
Larkey	7	9	10	11	4
Vagner	15	9	10	6
Fischer	8	8
Dumperly	5
Lendderton	12	11
Hassinger	10	8	11
Moffatt	4
Sarr	5
Howard	2

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, \$4 A YEAR, 10 CTS. A COPY.
SIX MONTHS, \$2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1899.

VOL. LII.—No. 3.
No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

The Forest and Stream Platform Plank.

"The sale of game should be forbidden at all seasons."
—FOREST AND STREAM, Feb. 3, 1894.

THE RATIONAL AND THE INSANE.

THERE is one reflection which goes far to ameliorate the disgust and indignation excited by such exploits as Mr. Frank S. Daggett reports from Southern California; and this is that the game score smashers are not representative types of the shooters of America as a body. If it were otherwise, and a preponderating majority so large as to give stamp and character to the whole class were made up of these braggart butchers, who are possessed by a frenzy of lust for bird blood, no decent and self-respecting individual jealous of his good name and the regard of his fellows could afford to confess himself a sportsman. The game killer for count is much in evidence, since what he does is sensational in its nature and something which will command newspaper notoriety; but for every one of these slaughterers whose exploits are heralded in the press there are a thousand gunners moderate and reasonable in their desires and practices. The difference between the two is the difference between the rational and the insane, for the best working theory to account for the inordinate game slaughterer is that he is acting in a fit of temporary mental aberration. How can a man be in his right mind and kill 100 quail a day for sport? Or if in his right mind, what kind of a mind must he have? How can a man claim to be rational who craves to read his name high above the rest in a newspaper story of bird butchery?

If there are gunners whose innate sense of decency, or whose regard for the rights and privileges of other people does not call a halt when a reasonable limit of sport has been reached, put a legal restriction on the amount of game a person may take in a season, a month, a week, or a day. "But how can we enforce such a law?" "How can you know what a man or a party of men may do in the field?" True, a law of this character could not always be enforced; it cannot be known how much game is taken by those afield, but this the restriction can do, and does do, and will do: It cuts off bragging about big scores of the game. It says to the insane notoriety-hunter, you shall not kill for record; and as for most of these count killers, when you have taken away their opportunity of boasting you have taken away with it the motive which impels their shooting.

No individual, nor any class, has license to pursue the game in a way or to an extent inconsistent with maintaining the normal stock. On this ground and on this ground only is established our Platform Plank, to stop the sale of game at all times; because experience has demonstrated that it is market-hunting which exhausts the supply and destroys the parent stock. Against the individual market-shooter we have no grievance; so long as the system is recognized and legalized, denunciation of the individual participant in it is neither reasonable nor just. More inimical than the individual market-shooter to the interests of the rational sportsman, and so of the community at large, is the man who kills for score and to brag. The market-hunter who nets 100 quail for market is engaged in an enterprise vastly more justifiable than that of the shooter who pots 100 birds in a day for no better purpose than to outscore his fellow whose count is ninety. The exploits of the score shooter, as we have suggested, may be accounted for on the theory that he is temporarily insane; it is certainly no evidence of his sanity that on coming in from his record shoot, like the horseleach's daughter unsatisfied, he vehemently curses the market-hunter, but for whose pot hunting, as he calls it, he might have made a bag for the day even more prodigious than that achieved. "There are three things that are never satisfied," says the sage Agur, "yea, four things say not, It is enough." If he were writing now he would add a fifth.

Your insane count shooter, who gets himself and his bag of game, and likely enough pictures of both, into the newspapers, is a pest to sportsmanship in three ways. He kills game that belongs to others, to several others, to many others. He creates the popular fallacy, which naturally comes from the reading of his exploits, that all sportsmen are insane, blood-craving demons. And lastly,

he is a most embarrassing factor in the fight for game protection, for people imagine that he represents the class of grown-up male humans in whose behalf we want the game protected.

UNITED STATES MAILS AND SMUGGLED GAME.

THAT is a bright suggestion made by Dr. Robert T. Morris, to train dogs to smell out the boxes of illicit game in railroad freight and express offices. It recalls the story of the London cockney who hired a gun and borrowed a dog and went out to bag his birds the same as other people. The first thing the intelligent canine did, when they got into the field, was to point the cockney himself, who had his pockets stuffed with dead birds secured at a market stall on the way out, thus providently assuring himself of a successful home coming.

Dr. Morris's game box smelling puppies would have a field of usefulness in those North Carolina railroad towns where a regular traffic in quail is conducted by mail and express agents on the north-bound trains. There is a well-arranged and but partially concealed system by which the daily consignments of netted quail are received at the station by the employees from the netters, with whom they are in league, and taken to Washington and other cities for sale at what must be profitable rates. For presumably unless there is money in the enterprise these express and mail agents would not have hazarded their positions by committing a misdemeanor, as they do every time they carry the illicit game. Now, is not this a preposterous state of affairs? Here in North Carolina is a law forbidding the export of quail, and the United States Supreme Court has declared that such laws are constitutional and enforceable; and yet agents of the National Government clandestinely carry North Carolina game right into Washington and dispose of it under the very nose of the Supreme Court.

What can be done about it? Two things. First, let Congress enact Senator Proctor's District of Columbia game bill into a law that shall close the Washington market in the close season, and so remove the long standing disgrace that now exists, of a dumping ground maintained at the Nation's capital for the receipt of game unlawfully and dishonestly shipped from the constituent States of the Union. Second, let the Post Office Department see to it that employees who handle the United States mail on the railroads of North Carolina shall not also handle game birds, which they smuggle out of the State in violation of the law. If the Department can find no other warrant for the course suggested, let it act on the principle that the individual who is engaged in systematically and continuously, for the benefit of his own pocket, violating the laws is not a fit person to be entrusted with the custody of United States mail matter. If the Department inspectors are unable in any other way to discover the quail, a capital experiment would be to outfit with a corps of intelligent setter puppies, trained in the way Dr. Morris suggests.

SECTION 249 AGAIN.

PRECISELY as was to have been expected, an effort is making this winter to restore to the New York game law the obnoxious Section 249, to permit the sale of game the year around; and as before, those who are advocating the provision are going about their business by very devious methods. There was "crooked work" in the first place, when the section was juggled into the game bill; for it has been averred on what may be accepted as good authority that the section was never approved by the two branches of the Legislature, but was interpolated into the bill without authority. Last winter, when the question of a repeal was before the game committee, the constituted champion to defend the section was Mr. Gilman, of a cold storage concern in this city, who had the assurance to tell the committee with a straight face that New York game dealers never handled any game birds received from quarters whence shipment was forbidden. It happened that the advocates of the repeal could meet this with documentary evidence. They produced from the records of Chief Fish and Game Protector Pond's office a series of express receipts tracing the illicit shipment of grouse from a certain point in the State to the city market, by a roundabout route to a point outside the State and then back again. This did for Mr. Gilman so ef-

fectually that nothing was left of his case, and the section was repealed. Now, as will be seen from communications printed in our columns, Mr. Gilman has again appeared in advocacy of Section 249, and again with a declaration which has not stood the test of investigation. He declared that Mr. Frank J. Amsden, of Rochester, and Mr. Robt. B. Lawrence, of this city, both of whom last year opposed Section 249, had been converted from their former position and are now in sympathy with the endeavor to restore the provision to operation. Mr. Amsden is an ex-President of the New York Game, Fish and Forest League, and Mr. Lawrence is Secretary of the New York (City) Society for the Protection of Game. Naturally, both are indignant at Mr. Gilman's misrepresentation of their true attitude, and they have sent us the disclaimers which we print to-day, and thus by documentary evidence demonstrate the character of Mr. Gilman's assertions as effectively as his statements before the committee last year were rebutted by the documentary evidence supplied by Protector Pond.

The incident is not regrettable if it shall have served to enlighten the Legislature as to the actual value they may attribute to what Mr. Gilman may have to offer respecting the proposed re-enactment of Section 249. Meanwhile it behooves the citizens of this State to watch their interests and to maintain the law as it stands now.

SNAP SHOTS.

Although the war with Spain is over, yet many reminders of it—some pleasant, but most of them sad—come to us from time to time. Among the pleasant ones are the frequent notices which appear in the newspapers recounting brave deeds and good service performed by readers of FOREST AND STREAM and writers for it, while the sad ones tell of death and wounds received by others whose faces or names are familiar to us and to our readers. One of these newspaper mentions, recently read, telling of the return from Manila of the well-known Astor Battery, says that all the members of the Battery are on their way home, except six men who have died and Sergeant Harry L. Burdick, who is in hospital in Manila with typhoid fever. Sergeant Burdick, it will be remembered, was the writer of an interesting sketch of white goat hunting which appeared in the FOREST AND STREAM Jubilee number last June, illustrated by a photograph from life of a white goat on the face of a cliff—a most striking piece of work.

The Maine Commissioners' report on the game interests demands careful reading by all who visit those hunting grounds, and by all who are interested in the progress of the day in methods and expedients of game preservation. Whatever may be individual opinion respecting the licensed guide system, the length of game seasons, the taxation of big game hunters and other schemes, actual or proposed, it must be conceded that Maine is to-day doing a great work for the game supply of the country at large by her earnest and progressive enterprise in this direction. On most of these topics discussed in the report we give the views of Mr. Carleton and his associates practically in full.

The discussion of the Lacey bird bill in Congress took an unexpected turn the other day, when Mr. Cannon, of Illinois, spoke in opposition to the measure from the standpoint of economy, and of a recognition of the proper jurisdiction of the National Government and that of the individual States. Mr. Cannon was unquestionably right, and all he required in order to have made out a good argument was fuller information on the subject. Had he been properly equipped by previous preparation to present his side of the question, he might have adduced arguments for which it would have been hard to find answers.

The late Robert R. McBurney, who was for thirty-six years General Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association in this city, was a collector of Walton's Angler, of which he possessed some very rare early editions, and it is interesting to note that one of his eulogists, at a memorial service held last Sunday, went to Walton for a characterization of his subject in these words: "Izaak Walton said that a companion that was cheerful was pure gold. I am sure he would have enjoyed the companionship of Robert McBurney."

The Sportsman Tourist.

In Old Virginia.

Part I.

THERE are a few old-fashioned darkies left in the South, both big and little.

The best specimens are to be found "way down south in Georgy" and in "Old Virginia."

They live on the plantations lying back in the interior a distance from towns and railroads. These facts I learned some few years ago, when the handsome matron, who now sits across the table from me, talking "Sanscrit" to a future president, was an occasional resident on a plantation of large value in southeastern Virginia, six miles from town and three miles from the railroad, which had been in the family for generations.

My first visit to her country home was fraught with many pleasures, aside from the delight of basking in the sunshine of her smiles. The plantations comprised a thousand acres of cultivated and forest land, surrounded by much that had not been cultivated since the war, and made an ideal place for enjoying field sports; as game was most abundant.

The negroes were the real old-timers, many of them having lived all their lives on that or neighboring plantations, as had their ancestors before them, proudly bearing the names of many F. F. Vs. My advent had necessitated preparations that had put the darkies on notice, and they had questioned a little, surmised much, and finally concluded thus: "Mis' Lady's young man is comin' from the city to visit we all." No one visits exclusively the family in the "big house" on a plantation where the old-time darkies are found; and he comes to grief who attempts it.

"Weighed and found wanting" is the verdict returned by the loyal attachés against the visitor who, like the frog, "a-woooing goes," laboring under the delusion that his suit is won or lost in the parlor, and needs only to be pressed there. Every darky on the place that could be spared from his or her work was peeping around one side or the other of the house when the carriage that had been sent to meet me at the station drove up to the front gate.

They made no effort at concealment, but simply went through what they consider the proper form on such occasions, standing far enough out to see well, while pretending to make an effort to hide behind the angles of the porch, corners of the bay windows or convenient shrubbery.

Southern born and knowing my audience, I stiffened up like a drum major and strode up the walk with as near the air of a "conquering hero" as I could command; feeling sorry that my silk hat was not on my head, where it would have made me almost an assured success, instead of in my hat box.

Uncle Ben, the driver of the carriage, coming in for almost as much attention as myself, as he struggled along in the rear with a heavy load, composed of my baggage, gun and shell boxes; his profound dignity an exaggeration of my own. To have shown by word or sign any knowledge of the fact that the crowd of servants were watching and audibly criticising me would have been—in their opinion—a serious breach of etiquette, and would have resulted in grave doubts of my being "real quality." So with bold, but discreet, looks to the right and left, I mounted the broad front steps, struck the old-fashioned knocker, and turned to dismiss Uncle Ben, who had followed and placed my baggage on the porch. The old-fashioned coachman does not enter the house where there are house servants; but stops at the entrance, if indeed he leaves his team at all, which he only does with those to whom he wishes to pay marked attention.

As he backed down the steps, bowing his thanks, and showing by unmistakable signs that my genuineness was firmly established in his mind, the door opened and my fair hostess welcomed me to "The Elms."

Within twenty-four hours of my arrival I was acquainted with all of the "boys" and "girls" and "uncles" and "aunties," as they are there classified, on the place. All of the male darkies being boys until they reach the stage of uncle; and all of the females girls until age and dignity puts them in the class of aunties.

All of the field hands learned my name at once, and never failed to show their ivories to the remotest molar as they bowed and pulled at their old hats when we met. The oracle of the big house on the plantation is the cook. She moulds and forms the opinions of the other servants, and influences in a greater or lesser degree that of the family she serves.

She is nearly always an "auntie," and is aggressive, bigoted, uncompromising, kind, faithful and efficient. A dear old paradox, alternately beloved and feared by the entire household. I knew her well, and respected her accordingly, and always sought an opportunity to propitiate her as soon as possible after my arrival at the various hospitable Southern homes it had been my happy lot to visit.

It was therefore with real trepidation that I heard the evening of my arrival the laughing remark of one of the older ladies of the household, addressed to my fair young friend, for the purpose of teasing her, which was to the effect that: "Aunt Ellen (the cook) had told Mil-lie (the maid) that that town man was not near big enough nor half good looking enough for her Mis' Lady."

I made up my mind that Aunt Ellen and I must become better acquainted at the very earliest opportunity. Waking early next morning, and having learned the night before that the woods near the house was fairly well stocked with gray squirrels, I slipped into my corduroys, and taking a handful of shells loaded with chilled sixes, and my gun, quietly left the house before any one was astir for a try at them, still-hunting.

It was just gray dawn when I got well down in the heavy timber, and the woods was oppressively silent.

There is something awe inspiring about the breaking of day in a forest that causes one to carefully avoid, as far as possible, any disturbance of the solitude. In the fields or open the desire is to whistle, sing, or shout aloud at daybreak, but not so in the woods.

Stealing along, listening for a sign, it soon grew light enough for me to see to draw a bead on the first unwary

imitator of the "early bird" discovered, and I was glad to hear that regular old herald of the approach of day, the ivory-billed woodpecker, making the woods ring with his rattling strokes on a dead limb.

He is the first fellow out in the morning, and his first act is to kick up a fearful row, that everybody may be apprised of the fact. My strained senses of sight and hearing were both soon rewarded by the sound of a nut or bit of bark falling, and a limb swinging in a large white oak near. The leaves were heavy on the ground and rather dry, but fortunately a path that was tolerably clear led within good shooting distance of the tree. Moving up carefully, near enough to command the tree, I soon had a glimpse of fur, while at the same time a limb shook in another part of the tree, showing a pair treed. I soon had them located so that I could have a fair shot at either one, but the survivor would be so situated that he could take cover at once without giving me a chance for a shot, so I concluded to wait a few moments and see if they did not change and locate as I wanted them.

My patience was soon rewarded by getting one well out toward the end of a long limb, and the other down near where it joined the trunk. I shot for one first and took the second in the air as he jumped for the body of the tree, killing them both dead.

Slipping in fresh shells, I heard a sound behind me, and turned just in time to see a squirrel making out on the limb of another oak toward a poplar, with the thick foliage that looked as if it might be a den tree.

It was a long shot, but I chanced it, and succeeded in knocking him out of the tree with my first barrel, but he lit running.

Expecting this from the way he fell, I had sprinted a little myself in his direction, while he was sailing for "terra firma," and getting close enough for more effective work, knocked the run entirely out of him with the second barrel. As I gathered up my three squirrels—all young and in fine condition—it occurred to me that I was in a good squirrel country, that it was a good day for squirrels, and that it was not a debatable question as to whether or not life was worth living.

The sun was not yet up, but I could hear a bell ringing at the house that sounded like the old bell on the school-house, where I shirked through my first few years of weary wayfaring on the road to knowledge when a boy, and that I knew to be the manager's signal to the field hands who lived at what was still known as "the quarters."

Noticing a rail fence near by, I concluded to work down that a short distance, and then return to the house. Before I had gone 100 yds. along the fence a squirrel, either going to or from breakfast, and in a desperate hurry, almost ran over me. I turned him back and killed him on the run. His speed was so great as he turned the sharp angles of the fence, it was almost equal to shooting jack-snipe. My shooting coat feeling heavy with its load, I turned toward the house, which I judged to be less than one-half mile distant. I hunted along carefully, but without expecting any further success, and was just debating in my mind whether I would not shoulder my gun and strike straight for the house, when, from a thicket a short distance ahead, came a sharp put! that froze me in my tracks. It was a turkey sure, but whether wild or tame I did not know. It seemed close to the house for that wary bird, the wild-turkey; and yet it was far from the house for that discreet bird, the tame turkey, that is considering the woods. The tame turkey will range the fields for miles, but fights shy of the thick woods.

Five, ten, fifteen minutes I stood in my tracks, every muscle tense, and my eyes sweeping the general direction from which the sound had come, watching for the slightest movement.

A wild turkey, when really startled, is only a faint, dark streak when it concludes to change its location in the woods; and the man that stops him on the ground is indeed true of eye and quick of hand.

I finally concluded that as nothing further was heard from the one that had startled me, it was probably just concluding a century run in some adjoining counties, so moved on. My hunt was not over yet, however, for a few moments thereafter a hickory tree loomed up just ahead, and it seemed to be full of squirrels. Ten, at least, I thought; and would think so yet had I not approached, killed and bagged them every one, and found the grand total two. They were thrashing down nuts like a pair of town boys with bushel sacks to fill, and let me walk right up to the tree before they desisted.

The first one gave me no trouble, but the second got into the thick leaves and cost me three cartridges, sent as range finders, before he developed. I was now six squirrels to the good, and Old Sol was not chin high over the eastern horizon.

Not over an hour and a half had elapsed since I had awakened, with the sense of freedom that always comes to the enthusiastic sportsman whose vacations are few and far between. Reaching the edge of the woods, I found myself in the rear of the house, and concluded to go in by way of the back gate in hopes of seeing Aunt Ellen as I passed the kitchen. Two boys were at the woodpile working out enough wood to get breakfast.

One was chopping while the other sat on a log waiting until there was an armful to carry in. The average boy will never prepare more wood than enough for immediate necessities, unless closely looked after. They will chance having to dig wood from under 3 ft. of snow in the morning rather than chop a double quantity the night before. To my "Good morning, boys," they both replied respectfully. The chopper then said: "Has you been after de squ'ls, suh?"

I replied in the affirmative. "Right smaht of dem in de woods, suh; did you see many?"

I replied that I had seen six. My questioner paused a moment as I moved slowly off, as though fearing to embarrass me, but his curiosity overcame his scruples, so he said: "How many of 'em did you git, suh?"

As I intentionally hesitated a moment before replying, for the purpose of dramatic effect, the kindhearted fellow looked as though he was sorry that he had asked the question of me; fearing that I had failed to bag any game. When I finally answered: "All six," his first look was one of profound surprise, which shortly changed to one of incredulity.

But his politeness stood the strain, and he replied: "You got 'em all six? You didn't let nary one git away?"

Well, suh! Sholy you mus' have a s'archin' gun"; "and," added his companion, "know how to shoot her too, suh." I knew that their politeness was struggling with their doubts to accept my statement, and therefore was not surprised when they both grabbed up a few sticks of wood and followed me to the kitchen, where they hung around until they had ocular demonstration of the truth of my story.

Aunt Ellen was moving around in the kitchen just beginning her preparations for the family breakfast. As she heard my approach, she came to the door. "Good morning, Aunt Ellen," I said.

"Good mawnin', suh," she replied, and added quickly: "How you know my name?"

"How do I know your name, Aunt Ellen? Why, I have known your name and much about you for a long time. Miss Lady often tells me about you in the letters she writes me; and she told me how glad she would be to get back to you when she started down here on this visit. I feel like I had known you a long time."

During this rather long speech Aunt Ellen was looking me over carefully from head to foot in a furtive manner. When I concluded, she was silent for a moment and then said:

"Did Mis' Lady reely write in a lettah 'bout me, suh?"

"She did, Aunt Ellen, several times," I replied.

"Where you bin, suh?" she suddenly asked.

I told her.

"Did you git any squ'ls, suh? Miss Lady mighty fon' of squ'ls."

For reply I reached in a pocket and pulled out a squirrel and handed it to her.

"Now, dat's a nice fat squ'l," she said.

I handed her another one.

"Two," she cried, "dat sho is fine."

I drew out another.

"Three," she almost shouted, "why, dat's enough for a Brunswick' stu."

When the fourth appeared she seemed too surprised for further speech, and simply ejaculated, "De good land sakes!"

She looked on in silence as the fifth and sixth squirrel appeared, and then seeing that my pockets were empty, she broke forth into speech again.

"Why, where has you dun bin to, suh, to git all dem nice fat squ'ls, an' hit not sun up hardly yit. Why, you sholy do beat all de shootens dat ever I seed. Day ain' nobody ever come on dis plantation smaht enough to git six squ'ls before sun up in de mawnin'. You sho mus' be 'tied, suh. Set down an res' an' lem me git you a cup of coffee an' a snack to stay yo stummik 'til breakfus' is reddey."

I sat down on the steps while she bustled off to prepare the "snack."

When she returned with it, I soon had her going on the subject of the "Fohmost famblies of Vuhginy," in whose inmost circles we had mutual acquaintances; a subject that your real old-fashioned darky, male or female, never tires of discussing. Thanking her most cordially for her hospitality, I finally took leave of her to prepare for breakfast, but not until she had again assured me that my morning feat was unparalleled, and that I must come by for a snack whenever I was out early in the morning. My morning so far had been a success from every point of view.

While smoking an after-breakfast cigar on the veranda I again heard a remark of Aunt Ellen's quoted to my fair young friend by the same elderly lady who had caused my uneasiness the night before. It was plainly audible, and to the following effect: "Aunt Ellen says that if you do want to get married you can't ever have any better chance than that nice city man who has come visiting you, as he is a good provider and real quality too."

Just then I heard Aunt Ellen answer some one in the most peremptory manner, from the neighborhood of her domain, "You can't have Cicero now, nor foh a long time yit; he skinnin' my squ'ls. LEWIS HOPKINS."

Just About a Boy.—XVI.

"So that's the Dismal River, eh?" said the boy, as we drove up to the edge of the sand dunes, where the road pitched its yellow length down toward the stream.

"Less stop here a minute an' look at things," he continued. "Seems 's if all these rivers out here just kinder got lost like 'n' go galavantin' 'round through th' country 'thout no speshul reason 'tall. They ain't as nice as a river with trees all 'long th' bank, are they? Is ever 'river 'n' this country here this same way, juss nothin' but a sort o' ditch like, a runnin' crost th' prairie when they ain't more sand than they is water?"

"Well, they are a good deal alike," I answered, "most of them being a ditch as you say, down in a wide level valley like this one, and all of them are full of sand, more or less—quicksand too; by the way, and it is apt to make travel anything but a dream of pleasure, if you happen to get down in it with the outfit."

"Do you see that little bunch of cabins away up the valley there, on the right bank of the Loup? No, here, away up above the mouth of the Dismal, up this other valley—that's the middle Loup, and this river right here in front is the Dismal."

The boy looked slowly up the second valley with the glass, and then said: "Uh, huh, I see 'em—sort of a farm, I guess."

"Well, that is Farmer's ranch, seven miles from here, and the last ranch but one between us and Pine Ridge. The next is Stem's ranch, forty miles further up stream and only a little way from where the Middle Loup rises in Dock Lake, which is just this side of the Niobrara divide. I think we had better cross both rivers and camp at Farmer's to-night, then go on up to Stem's to-morrow."

"What's the matter with goin' down below th' mouth o' th' Dismal, 'n' crossin' th' Loup down there—won't haff to cross but one river then, 'n' it 'd be easier, seems t' me."

"That's where you lack wisdom, my son, and show that you are a sure tenderfoot in this country. You must remember that the banks of these rivers are straight up and down, and from 4 to 40 or 50 ft. high. You can't drive a team up and down such places very easily, can you? Then you must remember that this trail we are following was picked out by the cow-punchers up here as the best route to haul supplies in to camp over, so don't try to hunt a new road

—these fellows know the country and you and I don't, see?"

"Yep, 'less g'won 'n' git to where we're goin' then, cos th' sun ain't any too high to drive seven miles 'n' git into camp decent."

We careened and jolted down the strip of yellow sand, sometimes with a deep gully perilously near one side of the road, sometimes with good traveling under us, but always with the brake grinding against the wheels and the bronchos bracing back against the stout harness until we rolled out on the level flat and on down to the sandy stream, across it and up the valley of the other until we were opposite Farmer's ranch.

Here it was necessary to ford the Middle Loup, one of the worst quicksand rivers in the West.

"I expect we'll get down in the sand here with the outfit, sure," I remarked; "never crossed this river when I didn't, so we would better get into shape to work quickly if we do."

The boy looked at me with a quick side glance that he had a habit of using, and said: "Humph. That's a nice layout, I reckon. What yeh goin' to do to buck quicksand anyhow?"

"Well, about the first thing is to be ready to jump overboard right suddenly if the horses go down, and get them loose from the wagon and loose from each other so they can flounder across. The water isn't very deep, and if a broncho is free to flounder around all he wants to, you won't see him mire down so he can't get out. We'd better get off our shoes and surplus clothing and get the picket ropes and tow line ready for business. Better fasten a picket rope to each horse's neck and bring the coil back into the wagon, because these horses of ours would be pretty hard to get hold of if they got loose in this country."

Everything was soon in readiness for the crossing, and we drove out into the current of the stream. All went well until we were in mid-stream, then the horses struck the quicksand, and after a couple of ineffectual floundering leaps they were both fast down in the sand, until the water lapped over their backs as they lay mired there in the current.

"Now, out you go, partner," I said. "Get your horse loose from the traces and loose from the other horse. I'll attend to this side. They won't move for a minute or two, but when they begin to throw their heads up, look out, for they'll jump in a moment more. Get hold of your horse's rope and let him go to the bank after his own fashion, but stay with him. You must keep moving as you work or you'll go down too."

We were both in the water and working swiftly while I talked, loosening the traces and the snaps that held the neck yoke and lines to the harness.

"Look out now! Your horse is going to get up—get away from him!" I shouted, as I saw signs of movement on the boy's side.

The horse floundered to his feet, went down, plunged up and ahead again, and kept going until he reached the bank, where he stood dripping and quiet, with the boy safe by his side.

My horse rested a little longer, and then he too got up, only to get down worse than ever, but he was a range horse, and had been through this same experience before, so he kept quiet a few minutes and then began to roll, going entirely under water and over on his other side, where he jumped to his feet, plunged forward, and was down again.

Trying to drive a horse under such circumstances will only result in disaster, but if left to take their own time they will come out all right, so I kept moving about and let the horse work out his own salvation, and in a few minutes he, too, stood panting and wet beside the other on the bank, none the worse for wear.

"Now you take care of the team and I'll get the neck yoke and double trees, so we can tow the wagon out," I said to the boy, as I waded back after these two much needed articles that were still in mid-stream on the slowly sinking wagon.

"Now hitch them up and fasten the two picket lines to the double tree," I said, as I went back again after a heavy line, which we had brought along for just such scrapes, and I soon had it fast to the doubled picket lines and to the end of the wagon tongue.

"Now when you are ready drive straight back away from the river so you will pull the wagon across, and I'll stay here to keep the tongue up and steer the ship," I called to the boy as I got back to the wagon again.

"All right; ready?" he asked.

"Yes, go ahead."

The wiry little team put a strain on the rope, then got down close to the ground and pulled like majors. The wagon heaved upward out of the sand and then rolled and swayed across the current like a ship at sea, as the wheels sunk into the soft spots in the bottom, and were pulled on out again, and at last the outfit rolled up the bank and came to a stop on the solid ground.

"Say, gee," said the boy, "I'd never 'a' thought o' that way o' gettin' out o' th' sand!"

"That is a trick I saw worked a long time ago, my boy, by an outfit right down on the South Loup. It isn't very elegant, but you notice it works, as all the other little things work out here, where men have to take care of themselves."

"They's always a way to do everything most if yeh juss know how, but th' trick of it is learnin', ain't it?" said the boy.

EL COMANCHO.

"Blank Days."

Who does not know them? They are as common as mosquitoes in summer, or as snow in winter in the Klondike region.

In proof of this, let imagination take us to old Ireland. You have bought a gun—the latest thing in hammerless choke bores, with ammunition requiring but the one practical test to which you wish to put it. You must needs go to try it in the best bit of Irish sporting country. Your pet setters are brought out with pride by the keepers; you start; and carefully beat every inch of ground from morn till eve. Snipe bogs, where in your boyhood's happy days snipe were "jostling each other," are now without a feather. On highlands too partridges are found to be "improved" off the face of the earth by the "Land Improvement Act" of the Gov-

ernment, or by the lawless act of the individual. There is, happily, always an excuse for a "blank day"—wind, weather or other circumstance. The fact of the "blank day" remains. You return home with sad reflection—your gun untested, your temper sorely tried.

Again, you have replenished your somewhat slender purse and bought a well-trained hunter at the Dublin horse show. You have honored (?) your London tailor—whose account, by the way, has not been quite settled—by ordering a new hunting coat. Your boots and breeches are perfection; your mount seems fit and eager to go; you are spoiling for a run. With a just feeling of pride in your whole "get-up," you ride in and out among friends at the meet, chatting pleasantly



THE IRISH SPORTSMAN IN MANITOBA.

the while. But not so pleasantly do you trot from cover to cover, each in succession being drawn blank; nor do you, with the morning's satisfaction, jog slowly home at evening with thoughts of another "blank day" to add to the list of such days, now growing large, and with the idea, however ill-founded, that your new hunter is "throwing out" a splint on the near foreleg—a result of excessive road riding from cover to cover. The only apparent satisfaction, in the absence of sport—the ever present excuse, "fox earths have not been properly stopped," "there has been a nasty east wind," "no southerly wind and cloudy sky," and "better luck next time," is ever ready to our lips, if it comes not from the heart.

To convey the gentle reader from old Ireland to North America, even here, in this land of game and game



THE IRISH SPORTSMAN IN CANADA.

laws, particularly the latter, have we not "blank days"?

It was my pleasure and privilege a few weeks ago, when on an Atlantic voyage to New York in one of the Cunard steamships, to make the acquaintance of a representative Irishman, a keen sportsman and a good soldier of a crack regiment of the Imperial Army. He has an enviable record both in the sporting field and in his regiment. He has shot more game probably than any man alive. He is as much at home in pig sticking and tiger hunting in India as he is in leading his county hounds in Ireland. He is never without a mount at the principal garrison and other British steeplechases, and his colors may often be seen passing the winning post well to the front. With this record, like many others of his race, with an insatiable thirst for gore, for "more worlds to conquer," there are, it appears, two niches in his ancestral hall yet to be filled, and these, he resolves, must be filled—one with the head and horns of a wapiti, the other with that of a caribou.

How often had he looked at these empty niches? How often had he resolved to go west and bay the eagerly looked for quarry. Invariably something interfered—a book to be made for the Derby, or military duty required him to go east to one of England's "little wars." At last (even that at last was slow in

coming), at last he started, though in a state of uncertainty whether to pull up in Manitoba in search of wapiti or at Newmarket, there to complete his book on the races. Suddenly, however, in his reverie, he was "pulled up" by a fall of the horse of the Irish car in which he was driving through "dear, dirty Dublin," with the result a pair of broken shafts and escape of a broken head—all which served to remind him of the "shortness and uncertainty of life," and that if a wapiti or caribou were to be bagged, no time must be lost. With this final resolve, and a telegram to his next of kin respecting the disposal of his will, he bent his steps to Liverpool, instead of Newmarket, and the good ship Etruria speedily conveyed him to New York, not without some misgivings, for he was knocked about like a football in a forward cabin in a stormy winter voyage. Of one thing, however, he felt perfectly confident, viz., of the exact spot, in caribou or wapiti, in which he meant to place the expanding bullet of his double express rifle.

Time and swift trains brought him within measurable distance of the happy hunting grounds in Manitoba; kind friends fitted him out for the chase, with food and raiment. A young farmer brought him on a rough country sled to the hunting grounds. Here the plan of campaign was strictly carried out. Here day by day and hour by hour every available likely spot was tried in vain. In vain the brand new field glasses scanned every covert. These were "blank days"—undeniably "blank days." However, there is an excuse: "It's too early in the season for wapiti." He must go East and accept my invitation for caribou hunting. Here at least in eastern Canada he will surely be able to get the exact head and horns to fill one niche in the ancestral hall. He bids a fond farewell to Manitoba, and eastern Canada is reached in safety. There is the usual preparation for the start for green woods and barrens; the usual anticipation of "lots of sport"; one of New Brunswick's best guides is secured—New Brunswick's best hunting ground selected.

There is just sufficient snow on the ground for still-hunting. Caribou are reported plentiful. While en route a fine specimen of male caribou with horns was shown, shot by a neighboring farmer. It would suit well the niche referred to. But we must beat the record. On moves the hunting party. There is a perceptible fall in the barometer, but no perceptible diminution of zeal on the part of our keen Irish sportsman. Rain sets in, but even this does not dampen his ardor. He has ere this experienced rain in western Ireland. The snow disappears, and is succeeded by slush and mud.

It matters little whether you wear cowhide lanergans or moosehide moccasins, deeper and deeper sink your feet in muck and mire.

It matters little whether you try woodlands or barrens, the barrens are barren, the woodlands are badly "mixed." Each day ends in one winding "blank." Ardor and zeal, being sorely tested, fly to the winds; the soldier, the sportsman, the believer in "making a record," returns to the roof-tree of his family. The niches still remain with open arms for head and horns of wapiti or caribou. Another lesson has been taught in this "history of a failure," "some days must be blank."

MIC MAC.

FREDERICTON, New Brunswick.

In Canadian Woods.

(Concluded from page 25.)

At 4:30 A. M. we were up and preparing to start. We abandoned most of the provisions we had worked so hard to get up, taking with us barely a sufficient supply for two days, for now we had another canoe to carry. We had to go back two miles of our upward route and then turn directly into the woods where there was no path at all. On the way the men saw a caribou, a fine one, the first seen on our trip, although tracks had been plentiful, but just then the rifle was not come-at-able. It was just as well, for we should not have shot him anyway, since we could neither eat nor carry him. While we were struggling through bushes and twisting around trees, Eugene became discouraged again and snappishly asked Simeon where the deuce we were going. The reply was: "N'importe. On suit Pierre Kiolet." (No matter. We are following Pierre Kiolet.) The words used, "n'importe," meant "no matter," but Simeon's tone meant "that is none of your business." He knew that by following Pierre we should find the place we were looking for. And so we did. An hour or so in the woods and we struck what Pierre said was Rivard's portage road. It seemed a very small road to strike, but there was a visible path, and by following it we reached our first objective point, the Bostonnais River, about three miles above its mouth. Here, just as it began to rain, we embarked and worked our way up the stream, making several short portages past shallow rapids and crossing three widenings of the river sufficiently large to be known as lakes. We took our dinner at a small logging camp, so dirty and ill-smelling that we preferred to eat outside in spite of the rain. We waited till the worst of one heavy shower was over and then started again, Pierre assuring us that there would be no more portages until we reached the long one that would bring us to Lake Travers, which lake he promised we should reach before dark. I had my doubts, having been over the route once, but we went on, and a little past the middle of the afternoon reached the head of the fifth and last lake, landing on a muddy shore, with plenty of fresh moose tracks all about. I forgot to say that near where we struck Rivard's road we had seen the track of a red deer, not very far from where I had seen one in the snow winter before last. Pierre told me that the red deer is gradually pushing eastward. At present they are not plentiful far east of the Ottawa River, are rare east of the St. Maurice and almost unknown in the region of the Batis-can.

There was no delay at this landing. It was still raining hard, and we wanted to push on, so each man promptly picked up his load and started, Pierre and I leading, as usual. He had repeatedly told us, "*Il-y-a-un chemin*" (there is a road), but when we come to it we found that his "*chemin*" was only a track that he himself had blazed when trapping, two years before. There was no road or path or sign of any, but only blazed trees enough for a

careful man to find his way by. These were sufficient for him, for his requirements in that line are small. Near the edge of the lake we passed one of my old camping grounds, the tent poles still standing, and empty tin cans and pieces of broken boxes lying about, just as we left them five years ago.

Of course the way was up hill, for we were crossing the divide that separates the affluents of those two important rivers, the Batiscan and the St. Maurice. Aside from this it was not very difficult, being through a hardwood region where the undergrowth was not very thick. At length, however, I thought we had done enough for one day, and finding a good place for camping, and the rain still falling, I called a halt. The tents were quickly set up, and no one was sorry to get under cover.

During the night the weather changed to cold and windy. An early start brought us to Lake Travers in the forenoon, but only to be disappointed in our fishing, for the wind had risen to a stiff breeze, and the best part of the lake for fishing was on the exposed side. We spent an hour of valuable time in trials, but with no success. My plan had been to camp there and have a morning and evening for fishing, but the weather upset it.

Crossing Lake Travers in the teeth of the gale, we came to Lake Long, which, being narrower and lying almost at right angles with Lake Travers, was less exposed. From this a carry of a few yards took us into the Lac des Isles.

Nearly all the names of lakes that I have mentioned are common to scores of lakes all through this country. It is easy to see how they may have come by them. Imagine one French-Canadian telling another how to go from one point to another. Starting on one route, for instance, he might cross a lake of very clear water, which would be Lac Clair, the next would be a long, narrow lake, Lac Long. From this he would go into Lake Montauban, of the origin of whose name I am not certain, but there was once a military engineer of that name in this country, and on the shore of that lake some acquaintances of mine once found some broken weapons and pieces of crockery and cooking utensils, both French and Indian. There is very probably some connection between the name of the lake and these relics.

From there he would cross Lake Nicholas, where Nicholas Andette made the first logs, and would next come to two little lakes, à la Vase, Mud Lakes, and so to Lake à la Truite, Trout Lake, where there was good fishing, as we have seen. The next would be Lake à Vierge, where a man of that name had a logging camp. Passing by the rivers à Pierre and Batiscan, whose names I cannot now account for, he would pass the mouth of the River Bostonnais, so called because its whole length is on property owned by Americans, and in former times all Americans were known as Bostonians. This comes from the military expeditions against Canada, organized at Boston, especially the one of Sir William Phipps. There is another and larger river in the Province that has the same name, and from somewhat similar circumstances. And so he would go on. A crooked lake would be a Lac Croche, a round one a Lac Rond, one lying across his way a Lac Travers, and one with islands in it a Lac des Isles. The lakes might continue to be known by these names until something occurred to give them others, as in the case of renaming Lac à la Truite.

On the Lac des Isles the wind for a time was more moderate. Shortly Pierre's Indian eyes discovered something moving far away down the lake. It proved to be a Canadian gentleman and his two Indian guides in a fine new canoe, fresh from the Penobscot River, which contrasted strangely with our worn and battered ones. We did not covet his canoe, for ours were wider, and would carry heavier loads, and we thought them safer. He was camped at a considerable distance away, and only out for a day's excursion. After a little chat we went our respective ways. These were the first persons I had seen, except our own party, since leaving Lake Clair.

Soon the wind rose again and blew harder than ever. The lake was covered with white caps and Pierre could make scarcely any headway. I thought we should have to try to get to the shore and wait, but he worked us up to a bit of a rocky islet and took the spare man from the other canoe, to the advantage of both. We got on better after that, but the next half-hour was a rough one, though the canoes behaved splendidly, and Pierre was delighted with ours.

At length our battling with the waves came to an end and we arrived at the outlet of the lake, where we found an immense lumbering camp, owned by an American company. It was a surprise to all but Pierre. Everything was substantially built and in perfect order. Camp, stables, storehouses, kitchen, with table room for fifty men at the least, foreman's room, in short the whole equipment was most complete. The dam at the outlet was an especially fine piece of work. Everything indicated the controlling minds of men of business experience and foresight, ample capital and an intention to conduct affairs on a large scale. And this they do, for I was told they make not less than 800,000 logs per annum. Later we found that roads, bridges, etc., were all planned with the same leading idea, that of economizing human labor by utilizing it to the best advantage and not wasting it. The storehouses were stocked with sufficient supplies to enable lumbering work to be commenced at the earliest practicable time. These had been brought up towards the end of the previous winter.

The gale continued, and we began to feel uneasy about the people in the canoe we had met, but while we were at dinner they came in gallantly, the canoe riding the waves like a duck and dry as a bone inside. The owner was greatly pleased with it, which I was glad to know, for we have one precisely like it at Lake Clair, but have not yet given it any hard work.

Up to this time we had been, except when on lakes, constantly working against currents, but now we should have them in our favor. We got away promptly, taking one rather long portage to avoid, as Pierre said, three shorter ones. But we had not quite reached the end of it when we saw the other canoe, which started after us, go past us like a shot. They had the advantage of having no loads but what they could pick up quickly and march off with, while we were encumbered. Near here our ways diverged and we saw them no more.

For an hour or more we wiggled over shallows and sunken timber, the men sometimes in the canoes and sometimes wading alongside and lifting them. At length

we rounded a point and were told we were in the River L'Eau Morte (Dead Water). For a little while we went along nicely, but it was not long before I began to wonder where the "dead water" was coming in. It was the liveliest dead water I ever saw.

All the afternoon we had a succession of rapids, with only short stretches of good water. Some were run with canoes and baggage, some by canoes alone, and some portaged altogether. It began to be late when we came to a place where Pierre said we should be sure to find some caribou horns, a place where many caribou came to shed their horns in the season. That they should come together or seek a certain place for this purpose was news to me. It was a bit of level land, wooded with small firs and the ground covered with white moss. He went ashore and searched some time, but found only a pair of old ones, fine in their day, but now bleached and cracked. We took them on board, but when it came to a question of portaging we abandoned them.

We were now having fine canoeing water, but presently came to the head of the wildest rapid we had yet seen. As it was a mile and a half long and the sun was just setting, we decided to camp there, and on going ashore found we were just at a place where shelters had been erected for log drivers. They were like two low sheds placed facing each other, and like all the company's works were substantial and extensive, furnishing sleeping quarters for, I should think, seventy or eighty men. We needed only a little fire for cooking, which we built between the sheds and were thus housed with great promptness. Wood, all ready for use, was right at hand, and we had little to do but collect a few boughs to freshen up our beds. Simeon found a half-dozen or so of dynamite cartridges in rather unpleasant proximity to our fire, and promptly threw them out into the bushes. They were probably intended to blow up obstructions in the river that caused logs to jam, or even to break up a jam itself, a proceeding occasionally necessary. Pierre was charged to report our disposition of these fireworks (as well as our use of the camps) to the foreman of the works, so that he might replace them if desired.

We were out early the next morning, realizing that we had a big day's work before us. Everything was portaged past this rapid, but we had one of the company's roads, and got on without trouble. Embarking below, we had ideal canoeing for several miles, an even, moderate current, no obstructions and the weather and scenery lovely. Pierre and I led and the men followed, talking and singing heartily for almost the first time since leaving the Batiscan. It was delightful, but ended altogether too soon, for by and by Pierre pulled up to the shore at a bit of low, grassy land. I could not discover any reason for stopping at that particular spot, but was no sooner ashore than I found that exactly here was a path that a few yards further on resolved itself into a portage road. Half an hour's walk brought us to a little lake whose name I forget, and then another half-hour to Lake Maketsy, a fine, large lake, the fishing rights on which are held by some Three Rivers gentlemen, who have a fine club house on it, very pleasantly situated. We passed on the opposite side of the lake, and did not visit it. Crossing this lake, which discharges into the Batiscan River, while all the other waters traversed to-day flow into the St. Maurice, we ate our last provisions, repaired our old canoe, which now required much patching and coddling, and continued on our way. After about another half-hour's walk on a bad road and all up hill, except the last few minutes, we came to another small lake, after which came another carry of something like the same length, and we reached Lake Long, the last of importance on our route. This is a very beautiful lake, nine miles in length and averaging say three-quarters of a mile in width, the northerly bank about 250ft. high, very even on the sky line and almost as steep as our own Lake Long, covered with evergreen trees from the water's edge. It seemed as steep as it could possibly be, and have timber on it. One realized its height and steepness when passing some places where the trees had been cut away to allow logs to be rolled down from the top into the lake. Pierre kept up his even stroke, steady as a clock, for the seven miles we had to go, stopping only twice, long enough to light his pipe. He said we should make the distance in two hours, and was only five minutes out of the way.

We went ashore at a point where we found a large storehouse, boats and the accompaniments of extensive lumbering works. We also found the end of a cart road, at least that is what Pierre said it was, but I should pity the cart that had to go over it. Here we abandoned our old canoe, putting up a notice that whoever found it was welcome to take it. The men took up their lightened loads cheerfully and walked along. Pierre and I ferried the baggage over a little lake called Lac en Coeur (heart shaped) behind the hills, on one side of which Pierre said were two houses, the very outposts of civilization in that region. Of the inmates of one of them we already knew something, an interesting story that I cannot tell.

But a further walk of an hour and a half or so brought us to a barbed wire fence, a railroad, supper under a roof, children, flies and other evidences that we had left the woods behind us.

At 1 A. M. I was at home, at 1:30 in bed, and at 8:30 on hand to meet my engagement.

I had said that this would be the last journey of the kind that I would make—but—but—Isn't it almost as difficult to keep a lover of forests and streams away from them as to keep a sailor away from the sea?

G. DE MONTAUBAN.

QUEBEC, December, 1898.

Law-Making and Law-Breaking.

WE have often expressed the opinion in these columns that it is generally wiser to enforce the existing laws for the protection of animals than to ask for new legislation, and we rejoice that our esteemed contemporary, *FOREST AND STREAM*, holds similar views. The good people of the State of Wyoming are agitating the question of an appeal to the Legislature "to remedy the defects in the statute by which constant raids on the game supply have been perpetrated." *FOREST AND STREAM* of Dec. 10 declares that "what is needed in Wyoming is not so much a new law as upright, straightforward, and determined officials to enforce the one already on the books. * * * The law," says the editor, "is all that could be asked, if it were only enforced; an ounce of execution is worth a hundredweight of amendment." Over-zealous friends of the cause of animal protection find it hard to realize that special laws to punish specific acts of cruelty may often defeat their purpose by failing to cover the ground of a more general law. At all events, would we not better enforce those laws we have before enacting others we may have no need of?—Our Animal Friends.

Natural History.

Florida Great Blue Herons.

MANY of the birds of Florida are rapidly following the dodo and the buffalo. Many hunters from the North come to Florida for a few months of outdoor sport, and soon degenerate into plume hunters for the money that is in it. Law-breaking native hunters have regular outfits for this traffic, and not only hunt themselves, but encourage the Seminoles to procure egrets for them. The Indians are innocent of the violation of the law, and tell of the rookeries that have been annihilated during the past year. One small-rookery, near the camp of the Cow Creek Indians, was completely destroyed by a white man from a South Florida town this spring, the hunter securing the plumes of 100 egrets. The Indian in relating the circumstance said, "Little birds cry, cry, all day. No water. No fish," till the little Indian boys caught minnows for them, and daily climbed the lofty trees and fed and watered the young egrets—a tribute to the savage mind over the cruelty of the civilized and Christianized white man.

A few years ago Florida was an ornithological Eden—all flying creatures of the North American continent had a rendezvous in the southern section of the State. The Everglades are the winter asylum of nearly all the migratory birds of the eastern seaboard. It is only a very few years since in the "bird islands" or rookeries the community numbered thousands, including the large white crane, the blue heron, the curlew and many other water birds. But "aigrettes" are the fashion, and the boast of a plume hunter that he and his party had killed 130,000 birds off the coast of Florida in a single season shows to what extent vanity "plumes" itself, both at the expense of a violation of the law and the sins of men. But until lovely, gentle woman shall cease to adorn herself at the sacrifice of the mother bird and a nest of helpless young left to starve, the traffic will be carried on.

The law passed in Florida for the protection of the mockingbird is already showing its good effects. In Kissimmee the mockers build their nests in the oak trees that line the principal business street. All day long they sing, while on moonlight nights the quiet of the little town is only broken by the songs of this forest minstrel.

The testimony of the leading scientists of the United States shows that unless the killing of birds soon ceases certain of the feathered tribe will become extinct. Where formerly countless thousands congregated in the rookeries in Florida, the Indians tell that the rookeries, "hi-e-pus" (all gone). While there is not one heron or egret in Florida to-day, where there were thousands twenty years ago, yet if properly protected, their graceful forms would ere long be seen giving life to the water courses, lakes and prairies. The snowy figure of the egret would be seen wading in the shallow streams quietly seeking his meal, and the big blue heron, in dreamy attitude, resting on one foot, would wait by the water's edge till hunger bade him seek his evening repast.

They who know only the wild herons of Florida will be much surprised to learn how charming, how full of confidence, these same birds can be under habits of domestication.

Three years ago a hunter captured from a nest on the bank of the Kissimmee River three young herons of the great blue heron species. They were purchased and turned loose in the yard. They were certainly far from prepossessing in appearance; almost bare of plumage, with long legs scarcely able to support the slim body that seemed burdened with the wide-spreading wings; long beaks and yellow eyes; while their feet, how mirth-provoking it was to note their large proportions. They grew rapidly, however, and in a few months a tuft or crest of feathers adorned their heads; long silk-like feathers appeared on the breast and on the back; they had taken on a light gray color, with the plumage on the head and breast streaked with white. Standing 4ft. in height, with every feather ruffled at the approach of any object of dislike, they were very formidable looking birds. While they had been taken from the same nest, the female from the first showed an antipathy toward the odd male, making his life one of constant retreat. She was more slender and gentler in appearance than the male birds, but was ruler of the yard. She kept constantly by the side of the bird of her choice, but ruled his every wish, so much so that the pair were named Mr. and Mrs. Caudle. They were fed exclusively on fish and beef, and when Caudle by chance secured the first bite, she immediately ran to him and took it from him. The odd bird, whom we named Snapper, dare not come within range of the pair, but watched for his dinner, grabbing it and running, for Mrs. Caudle would pursue him around the house unless she was kept occupied with her own food. The surprising part of this strange dislike was, that it was the female who took upon herself the part to browbeat Snapper. He became so completely cowed that he occupied a different part of the yard, except at night, when that instinct to band for defense brought the herons in the one yard and the cranes in the other to a mutual meeting ground, with only a wire fence between; but with dawn came all that pugnacious feeling again, when Snapper took his old post, standing silent and dejected till the return of night. During feeding time he stealthily got himself a place of safety, where sympathy for his hard lot secured him many an extra morsel.

The digestive power of the heron is remarkable, as well as its capacity and ability to swallow large fish. The neck seems to expand as if made of India rubber—the fish slips down and the bird is ready for another. In feeding beef, large bones were given, which were swallowed intact. On one or two occasions after feeding beef this way, great alarm was felt, as the birds showed signs of great distress, but the uneasiness was soon calmed when the bird threw up a large bone, clean and white, the meat having been thoroughly digested. In feeding catfish, they instinctively pierce it with their strong beaks, until there is no question in their simple minds but that it is harmless. If, in their hurry to swallow their food, it goes down the throat covered with sand or trash, they

The Growth of Trees.

Editor Forest and Stream:

My attention has again been directed to the subject of the growth of trees by the following question: "Was Mr. Hardy right in saying that a branch or notch does not rise higher with the tree's growth?"

Again I must confess my inability to speak with decision and authority upon the question at issue. I can only give my own impressions, or deductions, concerning the matter. I do not doubt that Hermit can give specific and definite information on this point, and trust that he will take occasion to do so.

My own impressions I give as follows: During the earlier stages of many vegetable growths, the process of growing is carried on without the agency of leaves, as in plants that push up mechanically the "seed leaves" through the soil. It is evident here that nearly, if not all, the material used comes up from the ground, and there is, of course, a progression upward of the matter incorporated by the plant. When, however, the plant is provided with leaves, and the bulk of its substance descends from the upper extremities, having been assimilated from the atmosphere through the agency of the leaves, it is my belief that every particle of the plant that has effected a lodgement anywhere in its corpus remains permanently in the same lateral plane where it is first posited. If in the vertical trunk, it remains at the same distance from the ground. If in a branch, at the same distance from the heart of the trunk, measured along the axis of the branch.

The process of growth is by new excentric rings formed around the central axis of trunk and branch, enveloping former growth without disturbing its position; while new material is piled on top of the old in progressing to greater height.

It is a matter of common observation that small trees have branches much nearer the ground than the same



A SPOTTED ADIRONDACK DEER.

trees will have at a later period of their growth, after attaining much greater height. This is especially true in a crowded forest, where the leaves on lower branches would be much curtailed for lack of sunshine in performing their functions of laboratory work to maintain the growth of their parent tree. It is also noticeable that on the margins of forests the outside trees eagerly spread out branches into the open space much lower down than the interior trees. But what becomes of the low branches of the young trees, which have disappeared after maturer growth?

They die from atrophy and drop off, the remnants being overlaid by successive annual growths after their decay. It is one of the commonest principles of nature that organs waste and become merely rudimentary, when their functions cease to be exercised; as for example, witness the rudimentary legs in the bodies of boa constrictors, and of hind legs in the bodies of whales, showing that they once were quadrupeds, before the snake discarded his legs by too much proneness to the sneaking habit; and the cetacean was driven into the sea by his enemies on land, or for other good and sufficient reasons forsook the latter element for the former. The whale, by the way, exhibits a curious reversal of the general order of animal life progression, the initial state having been in all cases aquatic, with a subsequent development on dry land, at least in the higher orders of animal life. The "gill slits" are still visible in the embryo of the human species.

The exposition of the force exerted by a growing squash in the last FOREST AND STREAM is quite convincing, and again brings to mind the moral that there are more ways than one of viewing almost all questions.

COAHOMA.

The Seaboard Air Line.

PRINCE BAY, Staten Island, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In reading the last issue of FOREST AND STREAM I took particular notice of the "Seaboard Air Line." Mr. Wilmot Townsend being a shareholder, I believe, and situated on one of the principal stations of the route, claims that the dividends this year meet with his most sanguine expectations. Well, there are others who have noticed the dividends seem to be on the rise. Especially is this so where I am situated, near the lower end of Staten Island, and an important station, in consequence of getting ready to use the "High Bridge" between here and New Jersey. If I could pen my thoughts as well as Mr. Townsend, I could make it quite interesting for the readers of FOREST AND STREAM, as this section of the line is a terminal of the Hudson River Air Line, a sort of junction of the two, therefore we have plenty of feathered friends in the fall. But, I will have to take Mr. Fred Mather's ad-

vice, write any way and let the editor grind it out to suit himself, "blue pencil" accept or reject.

The last fall birds of all kinds have been especially abundant, noticeably robins, which have been shot off in great numbers. We have no game protectors on this end of Staten Island, and the one at the other end probably has his hands full. One morning in October, while going to my employment, I met a man (I think at one time he may have been a subject of a foreign country) with gun and three or four dogs, mongrels, of course, and I said: "Good morning; going for game?" "I take my gun by the wood," he responded, "an' I shoots any t'ings I see, eh!" and that is the case all over this lovely island, which is a natural paradise for our feathered friends. I go to the woods and fields Sunday mornings with my field glass to watch the birds and study nature in general; and it's bang, bang all the time. But we are in Greater New York now, and things may be different some time, but it will not be. When the robins nest again." Oh, no.

A. L. H.

"Old Red Legs."

CALAIS, Me., Jan. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I notice in your paper of Jan. 7 an article by Mr. Wilmot Townsend, about a large dusky duck called "old red legs." I have three very like what he describes in my mounted collection; but the bird is never found late in the fall, always found in summer. I had thought it a new duck, as I could not find it described in any of my bird books; even Audubon said nothing about the change of plumage in summer of the mallard drake. But being out in Minnesota and Dakota in summer, where mallards were plenty, I found my strange ducks to be mallard drakes in summer plumage, and at times you can hardly distinguish the male from the female.

About May 20 the breast and back of the drake begin to change their color; in a short time the curled feathers above the tail drop out, and gray feathers appear among the lovely green plumage above the eyes. Every succeeding day brings marks of rapid change, and by last of June not one green feather of the head or neck is to be found. Early in July every feather of the former brilliant plumage has disappeared, and the drake has received a garb like that of the female, only a much darker tint. In August this new plumage begins to change gradually, the curled feathers above the tail begin to grow, and by Oct. 20 the drake appears again in all his magnificence to charm the eye of man. Thus, we may say, that once every year for a short period the drake, as it were, goes into an eclipse; and a full plumaged wild drake cannot be found anywhere, and I think Mr. Wilmot Townsend's duck, red legs, is a summer plumaged mallard drake.

I have seen a good many of those ducks in collections, and marked a cross between them only in confinement. The wild birds seldom cross, and all I have seen are summer plumage drakes. I wrote FOREST AND STREAM about the summer plumage of the wild drake a good many years ago, but many of the late readers have not seen it.

GEO. A. BOARDMAN.

Beaver in New York.

MR. W. C. McNALLY, of the Ellenville Press, Ellenville, Ulster county, N. Y., writes under date of Jan. 12: "Thinking this item, which is taken from our paper of today, may be of interest, I enclose it:

"Mr. Leroy Haden captured a beaver near the Grand View stock farm Saturday morning. This is the first beaver caught in this vicinity in a great many years, and a good many went to see the strange animal."

"The farm mentioned is about ten miles from here, on the Lackawack stream, and about eight miles from where it joins the Sandburgh to form the Rondout, the streams uniting near Napanoch, which is twenty-six miles from Kingston. The stream is a natural trout stream, but pretty well fished out, though the Sundown Club has recently put a number of thousands of brook trout in it, on land which they control, several miles above Lackawack. Of course you will understand these streams run out of the Catskill foothills.

W. A. McNALLY."

A New Magazine.

We learn that in February next the Macmillan Company will begin, under the editorship of Mr. Frank M. Chapman, the publication of a popular bi-monthly magazine, to be called Bird-Lore, addressed to observers rather than to collectors of birds. The magazine will contain general articles on birds in nature, supplemented by departments, entitled Notes from the Field and Study, Hints for Teachers and Students, with an especial department devoted to children. Especial attention will be given to bird protection work, and the magazine will be the official organ of the Audubon societies. The list of those who have promised contributions includes many of the best known names of observers and writers on birds.

A Spotted Adirondack Buck.

HOPKINTON, N. Y., St. Lawrence County, Jan. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I enclose photograph of a freak of nature, a white or spotted Adirondack buck, killed in October, and the mounting just completed. This buck was said to lead a charmed life; he has been seen and shot at frequently for the last seven years, and only once has he been hit as far as anyone knows, and that was out of season, and the hunter was complained of by log cutters, and paid a fine of \$50.

C. H. B.

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, \$4 per year, \$2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iv.

immediately eject it, carrying it to the water, and having rinsed it well, swallow it again.

The birds all seemed to love companionship, and would stand for hours by the kitchen porch as still as if carved out of wood, the only motion being the ruffling of their plumage by the breeze. They were always exceedingly shy of strangers, and yet so well had they learned the two words, "Come on, come on," that they would respond to any voice that called them, and with heads erect timidly approach, while the same words from their master would bring them, half-running, with wings extended, expressing their pleasure by a satisfied "Qua, qua, qua," the only language they seemed to possess. Many times during the day would the pair demonstrate affection toward each other. Beginning with that "Qua, qua, qua," they would turn beak to beak, their long necks distended, yet arched, and with beaks interlapping caress and "kiss" with a degree of happiness that would turn many a lovesick Lothario green with envy. All the while stood poor Snapper, solitary and forlorn, with "no one to love, none to caress."

Just at this point the writer recalls sounds that greeted her one morning before arising. One of the birds had been caught to give his wing a second clipping, during the progress of which he kept up a continual noise, so like the bellowing of a calf under the torture of the branding iron that it was not until after we had given vent to our feelings at the "cruel practice" and "unnecessary length of time" that the supposed cowboy had applied the branding iron, that we learned that the heart-rending sounds was only the voice of Snapper objecting to being held while his wing was being clipped.

The occupants of the yard each seemed to possess a language understood by each other, yet Dick, the crane, was the bugler for the company. At his note of alarm on the approach of a strange dog, the herons, with scarcely a perceptible motion, would, with heads erect, glide backward to the furthest corner of the lot, and as long as the crane "called," although the enemy might be out of sight of the herons, they kept that erect, frightened position. Then let the crane give his call of greeting on the approach of his master, and quickly the three herons, with an awkward, half-running humpbacked gait, would make for the wire fence and there wait patiently for the approach of the home comer. The whinny of the horse or the mewling of the cat reminded the birds of the meal hour. An unusual jabbering among the jay birds or a frightened cackling from the chickens would alarm them and they would move stealthily about as if wondering where and what the enemy might be. During the writer's absence from home for a period of several weeks, the master of these shy birds educated them to a point that threatened to distract her peace of mind. They had gradually grown more gentle and less timid, until on my first evening home Snapper stood at one corner of the dining table, near the French window, through which he entered, while the other two birds stood, neck and neck, at the opposite angle near the open door. They were so badly spoiled that when we put them out at one door they would naturally walk around the house and come in the front way, traversing the length of the house with heads up and stealthy tread.

One day, the dog rushing around the corner surprised Caudle, and he slipped and fell as he went down the steps. His back was broken, and he lived but two days, his mate standing by him till he died. After his death he seemed lonely, but still refused to allow Snapper to come near her. This went on for a while, when suddenly he approached her with a "Qua, qua, qua," showed her that he intended to be master, and from that time on they were as congenial as two birds could be. They certainly could not be called intelligent birds, but this degree of domestication was considered by hunters who have lived in the woods all their lives to be simply remarkable. Finally their wings grew out, and Snapper was permitted to go. The wing of the female was not quite long enough to allow her to fly, and the male returned day after day to urge her to come. At length she was driven to the cypress forest at the back of the town, where they lived and fished in the ditch, and still frequent. Negroes living near were warned not to touch them, and for a long time after they would approach very close to passers by. Morning and evening they yet fly across the lake, happy in their freedom, none the worse and perhaps none the better for their domestication; but they have added one more chapter to Natural History, and instilled an intellectual and moral sympathy into the minds of all who saw them. Many times during their captivity came the pleasing remark from hunters and visitors, "Well, I can never again shoot a big blue heron."

MINNIE MOORE-WILLSON.

KISSIMMEE, Fla.

Crow Roosts.

For some time past Mr. Witmer Stone, of the Academy of Natural Science, of Philadelphia, Pa., has been collecting data relative to the winter crow roosts in eastern Pennsylvania and New Jersey, with a view of preparing a paper on the subject.

Mr. Stone finds it difficult to obtain sufficient reliable information to properly cover the ground, and would be greatly indebted to readers of FOREST AND STREAM who might be willing to communicate to him any knowledge which they may possess on this subject.

He has located and obtained satisfactory accounts of the following roosts:

1. Merchantville, N. J.
2. Woodstown, N. J. (Salem county).
3. Sharpstown, N. J. (Salem county).
4. Near King of Prussia, Montgomery county, Pa.
5. West of Coatesville, Chester county, Pa.
6. Mountville, Lancaster county, Pa.
7. Near New Holland, Lancaster county, Pa.

Mr. Stone does not doubt there are many other roosts in the States, and information relative to their location could be very gratefully received, also the direction of flight of crows at evening from any points in eastern Pennsylvania or New Jersey, as this is of great assistance in indicating the location of the roosts.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of fishing and hunting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in *FOREST AND STREAM*.

The Lacey Bill.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 12.—The House bill extending the powers of the Fish Commission over birds, with the Senate amendments preventing the importation of feathers, and the transportation of birds from one State to another, came up in the House of Representatives to-day, on a motion by Mr. Perkins, for the appointment of conferees to meet with those already appointed by the Senate. An unexpected attempt was made by Mr. Cannon, of Illinois, chairman of the committee on appropriations, to kill the bill, on account of the increased expense, and because he thought the various States should take care of their own birds. The House defeated his motion to postpone the bill indefinitely, however, by an overwhelming vote, and conferees were appointed. Mr. Lacey, the author of the bill, stated his purpose to secure a modification of the Senate amendments, so as to meet the point raised in the editorial reference to the matter in this week's *FOREST AND STREAM*. The debate in the House, which was quite spirited and interesting, is well worth reading. It was as follows:

Game and other Birds.

Mr. Perkins: Mr. Speaker, I ask for a conference report on the bill (H. R. 3589) to extend the powers and duties of the Commission of Fish and Fisheries to include game birds and other wild birds useful to man. I ask that the Senate amendments to the bill be disagreed to, and that the conference asked for by the Senate be agreed to.

The Senate amendments were read.

The Speaker: The gentleman moves that the House non-concur in the Senate amendments.

Mr. Cannon: Mr. Speaker, I have not a copy of the Senate amendments before me, nor am I very familiar with this bill. I should be glad to have the gentleman from Iowa make a statement about it. Has some legislation passed touching the birds?

Mr. Lacey: The bill passed the House under suspension of the rules on the last suspension day, extending the powers of the Fish Commission so as to make them relate to birds, in a way somewhat similar to that by which they now relate to fish. The Senate have passed that bill, but have added an amendment in regard to the transportation and importation of birds for ornament. The bill has evidently been amended in a manner broader than its framer in the Senate contemplated. In other words, I think the way the bill now reads, the amendment in the Senate would prohibit the transfer of a live song bird from the State of Kentucky to the State of Illinois, or the transportation of an ostrich feather from Baltimore to Chicago. I think there has been a mistake in the framing of the second section of that bill. Of course, that was not intended by the Senate amendment. It can readily be corrected in conference.

Mr. Cannon: Now I would like to ask the gentleman just what does the bill propose to do with the birds?

Mr. Lacey: That matter was explained the other day, when the bill was passed by the House.

Mr. Cannon: But, like many others, passed under a suspension of the rules, with twenty minutes for debate, and that is equivalent to not much knowledge on the part of the House.

Mr. Lacey: The House had full knowledge of it.

Mr. Cannon: I would say to the gentleman, frankly, that I would like to hear him; but it seemed to me that this legislation was a little strange. I have an impression, and it is only an impression, that it puts the birds of the country under the Fish Commission. There are people who think the Fish Commission has outgrown its usefulness; but there is no doubt the Fish Commission has grown in expense. I do not desire to make any attack upon it, but the effect of the legislation would probably be to double the expense of the Fish Commission, without any very considerable profit to the people of the country. I would be glad to know what this scheme contemplates, because if it has not been properly considered by the House or the House being fully informed as to what the scheme is, the House can stop at any time.

Mr. Lacey: Mr. Speaker, I do not know whether the chairman of the committee on appropriations was present when this bill passed under the suspension of the rules the other day or not. The chairman of the committee on ways and means was present, and demanded a second, in order that a full explanation of the bill might be made to the House. A full explanation was made.

Mr. Walker, of Massachusetts: What was it?

Mr. Lacey: Now I know that the chairman of the committee on banking and currency was not present, or he would not ask that question. But I am pleased to inform gentlemen of the general scope and purpose of the bill a second time within a very few days. The bill we passed perhaps explains itself better or as well as I possibly could do, and I commend it to the attention of my friend from Illinois, whose State has utterly destroyed bird life in the State.

Mr. Hopkins: The gentleman is mistaken.

Mr. Lacey: There are very few birds in that State.

Now there can be no appropriation for this useful purpose without some general law authorizes it. The appropriation is an annual one, and if on trying the experiment it is found that it does not work satisfactorily, all that needs to be done is to cut off the appropriation.

It is not like creating a new bureau, that must go on and transact business anyhow, when salaries must be paid; but this is an additional service, from the same persons, who already have most of the machinery to carry out this purpose in their control, and the subsequent appropriations will depend upon the success of the proposed operations.

I can say, Mr. Chairman, that this bill has attracted a good deal of attention on the part of the bird lovers of the United States, and every man with a good heart is a lover of birds. Every schoolhouse ought to be a training school, teaching boys to protect the birds of this country. [Applause.] I know when I was a small boy the air was fairly filled with birds that have now almost disappeared. It is not a matter to be laughed at in the House of Repre-

sentatives. People stood by and laughed while the American buffalo disappeared from the plains of the West, and a national crime was there committed, a disgrace to American civilization. The whitened bones of that splendid animal have been gathered together for fertilizers. Animals have been slaughtered for their hides, and they have been swept from the face of the earth. A small space was set apart to save these splendid mammals some years ago, and a few were placed in the Yellowstone Park. But it was discovered a few years ago that there was no law protecting those animals, and that men climbed down the sides of the mountains in the winter and slaughtered the buffalo, and sold their heads for \$250 apiece. To-day there are not over 100 or 150 living buffalo in this country; and yet only a few years ago railroad trains in the West had to stop until the buffalo herds had passed. Flocks of birds that used to fly about the marshes of Illinois and Iowa have been swept almost from the face of the earth, and on every hand, from every hamlet, a cry has gone up that something ought to be done to stay the destruction of the song birds that made beautiful the homes of our country in the summer.

We witness the flight of birds passing by in the spring and in the fall, birds of passage, and the pot-hunter goes out and slays them as they go by. It is time that a halt was called on the wholesale destruction of our feathered friends. This is only a small step in that direction, but it is a step that will do good. Take the splendid grouse of Oregon, they are abundant there yet. Turn a few hundred of them into the valley of the Shenandoah and they will be protected by an intelligent public sentiment, because they will be looked upon, not as a few birds placed there by sportsmen, but by the hand of an enlightened Government, and the pot-hunter will be compelled to stay his hand, and they will begin to be propagated in States to-day where they never have been known. The sentiment in my own State has grown up of late years very strongly for preserving what few of these feathered friends still remain, but as far as some of the States are concerned it is like locking the stable after the horse has been stolen.

Now, this purpose is tentative in its form, but it is no experiment. Many enlightened communities in the old world have fish commissions and game wardens combined in the same hands, and the same persons and the same appropriations are made and used to fill again the rivers with fish and fill the air again with feathered game. We ought not to be behind in this matter. It is not a proposition for an appropriation, it is simply a proposition to pave the way for my friend from Illinois in the future, when he will be glad to put in an adequate appropriation for this purpose. There are streams to-day that are again fairly well filled with fish that a few years ago were absolutely barren.

In the State of Connecticut 150 years ago, when an apprentice was bound out, they put in the indenture a provision that he should not be required to eat salmon more than twice a week, knowing that if that was not in, the Connecticut farmer would make him eat salmon seven times a week and three times a day. Now salmon is worth 75 cents a pound. Take terrapin in Maryland. Years ago it was so plentiful that they had laws to prevent the too economical masters from making their slaves live upon it; and now, Mr. Speaker, where is the terrapin? [Laughter.]

This is no laughing matter, although we may laugh at the absurdity of terrapin being so plentiful that laws had to be passed to prevent the slaves from being fed upon them.

Mr. Grosvenor: Does the gentleman think there could be any commission under the auspices of the Government that could tell terrapin when they met it? [Laughter.]

Mr. Lacey: I have no doubt that a select committee could be obtained from this House that could tell terrapin provided they got the terrapin early enough in the banquet. [Laughter.]

Now, Mr. Speaker, in the case of the buffalo the people waked up; but they waked up after the buffalo had disappeared. Many of the birds remain, and this is a step toward their preservation and protection.

The only question, Mr. Speaker, before the House is as to a conference upon the amendment added to the bill in the Senate upon the motion of the distinguished Senator from Massachusetts, who added, by his motion to the House bill, a bill pending in that body. That proposition is one in which I have hearty sympathy, and I believe is a wise supplement to the bill as it passed this House, but there are some portions of the language of that bill that ought to be corrected, and this conference ought to be agreed to.

For instance, Section 3 prohibits the transportation of birds to be used or sold from any State or Territory of the United States to or through any other State or Territory in the United States. That is too broad. It is capable of a construction that evidently never was intended. The object was to prevent the indiscriminate killing of song birds for hat ornaments and other ornaments, and their importation into this country, the transportation from one State or Territory to another. The first section is drawn so that there will be no difficulty about it, but the second section is broad enough to prevent the transportation of a red bird, for instance, from the State of Kentucky to some other State. I might say to my friend from Ohio that I understand that his State has honored itself by passing a law absolutely prohibiting the keeping the red bird in a cage at all. They have recognized the fact that that bird will soon be rendered extinct, unless it is allowed the free air of heaven; and the boys which have been in the habit of catching it are compelled to abandon their practice. In the State of Ohio the red bird has been turned free by the State itself.

Now I think that this bill ought to go into conference, in order that any inequalities as to these amendments can be cured, and I shall feel very confident that my friend from Illinois will, in the next Congress, see to it that adequate appropriations are made to give this matter a fair trial.

Mr. Cannon: Mr. Speaker, I have listened with great interest to the gentleman from Iowa (Mr. Lacey). In a word, what does this bill propose to do if enacted into law? Take the House bill. I agree to the criticism which the gentleman makes on the Senate amendments. If the bill is to pass at all it ought to go to conference, and the Senate amendments ought to be eliminated or modified. There is no contention between the gentleman

and myself touching that point. But as to the House bill, let us see what it proposes to do. Under it the United States Commission of Fish and Fisheries is hereafter to be known and designated as the United States Commission of Fish, Fisheries and Birds. Now we all understand about the United States Fish Commission. It does a great work. I was not a member of the House when that work was first authorized; but from the time of its inception to the present the appropriations for it have been justified upon the ground that the water courses of the country no longer bear the fish that they formerly did; and it has been demonstrated that they can be replenished with fish by a judicious expenditure of money under the direction of the Fish Commission. The various States—at least most of them—have fish commissions, which are doing valuable work. It has been stated time and again that, acre for acre, the water courses of this country and the waters along our coasts are as valuable in the production of food for the human family as if they were fine agricultural lands.

I have no war to make upon the Fish Commission. I have thought at times that in many respects its work has not been conducted wisely. Fish hatching stations have been scattered over this country at points where the results do not justify the expenditure. They have been established where there was not water enough to run them, so that great expense has been incurred in procuring water, and even then in many cases it has not been obtained in sufficient amounts; and in certain cold sections of the country they have been obliged to heat the water. [Laughter.] But I am not here to discuss the work of the commission or to complain about it. Upon the whole it has rendered good service.

But how do you justify that work? You justify it because it is for the purpose of furnishing food to millions that may be able to gather the fish from the waters of the sea coast and the great tidal rivers and the inland rivers. The Fish Commission serves a good purpose; and we are going to continue it.

Now what does this bill do? It proposes to extend the jurisdiction of the Fish Commission so as to include the propagation and care of birds. It creates machinery for this purpose, ramifying into nearly all the States. On this subject the bill provides:

The duties and powers of said Commission are enlarged so as to include—

Include what?

The propagation, distribution, transportation, introduction and restoration of game birds and other wild birds useful to man.

How about propagation? For this purpose there are needed aviaries, incubators, etc. The scientific gentlemen, of course, know all about how eggs should be hatched, and all that kind of thing.

Then there must be provision for distribution, transportation, introduction and restoration—of what? Game birds. Are the forests of the country, on account of the restoration or the propagation of birds, to yield food to seventy-five millions of people in the same way that the waters of the country, as is claimed, equal acre for acre in food-producing capacity our agricultural lands? I guess not.

I do not know exactly what kind of birds this bill refers to. "Game birds and other wild birds useful to man." In reading some of Boccaccio's stories in the *Dameron*, I have thought at times that I should be very glad indeed if the sweet singing birds could be reproduced as they were many years ago—especially the nightingale. [Laughter.] But I do not know whether the nightingale is to be introduced here or not—or the hummingbird.

The truth of the matter is that the Congress of the United States has no power to legislate for the protection of birds in the various States. We have jurisdiction over navigable waters and therefore can legislate with reference to fishculture; but for the protection of birds we have no power to legislate. The various States attend to that matter. The State of Illinois has laws touching the protection of birds, so has Iowa.

Mr. Lacey: Does not the Fish Commission introduce fish into non-navigable streams?

Mr. Cannon: Certainly; it does it by permission. But the Fish Commission has no power to protect fish, in the spawning season or otherwise, in any of the non-navigable streams of the United States outside of the Territories and the District of Columbia. For such matters we depend on State legislation; the State police power can attend to that kind of work.

Now I believe this is a nation with a big N. I have always thought so; but after all said and done, there are some things we can trust to the States; and in the matter of protection of birds—the hummingbird, the nightingale, the mockingbird, etc.—as we have no power to preserve them, we had better leave them alone and trust their protection and propagation to the police power of the States.

Mr. Cox: When the gentleman speaks of the nation with a big N, what does he mean by that big N?

Mr. Cannon: I am speaking of the power of the Federal Government. Now as I look at this bill I see nothing in it but extravagance and mischief. Gentlemen say we can withhold appropriations. But when we once begin to build aviaries, with all the expenses attending them, we do not know where the matter will stop. We do not know whether they will be heated with steam heat or hot water or some other arrangement, which these scientific gentlemen may devise. When an aviary has been established in the district of one representative, other representatives will want aviaries established in their districts. Of course, it will be all right while we are here; but when we pass away we do not know what may be done by those who are to follow us. [Laughter.]

Is the object to be attained (I speak now seriously) worth the expense? It seems to me it is not; and we shall scarcely be very well able to hold this expenditure in check when we get a lot of scientific gentlemen—bird propagators—employed in this work throughout the length and breadth of the country. Each one has his friend or friends in the various districts.

Now, Mr. Speaker, I would just like to test the sense of the House touching this matter by entering a motion to indefinitely postpone the consideration of this bill and the Senate amendment.

The question was taken, and the Speaker announced that the noes had prevailed.

Mr. Cannon: The noes evidently have it; but I will take the sense of the House by a rising vote. I believe

that we have the most votes, but they made the most noise. [Laughter.]

The question was taken, and on a division there were ayes 39, noes 71.

So the motion to indefinitely postpone was rejected.

The Speaker: The question recurs on the motion to non-concur in the Senate amendment.

The motion was agreed to.

The Speaker: The question is now agreeing to the conference requested by the Senate.

The motion was agreed to.

The Speaker announced the appointment of Mr. Perkins, Mr. Payne, and Mr. Talbert as conferees on the part of the House.

Rocky Mountain Vignettes.

I.—The Story of a Head.

SITTING here in my study enjoying a post-prandial pipe and dreaming before the cozy wood fire, the strange shapes that come and go, the scenes that dawn and fade in its coals, give "that color that never was on sea or land" to my musings, and lend a witching aid to my imagination. Invoked by its witchery, and by a glimpse over my shoulder of a head hanging on the wall, I recall that day of days when, far from such scenes, high above timber line, in a land of lichens, where no tree will ever strike root, I gazed for the first time upon the stateliest wild animal that walks this western world, the antlered monarch of the mountains upon his native heath, with the scarped and snow-capped peaks rising around him, and the cold wind that comes across the snow fields, and bends the bunch grass in rustling gray-green undulations, knowing no taint save the strong, sweet smell of the elk.

The railroad and civilization were a week's journey by saddle and pack horse behind us, and since early dawn of this September day I had hunted with Jno. Holland, my guide, through forests of somber evergreen, along the steep hillsides, and among the high mountain meadows, park-like with their patches of pine and aspen. Late in the afternoon we came to a large snow field lying along the base of a porphyritic pinnacle that towered almost perpendicularly 100ft. above it. Even on the lower ranges, far below the region of perpetual snow, September will still find snow fields, varying from a few yards to many acres in extent, wherever they are sheltered by some overshadowing peak during a portion of the day. As the snow thaws slightly during the day, there is generally a narrow strip of mud along the lower margin of the field. To the elk this is a gala ground. If there is a bull anywhere in the vicinity he will write his autograph here, wallowing in the mud, and pawing and eating the snow, and the hunter approaches such a spot with the feelings of a ticket holder at a lottery. As the surface thaws during the day and freezes at night it is easy to tell when the tracks were made—if only the evening before frost needles will be found in the bottom of the solid bowls that held the spreading hoofs. We found an abundance of sign here so fresh that we determined to wait until evening and watch it in hope of the elk visiting it as they had for many evenings past. While waiting, we determined to climb the pinnacle, and leaving our guns clambered up the big blocks of porphyry on all fours at some risk and considerable expense of epidermis. But it was worth it. From the summit we gained one of the grandest views I ever enjoyed in the Rocky Mountains. The other side fell away a sheer wall without a projecting ledge for fully 1,000ft. Far down the chasm-cut mountain side a patch of aspens flaunted its red and yellow hues against a background of evergreens below. Lying at full length, with my eyes just clear of the brink, I ventured to raise the glasses—with irrational fear, I must confess, that the added weight might topple me down the dizzy descent—and scanned the rock-strewn prospect in vain for sight of sheep or goat.

"If there's anything in those aspens they're goin' to come out," said the mountaineer, who, with utter disregard for the laws of gravity, sat swinging his long legs over the precipice, and loosening a piece of porphyry he hurled it down.

A cloud of cut twigs, dirt and debris marked the path of the projectile through the thicket. It must have gone into it with the velocity of a cannon-shot. Rock after rock went hurtling down the mountain side, some, upon striking a projecting ledge, bursting into a thousand fragments, and disappearing in a cloud of dust. While the big mountaineer was engaged in this childish amusement I lay at length, basking in the warm sunshine, and enjoying an idleness sweetened by fatigue such as only the climber in that high, thin atmosphere knows.

Across the cañon towered a wall of basalt, whose dark breast was braided over with flashing streams. Afar off above the dim mountains of amethyst in the northwest lay an argosy of white clouds like some convoy of ships becalmed on a summer sea. Clouds? Did ever clouds gleam with such dazzling brilliancy? Did ever sky-piled vapors assume such rigorous distinctness of outline? It was the snowy summits of the three Teton, giants of the range. Below us, beyond the snow patches, along the sloping mountain side lay a tawny reach of bunch grass in bright relief against the dark green of the balsams, below which looked like a field of half-grown grain. Suddenly, upon the bare ridge just beyond the snow field arose an antlered head, whose many tines looked like the bare branches of a tree, and with his big ears set like the spinaker of a yacht, a bull elk with his stately stride came into view, followed by his harem in single file, with their heads hanging down like cows driven to pasture. So pastoral was the scene that for a full minute, in my condition of *dolce far niente*, I failed to grasp its import, but lay idly, dreamily, gazing upon the wild mountain kine as if they were but common cattle back in my bluegrass home. The next, with a swift revival of sense, I clutched John wildly, and too excited to speak, could only point toward the game. He paused with a rock poised in his uplifted hands, and glancing where I pointed, fell back as if struck with paralysis, his heels still hanging over the precipice.

"Lie still—don't move again," he whispered, "they haven't seen us—but we haint got our guns."

It was true; we had to abandon them to climb the pinnacle, and there was nothing for us to do but wait and pray for an opportunity to regain them.

The herd scattered out upon the snow, and fell to pawing and lapping it. The big bull skirted the field, thrusting his muzzle into the mud made by the melting snow, until at last he found a nice oozy, miry spot, which was evidently of extra flavor, when he very deliberately lay down and made several ineffectual efforts to roll over—a feat which his antlers prohibited. Failing, he lay for some time chewing the cut of sweet and bitter fancy in apparently the acme of bovine content, then rose, and shaking himself like a dog, was for a moment enveloped in a halo of mud and water. He stood for some time apparently pondering divers deep and weighty matters, then arching his back, he stretched out first one hindleg and then the other, and then selecting the cow which seemed most comfortable, he routed her out of her snowy couch with hoof and horn.

"The sonofagun!" ejaculated my companion, "if I only had my gun now."

Soon they all strayed off over the ridge. As the last head dropped down out of sight we started for our rifles, tumbling down the peak, and finally plumping into the snow with sublime indifference to danger. From the top of the ridge we expected to view the quarry, and after pausing near the top to breathe, we peered cautiously over with rifles at full cock. A stretch of bunch grass lay before us, the nearest timber a quarter of a mile away. Into this the herd had disappeared. Making for it we wound in and out of copses of stunted pine, riven and twisted by the winds that ceaselessly sweep these altitudes, keeping well up and to windward. Even when feeding, elk will sometimes go at a ground-covering gait, but we began to believe that the herd was traveling, and consequently growing solicitous, quickened our steps. Suddenly, out of the ground, hardly 40yds. away, suddenly and silently as an apparition, arose a young two-spike bull, whom the master bull had evidently run out of the herd, and who was hanging on its outskirts. I was just stepping out of a gully, but dropped back instantly into its friendly shelter.

"There he is," excitedly exclaimed John, poking his Winchester over my shoulder. I promptly grabbed the muzzle and jerked it down. "There he is! Don't you see him? Why don't you shoot?" and then catching a plainer view, muttered an obijuration upon his eyes and subsided into silence.

With lifted head and ears, eyes and nose striving for sight, scent, or sound, the animal stood for fully five minutes, and then deliberately lay down, either believing himself the victim of an optical delusion, or else attributing the disturbance to some innocuous habitant of the mountains.

Beating a retreat, we passed above him, but despite the warning we had received almost ran into a cow, who was feeding in a little swale, surrounded by bushes so nearly her own color that she escaped detection until she raised her head. We simultaneously saw the first movement, the trees were behind us, and standing as we stopped we remained rigid while her great ears pointed toward us. After a long look she dropped her head, but immediately lifted it again after snatching a mouthful of grass. Though not startled, she was suspicious, and quietly disappeared among the trees.

The herd was scattered and feeding, and for half an hour we crept around it before we located the master bull. At length we caught a fleeting glimpse as he strode across an open space, and occasionally afterward were enabled to keep him located by glimpses of his towering antlers, as he moved about in the copse. We crept down within 100yds. of him, and as there was no more cover, determined to walk boldly toward him. Posting John where he could see if the bull broke cover on the opposite side, I fared forth across the open, straight for the clump that hid the bull. I had taken but a dozen steps when I was halted by an apparition that arose above the brush—clearly outlined with ears pointing toward me, the clean-cut, blood-like looking head of a heifer. The next instant there was a frightened snort, and the heifer went crashing away through the woods. With ears and eyes straining, I strove to locate the bull. Has he too fled? If so, his hoofs were shod with silence.

Oh, the excitement of those few tumultuous moments. Suddenly the suspense was ended. Suddenly sounded the challenge of the bull, so close, so hoarse and harsh it sounded that I drew back appalled. More like the roar of some huge beast of prey was it than the mellow, flute-like notes that were wont to float down the mountain side on the frosty evening air, and die away down the echo-loving cañon in mellow fragmentary bugling. The next moment he broke cover, thrashing his huge antlers from side to side against the bushes as they parted, and gave egress to the biggest bull I had ever seen. His shaggy mane bristling with fury fell, and like lightning his whole demeanor changed as he burst into the presence of his deadly arch enemy, man, and with a whistling snort of fear the huge beast wheeled and plunged back into the engulfing bushes as I fired. So quickly had it all transpired, so suddenly and unexpectedly the whole denouement, the fearless charge and the hasty retreat, that my aim was naturally uncertain even at that short range, but through the smoke I saw the big fellow swerve as he plunged into the brush, and dashing after through a strip of pines, I got a snapshot as he plunged across an open space, and the next moment a bullet sang over my head uncomfortably close as John opened fire above me. I promptly dropped down and yelled to him not to shoot, and upon his replying I quickly got out of the bushes. Far below we could see the cows scurrying like mice along the mountain side, and disappearing in the heavy timber. Hastening to the spot where John had last seen the bull, we were gratified to find a few drops of blood beside his tracks, and a few paces further on some flecks of bloody froth upon the leaves of the aspens showed that he had been shot in the lungs, and as we carried the trail along the splotches grew more frequent. Then ensued a long and laborious trailing, as monotonous and irksome in the doing as it would be in the telling.

In the dusky twilight, while it was still darkly day, we were carrying it through a grove of balsams that clung to the mountain side. John was in advance with his rifle slung by its strap over his shoulder, and bent over to follow the faint hoof marks left on the flinty surface or the fainter splashes of blood on the brown pine needles growing more and more indistinct, and difficult of de-

tection. Stepping in his footsteps, with my rifle at full cock, I was gazing straight ahead, and in the darkening depths of that balsam grove I caught a movement, and gave the warning cry. Without looking up John sprang down the mountain side out of my way, clearing the field of action, and gaining a place of safety for himself, soft, at a jump. Simultaneously the thunder of hoofs sounded on the air, and the hunted animal, with the long hair on his neck and back erect, and curling forward, and with his eyes glaring green with the malevolence of a demon, the hunted animal charged his persecutors. There was no time to flee, there was no time to even think, there was mighty little time to act, but the old Winchester over there in the corner came up to the shoulder right and true, and the bullet made the hole that has been so carefully hidden by the taxidermist's art in the head on the wall.

FRANCIS J. HAGAN.

Game in Jackson's Hole.

LANCASTER, Pa.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: Referring to the communications from Mr. W. L. Simpson relative to the subject, permit me to say that Mr. A. C. Kepler and I returned a few weeks ago from a very enjoyable hunt in the Jackson's Hole country. We left Mr. S. N. Leek's Recreation Ranch in the Hole on Sept. 20, and returned with our outfit on Oct. 10, having been in the mountains twenty-one days. Mr. Simpson, your correspondent, was also out with a party, they having left the settlement about Sept. 1. They were camping in Fall River Basin, and he having occasion to go out for mail and additional supplies, returned via the "Horse Creek route," which necessitated his passing close by our camp, which was located at the foot of a cañon on one of the tributaries of Granite Creek, and some ten miles from his camp. As it was getting dark, we, sportsman like, insisted on his remaining with us over night, which invitation he was glad to accept. After filling him up with roast bear, luscious elk steak and coffee such as only Andy Mattison can make, we added more and larger dry fir logs to the fire, and proceeded to smoke the pipe of peace, happy in the fact that there was not a single red Indian in the Hole thus far this fall.

We had scarcely got started questioning our visitor as to the news of the outside busy world, when who should put in an appearance but Mr. D. C. Nowlin and his favorite dog, Mike. He was on a trap line, and was camping in the next cañon, but a few hundred yards above us. After the usual greeting, Mr. Nowlin and his faithful companion joined the circle, and as they did Mr. Simpson proceeded to inform our caller that his name had been placed on the Republican ticket as a candidate for the Legislature. Then the conversation turned to game protection, and the numerous evidences of violations of the law before the hunting season opened. The whole subject was discussed in all its phases, and I write to verify all that Mr. Simpson has said in all of his communications, and am only sorry he did not tell all he knew, about the way parties slip in through the Green River route, and commit wholesale depredations in this best of all game regions in the United States to-day. During our stay in the country we had ample opportunities of becoming very well acquainted with Mr. Nowlin, and with his neighbors rejoice that he has been elected a member of the Wyoming Legislature. He is the right man in the right place. He is a ranchman, hunter, trapper and surveyor, and being in possession of a good education, is a fluent speaker, and having had an extended experience on the frontier, he will be capable of voicing the best interests of his constituents on the subject of game protection in the Jackson Hole country, as well as other subjects of public interest.

There is but one Yellowstone National Park. As a park filled to overflowing with unique and marvelous evidences of internal fires, and a large area of thin earth crust, it is out of reach of competition, and will continue to supply subjects for the artist, the kodak fiend and the scientific student, so long as the geysers shall continue to spout, and the boiling water to deposit incrustations. As a game preserve, however, it is a signal failure, and reminds me of a key without a handle, an arrow without a bow, or a gun without a lock; and unless the Government shall conduct the preserve in accordance with the natural conditions existing, in a comparatively short time the game in the Park will consist of a few specimens of bears, coyotes, lynx, beaver, porcupines and foxes. All of the deer family will eventually go where the buffalo did. Then, when it is too late, regrets and "I told you so" will be in order.

It is estimated by those who have the best opportunity of knowing, that within the Park proper, and thirty miles south of the south boundary, in Uinta county, Wyoming, there are not less than 10,000 elk hanging around the base of the foothills at the present time. This section of country south of the Park is bounded on the north by the south Park line; on the west by the Gros Ventre, and on the east by the Teton ranges of mountains; and in places the main ranges approach each other so closely that the foothills come almost together. The average altitude of the main ranges is not less than 9,000ft., while the elevation of the Snake River, which winds its serpentine course through this magnificent country, is only about 6,000ft. The foothills have a maximum average altitude of about 7,000 to 7,500ft.; they are well supplied with water, well wooded, and interspersed here and there with grassy parks and numerous natural licks, as well as deep, dark cañons. In this ideal natural game region between the base of the foothills of the two main ranges, there are hundreds of thousands of acres of fertile plains, including the Jackson's Lake region, Fall River basin and the Jackson's Hole country. Ten years ago this grand game country was visited only by Indians from the reservations, prospectors, hunters and trappers, and but comparatively few of them. Then, when the winter snows were from 15in. to 2ft. deep in the Yellowstone Park and the foothills of the main ranges, the elk migrated to the lower altitudes, where the snow would be oftentimes not over from 4 to 10in. deep, and where they could subsist fairly well by pawing down to the luxurious grass, or if the snow was crusted they could still do fairly well along the banks of the rivers, their tributaries and the lakes.

But, alas for the noble elk family, conditions have changed. Eight or ten years ago the prospectors, hunters, trappers and skin-hunting Indians destroyed yearly a goodly number of elk; nevertheless, the survivors were

not prevented from coming down from the higher altitudes and ranging in the parks, where they could get through the winter fairly well, and come out in the spring in fairly good condition.

Now much of the most fertile and desirable park land is being taken up by ranchers, and when the deer look down from the foothills into their favorite winter ranges what meets their gaze? Smoke curling from the sod-covered cabins, corrals, hay ricks, with high fences surrounding them, and herds of cattle and horses. Is it any wonder that hundreds starve every winter, and in the spring months hundreds more die of scab, caused by insufficient food during the winter? The remedy is plain. Let the Government adopt the suggestions offered by the Jackson's Hole Gun Club and take this whole section under the fostering care of the Yellowstone Park Commission. Properly protect it on the north east and west, and from what I have observed during my stay in the country, I have no hesitancy in guaranteeing that the community known as the Jackson Hole settlement will look well to their end of the line, as they have no use for dude sportsmen, who usually shoot at anything moving, poachers, or red or white Indians. S. T. DAVIS.

A Week in Delaware County.

EARLY in October, when the foliage was at its best, and the days clear and cloudless, with just a little snap, I began to grow more and more restless, and soon realized that a few days afield was the one thing essential. A trip to the mountains which surrounded the upper Delaware seemed the most attractive, and failing on companions, with such short notice, I decided to play the "lone hunter." My pointer dog Don had not as yet arrived from North Carolina, where he had been for some time with a friend, but I knew of another dog, at my destination, which I could have for a few days, and the rest of the time would not go amiss with the squirrels.

Early the following Saturday found me aboard the cars and dressed for business. It was raining hard, but I had the best of hopes for a pleasant afternoon.

I arrived at the farmhouse in time for dinner and received a hearty welcome. During dinner the clouds broke away and a fine afternoon followed, the trees glistening in the sunlight, and never was air any purer.

Putting the gun together and slipping a few shells in my pocket, I started up the quarry road, which was very steep and led to very nearly the top of the mountain. It was now 3 P. M., and a fine time for squirrels after the rain.

As soon as I reached some large chestnut trees, with a sprinkling of pines, I stopped and stood enjoying the surrounding beauties. The rush of a released branch back to its natural position, a shower of rain drops, and I was at once on the alert for squirrels. I soon spied him jumping from one treetop to another; a sharp report; swish! swish, down he came, from branch to branch, and with a dull thud reached the ground. He had been feeding on chestnuts, as I had supposed, which were unusually thick this year, and of course was as fat as butter. After placing him in my pocket, I remained perfectly still and repeated the same performance in a tree on my left. A third squirrel could restrain his curiosity no longer, and he too was added to the bag. It was just dusk, and as my previous trips to this locality had been in quest of fish, and therefore spent in the river, my knowledge of the mountains was limited, so I hurried down toward home. I lost my way several times, but got in after it was pitch dark. My friends fearing I was lost had just about made up their minds to look for me.

My host was a genial old gentleman, known to his little nephew, who lived at the house, as Uncle Jackson. In the evening he was very anxious to play with me at his favorite game. He had the reputation of being the champion of the neighborhood. They called the game pitching rings. Each of us took two rings about a foot in diameter, and threw them at a stake at the other end of the large room, the rest of the household constituting the audience. We kept pretty even, and finally the score was tied. It was my turn, if I could only make a ringer, which counted three, and go out. I took careful aim, and over the stake it went.

The old man was next, and proved thoroughly equal to the occasion. If he could only put one over mine it would cancel it and only his would count. He toed the line and slowly remarked: "Uncle Jackson's going to do his best, by jolly!" With a slow swing of his long arm, a jerk upward with his head as the ring rose in the air, and the same head motion reversed when it descended, he "did his best" and landed a ringer, winning the game and retaining his championship honors, amid the deafening applause. "Uncle Jackson said he was a-going to do his best and he did it," was all he said between his chuckles.

The next day, Sunday, I spent quietly enjoying the perfect weather and my favorite pipe.

Early Monday morning I arrived once more on the mountain top, after almost an hour's tramp, and was soon seated on a log—a la "Nessmuk"—awaiting results and using my eyes and ears to their best advantage.

A couple of squirrels were bagged, and I started down the mountain for dinner. When about half-way down out went a partridge like a cannon ball, and letting him have my right, he "bit the dust" in Indian style. The report started an unusually fine gray, which skipped along a log for the nearest tree. Of course that called for the other barrel, and I was well pleased with the double shot. As I was out for a week, I considered I had reached the limit on squirrels for one day, so spent the afternoon exploring new grounds for birds, but without adding anything to my bunch hanging in the cellar.

The next morning, while noiselessly creeping through the woods, I heard the unmistakable hoarse chatter of grays, and looking ahead saw three frisking around on the ground feeding. In their midst was a partridge, which immediately got up, fanning the leaves in every direction with its wings.

The squirrels thereupon kindly disappeared, and although I held down the usual log for some time, only one which had been hiding in the top of a pine put in an appearance. After sneaking down the opposite side of the tree, he succeeded in getting quite a distance before being discovered, and eventually escaped. I took lunch in the woods this day, and bagged the usual number of squirrels before returning at sunset. During the afternoon an old partridge with even more than the usual cunning led me a

long chase. I succeeded in finding him by still-hunting several times, but he always took care to keep plenty of trees in the way, so I concluded he was a little beyond my skill, handicapped as I was by absence of dog or companion.

That evening I stumped it to the village to join the circle around the grocery store stove, pick up any information about the country, and also to see the owner of the pointer. After listening to the bear and wildcat stories, I saw my man, and he agreed to be on hand in the morning with the dog. Soon after breakfast Enness appeared with his dog and wanted to visit the mountain top first, where I had seen a few birds the day before. We hunted this locality without success, and crossed the mountain, descending the other side toward the river. My companion winked slyly and said: "Let's go down to the river and hunt through the swales; a friend of mine who owns the other half of this dog told me he had seen a couple of woodcock in one of them, and was going to look for them next week, but I guess it will be after us." We soon reached the edge of the stream, where there was a large willow swale, so Enness plunged in with the dog while I walked along in the opening on the outside.

The next instant Sport came to a point, and presently a partridge burst out on my side, offering a fine shot as he started up river straightaway. We sometimes make the worst misses on the easiest shots, and I scored a bad one, the bird pitching in the swale again further up. The sport continued all the morning with fair success, the man on the outside always getting the shot, the brush being too thick inside to see very far ahead of the dog.

At lunch time we sat on a log in the sun and brought out the chicken sandwiches and cake. Sport had to be contented with the bones, which he hurriedly swallowed and then sat patiently looking at first one of us and then the other. "You'll eat to-night, old boy," remarked his master, and the old dog licked his chops and was just as ready to renew the hunt as we were.

We had eaten our lunch on an island, a long strip of land which divided the stream for a short distance, and was submerged, in the spring, during high water. One end was covered thickly with young willows about roft, high, the middle was a mass of driftwood, turned silver-gray by long exposure to the weather, and the other parts of the island were partially clear with a few tall trees and occasional bunches of weeds.

Just before lunch we had put up one of the woodcock we were looking for, and after both scoring a couple of misses he had apparently disappeared. While looking for him, I accidentally stumbled into a couple of partridges, the dog being some distance away. Choosing the largest, I swung around and doubled him up in mid-air; one of the cleanest kills I ever made; he never stirred after hitting the ground.

Hunt as we might, that woodcock was not to be found, although we had marked him down carefully near the driftwood. We at last came to the conclusion that he was hiding in this, and had eaten our lunch while waiting for him to come out. In about ten minutes after the search had been renewed, the dog came to a point and hardly 3 ft. from his nose was the old cock. Sport trembled with excitement at his close point, but remained steady. My companion was close behind him, and fired point blank before the bird had hardly had time to rise roft. The result was that it took two of us to pick it up and fit the three parts together, after taking out the wad from its breast. "Well," said Enness, "I could not see him escape again; I now feel satisfied at any rate." As far as I was concerned, well, I had not intended to have that bird dressed for stewing.

The sun was well down, so we parted for the night. As Sport was not as young as he used to be, and as this was his first hunt this season, he was too lame to be of any use for the rest of the week, during which time I hunted squirrels. Toward the latter part of the week I suddenly ran across a large black one, feeding and moving slowly along the ground. Just then he saw me, and I immediately drew a bead on him. After the report I stood motionless for a few minutes, my eyes glued on the spot where he had been. Presently I walked over there and stirred the leaves all around, but no squirrel. Another mysterious disappearance. "Well, Mr. Squirrel," I said, "if you don't mind, I'll take a seat and we'll see who can keep still the longest." He did pretty well, for it was twenty minutes before I heard a branch shake, and directly behind me at that, in exactly the opposite direction. I call that pretty good sneaking. When I fired he had evidently run toward me up the log I afterward sat on. This was a fallen tree, slanting well upward, and pointing directly from him toward me. How he did this and kept out of sight I do not know, and only lay it to squirrel sense. Turning quickly I let him have the right, but he did not stop, so had to use the left to finish him, as he seemed much harder to kill than the grays. To me he was a rare prize, and I now had eleven squirrels and several partridges, besides the unhappy woodcock. Altogether they made a pretty bunch.

Bidding my friends good-by and resolving to try it again next year, and with my own dog, I caught the evening milk, and getting off a few stations down the road boarded the New York Limited from Chicago, which did not stop at our town. On the train I met a congenial spirit, and as the old man expressed it, was as "proud as proud could be" when I reached home with my trophies.

HORTZ.

NEW YORK.

Dogs for Detecting Boxes of Illegal Game.

NEW YORK, Jan. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It ought to be a simple matter to train dogs for finding illegal game in disguised packages. If I were a game warden my first steps would be to get a setter pup. Then some game would be packed in a box and the box placed in a row with other packages. The pup would be brought into the room, and when he stopped to smell of the game box he would be given a piece of meat, and the contents of the box would be shown to him. This repeated a very few times would train him on game. The next step would be to rule out boxes of domestic fowls. In order to do this, I would pack fowls in a box, and if the dog paid them any attention he would be reprimanded a little, and the reward refused him. Any smart setter or pointer pup should enter into the sport with enterprise and enthusiasm.

ROBT. T. MORRIS.

The Cuvier's Annual.

THE annual meeting of the Cuvier Club, of Cincinnati, was held on Jan. 7, with a large attendance, to hear reports and elect the officers for the year. The event of the evening was the presentation of a beautiful gold watch to President Alex. Starbuck. Then followed Mr. Starbuck's re-election to a new term of the presidency, and Judge Peter Swing made the neat presentation address, in which he paid merited tribute to the rare qualities which have distinguished the Cuvier's executive during the year. He said:

"Mr. Starbuck—It is my pleasure on this occasion to say something to you in behalf of the members of the Cuvier Club. We all look upon your devotion to this club as being remarkable. It seems to us that almost every thought that you have is for it. You have brought to bear in the position you hold a fidelity and ability that challenge our admiration, and with it you have brought a personal charm of an elegant gentleman, firm and manly in every act, and yet pleasant and considerate to every one, and we all look upon you as a manly man. As a slight token of our regard for you, as our president and as a man, we ask you to accept from us this present, and with it take this wish, that as it measures of the coming time with its tick, tick, tick, each moment may bring to you increasing happiness and success until the end, and may no naughty bad man ever take this one away from you."

The officers elected were: President, Alex. Starbuck; First Vice-President, Jas. M. Daugherty; Second Vice-President, Henry Hanna; Third Vice-President, P. E. Roach; Trustees, P. E. Roach, Henry Hanna and Alex. Starbuck, elected for three years.

The annual report of President Starbuck discussed bird protection, forestry, fishculture and the other public interests with which the Cuvier Club is concerned.

President Starbuck's Report.

After reviewing the situation as to song and insectivorous birds, President Starbuck continued:

As an exception, however, to this we are pleased to state that the past season our toothsome game bird, Sir Robert White, or to put it without the royal insignia, Bob White, has, owing to the moderate winter of 1896 and 1897, largely multiplied, and as a consequence the Nimrods, the past season, secured fair bags of them. They were found in reasonable numbers in the stubble fields, by sheltering hedge and thorny glade, and where the buckwheat was reaped or where the oats in swaths were laid. We are fearful, however, that the recent cold weather, which not only visited us unusually early, but came with such an icy breath that it has doubtless slain more of the birds than the breechloaders of the sportsmen. The earth once a mantle of frozen snow, starvation inevitably is the result. Ducks, snipe and field birds in general are reported on the rapid decrease, and when we read that 28,000 birds, illegally shipped, were seized last year in Chicago alone, the cause of this depletion is plainly manifest.

Pot-Hunting Sportsmen.

Again, the insatiable greed of some pot-hunters who fraudulently pose as sportsmen kills many thousands of the delicious birds for refrigeration and solely to use after the open season has closed. This but adds to the decrease, and notably so. This is not alone true of the birds, but it is also true of almost every living thing that builds or swims or burrows in our woods or streams or fields. The spirit of wanton destruction that has exterminated the buffalo is at work in every State and county in America. Fish are caught out of season, nets are used when rod and line alone should be permitted, trapping goes on regardless of the times for mating and the rearing of young birds and animals. This will doubtless continue till the fowl with the golden egg is finally killed, if this wicked warfare is not very soon checked.

We regret that a number of our city magistrates for a long period of the time have dealt so leniently with the violators of the game laws, and as a consequence drive the wardens to the suburban 'squires, who are not so much in sympathy, nor so politically interested with the offending parties. The public understanding of all this would fully allay the bitter feeling that is so often engendered against the efficient warden. His salary comes alone from the assessed fines, and when they are remitted or made merely nominal, he seeks justice where it is dealt out with a more impartial hand.

Unfortunately for us, the prosecution of the violations of the game laws in this county, in the early part of the season, was quite feeble indeed, a sort of opera bouffe performance, and all owing to an inefficient warden. He, however, knew where to find the pay-roll. A change of officials, we are pleased to state, worked much better, but still there is much to do in perfecting a thorough system in policing the county, to make it a terror to all who defy the game laws. The force of this county should at least consist of twenty deputies, located at advantageous points, so that no part of the district should remain uncovered by them, and each should be in close touch with the adjoining deputy. As the chief deputy of this county can appoint as many as he desires for the work, the system of surveillance can easily be accomplished, and should be put in force without further procrastination.

Consider once that 75 per cent. of the game birds of this country have been destroyed during the past fifteen years and you will then fully realize that it is high time to dispel your sympathy for these violators, who are so rapidly decimating our edible birds by illegal traffic during the close season, and otherwise. We are gratified to learn that the Game and Fish Commissioners have planted, the past year, a large number of black bass, marble catfish and other edible fish in the different streams throughout the State, and report that this year they will be better prepared for both propagation and planting. What they most stand in need of is a larger appropriation at the next session of the Legislature, so as to enable them to accomplish double the amount of work in fish and game protection, propagation, etc. If our representatives and senators wish to see our game, fish and insectivorous birds protected and a large increase in our food fishes, as well as a generous distribution of the Mongolian pheasant, the coming bird of America, they should vote for a generous

appropriation. The entire public will, in the future, assuredly reap rich rewards from it.

Quail on Steamships.

You now naturally inquire how are we to protect our fish and game? Again you ask where and what is the greatest destroyer of them? I emphatically state, in regard to the last question, that it is found in the cold storage houses that exist throughout the length and breadth of this fair land. Last fall a gentleman informed me that in crossing the ocean en route to Continental Europe, as late as July he saw quail publicly served on the steamer at nearly every meal. Arriving in Europe, he found them at one of the gilt-edge cafés; going to Egypt, he was again confronted with them, and these were paraded as American quail. Cold storage solved it all. At a meeting of fish commissioners of various States, held in Chicago in February, 1898, one of the commissioners, Mr. Bortree, cited the Kenena case, where 27,000 head of game was uncovered (and covered up again) in a freezer. Mr. Werner, the steward of a large restaurant in Chicago, said at the same meeting: "I can show you a thousand saddles of venison in cold storage here to-day." I know how that goes, for I have bought game enough in my time. I have had quail offered to me at 65 cents a dozen, and prairie chickens at \$1 a dozen. The market was glutted at times, and the game deteriorated in the course of years; in fact, it was not fit to eat after it had been so long in storage.

A St. Louis game dealer employs sixty hunters sixty days before the season opens, and about the same time after its close. This has been published throughout the country and still the same firm continues its illegal traffic with as much boldness as if it were legal.

I might fill pages with examples of the same kind, but the above is enough to convince, I hope, that the cold storage houses are knocking our game out at the rate of 4 or 5 per cent. a year, and is one of the most conclusive methods of assisting in its utter extermination. I might ask in the language of the American humorist, "Where are we at?" and what are we going to do about it? Some say educate the people up to an observance of the law. Educate them, if you can, but the best educator is prompt and severe prosecution, and that is what we are organized, in part, for. You want no lace-like language for this subject—plain, stubborn facts are better.

Legislative Bungles.

Our legislators evidently are not brilliant, sound nor subtle lawmakers when it comes to preparing statutes for the protection of fish and game. At every session they bungle, and all from the fact that they are not painstaking in their work. The statutes of Ohio have many old laws in this respect that should be repealed, for they conflict with the present laws, and in many instances render them null and void.

The law which made an open season the entire year for the destruction of the rabbit is also in aid of the pot and market-hunters, who, under the pretense of hunting the cottontails, more often destroy an entire covey of quail as it lies under some faded grass or in some weedy tussock. The law operates to the destruction of both. That, we presume, is manifest destiny, for civilization will eventually destroy all game within a consistent radius.

Non-Residents.

After due consideration I am satisfied that there should emphatically be, and without delay, a non-resident license for the protection of our game. The non-resident pays nothing for the support and protection of our game, whereas the resident is taxed for the machinery of the Government, both State and local. The State is now spending thousands for the propagation of the Mongolian pheasant, and once they are fully established in our fields and forests, is it not an imposition for non-residents to swarm over our borders, and slaughter these toothsome and beautiful birds without so much as saying "By your permission?" As an evidence of the importance of protecting this coming game bird of America, which is given a close season by the State till 1903, I will simply state that the Fish and Game Commission of Ohio has, the past year, judiciously distributed 2,000 of them, and in addition about 6,000 of their eggs. The results from this have been ascertained to have been quite encouraging.

There is also another law greatly needed, and that is one that will limit the killing of game and fish. This should clearly define the number to be taken each day, and if it is made effective it would very materially aid in cutting down the scores of the game and fish hogs. Realize if you can the indiscriminate slaughter that is made by those who seek game for count alone, and who, to be in unison, overlook the smiles of nature and the charms of art. Our hotels and restaurants are in the same category, for they in general but add to the aggravation by serving the forbidden birds on every advantageous opportunity. They should, when found guilty, be made to feel the extreme penalty of the law.

Uniform Law.

It is also to be hoped that a uniform game law may at an early date be made conjointly with Kentucky, Tennessee, Indiana, Illinois and West Virginia. As early as 1876 this club was operating on the same basis, but nothing has yet materialized from it. It is really like solving the riddle of the Sphinx to secure the co-operation of the Legislatures of the States mentioned. We will not, however, expand on this, as we reported largely in regard to it in our last annual paper.

My esteemed Cuviers, we must be up and bravely doing the work that is mapped out for us with indomitable energy. You have all earnestly toiled in this respect in the past, but let us put on stronger harness, and in the future do still greater work. It was glory once to be a Roman; now make it glory to be a Cuvier, and earn the laurel wreath or golden crown.

The game warden of Hamilton county, W. C. Rippey, reported: I have been very careful in prosecuting cases to make sure of the conviction before bringing suit. In the several cases we have had we have secured a prompt conviction. In the case of Besuden vs. the State, for shooting a quail out of season, he was fined \$25 and costs. In the case of Jokers vs. the State, for having quail in his possession out of season, he was fined \$25 and costs. In

the case of Rau vs. the State, for the same offense, he was fined \$25 and costs. In the case of Martin vs. the State, for the same offense, he was fined the costs, amounting to \$50. There have been three convictions for shooting on lands without permission; in each case they were fined the sum of \$5 and costs. We have now pending a suit for Sunday shooting which has not as yet been decided.

With reference to dynamiting and seining of the Little and Big Miamis, we have parties on both streams, who reside there, who are prepared to watch the rivers at the opening of the spring season. When the illegal work is being done we will no doubt have information at once, and I will act on the same immediately. The deputies appointed from different parts of the county are thoroughly reliable men, and will, I think, acquit themselves creditably. I believe it to be harder at the present time to buy quail of the local dealers than at any time for years.

In connection with this we will state that the fines under Game Warden Dr. Haywood, during the early part of 1898, amounted to \$200. I would also add that if any member of the Cuvier Club attended the Peabody banquet at the Grand Hotel at which quail were served under a different head, partridge, I believe, and will only testify to the same, we could bag one of the biggest violators of the game laws in the city.

The treasurer's report showed receipts of \$4,135.07 and expenditures of \$3,154.82, leaving a balance of \$980.25.

Maine Game Interests.

[From the Commissioners' Report.]

Caribou.

THERE are but few caribou in Maine compared with a few years ago. It is not long since they were more plentiful than deer, but they have apparently steadily decreased. Various reasons and suggestions are given to account for it, such as the decrease of their natural food, the moss, the depleting of the forests by the extensive lumbering operations, their alleged tendency to migrate, and kindred ideas. There are considerable numbers of caribou yet remaining in some sections of Aroostook county, and possibly in one or two other counties. The probability of the early extinction of the caribou should occasion great concern. There seems to be no reasonable doubt that their numbers could not stand the constant drain from year to year occasioned by the persistency with which they were hunted in open season, and the nefarious operations of the common poacher, pot-hunter, hide and market hunter. This is the cause of their disappearance. There is abundance of their natural food, the forests and barrens, their natural home, are almost unlimited, they have not migrated except before the muzzle of a Winchester rifle. If asked for a remedy, the obvious reply is protection. If caribou could be let alone for a term of years doubtless their numbers would rapidly increase. The law can do something, its enforcement much more, but game laws cannot be enforced without the means to employ a suitable number of suitable men to enforce it. The greatest depredations are along the Canadian border. The outlaw seeks an abode on the Canadian side of the divisional line, and has every opportunity to slay and kill without any one to "molest or make him afraid." Safe in his Canadian retreat he goes forth in summer and in the deep snows in winter and butchers the caribou to his heart's content on the American side, and is back again with his bundle of hides before any of the authorities know anything about it. An English gentleman of candor and intelligence informed us that caribou and moose meat was openly and publicly peddled on the streets of a Canadian town adjoining Maine during the entire summer of 1898, and at one time in the winter of 1897-98 fifty caribou were hanging up in the woods, killed in the deep snows on the American side.

Moose.

That moose are more scattered, that is, found over a larger area of the State than in recent years, seems to be an established fact.

All familiar with the proceedings of the Legislature of 1897 will remember that at that time there was a strong feeling that we should have an absolute close time for five years on moose, or else there was great danger of having this, almost the last of the larger game animals of the United States, becoming extinct.

The Legislature did not see fit to make an absolute close time for five years, but restricted the hunting season to six weeks, instead of three months, as before, and also made the penalty for violation of the law very severe. We are inclined to think the danger point is passed in consequence of this change, provided, always, that the destruction can be confined to legal hunting during the open season, from Oct. 15 to Dec. 1.

The number of moose in the United States is not large, for the region they inhabit is comparatively very small, yet they were once numerous over a territory more than twenty times larger than where found to-day.

Within the borders of our own State probably stand more moose than can be found in all North America outside of Maine, in regions accessible to sportsmen and hunters, and it largely rests with this and the coming sessions of the Maine Legislature to say whether or not this "monarch of the forest" of our generation shall become extinct.

While sentiment may figure somewhat in influencing the minds of some people in considering this subject, still if sentiment is disregarded entirely, and only the actual commercial value of the animal is taken into consideration, even then it seems to us a wise policy for our State to carefully guard and protect them against either extermination or decrease in numbers.

It is estimated by conservative judges interested in the preservation of our game interests, that the average worth of each male moose that inhabits our forests is at least \$500. We fully agree with them that this estimate is not too large, because we know from actual inquiry and observation that it costs more than that sum, on an average, for the sportsman from abroad to secure his moose trophy.

As there were killed in this State in 1897, 250 of which we have record, it will be seen that the money left in consequence, if our calculations are correct, was \$125,000.

These seem like large figures, we are aware, but realizing that the possible chance of getting a moose induces many other sportsmen to come and hunt deer, we feel sure that could exact figures be obtained they would be larger rather than smaller than those given.

The number killed this season promises to be approximately as large or perhaps even larger than in 1897, which naturally raises the question in the minds of those interested whether the supply will stand this constant drain, for the number who hunt them will never be less so long as they exist in any considerable numbers.

A great deal of the best breeding and feeding grounds are along the Canadian border, hundreds of miles in extent, and candor compels us to say that the evidence seems to show conclusively that poachers from the Canadian side make it a business to kill moose on the American side and openly peddle the meat in the Canadian markets.

To remedy this state of affairs would require the services of four additional trained wardens, at least, to patrol this section constantly.

From the most reliable information we have gathered from all sources—registered guides, wardens, hunters and others who have exceptional facilities for forming the best judgment upon this question, as well as somewhat extensive personal observation—we are of the opinion that the future supply will not warrant any additional open time on moose, or greater facilities for their capture.

Deer.

If we give due credence to all reports received from every quarter, registered guides, sportsmen, newspaper correspondents, farmers, transportation companies, wardens and others, deer have been increasingly abundant during the year. The exceptionally deep snows of last winter caused some anxiety, but we were unable to learn that deer suffered thereby.

The opportunities and temptation to kill deer illegally have greatly increased in the last few years. They are now found in every county and nearly every town in the State. There were at least 10,000 killed in 1897 legally, and the number legally killed this year cannot be less than 11,000. The number illegally killed is largely a matter of speculation or guess work.

At first glance it would seem that it would be impossible to supply the demand from the natural increase, if they are to be yearly taken in such large numbers. We are, however, convinced that there will be plenty of deer for an indefinite period, provided the present close time is maintained and legal killing only is indulged in.

Damage to Farmers' Crops by Deer.

We have received a number of complaints from farmers in various parts of the State that deer were destroying, or had destroyed, their growing crops, in some instances accompanied by a bill of the amount of damage claimed, and also a demand more or less emphatic that "the Commissioners take care of the State's cattle and prevent them from destroying their growing crops."

We have endeavored to carefully investigate every such complaint, and are convinced that the damage done to growing crops by deer is greatly overestimated, and is largely imaginary.

Still there are a few well authenticated cases where substantial damage has been done, and we think in all such cases means should be provided whereby full compensation may be received by the injured party.

Ways and Means.

The feeling seems to be increasing that the State, aside from individuals, should derive substantial revenue from its fish and game, in order to relieve in a measure our citizens of a portion of the burdens of taxation now required for the propagation of fish and the protection of game; whether the revenue derived from the license fees of guides, taxidermists and others, fines collected and other sources of revenue, shall all be expended each year for this purpose, in addition to the regular appropriation, or form the nucleus of a permanent fund, only the interest of which shall be expended, is a matter that the Legislature must determine. There is not much doubt, however, that if during August and September deer are allowed to be taken for food purposes only, by the person taking them in certain portions of the State, on payment of a fee of \$6 for non-residents and \$4 for residents, under such rules and regulations as the Commissioners may establish from time to time, and allowing shipment of fish and game, under such rules and regulations, when not accompanying it, on payment of a suitable fee, that a large permanent fund would accumulate in a few years, the interest alone of which would yield a substantial revenue.

In this connection it may not be amiss to call attention to what appears to be a feeling more or less strong among the taxpayers of the State, that some system should be devised for the taxing of visiting sportsmen by requiring a license fee from them, and the system in vogue in some of the States, and New Brunswick and other countries or provinces, is the most frequently advocated for the purpose of raising such revenue.

With a perfected guide law—with a law allowing the transportation of fish and game unaccompanied by the owner, under proper restrictions, on payment of a fee to the State, and allowing the taking of one deer for food purposes only, in certain portions of the State, during August and September, on payment of a fee for each deer so taken, with all proper restrictions so this privilege could not be abused, and possibly compelling the non-residents to hire registered guides, we are convinced that no good reason would exist for taxing non-residents for the privilege of fishing or hunting within our borders.

Guides.

The law enacted by the Legislature of 1897 requiring those "who engage in the business of guiding, either for forest hunting, or inland fishing, or both, to cause their name, age and residence to be recorded by the Commissioners, and procure a certificate, setting forth that he is deemed suitable to act as a guide," has been severely and by many unjustly criticised. Before the law was given any chance to prove its usefulness or otherwise, it was assailed, and the supposed authors of it, with the

greatest vehemence by those who for one reason or another were interested in keeping it off the statute book.

The Commissioners were of the opinion that this law would operate favorably for the better protection of fish and game, and from facts gleaned from the annual report of registered guides, which could be procured in no other way, much valuable information could be placed before the people. We believe that this law has proved, and will continue to prove, of great benefit to the State. Since its enactment 1,763 different men and three women have been granted certificates of registration, in accordance with its requirements, 1,443 in the year 1898 and 1,316 in the year 1897.

From the nature of their occupation during at least a portion of the year, it will be readily seen that they are all directly interested in fish and game protection, and so situated as to be able to help greatly the Commissioners in this important work, if so disposed, while if disposed otherwise they can do great mischief.

We think that every person authorized by the State to act as a guide for others, to take the State's property, its fish and game, should be compelled to observe carefully all the laws and render the Commissioners and wardens all the service in their power, by information or otherwise; in fact, should be fish and game protectors, and no person should be permitted to be a guide who will not do this. It can readily be seen that with this large number of persons directly interested in aiding in the enforcement of the fish and game laws, a much better system of wardenship would be carried on; in fact, those who are most conversant with the question of game protection in Maine thoroughly believe that without a system of laws requiring the registration of guides, and prescribing certain duties for them to perform to the State, it will be practically impossible to do very much to protect game, more than the enactment of restrictive laws; it has been said on the part of timber land owners of the State, that all non-residents who come to Maine to hunt or camp in the forests should be compelled to hire registered guides to accompany them during their trips through the woods.

The guides, of course, as a rule, favor such a law. But a criticism of selfish interest might attach to this position on the part of the guides. In case of the timber land owner selfishness cannot be alleged. The lumbermen argue the importance of their interests and the necessity of protecting them. It has been shown beyond question that too often parties of outside sportsmen who visit Maine and go into the forests without guides are either ignorant or careless regarding the laws regulating the setting of fires in the woods. The State can most effectively protect not only its game, but the forests of the State, through the "guide registration law." The guides understand, or can be made to understand, the proper places and ways of building camp fires, and can be made to realize the importance of having these fires extinguished before leaving the camping ground, and no other class of persons can, other than those directly interested. With experienced woodsmen for guides for all sporting parties, the wild land owners would feel that they had a reasonable guarantee of safety against forest fires.

Much has been stated in the press in relation to carelessness with firearms and the consequent loss of human life. That such occurrences are possible in these days at first might seem almost incredible. But that they do happen ought to impress upon men who go hunting or shooting the fact that firearms are dangerous alike to those who carry them and to those within their range. Even sportsmen who are not accustomed to the use of firearms need not fear these accidents, if they employ skilled guides and follow their instructions concerning the carrying and use of their firearms. In connection with this subject it may be remarked that it has been seriously considered whether it be not better to restrict the use of powder used in hunting big game to black powder, forbidding the use of the smokeless variety, and in the more thickly settled countries to allow in hunting large game only the use of shotguns.

In summing up the benefits to be derived from the guides' registration law, which has now been so much discussed that it is not only thoroughly understood by Maine people, but by those of other States who are interested in the preservation of the large game, it must not be forgotten that other States are beginning to see the wisdom of this law, and talk of adopting it, as in Colorado, where the Commissioner has thoroughly investigated the Maine law, and gives it his emphatic approval.

The advantage to be received by timber land owners throughout the State, by the extra precautions which registered guides will take against fires, is the first great benefit to be derived from this law. And equal in importance is the comparative safety which a hunting party will derive from the small chances of accidents or of being lost in the wilderness.

Then comes the benefit to be derived by the State in having these personally interested wardens to supplement the efforts made by the State to preserve and protect the game which annually brings so large an income into the State, besides furnishing employment to hundreds of men in a legitimate business of guiding sportsmen.

That this law is wise and just almost everyone at this time admits. That it is constitutional no one doubts at the present time, the highest court in the country, in an opinion written by Chief Justice Fuller, of the United States Supreme Court, having decided that the game of a State is the property of that State, and any restrictions which the supreme authority may determine may be placed upon the taking of it.

No man or party should be allowed to traverse or camp in the game preserves of the State with firearms in close time without a registered guide. The use of Winchester rifles for fish poles—rods—has become altogether too common. Hundreds of parties are found camping in the forests of Maine every year in July, August and September, and in nearly every instance have rifles and kill deer; nor is it possible to prevent it. No warden system we have ever had, or can hope to have under present conditions, can reach and prevent this state of affairs. The guides can stop it, and it is argued with great plausibility that if it was lawful to take deer during these months for food purposes only, under such rules and regulations as the Commissioners should from time to time establish, that the guides would be relieved of being parties acces-

sory to the illegal killing, and would see to it that the law was obeyed, and that no more deer would be killed during these months than are now, and the State would derive many thousands of dollars income for deer thus taken.

We are pleased to report that so far as summer killing of moose is concerned, the guides are almost all of them against it, and are willing to join with us to prevent it as far as possible.

It is otherwise with the summer killing of deer for food purposes, and also of moose during the two weeks preceding open season; many guides seem willing to assist their employers in this illegal killing. This is a lamentable fact, causing us a great deal of trouble and expense.

It seems to us that the guide who does this, after the State has done and is doing so much to furnish him with employment, deserves the strongest condemnation, and should be made to suffer a severe penalty in consequence. We favor the granting all the open season for game that can be done with safety, but when open time is once fixed, of compelling the guides to conform with the law strictly and absolutely, or quit the business. It is largely in their power to either improve or injure the hunting business, and assist very materially in causing a less demand on the State treasury in order to prevent poaching. In our opinion those who are willing to cheerfully assist on these lines should be allowed to continue the business, but those who are not should be barred from guiding.

By adopting this course, providing sufficient warden force to prevent hide hunting and slaughtering for woods camps, or in other words confining the hunting to the present open season, we are satisfied that the supply of large game will last for an indefinite time.

Game Birds.

All reports received from wardens, guides and sportsmen emphasize the fact that there is a great scarcity of partridges in the State generally, although in some particular localities they have been reported as plenty. It would seem that the supply is growing steadily less. Interested persons pretty generally agree that market hunting is the real cause of it, although many other reasons are suggested, such as foxes, hawks and deep crusty snows in winter and cold, wet weather in spring time.

It has been suggested by a considerable number of observant persons that a close time of two years be placed upon them to allow them to multiply, before they are entirely exterminated in this State. So far as we have been able to ascertain the minds of those interested, by extensive correspondence and thousands of circulars sent, it seems to be the prevailing opinion that the sale of partridges should be absolutely prevented for at least a term of years, or if not entirely prohibited by law, their sale should be restricted and regulated in the same manner as the traffic in deer is at present restricted and regulated. Others suggest that the use of dogs in hunting these birds should be prohibited. We have used our best endeavors to look carefully into the matter, as we deem it of great importance to the State, and trust that such action will be taken by the law-making power as will preserve this most valuable of all indigenous Maine game birds from extermination, or nearly so.

Boston, Jan. 16.—With the Maine papers devoted to pushing the fishing and shooting interests of that State the close season has not yet begun. Their columns are yet bristling with stories of shooting; their being no close season on their voices. They are now telling of the last snowshoe hunts of the guides. At each hunt each guide succeeds in taking his two deer. Probably he did not kill them during the early open season. Really one gets tired of so much slaughter, and wonders if it is possible for any game supply on earth to stand up under it. In the meantime the Augusta lawmakers are at the game also. One of the most important measures introduced thus far is one by Representative Smith, of Presque Isle. It proposes a license system for large game hunters. I hear that the matter is provoking much discussion, there being very warm adherents for the measure, as well as equally strenuous objectors. Section 1 of the bill reads:

"No person shall hunt, kill or take any moose, deer or caribou without first having procured the State hunting license therefore hereinafter provided, and having such license in his possession during the time he is engaged in hunting, killing or taking moose, deer or caribou."

The bill further provides that the State hunting license shall be issued by the fish and game commissioners. Only one license shall be issued to the same person in one year. Non-residents shall pay for the license \$5, and residents of the State \$1. Each license shall have one coupon attached, which entitles the holder to one moose; another coupon for one caribou, and two coupons for one deer each. The money received for these licenses shall be paid by the commissioners to the State Treasurer, to be used for the purpose of game protection.

Another very important measure is to be proposed by the Maine Fish and Game Association. It proposes to allow of the taking of deer in the month of September, by the paying of a fee of \$6 for the privilege. This measure is greatly favored by the camp and hotel proprietors. A number of the prominent timber land owners are said to have consented to the plan, provided the hunter hunts the deer under the direction of a licensed guide. Commissioner Carleton is said to have received letters from 250 sportsmen who visited Maine last year, favoring the plan—doubtless answers to his most peculiar circular, that the FOREST AND STREAM has already published. He does not say anything about those who have replied opposing the measure. Neither does he tell the Association that his circular was not forwarded to prominent camp owners on the Maine lakes—men who have visited Maine for years, and have been willing to uphold such game laws as were deemed for the good of the game protected. I can count a number of such camp owners who have not received Mr. Carleton's circular.

SPECIAL.

SOUTH HAVEN, Mich.—I have taken your entertaining and useful paper for nearly thirty years, and I find I need it all the more since the game has nearly disappeared from our locality.

H. W. S.

Old Bob Gerry, of Hyde.

The Eagle's Claw and Forty-six Bears.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I notice in your issue of Jan. 14 that Curator Brimley, of the State Museum at Raleigh, advertises for bears for specimens, therefore I write to say that if he will send into Hyde, Beaufort or Tyrrell counties, which occupy the peninsula lying between Pamlico and Albemarle sounds, in North Carolina, he can get all the bears he cares to give room to. If any one has lost any bears, that is the location to find them.

This intersound region is divided into alternating areas of swamp, cornfield and prairie, or savanna, with here and there a lake or an apple orchard thrown in; and the bears trade from one to the other, according to the season of the year, or as they have opportunity. These savannas are used almost universally as cattle ranges, and there have been at times large stock companies which grazed many hundreds of heads. In the early spring time, before vegetation has sprouted, the bears feed on the young junipers (white cedar), by stripping off the bark and sucking the sap. Later on they eat young ferns and all kinds of new growth, and insects; and afterward worthberries, coon berries and the like. Then they climb the black gums for the fruit, taking the green corn spring and then the nuts and acorns, and from fall to spring destroy cattle and hogs. In the green corn season it is the easiest thing in the world for them to come out of the marginal swamps by the fields and regale themselves on the farmers' roasting ears; and when cattle are running in the winter and berries and mast are done (gone?), and the cow peas and corn are stacked or housed, they naturally take to fresh meat. In fact, everything goes then. Stock yard and hog pen are not exempt, even when in close proximity to the dwellings. In hard winters, which happen periodically, the havoc among the herds has been so great that stringent measures have been employed to exterminate the ursine depredators. Spring guns, traps, deadfalls, poison, side-hunts and drives have been put into active use, and scores of carcasses have been gathered in. Still the slaughter continued among the cattle, and the sinner bears continued to get in their work, until their numbers were decimated. [Sinnabers are cattle bears, and always carry a white spot on the breast. Hog bears are smaller, and different. Dr. C. H. Merriam, please notice.] At the last the cattle were afraid to go into the slashes at all, and kept entirely to the savannas. The bears would climb the junipers, gums, and cypresses, where the trails passed, and lying along the extended limbs drop like panthers down upon the luckless animals passing beneath, sucking the blood from their necks and clinging to them as they ran. In the end the "critter" would succumb from freight, bleeding or exhaustion, and die miserably.

A good many years ago, I think it was as long ago as 1876, this nuisance got to be so unbearable that a wealthy cattle company operating in Hyde engaged the services of a shrewd colored man named Bob Gerry to clean the bears out. Gerry had been a valet of Stephen Whitney, of New Haven, Ct., during the Civil War, and after its close went with him to New Haven. He knew a thing or two. It was about the time the eagle claw trap was invented, and advertised in FOREST AND STREAM, and Bob obtained some extra large ones, big enough to take in a bear's head like the clutch of a human hand. Baiting these with rare chunks of fresh pork, he hung them up by chains to the lower limbs of the junipers and gums, within the length of a bear's body reach, and of course when bruin reached for them he was caught beyond reprieve or reprieve. The eagle claw held him firmly by the head, and all the artifices of his brain and dexterous claws could not unclasp the relentless grip. By this method and the use of traps and spring guns, Bob bagged forty-six bears in one season, filling many tubs and barrels with lard and hams, and shipping the meat to market, while the pelts brought \$15 to \$18 apiece, according to size. But there are others, big ones, scaling twice 200lbs. apiece; and Curator Brimley can take his pick of the lot by sending his order to Bob, or the postmasters of Pantego, Roper or Belhaven. Bob is seventy-eight years old now, but he works in a shingle swamp all same.

CHARLES HALLO

Massachusetts Covers.

FITCHBURG, Mass., Jan. 14.—Editor Forest and Stream: Here is a game report, which I take from our paper to-day, about the game conditions in Worcester and Fitchburg in Worcester county, but our gun club has made sad havoc with these infringers of the law, and likewise created a healthy sentiment on bird selling. But we ought to have in Massachusetts a law on all game birds from Dec. 1 to Oct. 1. Why won't the FOREST AND STREAM advocate that for its Massachusetts sportsmen? W.

The report reads:

Ruffed grouse, quail and woodcock are under the protecting wing of the law. The season has been below the average in number of birds killed. The work of Worcester County Game Protective Association in liberating quail last spring has won over to the propagation idea the most confirmed of doubters. Quail have been found in abundance and in unusually large flocks. As to woodcock the flights were about the average of the past half-dozen years, and for three or four weeks, beginning about Oct. 10, large numbers of flight birds were bagged.

Along with the close of the season there arises the annual agitation of dicker the game laws. The question of shortening the open season to cut out the month of December and perhaps the fifteen days of September is annually raised by far-seeing sportsmen, who predict the extermination of the New England partridge, properly called the ruffed grouse.

By the alarmist it is predicted that the partridge is doomed to the fate of the wild pigeon and the bison. Unlike trout and the game fish, the propagation of partridges in captivity has been proved an impossibility, and the choicest of the game birds of the country is doomed to extinction, even within the present generation, under the wholesale slaughter now legalized.

An official of Worcester County Game Protective Association says that every reliable authority predicts the

end of the partridge unless immediate protection is given the birds. In his opinion neither shortening of the season nor a five or ten-year close season will avail to protect the birds as long as the marketmen offer the present price for birds and so set up inducements for the slaughter. He favors as the only escape the absolute prohibition of the sale of game birds. This he believes will solve the market question, and materially decrease the killing now encouraged by the trade.

It is said that six men can be named among Worcester bird shooters who have bagged at least 1,200 birds this season. These shooters market their birds. Despite the excellent work of the Protective Association, snares have done a thriving business this season. In Rutland, Oakham, Templeton and Hubbardston, thousands of birds have fallen into nooses, and have found their way to Worcester and Boston markets. Along Cannasto Brook, Hubbardston, this season, four and a half miles of snares were set, and operated almost throughout the season. One farmer in Hubbardston received from a Worcester marketman a check for forty-four birds snared and shipped in one week. Thomas H. Davis, warden of the Protective Association, was unable to cope with the snares single-handed.

Only one conviction was secured. Jacob Shaffer, of Hubbardston, was convicted and fined \$20.

The law permitting snaring permits "the trapping or snaring of ruffed grouse, commonly called partridge, hares or rabbits, by an owner of land upon his land, or by a member of the family of such owner if authorized by such owner, between Oct. 1 and Jan. 1," was framed to allow the farmer to snare for his table, but has been prostituted until now, with birds at high prices, this clause in the game laws legalizes the most destructive form of bird killing and marketing. Dozens of men in Worcester county have made a business of snaring birds for market in the past three months.

Bird shooters who follow the sport not for the sport's sake, but as a money maker, kill as many birds in Worcester county annually as all other shooters put together. There is a growing sentiment against the inveterate hunter who markets birds and is out and blazing away from opening to close of the season, as long as there is a feather in sight and with the knowledge that game birds are fast decreasing.

Tanning Skins.

REPLYING to J. A. R. about tanning small skins, I will say that I have tanned, with the hair on, a number of skins of such animals as bears, caribou, deer, foxes, and some smaller animals. I do not know much if anything about the Indian methods of tanning, but I have been told by fur dealers that the Indian method (on such animals as needed the thorough removing of all grease from the hair) was not satisfactory. Such skins as I have tanned were to be used as mats or rugs.

A simple method, as given me by a Maine guide, has worked well on deer and caribou skins: Two cups of fine salt, one of powdered borax and one of alum to about a gallon of water (rain water). I remove any particles of fat or flesh from the skin, but do not try to scrape it much, and if the skin is dry soak it out well in water and put it in the solution, letting it stay from one to three days, moving it about in the solution once or twice a day. Then take it out and wring as dry as I can, and work it dry; then scrape well, and finish by going over the flesh side with coarse sandpaper.

With bear, fox, skunk, or such skins as have more or less grease in the hair I first soak well in water, and then give a thorough washing in several changes of warm water, using plenty of soap or any washing powder used to remove grease. After rinsing well, to remove soap, I put the skin in the solution, and if a bear skin let it stay about three days, turning and moving it about often. After taking it out and wringing as dry as possible, I put it in a tub containing two or three bushels of dry mahogany sawdust, and keep working it in the sawdust until it works dry. If it is a large skin, I put on rubber boots and keep treading and turning the skin, taking it out now and then and shaking out the dust. mahogany sawdust will work all through the hair, asing and brightening it. After the skin is worked I hang it up on a line out of doors, and switch it to get out all the dust. Treating a skin in this way is some work, but if the dust is kept dry and the skin is worked until it is perfectly dry, it will come out soft. I then give the flesh side a good scraping, using sandpaper.

Some of my friends who have bought fox skin mats have told me that they were unable to keep them a year on account of moths, although they had tried to take good care of them. I have never been troubled in this way with such mats of my own making, and have one now which has been about the house two or three years and has never been packed away at all. All of my rugs are taken out of doors once or twice a week during the spring and summer and given a shaking, and this is all the care they get.

When preparing a fox skin for a mat I wash the skin well, using plenty of soap; then rinse it well in clean water, and while wet give it a coating on flesh side of arsenical soap, such as taxidermists use, letting it remain on a few hours, and then wash the skin in several changes of clean water to remove to some extent the arsenic. I then have gone over the skin with a tanning fluid, such as many of the taxidermists sell, and afterward work the skin dry in the sawdust. I do not know that the tanning solution gives any better results than the alum and salt and borax, but it is easier to use and takes less time.

The working of skins of any sort dry in the sawdust seems to be the most important point. The Indian method of smoking skins, I understand, is to keep such skins from drying hard should they get wet, and is more to be applied to buck skin than to a skin intended for a mat.

My experience in tanning has been confined to some twenty-five or thirty skins of the kinds I have named, and has been almost wholly for my own use. A fur dealer told me, when I spoke of tanning some bear skins, that I could not do it so that they would last a year. Nevertheless I tried it on four bears which I killed one

fall, and I have those skins as rugs now on the floor. I have had them for five years and they are in perfectly good condition. As for such skins as deer and caribou, they look well for a time, but I never knew of one on which the hair did not break off badly; and the same with a moose. They might last better if in the short coat, but those I have were all killed in the late fall or early winter.

Your correspondent Mr. Hough's suggestion of using a strap over the instep and ankle of a rubber boot is first rate. Heretofore I have found rubber boots very destructive to the heels of woollen socks. Rubber boots are the only boots I find satisfactory to use in all kinds of snow when out waiting for a fox, and hereafter I shall follow Mr. Hough's advice and strap down the plaguey things so that they cannot keep slipping up and down at the heel.

C. M. STARK.
DUNBARTON, N. H.

Educate Them.

PASADENA, Cal., Jan. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I enclose a few clippings from the Los Angeles Times, Hotel Coronado, San Diego, items, which are self-explanatory, and are only a few of the many items of like purport recently published:

"C. H. Lester and W. H. Dupee, of Chicago, returned last night in a soaking rain from lower California, where they spent two days shooting quail. The most of the shooting, however, was compressed into the hours between 10 and 4 o'clock yesterday. They got 216 birds, stopping then on account of the rain, though passing through coveys of from fifty to 100 birds each."

"Capt. J. S. Sedam and A. B. Daniels, of Denver, and John Markle, of New York, went out again yesterday, in spite of the rain, to get a few ducks. They, with E. S. Babcock, as fourth man, hold the record for duck shooting, having killed 671 birds in one day at Otay Lake, all with 12-gauge guns, wing shots."

"James T. Hayden, of New Orleans, and Judge C. N. Sterry, of Los Angeles, are out in the back country somewhere, getting ducks and quail. They telephoned in night before last that they had shot 153 quail the first day."

"Capt. Sedam and A. B. Daniels returned Saturday from lower California, where they went with Chick and Hamilton, of San Diego. The quartette slaughtered forty dozen and one quail in two days."

Our resident sportsmen as a rule recognize the necessity of moderate indulgence in the killing propensity, and all the clubs controlling the shooting grounds about Los Angeles county have enacted rules limiting the bag per gun and the shooting days as well.

While the "glad hand" is extended to every true sportsman from the East, as your columns constantly attest, every season we are afflicted by a visitation of that detestable species called the "game hog." Read the above clippings and then ponder upon the scarcity of game and its causes.

The correspondent in his zeal to furnish all the news has given its paper good grounds for the editorial comment, clipped from the same paper:

"It is about time for the enactment of a law limiting the number of game birds or fowl that a man may kill in one day. The best gun clubs limit the bag that members may make, and also restrict shooting to certain days in the week. Reports of the performances of so-called 'sportsmen' who infest Coronado prove the necessity for protection of ducks from game hogs and pot shooters. Three men visiting Coronado killed 338 ducks in one day, and brag that they would have killed more but for the rain. And recently False Bay was covered with dead ducks killed wantonly by 'sportsmen' of the same stripe. The sport will not last long at this rate."

Cannot you get these men to subscribe to FOREST AND STREAM? They need a little education along the lines which your paper has fought valiantly for—the moderate indulgence of the sporting instinct; in fact one cannot read your editorials and be a game hog at the same time.

FRANK S. DAGGETT.

Death of Charles Daly.

MR. CHARLES DALY, senior member of the firm of Schoverling, Daly & Gales, No. 325 Broadway, died on the evening of Jan. 11 at his home, in Summit, N. J.

He had been at his office in New York until the usual hour, and spent the evening at home in pleasant intercourse with his family. About 11 o'clock an attack of apoplexy proved almost immediately fatal.

Mr. Daly began his business career with the old firm of Tufts & Colley about 1858, and afterwards with Messrs. Sargent & Co., and later with Messrs. H. Boker & Co., whom he left in 1865 to join Mr. Schoverling. They commenced business in a very modest way as gun dealers in Barclay street, removing the following year to No. 52 Beekman street, and later to Nos. 84 and 86 Chambers street, and then to No. 302 Broadway, where his firm handled every variety of sporting goods. Mr. Daly was one of the incorporators and for many years president of the Marlin Fire Arms Company, of New Haven, Conn. He was one of the organizers of the Hardware Club, and took an active interest in its success, and was a member of the Colonial Club. He was a member of the Presbyterian Church. He had been a widower for some ten years. A son and a daughter, Mr. Charles Howard Daly and Mrs. R. Courtney King, survive him. Mr. Daly leaves a large circle of friends endeared to him by his sincerity of character, largeness of mind and generosity of impulse.

NEW YORK, Jan. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At a meeting held to-day, Mr. A. H. Funke, chairman, Messrs. W. J. Bruff and Henry Werleman, committee, it was decided to send you copy of the resolutions which were adopted, and which I enclose.

At a meeting held at the office of Hermann Boker & Co., January 16, 1899, to take suitable action in reference to the death of Charles Daly, of the firm of Schoverling, Daly & Gales, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, It has pleased Almighty God, in his inscruta-

ble wisdom and providence, to remove from this earth our friend and fellow member of the sporting goods trade, Charles Daly; and

Whereas, Our friend stood high in the esteem and affection of his business associates and companions, with an honorable record for business probity, coupled with a genial disposition toward all; therefore be it

Resolved, That we extend to his bereaved family, also to his business associates in the firm of which he was the senior member, our fullest sympathy and condolence for their irreparable loss.

Resolved, That we most tenderly convey to his grief-stricken children the sorrow and sadness we feel at parting with their protector and our friend.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions, suitably engrossed, be presented to each of his children.

Mr. Gilman and Section 249.

Editor Forest and Stream:

My attention has been called to the fact that Mr. Theodore P. Gilman, who, as the representative of the Marketmen's Association, did all that he could to retain Section 249 in the game laws, and to defeat the efforts of the sportsmen to repeal the same, is again urging the re-enactment of the obnoxious section and has made the assertion that I am in favor of its re-enactment, and has quoted Mr. F. J. Amsden as having also experienced a change of heart, and agreeing with him on its desirability. As to myself, I hasten to say that the assertion, of made, is absolutely false, and I am certain the same may be said of Mr. Amsden. The New York Association for the Protection of Game for three years fought the fight which finally resulted in the repeal of Section 249, and will resist by every means in its power the attempt to again place this section on our statute book, and no member will more heartily expend time and trouble in that direction than its secretary. The New York State Fish, Game and Forest League can also be counted on to oppose any such action as that proposed by Mr. Gilman.

ROBT. B. LAWRENCE,

Sec'y N. Y. Assn. for the Protection of Game.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Jan. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Kindly state in your journal that I am most decidedly opposed to a restoration of section 249 to the game laws. I understand that such a movement is on foot, and it has been stated that I am favorable to it.

I also understand that if this does not succeed, then a compromise will be offered, permitting the sale of game for three months after the close of season. I am opposed to this also.

FRANK J. AMSDEN.

The New Jersey Game Warden Case.

THE case of the New Jersey game warden who, in October last, killed an Italian gunner, was tried last week, resulting in a verdict of manslaughter, and a penalty of eight years' imprisonment.

The warden, it will be recalled, had been sent to arrest two Italians, who were shooting robins. When called on to surrender, one of the gunners handed over his gun, but the other, as the warden claimed, menaced the officer, leveling his gun at him, and the officer thereupon, as he stated, shot in self-defense.

In passing sentence, Judge Dixon said there was no doubt that the prisoner had been justly convicted. His act in attempting to arrest Canova and Danielle, he said, was clearly illegal. The warden had not displayed any badge of authority to warrant him in making an arrest, nor had he seen the Italians commit any offense against the game laws. It was shown that on the way to the woods the warden had stopped at several saloons, and Judge Dixon was very severe in his criticisms upon the warden having indulged in drink when about to discharge an official duty.

Public Sentiment and the Game Laws.

BATAVIA, N. Y., Jan. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Fish and Game Protective Association of Genesee County has had five cases of the violation of the laws during the past ten months, two of which were convictions, and three were settlements by payment of fines, making a total amount of convictions and fines, \$178.56. Four of these cases were for the violation of fish and game laws, and one case for the shooting of song birds. While game protective societies have and will continue to do much good, and their influence grow, still they will always be unable satisfactorily and effectively to enforce the game laws until the observance of these laws becomes popular with all classes of people, irrespective of tastes for field sports, and I think the indications are that observance of the laws is receiving more general attention, and this feeling could be greatly augmented if the daily papers would assist the sportsman's journals in the work.

W. L. COLVILLE.

Maine Game Records.

THE figures of shipments for 1898 have been given out by the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad, showing the following record:

	October.			November.			December.			Total.		
	Deer.	Moose.	Caribou.	Deer.	Moose.	Caribou.	Deer.	Moose.	Caribou.	Deer.	Moose.	Caribou.
1894.....	479	24	10	345	8	13	177	13	27	1001	45	50
1895.....	669	53	37	501	21	31	411	38	62	1581	112	130
1896.....	1029	79	57	718	19	28	498	35	45	2245	133	130
1897.....	1246	55	20	1023	37	24	671	47	34	2940	139	78
1898.....	1348	71	22	1347	77	19	682	54	27	3377	202	68

In 1897 and 1898 the moose shipments were from Oct. 15 to Dec. 1 only.

The above statement, compiled from records kept by station agents, comprises only game shipped by visiting sportsmen, and does not include that killed by native hunters, nor the large quantity consumed in camps.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

A Miscarriage of Justice.

From the Paterson, N. J., Sunday Chronicle.

THE result of the trial of James L. Tooker, Jr., for manslaughter on Monday last was a discredit to justice in New Jersey.

The point which would be apt to first strike a disinterested observer was the presence in court of foreign counsel. There come to these shores annually hordes of semi-barbarians, who have no love for this country and no regard for our laws. A few of these remain for an indefinite time, but most of them return to their own homes after having taken from the decent American laborer a large share of the work which should come to him. These men do not intend to become American citizens, and while here they are governed by their own rules and usages. They have formed here the Italian Society of the United States, an organization which has gained an unenviable notoriety in some parts of the country under the home name of Mafia. This organization usurps the rights of administering law; it is a conspiracy here among us to set aside the laws of this country. It protects all its members against the infliction of punishments by our courts. Wherever a money penalty is imposed it is paid out of the treasury of the society. One of the most common forms of violations of the law on the part of members of this society is the gunning for birds, contrary to our laws. Of the forty odd Italians arrested in this part of the State during the past year, charged with violations of the gunning laws, not one went to jail, the fines of all being paid out of a common treasury, a premium thus being placed on defiance of our laws. But these marauders do not confine themselves to violations of the gunning laws; they kill everything that affords a target, and landowners have been loud in their complaints on account of the loss of domestic fowl. Evidence tending to show the characters of these pillagers was rigidly excluded by the court. Yet this society, which guarantees immunity from punishment for violations of our laws, was openly represented in court by paid counsel, the first time in the history of New Jersey that we know of where private interests were permitted to aid the State in prosecuting an accused person. The partnership between the State of New Jersey and the Mafia is hardly a pleasant subject for contemplation.

Stress was laid upon the supposition that the accused was under the influence of liquor at the time he fired the shot. We do not believe with some judges that a man should be sentenced to safe keeping behind the bars for taking a drink of beer, but in this present case we do not believe that any reasonable man would come to the conclusion that the defendant was intoxicated. According to his own admission he had taken three small glasses of beer; according to the oath of his companion he had taken only three, having once taken a cigar. After having started on the errand on which the authorities of the State sent him, the defendant walked four or five miles through the bracing mountain air. The supposition of his intoxication was based on statements made by a witness who did not see the defendant until just before 5 o'clock; the shooting occurred at 2 o'clock. The State detectives and the agents of the Mafia had scoured the country to find more evidence of partaking of beer, but were unsuccessful; the reason for their failure to succeed will be apparent to all.

The contention on the part of the State was that there was not sufficient provocation to justify the shooting; in fact, that the provocation was very slight. If the defendant could be induced to shoot by merely seeing a violator of the law before him, how was it that he did not shoot Daniele, with whom, according to undisputed evidence and the admission of Daniele himself, he had a scuffle for the possession of a gun? There was more provocation to shoot Daniele, according to the latter's story, but the defendant made no attempt to shoot Daniele. The answer to this question is to be found in the statement of two respectable American citizens and officers of the State that Canova had raised his gun to shoot the defendant.

In the charge of the presiding judge every point which could possibly be made against the defendant was brought out with force. The most incisive of these was the argument that if the defendant had only exercised his right there was no cause for regret, and that the inference accordingly was that the defendant was conscious of some wrongful act, and that his feeling was remorse and not regret. We do not see how it is conceivable that a man who kills another can escape being the victim of acute regret. The man who shoots a burglar or highway robber cannot but regret the act. We have known cases here in Paterson where conductors and engineers refused to pursue their occupations because they had been the means of depriving a human being of life even when all the facts plainly showed that there was no culpability on their part, and when they had been fully exonerated by public tribunals. Regret at taking life is inherent in the breast of every human being. In the case of Tooker we find a man of more than ordinary intellectuality and sensitiveness suddenly confronted with the fact that he had deprived another of his existence. He was excited, his mind confused and like a drowning man grasping at straws, he sought for extenuating circumstances; he recognized his own position and cried out that he had not intended to kill, even though his own life was in danger. Artfully this exclamation on his part was made use of to indicate that he had been guilty of manslaughter. Every word used by a man laboring under the most intense excitement was construed against him.

The verdict was not the result of calm deliberation on the part of the jurors. If any credence can be placed in stories circulated about the court house, and which have since been corroborated by the jurymen themselves, their first ballot stood nine for acquittal and three for conviction of manslaughter. The jurors were boisterous, and if the secrets of the jury room leaked out it was their fault. A majority of them stood in favor of acquittal when word was sent that the presiding judge intended to go home unless the jurors had agreed. This meant that the jurors would be put to the inconvenience of being locked up all night. Then it was announced that they had agreed. The constable who was sent to the jail to bring the prisoner into court advised him to take his effects with him, as the verdict would be one of acquittal. Buoyed up with this hope, Tooker heard the verdict which

consigned him to prison for a large part of his life. Could more refined cruelty be imagined?

As to the judgment of the court, we know that we are simply voicing public sentiment when we say that it was harsh, cruel and uncalled for. The crime of manslaughter consisted in accidentally killing when there was no intention to kill; such was the theory laid down by the court on which the verdict was found. Eight years is too much even if every contention on the part of the State had been admitted.

The Right to Make Arrests.

UNPLEASANT recollections about his own arraignment on a charge of having violated the fish and game laws were perhaps flitting through the mind of Judge Dixon when he indulged in his denunciation of former Game Warden Tooker previous to the imposition of sentence. If everybody believed the law to be as laid down by Judge Dixon the violators of the law would have an easy time of it. Judge Dixon declared that the wardens on the occasion referred to had no right to make an arrest, as the law provides that they can make arrests only on a warrant or when they see the law violated. In the opinion of Judge Dixon the wardens did not see the law violated. The evidence on this point was undisputed. The wardens heard a shot fired near them; they saw the smoke arising from the discharge of the gun and saw birds flying wildly about, just as they do when they have been shot at; the wardens took only a few steps before they encountered two men with guns. Judge Dixon does not think this was seeing the law violated, even when the fact is taken into consideration that one of the men had birds' feathers sticking on his coat. If Judge Dixon's construction of the law is correct there will be few arrests made in future, for it would require remarkably clear eyesight to see the shot leave the gun and strike the bird. This opinion of Judge Dixon is probably on a par with another opinion he delivered some time ago, which caused the Supreme Court subsequently to remark: "If the law is as claimed no man who respects himself could undertake the performance of the duties of office."

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Pheasants.

Mr. H. F. Bosworth, of Milwaukee, Wis., whom I take to be the largest and most successful breeder of ring-neck and Mongolian pheasants in this part of the country, says that his birds are doing very well, and that the farmers still continue to protect those liberated in the vicinity of Hartland, Wis. Mr. Bosworth tells me that he is getting a great many inquiries for these birds from different parts of the State of Texas. The Mongolian pheasant experiment will become an industry in this country before long, and if it shall enforce upon the average mind the fact that there is such a thing as protection, and such a thing as a creature worth protecting, then the pheasant will not have come to us in vain.

Sportsmen Butchers.

I am in receipt of a letter from Mr. M. D. Grew, of Portland, Ore., who speaks to the point on interesting subjects. He says:

"Having been a reader of FOREST AND STREAM for a number of years, and knowing its liking for the market shooter and game hog, I thought the enclosed clippings might be of interest to you. The most of this game is killed and sold by sportsmen, so called, and the height of their ambition is to kill more than the other fellow. Six of us, workmen, leased a lake to shoot on last fall, and our best shoot was 106 ducks, which was twenty-two too many. I think a dozen birds ought to be enough for any man in one day, especially ducks, grouse and pheasants. I forgot to mention that the clippings were from the Morning Oregonian."

This is the right sort of talk from the right sort of a sportsman. The newspaper clippings referred to uncover rather a nasty state of affairs out in the State of Oregon, and I am pleased to see the most important newspaper in Portland is going after the so-called sportsmen, who are really worse than any market hunters. Personally, I do not believe in market hunting, but some of my best friends are market hunters. For the man who has means, and is not obliged to sell his game, but none the less does butcher and sell it, I have no use whatever. Here are excerpts from the Oregonian stories:

"Several years ago there was quite a cry against the market hunter. It was alleged that good-for-nothing worthies put in the better part of seven days out of the week loafing about lakes and destroying wildfowl, and that the sportsman proper did not get his deserts. Very correct was this, but now a new evil confronts us. There are those who dearly love to hunt ducks. Some of these parties are famous shots, and rarely let a bird escape. There is an annual flight of ducks down the coast line of this continent, and a great many find their way into the Columbia valley. The natural food of wildfowl has been (thanks to a blunder of the United States Fish Commission) largely destroyed by the carp. Before the advent of the carp natural food was very abundant, and if birds were persistently hunted, even in the most-favored lakes, they soon changed their flight. The above-mentioned persons, in their desire for good shooting, bait certain spots with large amounts of grain, and as a result many ducks are killed. To reimburse themselves for this outlay the birds are sold, and more grain is scattered. It soon becomes a regular business; the more grain scattered, the more birds for sale. It also becomes a sort of competition between the different hunters to see how many birds they can bag. In the writer's opinion this is all very wrong, and he does not think any man should be allowed to kill, unaided, between 1,500 and 2,000 ducks in the course of two or three months. Something must be done to put a stop to the slaughter, for the markets are more overburdened with game than they were in the halcyon days of long ago—in the days when any one could go out, and if he were a fair shot soon secure a few birds, the remainder of the flocks decamping to other feeding grounds."

"Stringent means will have to be adopted or these 'sportsmen' will soon clean us out."

"The recent wholesale slaughter of wildfowl by Portland 'sportsmen' has had the effect of overstocking the market with all varieties of ducks and geese, and the result of the oversupply has been a downfall of prices. Yesterday a prominent Front street commission man sold a lot of 900 mallard and teal ducks and widgeons for a total of \$45, or at the rate of 5 cents apiece. Another merchant disposed of a lot of 700, 100 of which were mallards, and the remainder teals, widgeons and geese at 50 cents a dozen. Both sales were forced, for the merchants had either to clean up their stocks at once or find themselves with a lot of unsalable fowl on hand."

"In speaking of the stagnation of the market, a merchant said that the whole trouble was caused by Portland 'sportsmen,' who have been in the habit of making Sunday visits to neighboring duck ponds and returning with bags of 300, 400 and 500. The ducks have been placed on the market all at once, and, together with the receipts from the regular country shippers, have swelled the stocks to such a size that frequent clean-ups have been necessary. The ducks sold yesterday were in fine condition, but they had to be either sacrificed or thrown away, and the dealers took the former course."

"Duck-Shooting Record Broken.—Frank Thorne, Frank Holcomb, M. Ellsworth, F. A. Daley and E. Bate-man, who shoot at Deer Island, made the biggest bag of ducks, Sunday, ever heard of in this section. The lake was skinned almost entirely over with ice. The ducks were driven out early in the morning and went over into the Columbia. Holes were broken in the ice, and decoys placed out, and about 10 A. M. the ducks began coming back. From 10 to 12 the shooting was something wonderful, the ducks being anxious to get into the open water with the decoys. In all, 506 ducks, mostly mallards, were shot during the day; that is, 506 were bagged, but many were left on the ice which could not be retrieved, as the ice would not hold up a dog, and a number of wounded ones got away into the brush, where the minks and coons will attend to their cases. As usual, Thorne was high gun, killing about half of the 506. When he saw that ducks which fell on the ice could not be retrieved he shot so as to have his birds fall on land, and even then his dog was completely used up retrieving them. There were a great many ducks brought to market yesterday. Men and boys brought in sacks full of them, until no more could be sold. The freezing of the ponds and lakes where they feed is very rough on the ducks, and they soon begin to get thin, and if the cold lasts must either go South or down to the coast. There have been more ducks sent to this market this season than ever before, and they have been of better quality than usual, but if the cold snap continues the supply will soon be cut off. There is, however, a large lot in cold storage, which will last for some time."

Human nature is a great thing. The man who preaches usually gets himself disliked. A good many of us like to shoot, but I don't think just everybody cares to conduct himself after the fashion of these Oregon fowl butchers. Sometimes I think the American sportsman does not deserve any game, because he does not want to protect any game.

Rapid Fire.

A North Dakota paper, mailed me by a friend, gives a calm little account of some rapid-fire work done by a plain, unvarnished boy, who lived in the West, near Custer, and who was evidently learning how to roll a gun:

"A boy twelve years old became the possessor of a .44cal. Winchester rifle, and placing a cigar box across the railroad track he began shooting at it for a mark. So exciting was this practice shooting that he did not see a hand car coming down the track, but such was the case, and so rapid was the working of the gun that he placed one ball in Mr. Englebird's shoulder, another ball grazed the leg of a second person, and another struck the tools on the car—all done while the car was moving the length of the cigar box."

A Hudson Bay Knife.

I had quite a merry Christmas this year, all things considered, and had occasion to reflect that I had quite a lot of friends on earth. One of the things that Santa Claus brought down the steam pipes of my flat was a knife. The first Christmas present that I can remember in all my life was that of a knife. I was then a beautiful boy, with trustful blue eyes and lovely yellow hair. I don't know how old I was, but I can remember it to-day. It was about the time I was wearing my first pair of trousers, and I was standing up trying to get one foot through the leg of that garment while I balanced on the other foot. To me entered Santa Claus, bearing a knife, a Barlow knife, a wonderful and joy-giving thing. I remember that I gasped and fell, giving up the attempt to negotiate the garment. From that time to now I presume I have perhaps had other knives given me by Santa Claus, but I never had so big a one as I got this Christmas. It was something like a foot and a half long, and three inches across the blade, with a backbone like a beam and a total weight of a couple of pounds or so. It was in effect a regular Hudson Bay knife, or "Hudson Bay dagger" of the old buffalo days. This form of knife has been made at Sheffield, England, for a century or two, I presume, and was once a regular part of the implements of the Hudson Bay man in the Northwest. It was a splendid all-round tool, made of excellent steel. One could cut down a tree with it, dig a grave with it, cut up a buffalo with it, or dissect his fellow man with it, as he most preferred. It took the place of both butcher knife, skinning knife, hammer, axe and spade, and I presume was as useful a single tool as could well have been devised. The regular price which the Hudson Bay Company charged for this knife in the early days was twenty beaver skins, and it was held cheap at that. In my story last year of our hunt on the Blackfoot reservation I told how our friend Billy Jackson had one of these old-time knives. How old it was no one knew, but it went far back into the buffalo days. The steel in this

blade was perfect. When we wanted to open a can of frozen beans we gave it to Billy, who with one whack of his knife would cut it clean through the middle. This he did many times, but the edge of the knife did not seem to be affected. It was with this knife that Billy built his mountain lion snares, fixed up his bait house, etc. One day Mr. C. S. McChesney, of Troy, N. Y., one of our party, expressed an admiration for this old-time knife, and it was just like Billy Jackson to unbuckle it and hand it to him. I presume that Mr. McChesney never had a gift that he valued more highly than he did this old-time weapon. All his friends asked him where he got it, and where duplicates could be had. Mr. McChesney nosed around the importing houses at New York city, and finally ran out a Sheffield trail and got at the makers of these knives. It was thus that, knowing how delighted I would be with one of them, he sent me this for Christmas. Neither he nor any one could have delighted me more. From this time on, Capt. Bobo, of Mississippi, has got none the best of me in a bear fight, when it comes to a show down of knives. The Bobo bear knife is a Mississippi evolution, and is not dissimilar to the old Hudson Bay dagger.

By the Way.

By the way, speaking of Capt. Bobo, here is a letter for him from Ernest A. Bigelow, of Sutton, Quebec, who says, "Will you kindly give me the address of Capt. Bobo, or of any one else you know of who keeps dogs for bear hunting? I wish to buy a pair."

I presume Capt. Bobo can still be reached by addressing him—Capt. R. E. Bobo, Bobo, Miss. Whether he would part with any of his bear dogs is another question. A good bear dog is worth much frankincense and myrrh. I presume Mr. Bigelow has good bear dog material all around him, but first you want to get your bears, and train your dogs on bear and nothing else. After that you probably won't want to sell your good bear dogs so long as there are any bears left. But Capt. Bobo is the soul of generosity, and it may do no harm to try him anyhow.

The Old Gun.

A friend of mine writes me, "By the way, you should have branded that article of yours about the old gun that appeared in the last issue of *FOREST AND STREAM* 'Delayed in transit.' We do not want our reputation as law-abiding citizens to suffer, and you start off just as if you had that day received a letter from me, asking you to come over here and shoot quail and partridge. Every one knows that in a country where both of these game birds flourish a good, tight closed season is in force after the first of January."

"Delayed in transit" will cover the above case. Of course there is no imputation of laxity to the morals of my friend or myself.

Footwear.

Still another friend writes me this week and wants to know where he can get a pair of soft, heelless rubbers with leather tops, "such as Mr. Schultz wore in the Blackfoot hunt." It is an odd thing to say, but I do not believe these goods can be bought in Chicago, in spite of the fact that we have here the largest mail order houses in the world, who wish to supply the mountain and pine country trade. There is no footwear on earth so good for snowshoeing as precisely that above mentioned. The shoes were not stiff and heavy, but of pure, soft rubber; flat-soled inside, and with wide, rolled edges to take the cutting of a crust. The rubbers were the Gold Seal rubbers made by one rubber house, and the leather tops, I understand, are the invention of a Wisconsin man. These shoes were bought at Kalispell, Mont., and they cost there \$2.75 a pair. If some good house will take hold and advertise these shoes in *FOREST AND STREAM*, they can sell a lot of goods. I have often referred to this sort of footwear before.

Scattering.

Mr. A. G. Jordan, of Arrowhead, B. C., writes me: "I am sorry not to have been able to call on you while on my way East from Alaska, but I had to turn back and go to the Peace River. I was looking forward to an enjoyable chat. I arrived home the last week in December, after one of the most exciting trips it was ever my lot to take part in, and I have been in some pretty tight corners. I have traveled all over British Columbia and Alaska." Mr. Jordan wants to know if a story of that sort of thing would be interesting. Sure! Send it along. Gokey, of Dawson, has been out deer hunting and killed five deer.

Wardens at Zilwaukie, Mich., seized thirty barrels of short fish this week. Warden Du Chaine was just going back to Bay City when he heard a New York dealer say that the officers had overlooked a lot of twenty barrels which he had. Warden Du Chaine took the next train back and seized the twenty barrels. This must have seemed to the dealers a good deal like coming back after the safe.

Mr. E. W. Davis, of New York city, asks me where to go for sport in Texas. I have told him to try the new High Island country in Texas. By the way, what has become of Dick Merrill, who was en route for that point at last accounts? I should be glad to have a report of the shooting in that locality.

The Charlotte News, of North Carolina, has issued a special edition of great interest to hunters and fishers. It gives towns in many different counties, describing all the local peculiarities, sort of shooting, hotel and guide rates, and all those particulars which are just such as all sportsmen tourists like to know in advance if possible. As each winter there are a great many inquiries for Southern shooting country, I would suggest it might be well for persons intending to go South to write for a copy of the above-mentioned paper, which sets forth the claims of North Carolina, as below:

"North Carolina is the premier State of the South for the hunter and fisherman. Extending nearly 500 miles from east to west, and at its widest point nearly 200 miles north and south, it embraces sea coast, inlet, swamp, meadow, upland, plateau and mountain; also lake, river and sound, and countless acres of unbroken and untouched virgin forest. Included in this vast and varied domain is nearly every known variety of game pe-

culiar to the temperate zone. To attempt an enumeration would be simply to furnish a list of all varieties of game, with which we of these latitudes are familiar. Particular attention, however, is invited to the attractions of the Pee Dee Valley, for quail, turkeys, ducks, geese and snipe; to the regions adjacent to Wilmington, for fresh and salt-water game fish, and for deer, bears, ducks, geese, snipe and all water fowl; and to the magnificent western North Carolina section for all kinds of larger game, including bears, deer and here and there a panther. Quail are unusually plentiful nearly all over the State; turkeys more or less so, but they are particularly numerous in some favored localities which will be briefly described.

Houses.

I have been startling my friends by telling them that some day, when I get rich, I am going to build me a log cabin here in Chicago. I have tried several different ways of living in this town, and none of them are any good. I quit my club because I found the girl frying beefsteak on the top of the stove, and I am thinking of abandoning the marble palace where I now live because I do not like the babies who live under me. I believe I could be comfortable in a log cabin, where I could drive nails into the wall. My friend Mr. Schultz and I have figured out a very nice plan for a log cabin, and I think if some one would give me a couple of acres of land and a few logs, I could make myself quite comfortable, and be safe from the babies that cry in the night. There is no sort of house pleasanter to live in than a log cabin.

Speaking of houses, it is quite an idea which has just been perfected by those two thoroughgoing sportsmen, Mr. W. B. Mershon, of Saginaw, and his friend, Mr. Morley. These two have formed a partnership for the manufacture of portable houses—practical and convenient. These houses are built in the great mill plant of W. B. Mershon & Co., of Saginaw, and it was there I saw the process of their manufacture during a visit last fall. The houses were as neat and light and beautiful as any one could ask, and so ingeniously made that they could fairly be carried in a shawl strap, and could certainly be taken over any road into a camp by the same wagon which would be necessary to transport a tent and outfit. With one of these houses a fellow can defy the weather and put up his camp for the entire season. These houses must, I think, prove most convenient for use about summer resort places, as servants' quarters, extra guest rooms, etc. They are solid as a rock and can be put together by any intelligent boy. There is not a nail to be driven, and all one needs is a wrench and a screw driver, to tighten up the whole concern and make it perfectly firm and strong. I always thought Mr. Mershon was about the best hustler around a camp that I ever saw, and he has hustled out something here of which we shall hear a great deal more. I don't know that I shall trade my log cabin, when I get it done, for one of the "M. & M." portable houses, but if it should come to a show down on a traveling trip. I am afraid I should have to leave my log cabin at home, whereas I could take one of these shawl strap cottages, anywhere from 3 to 36 ft. long, and set up a studio wherever I happened to get caught at night.

How Much Grub to Take Along.

Mr. H. C. Griswold, of Watkins, N. Y., recently wrote me a letter similar to many I have received at different times. He says: "Can you give me the amount of flour, salt, tea, coffee and other eatables necessary for three men in the woods for five months' trapping, etc. You have had experience in the woods and can tell about this, and if you will do so you will oblige me and I will not bother you any more."

The answer to the above letter might be one thing or it might be another, according to the personal preferences of the man making the estimate. I am not trusting to my own judgment or experience in giving the estimate which I do, but to-day I placed Mr. Griswold's letter in the hands of Mr. J. W. Schultz, who was here in the office. Mr. Schultz is an old-time guide and outfitter who has taken out very many parties in the Western country, more especially in the Northern Rockies. He submits the following estimate as being about what he would advise, and I have every reason to believe that it would be about right, which is to say, ample and not too extensive. I suggest the preservation of this list by others who may be in Mr. Griswold's position: 300lbs. flour, 200lbs. bacon, 100lbs. sugar, 5lbs. tea, 30lbs. coffee, 150lbs. beans, 300lbs. potatoes, 50lbs. onions, 8lbs. baking powder or 2lbs. yeast cakes, 10lbs. salt (food only), 75lbs. evaporated fruits, 5 gallons syrup, 25lbs. rice, 50lbs. oatmeal, butter, Worcestershire sauce, sage, etc., ad libitum. Dried vegetables are also very good. It should be remembered that the above outfit is for three men for five months. Estimates for other times or parties can be scaled from the above. This is plain food for plain men. The list would ordinarily be fuller for pleasure parties.

On the Great Lakes.

The Fish and Game Commission of Michigan has been waging a hot fight this fall with the violators of the laws on whitefish and trout on the Great Lakes, more especially with the Beaver Island fishermen. Most of this work has been under the charge of Deputy Brewster, and it has been successful. It cost the State of Michigan over \$700 to hire tugs and men in the police work on Lake Michigan.

E. HOUGH.

1200 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

New York Game Law.

THE Assembly Committee on Fisheries and Game: Messrs. Axtell, of Delaware; Bryan, of Jefferson; Halleck, of Suffolk; Kelly, of Herkimer; Sage, of Albany; Doughty, of Queens; Davis, of New York; Beede, of Essex; Pickett, of Clinton; Bashford, of Columbia; Meyer, of New York.

The Senate Committee on Forest, Fish and Game Laws: Messrs. Brown, Chahoon, Malby, Ford, D. F. Davis, La Roche and Havens.

OKAHUMPKA, Fla., Jan. 14.—The quail shooting and black bass fishing are both very good at this place. The Clarendon Hotel furnishes boats free of charge and bird dogs and team when out for the entire day. J. B. W.

Camp Cookery.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Do you not think it possible that Col. Mather could be persuaded to write a cook book?

There is crying need of a treatise on game cooking in camp and kitchen.

The Colonel knows it thoroughly, and could tell it so pleasantly that the guild would rise and call him blessed. Put it before him as a duty, and enter my name for two copies—one each for camp and kitchen.

LEWIS HOPKINS.

[Did Mr. Hopkins ever test the recipes given in Seneca's "Canoe and Camp Cookery"? They are accounted good ones.]

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing and hunting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in *FOREST AND STREAM*.

A Question and Some Answers.

THERE are a whole mess of things that I'd like to know that seem to be important, but I never mention them, because I don't believe that any one else knows the answers to them, for they are such as "Lord Dunderbary" classed as "things no fellow can find out." But my question is not in this category; it's a simple thing, and as I have been answering questions for years, this will show that I can ask one.

For about fifty years I have been bothered about a berry that I met in boyhood, and have never met since. I never knew but one individual bush which bore it, and every year, and for a dozen years up to 1853, I ate berries from it. The bush grew in a ravine back of the sulphur spring called "Harrowgate," above the B. & A. R. R. near Greenbush, now Rensselaer, N. Y., opposite Albany. John Atwood called them "cedar berries," and my recollection of the bush was a branching shrub about 3 ft. high with dark green leaves like spruce or cedar, but of course it was neither of these trees. The berries were like nothing I've seen since, and I've vagabondized quite a bit in the woods from Minnesota to Texas, and from New York to western Kansas.

The berries were, as memory recalls them, about 1/4 in. in diameter by 3/8 in. long, of a rich salmon color and sweet. A peculiar feature was that the outer or calyx end was open and a seed was plainly visible half-way down the berry. As I knew every hill, ravine, farm and bit of timber on both sides of the river within a radius of ten miles, and never found another bush bearing berries like that one, nor ever ran across one in other parts, those berries have bothered me for years to know their name and character. Some botanist will, no doubt, know all about them, and he's the fellow that I'm after.

While on the subject of berries, I must confess to being confused by some common names of them, as outside of a few water plants I know nothing of botany. I know that the wintergreen berry is called "checkerberry," but what is the "service berry," so often spoken of? I suspect it to be one of two which in the locality of my boyhood bore other names. There was an edible red berry that grew on a creeping vine, and the berry had two "eyes," probably the calyxes of two flowers, which had merged into one fruit. The berry was wider than long; one called them "squaw berries" and others termed them "eye berries." Then there was a plant which bore a cluster of white flowers in June on a stalk some 6 in. high, which turned into a cluster of a dozen to twenty red berries, and these we boys knew as "bunch berries," "pigeon berries" and "partridge berries." I suspect one of these two berries as being the "service berry," but why "service"?

Stocking a Trout Pond.

The following question came by mail: "How many trout will a pond of, say, one square acre, with an average depth of 10 ft., support? We would like to have an idea of what a small pond will stand, so as neither to under nor overstock."

This is hard to answer, because each pond is a problem by itself, and into this problem come flow, temperature and the food supply. All these things are prime factors and not one to be slighted or there will be no use in stocking the pond at all. But here goes as a random shot:

A square acre of water 10 ft. in depth, of a summer temperature not above 75 degrees Fahr., at the surface and not above 65 degrees at bottom, containing 4,840 sq. yds. of surface, or 14,500 cu. yds., should give breathing room to 20,000 trout of 1 lb. weight, if the flow of water is sufficient for proper aeration with submerged water plants to assist. This is a theoretical view, but no pond of that description could furnish food for trout of that number and size.

If ordinary conditions of flow and proper temperatures prevail, I would stock it with not more than 3,000 yearlings, or 1,200 two-year-olds; the yearlings to be not less than 5 to 6 in. and the two-year-olds from 9 to 11 in. That would be the maximum number, and one-half the figures the minimum. Introduce water cress in the shallows, but don't let it choke the flow, as it sometimes does. This plant helps to keep the water cool and is a good feeding ground for crustaceans, but it will need thinning in summer. Then plant the "fresh-water shrimp" *Gammarus*, and the *Asellus* or "water asel," and they will thrive among the cress and provide food for young trout. Insect larvæ will come without planting, and help feed the fish.

The only fish I ever recommend for trout waters is the golden shiner (*Notemigonus crysoleucas*), or the red fin (*Notropis megalops*); but these are never recommended unless the pond contains catfish, sunfish, bass or perch. If you have no fish but trout in your pond put no other in it. You may introduce the little newt, called also eft, evet, salamander, etc., and mis-called "lizard." Lizards have scales and live on land.

The best trout lake I know of is Wilmurt, in the Adirondacks. It is on a mountain top, and its outlet filters through the rocks, and breaks out some hundreds of yards below, barring the ascent of all fishes. Brook trout and newts are the only vertebrates in it.

Mosquitoes and Malaria.

All kinds of questions come my way. I must have a reputation for knowing a heap more than I do. A man writes and asks: "Do you believe in the latest theory, that mosquitoes propagate malaria?"

The elder Agassiz fought the evolution proposition, and he had a reputation as a great naturalist. In his day that term covered all that was known in scientific lore as it covered it in Humboldt's day, and he had a great following among those who thought that all religious ideas were to be upset just as the same class thought when Galileo declared that the world was round.

The late Prof. Edward D. Cope, when on a trip up the East River to Glen Island, bound for a dinner of the Ichthyophagous Club, said, in the presence of a number of us that: "Agassiz is too old to receive and entertain new ideas"; and added: "Science is advancing, and no zoologist should live beyond his sixtieth year." This was about fifteen years ago, and Prof. Cope died when about the age he had named.

This is cited merely to show that men are not alike. My early training and belief was that the poison of the mosquito was an antidote for malaria, and that its mission was to relieve dwellers in swamps from the evils of their environment. This was not an unnatural belief in that day, in fact it seems as if there was no need of the mosquito to propagate malaria in the swamps where it reigned supreme.

There the matter rested until the new theory was advanced, and if it is proved to be correct, I will accept it, although beyond the age-limit set by Prof. Cope. But is the case proved? The following will show the inoculation side: The quotation is from an article by Dr. Amico Bignami, lecturer in the Institute of Pathological Anatomy of the Royal University at Rome, in a recent number of the *Lancet*: "To sum up, malaria is a disease which is contracted by inoculation—a fact of which we have now obtained the first experimental proof, since we have seen that an individual who has never had malarial fever, by sleeping in a healthy place, where no one had ever previously taken fever, may sicken with malaria of a grave type if bitten by certain species of the mosquito brought in the adult state from some distant locality of highly malarious character. Further, everything points to the conclusion that inoculation is the only mode by which infection is acquired, since air and water as carriers of infection may be excluded, and because arguments based on analogy all tend in the same direction. This much, at any rate, we can assert, namely, that inoculation is the only mechanism of infection which has been demonstrated experimentally."

I don't like to be classed with the obstructionists mentioned by Prof. Cope, because I have passed his age limit, but having been a victim to what the doctors have called "malaria," in Brooklyn, during winter months when a mosquito could not live and not more than three feeble ones had been seen during the summer, I am inclined to attribute the "malaria" to something other than that insect.

FRED MATHER.

The Massachusetts Association.

BOSTON, Jan. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: The Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association enters upon another year—the twenty-fifth—of its useful and profitable existence. For twenty-five years it has stood for the enactment of laws for the protection of fish and game, and their rigid enforcement. The scope of its usefulness has been enlarged from time to time, and it is today regarded as a powerful factor in behalf of wholesome and beneficent measures relating to fish and game. It has raised and expended large sums of money for restocking our natural covers with game birds suitable to our climate and surroundings, and it is still in good condition, and prepared to continue in the good work for which it was formed. It bears on its rolls of membership many genuine sportsmen—business and professional men who find their enjoyment in the fields and on the lakes and streams—men who have given freely of their time and means to promote the interests of fish and game protection, thereby fostering at the same time the public interest.

The annual meeting was held at the Copley Square Hotel on Wednesday evening, the 11th inst., and was largely attended. Previous to the general gathering, a meeting of the board of management was held, at which Vice-President B. C. Clark presided. Several matters of interest were informally discussed and referred to the new board for future action. At the association meeting Col. Horace T. Rockwell, the president, occupied the chair, and there were present ex-Presidents B. C. Clark, E. A. Samuels and George W. Wiggins; Ivers W. Adams, Dr. John T. Stetson, John N. Roberts, I. Q. A. Field, J. Russell Reed, Arthur W. Robinson, Dr. I. W. Bull, Dr. E. W. Branigan, Loring Crocker, Dr. A. R. Brown, A. C. Risteen, Robert S. Gray, Geo. O. Sears, Warren Hapgood, W. B. Hastings, Richard V. Joyce, Arthur I. Selfridge, E. E. Small, George Loring, C. J. H. Woodbury, A. S. Adams, Sumer A. Ganed, Charles C. Williams, Charles Stewart, Dr. George H. Payne, W. C. Woodward, Charles Butcher, Levi Kennison, C. A. Reed, N. L. Martin, Col. George L. Shepley, of Providence; C. M. Gallaup, Judge S. A. Bolster, C. A. Bamey, George M. Tufts, Joseph Guild and others. Several proposals for membership were referred to the appropriate committee, and a ballot resulted in the unanimous election of Dr. Maurice H. Richardson, Mr. Bliss Black and Mr. W. S. Hinman to membership. Mr. Kimball, the treasurer, presented his report, by which it appeared that the funds were in good condition, and that there was a balance on hand at the beginning of the year of \$231.70. The invested funds had grown somewhat during the year, and now amounted to \$2,635.70. The committee on ballot announced the election of the following officers for the ensuing year:

President, George W. Wiggins; Vice-Presidents, Horace T. Rockwell, Benjamin C. Clark, C. J. H. Woodbury, Robert S. Gray, James Russell Reed, Heber Bishop, E. A. Samuels; Secretary and Treasurer, Henry H. Kimball; Librarian, Dr. E. W. Branigan; Executive Committee, Dr. John T. Stetson, Charles Stewart, William B. Smart, Rollin Jones, Charles M. Bryant, George H. Payne, John N. Roberts, Charles G. Gibson, Dr. A. R. Brown, A. C. Risteen, Loring Crocker, E. E. Small; Membership Com-

mittee, Arthur W. Robinson, Thomas H. Hall, W. B. Hastings; Fund Committee, Warren Hapgood, Charles C. Williams, George O. Sears.

Col. Rockwell on retiring from the chair spoke of the good work done by the Association, for in spite of the cavil and criticisms that were formerly heard the Association had performed a great amount of work for the public good. His predecessors had been a long line of enthusiastic and honorable sportsmen, who had given of their time and money to further the objects of the Association, and he congratulated his fellow members upon the election of Mr. Wiggins, who had been in the position before, and who could always be counted upon for efficient work. Ex-Presidents Clark and Samuels conducted Mr. Wiggins to the chair, and that gentleman thanked the members for the confidence extended him. Up to the present moment he said he had hardly decided whether it was his duty to accept the burden laid upon him. He had been there before, and knew something of the duties of the position. It entails time and money and ceaseless activity, and so strong was his interest in the Association and its work that he felt it his duty to accept once more the presidency, and he promised his best efforts in its behalf. Since its organization not a year has gone by that it has not done good work before the Legislature to secure proper fish and game laws, and in various other ways has its influence been potent. We have always had our attorney ready and willing to bring cases of violation of the laws before the courts, and he has brought many such cases to a successful issue. In many instances, as is well known, it is exceedingly difficult to secure evidence against known violators of the law, but once give us the proper evidence and our attorney will push the cases to conviction. He closed by invoking the hearty co-operation of all the members as well as all the advocates of fish and game protection, as only in that way could successful results be obtained.

A vote of thanks was passed to Col. Rockwell for his two years' successful administration, and the Colonel briefly responded.

Col. Shepley, of Providence, gave an interesting talk upon tarpon fishing, premising his remarks by saying that so wonderful was that sport that it was almost impossible to lie about it. He then proceeded to give his experiences, some of which would have seemed to border on the miraculous had it not been for his disclaimer. Mr. Walter Selaman, of Newark, N. J., spoke interestingly of the boar, kangaroo and alligator hunting. Mr. W. S. Hinman told of seeing a bunch of partridges that were entirely innocent of shot marks hanging up in a market.

After the appointment of a committee to arrange for the annual dinner—always the swell affair of the Association—a very interesting and successful meeting was brought to a close.

WILLIAM B. SMART.

Spawning Grilse.

NEW YORK, Jan. 11.—Mr. Mowat's note on spawning grilse in this week's *FOREST AND STREAM* suggests the idea that his grilse may have been mature small salmon that have wandered into the Restigouche River from some smaller stream. In some of the streams of Newfoundland and Labrador, salmon seem to mature at less than 4lbs. weight. At first I took these fish for grilse, but on discovering that many of them contained well developed ova, a little close observation taught me to pick out the salmon readily by their mature general appearance. In some of the small Atlantic streams of the far north the majority of the salmon seem to be mature at from 3½ to 5lbs. weight, and I assume that they are fish that have adapted themselves to an environment. Breeding stations are not apt to be erected on streams containing small salmon only, and it is possible that an interesting chapter on small salmon remains to be written.

R. T. M.

Female Grilse.

OFFICE OF OFFICIAL REPORTERS OF DEBATES, House of Representatives, U. S., Washington, D. C., Jan. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: Referring to the interesting letter of Mr. Alexander Mowat, on the subject of female grilse, I wish to say that in 1896, while fishing on the Little South-west Miramichi in New Brunswick with Mr. Henry Braithwaite, I killed a grilse weighing 3½lbs., which was in every respect, so far as eggs, etc., were concerned, a miniature female salmon. The eggs were about the size of those which are found in a 2lb. brook trout. Mr. Braithwaite, while cleaning the fish, called my attention to the fact. He said he had seen several female grilse, but that they were by no means common.

FREDERIC IRLAND.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

Jan. 18.—Logansport, Ind.—North Central Indiana Poultry Association's bench show. Sol. D. Brandt, Sec'y.
Jan. 19-21.—New Orleans, La.—New Orleans Fox Terrier Club's show. Wm. Le Monnier, Sec'y.
Feb. 8-11.—Milwaukee, Wis.—Bench show for the benefit of the Wisconsin training school for nurses. E. J. Meisenheimer, Sec'y.
Feb. 21-24.—New York.—Westminster Kennel Club's twenty-third annual show. Jas. Mortimer, Sec'y and Supt.
March 7-10.—Grand Rapids, Mich.—Butterfly Association's bench show. Miss Grace H. Griswold, Sec'y.
March 14-17.—St. Louis, Mo.—St. Louis Kennel Club's show.
March 21-24.—Chicago.—Mascot Kennel Club's show.
April 4-7.—Boston, Mass.—New England Kennel Club's bench show. James Mortimer, Manager.
Nov. 22-24.—New York.—American Pet Dog Club's show. S. C. Hodge, Supt.

FIELD TRIALS.

Jan. 16.—Bakersfield, Cal.—Field trials of the Pacific Coast Field Trials Club. J. Kilgariff, Sec'y.
Jan. 16.—West Point, Miss.—U. S. F. T. C. winter trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.
Jan. 23.—West Point, Miss.—Champion Field Trials Association's fourth annual trials.
Feb. 6.—Madison, Ala.—Alabama Field Trial Club's third annual trials. T. H. Spencer, Sec'y.

Dogs for Grizzlies.

BOSTON, Mass.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: Last September, while shooting in the Rocky Mountains, I

wounded two "silver tips" which I was unable to track in the thick timber and so lost.

During this same trip I constantly came upon the fresh tracks of mountain lions, but was unable to get a shot at this game.

As I am making arrangements now for another trip next fall, I write to ask if you can give me any information about getting a pair of well trained bear dogs, which can also be used for treeing mountain lions and tracking wounded game; also what such a pair of well trained dogs should cost. I care nothing about breed, but want only dogs experienced in such hunting.

During my trip last September I shot two grizzlies, but had I had a pair of good dogs I should have probably gotten five, as I had three other good shots offered me.

As I shall have no opportunity in giving a trial, it is quite necessary that I am put in communication with some reliable party who may have such a pair of dogs for sale. If you can help me in this matter I shall be greatly obliged.

J. H. K.

International Field Trial Cup.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I send you to-day a photograph of the very handsome cup donated to the club by Mr. Thomas Johnson, which has just arrived from Winnipeg. The cup was to go to the winner of the All-Age Stake at the late trials. Mr. Geo. Kime's English setter dog Noble Chieftain was the lucky dog, and he comes honestly by his good field qualities, being by Dash Antonia, out of a bitch by Old Mingo.

Your reporter omitted to mention of the cup in his report of the trials and also in his report of the annual meeting of the club, that Mr. Johnson had been unanimously elected an honorary member, in recognition of and as a slight return for his generous support of the club since its start in 1889.

WM. B. WELLS, Hon. Sec'y I. F. T. C.

Points and Flushes.

The twenty-third annual dog show of the Westminster Kennel Club, to be held in Madison Square Garden, New York, Feb. 21-24, promises to be in every way a success. Entries close Feb. 6. For premium lists, etc., apply to the Superintendent, Mr. James Mortimer, Room 812, Townsend Building, 1123 Broadway, New York.

The Poultry Gentleman's Poultry, Dog and Pet Stock Association was organized on Jan. 12, and it voted to hold a poultry dog and pet stock show Feb. 28 to March 2. Dr. Hacker was elected president and Judson S. Newing treasurer of the Association. The other officers chosen were: Poultry Department, Vice-President, George C. Salmon, of Port Dickinson, and Secretary and Superintendent, Nat. E. Luce. Kennel and Pet Stock Department, Vice-President, J. B. Hadsell, Jr.; Secretary and Superintendent, A. Perry Fish; Veterinarian, Dr. H. H. Tarr. Bench Committee, A. Perry Fish, Thomas B. Beaty, Fred. W. Smith, J. Hadsell, Jr., Samuel Hill, Dr. H. H. Tarr and Dr. W. H. Hacker.

ROXBURY, Mass., Jan. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: At the annual meeting of the Brunswick Fur Club, held at Barre, Mass., on Jan. 9, the following officers were elected: O. T. Joslin, President; A. B. F. Kinney, Solomon Bennett, J. H. Van Dorn, Vice-Presidents; A. B. McGregor, M. F. H.; Bradford S. Turpin, Secretary; W. B. Stone, Treasurer; Dr. A. C. Heffenger, L. E. Conant, Geo. E. Carr, L. O. Dennison, Executive Committee; J. H. Van Dorn, Delegate to A. K. C.

BRADFORD S. TURPIN, Sec'y.

Canoeing.

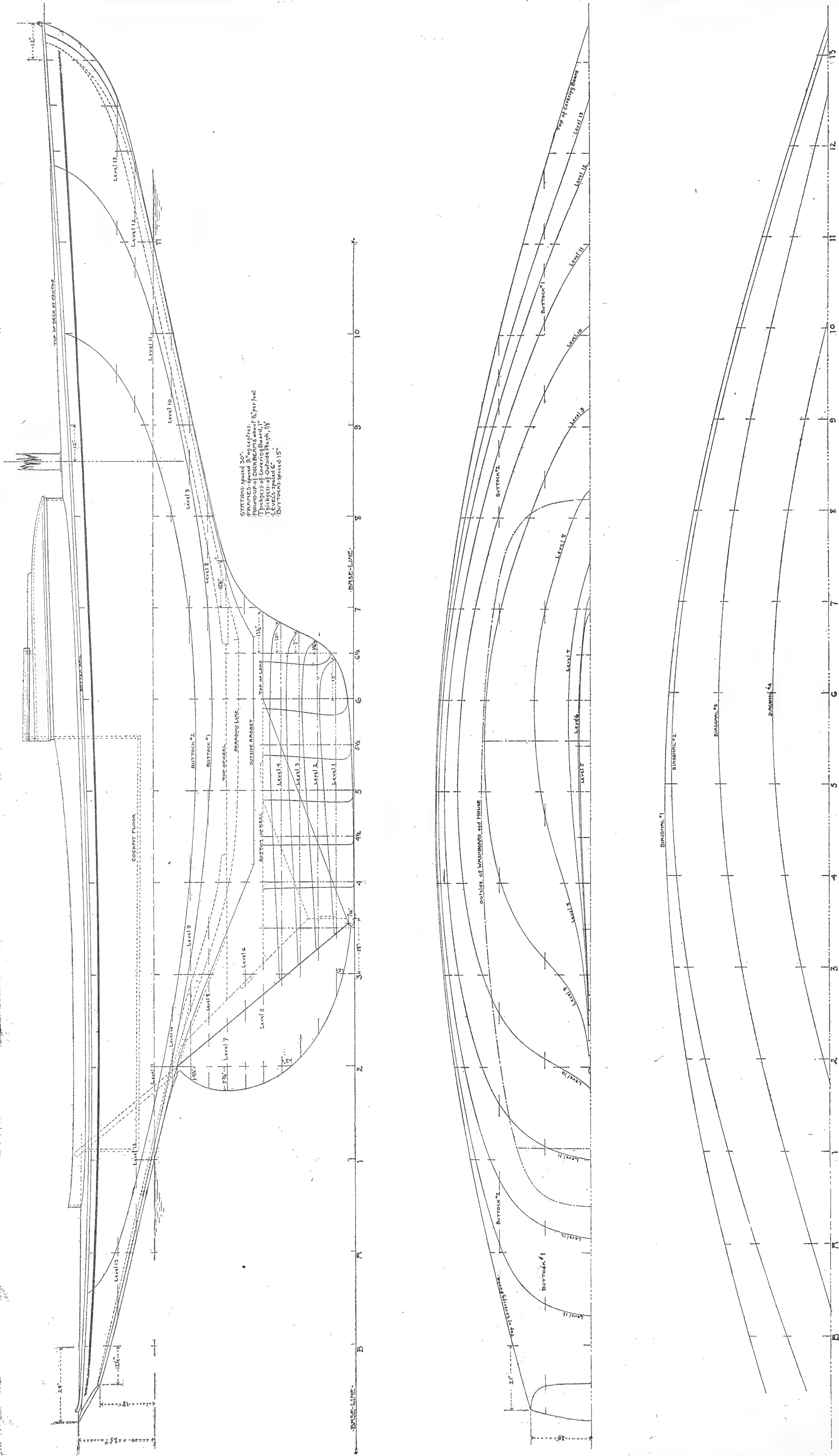
Fittings for Canoes and Small Craft.

THAT experienced cruiser, Mr. W. Baden-Powell, writes as follows in the *Field* concerning the fittings and appliances for small craft. It must be said that matters are in a better state on this side of the water within a few years past than ever before, and in some lines a very high degree of perfection has been reached. At the same time there are some necessary articles not easily obtained in the proper size and quality for the small cruiser.

Considering the enormous increase in the number of small yachts, sailing boats and canoes all over England in the last few years, it is really an astonishing thing to find that practically nothing has been done by tradesmen in the way of placing before the public, ready made, the necessary or useful metal fittings and other furniture specially adapted to small craft. For yachts and steam launches almost every bit of metal fitting required for hull or rigging can be purchased at the yacht store dealers at comparatively moderate prices, either in galvanized iron, copper, or brass. But for canoes and canoe-yawls almost the whole of the metal fittings, except common cleats, have to be hand made to drawings, and templates supplied by owner or builder to a local metal smith. The consequence is that such fittings cost about double the amount which would be asked if they were turned out wholesale and bought up by builders or even by owners.

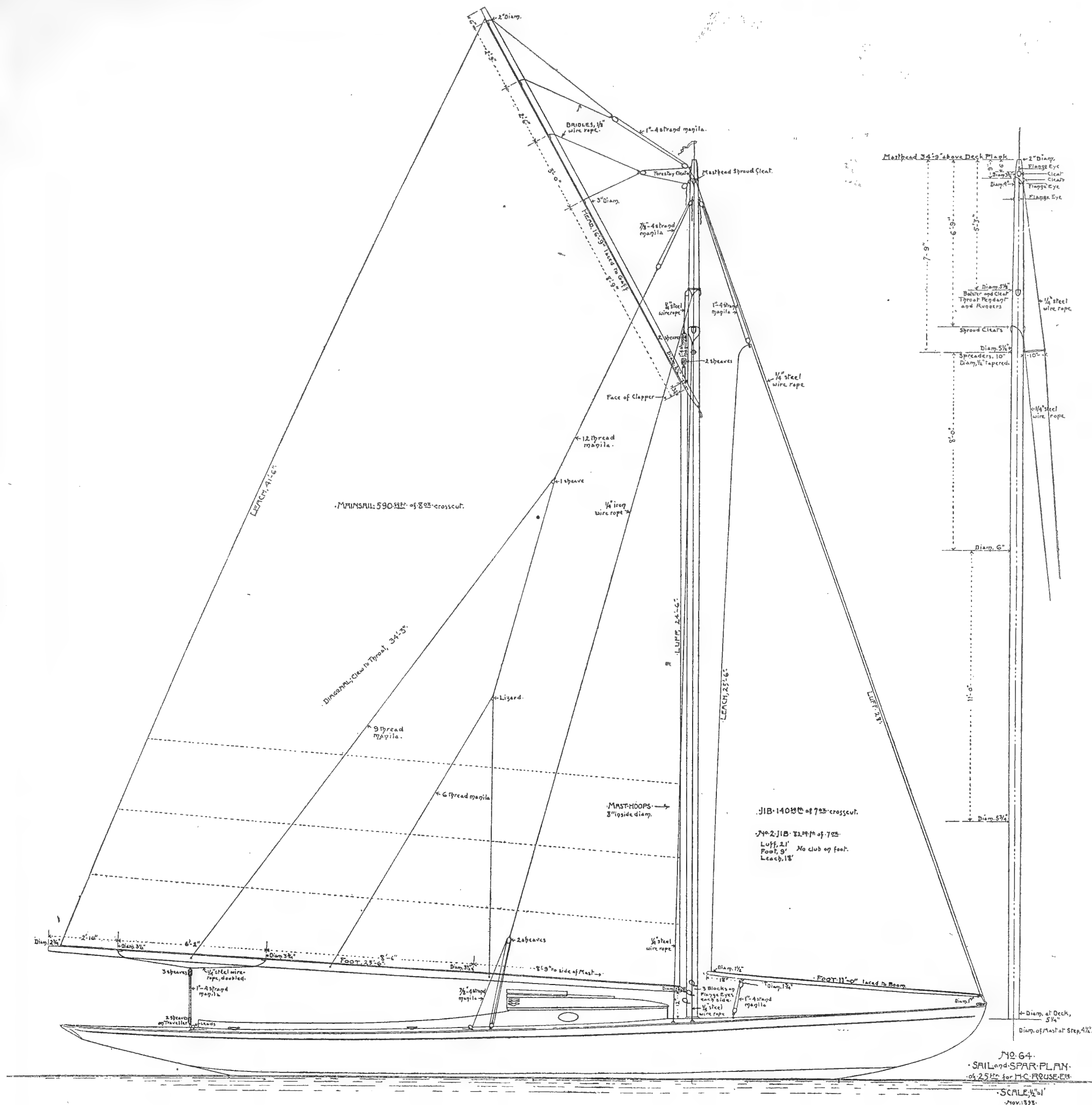
Of course, in years gone by the answer to this was that the trade was so small as not to be worth the attention of manufacturers; but the fleet of small craft has quite changed since then, and at present the result is that, unless the expensive special fitting is adopted, the small raters, canoe-yawls and canoes are very commonly fitted up with metal work and fittings ridiculously large and heavy, and certainly not of the most convenient or modern pattern. Jaws for gaff or boom, made in brass and leather covered, should be procurable in various sizes and strengths; leather covered brass mast rings for lug hal-yards, with a neatly rounded eye wrought on, or a bent wire ring eye on the bight, with thimble, should be procurable in several sizes. Boxwood bullseyes stropped with brass bands for screwing to deck as fairleads for sheets, bullseyes stropped with screw-pin shackles, brass stropped boxwood blocks, masthead rigging collars, stem head fittings, and a host of other things should be purchasable ready made and of size exactly wanted in each class of

The members of the Horseshoe Harbor Club, of Larchmont, met at the Manhattan Hotel on Monday evening for their annual meeting, and elected officers for the ensuing year: Com., Albert C. Smith, Oconnee; Vice-Com., Frank E. Towle, Fairy; Sec'y, W. J. Merrill; Treas., Duncan Sterling, and Trustee, Eustis L. Hopkins. The reports of the various committees showed the club to be in excellent condition in all departments. Over forty members were present, among them being ex-Commodores Joseph H. Sterling and George S. Towle; Vice-Commo-



KEEL SLOOP OF 25FT. L.W.L.

Designed and built for Com. H. C. Rouse, Seawanhaka Cor. Y. C., by the Marblehead Yacht Yard, W. B. Stearns, 1899



SAIL PLAN OF 25FT. KEEL SLOOP.

dores Howard L. Curry and E. G. Unitt; Measurer Frank E. Towle, Jr., Captains Bird, Price, Scott, Barretto, Haigh, Pinckney, Ackerman, Griffen, Camp and others. Ex-Secretary C. S. Gaubert presented a magnificent silver cup for the racing of 1899.

The Union des Yachts Francais has given notice that at the request of the technical commission the council has

decided that those foreign clubs giving their regattas under the measurement and rules of 1892 may, on request, be represented in the congress of 1899 by one of their members, who will have the right to vote.

A Fast 25-footer.

THE accompanying design was made by the Marblehead Yacht Yard, W. B. Stearns, for Com. H. C. Rouse, Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C., and two yachts are now building from it at the yard for Com. Rouse and a friend. They are intended for day sailing on open water, with some cabin accommodation, though not such as would be required for cruising. The order in a general way called for a keel boat of not over 5ft. 6in. draft, with knock-about rig of small area, large cockpit, small cabin house, strong and durable construction, and handsome finish. The boats were expected to be fast for the type, and easy in a sea. The dimensions finally chosen by the builder were:

Length over all	38ft.
L.W.L.	25ft.
Beam, extreme	8ft. 6in.
Beam, L.W.L.	8ft.
Draft	5ft. 6in.
Least freeboard	1ft. 9in.
Displacement	10,000lbs.
Ballast	5,000lbs.
Sail area	730 sq. ft.

The plans speak for themselves, and give every indication of realizing the expectations of designer and owners. The hull is planked with hard pine in single lengths, all copper fastened, the lead keel is slightly bulbed, and is fastened with Tobin bronze bolts, the plank-sheer and deck joiner work are of mahogany, the deck is of white pine,

and the cabin is finished in mahogany and butternut. Com. Rouse is the owner of the one-design Seawanhaka knock-about Mistral, designed and built by Mr. Stearns last year.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

THE following scores were made in regular competition by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association, Jan. 8, at Four-Mile House, Reading Road. Conditions: 200yds., off-hand, at the German ring target. Gindele was declared champion with a score of 226 on that target. Payne was high with 66 on the honor target. Gindele was high with 231 for the Uckotter trophy. A strong, gusty wind prevailed throughout the day, making the shooting difficult.

Champion target:		Honor target:		Special Scores.	
Gindele	23 19 24 22 24 21 22 24 23 24—226	24 16 15—55	231	224	216
Payne	21 22 13 22 20 21 22 20 16 20—197	22 22 22—66	223	213	204
Weinheimer	19 17 21 22 16 18 17 20 22 16—188	23 21 17—61	207	207	194
Uckotter	21 16 21 15 19 2 18 9 16 19—156	23 13 15—61	192	185	176
Roberts	22 21 20 18 20 20 14 17 25 21—198	15 20 17—52	202	210	199
Drube	24 20 13 14 20 17 16 18 21 18—181	18 24 22—64	208	194	188
Topf	19 11 7 1 6 19 22 14 21 15—135	19 12 19—50	178	177	179
Gassman	25 10 16 20 23 14 17 24 21 21—191	21 23 13—57	188	186	182
Strickmeier	18 19 17 22 14 18 19 22 19 20—188	17 19 21—57	206	195	206
Hasenzahl	21 21 24 22 21 23 21 22 21 20—216	19 25 19—63	207	206	205

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Rifle at Shell Mound.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 9.—A pleasant day greeted the marksmen who assembled at Shell Mound yesterday to inaugurate the year's shooting programmes. The following organizations held contests: The Naval Militia, Independent Rifles, Germania Schuetzen Club, German Krieger Verein, Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club and the Norddeutscher Schuetzen Club.

Aside from the ordinary medals and prizes, the Germania Schuetzen Club announced the following premiums for public competition matches, to be contested every second and fourth Sunday of each month: \$420 divided in prizes, tapering from \$100 down to \$8, for the best ten scores on the ring target and the best five centers during the year, and the Bushnell medal for the championship of the Pacific Coast.

The Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club offers class medals for members, experts, sharpshooters and marksmen, to be contested for on the second Sunday of each month. Re-entry matches, Glindeman medal, for all comers; military and repeating rifle medal; Siebe all-comers' pistol medal, for 50yd. range, off-hand; Lewis' all-comers' revolver trophy; Daiss' all-comers' .22 and .25cal. rifle medal, with Jacobson's medal for members added; diploma for best two scores on rifle, pistol, military revolver, .22 and .25cal.

The following scores were recorded at yesterday's contests of the various clubs:

Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club—Ten-shot scores, pistol range, 50 ds., Columbia target; Daiss and Jacobson medal, .22 and .25cal. rifle: F. O. Young 29; George Mannell 35, 41. Siebe pistol medal—F. O. Young 44, 56; G. M. Barley 52. Class medals—J. E. Gorman 46, G. M. Barley 53, M. J. White 60, F. O. Young 59, J. P. Cosgrave 79, Mrs. M. J. White 65, J. J. Fitzpatrick 138. Rifle class medals—Dr. Rodgers 69, E. Jacobson 78, F. O. Young 79, M. J. White 87, G. M. Barley 128, J. J. Fitzpatrick 152, Mrs. M. J. White 158. Glindeman all-comers' rifle medal—F. O. Young 44, 52, E. Jacobson 60, E. N. Moor 88, G. Mannell 89.

Germania Schuetzen Club, monthly medal shoot—First champion class, Dr. L. Rodgers 434; second champion class, Nick Ahrens 415; first class, John Gefken 388; second class, E. H. Goetze 375; third class, H. Likendey 342; best first shot, August Jungblut, 25; last best shot, Dr. L. Rodgers, 24. Yearly competition shoot for Bushnell medal, highest scores—F. P. Schuster 220, Dr. L. Rodgers 216, A. Strecker 215. Yearly competition for cash prizes, highest scores—Dr. L. Rodgers 72, J. Utschig 71, A. Strecker 70, J. D. Heise 69, E. H. Goetze 68, F. P. Schuster 67, William Goetze 67.

German Krieger Verein Schuetzen Section, monthly bullseye and medal shoot—Champion class, Oscar Dammer 365; first class, Fritz Kaiser 352; second class, John Bender 346; third class, Charles Meyer 298; best first shot, George Hetzel, 21; best last shot, F. Kaiser, 23; most bullseyes, O. Dammer. Bullseye shoot—F. Kaiser 743, O. Dammer 1232, Charles Meyer 1542, John Bender 1619, Charles Weggeman 1751.

San Francisco Schuetzen Verein, monthly medal shoot—Champion, first and second classes, not filled; third class, E. H. Goetze 391; fourth class, John Beuttler 382; best first shot, Gustav Schulz, 23; best last shot, E. Stettin, 25.

ROEEL.

Mr. James Conlin, famous as an instructor in the art of rifle and pistol shooting, has been established some weeks in his old quarters, Thirty-first Street and Broadway, New York, where the famous FOREST AND STREAM and other matches were contested. He contemplates holding an international rifle tournament in the week in which the sportsmen's show is held. His gallery is most perfectly equipped with fine rifles and pistols; and numerous targets, authentic beyond doubt and marvelous in their record of accuracy, hang on the walls. Mr. Conlin intends to run his gallery on the same high plane as in the past, and make it again famous for its skillful contests.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Jan. 18.—Reading, Pa.—The Reading handicap; open to all, \$10 entrance, \$150 guaranteed. Arthur A. Fink, Manager.
Jan. 18.—Stony Creek, Pa.—Stony Creek handicap, 25 live birds. A. A. Fink, Manager, 426 Franklin St., Reading, Pa.
Jan. 21.—Holmesburg Junction.—Fulford-Heikes contest for E C cup at 1:30 P. M., on grounds of the Keystone Shooting League, Holmesburg Junction, on Pennsylvania R. R.
Jan. 25.—Singac, N. J.—Twenty-five live-bird handicap, \$10 entrance, birds extra. Arthur Bunn, Manager.
Jan. 28.—Brooklyn, L. I.—Brooklyn Gun Club's monthly shoot at targets. John Wright, Manager.
Feb. 13.—Pawling, N. Y.—Tournament of the Pawling Rod and Gun Club; targets. Geo. S. Williams, Sec'y.
Feb. 14.—Lyndhurst, N. J.—Tournament of the Lyndhurst Shooting Association. Main event, Money vs. Morley, for the E. C. cup and championship of New Jersey. T. W. Morley, Sec'y.
Feb. 22.—Altoona, Pa.—Target tournament of the Altoona Rod and Gun Club. G. G. Zeth, Sec'y.
Feb. 22.—New Haven, Conn.—New Haven Gun Club's tournament; \$20 added money. J. B. Savage, Sec'y.
Feb. 22.—Worcester, Mass.—Tournament of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club; targets. A. W. Walls, Sec'y.
Feb. —Lyndhurst, N. J.—Live-bird tournament of the Brooklyn Gun Club. John Wright, Manager.
March 1.—White Plains, N. Y.—Fifteen live-bird handicap, \$10 entrance, birds included. E. G. Horton, Manager, White Plains.
April 6-8.—Utica, N. Y.—Fulford's handicap at live birds. E. D. Fulford, Manager.
April 11-13.—Elkwood Park, Long Branch, N. J.—The Interstate Association's seventh annual Grand American Handicap tournament.
April 18-20.—Lincoln, Neb.—The Lincoln Gun Club's second annual interstate tournament; targets and live birds; \$500 added. Geo. L. Carter, Sec'y.
April 18-21.—Baltimore, Md.—Prospect Park Shooting Association's tournament; \$500 added. Stanley Baker, Sec'y.
April 25-28.—Baltimore, Md.—Tournament of Baltimore Shooting Association; targets and live birds; money added. Geo. L. Harrison, Sec'y.
May 16-19.—Erie, Pa.—Ninth annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Reed Hurst Gun Club. Frank W. Bacon, Sec'y.
May 16-20.—St. Louis, Mo.—Tournament of the Missouri State Fish and Game Protective Association. H. B. Collins, Sec'y.
May 24-25.—Greenwood, S. C.—Annual live-bird tournament of the Greenwood Gun Club; 25-bird Southern Handicap. R. G. McCants, Sec'y.
June 7-9.—Columbus, O.—Tournament of the Ohio Trap-Shooters' League, under the auspices of the Sherman Rod and Gun Club. T. C. Porterfield, Sec'y, O. T. S. L.
June 7.—Buffalo, N. Y.—New York State shoot, under auspices of the Buffalo Audubon Gun Club, Chas. H. Bamberg, Sec'y.
June 14-16.—Cleveland, O.—Cleveland Target Co.'s tournament.
June 20-22.—Sistersville, W. Va.—Third annual tournament of the West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Wheeling Gun Club, Wheeling, W. Va. John B. Garden, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties on all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

The Brooklyn Gun Club's monthly shoot takes place on Jan. 28. Visitors are welcome. John Wright is manager.

The Pawling Rod and Gun Club will hold a shooting tournament on Lincoln's birthday, Feb. 13, at Pawling, N. Y., on the grounds of the club. There will be twelve events at targets: three at 10 targets, \$1.20 entrance; four at 15 targets, \$1.30 entrance; three at 20, \$1.40 entrance; one at 10 pairs, \$1.40 entrance. One 20-target event will be an allowance handicap, with merchandise prizes added. Experts will be barred from one 10-target and one 15-target event. Total entrance fee, \$15.60. Shooting begins at 9 o'clock A. M. sharp. Sergeant system, electric pull. American Association rules. Purses, four moneys if twelve entries or over; under twelve, three moneys. Lunch served in the club house. Stages run to and from grounds. Special rates at the Dutch House. Extra events will be arranged if time permits. Pawling is ninety miles from New York, on the Harlem Railroad. Geo. S. Williams, Secretary.

The programme of the Altoona Rod and Gun Club's tournament, to be held on their grounds, near Lyswen, Altoona, Pa., Feb. 22, provides ten events at targets. Six are at 10 targets, \$1 entrance; one at 15, \$1.50; one at 20, \$2; one at 25 (the handicap medal event), entrance \$2.50; and one at 5 pairs, \$1. All events will be at unknown angles. A good lunch will be served in the club house dining room. Guns and shells shipped in care of the secretary will be delivered on the grounds free. Purses will be divided according to the Jack Rabbit system, surplus, 50, 30 and 20 per cent. The grounds are easily reached by electric cars, which run from the center of the city every fifteen minutes. The programme contains a list of hotels, to which the management refers visitors. G. G. Zeth, secretary, Altoona, Pa.

Notwithstanding that Capt. Money has not fully recovered his strength, since his recent severe illness, he was one of the shooters who shot through the whole programme at John Wright's invitation shoot, Jan. 10. For a man who is sixty years old, he is a wonder of vigor and skill, though high as they are they are excluded by his deserved popularity. His score of 97 to Guthrie's 96 out of 100 at Carteret, Nov. 29, is, so far as we know, a record-breaker for all shooters of his age. Indeed, in the matter of skill, endurance and vivacity, the matter of age is of no moment with the popular shooter in question.

The regular annual meeting of the Erie Rod and Gun Club was held on Jan. 11. Officers were elected as follows: President, Frederick Graef; Vice-President and Treasurer, Charles Plate; Secretary, Charles H. Lührssen; Handicapping Committee for the Year, Henry Dohrmann and Charles Plate. The following yearly prize winners were announced: First prize, Class AA, Charles M. Murphy; second prize, Class A, Frederick Graef and Harry Blackley, a tie; it will be shot off later in the season; third prize, Class B, George Fuchs; prizes for best attendance at regular shoots were awarded to George Fuchs and Charles Dettelfsen.

Dominie Beveridge, at present rusticated in Fremont, Neb., says that the best bait for wild geese is the left hindleg of a newly killed rabbit of the plains. Armed with a gun and a rabbit's foot of the above description, together with a few suitable loads for geese, he left his residence early one morning, dug a hole deep enough to conceal him (no easy task, by the way), and scored four straight on geese before breakfast. He further states that four geese, averaging between 13 and 15lbs. each, is as much as one healthy man ought to carry home at any time, whether before or after breakfast.

The Altoona, Pa., Rod and Gun Club held an annual meeting at its club house, near the city, on Monday evening, Jan. 9. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, G. T. Bell; Vice-President, R. A. McNaught; Treasurer, R. H. Fay; Secretary, G. G. Zeth; Captain, J. F. Killits; Executive Committee: Ed Kottmann and W. E. Bell. The club is arranging for a number of shoots for the coming season, and its events will no doubt figure among the prominent ones.

The shoot held last week under the auspices of the Brooklyn, N. Y., Gun Club, was such a success that Manager John S. Wright has determined to run another on similar lines. The next effort will be held toward the close of next month, and will be brought off on the grounds of the Lyndhurst Shooting Association, at Lyndhurst, N. J., which grounds are under the direct control of T. W. Morley, the well-known live-bird shot, and at present, the champion target shot of the State of New Jersey.

Mr. J. S. Newell, lately connected with the Selby Smelting & Lead Company, of San Francisco, Cal., but now manager of the U. S. Smokeless Powder Company, of the same city, is visiting New York and Eastern points on a business trip. Mr. Newell has been visible on "Sporting Goods Row" for the past few days, and has so far found the weather far from suitable for one so long connected with the delightful climate of the Pacific Slope.

Mr. Rolla O. Heikes made a visit to the Remington factory at Ilion, N. Y., making his headquarters in Utica, the home of Mr. E. Fulford, and received a pleasant visit from the latter. Ilion is only twelve miles from Utica, and is reached easily by train. Mr. Heikes now has his new Remington, a gun of excellent balance and design, and in the hands of the Daddy of them All is likely to be an active factor in future shooting history.

Tuesday of this week, Jan. 17, was the date set for a large sweepstake shoot at the Carteret traps, Garden City, L. I. The conditions were: 50 live birds per man, \$50 entrance. The outlook on Monday was for an entry list approaching the teens, as shooters from Riverton, the Herron Hill Gun Club, of Pittsburg, Pa., and from other crack clubs around New York, had all signified their intention of taking part in the sweep.

Mr. Will K. Park, trap editor of Sporting Life, has entirely recovered from his recent severe illness, and is hustling about again in his old-time way. He is breaking targets much after the manner of a shooter who knows how to shoot. His most recent performance is the winning of the Florists' Gun Club shoot at Wissinoming, Jan. 10, by a score of 42 out of 50, half known, half unknown angles.

Under the able management of John Wright, the Brooklyn Gun Club will give another live-bird shoot in February. John is seriously thinking of engaging a clover leaf grounds for his friends to shoot on, to the end that he will have room for all to enjoy themselves, but he will probably secure some location near New York. John Wright's invitation shoot last week came nearer to being a tournament than many more pretentious shooting affairs.

Last Saturday was a squelcher on trap-shooting. Rainy, foggy, somber and forbidding, it chilled the ardor of the most enthusiastic shooters. Owing to it, the match of Messrs. Banks and Fanning vs. Messrs. Heikes and Halliwell was postponed. The regular club shoots also were sufferers from it. We need rain frequently, but it will do quite as well on any other day.

Capt. Money has just won another match, and with a score that shows that the attack of pleurisy from which he has lately recovered has not injured the working together of his hand and eye. On Saturday afternoon last, Jan. 14, despite rain and fog, he shot a 100-bird race with Leonard Finletter, of Philadelphia, Pa., defeating him by 2 birds, scoring 93 to 91.

Mr. C. C. Beveridge, known to his host of shooting friends by the endearing sobriquet Dominie, is now in Fremont, Neb. Later in the month he contemplates taking a week's quail shooting. He is missed about New York in the club shoots, and there is a gap in the friendly circle due to his absence. May he soon speed eastward.

Charlie Young has gone back to his home in Springfield, O. While here Mr. Young had something very fine in the gun line on exhibition. He showed it to certain parties in the city, and it is understood that he returned to the Buckeye State more than satisfied with the results obtained from his brief visit to about the only city on earth.

Under date of Jan. 12 Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, manager of the Interstate Association, writes us as follows: "Programmes for the Grand American Handicap tournament will be ready for distribution March 1. Entries for the Grand American Handicap will be received at our New York office, Edward Banks, secretary-treasurer, 318 Broadway, New York city."

The officers of the Jeanette Gun Club of New York for 1899 are: President, Fred Ehlen; Vice-President, Fred Carstens; Secretary, W. P. Rottman; Treasurer, J. Nick Brunie. The two latter were re-elected. Shooting Committee and Handicappers: Louis H. Schortemeier, chairman; J. Nick Brunie and Chas. Heilshorn.

There will be a 25-live-bird handicap at Singac, N. J., on Jan. 25. Entrance \$10, birds extra, handicaps from 24 to 32yds. Trains leave Chambers street at 10:30 and 12 o'clock for Little Falls. Take the electric cars from the Erie Depot at Paterson to Singac. Extra events will be shot. Arthur Bunn, manager.

The Mauser rifles were a formidable auxiliary to the period of putting, in which Spain indulged in, in the year now gone. We learn that Messrs. Schoverling, Daly & Gales, have secured a lot of the Mauser rifles which were used in the late war, and will retail them for the low sum of \$7.50.

W. L. Colville (Dick Swiveller), of Batavia, N. Y., has resigned his position as Eastern Manager for the U. S. Smokeless Powder Company, and has now joined the ranks of those who represent the smokeless powder interests of the firm of E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co., of Wilmington, Del.

Mr. E. G. Horton, 100 Railroad avenue, White Plains, N. Y., informs us that on Wednesday, March 1, he will manage a live-bird shoot, a handicap, 32 to 25yds., \$10 entrance, birds included, money divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. The shoot will be held at Molenaar, Sunnyside Kennels, White Plains.

BERNARD WATERS.

Buffalo Audubon Gun Club.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Jan. 12.—The match between Messrs. E. C. Burkhardt and J. C. Roberts, shot at Audubon Park to-day, resulted in a victory for the former by a score of 46 to 42. It was very closely contested up to the last 3 birds. Burkhardt shot 3½drs. Hazard smokeless in U. M. C. factory-loaded shells. The scores:

J. C. Roberts.....202201*211211102122111121—21
E. C. Burkhardt.....11102211212111112122*0—21—42
1*21222222222221*1122102—22
121222122*21111111212212—24—46

Seven birds: E. C. Burkhardt 6, J. C. Roberts 7, C. E. H. 7, Douglass 7, Robinson 7, Russell 7, Crooks 5, Johnson 6.

Five birds: E. C. Burkhardt 5, J. C. Roberts 4, C. E. H. 4, Douglass 5, Robinson 4, Russell 3, Johnson 3.

Jan. 13.—The contest for the Clinton Bidwell trophy between Messrs. E. C. Burkhardt and F. G. Wheeler took place to-day on the grounds of the Bison Gun Club. The contest was at 25 live birds, and was very close. Wheeler lost 2 dead out of bounds. Mr. Charles Werlin immediately challenged the winner to contest for the trophy, and the challenge was accepted. The date will be fixed upon later. The scores:

E. C. Burkhardt.....1212212222122212221222—24
F. G. Wheeler.....2122121112*1120121*12112—22

Sweepstakes followed. No. 1 was at 5 live birds, the remainder at 10 targets:

Events:	1	2	3	Events:	1	2	3
E. Apfel.....	2	4	8	Werlin.....	4	8	..
333.....	3	6	9	E. C. Burkhardt.....	5
McCarthy.....	4	O'Leary.....
B. H. Norton.....	3	Leuschner.....	..	5	5
Douglass.....	4	8	6	Kener.....	..	2	3
Fritz.....	2	1	2	Lintner.....	3
Wheeler.....	3				

Washington Park Gun Club.

The doings of the members of the Washington Park Gun Club, Kansas City, Mo., for 1898, are set forth in a table as follows, with a caption appended thereto:

	Jan.	Feb.	March.	April.	May.	June.	July.	Aug.	Sept.	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.	Killed.	Aver.
D Elliott	14	14	11	15	12	14	14	15	15	13	14		165	.916
Reach	13	14	12	13	13	15	14	15	14	11		15	149	.903
Jarrett		14	11	10	15	13	14	13		15	13		132	.880
Wright	12	14	13	15	15	13	10		15	11		12	130	.866
Bruns	11	12	15	11	12	14	14		15	12	10		126	.840
Kelley	11	13	10	12	11	10	12	12	13	11			115	.766
Laidlaw	11	10	10	11	9	12	10		12	10	12		109	.726
Dr Planck				12	14	14	11	10	14	15	13	10	113	.837
Francis	1	1	9		11	12	6		10	5		7	62	.459
Dickinson	10	12	13	8		11		13	11		11		89	.741
Fernkas	14	11	7	12	9		11		10			8	82	.683
Fairman		8		11	12	14	11		10			13	79	.752
Allen				13	15	15	15	14	15				87	.966
Scott	11	12		13	13			14	15				78	.866
Winters	11	13		14	12	13			13				76	.844
Esson		14	11		7	12	12	10					66	.733
Groff		7	6			8	9	8	5				43	.477
Howe		10				14		14	14		13		65	.866
Rickmers	12	13				15		9	11				60	.800
Gregory						13		12	11	10			46	.767
Barker	13		13	13									39	.866
Bottom		9			7								25	.555
Frankie		11		12									23	.706

And don't forget that the Missouri Amateur Sportsmen's Association tournament will be held next summer under the auspices of the Washington Park Gun Club, with at least \$350. added.

Fremont Gun Club.

FREMONT, Neb., Jan. 13.—We had a heavy cross-wind, that made it hard shooting. The 10-target events were 50 cents; the 15-target, 75 cents. We are to have a live-bird shoot on Feb. 22. Give my regards to all the boys, and tell them I will see them later. I expect to leave here the 17th for Oklahoma for a week's quail shoot. Expect a good time.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot			
Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	at.	Broke.	Av.	
Dominie	7	12	8	7	9	9	12	8	14	9	120	96	.800	
Hanks	6	9	7	10	6	2	10	7	13	9	120	79	.655	
Townsend	3	11	5	9	5	9	12	5	13	..	110	72	.650	
Dvorak	4	6	5	10	4	7	12	6	8	..	110	62	.560	
Eidam	4	8	5	10	5	60	32	.530	
Schow	5	9	6	12	5	60	37	.610	
Stull	4	6	5	30	15	.500	
J Lee	5	8	5	..	6	8	55	32	.580	
R Beveridge	4	3	..	4	20	8	.400	
Miller	3	2	5	6	6	5	3	85	30	.350	
C Lee	4	4	25	8	.400	
Talcott	..	5	8	3	3	45	19	.420	
Smith	..	5	..	6	6	30	17	..	30	17	.560	
Nicodemus	..	4	12	5	6	..	4	..	55	31	55	31	.500	
Stoner	..	9	6	5	7	10	6	8	6	95	57	600	57	.600
Weber	12	3	6	5	..	8	..	65	34	..	65	.520
Cook	8	1	7	..	40	16	..	40	.400
Lewis	7	6	..	6	20	13	..	13	.650
O'Brien	7	4	..	25	11	..	11	.440
Daily	5	..	10	5	..	5	.500
Hickox	6	..	10	6	..	6	.600

Confabulations of the Cadi.—XV.

GLORIOUS weather favored the opening day of the Egyptian Gun Club's tournament. It was decided after many fears and misgivings that it would be a two-day affair; one at targets, one at live birds. All the other preliminaries were concluded, each of which represented many timorous forebodings as to its success from some one or two or more of the members; for there were several members who were quite convinced that a certain arrangement was entirely wrong, and therefore portended disaster, while there were other members who were equally convinced that certain other arrangements were the only ones which were hopelessly ruinous to the tournament's success and therefore ruinous to the Club's interests; others again were enthusiastic over all the arrangements and maintained that the tournament had within it all the essentials of success, and that therefore all the calamity howlers were wrong. At the worst, they held that if there were some matters of minor detail which were not quite right, there were enough which were right and which would save the day.

The members who had had the least experience in tournament matters, and who were commonplace people in commonplace matters in everyday life, were the most opinionated and assertive in proposing what should and what should not be done, and in prophesying disaster if their advice was unheeded. In this there was nothing particularly strange, for there is many a man who cannot manage his own farm and family who feels nevertheless that he is competent to manage the affairs of the nation.

Still as the tournament affairs drifted from the realm of talk to the realm of action, and the members were therefore necessarily at more and more remote distances from the cider bucket, the zeal of several seemed to lessen till in time all the work devolved on the Cadi and Moke, much to the concern of their respective wives. The concern of each, however, sprang from widely different feelings. Hopie Jane, as became a good wife who had such a treasure of a husband, was profoundly grieved over the Cadi's exertions in the club's behalf, which seemed all the more dangerous since they were beyond anything that he ever attempted at home; and it was very dangerous for him to work at home, as his wife knew from the many assurances and the sudden illnesses on the part of the good Cadi when he thought that there was work at hand or in prospect. In his weak state, the over-exertion might irreparably injure his health, or he even might die, and then she would have no husband to work for, to say nothing of the passing away of the divinest man of earth. The wife of Moke was grieved over the fact that, by his engaging in club matters exclusively, she had no husband to work for her, the point of view of the one being that she loved her husband first of all; that of the other, that she loved herself, and was deprived of the luxury of bacon and cornbread, to which she had been accustomed all her life before her marriage, and to which she called the attention of Moke from one to fifty times every day.

However, once the spirit of the sport was on the Cadi, he could not, from pure love of it, refrain from engaging in the work pertaining to the tournament. In matters of work on his own farm he was spiritless, weary and inactive; in matters of sport he was the opposite in every respect—something after the manner of the parson's old horse, so graphically described by Oliver Wendell Holmes:

"Sportsmen and jockeys knew him not;
And yet they say he once could trot
Among the fleetest of the town,
Till something cracked and broke down—
'And are we then so soon forgot?'
Ah, me! I doubt if one of you
Has ever heard the name Old Blue,
Whose fame through all this region rung
In those old days when I was young."

He was simply the good parson's family horse, sedate and deliberate from many years of steady going, and

"Scant-manned, sharp-backed, and shaky-kneed,
The wreck of what was once a steed—
Lips thin, eyes hollow, stiff in joints;
Yet not without his knowing points."

One day when, by fortuitous circumstances, the deacon who had borrowed him entered him in a race against the crackerjacks, liberate from years of steady going, and

"Long ere the quarter was a half,
The chuckling crowd had ceased to laugh;
Tighter the frightened jockey clung
As in a mighty stride he swung,
The gravel flying in his track,
His neck stretched out, his ears laid back.
His tail extended all the while
Behind him like a rat-tail file.
Off went a shoe—away it spun,
Shot like a bullet from a gun;
The quacking jockey shapes a prayer
From scraps of oath he used to swear;
He drops his whip, he drops his rein,
He clutches fiercely for the mane;
He'll lose his hold—he sways and reels—
He'll slide beneath those trampling heels!
The knees of many a horseman quake—
The flowers on many a bonnet shake,
And shouts arise from left to right,
'Stick out! stick out!' Hould tight! hould tight!
'Cling 'round his neck and don't let go—
That pace can't hold—there, steady, whoa!
But like the sable steed that bore
The spectral lover of Lenore,
His nostrils snorting foam and fire,
No stretch his bony limbs can tire;
And now the stand he rushes by,
And 'Stop him! stop him!' is the cry.
'Stand back! he's only just begun—
He's having out three heats in one.'"

* * * * *
"Moral for which this tale is told:
A horse can trot for all he's old."

The old horse in a race and the old horse in everyday life were quite different animals. Either he should have been named Cadi, or else the Cadi should have been named Old Blue. In spirit they were alike.

The Tournament.

Some of the shooters from a distance had arrived the night before, to the end that they might be in good season for the commencement, and also to avoid the fatigues incident to long

travel in the morning. Some of the shooters had their shoes well blacked, others had them well greased, each being governed by the customs which obtained in his own bailiwick. In the matter of adornment tastes justly vary. Some wore their best clothes, others their worst, while others again wore the only clothes they had. There were shooting suits, semi-shooting suits, and suits which suited their wearers, and yet would have to pass as being unclassified.

There were a number of venerable men among the spectators who cared little for the spectacle of men at work, but who dearly enjoyed seeing men at play. They loudly descanted on the superiority of the sport fifty years ago, the wonderful men who then were masters with the gun, and they deplored the degeneracy of the present age, thereby proving beyond question that if they were no is-ers they had been great was-ers. Still it is strange that the was-er does not realize that he is the creature of arrested development, and that the world has moved on and left him in a past age, though he may be vegetating in the present.

The younger brethren were in an ecstasy of delight, and each one silently vowed that he would buy a good gun for \$500 as soon as he could raise it, and become one of the great shots of the earth.

The novice could readily be distinguished from the regular. The former was nervous and ill at ease; the latter was methodical, calm and quietly alert. He noted the appearance of the newcomers, carefully looked over the grounds to determine their effect on the flight of the targets, etc. There were cordial greetings, handshakes, chaffing, recountals of the doings at the last tournament, discussions on the best loads for target breaking, introductions, etc.

The novices in most instances had leaned their guns against the wall, where they would be nicely in the way of the shooters as they walked about. Cautioned about it, they moved them to a place which was unoccupied for the moment, but which a few minutes later was filled most unceremoniously with heavy boxes of shells, much to the alarm of the owners of the guns, who then placed them where they should have been placed at first—in the rack. The regulars were unperturbed. The novices took up their guns betimes and aimed them very impressively into the atmosphere, and furtively scanned the guns of the regulars to perceive wherein was hidden magic which enabled them to break so many targets or to kill so many birds. The regulars in most instances entered for the whole day's programme, and this with the nonchalance of men who had money to burn. The novices in most instances entered in one event at a time, passing in their money with visible reluctance and looking after it with a pained look; longingly, as after a friend who was starting on a visit to a far country for a long while.

The morning hour had not passed before programmes were lying about on the ground by the dozen, and there were several bundles of them in the club house unopened. They remained unopened throughout the tournament. There were enough without them. Still, it might have been a matter of interest to the advertisers, and set them thinking that there is sometimes a difference between the promises set forth in the circular letter soliciting advertising and what is done actually to fulfill the promises.

The Cadi and Moke were on hand early, receiving the shooters and endeavoring to answer a dozen questions all at once in respect to matters which were fully explained in the programme. They expected to have had ample assistance. Three of the members had promised to be on hand without fail. One sent word that his mule had a bad case of colic, and that it would be impossible for him to attend, and that he felt sorry. Another found that he could not neglect some important business matters which had unexpectedly required his attention. The third sent neither explanation nor excuse.

A sixteen-year-old boy, who was burning with curiosity to see and hear everything that was going on, was engaged to do the scoring, and thereafter he gave the strictest attention to everything but the business that he was engaged to attend.

The Cadi concluded that he would act as cashier, while Moke was to act as referee and squad hustler. Some of the regulars amiably volunteered to assist at such times as there was need of them, and their offer was gratefully accepted. The first shooter offered a \$50 bill to the Cadi, to pay for the day's entrance, and the latter was at a standstill at the start, for he had not a cent of change either in his own right or that of the club. There was then running from this man and that to make the needed change, for it is one of the first principles of a cashier at a tournament that once he gets money in hand it is wise to hold it if it can be held.

As there was no organized force in the beginning, and no definite plan of action at any time, there was no head nor tail to the management of the tournament, and everything was in a state of chaos from start to finish.

As to the conduct of the shooting after it began it will be dwelt upon at another time.

BERNARD WATERS.

Boston Gun Club.

WELLINGTON, Mass., Jan. 11.—Zero temperature attended the Boston Gun Club's fourth prize shoot, together with a half-dozen enthusiasts that nothing short of an earthquake would prevent coming out. A clearer day could not possibly be asked, and with a huge fire burning cheerily in the wood-stove there were worse places a good deal than Wellington. At least this was the decision reached after the shooters had sampled the conditions and found them satisfactory, for good scoring was done before darkness closed in, as the accompanying scores will show.

Mr. G. O. Henderson, a visitor from Hingham, broke 56 single targets without a miss. Some doubles shot in between lowered his average, but latterly his handicap distance on this style of shooting was more correctly gauged. His match score of 20 was a splendid one, considering it marked his debut on these particular grounds. Mr. Gordon was a close second, and also with straight, having three to Henderson's five.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
Targets:	10	10	6	6	10	10	5	6	10	10	10	10	10	15
Gordon, 17	9	8	2	4	8	10	5	3	10	10	7	6	6	13
Miskay, 18	9	8	5	5	7	8	5	3	8	9	8	9	8	11
Henderson, 18	10	10	1	3	10	10	5	5	10	6
Leonard, 16	9	10	6	5	9	5	4	4	8	9
Horace, 18	8	5	4	5	7	8	3	5	7	6	4	3	10	..
Spencer, 18	9	9	3	2	7	9

Events 1, 6, 9 and 14, known angles; 2, 7 and 10, unknown; 5 and 11, reverse; 3, 4, 8 and 13, pairs; 12, unknown traps.

Merchandise match, 21 targets: 10 known, 5 unknown, 3 pairs:														
Henderson, 18	1111111111111111	10	1111111111111111	10	1111111111111111	10	1111111111111111	10	1111111111111111	10	1111111111111111	10	1111111111111111	10
Gordon, 17	1111111111111111	10	1111111111111111	10	1111111111111111	10	1111111111111111	10	1111111111111111	10	1111111111111111	10	1111111111111111	10
Horace, 18	1111111111111111	10	1111111111111111	10	1111111111111111	10	1111111111111111	10	1111111111111111	10	1111111111111111	10	1111111111111111	10
Miskay, 18	1111111111111111	10	1111111111111111	10	1111111111111111	10	1111111111111111	10	1111111111111111	10	1111111111111111	10	1111111111111111	10
Spencer, 18	1111111111111111	10	1111111111111111	10	1111111111111111	10	1111111111111111	10	1111111111111111	10	1111111111111111	10	1111111111111111	10
Leonard, 16	1111111111111111	10	1111111111111111	10	1111111111111111	10	1111111111111111	10	1111111111111111	10	1111111111111111	10	1111111111111111	10

Team match, 40 targets: 10 known, 10 unknown each shooter; distance handicap:

Gordon	1111111111111111	10	1111111111111111	10	1111111111111111	10	1111111111111111	10	1111111111111111	10	1111111111111111	10	1111111111111111	10
Spencer	1111111111111111	10	1111111111111111	10	1111111111111111	10	1111111111111111	10	1111111111111111	10	1111111111111111	10	1111111111111111	10
Miskay	1111111111111111	10	1111111111111111	10	1111111111111111	10	1111111111111111	10	1111111111111111	10	1111111111111111	10	1111111111111111	10
Horace	1111111111111111	10	1111111111111111	10	1111111111111111	10	1111111111111111	10	1111111111111111	10	1111111111111111	10	1111111111111111	10
Henderson	1111111111111111	10	1111111111111111	10	1111111111111111	10	1111111111111111	10	1111111111111111	10	1111111111111111	10	1111111111111111	10
Leonard	1111111111111111	10	1111111111111111	10	1111111111111111	10	1111111111111111	10	1111111111111111	10	1111111111111111	10	1111111111111111	10

ON LONG ISLAND.

Oceanic Gun Club.

Jan. 16.—The Oceanic Gun Club held its first shoot at Rockaway Park, on the grounds where the Rockaway Park Rod and Gun Club held so many interesting shoots. The weather was pleasant and enjoyable. A stiff breeze made the targets fly in a most puzzling manner. There was quite a good attendance and shooting progressed steadily.

The officers of the Oceanic Gun Club are: President, Frank Coleman; Secretary-Treasurer, John H. W. Fleming; Captain, L. H. Schortemeier. The next shoot will be held in the latter part of this month.

Several Star sweeps were shot, which do not figure in the scores, owing to most of the shooters having an unequal number of birds to shoot at. They were shot after the following manner: Each shooter puts in, let us say, 5 cents at the start. Then each shoots at 6 targets, and for every miss each shooter puts 5 cents; thus if a shooter missed his 6 targets, he would contribute 35 cents to the purse. If he missed none, then he would contribute only the 5 cents. The better a shooter performs under this system the less he puts in and the more he takes out. There were a number of these interesting events. The regular sweeps were for a nominal sum.

A most appetizing lunch, served free by the club, and appetites sharp-set by the salt sea air, were features which alone compensated for the pleasant trip had there been no other recreation.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	25	15	15	25	25	15	10
Schortemeier	9	23	7	13	20	21	14	7
Dudley	9	22	12	12	17	22	..	10
Dr McNulty	5	15	6	..	9	7
Ernest	4	11	12
Peters	2
Waters	10	8	19	19	11	8
Leobel	12	10	..	15	9	..
Woods	..	11	12	16	16	8	6	..
Harrison	7	10	14	21	14	..
Diffley	8	8	15	..	11	..
Laney	..	102	2	1221	5	21202	4	10222
Peterson	8	7
Tierman	13	12
Jones	15	12

New Utrecht Gun Club.

Woodlawn, L. I., Jan. 14.—No. 1 was the club shoot; No. 2 was the 500-shell shoot, 3 birds, then miss-and-out; Nos. 3, 4 and 5 were 5-bird sweeps.

Good birds, and fog and smoke—what there was of it—made second-barrel shooting very difficult at Woodlawn this afternoon at the bi-monthly live-bird shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club. Some of Thompson's seconds were of the phenomenal. Clay birds next Saturday.

No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.
E G Frost, 28	1122221222—10	112—3	20*22—3	21222—5
F Thompson, 29	120*111021—7	1*2—2	21021—4	22110—4
J Gaughen, 30	..	102—2	12221—5	21202—4
F Otis	..	1*1—2	22102—4	21*02—3

E. G. Frost, Sec'y.

Brooklyn Gun Club.

Jan. 10.—The live-bird invitation shoot of the Brooklyn Gun Club, under John Wright's management, was an unbounded success. There were shooters of all degrees, and so many of them that all could not shoot all they wished to, and darkness did not deter those who were in the last event.

From the invitation, which was on fine, tinted paper, with the club's monogram at the head, to the closing of the shoot, John Wright could feel that his shoot was a success. Messrs. Jacob Pentz and A. Knox did the referee duties, while Mr. J. H. W. Fleming did the scoring. John D. Regan was cashier. The handicappers were Messrs. Pentz and Hobart.

The weather was exceedingly cold. It was good weather for the birds to fly at their best, as there was a stiff north wind blowing from left to right across the traps. Among those present were shooters of national fame. There were Capt. A. W. Money, a giant with the gun; Jack Fanning, who has something over 90 per cent. on live birds and targets during the past season; Harvey McMurchy, who shoots up to a standard with the highest when he does shoot; J. J. U. M. C. Hallowell, who also is in the first rank; Charles Young, also a phenomenally good shot; E. Rike, a solid shot and a good one; Tom Morfe, well known as a formidable competitor with the best, and a number of others of as great enthusiasm, but less skill.

Miss Annie Oakley shot in some of the events, and displayed a degree of skill in no way inferior to the best.

The first event was at 5 live birds, \$3 entrance, birds extra, three moneys; all stood at 28yds. American Association rules governed. The scores:

Harrison	22122—5	Weldon	11122—5
Morfe	22222—5	Hallowell	21222—5
Marshall	12020—3	Remsen	21202—4
Douglas	22*21—4	Sands	22222—5
Young	22222—5	Short	2*212—4
Harding	00210—2	Doty	22222—5
Rike	01222—4	Waters	2211*—4
McMurchy	11122—5	Capt Money	12220—4
Fanning	21122—5	Baron	21000—2

No. 2 was at 7 live birds, \$5, birds included, handicaps 28 to 31yds., three moneys:

Harrison, 28	2210221—6	Wells, 28	2222220—6
Morfe, 30	2222222—7	Green, 28	2222122—7
Dr O'Connell, 29	2222222—7	Fanning, 31	2110221—6
Fessenden, 28	0222222—6	McMurchy, 31	2222222—6
Tuttle, 28	2102212—6	Waters, 28	20*1122—5
Hallowell, 30	0221201—5	James, 28	2121111—7
Money, 31	001*101—3	Harding, 28	0211212—6
Young, 31	2122122—7	Woods, 28	2222222—7
Douglas, 28	2200100—3	Rike, 28	2120222—5
Marshall, 28	0102121—5	Weldon, 28	0022012—4
Blauvelt, 28	1101122—6	Hafften, 28	0201210—4
Taylor, 28	2222102—6	Sands, 28	2022222—6
Doty, 29	2222222—7	Short, 28	0201101—4
Remsen, 29	2122211—7

No. 3 was at 10 live birds, \$10 entrance, birds included, four moneys. Before the 9th round closed twilight set in. Those who shot in the last half of the 10th round shot in the dark, and therefore had difficult conditions:

L Harrison, 28	2222122121—10	R E Packard, 29	2200111100—6
T W Morfe, 30	222122202—9	D W Weldon, 26	1100112200—6
A W Money, 31	2212*11221—9	A Sands, 28	2202222222—9
J J Topitz, 26	2122220011—8	W Doty, 29	2202222220—8
W H Sanders, 26	1211221102—9	M Douglas, 27	1212*1101—7
B Waters, 26	2212212222—10	L Taylor, 28	0*11110010—5
E H Lott, 28	112221221*—9	A Marshall, 27	0001101212—4
J H Hallock, 26	1111011012—8	W E Harding, 26	220*122200—6
F C Bissett, 26	2001112220—7	J L Green, 26	2111*02212—8
Dr O'Connell, 29	*202*02*22—5

After the shoot was over, three rousing cheers were given with a will for John Wright. Then there were calls for a speech, and John Wright in his modest way told how gratified he was, and how he hoped to do better next time, etc.

A miss-and-out opened the shoot. Each contestant stood at 28yds. Entrance \$2, three moneys. The score: McMurchy, Young, Fanning and Remsen, 6; Hallowell, 5; Morfe, 3; Sands, 2; Marshall, Rike, Weldon and Doty, 1.

Montana Gun Club.

The Montana Gun Club, a recently organized body, held its first shoot, Jan. 9, on their grounds, near Jamaica. The first event was at 15 live birds, as follows:

E Widman	...11111101101101—12	G Kinkel00111111111110—12
H Kroncka	...01100110111011—10	H Altenbrand	...01111111101101—11
J Kiroboe00000100111111—8	F Lundy01111110110101—11
J F C Elfers	...00111110010101—9	A Bersche11110100100110—9
Val Schmitt	...100000111100100—6		

took place at Dexter Park to-day. The number of members was small on account of a misunderstanding of a postponed shoot. The result of the shoot will be found below. An election of officers for the ensuing year took place, with the following result: Henry Knebel, Sr., President; E. A. Vroom, Vice-President; Dr. J. W. Moore, Treasurer; William Sands, Secretary. The club shoots under classified rule at monthly shoots. A chance is thereby afforded for poor shots to come in for a prize. Last year E. A. Vroom won the first gold medal, J. B. Voorhis won the second gold medal, Dr. J. W. Moore the silver medal. The dues are only \$3 a year. The club shoots every second Tuesday of the month, at Dexter Park.

Handicap:			
J. B. Vagts.....	211111-7	R. Smith.....	1110021-5
J. B. Voorhis.....	1122121-7	E. A. Vroom.....	2112001-5
Wm. Sands.....	222222-7	I. Akhurst.....	0101202-4
H. Knebel, Sr.....	2111101-6	R. Timke.....	1020120-4
J. L. Pilon.....	0110201-5		

DR. J. W. MOORE, Sec'y.

Tom Donley's Tournament.

TOM DONLEY'S second international tournament was held at St. Thomas, Canada, on Dec. 27, 28, 29, 30. The weather was not ideal. It seemed as though the weather clerk tried to crowd into those four days samples of all his stock in trade, for the benefit of our American visitors. From mild to cold, from calm to high winds, with snow and rain thrown in to vary the monotony, was the order of the day. When this is taken into consideration, the attendance was fair, and the shooting above the average. Clean scores were next to impossible, even the experts falling down by the way.

The event of the tournament was the race for the Gilman and Barnes international live-bird gold medal, which was won by R. D. Emslie, a St. Thomas boy, with a score of 19 out of 20. There were twenty-four entries in this event.

A two-men team race took place, five teams competing, and resulted in a surprise for the experts. It was won by Donley, of St. Thomas, and Werke, of Cincinnati, who scored 19 out of 20. Hallowsell and Fanning were second with 18.

Great interest was centered on the five-men international team race, for a valuable silver trophy, between Detroit and St. Thomas teams, which was won by the St. Thomas Gun Club team by 5 birds. They used King Smokeless powder.

The birds used during the tournament were strong and fast, as shown by the fact that sixty are marked on the score sheets "dead out of bounds."

The management of the tournament was in the hands of John Parker, of Detroit, assisted by an efficient staff of local men.

Among the visitors were: J. S. Fanning, of San Francisco, representing the U. S. Powder Co.; Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Lindsley, representing the King Powder Co., of Cincinnati; John Hallowsell, representing the U. M. C. Co.; Tramp Irwin, of Chicago, representing the Lafin & Rand Powder Co.; A. Werke, of Cincinnati, and W. Thompson, of Jackson City, Mich.; Fairbairn, of Minnedosa, Man.; Marks, Mercier, Wood and Brady, of Detroit; M. Graydon, of London; Miller and Virtue, of Woodstock; H. Bates and Scane, of Ridgetown; Reid, of Hamilton, and others. Great surprise was expressed by all the shooters that Josh Wayner, of Hesper, champion shot of Canada, did not put in an appearance, especially as he won high average at last year's tournament.

First Day, Dec. 27.

In the first event, live birds, J. Handley, of St. Thomas, distinguished himself by making the only clean score. In the targets Thompson won high average, breaking 135 out of 140; Fanning second with 133; Hallowsell third with 128.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	15	20	25	15	20	20	15
Wood.....	9	13	17	24	14	18	19	14
Parker.....	6	13	19	19	13	18	15	14
Hallowsell.....	7	11	18	22	15	20	20	15
Thompson.....	10	15	20	25	14	20	19	12
Fanning.....	10	14	20	21	15	20	19	14
Pridhomme.....	8	13	10
Irwin.....	10	14	16
Scane.....	9	13	18	21	14	19	17	13
McPherson.....	8	11	17	21	12	13
Emslie.....	9	12	15	21	12	15	19	11
Handley.....	..	18
Fairbairn.....	..	13	16
Donley.....	..	9	17	15	..	14	12	12
Stotts.....	21
Virtue.....	13

Thompson broke 135 out of 140; Fanning 133, Hallowsell 128.

Ten live birds, \$7:			
Wood.....	2221220200-7	Brown.....	2*1011011-7
Parker.....	102122020-7	Bates.....	2*02220202-6
Hallowsell.....	2220202002-6	Stotts.....	002222222-8
Lindsley.....	2222*120120-9	Donley.....	*12010222-7
Irwin.....	222*120120-9	Miller.....	112021020-7
Pridhomme.....	0012000001-3	Virtue.....	2102212000-6
Meister.....	2001122022-7	Fairbairn.....	111*100001-5
Fanning.....	2212021222-9	Scane.....	1011221102-8
Emslie.....	21121012*1-8	Graydon.....	0*12211202-6
Brady.....	0012100122-6	Hanley.....	2212221122-10
Thompson.....	22*0201202-6		

Extra event, 7 live birds, three moneys, 50, 30 and 20: Handley 7, Stotts 6, Fanning 7, Parker 5, Miller 6, Brady 6, Hallowsell 7, Thompson 5, Donley 3, Lindsley 6, Graydon 6, Emslie 7, Virtue 6, Scane 5, Werke 4.

Second Day, Dec. 28.

On this day more interest was shown both by shooters and spectators, as this was the day of the international handicap, for the Gilman and Barnes gold medal. It was won by R. D. Emslie, of St. Thomas, by a score of 19 out of 20. Geo. Fulton, of St. Thomas, was second with 18, while Brady, Fanning, Werke, Brown and Hallowsell tied for third place with 17. At the targets Thompson and Wood tied for first average, breaking 137 out of 140; Fanning second with 134; Hallowsell, third, 133. Mrs. Lindsley (Wanda) braved the storm and came to the grounds, competing in two 20-bird events, breaking 39 out of 40. Target scores:

Events:	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
Targets:	10	15	20	25	15	20	20	15
Parker.....	10	10	18	24	14	18	19	14
Thompson.....	10	15	19	25	15	14	19	20
Hallowsell.....	7	15	18	25	15	15	20	18
Wood.....	10	15	20	23	15	15	19	20
Fanning.....	10	14	18	25	14	15	20	18
Pridhomme.....	6	9	12	11	13	..
Virtue.....	7	14	19	23	14	12	..	18
Irwin.....	8
Briggs.....	10	14	17
Stotts.....	6	..	19	24	12
Emslie.....	10	12	11	17	13	7	16	13
Scane.....	10	13	19	28	13	..	17	..
Brigger.....	22	17	16
O Dell.....	8	11	16	14
Jessop.....	16	..
Fairbairn.....	20	..
Wanda.....	20	..

International handicap, 26 to 32yds., \$15 entrance, fifteen high guns, 15, 13, 11, 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 2, 2:

	21*0120221020222202-14		21*0120221020222202-14
Wood, 29.....	21*0120221020222202-14	Parker, 31.....	12*2221222200111020-15
Hallowsell, 30.....	220120222022222222-17	Lindsley, 30.....	0022*2*20*02222222-12
Irwin, 29.....	222020220*22122102*14	Brady, 29.....	0222222222102222210-17
Thompson, 29.....	21222011200010212222-15	Fanning, 31.....	*22222222022221121*2-17
Stotts, 28.....	220202220220222022-14	Emslie, 28.....	1122121222222220111-19
Werke, 26.....	110*1022212112212212-17	Donley, 27.....	2200202*222221002220-13
Dart, 28.....	1020110210100212111-14	Graydon, 28.....	12120221022*1221010-15
Brown, 29.....	1*0*22121021212121-17	Bates, 29.....	2111201021201121202-16
Virtue, 29.....	200022102200202222-12	Miller, 30.....	0122000000112110101-11
Fairbairn, 28.....	220*11111*0201202101-13	Scane, 28.....	20222110221010212211-16
McLaren, 27.....	22020001220120002102-11	McPherson, 27.....	11221121212111002121-18
McMackon, 27.....	2102020102110011002-12	George, 29.....	2101202111111*2*101-15

Extra event, 5 live birds, \$3: Lindsley 4, Werke 2, Donley 3,

Graydon 3, Parker 3, Brady 2, Scane 3, Hallowsell 5, Fanning 5, Wood 4, Handley 4, Thompson 4, Virtue 2, Emslie 4, Stotts 5, Irwin 5, George 3.

Third Day, Dec. 29.

A number of extra events at live birds were shot off, but the principal event of this day was the two-men team race, won by Donley and Werke, who scored 19 out of 20. Fanning and Hallowsell second with 18, Bates and Emslie, and Stotts and Handley third with 17. Lindsley and Parker also shot (unplaced). At the targets Wood and Hallowsell tied for first average with 109 out of 115, Emslie second with 102, Fanning third, 101:

1904, Entrance section, 1904, 2nd ranking time, 1911													
Events:	17	18	19	20	21	22	Events:	17	18	19	20	21	22
Targets:	15	20	20	25	15	20	Targets:	15	20	20	25	15	20
Virtue.....	15	18	17	19	13	15	Fanning.....	14	17	19	23	15	18
Fairbairn.....	15	18	16	24	12	18	Hallowell.....	15	20	18	23	13	20
Dart.....	13	Erving.....	13
Brigger.....	13	15	16	O Dell.....	12	14
Emslie.....	15	18	19	21	12	17	Wanda.....	19
Wood.....	15	19	20	24	13	17	Fletcher.....	16
Parker.....	14	18	20	24	14	20	McPherson.....	19

Two-men team race, open to all, 10 live birds per man, entrance \$10 per team, \$10 added:

	2110112211-9		2202220202-7
Fanning.....	2110112211-9	Stotts.....	2202220202-7
Hallowsell.....	12212121*21-9-18	Handley.....	2222211111-10-17
Bates.....	0111210122-8	Werke.....	2121122212-10
Emslie.....	2111022112-9-17	Donley.....	0212112122-9-19
Lindsley.....	2020222222-8		
Parker.....	1212022022-8-16		

Ten live birds, entrance \$7, divided 50, 30 and 20; \$15 added, class shooting:

	2122002001-6		2020221002-6
Wood.....	2122002001-6	Lindsley.....	2020221002-6
Parker.....	1*22001000-4	Graydon.....	2*00102212-6
Fanning.....	*111111000-6	Fairbairn.....	2101111212-9
Hallowsell.....	2222220202-9	Virtue.....	2000010w-2
Emslie.....	0012111221-8	Bates.....	1222212221-10
Werke.....	002221012*6	Reid.....	0022002110-5
George.....	11*1210212-8	Brady.....	1221111122-10
Miller.....	2001*12111-7	Dart.....	2*002w-2
Thomas.....	*0200w-1		

Extra event, 10 live birds, entrance \$5, 50, 30 and 20 per cent.: Lindsley 8, Parker 7, Brady 8, Stotts 7, Fanning 9, Fairbairn 3, Bates 8, Brigger 7, Miller 8, Donley 3, Irwin 7, Dart 8, Emslie 8, McLaren 7, Wanda 5, Reid 10, Werke 7.

Extra, 7 live birds, \$3 entrance: Stotts 7, Lindsley 5, Dart 6, Shorold 4, Brady 6, Reid 5, Graydon 6, Emslie 6, Werke 5, McLaren 4, Bickford 4, Fairbairn 6, Bates 4, Tramp Irwin 7, Parker 5, McPherson 6.

Extra, 5 live birds, \$3 entrance: Lindsley 4, Parker 4, Werke 5, Donley 4, Stotts 3, McPherson 3, Irwin 4, McLaren 4, Reid 4, Hallowsell 5, Fanning 4, Brady 5, Miller 4, Emslie 5, Fairbairn 4.

Fourth Day, Dec. 30.

On this day only one event was shot off at live birds, and that was captured by Joe Marks, of Detroit, who cleaned up his 15 straight: Wood, Fanning, Bates and Fairbairn second with 14, Werke and Tramp Irwin 13.

This was an interesting day at the targets, being the occasion of the international team race between Detroit and St. Thomas gun clubs, and which resulted in a victory for the St. Thomas Gun Club team by 5 birds. In the other events at the targets Fanning made high average, breaking 79 out of 95. Hallowsell second with 78, and Parker and Marks third with 76 each.

International team race for cup, value \$25; entrance \$7.50, \$10 added:

St. Thomas Team.			
George.....	1101011110011010110100-15		
Emslie.....	10101111111111100010001-16		
Jessop.....	10101111111110110110100-17		
Fletcher.....	000101101111111011100110-18		
McPherson.....	111010111111111111100111-21-85		

Detroit Team.			
Marks.....	111101101101111111111000-19		
Mercier.....	010110101000100111110101-14		
Wood.....	11111100101101001010111-17		
Brady.....	010100010100000111010000-9		
Parker.....	111011101111111111101011-21-80		

St. Thomas wins by 5 birds.

St. Thomas wins by 5 birds.											
Sweepstake scores as follows:											
Events:	23	24	25	26	27	Events:	23	24	25	26	27
Targets:	15	20	25	15	20	Targets:	15	20	25	15	20
Marks	13	17	20	11	15	Hallowell	11	15	21	13	18
Mercier	11	17	19	10	13	Stotts	10
Wood	9	13	23	12	10	Emslie	11	10	13	9	15
Parker	13	18	18	14	13	Erving	10
Fanning	14	16	20	13	16	Brady	7
Fairbairn	11	9	19	6	14	Fletcher	..	14	..	10	..
McPherson	12	McIntosh	12
Brigger	12	15	21	9	16						

Fifteen live birds, \$10, seven high guns:

	2122221111220111*01012012-20		222222220222222-14
Marks.....	2122221111220111*01012012-20	Bates.....	222222220222222-14
Werke.....	222122021202101111102021-20	Stotts.....	*202202*202222-10
Fairbairn, 30.....	12*1111112011111111*11-22	Werke.....	*1212221112120-13
Parker, 30.....	12122210011222121*222200-20	Emslie.....	222221222*0221-12
Donley, 27.....	20122222012011121201210-19	Fairbairn.....	111211011111121-14
Brady, 29.....	21212002020222122212022-20	McPherson.....	200122222001211-11
Hallowsell, 30.....	2101102020201211112*0022-17	Erving.....	21012122202022-13
Emslie, 28.....	022*210222120122222*2*10-18	George.....	1122*2*01122211-12

JAS. HAIGHT.

Fifth Day, Dec. 31.

The shoot, as advertised on the programme, ended on the 30th, but those inveterate dyed-in-the-wool sports who could not let a day pass with pigeons in reach and not shoot assembled at the grounds and made the following scores at live birds: Fairbairn won with 22 out of 25; Marks, Werke, Brady and Parker second with 20; Donley third with 19:

	2122221111220111*01012012-20		222122021202101111102021-20
Marks, 29.....	2122221111220111*01012012-20	Werke, 28.....	222122021202101111102021-20
Fairbairn, 30.....	12*1111112011111111*11-22	Parker, 30.....	12122210011222121*222200-20
Donley, 27.....	20122222012011121201210-19	Brady, 29.....	21212002020222122212022-20
Brady, 29.....	2101102020201211112*0022-17	Hallowsell, 30.....	2101102020201211112*00

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO.

TERMS, \$4 A YEAR, 10 CTS. A COPY.
SIX MONTHS, \$2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 28, 1899.

VOL. LII.—No. 4.
No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, \$4 per year, \$2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iv.

The Forest and Stream Platform Plank.

"The sale of game should be forbidden at all seasons."
—FOREST AND STREAM, Feb. 3, 1894.

There be four things which are little upon the earth, but they are exceeding wise: The ants are a people not strong, yet they prepare their meat in the summer; the conies are but a feeble folk, yet make they their houses in the rocks; the locusts have no king, yet go they forth all of them by bands; the spider taketh hold with her hands, and is in kings' palaces.—Proverbs.

SNAP SHOTS.

HERE is a suggestion for those who are proposing elsewhere to follow Maine's guide license system. One serious defect of the Maine system is that the holder of a guide license is not of necessity a good guide. He may be, on the contrary, a worthless, incompetent, no-account woods loafer, whose foisting of himself upon his employer by means of his license, is a rank imposition. The holding of a guide's license in Maine is no evidence of ability and fitness. Nor, in default of discrimination between the competent guides and the incompetents, the worthy and the unworthy, can the Maine system more than partially effect its declared purpose of controlling the hunting through the guide.

This would be a better way: Make the obtaining of a guide license depend upon merit. Let the merit be determined by adequate examination and by duly prescribed giving of evidence. Make the fee for the license merely nominal; and let the taking out of a license be wholly voluntary. Under these conditions the license would mean something; it would be a guarantee of the character of the holder as a guide. Licensed guides would then, as a matter of course, be preferred to others. Every guide who could pass the required examination and demonstrate his fitness, would be eager to take out a license. An *esprit de corps* would be created, which would raise the standard. Such a system of voluntary license would inevitably advance the interests of all concerned. We believe that if the Maine guide law should be amended in this way the results would be most happy.

The Connecticut Fish and Game Commissioners repeat this year the suggestion urged in a former report that they should be empowered to lease tracts of land for State game preserves. We have advocated this very thing repeatedly; it is something which ought to be taken up by the game commissions of all the States. In these days of rapid increase of private game and fish preserves, of the acquiring and setting apart for private use of vast areas of lands hitherto open to the public, it is high time for the community to take steps to secure preserves for its own benefit. Such tracts are available at slight cost. To set apart wild lands as game refuges is at once the cheapest, simplest, most easily accomplished and most fruitful game preserving expedient open to the commonwealth.

It has been demonstrated time and again, and in widely separated sections and under widely diverse conditions, and with different varieties of game, that if a tract of land is strictly protected against the gun, the depleted supply will speedily increase and multiply and stock the preserve and overflow into the adjacent territory. Nature does the work, without effort or expense on the part of man. All she asks, the one condition she demands, and without which her beneficent work may not be accomplished, is protection from human interference, freedom to work in her own time and in her own way. Most of us can cite specific instances of this out of our own knowledge of some farm or piece of woodland, where the trespass signs

have barred the way, and the strict exclusion of shooters has given the game a chance to increase, to the ultimate improvement or restoration of shooting on all contiguous fields; so that the posting of that particular piece, which was at first resented, has since come to be recognized as a public benefit. In the development of the Yellowstone National Park game protective system, with its stocking of adjacent regions with big game, we have an example on a large scale. The Yellowstone Park game protection demonstration ought to be an example to challenge enterprise in the same direction in every State in the Union which has any game worth the effort. In the Adirondacks, for example, instead of permitting tens of thousands of acres of choice game country to pass into private control for exclusive preserves, the State of New York should have held on to what it possessed and have acquired much more that it might have come into possession of, to hold as perpetual game refuges for the advantage of the people for all time.

The establishment of game refuges is an enterprise which may well engage the attention of all who are interested in protective work.

Commissioner Carleton of Maine figures that the moose hunters brought into the State in the year 1897 the sum of \$125,000; and that the number of deer killed in 1898 was larger than in 1897, which would mean that in 1898 the moose hunters left more than \$125,000 behind them. And yet in the face of this there are people in Maine who think that non-residents should be compelled to pay roundly for the privilege of coming into the State to spend money for moose hunting.

There is one sentiment which must be reckoned with in these non-resident game restrictions. This is the feeling engendered by an alien tax, that one is an alien. The payment of his tax, as any Chinaman or Malay might be required to pay it at the border, gives one a sense of being among foreigners, and not among fellow citizens of the same common country. It is much like going abroad or crossing the line into Canada. Leaving the country, one leaves the home feeling behind. This home feeling is as all embracing as the bounds which mark the limits of the United States. The native of Maine may wander as far away as Texas, the Californian may find himself in Missouri, and the Dakotan in New Jersey; but go never so far, so long as he shall not cross the lines beyond which another flag flies to the breeze, or so long as he shall not run up against a stand and deliver non-resident hunting license tax, he yet may feel himself in a way at home, and not an alien. It is this expatriation, we are convinced, and not the exaction of the money itself, which is so repugnant to the man of fine sensibilities. And as this home feeling is one to be cherished and guarded and strengthened, so a community should pause and consider well before outraging the sentiment by an alien tax.

The abolition of spring shooting is something we have got to come to in this country, and the sooner we get there the better. In numerous cases where spring shooting has been done away with, the local shooting in the fall has improved in such a degree as to demonstrate beyond cavil the sound wisdom of the principle. We would be glad to have the observations of those who may send us facts to illustrate the effects of immunity for wildfowl in the spring.

We print in our angling columns two further letters in the correspondence addressed by Mr. Chas. Stewart Davison, of this city, to the Quebec Department of Lands, Forests and Fisheries, respecting the preservation of salmon rivers. The annual report of the Department shows an earned intention of dealing with the subject in an effective way; and it is not too much to say that the labors of Mr. Davison in this field entitle him to the gratitude of every person directly or remotely interested in Canadian salmon streams. The letters printed to-day, though written some time ago, have but just now been forwarded, in connection with a meeting held Jan. 24, in Quebec, for a conference of clubs with Commissioner Parent. The Commissioner sent out invitations last week to individuals and clubs to meet with him for the purpose of giving their views respecting the fish and game laws, and any desirable alterations in them. There is certainly no better way, as Mr. Davison remarks, for a department

to proceed intelligently in such matters than thus to consult representatives of fish and game clubs, and get their suggestions as to the framing of proposed legislation.

A recent experience of Hon. J. L. Gleaves, of Wytheville, Va., with bursting shotguns is not without its instruction. Mr. Gleaves was quail shooting, using a standard and reliable make of gun, with ammunition also standard and reliable; and both gun and powder safe under normal conditions. Two guns in succession burst in his hands, the shooter escaping injury as by miracle. When the gun makers came to investigate the affair, they discovered from the unused shells forwarded to them, that the charge used by Mr. Gleaves was not at all the charge he supposed he was using; and on inquiry it was ascertained that the local dealer from whom he had secured his ammunition, having run out of the particular nitro powder ordered, had substituted for it another powder, a very powerful compound, and had put in loads of double the proper amount as prescribed by the manufacturers. It was in fact a load which no ordinary gun could have withstood. Another shell in the lot was found to contain a trifling quantity of the nitro ordered by Mr. Gleaves, while the rest of the charge was made up of a fine grained black rifle powder. The dealer who loaded the shells in this way, or permitted them to be loaded, was, of course, the responsible agent here; he should be held for the value of the guns he burst; and had Mr. Gleaves lost his life, the criminal negligence of the dealer would have subjected him to a charge of manslaughter.

We print elsewhere a note of Game Protector Beede, of Essex county, in the Adirondacks, who seems to think that our recent paragraph remarking upon his inefficiency as a protector consisted of anonymous statements, which were false and malicious, and could not be proven. So far from entertaining any malice, we recorded Mr. Beede's direlections with genuine sorrow that one who formerly had done such good service should have degenerated so lamentably as practically to let protection go by the board in his district. It was notorious last season that deer hounding was practiced without cessation in Essex county. The music of the hounds was heard day in and day out. Travelers on the public highway encountered deer hunters driving along the road with deer guns in the wagon and deer dogs under the wagon. Still-hunters frequently followed their game only to have it cut out and driven away from them by the hounds of hounding parties. Deer chased by hounds raced through vegetable gardens. At some sporting resorts the vast majority of deer killed were killed by hounding. At some resorts deer were killed practically in no other way than by hounding. If there had been no law on the subject and no Protector Beede, the hounding in some parts of that official's district could not have been more open and free than it was, there being a law and a Protector Beede. Several of the Essex county papers have quoted what we said, but we observe that no one of this protector's home papers has questioned the accuracy of our statement of the situation.

The Canadian Fisheries Department has received a report from a former employee of the department now in Dawson, who reports that the Yukon fish are of great value for a food supply. The species include whitefish, buffalo-fish, pike and grayling, the whitefish and grayling being of a superior kind. It is the announced intention of the department to provide suitable regulations for the fishing, that the supply may not be wiped out.

An effort is making to change the sessions of the New York Legislature from annual to biennial. For one thing the change would be of decided advantage with respect to the game laws. As it is now, the public can hardly learn what the law is at any given time before it has been tinkered again into something quite different; whereas, if there were two entire years between changes, people might indulge in some confidence that they knew what the law was.

The open door may be a good policy for China and the Philippines, but it is a short-sighted system for Eastern markets for Western game. The corked-up-tight policy would be better. Washington, New York and Boston should be closed ports for Minnesota venison.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Yukon Notes.

Story of the Colorado Miners.

A STRANGE chain of circumstances starting at the headwaters of the Klondike River the preceding summer led to the recovery of the missing boats. A party of Colorado miners had made their way up this beautiful rapid stream to its source, 150 miles from Dawson. Only one other party had penetrated so far, and these men had turned back without prospecting and fled ignominiously, driven out of the country by wolves. The Colorado miners were good hunters and well armed, and though the great Alaska wolves, which are the largest in the world, came close to their camps at night, they were not alarmed, and industriously prospected the main stream, as well as the various pups and gulches they passed. They found no gold worth mentioning, but they killed three moose and enjoyed themselves while the pleasant weather lasted.

And so the short summer passed and the time came for them to return to Dawson to lay in their winter supply of provisions. They anticipated no trouble in securing the needed outfit, for they had heard nothing of the inrush of 4,500 men from the outside world, who had settled down on Dawson like a swarm of hungry locusts and already devoured everything in sight.

How tirelessly minute and incomprehensibly complicated are the workings of Providence! If these miners had not been cut off from information and so lost their chance of securing a grub stake, there is little probability we should ever have recovered our lost boats. As it was, they found it impossible to winter in Dawson, and nothing remained but to start for the coast without delay. The ice had temporarily jammed in the Yukon, and thinking the river had closed for good and all, they started Oct. 22, with five weeks' supplies lashed to hand sleds.

The first day out the river opened again, and the miners secured a boat and struggled desperately to make progress by tracking. In this they were unsuccessful, and they were obliged to resort again to their sleds, dragging them where feasible along a narrow rim of shore ice, and at other times taking to the land and scaling the precipitous banks of the pent in river.

Sometimes they followed for miles the base of bastion-like cliffs only to come to places where their narrow ice path ended, sheared close off by the sweep of the throttled river. Long detours were necessary to get around such places, and these involved climbing that was difficult and dangerous to an extreme.

Once one of the party who had gone ahead to look out a route slipped and barely caught himself at the edge of a vertical drop of 200ft. Below was the dizzily hurrying ice current, and he did not dare look down. Above was a rounded edge of crusted snow and icy rock that afforded no foothold, or roughened projections which he could grasp with his hands. He was in a trap, from which he could not unaided rescue himself. An hour later his companions found him half-frozen, hanging on with stiffened muscles and closed eyes. This man had easily been the most daring of the party, but after that his nerve was gone, and he was content to keep in the rear and let others take the risks.

Their progress was necessarily very slow. Once, owing to a detour, they found that after a day's work they had actually lost ground. Sometimes they were unable to draw their loaded sleds up the places it was necessary for them to climb, and they had to unpack and take the loads over a little at a time on their backs.

Five days' travel above the Stewart River they sighted a raft grounded on a bar in mid-channel. The shore was a maze of wolf trails, and a number of ravens had alighted on the cargo, which proved to be sheep carcasses intended for the Dawson market.

The miners spent a day attempting to reach the raft, but in the end were unsuccessful. Their supplies were getting low, and the fresh mutton would have been a god-send.

Further up the river they had a similar experience with a beef raft. It was tantalizing to see so much good food going to waste when they were already contemplating the likelihood of starvation.

Thirty miles below Selkirk their supplies were almost gone, and the miners were still the best part of 500 miles from the coast. The river is about half a mile wide at this point. Across on a flat which marks the mouth of Selwyn Creek they saw a boat drawn up out of reach of the ice. The river had jammed again, and two of the miners, whom I will call Lingard and Dartois, though these are not their names, started across on the ice to beg supplies. When they were in mid-stream the jam began breaking up, and the two men saw death staring them in the face. They looked first at the north bank where their companions were, and then at the other shore, and saw that the latter was nearest. In another moment they were racing desperately toward it, leaping at times across great fissures, where the black water yawned for them, and at times floating down on detached unstable masses.

Eventually, more by luck than anything else, they reached the south bank of the river. They made their way to the tent of the men whose boat they had sighted, and told their story. The strangers said they were sorry for them, but that they were short of food themselves. They gave Lingard and Dartois their dinner and a few pounds of oatmeal, and told them they had nothing more to spare.

Lingard and Dartois could not rejoin their companions and they had no axe or blankets. At night they kept from freezing by building two fires and huddling between them. They could not sleep for the cold, and much of their time was taken up breaking loose with their hands and dragging to their fire portions of dead trees for fuel.

For four days and nights Lingard and Dartois suffered the Esquimaux's hell, which is slow death by freezing.

The fifth day Lingard, who was leading, under the guidance of what appeared a strange perversity of judgment, left the shore line of the river, where the traveling was good, and the river bordered by the only piece of flat land for ten miles, and crossed over to an island. When they reached the head of this island the two men found

themselves cut off from the main land by open water. It looked as if they would have to retrace their steps, and Dartois was not slow to upbraid his companion for taking them out of their way.

Lingard was put on his mettle, and seeing a narrow strip of ice reaching to the next island above, which, as it happened, was still further out in the river, he determined to gain that instead of retreating. It was a risky enterprise, for a strong current set full against the rim of ice and it might be carried away any moment by the drifting masses, which were continually carried against and under the obstruction. In their desperate condition, however, the men had lost the true perspective of danger, and were willing to take any risks.

When three-quarters of the way over, Dartois, who was following, uttered an exclamation and called his companion's attention to something under a piled-up ice mass he had just crossed. Lingard looked and saw a piece of white canvas, and near by a broken end of rope. The things were suggestive, and the two men set to work removing the ice as best they could with their hands.

Beneath the canvas they soon recognized the rounded form of provision sacks, and at one side some implement with a handle. As soon as they were able to do so, they ripped the canvas open, and the contents of one of our freight boats were revealed. The handled implement proved to be an axe, and with its aid they made progress rapidly.

A second boat was uncovered, and in this the two castaways found a tent. They were half-starved and could wait for no further discoveries. Lingard shouldered the tent, and axe in hand led the way to the island. Dartois followed with a partly used sack of flour in one hand and in the other a galvanized iron horse pail half full of frozen sugar syrup, and the other half filled with dried peaches, which he had gotten from one of the sacks. The syrup was a memento of our shipwreck in Lake LeBarge. We had placed the wet sugar sack in the horse pail in order to save what leached away.

They built a fire and had a meal of flapjacks and stewed peaches. What the repast lacked in variety was fully compensated for by its abundance, and the poor fellows spent the best part of an afternoon eating their doughcakes and sickly sweet peaches.

They pitched the tent back in the woods on the island, where it was out of sight from the river and mainland as well, and the day following they removed the cargoes of the boats and carried the things to their camp. There is reason to believe that Lingard and Dartois, though they had stumbled on the boats by the merest accident, knew of our loss, and knew that we were at Fort Selkirk, only six miles away. One of the men seen at the time of their separation from their party knew the details of our missing boats, and as the information cost him nothing to impart, he was probably ready enough to give it away to the men who asked for food.

Lingard and Dartois did not want to run the risk of a refusal of supplies from the owners of the boats, and no doubt they determined to wait where they were till the river closed, and then rejoin their party, with whom they had managed to keep in communication by signalling across the river. The united party could then take what provisions they needed and pass by Fort Selkirk on the opposite side of the river without our knowing anything whatever of the occurrence.

Fortunately for us, however, Providence had a different plan, and twenty-four hours after the boats were discovered Lingard froze his feet. There was no stove with the boats, and an unheated tent was no place for a man in that condition. There was but one thing to be done, and Lingard set out at once for Fort Selkirk.

He reached our cabin just at dark, and we took him in and bathed his feet with kerosene and poulticed them with desiccated onions, warmed in the frying pan. Afterward we gave him a good hot supper, and promised him a place between us in the sleeping bag we had constructed by sewing the edges of 70lbs. of blankets together.

When he had finished his supper, Lingard told his story up to the point of finding the boats. Then, after much beating around the bush, he tried to make a bargain with us for information regarding the whereabouts of the boats. Mac and I at once recognized the fact that he had found our lost outfit and that it must be somewhere near by, and told him as much. We refused to make a bargain, but told him that we would not see anyone starve while we had food ourselves, and in the end he threw himself on our mercy.

It was long after midnight when we finally got to bed, but all three of us were easier in mind, if I am not mistaken, than for many a long day.

We were up betimes in the morning. The stars were still twinkling overhead when Mac returned from the river, where he had gone to get a pail of water, and announced that the Yukon had closed. The information seemed to distress Lingard, who probably had no great faith in our verbal promises. The poor fellow had learned by bitter experience that charity is a rare quality in the Yukon when it comes to giving away food, and one could hardly blame him if he was thinking of the other course of action he might have taken, even with frozen feet, if he had known the river was going to close so soon.

Mac agreed to try and communicate with Lingard's party, and it was decided that I should set off down the river at once to the point where Dartois was camped with the lost provisions. Mac and I still had a hankering dread lest the other members of Lingard's party might decamp with the food, and it seemed best to have one of us on the spot as soon as possible.

Some Indians who came in while we were at breakfast told us that the river was still unsafe, and that it would not do to trust to it till the following day. The water had backed up 12 or 15ft. and every once in a while the ice, acted upon by the great pressure above, moved ahead a little. Patches of open water were visible here and there, and in places the ice was flooded to a depth of several feet. The band of shore ice which Lingard followed had, of course, disappeared.

I determined to travel as much as possible of the distance to the island by land, and soon after daylight fastened on my Alaska snowshoes, which are twice as long and only half as broad as the common American web shoes, and set off.

The first three miles of the journey was easy enough, but then I came to the gate of the Ramparts, and my difficulties began. Here a low but terribly precipitous moun-

tain, with a perpendicular face to the river, opposed further progress. I made several unsuccessful attempts to scale it, and when at last I succeeded I found the way so blocked by slides and ledges, and the day so far gone, that it was plainly impossible to reach my destination before night by that route. Only one course remained, and that was to take to the ice of the river.

I retraced my steps, struggling through the soft, fluffy snow up to my waist, for it was impossible to use snowshoes on such a hillside, and eventually reached the river bank just above the mountain. I secured a pole to test the ice, and crossing 30ft. of open water next shore on a great cake of mush ice, gained a footing on the main floe in the channel.

Darkness was fast settling down, and before I had gone a mile night was upon me, black and starless. The spectral outline of the nearest mountain was almost lost in the gloom, and had it not been for the reflection of the ice and snow I should have been unable to travel.

Owing to the backing up of the river and consequent flooding of the ice, a thin skin of brash ice covered the surface in many places, and sometimes this concealed dangerous pitfalls. At times I drove my pole through this flimsy covering into the black current beneath, that ran with the speed of a mill race and pulled at the pole as if struggling to drag it from my grasp. Once I came to a rapid that was still for the most part open water, and had to cross this on a narrow bridge of ice that rocked with the recoil of the white-capped waves dashing by.

It was two hours after dark when I reached the island and found Dartois crouching over his fire. The poor fellow was sick and half-frozen, and seemed almost to have forgotten how to talk, though his difficulty with articulation was partly due to stiffened lips. His pleasure at seeing a fellow being was very marked. He got me something to eat, and then I proposed that we should go back together to Fort Selkirk for the night. Dartois shuddered at the thought, remarking that in the first place he did not think he could walk six miles in his present condition, and in the second, even if it were possible he could not risk the trip in the dark for all the gold in the Klondike. Not even the thought of a warm bed and food cooked over a stove could tempt him.

As he would not go back with me, I resolved to stay with him, and asked what bedding there was in camp. Dartois said the only things they had rescued were a Kenwood sleeping bag and a red blanket. This latter was somewhat the worse for wear, as it had been used for a horse blanket on the Skagway trail.

"Lingard and I got in the sleeping bag together and put the blanket over us," he remarked, "but then Lingard is thinner than you are—lost it since we left Dawson." I recollected that Lingard was the build of a fence rail, and as Dartois said it was a tight fit, I had little hopes of getting into the bag.

I had wet my feet coming down the river, and spent the evening drying out socks and moccasins. The provisions were piled up at one end of the fire to form a wind break, and close by was the tent, pitched low and partly covered with snow. It was a bitter cold night. Dartois looked once at the spring thermometer, a very reliable instrument that had formed a part of my outfit, and announced that it registered forty below zero. Finally the last of the dry wood was put on the fire, and Dartois said there was no more on the island, and that we must turn in. "We must make the best of it till morning," he remarked; "God knows if we shall ever see another day."

He led the way into the tent, which was covered inside with ice from congealed breath, and was about as inviting a place to sleep in as one of the vaults of a cold storage warehouse. He cautioned me to rub my nose to keep it from freezing, and crawled down into the sleeping bag.

I attempted to follow, but stuck fast when I got as far as my hips. The bag pinched so that I was afraid it would stop the circulation, which would make freezing all the more certain, so I drew back, leaving only my feet in it. A few spruce boughs and a piece of canvas had been laid on the snow as a foundation for the bed. Below that again was fifty or a hundred feet of perpetually frozen ground. I spread one thickness of the blanket on top of the canvas, and then drew it up around my body and over my head, and thus protected put in a night that, aside from the mental worry, was not nearly so uncomfortable as one would have expected.

Of course sleeping was out of the question, and all through the long arctic night Dartois and I kept up a desultory conversation. Inside my heavy buckskin gauntlets my hands became numb and ached, and from time to time I could feel the cold take hold of some particular portion of my body with stealthy nipping fingers that made me writhe at the thought of what might be the consequences of that leperous touch. We turned over frequently during the night to assure ourselves that circulation was not impaired, and never once did we get into that blissful dreamy state that is said to come to persons when freezing to death.

Earlier in the evening, with a roaring camp-fire of spruce logs to give warmth, I had shivered and felt almost as uncomfortable as now. It could hardly be possible that a single thickness of threadbare blanket was in any way equivalent to the fire. The subject of the power of the human body to resist cold is a puzzling one. Not only training but also will power seems to enter the problem. I believe now that if I had been in a discouraged and hopeless frame of mind, I might easily have frozen. Bodily nourishment had also a good deal to do with my ability to resist the cold, and the supper I had eaten, though scanty and poorly cooked, was a factor of the greatest importance.

Equally mysterious is the effect of training. Why is it that Andrew Flett (mentioned earlier in these articles) did not freeze wearing the lightest of clothing in mid-winter? One can readily understand that he could accustom himself to be more comfortable scantily clothed than another man under the same conditions, but when the man beside him freezes to death it is hard to understand how Flett escapes the touch of the frost. Natural vitality and good circulation could hardly account for the difference.

When Dartois and I crawled out of the tent the following morning, we found the weather had moderated considerably. We hustled round and got some wood, and had breakfast. Afterward we set out for Fort Selkirk, meeting on the way a relief party with a sled.

Lingard, Dartois and the other members of the party

stopped with us at Fort Selkirk several days to recuperate, and when they left they had ample supplies to carry them to the next stage of their journey. Lingard's feet permitted him to hobble along with the aid of rough crutches, and at times he rode on a sled.

We learned afterward that the party reached the coast in safety, though one of its members, a man whom we knew as Sam, had had his gee pole arm seriously frozen, and mortification was reported to have set in.

J. B. BURNHAM.

In Old Virginia.

Part II.

A FEW mornings thereafter I concluded to try the quail. Hon. John S. Wise has his intelligent friend Diomed say that Virginia is the "hub" of the universe for this bird, the gamest of all our game birds.

Virginia quail, he says, are larger than any other quail in the world, and travel in any direction you may from Virginia, you will find them less in size, and lacking in dash and vigor.

My rather general experience leads me to believe that this statement is not exaggerated.

The Virginia birds certainly dress larger than any birds the writer has ever shot, in a shooting experience ranging from Minnesota to Florida, and with a fair radius East and West. Your host always expects you to "carry a boy" with you on all expeditions, whether afoot or horseback, in old Virginia; to open gates, pilot you about, carry your game and make himself useful in any other manner desired.

There is nearly always one or more bird dogs to be found on the plantations, generally very well bred, but unless regularly hunted they are often illy broken, or sadly demoralized by association with "the boys," who are inveterate rabbit hunters.

The dog belonging to the plantation where I was visiting had met with a fatal accident a few days before my arrival, and his successor had not yet been installed. A neighboring sportsman, the owner of a pair of fine pointers, had promised my hostess to bring his dogs and shoot with me for the day.

Completing my preparations before the time set for his arrival, I concluded to take a turn in the open near the house to work off the wire edge, and perhaps get a chance shot to get my "eye in" for the regular business of the day.

My hostess came to the door to see me off and wish me luck. Noticing that I was unattended, she at once sent Millie, the maid, who was pretending to sweep the walk, but who was in reality enjoying herself watching us, for a boy. Millie soon returned, followed by two candidates for the position of gun bearer or game carrier. One was a good, big boy, heavy and awkward; the other was what I had heard the overseer call a "chap." The big fellow was barefooted and stood digging his toes in the ground in uncomfortable embarrassment. The chap was erect and important in a new pair of brogans as stiff and hard, apparently, as though made of raw hide.

The little fellow was my choice, and the big boy was sent back to the woodpile. My selection stood as erect as a drum major, looking me straight in the face, without moving a muscle. He was black, slim as a sapling, and thoroughly wide-awake looking. The comely proportion of his legs was fully visible from the tops of his shoes to 4 or 5 in. above his knees, looking like a pair of well-scorched laths; at this point began a pair of diminutive trousers that fitted him almost as tightly as his little black hide; a worn shirt and a bit of hat, that looked like a lid, completed his outfit. Nearly all negroes are deliberate of speech. Not so this chap.

"What is your name?" I asked.

"Guv'nah, suh," was the instantaneous reply.

"Whose boy are you, Governor?" I then asked.

"I Aunt Mary's boy, suh," quick and sharp came the answer.

"How old are you?"

"Twelve-goin'-on-thirteen, suh."

"Are you a good walker?"

"Yaas, suh."

"Do you want to go hunting with me?"

"Yaas, suh."

His alert, terse manner had impressed me favorably, and he did not prove at all disappointing on closer acquaintance.

When we reached a promising bit of stubble I ordered Governor out to the right wing and we started in to walk up something. The first flush was a field lark, and as I was shooting a new gun and needed practice, I classed him as game.

As he pitched for the ground my boy darted for him like a sparrow hawk after a snow bird, and retrieved him promptly. A few steps further, and we jumped a rabbit. I cut the weeds around him, but as he was running strong when the smoke of my broadside cleared away, I had to conclude that the gun was a little new yet. Nothing more offered until we reached the fence at the further side of the field. Here, as we threaded our way through some briars, we were fortunate enough to walk into a covey of birds.

Just as they flushed I had noticed my boy reach up to grasp the fence, preparatory to climbing over. After I had killed my first bird, much too close, and missed the second, that I ought to have killed properly, I glanced around, and there stood that boy in the exact position still with hands up in the air. At a nod from me he ran over the fence like a squirrel, and was back with the dead bird when I dropped off on the other side. I had marked the covey down on a hillside near by, where the growth was sedge grass dotted over with stunted field pines. When we reached the spot where I expected to find them I sent the boy up the slope, about 50 ft. from me, and bid him keep in line and watch carefully where any dead birds fell. The first flush was a single, straight away. He fell, clean killed, to my first barrel. Bidding Governor mark the place, we moved on a few steps and two birds flushed at my feet, followed an instant later by a third. They swung to my right, flying low, and when I drew on them they were in a line with the lid that did duty as a hat on the boy's head.

"Stoop down!" I shouted as the first bird pitched over

his head, too close for safe shooting. The little image failed to understand the order and stood like a statue.

"Stoop down, quick!" I shouted, as the second bird tapped him in its rapid rush for safety. Then, in desperation, as the last bird approached him, I yell "Squat!" and the boy disappeared as though the earth had opened and swallowed him, and I killed the bird—a long shot—with the choked, hard-shooting left barrel. A little further on we flushed three more birds; one I killed, but the other two were lost by my failure to connect on both as they crossed in flight, a feat often performed when in better practice.

One more bird was flushed and knocked down as we returned, but our combined efforts failed to find him.

Concluding that he had only been winged, and knowing that it was useless to hunt for him without a dog, I had turned and started for the house, when my boy called out: "Here Jeff, suh; he fin' him foh you."

"Jeff" was a thoroughbred after the order instituted by the small boy, being "one-half shepherd and the rest just dog," and I could not feel the slightest encouragement by reason of his talents enlisted to aid in the recovery of the lost bird.

But Jeff had evidently been blessed, a few generations back, with an ancestor possessed of a nose; and was now able to materially aid and profoundly surprise those unaware of his distinguished lineage. Being directed to the spot where the bird had fallen, he took up the trail as promptly as any prize winner at field contests could have done, followed it to a dry ditch 25 yds. away; sped up the ditch in a run for 50 yds., stopped short, crept up through the weeds on one side 25 ft. or more, clapped his paws down on a fluttering, broken-winged quail, and looked around at the boy, who had followed close behind him, for further orders. If a cow grazing in the field had done the same thing it would have seemed but little more surprising and unexpected. On our return trip to the house one more opportunity offered to add to the bag. It was what the boy called "a fine, fat ole haar," when he brought him in, and was undoubtedly, to him, the most satisfactory event of the expedition.

My shooting companion had arrived when we returned to the house, and we set forth at once for the real business of the day.

As we intended looking up the survivors of the covey I had discovered, and the field was near the house, our fair hostess donned her corduroy suit and accompanied us to see the opening of the hunt.

The pair of pointers over which we were to shoot was everything desired in appearance, and their work proved in keeping.

We hunted first down the other side of the ridge that I had been shooting on, and soon struck scent. Both dogs worked on the trail of what seemed a single bird leading straight away. They were side by side when they found game, and the point was beautiful. We ranged up in a line near them and stood several moments enjoying the magnificent sight before giving the order to flush.

The flush yielded a brace, which separated, one flying straight away, and the other swinging around over my left shoulder, with the wind under his wings. I hated to miss the first chance offered me in the presence of our fair audience, but felt the utter hopelessness of overtaking that brown meteor with anything less speedy than a streak of lightning.

More to show my good intention than in anticipation of any result, I hastily fired in the direction of his flight and scored a beautiful accident, although this is the first admission of its being such. The bird whirled down almost to the foot of the hill before striking the ground, so great was its momentum.

My companion had attended to the other bird in a quiet, orderly manner that proved him a veteran. The dogs divided the honor of retrieving, each bringing in a bird.

Moving on, we next flushed a single, which the Virginia gentleman allowed me to kill, courteously refusing to swing his gun from the comfortable shoulder rest when he saw but one bird up.

Two birds from the ground and a hawk from a low, thick pine tree were the next flush. Following my inviolable rule, I paid my respects to the hawk first, cutting him down with the right barrel, and then, contrary to the rule of virtue always rewarded, missed my bird entirely.

My companion, more skillful, saved him for our bag by a long shot, followed immediately by a courteous apology to me for killing my bird. It was very considerably and affably done, but he "wiped my eye" just the same.

Fur was the next event. A rabbit was jumped by his Excellency, the diminutive Governor, who was stalking solemnly along in the rear. It surprised him into speech. "Haar, suh! Huah he go!" he shouted.

He passed near me, and out of respect to the dogs I let him go. It was no small sacrifice either, as when out for general all-round sport I am much addicted to throwing the festive "cottontail" his three to nine flip-flaps, that usually immediately precedes his transfer to the game bag. My consideration for the dogs was rewarded by as pretty an exhibition of perfect training as it had ever been my lot to see. They were working in near us, and close together, and the rabbit, under full steam, dashed right between them, without any other result than causing them to show a lively interest in his hasty and erratic movements; and they were both young dogs, just beginning their second season.

We were now waited by the big bell at the house that a pleasant duty awaited us there in the shape of dinner, and the hunt was called off until afternoon.

En route to the house I strayed a little and was successful. The disappointment in the little bright black face of the small darky when the rabbit was allowed to escape had touched me, and I was looking for consolation for him at a safe distance from the dogs. I found it, and it was a fine one. A great big, reddish-brown fellow, the kind they call woods rabbits. Holding straight down the row, he was boring through the weeds. I persuaded him to stop running and proceed to throw back handsprings, not more than two or three of which had been accomplished before the boy had him by the hindlegs and was knocking the remaining kick out of him by blows on the back of his head with his little black fist, while his eyes fairly sparkled with excitement and satisfaction.

Bidding him carry it to his "mammy," her cabin being near, I joined my companions. It was some time after

the pleasant discussion of the dinner that we found waiting for us before we started in to finish our hunt.

Our hostess had declared her sporting blood fully cooled by the fatigue of the morning trip, and declined our invitation to accompany us. We found my boy sitting on the horse-block outside the gate, evidently waiting our appearance.

I was about to dismiss him, as we intended taking only a short trip, and there was no likelihood of our game pockets overflowing; but it occurred to me that possibly Governor was an embryo sportsman, and that it was as much a following of inclination as devotion to duty that caused his promptness. "How long have you been waiting, Governor?" I asked him.

"Dunno, suh; 'bout two houahs, I spec."

"Didn't you get tired of waiting for us?"

"No, suh. I was des 'fraid you all had dun made up your min' not to go."

I was getting "warm" in my investigation, as the children say. My theory of sporting blood was fast gaining ground.

"What is that in your pockets?" I said, pointing to two suspicious-looking bulges in his pants pockets.

"Dis one is 'tater," said he, touching one pocket, "and dis is biskit," touching the other.

"Where did you get them, and what will you do with them?" I asked.

"Aunt Ellen give um to me, suh, foh my dinnah; 'cause I 'fraid you all start out foh I git my dinnah eat if I wait 'til hit reddey."

That settled it. It was sporting blood "of the purest ray serene" that animated this little African Nimrod. The half-formed resolution to dismiss him was laid on the table, and we proceeded to the business before the house as a whole. The covers did not yield well, and our afternoon was threatening to prove an "off day," when along toward 4 o'clock we reached a field covered with an unusually heavy growth of sedge grass.

The weather had grown cloudy, and the short December day bid fair to soon close. We concluded that the birds might be going to roost, and as heavy sedge grass is their favorite place, we would take a turn through the field.

The dogs had but fairly entered the grass when they found birds. A covey flushed which yielded us three birds, I having missed my first. A little further the dogs pointed, and it was another covey. We stopped four of this lot. But a few steps further, and to our intense surprise another covey flushed. Three of them was our share, owing to both having shot the same bird with the second barrel. Again within a very short distance we found birds, and again, and again, until out of that sedge field we had put up over ten covies of birds in less than one hour. We wondered, "and still our wonder grew," as did our bag. We got something out of every covey, and occasionally four.

It was not until the next day that the mystery of the birds crowding into the sedge-grass field in such numbers was explained. That night began one of the worst winter storms of years. A very heavy snowstorm was followed by intensely cold weather, the mercury falling to zero and below. It lasted for weeks, and when the weather at last moderated all but a very hardy few of the thousands of birds that had made the "Old Dominion" a sportsman's paradise were frozen to death.

My sporting ethics are orthodox, but whenever I think of all those fine, well-conditioned birds freezing and wasting, I rather regret every show of moderation on our part during that day's hunt. Our return trip to the house was without incident, at least without anything of interest to any charitably inclined person.

It is true that the dogs found game, and my companion decided it to be a single bird, and sent me forward to kill it. That when the bird flushed and flew straight away I shot as true as in me lay, in the line of his departure, without disconcerting him, and my friend, from 20 ft. behind me, killed him as coolly and easily as though quail in a hurry at 60 yds. was his favorite target in the latter part of a dark winter afternoon; and that another bird flushed at my right bootleg an instant later, and swung over the rising ground along which we were passing, that slid through my second deadly charge, to be most scientifically grassed by my friend with the true eye and steady hand.

These incidents, I say, were of no special interest, but the courteous and kindly excuses made for me, in extenuation of my execrable shooting, by my superior, as he had just proved himself, was a beautiful lesson in "the greatest of these."

Returning to the house with about the load of fatigue that a man might expect to carry after a whole day in all sorts of cover, I was just deliberating as to whether I should not go to bed hungry, rather than undergo the further exertion of changing my clothes for supper, when in response to a knock on my door, and "Come in," a girl entered carrying a waiter covered with a snowy napkin, on which rested a glass containing some botanical specimens.

"What is it, Milly?" I asked.

"Hit's a Jew-lip," she replied; "Mis' Lady'lowed as how you'd be right smaht wo' out, en she sen' hit to refreshen you up, suh."

I dutifully proceeded to take the remedy for fatigue, and prescription for "refreshen." Took all that I could persuade to drain out of the glass, then carefully scraped out the remnant of an ingredient that seemed to have saccharine properties, chewed up all of the botanical specimens, and carefully licked the spoon. Then, after resting a few moments, I proceeded with my preparations for supper with such vigorous alacrity that I was moved to speculate on what might have been the result had my hostess mixed me the entire Israelite and sent him up.

I am conscientiously opposed to any general use of stimulants, but I would hate to have to maintain that position against a continued siege of Virginia "Jew-lips," for they, like the Old Dominion's hospitality and her fair daughters, are absolutely irresistible.

LEWIS HOPKINS.

To me nothing comes so near to filling the place of a real hunt as to read a detailed account of one, which I believe to be true, which feature I believe to be prominent in FOREST AND STREAM literature, else I would not have my name on its mailing list, much less its list of contributors. EMERSON CARNEY.

Saint Peter's Gate.

A Camp-fire Story.

THE idea of St. Peter as the stern custodian of a certain straight gate at the end of a narrow way has lent itself to so many good stories and conceits that some future day some literary collector may wish to gather them all into a volume. And there are enough of them for the literary analysts who love to classify all varieties of wit and humor under scientific names—like burlesque troupe, heterography, perverted logic, etc.—to give them a whole genus all to themselves, with as dignified a name as any of them.

I was once present at a camp-fire seance where the conversation, happening to lead, as it were, to St. Peter's Gate, lingered around it, and finally, as a reminiscence of an old army camp-fire on the plains, drew out the most elaborate of all the St. Peter stories which I have ever heard. It is worthy of preservation, and I will give the conversation from the beginning.

Some one remarked that our cook had made a good job of his coffee that night. Our old Colonel had lit a reminiscent pipe. He had campaigned in Utah under Albert Sidney Johnston in the '50s, and in Virginia under Lee in the '60s. "Yes," said he, "that was good coffee, and, as good coffee always does, it reminded me of the best cup of coffee I ever tasted in my life. It was in the woods in front of Chancellorsville, on the night of May 1, 1863—the night before Stonewall Jackson was killed.

"There was a little incident connected with the matter, and I will tell you of it. Gen. Jackson was the sternest disciplinarian I ever saw, both toward his officers and men. His best major generals were no more exempt from a sudden arrest than the humblest private. Late that afternoon I passed him with a gun I had had out on the skirmish line. The sergeant had a new rubber overcoat tied on his pommel. The General called me and asked: 'Where did that man get that coat?' 'Picked it up out on skirmish line.' 'Arrest him and prefer charges for plundering on the battlefield.' Of course, I arrested him, but I felt worried about it, for he was one of my best men and a fine gunner, and I had seen him pick up the coat without objection, for very few of our men had any rubbers.

"Well, after night had stopped the fighting, I got all my batteries together in bivouac, in the woods, and we got a chance to eat a little supper, having been on the go since daybreak. At that time the whole Confederacy had been out of coffee for so long that we had forgotten how it tasted. All sorts of substitutes were in use, but principally parched corn. At least that was what we used in the artillery, because we could generally get corn—the consent of our battery horses being expressed or implied. Just as I at last sat down on the root of a tree and opened a little package of cold bacon and corn bread, one of my battery commanders, Capt. Parker, came up, bringing me a big tin cup brim full of scalding hot coffee—real coffee, and ready sweetened with nice white sugar. He had already had some, and he sat down by me waiting for the cup, while I cooled and drank it, and the taste and flavor permeated my very bones. They have reacted to good coffee ever since. Of course, I asked Capt. Parker where he got it. He showed me a buckskin bag, holding about a quart, still half-full of coffee, parched, ground and mixed with white sugar. He had gotten the bag, and the big tin cup, too, from the dead body of a Federal soldier. I said nothing, and I did not enjoy the coffee one whit the less; but I did wonder what Gen. Jackson would do if he should catch us.

"And the next afternoon, as we were going into action, and the captain of the sergeant's battery came and begged me to let him go back to duty with his gun, I remembered my participation in the coffee, and I released the sergeant from arrest, feeling that he had done nothing worse than I had. But I realized that I would have a difficult explanation with Gen. Jackson when the fight was over. I determined to risk it, however, along with all the other chances of the big battle before us; and as fate would have it, that night the General fell with his mortal wound.

"I have often thought over the matter since, and the more I think of it, the more disagreeable seems to me the position in which I might have found myself had Gen. Jackson lived. And that is the one possibly unpleasant interview I look forward to in the next world when I get there. I will perhaps have to hear what the General would have done about it.

"But I will be glad to explain the whole business to him, and perhaps get him to modify some of his former views, if he has not already done so. As Capt. Parker was in it, he will just have to, for a better man than Capt. Parker never walked this green earth. Courage, truth and unselfishness might have learned their trades from him, and his whole life (he is a doctor and is still living) has been given to works of charity—even Stonewall Jackson won't outrank him up there. Indeed, whenever my time comes to interview St. Peter and get through that gate of his, if he starts out to cross-question me too closely about old bygones, I'm going to use Capt. Parker's name as my first, last and only reference. Peter can't refuse a man who was as intimate with Capt. Parker as I can prove myself to have been. I have got the record on him upon that."

Our party included a young man, an extensive reader of ephemeral humorous literature. He said: "That's a pretty good scheme. I'd like to have a little pull with Peter myself. I've heard of a plan once tried by a Brooklyn man which is said to have worked. This man died about the time when some great scandal was being ventilated in Brooklyn, and the name of the city became a byword in the papers for immorality. When this man presented himself at the gate, Peter asked: 'Where are you from?' 'Brooklyn,' said the man. 'Well,' said Peter, 'you'll have to wait a few days. There has got to be a special investigation in every individual case before we can take any more Brooklyn people in here. You wait a few days, and then you can come again, and perhaps your case will have been reached.'

"The Brooklyn man looked very disconsolate, but he loitered off a little ways and stood there, watching. After an interval there came a quiet moment, when there was a pause in the arrivals, and Peter looked out of his window

with no one to occupy him. At that moment the Brooklyn man gave three beautiful imitations of the crowing of a rooster. Peter's face flushed red. He beckoned to the Brooklyn man to draw near, and as he approached Peter opened the door. 'You can go in,' he said, 'but don't you ever crow again where I am.'

"Well," said the Colonel, "while that story may not be strictly straight at all points, it certainly corroborates, as far as it goes, other stories I have heard in representing Peter as still retaining a good share of his old human nature. Where there is so much smoke there must be some fire, and I like to think that it won't be all music up there, but that there will be some survival of individual sentiments and characteristics.

"It reminds me of an old army story I heard told on the plains in 1858, during what we called the Mormon War, which was no war, but only marching and camping. It was of a strange dream, narrated to the officers, mess one morning at Newport Barracks, Ky., by a Lieut. Brown, of the Sixth infantry. Brown dreamed that he had died, and he found himself ascending a long and narrow road, amid awful cliffs and crags, and almost borne along by a furious wind, which swept up the road and permitted no return.

"At last, numb and chilled, he came out upon a more open place, where, on opposite sides, stood two large office buildings, while the road beyond seemed to lose itself over a tremendous precipice into a boundless and bottomless gulf. Each building had a grated window, like a railroad ticket office, a single outside door, but without any outside knob or keyhole. Some dormant memory awoke in Brown's soul and turned his steps to the window on his right. A tall, stern and venerable, but well preserved man, with an indelible pencil in his hand, was seated at the window and looked out at him. Brown had never heard of X rays, but he described vividly how he felt the Venerable look through and through him.

"Who are you?" asked the Venerable.

"Lieut. B. B. Brown, Sixth infantry, from Newport Barracks."

"What! Sixth infantry, United States Army?" said Venerable.

"Yes, sir," said Brown, feeling a sort of misgiving.

"You impudent scoundrel!" said Venerable, laying down his indelible pencil and taking up a heavy round ruler, and growing red in the face. "What do you mean by trespassing on this side of that road? Clear out where you belong! And if ever you cross that road again I'll have you made stoker over there for a thousand years."

"Brown felt himself caught by the wind and fairly whirled out into the road, where it took him some time to recover his breath. He could not return down the path against the wind. He could hardly hold still against it, even though he laid down and clawed into the gravel. The precipice yawned in front of him, with the bottomless gulf beyond. He was chilled to the bone. He was lonesome. Gradually he became weary and desperate, and said to himself that he would rather be in Halifax. He crawled toward the window of the big building on the left. The wind whirled in that direction and helped him along.

"A little, smoke-colored gentleman smiled pleasantly at him through the grating. 'Good morning, sir. May I ask whom I have the pleasure of meeting?'

"Lieut. B. B. Brown, Sixth infantry, from Newport Barracks."

"United States Army?'

"Yes."

"Delighted to see you, sir," said Smoke-Color. 'Come right in, sir, and sit down, while I make out your papers. We are permitted to show that courtesy to the United States Army officers, while other people must wait their turns outside.'

"At that the door swung open and the draft seemed to suck Brown in.

"Take a chair, sir, by the fire," said Smoke-Color. 'Not too close, sir, just now, if you don't like. I will make out your papers for you, sir, immediately. So far as we are allowed we make special favorites of all United States Army officers.'

"He was awfully polite, and having seated Brown, he at once got down a big book, with Bro. on the back, and began to turn over the leaves. He did not seem to find what he wanted, and he asked Brown if he spelt his name with an 'e,' and then if he spelt it with a 'u.' And then he got down some more books and seemed to get very much bothered. At last, after looking back and forth for nearly a half hour he gave it up and said: 'Well, sir, I am very sorry, but there seems to have been some gross mistake somewhere! All the United States Army officers are conceded to us, and yet your name is not upon our books at all! I have looked them over exhaustively, and we have not got it. We would be delighted to take you in, and you would be warmly welcomed by every one of your preceding comrades; but there is a lot of red tape about this business, and we are held to a strict compliance with all formalities.'

"Well," said Brown, 'what am I to do? I can't get back, I can't hold on long outside, and the gentleman on the other side said he would give me a thousand years extra as stoker if I came on that side of the road again.'

"Bless my soul," said Smoke-Color. Then he reflected for a moment and said, 'There is but one thing I can suggest. That is Peter on duty over there now, and it is just like Peter to go off half-cocked like that. But it will be his lunch time soon, and while he goes to lunch Paul will be at the gate, and he is always civil and reasonable. We can always transact business with Paul. Meanwhile the old gentleman will be in very soon and he will take you over himself.'

"So Brown sat and waited, and polite little Smoke-Color sat down to talk with him, and there ensued quite a conversation, of which I have forgotten the detail, but to Brown's messmates, when he told them of the dream at breakfast, it was the most interesting part of the whole. For it was exceedingly personal, the polite little fellow displaying intimate knowledge of the pet moral frailties of each member of Brown's mess, and the most friendly solicitude that each was enjoying a good time and an easy conscience. Did Tom drink, and did Dick swear, and Harry gamble as much as ever? Brown had not been able to report any reformations, which was all very satisfactory to Smoke-Color, and he had said: 'That's all right! We need not send for them for a long time. Let

them enjoy themselves! Each one's example is worth something, and time is no object here.' All of which Brown set forth fully to his comrades.

"But in his dream, after awhile, the regular old gentleman himself came in. He was of somewhat lighter complexion—more of a toast color. He had extreme self-possession, and the most beautiful manners, combined with the air of a close student and a minute observer. But Brown could see that he meant business all the time. Smoke-Color introduced Brown, and explained the situation. Then he got down a book of regulations and showed the O. G. how every one concerned would lose his official position and be made stoker for eternity if they dared to take anybody in without authority from Peter or some other Apostle. So the O. G. agreed that the only thing to do was that he should take Brown over to Paul, for neither could Paul take Brown in without giving the O. G. a full hearing as to any claim he might be able to advance.

"At last Smoke-Color, after careful reconnaissance, reported that Peter had gone, and that Paul was at the gate. So the O. G. took Brown and went out. He left Brown holding on to the doorsteps, while he went across to Paul's window. After a few minutes' talk with Paul he beckoned to Brown to come over, and Paul opened the door and let them both in. Paul was taller than Peter, and his hair and beard were whiter. Peter's had seemed to retain a trace of having been auburn in his youth. They gave Brown a seat at one side, and then stood, with a table between them, facing each other. Paul spoke first and told the O. G. to state his claim against Brown, if he had any, or forever afterward to hold his peace.

"The O. G. answered that by some unfortunate chance Brown's name had been entirely left off the patent self-recording books. No direct evidence, therefore, existed against him. But it was admitted that he died in the United States Army. Although this was only circumstantial, yet it was the best evidence now obtainable, and was conclusive to any impartial mind. Under these circumstances his right to Brown was incontestable. To this Paul replied that Brown's case, being the first of its kind, would necessarily become a precedent, and would practically decide all future cases for untold ages. It concerned, therefore, more than Brown alone, and he was unwilling to bar out mercy for all eternity. Mercy must not be absolutely wanting even from the decrees of justice. The O. G. answered:

"I have acquired certain rights over all army officers by judicious expenditure of much time and trouble. You are bound to accord them some recognition. What do you propose to do about it?"

"Paul reflected a moment and said:

"Under such circumstances as these, the Patriarchs were accustomed to cast lots. I propose that we determine who shall take Brown by that device."

"Agreed," said the O. G. "That is fair. Get a dice-box and three dice. One throw each, and the highest takes him."

"Paul went to a bookcase and produced a dice-dox from a small drawer. As his back was turned the O. G. winked at Brown. The bookcase had a mirror in the door. Paul handed the box and dice to the O. G. He examined them for a moment, then put the dice in the box, rattled them and threw. The dice fell, three sixes! Paul replaced them in the box, rattled them and threw. Again three sixes! Neither spoke. The O. G. took up the dice, rattled them and threw. Three sixes! Paul took them, rattled and threw. Three sixes! Again neither spoke. The O. G. took them, rattled and threw. Three sixes! Paul took them, rattled and threw. Three sixes!! The O. G. gazed at them blankly, and his toast-color gradually deepened to a thunder-cloud black. 'Paul,' said he, 'I would not have believed it of you. Here you have gone and performed a miracle, and for what? To get an army officer into heaven, where he will be the worst lost soul in the whole universe! Paul, I'll never throw dice with you again. I thought this was to be a gentleman's game!'

"With that he snatched up his hat—it was a high beaver—clapped it on his head, stalked to the door without a word of good-bye to any one, and went out, slamming the door after him with a most tremendous bang!!

"It woke Brown up. It was the bang of the morning gun for reveille."

JACK HILDIGO.

Natural History.

Snakes Swallow their Young.

PASADENA, Cal., Dec. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have noticed lately several elaborate articles on snakes going the rounds of the press, written, I think, by a Mr. O'Reilly, though I may have forgotten the name. In any event, he is preaching the doctrine to the public that snakes do not swallow their young. I have always believed they do, not because I have seen it myself (though I have witnessed the act among fishes), but because I have known several persons of veracity who have. In this connection I inclose a letter, written me several years ago by the late Col. Nicolas Pike, of Brooklyn. I believe Col. Pike to have been a man of truth, and a trained and careful observer. He makes some very direct statements, and I should be glad to know how the opponents of the theory will endeavor to prove that he was mistaken.

SENOR X.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Dear Sir: There has been a controversy for years among naturalists relative to the question: Do snakes swallow their young? and there are many professors of herpetology at the present day who ridicule the idea. I have been cognizant of the fact for over fifty years. When a boy I began my studies in herpetology, and was not satisfied with knowing the names of our reptiles, but sought them in the fields and swamps and forests. I learned much of their habits, and from time to time kept them in confinement, and have reared many. Prof. G. Brown Goode, of the Smithsonian Institution, read a very interesting paper on the subject before the American Association for the

Advancement of Science, at Portland, Me., August, 1873, which ought to have settled the question.

The first time this came under my notice was in July, 1830. I was roaming over the fields, when I saw a good-sized garter snake (*Eutania sirtalis*) very near me, with numerous young ones around her. As I approached her, she placed her head flat on the ground, opening her mouth, and making a peculiar noise, the little ones evidently understood, for they all ran into her oesophagus. I picked her up by the neck and put her in a bag and took her home. On examination, I found I had about twenty snakes, including the mother. They were kept together in a box, and when I told the story to my friends they ridiculed me. It was not long, however, before every person in the house was convinced of the truth of my assertions, from witnessing the fact themselves.

I met with a curious incident some years ago while hunting snakes in the swamps at Melrose. I came across a male and female striped snake, with numerous young ones. The parents were near each other, the family crawling over and around them. I was going for them, when, on second thought, I concluded to watch them. They did not appear frightened, but went on gamboling about for some time. I went a little nearer, when both snakes turned toward me, making a faint noise, placed their heads flat on the ground and received the young as stated before. It was a curious sight to see these young snakes, not long born, some of them a foot or two away, turn at the noise, and instantly seek refuge. I am certain it was a note of warning of danger. I caught both snakes and put them in separate bags. The female had ten young and the male had swallowed five. This is the first instance of any notice of a male snake performing this affectionate duty for its young. I placed the whole family in a box, where they lived peaceably a long time.

Mr. Julian Hooper and myself encountered a large water snake (*G. sipedon*) on the banks of a small pond in Durham Swamp. I was about to capture her, when we saw a number of young entering her mouth, and before I could strike her she entered the pond. I immediately swept the pond with my net, and in two or three minutes captured her, but on examination could find no young. She had evidently in that short space of time deposited them under some tussock in the bank out of harm's way. What instinct for the preservation of her young!

I have also seen the *Eutania saurita*, *Heterodon platyrhinos*, and the *Crotalus horrida* perform this act for their young. Some rattlesnakes kept in confinement frequently did the same with their progeny when frightened. The beating of a drum near the case seemed to terrify the old ones, so that at the first tap they would secrete the young in the oesophagus, and vibrate their tails furiously, and they would not release the little ones till the noise ceased. I could relate numerous instances I have seen when different species of snakes have thus protected their young.

Certainly those who do not believe the fact must be closet naturalists and not students of nature. The fact is known to every farmer's boy of an inquiring mind. It is only a few years ago I satisfied a disbeliever by showing him a family of young snakes in confinement, bred by me. When he had witnessed the act he left me a firm believer. I was assured by a Portuguese naturalist in Rio that he had seen a number of the water snakes swallow their young, also a boa constrictor.

NICOLAS PIKE.

A Raccoon's Strategy.

RACCOONS are animals possessed of a great deal of cunning, but the trick played on Thursday night last by a coon in the possession of Major Sturm, of the Bellevue Hotel, beats the record. There are two show windows in the Market street end of the hotel; in one Mr. Coon has been holding forth for some time; in the other there is an aquarium with an assortment of fishes and aquatic flora. Both windows are screened from the inside, a small door in the screen about half-way up from the floor affording access to the windows. In some way or other Mr. Coon succeeded in unfastening the catch of his prison door, and thus he gained access to the café. His footprints indicated that he had taken an inventory of all to be found there. He had opened the catch of the door leading to the aquarium and had sampled the fish. He showed a preference for the double-tailed Japanese goldfish and the silverfish, for he had disposed of a number of these. He had sampled the Japanese water lilies, but these were evidently not to his liking. He had also taken a bite out of a tree toad, which had been in a state of semi-torpority for some time, but apparently did not like the flavor of the meat. Then he had retired, carefully closing the door after him; he went back to his own apartment and actually closed the door there after him. In the morning he was found wet as a drowned rat, but quietly sleeping in the top of the small tree which is his usual place during the day.—Paterson (N. J.) Chronicle.

The Service Berry.

IN THE FOREST AND STREAM for Jan. 21 Mr. Mather asks about the berry called service berry. It is what is known in different parts of the country as amelanchier, June berry, shad berry, wild pear, sugar pear, mountain whortleberry and other names. It is the fruit of the *Amelanchier canadensis*. Torrey and Gray reduce it to a single polymorphous species, but there are at least half a dozen varieties. One dwarf form found on high lands is only 3 to 4 ft. in height, with quite small berries; another variety, *botryapum*, reaches 30 ft. or more, with larger berries. The largest fruit I have ever seen grew on an island in a salt marsh on bushes about 6 ft. high, and the berries were a deep purple when ripe and fully as large as the end of one's little finger. It is said to grow in some form all over the United States, and as far north as Hudson Bay. It is called shad berry, from its being in bloom when the shad ascend the rivers. It is called June berry from the time its fruit ripens in some sections. It is called sugar pear and wild pear from the shape of the fruit, and amelanchier from the name given the *Amelan-*

chier in Savoy; but why called service berry is beyond my ken.

Col. Mather's wintergreen berry, commonly known here as checker berry, partridge berry and ivory plum or ivory-leaf plum, is the *Gaultheria procumbens* of the botanists, and a larger species, *G. shallon*, growing in Oregon, is the salal berry of the Indians. His berry, with the two eyes, called here twin plum berry and two-eyed berry, also called partridge berry, is the *Mitchella repens* of the botanists, and belongs to the madder family. Its sweetly scented flowers, born in pairs, are known here as the twin flowers. His bunch berry is here known by only this name, and is the *Cornus canadensis*, or dwarf cornel. The commonly called pigeon berries are the fruit of the poke or garget (*P. decandra*).

[The Century Dictionary gives "service-berry" as fruit of the *Amelanchier canadensis*; "service-tree," the *Pyrus* (*Sorbus*) *domestica* of Continental Europe; "service" as an extended form of "serve," the fruit of the service-tree; still back of this is "sorb," the fruit of the sorb tree of Europe, mentioned by Dante, in whose *Inferno* the trail abruptly ends. The summing up is that the American service berry received its name because of its resemblance to the serve, or sorb, of Europe.]

The Skunk's Defense.

To my mind there is not a more interesting animal in America than the skunk, certainly none more distinctive. The article by Prof. Rhoads, "Cross-Fires from a Skunk's Battery," reminded me of a case so much in point that I could not refrain from writing it up for the FOREST AND STREAM. It will be remembered that it was the woodsman's contention that the skunk was powerless when his flag was lowered, and that it could be killed with impunity by holding the tail down and striking it with a club. The experiments did not turn out well, and the naturalist suffered for his wanting to see the wheels go round.

In 1897, in September, at a farmhouse in the Levels, a polecat was discovered in the dairy, or, as we say, spring-house. This spring-house was full of milk, butter and all kinds of the most precious supplies for the winter. The polecat was acting like a gentleman, and the lady of the manor who found him there treated him as such. Like Poe's raven, his presence was the one disturbing feature, for if he should break loose the damage would be irreparable. The animal was left in undisturbed possession until the head of the household appeared. He was a good woodsman, and knew of the habits of the skunk. By a very gradual approach, he grasped the tail upflung and gently led it forth by the tail, holding it down, and brained the animal with a club when it was a sufficient distance away, and the spring-house was safe. There was a slight discharge of the secretion. This certainly is a practical application of the principles of science.

I was a long time learning that the common skunk is the Alaska sable of commerce. A few years ago a bill was introduced into the West Virginia Legislature protecting this animal on account of its insectivorous qualities, but it was defeated by the suggestion that if the bill became a law the session would be remembered as the "Polecat Legislature," and the measure died a natural death.

MARLINTON, W. Va.

ANDREW PRICE.

Crow Roosts.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of Jan. 21, Mr. Witmar Stone, of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Science, in speaking of crow roosts, mentions several, and asks for information with regard to others.

For many years I have noticed a large evening flight of crows toward the woods to the south of Stockport, Columbia county, New York. They spend the day in an open and rolling moorland country about two miles to the east of their roost, and back from the river.

I was in the neighborhood during the holidays, and they seemed to be in greater numbers than ever.

WM. COFFIN DORNIN, JR.

Winter Robin in New York.

ALBANY, N. Y., Jan. 23.—Editor Forest and Stream: I hope to claim the honor of seeing the first robin of '99 in this vicinity. On Western avenue, yesterday (Sunday) afternoon, the writer heard the querulous "squeals" of a robin, and soon located the bird among the leafless branches of an elm on the south side of School No. 12. Robbie stood up confidently, but he wasn't singing a carol in the waning light of the sun, which was fast disappearing in a bank of gray, ominous-looking clouds in the southwest.

HORACE Z. DERBY.

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of fishing and hunting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

Congress and the Game.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Jan. 20.—Editor Forest and Stream: The proposition now before Congress to enlarge the scope of the Fish Commission, so that it shall include game bird propagation and distribution, deserves a fuller and more careful consideration than the members of either House appear to be disposed to give to it. I beg opportunity in FOREST AND STREAM to call attention to some of the features of the measure.

Let us examine into the purposes of the bill in detail merely as it appears on its face, and subject it to a superficial analysis. An exhaustive analysis, with an exposition of the fallacies embodied in it, would fill a volume.

First, the duties and powers of the commission are to be enlarged so as to include "the propagation, distribution, transportation, introduction and restoration of game birds and other wild birds useful to man."

Let us begin with the propagation. How are the game

birds to be propagated? Some game birds will not breed at all in confinement. Fish can be grown by the million in a small hatchery. In the same amount of space, it is doubtful if a half-dozen wild birds could be raised. There is talk about aviaries, as if that were the sole expense, and the sole step necessary to success. Granted that there was an aviary in every township, how many quail or ruffed grouse, or woodcock, or snipe, could be raised in them?

The ruffed grouse is, from a practical standpoint, incapable of domestication. So with the quail, the snipe, the woodcock. If there was an aviary as large as the city of New York, it is doubtful if enough birds could be bred in it to be of any substantial use. The larger the aviary, the less are the chances of success.

The prairie chicken cannot be introduced in places it has already abandoned. Too much agriculture is as fatal to it as too much trapping and shooting. The breeding of game has already been tried, and proved to be a failure so far as it concerns American game birds.

Fishculture, where millions can be raised in a small area, and game culture, which is an impossibility, are quite different matters.

The Mongolian pheasant can be grown in captivity, but the failures even here far exceed the successes, and the care of one person is necessary to insure the growth of a few birds. The cost of growing any important number would be so great to the Government that it would necessarily force an abandonment of their cultivation.

How about growing wild ducks and geese? They are migratory birds, and therefore they could not be introduced anywhere with permanency.

How about the distribution of the birds? The answer is, How can they be distributed if there are none to distribute. Also, as each State has supreme control of its own game interests, as per the ruling of the Supreme Court in the Connecticut case some years ago, if there were really the game to distribute, it could not be distributed without the permission of the States interested.

Transportation of game? What game? If it cannot be bred it cannot be transported.

Introduction? Introduced where, and why? There is not a State in the Union but what has sufficient game stock to serve for breeding purposes if it were properly preserved. In such States as all shooting, trapping, selling, etc., were prohibited for a term of years, the game multiplied astonishingly. If the people of a State will not preserve its own game, how much the less will it preserve game sent into its borders, if it really were sent in, which is a matter of serious debate at an old lady's tea party.

Introduction? Introduce what, and where? It would be impossible, as Mr. Lacey proposes, to introduce prairie chickens into Kentucky, where it once swarmed in countless thousands. It would be impossible to introduce the ruffed grouse on the Kansas prairie. The prairie chicken could not live in New England. It might be an easy matter to raise woodcock, though the wise legislators should see that they are introduced into a sandy country, and make a bountiful appropriation for feeding them well on wheat and oats, so as to have the whole bill in keeping with its parts.

But, let us entertain the wild supposition for a moment that there was a big aviary in every township in America, and that the good legislators engaged only competent managers and assistants to superintend and care for each aviary. There may be a dozen persons more or less in the United States who have the practical knowledge as to how to breed woodcock, snipe, ruffed grouse, quail, etc., but we will assume that there are thousands. A sufficient number of birds are turned loose in every section to stock it. What protection have the birds so raised from the destruction of the poacher? You will pass a law prohibiting their destruction. To enforce that law would require an active number of game wardens in every township.

The people of Texas, moreover, would not care to be taxed for the maintenance of game wardens in New England, and the people of New England would not care to be taxed for the introduction of Mongolian pheasants into Texas. It would be a class matter throughout.

Fish in a general way can be introduced into the waters of the United States alike North and South, East and West. Not so with the birds. If the fish are exterminated in some waters, it is impossible for outside fish to get in and again restock them. The fish commission then is a necessity. Not so with the birds. A section may be completely stripped of its game birds, yet birds from outlying districts can come in and restock the exhausted section. No commission is needed.

There is no analogy whatever between the work of fish-culturists who really exist, and the work of game culturists who do not and cannot exist so far as practical results are worthy of consideration.

It would be impossible for the United States to establish a game warden system in any State. According to the decision of the Supreme Court, the State owns the game within its boundaries. The proposition that the State would tolerate any usurpation of its powers is not to be accepted for a moment. The history of the Government proves that the States are most jealous of their State rights. Any game turned out within the boundaries of a State would forthwith become the property of such State. It then would have only the same protection which was exercised in protecting the State's other game. If the people of a State would not take any interest or but a lukewarm interest in protecting its own game, it is not to be assumed that it would take more in protecting game turned loose within its limits. An order for 100,000 fish fry is easily filled. An order for 10,000 quail fry would be more than the Government aviaries could fill in a decade, if it relied on its own raising. If of ruffed grouse, then more than it could fill in a century. If a bird culturist received a salary of \$2,000 or more a year, and he succeeded in raising six ruffed grouse and a dozen quail, he would have done well; but with the expenses of the plant, and the current expenses from week to week, they would be worth about \$200 apiece at cost.

L. A. CHILDRRESS.

The Joke is Forgiven because of the Dollar that came with it.

Forest and Stream Pub. Co.: Kindly send me "Hitting vs. Missing," that I may cease the latter. By the way, why doesn't the author win the Grand American Handicap? You needn't answer if it is a trade secret.

J. W. HAMER.

The Home of the Moose.

In company with a party of friends, I spent twelve days at Lake Sourdnaunk (sometimes spelled Nesowadnaunk), the lower end of which is located in township 4, range 10. While there it was my good fortune not only to see, but to come into close contact with a large number of moose of various ages, sizes and stages of development. Lake Sourdnaunk is reached by buckboard from Patten, via Shin Ponds, Sebois, Grand Lake, and Trout Brook, a total distance of fifty-two miles, eleven miles of which is over a good road, twenty-one miles over a fair to bad tote road, and the remaining twenty miles over a road which is probably as rough as any in the State of Maine. The time consumed in taking the trip from Patten is just two and one-half days. We saw occasional moose tracks the second day out, but when within five miles of the lake the tracks became very numerous and were of various sizes, ranging from the spring calf up to the old bull.

A tramp over the numerous logging roads leading to the lake revealed the same state of affairs, many soft places having the appearance of a barnyard. Sourdnaunk Lake empties into Sourdnaunk Stream, and at the head of the stream there is an old dam, which has set the waters of the lake back among the timber, producing a lot of dead wood. This flooded district, which is perhaps half a mile long and 600 ft. wide, is known as the "thoroughfare," and is a favorite feeding ground for moose. A trip to the "thoroughfare," either in the evening or early morning, would always be rewarded by the sight of one or more of the big game. Our first trip was made in the evening, and as we silently paddled our canoes among the dead wood, we could hear the splashing of moose long before we were near enough to discern their outlines. We paddled up very close to a spike-horn bull, and passing him unobserved, we next saw a large cow and two calves. The cow was standing in about 3 ft. of water, and was feeding on the bottom. We watched her for at least ten minutes. She made a great deal of noise splashing about, and when she raised her head from the stream the water would run from her shoulders in torrents.

Further down the stream a bull we had not observed, but who evidently saw us, let out a bellow, and in an instant all the moose in the "thoroughfare" started for the shore, going through the dead wood with a tremendous crash.

One morning about 5 o'clock we took a trip to the "thoroughfare" and saw five moose, one young bull, three cows and one calf. Moose are easy to approach if one is careful not to let them get a scent. The cows especially would allow us to get very close to them, looking at us in a stupid, wondering way, and appearing like great overgrown mules. On another occasion we were there with two canoes, and as we entered we saw a large cow swimming the stream. We headed her off so as to prevent her landing, and brought our canoes very close to her on either side, when suddenly changing her course the bow of my canoe struck her on the hip, the point sliding very gracefully up her back, and nearly causing the canoe to capsize. By this time she was blowing pretty hard, and not wishing to injure her we allowed her to swim ashore. As previously explained, the place is filled with dead wood and fallen trees, but she went over and under all obstructions without the slightest difficulty. She encountered one fallen tree about the size of an ordinary telegraph pole which was too high to run over, and too low to go under. Putting her head under the tree, with a mighty effort she tossed it up in the air high enough to allow her to pass under in safety. The strength of the moose is prodigious.

One day we saw a very large bull and cow together, but were unable to get close to them. The Bangor & Aroostook Big Game Guide quotes Joe Francis, of the West Branch, as authority for the statement that the moose in his section of the country come around at night and look in at camp to see if the sportsmen are asleep. We had an experience one morning which quite eclipses Joe's facetious story. About 6 o'clock a young bull was seen in the lake about half a mile from camp. A hasty canoe trip brought us very close to his lordship, who did not seem at all disturbed by our presence. After looking at us a while he finally trotted off into the woods. An hour later, while at breakfast, as we were discussing our acquaintance of the early morning, the cook came running into the dining room with the statement that Mr. Moose was at our camp door. Of course, such a sight was not to be missed, and hurrying out, sure enough there the same moose stood beside the woodpile, less than ten rods from the camp. He remained there about three minutes, when he leisurely walked away, and the incident was forgotten until we were seated at dinner, when the cook again called to us, "That moose is out in the yard again." This time he was standing in the edge of the lake, about twelve rods from camp. He was a young bull with but four points. The velvet was hanging from his horns, which gave him an odd appearance. It is not often that a moose will present himself for inspection three times in one day.

About three miles from the lake, down the tote road, is a small body of water known as Dwelly Pond. This pond is a great feeding ground for moose, and one or more can be seen there any warm afternoon. On one occasion we saw three cows there. The pond has a soft bottom, and the moose seem to delight to wallow in the mud and water, and when they emerge they are literally plastered with mud, the bushes along the road being covered with mud left by the animals as the pass out. One mile from the lake is a smaller lake, known as Little Sourdnaunk. One day while we were on this lake casting for trout, a big bull moose walked into the lake within a few rods of our canoe. He was drinking very leisurely, when a flock of black ducks near by startled him and caused him to look in our direction, when he immediately bolted for the woods. In a few minutes another bull came down on the opposite side of the lake to drink. The writer saw sixteen moose while in this township, and another member of the party counted twenty-three. Of course it is possible that we saw the same animal more than once, but with the exception of the young bull that came into camp we do not know of any being seen the second time.

We certainly saw a great many different moose, and our experience convinced us that instead of being an extinct species, the moose is very much in evidence in the woods of northern Maine. We were there at the height

of the rutting season, and as the weather was very warm, we had exceptional opportunities for seeing moose in and about the water. In November they become scattered, and the unfortunate sportsmen who fail to secure a head will jump at the conclusion that moose in Maine are a thing of the past. A very comfortable camp is located on the east shore of the lake, owned by McLain & Hall, who are thorough woodsmen and reliable guides. Eight moose were killed in this section during the season of '97, six being taken out whole to Patten, and two heads going out via the West Branch to Norcross.

On the morning of Sept. 29, while at Trout Brook Farm, township 6, range 9, I saw a very large bull moose. We were hunting grouse up the old logging road leading to Cunningham's camps, when a sudden turn in the road brought us almost face to face with the largest bull moose I have ever seen. He did not see us until within a few rods of where we stood. He was coming slowly down the road with his head low down when he discovered us. He appeared astonished at first, but gradually straightened himself up, and finally threw his head high in the air, until it appeared as though he would never stop. He presented a magnificent sight, with his spread of antlers touching the overhanging boughs, and occupying the entire road, his possession of which we were not disposed to dispute. He appeared to be about 8 ft. high at the shoulders, while his head and antlers added at least 3 ft. more to his towering form. He had a fine head, with a spread of antlers of at least 5 ft., with considerably more than twenty points. As he loomed up before us in all his majesty, he looked indeed the monarch of the forest. We naturally experienced a feeling of uncertainty as to what his next move would be, and were considerably relieved when at the end of about one minute he suddenly turned and trotted up the road. That this was an exceptionally large moose there can be no question. Of course the dimensions I have given are merely a matter of opinion hastily formed, but I believe my estimates to be conservative. Had this been my first sight of a moose I might admit that the suddenness of his appearance had produced a distorted imagination, which had greatly increased in size in my estimation, but as this was the seventeenth moose I had seen within a period of two weeks, I believe I was capable of forming a correct estimate. We followed his trail for nearly half a mile, when he left the road, and we lost his track. His enormous weight was indicated by the unusually deep imprints he made in soft places. I measured one clear impression of his hoof, and it was $7\frac{1}{4}$ in. long and 6 in. wide. This imprint was afterward examined by Wm. Currens, the genial proprietor of Trout Brook Farm, who said he had never seen a larger hoof. Mr. Currens has been in the woods for many years, and has a good knowledge of the animal. We found moose tracks very numerous in this township, especially along Boody Brook, and the East Branch of the Penobscot, between Grand and Second lakes. Our party went into camp for the purpose of fishing, and remained over into October, long enough to secure a deer, but on account of our unusual good fortune in seeing so many moose we were more than repaid for the trip.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Jan. 15.

GEO. W. LEWIS.

Boone and Crockett Club Meeting.

THE annual meeting of the Boone and Crockett Club was held Saturday, Jan. 21, at the Metropolitan Club, New York. At 7 o'clock the following members were present: Major George S. Anderson, U. S. A.; F. S. Billings, W. B. Bristow, D. M. Barringer, R. P. Carroll, J. L. Cadwalader, E. W. Davis, W. K. Draper, W. B. Devereux, C. S. Davison, D. G. Elliot, George B. Grinnell, W. M. Grinnell, Madison Grant, De Forest Grant, J. T. Gardiner, Frank Lyman, Dr. Alexander Lambert, Osmun Latrobe, C. G. La Farge, Dr. L. R. Morris, Prof. H. F. Osborn, J. J. Pierrepont, A. P. Proctor, Thomas Paton, P. R. Payne, Gifford Pinchot, Douglas Robinson, Governor Theodore Roosevelt, J. E. Roosevelt, Elihu Root, Dr. John Rogers, Jr., Dean Sage, Alden Sampson, H. L. Stimson, J. L. Seward, W. A. Wadsworth, J. S. Watson, Charles E. Whitehead, Caspar Whitney and Gen. W. D. Whipple.

The following officers were elected for the coming year: President, W. A. Wadsworth, Geneseo, N. Y.; Vice-Presidents, Chas. F. Deering, Illinois; W. B. Devereux, Colorado; Howard Melville Hanna, Ohio; Wm. D. Pickett, Wyoming; Frank Thompson, Pennsylvania; Secretary and Treasurer, C. Grant La Farge, New York. Executive Committee, Winthrop Chanler, Chairman; Lewis R. Morris, A. Rogers, Henry L. Stimson, Madison Grant; Editorial Committee, Geo. Bird Brinnell, Theodore Roosevelt. The two vacancies in the membership of the club were filled by the election of Hon. W. K. Townsend, New Haven, Conn., and Geo. Bleistein, N. Y.

The meeting was followed by a dinner, after which Prof. Henry F. Osborn, of the American Museum of Natural History, delivered an address, illustrated by lantern slides, on the ancient game of North America. This account was most happily told in an entirely untechnical and popular way. It was the story of a supposed trip taken by the speaker, with two companions from New York, westward over the land and sea of what is now the American continent, as far as the Rocky Mountains. The journey began in Jurassic time, and the huge Dinosaurs of that period were described and pictured on the screen. Their extinction was explained by the destruction of their eggs by the small mammals, which made their appearance and were numerous during the later Jurassic. The progress of higher life in the West was sketched, and various types, important either for their extraordinary characters or as being the ancestors of existing types, were described and shown on the screen down as far as middle tertiary time. Thus the trip lasted some millions of years. The address was extremely effective, and was listened to with the greatest interest.

Among the informal speeches made later in the evening was one by Governor Roosevelt, in which he gave an interesting account of the Rough Riders and their work in Cuba. The regiment contained men of most diverse occupations and characters, and the manner in which these types, which differed so widely in the circumstances and surroundings of their earlier life, assimilated is a

striking feature of the good service which they performed, and indeed is what made that good service possible. Short addresses were made by other members of the club.

The Maine License Proposition.

BOSTON, Jan. 21.—Quail shooting in the South is a thing much talked about by Boston gunners just now, and some of them have the good fortune to be able to go to some favorite Southern preserve for a couple of weeks or more. Mr. Peter B. Bradley, Mr. A. W. Steadman and Mr. H. S. Mann have been absent for a couple of weeks on a hunting trip. They are on Mr. Bradley's preserve at Stono, S. C. They took their own dogs, as well as guns and camping outfits. Duck shooting, as well as quail, is one of the features. Mr. Harry B. Moore, of Boston, and Mr. George C. Moore, of North Chalmersford, Mass., left Friday evening for Hickory, N. C. They are to meet Dr. French, a well-known Boston gunner, there. They expect both quail and wild turkeys in fair abundance, though they are not sportsmen who would tolerate for a moment the shooting of quail for count.

It seems that the proposition to make hunters buy a license to hunt big game in Maine is meeting with a storm of opposition, notwithstanding the Governor recommends as much and Commissioner Carleton is very pronounced in its favor. It is certain that the railroads are lending their influence strongly against such a measure, aided by all the transportation and express people. The Rangeley Lakes section of the country will fight the measure, through their representative, while a strong delegation from Aroostook county will appear against it. What the result will be it is too early to predict. Boston big game hunters are decidedly against such a license law, though they will make no movement against it, lest they be accused of mercenary motives. The general expression I have heard is one of disfavor, accompanied by the assertion that the mere chance of securing big game in Maine costs too much already. Besides, the idea of a license system is distasteful to the notions of gunners who visit Maine. "Charge us more for guides, board, or transportation; make us contribute to a fish and game protective fund, anything—only don't force us to take out licenses. We want no part of such a system, and if Maine adopts it we can go to the provinces, where such a system is already in vogue. Heretofore we have been to Maine by reason of the free hunting there. Change to a license system in Maine, and we can easily choose the provinces for our hunting." SPECIAL.

MONSON, Me., Jan. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I note your editorial in FOREST AND STREAM of Jan. 14 upon "Game Protection a Public Concern," and I agree with you to a certain extent. I am, however, utterly opposed to the proposed scheme or any other that will impose a tax upon either hunters or fishers, whether residents or non-residents.

It is un-American in conception and character, and it seems to me will be repulsive to every one who comes to the Maine woods to enjoy the sports that nature has provided for them.

The non-residents with few exceptions are paying out large amounts each year to the people of Maine. This money goes into circulation through the guides, the hotels, the hotel employees, the railroads and steamboats, and the farmers who sell produce to this great army of sportsmen, guides and employees.

The State appropriates only \$25,000 for warden service and the propagation of fish, but yet this appropriation is doing great good, and while it is too small, it will preserve the game for the present at least.

During the past two years a few demagogues in our State have been making efforts to create a prejudice among the farmers of Maine against the fish and game interests. The consequence is that there is some slight friction between the two. This condition has intimidated some of our best sportsmen, and they are now seriously considering the feasibility of adopting a license tax system "to make the industry self-sustaining." I believe the plan is fraught with evil and danger, besides it is entirely unnecessary, for the State of Maine can well afford to do all that it is doing and much more for the fish and game interests. It is the best investment that the State makes in the way of appropriations. If you or any of your readers entertain any views in opposition to this scheme, now is the time to express them.

J. F. SPRAGUE.

Game Protector Beede.

KEENE VALLEY, Essex County, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In a recent issue of the FOREST AND STREAM appeared an article without verification, and therefore anonymous, under the heading, "Present Deer Law Is Useless." Contained in the said article were statements reflecting on the undersigned, and the performance of his duties of game protector.

These statements have no doubt been made by some violator of the game law who has been punished by the undersigned for such violation, and who now thinks to secure petty revenge, and possibly a little cheap notoriety, by having published anonymously statements which are both false and malicious, and which cannot be substantiated or proven.

F. S. BEEDE, Game Protector.

Wants Aid against the Foxes.

ALTOONA, Pa.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Will some one experienced in trapping foxes kindly write the undersigned, giving such information as may assist a number of our club members in their war against Reynard in this section? The foxes have become so plentiful in some localities that the propagation of game is a useless undertaking. There is no fox chasing, for the reason that the country is too rough, and this prowler of the forest has things quite his own way. Our club is the Altoona Rod and Gun Club, and Blair County Game and Fish Protection Association, Altoona, Pa. G. G. ZETH, Sec'y.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

List of the Western Forest Reserves.

So much has been said backward and forward in the newspapers about the forest timber land reservations of the West, and yet so little is known about their location and extent, that it seems well to print in FOREST AND STREAM a map of the country from the Mississippi River to the Pacific Coast showing the relative positions and sizes of the forest reservations, as well as a table giving the name, location, date of establishment, and estimated acreage of each. Besides these timber land reservations, there are also the National Parks, aggregating something more than 5,000 square miles of territory. The materials for this enumeration are taken from the land office statements in the last report of the Secretary of the Interior. On the map the forest reserves are black; the National Parks the white numbered areas adjacent to the black forest reserves.

Notwithstanding all the hostility to this subject which was felt in the West, and to which we have so often referred, the work of setting aside the forests has continued during the past year, the importance of the subject being such as to impress itself on all intelligent men. Two new reservations, embracing more than 1,650,000 acres, have been established, and the boundaries of one or more existing reservations have been enlarged. Serious efforts are being made to carry out the laws and the regulations that have been established, but as to almost all our officials in Washington and elsewhere this is entirely new business, the work of carrying it forward intelligently is difficult and slow. At the same time, the work is going forward more rapidly than could have been hoped, and a better understanding of forest preservation is leading people everywhere to take more and more interest in the subject. There is no doubt need for additional legislation with regard to our forests, but even more important than this is the need that the persons employed in forestry work should be of high character and thoroughly interested in the subject.



No.	Name.	State or Territory.	Date of Proclamation.	Estimated Area in Acres.
139.	Black Hills.....	S. D.	Feb. 22, 1897.	967,680
140.	Pecos River.....	N. M.	Jan. 11, 1892..... May 27, 1898.....	431,040
141.	Pike's Peak.....	Col.	Feb. 11, 1892..... March 18, 1892.....	184,320
142.	Plum Creek.....	Col.	June 23, 1892.....	179,200
143.	South Platte.....	Col.	Dec. 9, 1892.....	683,520
144.	Battlement Mesa.....	Col.	Dec. 24, 1892.....	588,240
145.	White River Plateau.....	Col.	Oct. 16, 1891.....	1,198,080
146.	Big Horn.....	Wyo.	Feb. 22, 1897.....	1,127,680
147.	Teton.....	Wyo.	Feb. 27, 1897.....	829,440
148.	Yellowstone National Park.....	Wyo.	March 30, 1898..... Sept. 10, 1891.....	1,239,040
149.	Black Mesa.....	Ariz.	Aug. 17, 1898.....	1,658,880
150.	San Francisco Mountains.....	Ariz.	Aug. 17, 1898.....	975,360
151.	Prescott.....	Ariz.	May 10, 1898.....	10,240
152.	Grand Cañon.....	Ariz.	Feb. 20, 1893.....	1,551,520
153.	Uintah.....	Utah	Feb. 22, 1897.....	875,520
154.	Bitter Root.....	Idaho, Mont.	Feb. 22, 1897.....	4,147,200
155.	Lewis & Clarke.....	Mont.	Feb. 22, 1897.....	2,926,080
156.	Flathead.....	Mont.	Feb. 22, 1897.....	1,382,400
157.	Priest River.....	Id. & Wash.	Feb. 22, 1897.....	615,120
158.	San Jacinto.....	Cal.	Feb. 22, 1897.....	787,280
159.	Trabuco Cañon.....	Cal.	Feb. 25, 1893.....	49,920
160.	San Bernardino.....	Cal.	Feb. 25, 1893.....	737,280
161.	San Gabriel.....	Cal.	Dec. 20, 1892.....	555,520
162.	Pine Mt. and Zaca Lake.....	Cal.	March 2, 1898..... June 29, 1898.....	1,644,594
163.	Sierra.....	Cal.	Feb. 14, 1893.....	4,096,000
164.	Stanislaus.....	Cal.	Feb. 22, 1897.....	691,200
165.	Ashland.....	Oregon	Sept. 28, 1893.....	18,560
166.	Cascade Range.....	Oregon	Sept. 28, 1893.....	4,492,800
167.	Bull Run.....	Oregon	June 17, 1892.....	142,080
168.	Mt. Rainier.....	Wash.	Feb. 22, 1897.....	2,244,880
169.	Washington.....	Wash.	Feb. 22, 1897.....	3,594,240
170.	Olympic.....	Wash.	Feb. 22, 1897.....	2,188,800

NATIONAL PARKS.	
172.	Yellowstone.....Chiefly in Wyoming { 3,348 sq. miles; 62 miles from N. to S. and 54 miles from E. to W.
173.	Sequoia.....California.....About 250 sq. miles.
174.	Gen. Grant.....California.....About 4 sq. miles.
175.	Yosemite.....California.....About 1,512 sq. miles; 42 miles from N. to S., 36 miles from E. to W.

This enumeration does not include the Island of Afognak, lying off the coast of Alaska, not far from Kodiak Island.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Michigan State Game and Fish Protective League.

LANSING, Mich., Jan. 18.—If the wishes and deliberations of the Michigan State Game and Fish Protective League be respected by the State Legislature, Michigan will cut forty-four pages out of her fish laws as they now stand printed, and will charge non-residents a license fee of \$25 for shooting any sort of game within the borders of that State. This is the gist of the meeting of the League, which concluded its session at midnight of yesterday.

Two years ago the game laws of Michigan were incumbered by a mass of local acts, contradictory clauses and the general accumulation of years of haphazard legislation. This same League took the matter in hand, suggested that the rubbish be cut out and modern enactments be made instead. In general, the wishes of the League were respected. The result may be seen in the admirable game law which now stands on the statute books of Michigan.

It became evident this year that if the officers of the State were to carry on their work intelligently under the fish laws, there must be a general remodeling of those laws. Accordingly the call was issued on the 20th of last December for the meeting which was held in this city yesterday. The work of the meeting was careful and well considered, and provided that the game and fish committee of the present session of the Michigan Legislature shall listen to the council of the best posted men of the State on such matters, Michigan will have fish laws as good as her game laws.

The Machinery of the Law.

The pretty city of Lansing is full of bustle these days, the State Legislature being in session. Part of the morning was spent by the visiting members of the League in the galleries at the State House, where the machinery of the law might be seen in full operation. The building was full of public men, and one could gain a very good notion of the way laws are made, and get also some conception of the distance there lies between the wishes of

the sportsmen and the written page upon the statutes of the commonwealth.

Busy about the State House, striding from one room to another with all the energy of a steam-fed machine, there might be seen Chase S. Osborn, State game and fish warden, whose record for the past two years has been an extraordinary one, and whose enthusiasm and executive energy are not likely soon to be duplicated. Warden Osborn, as I learned, has had offered to him the renewal of his appointment to the office of State warden. Governor Pingree could not find a better man. Warden Osborn has been well seconded by his State deputy, Charles E. Brewster, secretary of this League. Mr. Brewster also knows a great many of the public men of the State, and has a good record of nearly a straight string of convictions. The office of State warden during this year shows the remarkable results of 1,096 arrests and 876 convictions, far and away the record of the United States on the legal side of protective work. With this showing and with the splendid machinery which Warden Osborn has put in force, the State of Michigan has much cause of self-gratulation. It is to be hoped she will still further improve her operating machinery by the adoption of the suggestions of this League in the matter of fish laws.

Those Present.

The following were among those present at the sessions of yesterday morning and evening:

Hon. Chase S. Osborn, State Game and Fish Warden, Sault Ste. Marie; Chas. E. Brewster, Secretary, Grand Rapids; A. L. Lakey, President, Kalamazoo; Ed. Carpenter, Deputy Warden, Saginaw; G. W. Willis, Deputy Warden, Bay City; W. A. Palmer, Deputy Warden, Buchanan; Frank A. Rodgers, Prosecuting Attorney, Grand Rapids; Geo. H. Blackmar, Grand Rapids; A. N. Henne, Grand Rapids; G. Henry Sheara, Bay City; Hon. F. C. Chamberlain, Ironwood, Mich., member Interstate Game Commission, and Representative in Legislature; Ed. H. Gillman, President Turtle Lake Fishing and Shooting Club; Judge S. L. Vance, Port Huron; Hon. C. E. Foote, Kalamazoo; Jay Pearsall, Lansing; Hon. H. K. Gustin, Alpena; Hon. Dennis Baumgaertner, Saginaw; V. Kindler, Saginaw; John O'Neal, Charlevoix; D. M. Estey, Owasso; Judge S. B. Daboll, St. Johns; Mich.; O. B. Estey, Owasso, Mich.; Josiah Hill, Pontiac; D. G. Henry, Deputy Game Warden, Grand Rapids; L. Whitney Watkins, Manchester; W. B. Rosevear, Saginaw.

During the evening session there were present Chairman Anderson, of the game and fish committee in the House. Mr. Anderson comes from Grand Rapids, which is to say he is well grounded in protective matters. Representative Gustin, of Alpena, was also present, another member of the committee, and another man who is modern in his ideas of protection. Representative Blakesley, of Berrien county; Representative John Carton, of Flint; ex-Speaker Tateum, of Grand Rapids, and others of prominence in State political circles attended the evening session. Governor Pingree promised to attend, but failed to do so. The committee appointed to invite the Governor was composed of Warden Osborn, Judge Daboll, of St. Johns, and Ed. H. Gillman, of Detroit.

Afternoon Session.

President A. L. Lakey, of Kalamazoo, called the afternoon session to order at 2 P. M. Secretary Brewster was at the desk, and read the call for the fifth annual meeting of the League. The routine matters of credentials, minutes of last meeting, etc., were rapidly run off, and

a working committee or two appointed. The meeting of the evening was referred to as being of greatest importance, and not much actual business was transacted at the first session. Mr. Brewster and Mr. Rodgers, the latter prosecuting attorney of Kent county, stated that they came, instructed by the sportsmen of Grand Rapids to take the position that the game laws should be left as they are, and that no changes should be attempted for fear of disastrous results. President Lakey offered for reading his address, which was pithy and to the point. One sentence from it was as follows: "Wise legislation is always for the future as much as for the present." This is certainly good doctrine and worth bearing in mind. Mr. Lakey wished spring shooting to be prohibited as it now stands. He did not think there should be any shooting of snipe in the spring, or of woodcock in August. He thought that the deer season should begin Nov. 1 and close Nov. 20, and that the hunter should be limited to three deer in any one season. He believed in a general shooting license for residents and non-residents. He referred in complimentary terms to the Chicago interstate meeting of wardens, and the bill drafted there, a copy of which was shown. Mr. Lakey's address was received with appropriate and just applause. Mr. Rodgers moved that copies be made for the use of the legislative committee, and this was ordered.

A Small Split.

A little split in the meeting was threatened when Judge Daboll, of St. Johns, tall, positive and energetic, rose to take issue with the Grand Rapids members, and to insist on changes in the game laws. Judge Daboll said that the meeting ought to know its own mind before it went before the legislative committee, at the same time he was not satisfied to take instructions from Grand Rapids. He said we must have progress in game laws, and be willing to fight, and not be too much afraid of losing what we have. He moved that the game law be amended so that the deer season should be Nov. 1 to Nov. 20. Mr. Gillman seconded this. Mr. Brewster moved to amend by inserting section 18 of the interstate bill in full, the dates to be Nov. 1-20, the limit three deer, with five days off each end of the season before selling season. This motion was carried as amended.

Mr. Rodgers said he was disposed to wait until other States had passed this bill. "Let us not endanger our present law," he said. Judge Daboll said in reply: "I represent a large element, and I want to say that you cannot evade this fight, no matter what the instructions from Grand Rapids may be. I want a shorter season and an earlier season, so that hunters can kill fewer deer, and not more." Representative Harry Gustin, of Alpena, said he thought the date of Nov. 1-20 was all right. Warden Osborn, in his impulsive, nervous style, said that he believed in progressive protection. He admired the conservatism of Grand Rapids, but wanted to see progress. Michigan already had the best game laws of any of the Western States, but they might be still better. Some one made reference to the now famous remark of Mr. Foote, of Kalamazoo, who stated that he could never approve of cutting down the limit from five deer to three deer, since no one could go out hunting and pay expenses if he got less than five deer. Mr. Foote got the very appropriate and general roasting he deserved.

On motion of Mr. Willis, of Bay City, a committee of five was appointed to draft a general fish bill to be presented at the evening session, said committee being C. E. Brewster, chairman; A. L. Lakey, Judge S. B. Daboll, Messrs. O. B. Estey and Frank Rodgers. Adjournment was then had.

The Evening Session.

The evening session was well attended and business-like. Mr. Frank Rodgers, of Grand Rapids, cut short the discussion of game laws by offering the following motion: Resolved, That the League recommend to the Legislature of this State that the game laws be amended so as to correspond to the recommendations of the Interstate League, held in Chicago in February, 1898. And we further recommend that no other changes be made in the game laws of this State." Mr. Rodgers said that he thought this would reconcile and conciliate all parties. The resolution was carried with a rush. If Michigan shall pass this measure she will certainly have done all that can be asked. The text of this bill has been printed in *FOREST AND STREAM* before now. It is the consensus of the best thought on these matters by the best men of Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota and Illinois.

This left future action to be on the fish laws alone, and the rest of the evening was left to the discussion of the bill drafted by the committee, which was taken up section by section. The action was somewhat complicated, and the matter eliminated from the present statutes very extensive indeed. I know of no better way to present the meat of this discussion than to give a synopsis of the measures recommended, showing the new sections proposed, and certain of those of the old statutes which are thought proper to be retained. This synopsis follows and may be understood to represent the sense of the meeting in the matter of fish laws. The amount of useless, senseless and cumbersome local legislation which is thus cut out is something enormous. The proposed law will be seen to be broad, general and modern, as see below:

Section 1. The People of the State of Michigan enact, That no person shall catch or take from any lake, river or stream of this State, by any means whatever, any speckled trout, landlocked salmon, grayling or California trout, from the first day of September in each year until the first day of May following thereafter; nor shall any person catch or take any muskallonge, or any black, strawberry, green or white bass, by any means whatever, except by hook and line, from any such lake, river or stream, from the first day of March in each year to the first of July following thereafter. It shall be lawful for the State Board of Fish Commissioners to give permits in writing to any person to catch or take any such fish at such time and in such manner as they shall direct, for the purposes of propagation; but in case of any prosecutions for a violation of any of the provisions of this section, such permission must be shown affirmatively by the defendant. (a)

Sec. 2. No person shall knowingly purchase, buy or sell, or attempt to purchase, buy or sell, any of the kinds of fish named in the foregoing section during the respective prohibited periods above named.

Sec. 3. It shall not be lawful hereafter at any time to kill or destroy, or attempt to kill or destroy, any fish in any of the waters of the State of Michigan by the use or aid of dynamite, herculean or giant powder, or any other explosive substance or combination of substances, or by the use of Indian cockle or other substance or device which has a tendency to stupefy the fish.

Sec. 4. Prohibits any device, except hook and line, in any of the inland waters of the State, except dip nets may be used for catching mullet, grass pike, red sides and suckers in streams not planted by the State.

That the use of the spear is allowed during the months of October and November, except to the catching of trout, grayling, black bass, wall-eyed pike, muskallonge and white bass. (Adopted as read and recommended.)

Sec. 5 makes it unlawful to deposit any saw dust or filth of any description in any of the inland waters of the State. (Adopted as read.)

Sec. 6. It shall be unlawful for any person or persons to take, catch or kill, at any time, any speckled or brook trout, German trout, California trout, landlocked salmon, or grayling, or any black, strawberry, green or white bass, in any manner whatever, except by hook and line, in any waters of this State.

Sec. 7. It shall be unlawful for any person or persons to kill or capture, in any manner whatever, in any of the waters of this State, or to have in possession, any brook trout, speckled trout, California trout, landlocked salmon or grayling, of a less size than seven inches in length.

Sec. 8. Hereafter it shall not be lawful for any person or persons to take or catch, by any means whatsoever, any brook trout, grayling or California trout from any stream in which brook trout, grayling or California trout are not native, and which may have been stocked with such fish by the State Board of Fish Commissioners for the period of three years after the first planting of any such fish therein.

Sec. 9 prohibits the sale of brook trout, grayling, and black and green bass. (Adopted as recommended.)

Sec. 10. It shall be unlawful for any person or persons to kill or take speckled trout or other fish from any private waters used for the propagation of such fish, except by the consent of the proprietor of such private waters. It shall be the duty of the proprietors of any such private waters who are engaged in the propagation of fish as contemplated by this section to post or cause to be posted in a conspicuous manner public notices painted on boards in large and plain letters that the owner (naming him) is engaged in such business and warning all persons from killing or taking any fish in the waters named in such notices.

Sec. 11. It shall be unlawful, at any time hereafter, to take, catch or kill or destroy, or attempt to take, catch or kill or destroy any minnows or small fry fish in any of the waters of this State, for other purposes than for fish bait.

Sec. 12 prohibits fishing within 400ft. of any dam. (Adopted as read.)

Sec. 13. It shall not be lawful for any person or persons to place a weir dam, fish weir, weir net or other device, across any race, stream, lake or river of this State, in such a manner as to obstruct the free passage of fish up and down the same; and any person violating this section shall in addition to the penalty provided for in Section 14 of this act, be liable to the payment of two dollars per day for every day that he shall continue such violation after having been duly notified by an elector of the township wherein such fish weir or weir net may be, feeling himself aggrieved thereby, to remove the same, said penalty or penalties to be recovered before any court of competent jurisdiction in the township or county where such offense shall have been committed; and in default of payment thereof, shall be confined in the county jail until such fine and costs shall be paid; but such confinement shall not exceed thirty days.

Secs. 14 and 15. (Concurrent with Interstate bill, Sec. 3.) It shall be unlawful, and is prohibited, to take, catch or kill, or have in possession, or offer for sale, any fish of the following varieties of less length than herein specified: Black bass, 10in.; perch, 7in.; white, striped or rock bass, 6in.; catfish, 12in.; black, river or white crappie, 8in.; wall-eyed pike, 12in.; pike or pickerel, 18in.; brook trout, California or rainbow trout, or any other variety of trout except lake trout, 6in.

Penalty.

First Offense—Fined not less than \$10 or more than \$100, or imprisonment in the county jail not to exceed ninety days, or both. (Adopted as recommended.)

Second or any Subsequent Offense—Fined not less than \$25 nor more than \$150, or imprisonment in county jail or State prison not to exceed one year, or both. (Adopted as recommended.)

Repealing Clause.

All acts and parts of acts inconsistent with any of the provisions contained in the foregoing act, except special acts applying to inland lakes in certain counties in this State, are hereby repealed.

Sec. 15. An act to provide for the erection and maintenance of fish ladders in all dams in this State, under the direction of State game and fish warden. (Adopted as proposed.)

Sec. 16. (Local measure not changed.) That it shall not be lawful hereafter to take or catch any fish in the lake known as Reed's Lake or the lake known as Fisk's Lake, in the township of Grand Rapids, in the county of Kent, with the spear or by shooting them with any firearms.

It shall not be lawful to fish in Reed's Lake or Fisk's Lake, or either of them in any manner, or to take and remove any fish there-

from in any manner, at any time during the months of October, November, December, January, February, March and April in any year.

Sec. 17. (Local measure amended.) That it shall not be lawful to take or catch, by any means whatsoever, any species of bass in Walloon Lake, or Bear Lake, so called, from the fifteenth day of April in each year to the twelfth day of July next succeeding.

Discussion of the Evening.

Deputy D. G. Henry, of Grand Rapids, thought bass should be protected during the spawning season, from Jan. 1 to July 1. Mr. A. R. Avery, of Port Huron, a prominent lawyer, and a keen thinker, said he thought bass did not need any protection from hook and line fishing, but only from spears and set lines. Mr. Nicholls, of Lansing, believed in coming out absolutely against all spearing whatever. Mr. Brewster said he was afraid of antagonizing the farmers. Mr. Lakey said that spearing could not be repealed unless something were traded for it. "In Sec. 4 we trade winter months for months where there is no ice," he said, "and we think this is a good trade." Mr. Coulter, of Charlevoix, thought there were too many kid glove laws already, and that Mr. Brewster was right. The Nicholls amendment proposed was lost. Spearing will be allowed in the months of November and December.

Mr. Willis, of Bay City, made a strong talk to except the Saginaw River from the netting clause. Mr. Willis is a warden, but also a fisherman. He said that no very great amount of black bass were taken in nets there. Mr. Willis offered an amendment exempting his river, but it was defeated.

On pollution of streams, Mr. Willis said: "We will have all the big factories to fight." Mr. Brewster said: "If the factories are bigger than the State of Michigan, let us fight them. New Jersey is sending all its factories to Michigan to ruin Michigan streams." Deputy Palmer, of Buchanan, showed how the mills at Niles and Water-vliet had ruined the streams. Section carried.

On the matter of length of brook trout, the local act again showed its head. Mr. Avery wanted an 8in. limit set for the Au Sable River. Mr. Coulter thought a 7in. limit would be good for the Jordan River and its tributaries, this being in his part of the State. Mr. Brewster contended against this local legislation. A general 7in. limit was adopted. Mr. Avery said that the books all stated that a 6in. trout had spawned once. He was satisfied these books were wrong, and that in Michigan a trout must have attained a length of 7 or 8in. before it spawned.

Sec. 9, stopping the sale of black bass, is a step toward the Platform Plank of *FOREST AND STREAM*, and it is a good one. Minnesota put the ban on marketing black bass some time ago. Sec. 12 is Commissioner Nat Cohen's pet idea in Illinois, prohibiting fishing near a dam.

The question of penalty was well discussed, this bringing up the question whether it would be best to bring fish cases before justices of the peace or the circuit courts. Mr. Avery, Mr. Brewster and Mr. Rodgers all spoke on this. Penalty was set for first offense \$100, second offense \$125, the latter taking it into the circuit court. This action seems wise.

On the question of fishways, Mr. Avery said he doubted whether a black bass ever ascended a fishway. It was pointed out that perhaps the fishway was not well constructed. The recommendation was carried.

The president of the Grand Rapids Street Car Company had sent in a letter asking that the protection of two little lakes near Grand Rapids be continued (Reed and Fish lakes), so that they be not fished out. This local measure passed over adverse comment of Mr. Willis.

Discussion on the last half of Sec. 1, open season on bass, was deferred until late in the evening. Mr. Coulter was opposed to taking bass in the spawning season. Mr. Avery moved to protect bass from Nov. 1 to July 1. Warden Carpenter, of Saginaw, said that the date of July 1 could not be enforced, that 3,000 Saginaw fishers would break it every Sunday. Mr. Henry moved to amend by protecting bass from Jan. 1 to July 1. The amendment was carried, but the Avery motion was lost. The old date stands unchanged.

Addresses.

Midway in the meeting addresses were called for by prominent men present. Chairman Anderson, of the house committee, said the measures suggested would have his hearty support. Mr. Carton said that the League men knew more about protection than he did, and that he would rely upon them. Mr. Gustin said he believed in protection, but not too much of it. Mr. Tateum said he would endorse any action the League took. Mr. Stanton, of Grand Rapids, thought something ought to be done to destroy the natural enemies of trout.

Sizes of Fish.

The Interstate recommendations on legal limit for different species of fish were adopted in general, the Michigan new limits being embodied in the above synopsis. This practically ended the fish work of the evening.

Sweeping License Laws.

Now came some of the most interesting work of the entire session, that on the question of shooting licenses. The interstate bill was read on this head. Mr. Brewster said that this interstate measure could not be passed in Michigan. Mr. Gustin said that the license act ought to be brought in separately, and not be made a part of the bill, else it would jeopardize the whole. Mr. Rodgers, of Grand Rapids, said that he liked this license clause, for it meant revenue. He thought the League should endorse it. Mr. Avery thought that fishing licenses were just as legitimate as shooting licenses. Mr. Lakey's views on a general gun license are well known, and he seemed to have followers enough. Mr. Rodgers moved that a general shooting license be recommended, of \$1 for resident shooters and \$25 for non-resident, this to apply to shooting for all kinds of game. Mr. Brewster, seeing the inevitable coming, moved to amend by allowing any holder of a non-resident deer license to take home with him one deer, owner to accompany same. This amendment carried, and so also, without much fuss, did the motion, which was really the most radical action of the meeting, and that most nearly approaching the impossible.

Conservative public men tell me there is little chance of this becoming a law. Should it do so, it will be the last step in the strong recent tendency in Western States toward the license idea.

Appropriations.

Mr. Rodgers offered this resolution: "That the sum of \$2,000 appropriated by the State of Michigan for the purposes of game protection is wholly inadequate, and that the Legislature be requested to increase same to a proper amount." Mr. Rodgers went on to show the expense and difficulty of the work in prosecuting game cases (in which work, by the way, it may be stated that Mr. Rodgers has contributed to the interests of sportsmanship a vast amount of his own valuable time, he having traveled far and wide and given his services free). Mr. Gustin pointed out that the game warden had other funds available, and Mr. Brewster explained that the warden had had \$4,600 added to the sinews of war from out the State license funds, outside certain county funds, which had also been employed. The State warden had secured \$14,000 in fines. The Rodgers motion carried. Deputy Palmer said he had once secured \$400 in fines in Cass county, but had only got \$28 for his work.

Election of Officers.

The following officers were elected for the Michigan League for the ensuing year: Mr. A. L. Lakey, of Kalamazoo, the present efficient president, was continued in office, and as much was done for the hustling secretary, Mr. C. E. Brewster, of Grand Rapids. Mr. A. R. Avery, of Port Huron, was chosen Vice-President; Judge S. B. Daboll, of St. Johns, Treasurer. The executive committee is to be composed of the above officers, with addition of Messrs. Frank Rodgers, of Grand Rapids; A. L. Coulter, of Charlevoix; D. G. Henry, of Grand Rapids. All the voting was done by one ballot of the secretary. Messrs. Rodgers, of Grand Rapids; Brewster, of Grand Rapids, and Lakey, of Kalamazoo, were elected a committee to draft a bill on the lines above proposed. Adjournment was had at an hour just this side of midnight.

One is persuaded after a careful review of this Michigan work to think that the questions of game and fish laws are in very able and practical hands in that State. The freedom from freak measures and from the old-time sweeping and senseless "We do resolve" is very marked and very gratifying. Certainly this splendid sporting State is doing all that can be asked of her, and may very well be looked up to in the further councils on game legislation. She has a fine body of earnest men working in these matters, and they are men who know all the ropes of actual legislative work, as well as all the latest theories and facts in progressive protection. It was a very great privilege to be with them, and to witness their careful methods. A last fact worth comment in this necessarily crude summary is the fact that Michigan does not support a "State sportsmen's association" with a trap shoot attachment. It has two general bodies of this State scope, one the Trap-Shooters' League and one the Protective League. This is as it should be. They are getting laws in Michigan. We get trap shoots in Illinois.

From the Land of the Chrysanthemum.

CHICAGO, Ill., Jan. 14.—Mr. J. O. Averill, of Yokohama, Japan, was among the callers at the *FOREST AND STREAM* office this week. Mr. Averill was formerly a resident of New York, but for more than a dozen years has been engaged in the tea business in Japan, where he has large houses at Yokohama and Kobi, occasionally making visits to the United States on business or pleasure. Mr. Averill tells me that with many gentlemen of his acquaintance at Yokohama the *FOREST AND STREAM* is the sportsmen's authority, quite as it is in this country. Within the last few weeks I have had correspondence from British Honduras, from Quebec and Ontario, Can., from Manitoba, Alberta, British Columbia and Alaska. None of this, however, is in any way so interesting as the talk this week with Mr. Averill, who is exceptionally good proof of the fact that a sportsman is a sportsman wherever you put him down. He tells me that there is, indeed, a considerable amount of sport in the land of the chrysanthemum, though rather a mixed state of affairs obtains there. All "foreigners," such as himself, are limited in their shooting to a district of twenty-five miles from certain treaty ports. This concentrates the shooting so much that the game is pretty well killed down in those districts, and Mr. Averill does not think there is much future for sport with the gun for that reason. The Japanese have game laws, but they are rather one-sided affairs. Their open season covers the breeding time of certain sorts of game, and netting and other destructive forms of taking fish and game are allowed. The theory of the Government seems to be to hold up the foreigners for a \$10 license, but not to interfere with the poor native, who could not raise \$10 in a hundred years, and who makes some sort of living by netting, etc. The non-residents of the better class, such as the British and American sportsmen, do not take advantage of the liberality or the short-sightedness of the game law. They make a law of sport for themselves, and put up their guns before the beginning of the breeding season. Any man would be ostracized at the clubs who would continue to shoot after the expiration time set by this tacit agreement.

From Mr. Averill's story I imagine the snipe and the pheasants, with some ducks, to be among the more prominent game birds sought by sportsmen in Japan. The copper pheasants offer good fun in a rough, tangled and mountainous country. There are also woodcock, not the woodcock of America, but the giant woodcock of England, soft-winged and big like an owl. The paddy fields or wet rice grounds are the spots most frequented by the jacksnipe, and sometimes these birds give good sport even yet. I remember that once I mentioned in *FOREST AND STREAM* having seen at the Chicago Academy of Sciences a jacksnipe from South America, a bird apparently marked exactly like our English snipe, but nearly twice as large, a very giant of a jacksnipe. I do not recall the scientific name of this bird at present. I happened to mention this fellow to Mr. Averill, and he told me that they have this same bird in Japan. Its habits are much like those of the jacksnipe, though it is more lumberly and slower of wing. Sometimes the shooter kills one of these birds under the impression that it is a jacksnipe

very much closer to him than the bird is in ordinary flight, and only realizes the size of the giant when he comes to step the distance to him.

Of late years, Mr. Averill and his friends in Japan have taken to fishing. They do not tell just everyone about this, and are a bit vague and indefinite when asked where it is that they find their sport. I suppose that not everybody knows there is trout fishing in Japan. I never knew it before, nor ever heard it mentioned. Yet there is trout fishing, and the trout fishing is of a most interesting sort, and the Japanese are skillful fly fishermen, with a style of their own. I know all about this now, but I am not going to tell about it, but shall promise the readers of *FOREST AND STREAM* before long a treat in the form of an article on this subject by Mr. Averill himself. He will tell a lot of things in the way of angling news from this far-off western country which I think have never found their way into print in any sporting journal. We do not know all about fly fishing in America. There is temptation to break into print over this myself, but I shall not forestall Mr. Averill, who promises this very interesting story at an early date.

I asked Mr. Averill what people thought of the United States now over his way, and he said that since the late war every American has grown a couple of inches, and that in the opinion of all the other powers America has grown several feet. He says that Japan used to think, after the Chinese war, that she could whip the whole earth, but certain little transactions in the year of 1898 have led the intelligent Japanese to believe that America is something of a scrapper herself.

I must not pass Mr. Averill's visit without pointing out one very pleasant lesson which it leaves. He says that the Japanese do not live altogether for work or for money. When a man gets to be about forty-five years of age, he retires from business and his son takes care of him. After that the old gentleman has a house of his own, and doesn't do anything but drink tea and swap lies with the neighbors. (I think I would like to go to Japan.) Another pleasant custom is one which the Japanese have in regard to public vacation trips. The inhabitants of, say, a certain village, contribute each year a little toward a public fund which is to be expended in giving some poor persons a vacation. Lots are drawn and perhaps ten persons, the lucky ones, are given the means to take vacation pilgrimages, which last during the summer. The amount paid to each one is only about \$10, but this will last about all summer, for things are cheap in that land. These vacation pilgrim people may be seen in many parts of the island, attending the shrines, climbing mountains, visiting the places of public interest. They carry a scrip a staff and a mat, and they sleep where night finds them if they do not happen to have the price of a room. Thus they wander and enjoy themselves, and learn about their country, until their \$10 is gone. Then they go back home and go to work, and put their money in the fund for some other fellows to have their vacation after awhile. This, it seems to me, is a beautiful custom. It is slightly different from the American method. Here we take our vacations after we are too old to digest a beefsteak or to walk a mile. It shall happen one of these centuries that the Americans will awaken to find that they did not know everything in the world, especially about vacations. It will give me great pleasure then to turn over in my grave, wherever that may be, and say, "I told you so! You ought to have read *FOREST AND STREAM*."

Singing Mouse No. 7.

It was but a little while ago that I made mention of another singing mouse that had been discovered. This week I have still another one to chronicle, which I believe is either No. 7 or No. 8 in the series recorded in the *FOREST AND STREAM*. One evening this week my friend, Mr. C. W. Lee, handed me a clipping from the New York Herald of Sunday, Jan. 8, describing a captive singing mouse. This was very interesting, and I kept the clipping. On the following morning I received the same clipping from Mr. Henry J. Howlett, of New York City. Later in the same day my friend Mr. Bridgman, of the Crane Company, New York City, sent me the clipping, and still later my friend Mr. J. B. Burnham, apparently foreknowing, also mailed it to me with the following remark: "Here is something about a captive singing mouse. No doubt half a dozen people have sent you this, but on a chance they all expected the other fellow to do so, I will run the risk of being *de trop*. I don't imagine you care for the mouse, or I would send that."

I would like to thank all these gentlemen for their interest, and perhaps it might be interesting to print something of the Herald's story about this mouse, which purports to have been caught in a trap by Augustus G. De Tartas, of 709 Columbus avenue, New York City. The latter writes:

"I was very fortunate the other day to catch a singing mouse, and, having since ascertained that it is a great rarity, I would very much like to hear from some of your numerous readers why it is so rare, and to what species of vermin it belongs.

"The one I caught is an ordinary-looking mouse to me, and the only difference I see is that it sings like a bird. It eats anything I feed to it, sleeps most of the day and sings all night. It was very small when I caught it, but has grown considerably since then, and at present is the normal size of an ordinary mouse."

This mouse is described as singing so loud as to "wake the baby." This I should think unlikely, unless the baby's slumbers were set upon a hair trigger.

Personal.

Mr. A. Lent, President of the Austin Cartridge Company, of Cleveland, O., will be in this city for a brief visit on Monday next. Thus I am informed by Mr. C. M. Wills, Superintendent of the same company, who called at this office yesterday on his way to Galesburg. Mr. Wills carries also the very sad news that Mr. Coleman, President of the Austin Powder Company, has been very seriously sick for nearly three months, and is still unable to be at his desk. Mr. Coleman is one of those able and pleasant gentlemen who can ill be spared, even temporarily, from the business world, and I hope his recovery will be speedy.

E. HOUGH.

1200 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Exhibition of Catlin Pictures.

WHEN we consider the primitive American hunter and his ways of life in the old days, before contact with the whites had greatly changed him, we always think of George Catlin. His name is as closely linked with the Indians as Audubon's is with the birds of this country. Catlin was the first man who in any large way attempted to write of, and to picture on canvas, the North American Indian, and his habits and customs, and in carrying on this work he traveled over many thousands of miles of land and sea, for he was not satisfied with showing the Indian to the white inhabitants of this continent, but introduced them as well to the public of many of the capitals of Europe.

Catlin's enthusiasm for his work was unbounded. For years he journeyed over the land, north, south, east and west, visiting different tribes of Indians, living with them and studying their life. He pictured their sports and their religious ceremonies, and showed how they obtained their food and how they lived from day to day in their camps and permanent villages. The work that he did in portraying the customs of these primitive peoples was long undervalued in America, but it is coming to be appreciated now, and within the past few years the Government at Washington purchased a great number of his pictures, and prepared a large volume on his work.

Catlin was an indefatigable worker, and besides the well-known Catlin gallery, left behind him a vast amount of scattered material, pictures and manuscript, which is gradually coming to light. A few years ago a considerable amount of this was secured by Mr. Archibald Rogers, of Hyde Park, N. Y., in whose hands it is happily safe. There is now in this city a collection of thirty-three oil paintings to be exhibited next week at Norman's, 234 Fifth avenue, which should be seen by every one who is interested either in Indians or in Western big game, or in the transformation that has taken place in our Western country within the last sixty years. Many of these pictures are identical in subject and treatment with those in the Catlin portfolio, which is sufficiently familiar. They deal in large measure with life in the West, and hence to a great extent with buffalo and buffalo hunting in different ways. There is the chase by Indians mounted on swift ponies and armed with bow and arrows, or with the lance; the ordinary stalk from behind cover; the approach under the disguise of wolves; the killing in deep snow by hunters on snowshoes. But besides the taking of the extinct buffalo, the capture of other game is pictured. There are representations of moose hunting by an Indian on snowshoes, of deer killing by night and by day, and of salmon spearing by torchlight. Two pictures show the chase and capture of the wild horse, one a fight between buffalo and bear, and another a combat between three mounted Indians and two grizzlies. Other aspects of Indian life are mirrored in the picture of a small camp of people who have just discovered a prairie fire approaching them, in scenes where three Indians appear to be in the path of a stampeding herd of buffalo, and where Indians in camp are alarmed and have just seized their weapons as if to resist an approaching.

While most of the pictures belong to our own West, there are five which present South American scenes. One of these, a leopard hunt, shows the artist about to fire at two of the animals, one of which is already wounded. There are two pictures representing flamingoes, one of which shows their nesting ground; there is an ostrich hunt on the Pampas of the Rio de la Plata, and a semi-tropical forest scene with Indians bathing.

The paintings to be exhibited were shown in London in 1859 in connection with a collection of Indian costumes and weapons, which was purchased from Mr. Catlin by the King of the Belgians. The exhibition will begin Jan. 31, and will continue for one week.

The Fleeting Fox.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Judging from a letter, my young friend at Philadelphia, N. Y., has been hunting muskrats, minks and foxes pretty steadily since the arrival of snow, and the net result so far has been a red squirrel, a rabbit (great Northern hare), one muskrat and a bag full of experiences. A rabbit, a muskrat and a "puny red squirrel" are rather too small game to tell about, according to the rather pot-hunting instincts of boys who figure usually by the size and number of kills made. But I will say this for boys who hunt, they commonly give more space to telling how they missed than how they came to kill. For instance, all I know about the hare is embodied in this sentence:

"Cousin Min cooked the raggit I got down the river yesterday, and, it was good."

It took more to tell about a fox which is "still skeddaddling."

"I went hunting across the trestle last Saturday. Snow was kind-a deep, and the day just like the woods. Had my shotgun. That makes me think, I guess I'll get a camera first chance I get, because it would be fun to take pictures of things. I climbed the wire fence and went down the top of the ridge and into them woods, you know where the little open is like a choppin' up home, and all of a sudden I seen something above a log 'bout ten rods away. It was kind-a white and kind-a red. It bobbed up and then out of sight. First it was at one end of the log and then it wasn't anywhere for two or three minutes, then up it would come at the other end where the branches was.

"I figured it out that I'd sneak down the bank and back up through the woods to see t'other side of that there log. I done it, and by Jee it wa'n't there at all, but on t'other side the log. But I seen a track on the log like a place some critter had climbed over, and that thing wavin' looked pretty interesting. I thought it too hard work to go sneaking way round again, so I went sneaking crost the open straight at the log just like any other idjit, as if I hadn't still-hunted partridges and buck rabbits long as I can remember. But I bellied along through the snow, and pretty soon I was about three rod from the log, and I looked. Nothing there. Got a little higher, then higher. Nothing. So I stood up and shook the snow out of my hair and blew on my fingers.

"Gosh! There sot a fox with his mouth wide

open and a mouse's tail hanging out the corner of his lips. He wiggled his lips a little and looked 'bout as silly as I felt when I ploughed the ground up with shot two rods to one side of his fleeting carcass. He'd been eating mice from under that log—guess he got five or six. I don't see why a fellow can't just aim at a beast and hit it like it was a can or fence board or anything. But who'd 'a' s'posed a fox would be dancing round a log at 9 o'clock in the morning like it was just daylight. I seen an owl too, but I didn't get him—didn't even shoot. Just as well, considering the fox, I reckon. I'll bet that fox is still skeddaddling. He went sideways, and made one track like a rabbit's—reg'lar Y. I had 4s in, and just think what they'd done to that beast at four rods."

So far as I am concerned, I am rather pleased at the outcome. Think of that fox with wiggling lips and dangling mouse's tail struck silly with surprise done to death the next instant. We would have missed the "fleeting carcass" then.

RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

NEW YORK.

The New York Deer Law.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Senator Cahoon has introduced a bill to amend the law relative to the killing of deer in this State, and a like bill has been introduced in the lower house of the Legislature. This bill provides for the shortening of the open season on deer to one month, viz., from Sept. 15 to Oct. 15, and permits hounding throughout the entire period of the open season. This bill, in my opinion, would not stand a ghost of passing were it not for the fact that its sponsor—Senator Cahoon—is the chairman of the Senate Committee on Game Laws, and while confident that our present Governor would not permit it to become a law I still believe it to be the duty of every true sportsman to endeavor to prevent, if possible, the passage of a measure so fraught with danger to deer preservation. There has been but a single year of trial of the non-hounding law, and it is doubtless true that the average hunter has not found it quite so easy to procure his venison as under the old hounding law, but give the present law a decent trial, and we shall find the same conditions as now exist in the State of Maine, where the veriest tyro can kill his deer without difficulty without the aid of the hound. A few years ago, under the old system that permitted hounding, deer had become a scarce commodity in the State of Maine, and it took several years of hard work on the part of friends of game protection—none worked more diligently than *FOREST AND STREAM*—to educate the people of that State up to a point where they could see the great benefits of a non-hounding law. To-day deer are plentiful and easy to get in Maine, and the people there are almost a unit in opposition to any change looking toward the old order of things.

The same will be the case in this State if we will only wait long enough to give the present law a fair test.

In the interests of deer preservation and of sportsmanlike methods in deer killing, in the name of humanity and common decency, it behooves every true sportsman to make every possible effort to prevent the repeal of the present law. Everybody perhaps recognizes that the shortening of the season may be a move in the right direction, but if a return to the inhuman practice of deer dogging is to be the price of securing such an amendment, better a thousand times leave matters as they are.

M. SCHENCK.

TROV, N. Y., Jan. 18.

A Virginia Shooting Country.

LUMBERTON, Sussex County, Va.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* There is no doubt in the minds of the sportsmen who have visited this district during the bird shooting season, which is fast waning, that the country round about possesses advantages fully equal to any in the South. North Carolina is for a variety of reasons the favorite resort of quail hunters, and in consequence this district has not suffered. On the contrary, it has gained. The close season which reigned here during 1896-7 has given the birds an exceptional opportunity to increase, and doubtless many have come across the Carolina line, not far distant. This year few sportsmen knew of the country, and not many came, but those who did went away heavily laden, happy and determined to come again and bring friends.

The country is an admirable one to hunt, low, level, extensive and not too thickly settled. The lands are not generally posted, and then only as a protection against the inroads of the "pot-hunter." Visiting sportsmen are extended every courtesy, and royally welcomed. The sportsman who stops off at any one of the many stations lying between Capron and Semora is sure to find quail in abundance, guides at reasonable prices, fairly good dogs and comfortable quarters. Several points offer fine turkey shooting, and everywhere hares and squirrels are to be found in abundance. The woodcock is not unknown. Deer are hunted in season, and fox hunting furnishes exhilarating sport for all lovers almost, one might say, the year round.

The country is beautiful with its stately pine, oak and hemlock here and there, the air invigorating and the climate very charming to one who comes from the snow-bound North. The quail season ends Jan. 15, save in several counties, of which Sussex is one, where the time extends to Feb. 15. Turkeys may be killed until Feb. 1, and hares and squirrels until March or later.

A few sportsmen are enjoying the late shooting, incidentally joining in the fox chase from time to time. There are still many quail left for next season to furnish pleasure and exhilaration for the hunter.

HERBERT L. JILLSON.

A Houghton, Mich., dispatch says: "Jerry Murphy, a well-known miner, living in Calumet, sold his big St. Bernard Barney to a Klondike party eighteen months ago. The dog was taken to Dawson City and performed good service. Last night Barney reappeared at Murphy's home in Calumet. How he succeeded in returning from Alaska is a mystery."

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing and hunting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in *FOREST AND STREAM*.

Fishing with a Tenderfoot.

IN the summer of 1896, a party to which I belonged made a very disastrous trip into the trout country, which I consider one of my richest experiences in camp life. The peril and privation experienced in that camp was of the kind to try a man's soul, and while we could have come home in a day, we were always hoping for the weather to clear, and we clung to the hope that we would have a day or so of good weather further on to make up for some of our discomforts. It has become a custom with us to go to the woods for a few days on the Fourth of July. Conforming to this, we resolved to go, but the circumstances were such that business kept us engaged up to the moment of starting, and all of the commissary work, such as the buying supplies and getting them together, devolved on black Joe, the cook. We felt tolerably easy about it, for we knew that with plenty of trout to eat we would fare very well for a few days, with but few accessories. Since that we have not taken any such chances on Joe.

It was a rainy season, and we resolved to have plenty of fishing worms for bait, in case the waters were too flush for fly-fishing, and we impressed the importance on Joe, but he made a failure at getting bait, owing to the laborious nature of the work. That handicapped us, for that was before I learned to look for fish worms under moss in the spruce woods.

Before we started the party received an addition in an Englishman, whom we knew as Tommy. He was a first-rate fellow, who had been running with us a good deal, but who had not been invited, not knowing what kind of a camp mate he would make. But, he not knowing the ethics of camping parties such as ours, very genially announced his intention of going along, which was very well received, for we all liked him. Otherwise his assurance would have not availed him. We know how to give what is vulgarly termed the frozen face.

Tommy was a man acquainted with grief. It had come to him when he had invested a large sum in fancy farming in Canada, and again when he tried tea planting in Ceylon. His experience in West Virginia as a druggist was equally unfortunate, for, becoming tired of life here, he presented his pharmacist the drug store as a token of esteem, and in place of salary due, and went to London for a while. Later, letters came from British Columbia that he was on his way to the Klondike, and then a long silence. A short time ago the word came that he was dead. He belonged to the "legion that never was listed" that Kipling writes of. Our experience with him leads us to believe that he could bear misfortunes, but could not avoid them. May he rest in peace. He is one of the men I have been with when I fished.

We wanted to make the Forks of Cranberry the first day, and we made a desperate effort to start early; therefore we got away by 10 o'clock. We were on horseback, each having packed all we could on our saddles and then climbing on top. The most of us were mounted on the slim, active horses of this mountain country. Joe's mare, who is twenty if she is a day, who is known all over the world as Kitty's Colt, was packed until you could just see her legs moving. Tommy was unfortunate in his horse. His pharmacist had a low, heavy built Percheron, as fat as butter, and as awkward as an ox—the kind of a heavy, unwieldy animal that the Sunday school books know as Dobbin. Tommy borrowed this horse from the Dock. The Dock, hearing us say we would start at daylight, came poking in on him about 10, expecting to find us gone, and was rightly punished for his duplicity. Tommy immediately countermanded his order of a horse from the livery, and rode away on the Pride of the Farm.

Our way lay through an unbroken wilderness. Single file, the horses stepped along a marked trail, picking their path among huge boulders, over the roots of trees, forcing their way through dense undergrowth to avoid fallen trees. This kind of going is kept up for four hours. The riders, perched upon their packs, are at the mercy of their horses. Old Dobbin blundered his way with the balance, being strong and willing, but he shed his shoes, and Tommy's baggage, which was done up in huge shawl-strap arrangements, such as you have seen heavy, swell Englishmen carrying, and which was strapped on behind his saddle, wore holes in poor Dobbin's hide, and made him switch his tail and flinch, indicating that he was very uncomfortable. No reticule equals a three-bushel bag for going into the woods horseback. We at last arrived at the South Fork, and traveling down its rocky bed for a while, arrived at our camp about dark. The horses were given a half-gallon of corn, and having eaten, immediately struck out for civilization in a way they well understood. Ten miles would bring them to a pasture on a mountain so high that flies do not abound, and there they reveled in blue grass fetlock deep, only as stable-kept horses can—except poor Dobbin. He stayed in the woods in the laurel bushes for a week, haunting our imaginations with his misery.

Ours was an ordinary hunter's camp, and when we came to it we found that very little of the bark roof remained. The Tugs had been there and had occupied the camp, and in a spirit of waste had used the roof for their fires. One side of the camp was whole. We set about making a fire for supper, and Tommy, so glad to get there off the terrible trail, was so happy and cheerful and gay, it was a joy to see him. He set to work to gather the little twigs and bark lying around. Right in front of the camp lay a large, rotten spruce, with its numerous branches sticking out in every direction. He fell among them, and after a severe tussle fell heavily to the ground and strained the muscles of his legs. Then for days he could only hobble around the camp-fire.

In a party of men some look at the clouds and others do not. In this case the weather prophets also looked at the shelter. The result was that two of us laid down early and went sound to sleep, regardless. By so doing those two secured the right to the dry corner for the outing by pre-emption. The others spread pieces of oilcloth over the rafters and got as good places as possible. Tommy

was the last to lie down, and he had the extreme end in the open part of the camp. That night a cold rain fell. I had a comparatively dry place, but I woke some time in the night dreaming that a hole was being drilled in my head. I was lying under a drip, and a little stream of water was falling on my temple. I moved a few inches. The fire of the camp gave a faint light. I was very drowsy, and I remember watching the breath of oilcloth under which Tommy was lying. It was belying with the water it was holding in its folds. I grew interested in it in a sleepy sort of way. The water accumulated quickly, and the weight presently moved the cloth and poured several gallons water in the face of the man sleeping the deep sleep of exhaustion underneath. There was an upheaval of blankets and things, and Tommy came forth with fire in his eye for the trick that had been played him. All the camp feigned sleep. Tommy tried to arrange his shelter again, but was unable to make a watertight arrangement of it. He kept fussing about the "cesspool," in which he tried to sleep, and finally came and stood at our feet, trying to sleep standing up.

The fishing was tolerably good next day, and that evening there were 142 trout in the little pool. We fed without stint that evening at supper, and at breakfast the next morning. These were the last full meals we had for days. A cold rain set in that night, and when we woke next morning we found Tommy looking pale and haggard. He had slept in the "cesspool." The little river was roaring and the boulders were rolling in the current. One fork was muddy, but the other, in spite of the flood, was perfectly clear. There was to be no fishing that day. The next day I went out, and after hours of fishing had nine trout. Hunger was making itself felt. We had plenty of bread and maple syrup and butter, but the bacon the unhappy Joe had selected was the fattest, saltiest pork ever packed in the unscrupulous West. The gorge rose at this food in a day or two. Being confined to such diet for a few days makes one understand why our poor soldiers were not able to eat enough to keep well in camp. We had some "poison," but it had to be divided among the survivors in an equitable manner, and when Tommy begged for a "soupcon" it had to be denied him. "Soupcon" became the byword of that camp.

All the time fishing was out of the question. As soon as the stream would run down, a fresh rain would put it up again. There was game in the woods, but we were unlucky. There were two guns, a .32cal. rifle and a double-barreled shotgun. We could not find the game when we went to hunt for it, not even a ground hog. One day when I was roaming around looking for exercise, without a gun, I saw two doves, as I thought, of a kind that I had never seen before. It was my first sight of the wild pigeon. I have seen them since then in the mountains, and it is the belief that a limited number of these birds rest in our mountains.

One day Mr. M. went down the river on a hopeless fish. About a half-mile below camp he sat down on a ledge of rocks where a cool spring filters down and fills a hollow in the rock. As he sat there, thinking, no doubt, how well some of the poison would go with that water with a man who had been soaked in a leaky camp and had been wading deep fords in the river, he saw a deer in the water below him. It came up the stream until it was in a stone's throw of the place he sat. Presently a fine black and tan hound came to the river, and he tied it with a piece of string and brought it into camp. Necessity knows no law, and the next day the two guns were put in the hands of the best shots, and the hound was sent to the woods. Hardly a quarter of an hour had passed until a deer was jumped, and it led the hound on a far cry to some unknown region, and we have never seen the hound since.

That afternoon, when we held our pow-wow under the dry corner of our wretched habitation, one of the circle said: "We've always blamed the Tugs for killing people's sheep in the woods; suppose a sheep came along this camp to-day, what would we do to it?"

"Not a thing!" said one feelingly.

"I'd tell that sheep to get away if it could," said another.

"We would do like that old Tug preacher that struck the judge's camp on Cherry," said another. "One fall when a lot of them were camped up there an old Tug came into camp and asked if he might stay. The next day was Sunday, and some of them took their guns for a scout through the woods. The Tug said he was a preacher, and that he did not hunt on the Sabbath, and commenced to read the Bible. He was left to keep camp, and when the men got back he had a fine deer hanging up. He said: 'I seed that buck go hopping by over yander, and it popped into my head that "Where the word of the Lord was not preached, there was no Sabbath," and I let him have it.'"

"I guess we would compromise with our conscience and may be we would pay for the sheep afterward. What do you say, Tommy?"

"I would like to have a soupcon," replied the Englishman, who was bearing his trials with true British pluck, but was taking interest in but one thing.

We got enough of that camp. Sleeping in water under wet blankets; eating soggy biscuits and maple syrup; lamenting our fate that we were spending valuable time and not getting any fish; teasing Tommy and reviling the old frying pan that served up the rancid bacon. Finally Joe was sent for the horses, and that day he was gone our misery culminated. Every man for himself was the rule, and with visions of good things to eat we set about to find our dinner. Two went hunting. M. came in soon with a little red squirrel, fairy-diddles they are called here. He deliberately sat down and cooked and ate it before our eyes. I was ravenous. Having failed in hunting, I was fortunate enough to see a flock of cherry birds—they are about as big as robins—and I killed two. I hung them on a string and cooked them, and with them as a relish I ate lots of bread, and never had a better meal in my life. I remarked politely to the unfed: "I am sorry you are not hungry. I would so like you to try some of the pheasant." S. and B. caught two fish apiece, and they prepared and ate them in the same starving, selfish and solitary manner. Tommy alone was left. His ^{ear} had recovered; and he had failed both in hunting and fishing. He concluded to tackle the bacon. Cutting off some slices, he held them over a roaring fire. The meat

took fire and burned up. He tried it again, and the same thing happened. He dashed some water in the frying pan and ate the charred remnants unwisely and became very sick.

That evening I tried fishing, and found a place where the fish were biting, and caught sixteen fine trout before my bait gave out. That gave us a good supper.

The horses were there, all in good condition, except old Dobbin. He came in looking like the ghost of his former self. Three shoes were gone, and he could only hobble painfully along. His back was in frightful condition. There was but one thing for Tommy to do, and that was to walk out. The rain was pouring down when we started. In the procession I was riding next to Dobbin. In a bog we were wading through, I distinctly saw him reach out a front leg like a racer, and planting his foot on Tommy's hip, bear him down into the mud, where he lay helpless for a moment or two. I will always believe that the horse did it on purpose. Anyway, Tommy rode him home. That cold rain fell steadily all day. My horse strained a tendon when I was eight miles from home. The gang rode on and left me, each too miserable to care what became of any one else. I was within a half-mile of a house then, and the farmer gave me a good dinner and promised to take care of my horse, which I prized highly. I walked home. We will draw a veil over the scene when Tommy returned Dobbin, the pride of the farm.

When we all met again, we found that we were still friends, though in the hardships hard words had passed. It is not hard to be a neighbor unto a man when you are warm, dry and well fed. Getting lost in the woods and being hungry, wet and cold tries men's souls.

Our poor friend, generous to a fault, and a fine specimen of the typical John Bull, and who thought nothing of going to the uttermost ends of the earth, always on the out trail, "breaking the way for the rest," has gone to his reward. May he find the long trail free from the discomforts he experienced in this life!

ANDREW PRICE.

MARLINTON, W. Va.

Fish Pirates and Fire-Bugs.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Jan. 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: Inclosed is a report from Sodus Point, printed in the Herald of this morning:

"Sodus, Jan. 18.—The law-abiding people of Sodus Point are being stirred up on account of the depredations of fish pirates, who seek to revenge themselves upon people who have lent aid to the officers of the law.

"One day last week Game Protector George Carver, of Lyons, went to Sodus Bay to seize any nets which might be there. As was his custom, he stopped over night with William Bennett, a boat builder, who has several boats to let. He had not been on the scene of operations long before he captured a large net belonging to local fishermen. He burned the net according to law and left for Lyons.

"About 2 o'clock Sunday morning it was discovered that Mr. Bennett's cottage, which he built last season, was in flames. All efforts to extinguish them were in vain, and the building was burned to the ground in a short time. The loss was a heavy one to Mr. Bennett, as the building was valued at at least \$1,000, with but \$600 insurance. The contents of the building were all lost, including twenty-seven rowboats, three sailboats, two naphtha launches, and a \$60 net.

"Mr. Carver is in the habit of leaving his horse at Mr. Bennett's when making his raids on the illegal fishermen, and their hatred of Bennett has arisen from the fact that he was assisting the game protector to discover the whereabouts of the nets. About a year ago letters were sent to Mr. Bennett by unknown persons, threatening him with violence if he harbored Carver again. On account of the publicity Mr. Carver makes it a point never to stop at a hotel, and as Mr. Bennett ran a sort of livery stable in connection with his boat house, he naturally made that his headquarters.

"Mr. Bennett paid no attention to the threatening communications, and before long two of his boats were stolen and destroyed. A reward was offered for the return of the boats or for information which would lead to the discovery of any one connected with the affair, but not a trace could be found of either boat or the thieves.

"Shortly after this Mr. Carver came to the bay and another man kept his horse while he made his sally. This man was also threatened. Mr. Carver's tools were all destroyed, the tail was cut off his horse, his harness was cut into strips and his wagon smashed into pieces. He was threatened with death, but being a brave man made none the less effort to stop the illegal fishing.

"Last week the illegal fishermen showed consummate nerve by re-capturing a net which the game protector had seized. Mr. Carver went on the ice near Resort, at the head of the bay, and found a valuable net in the water under the ice. He chopped a hole in the ice, secured the net, took it to shore with him for the purpose of burning it.

"He left the net lying on the shore while he went for some kindling wood, with which to start a fire to burn the net, and while he was thus occupied the fisherman who owned the net came skating up the bay and took it away with him. On Mr. Carver's return the net was missing. Having no skates, he could not make chase."

This shows what kind of men the game protector has to deal with; and still we allow licensed nets, and have the State stock the waters for their benefit. The Commissioners should offer a large enough reward for the conviction of these incendiaries, so that we may get them. There is too much of this work done by the fish pirates.

ANGLER.

The Forest and Stream Publishing Co. are the largest publishers and importers in America of Books on Outdoor Sports. Their illustrated descriptive catalogue will be sent free on request.

* The *FOREST AND STREAM* is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Sea Trout.

"Who hath seen the beaver busied? Who hath watched the black-tail mating?

Who hath lain alone to hear the wild goose cry?

Who hath worked the chosen water where the ouananiche is waiting?

Or the sea trout's jumping crazy for the fly?"

—Rudyard Kipling.

OF all the trails laid for the travels of the wayward "feet of the young men" some years ago, mine led me through the camps of "proved desire and known delight," to the head of an inland estuary, where a lazy stream after weeks of pleasant dawdling through wild and romantic scenery at last finds rest in a calm salt-water basin, far inland from the Atlantic's turbulent waters, and in a spot exactly similar to that of which Kipling must have been dreaming when he sang of "the sea trout jumping crazy for the fly."

We were a goodly and pleasant company, comprising the Judge and members of the Bar, who had been holding the Supreme Court on Circuit in the many scattered towns built in the deep bays and firds in southern and western Newfoundland. We had held court in several harbors and dispensed justice to the straggling populations, who, from the nature of their avocations, could neither afford the time nor the money to seek justice in the capital; and for days we had drowsed during the heat, in the small stuffy court houses, listening to and adjusting the various cases of fishery disputes and trespasses—the offending against the laws being confined to such minor offenses among these peace loving people.

But "it fell upon a day" that we were clear of all court work and were in the neighborhood of "the chosen waters" for salmon, grilse and sea trout, and as we had some hours to spare, it took very little persuasion to decide his Lordship, the presiding Judge of the Circuit, who was a keen angler himself, to give the members of the Bar a few hours fishing. Accordingly we started for Miller's Passage in Old Man's Bay, and had a pleasant run. Our clipper steam yacht Thecla was well adapted for a pleasure cruise of this kind. The boys all idled around smoking and chatting, or listening and laughing to the pleasant anecdotes of two of the best *raconteurs*, whose equals it would be hard to find—one a witty and cultured Irishman, "a descendant of Irish kings," and the other a leading Queen's counsel, who had traveled some, and had laid up and digested choice *morceaux* where'er he had sojourned, and now brought them forth from the crucible enriched with touches of genuine humor, and regaled the lounging listeners, who repaid his efforts with loud and spontaneous bursts of laughter. Even the crew on deck involuntarily drew near and added their quota to swell the merry chorus.

The water was as calm as oil; the scenery was grand and changing; and to crown all, a gentle sou'west wind was sighing, but not with sufficient labor to ripple the clumbering water of the bay. Before we had time to realize that we were near our journey's end, the yacht's siren awoke the echoes of the hills, putting to wing here a flock of black duck that took a direct flight far from the invaders, and there a company of white winged sea gulls, who sailed round and round in magnificent circles, uttering sharp querulous notes, as if interrogating the intruders. In a very few minutes after the anchor had been dropped, all the anglers of the party had their "rods and reels and traces" all ready to enjoy the sport that many had enjoyed in anticipation in their dreams for many a day before. The cutter was launched and manned, and all hands bundled in without the usual regard of precedence or seniority, and in a few moments we landed at the mouth of the river flowing into Old Man's Bay. There was not room enough here for the whole party, so most of us started for a small lake on the river about a half a mile away. After a short tramp through the shrubbery, the long looked for lakelet burst pleasantly on our view, nestling cosily at the base of a high hill, which was clothed to the very summit with its gorgeous garb of evergreens, flecked here and there with the flickering foliage of larch, birch, aspen and other deciduous trees arrayed in all their midsummer finery. Then "there was hurrying in hot haste" to joint the rods and bend the favorite flies. There were seven rods in the party; the "non-combatants" carried the baskets and landing nets, and stood by and cracked jokes at the anglers as they waded out in the shallow waters. The writer and a chum knew a trick worth two of trying around the margin, and made a bee-line for the "likely spot" at the head of the lakelet, where the river mingles with its waters, and rests itself gently, before resuming—as it does a few hundred yards further on, with increased briskness—its last lap on its journey to the sea. With what eager haste I joined my rod, and bent my flies—a cast that had been prepared for many days before. How cautiously I waded out over the intervening shallows—how gently dropped the seductive flies just where the flowing ceases and the water darkens and deepens. And then! Ah, then for the sight and sound that a true angler would encompass a half a hemisphere to experience—the mad rush of eager "sea trout jumping crazy for the fly"—the electric thrill of the successful "strike," the music of the running reel, as with a rush and a whirr the sportive beauties made the glittering baits their own. And then came the struggle between science and guile on the one part and strength and innocence on the other, with the usual result, in this world at least, the triumph of the wicked—except, of course, as always happens with the largest fish of the lot, whose main strength and stupidity saved him for a while, as after an ingenious wrench, that cleared him from the hook, he "waggled" away with speed, his tail and fins showing unmistakable tokens of the utter contempt in which he held his seducer. I had hooked four, and after a few minutes landed three of them. They were gamy little fellows, but didn't weigh more than ¼ lb. each. I threw several times and each time got a fish on every fly—but not the fish I was after.

In the meantime my companion had gone a little further on and crossed the stream, just where it eddied in under the base of the hill, and where the large white water lilies lay in leafy luxuriance. On hearing a satisfied grunt from him, I raised my head, and a glance at his taut line and pliant rod making a complete segment of a circle told me more plainly than any words that he had hold of one or

more of the brand we were after. A short struggle, and two beauties weighing about 2 lbs. each lay, like pictures, in the grass at his feet. With his permission I cast into his preserve, and in less than a moment felt that my fondest dreams of fish were realized, and that I had hold of two or more "speckle tails that were well worth the admission fee." Then began the most interesting tussle I think I had ever enjoyed. They started for the middle of the lakelet with the vigor of unbroken colts. I had perforce to give them their wilful way—my only consolation the music of the running reel. Presently they "let up" a bit and my turn came to take a hand in the sport. How tenderly I checked them! With what firm though sensitive fingers I wound them in! How bravely they tightened the silken cord, and what beautiful curves the rod described, as with waning strength they gallantly disputed every inch. They are coming—coming slowly, unwillingly, but surely. I have their noses over the water now, and they're nearly mine. I am just conjecturing as to their probable weight when "whish," with a last grand effort, off they start again, making a brilliant dash for freedom, taking nearly all the line from the reel in the gallant attempt. But alas, 'twas only an effort—an unsuccessful effort—and in a few moments more, with the aid of a landing net, I have landed the captives and feel proud of my conquest. They weigh a little over 2 lbs. each, and make such a pretty picture as they lie at my feet in their mossy bed, that I make up my mind that even if I do not hook another fish, I am well satisfied with my evening's work. The rest of the party had been getting small fish in abundance, but as they all had been spectators of the sport at the mouth of the stream, they all surely, but slowly, gravitated to the spot, shaking the small fry off their hooks as they waded along. There were six or seven rods whipping the one small place, only a few yards in circumference, and of course we expected that the sport would soon be over. But no; notwithstanding the noise and bustle made by over anxious fishermen outraging every canon of the "meditative man's art" the sport held for over an hour; and from scientific angling, I fear, I have to confess that it degenerated into indiscriminate slaughter. I am afraid we acted very much like "trout hogs," but our pleas in defense were, that we had a ship's crew to supply, that not a fish would be wasted, and that perhaps for the following twelve months they would not be again disturbed, except perhaps by poachers who might go there with nets and haul them as articles of commerce. As 'twas coming on dusk, we gathered our fish in baskets and on "gads" and made our way down to the beach where the boat was awaiting us. In a few moments more we were aboard the yacht, handing over our trophies to the steward, who welcomed this toothsome addition to his larder, and filled a large ship's pan with beautiful fish, the largest of which, by actual weight, tipped the scales at 10z. over 4 lbs. We all sat down with appetites sharpened by the bracing air and evening's exercise, and over the dinner table each vied with his neighbor in detailing with great good humor the various events of the evening, and enjoyed the sport over and over again. And when the covers had been removed and the faithful "briar roots" produced, and the votaries of the goddess of Nicotine had burned incense in honor of their deity, the wearied anglers sought their couches, lulled by the soft evening breezes, and soothed to rest by the scarcely perceptible motion of the steamer, and enjoyed the deep restful sleep that comes ever to those "who work the chosen waters"

"Where the sea trout's jumping crazy for the fly."

W. J. CARROLL.

St. John's, Newfoundland.

Connecticut Fishing Interests.

Commissioner A. C. Collins sends us the biennial report of the Connecticut Commissioners of Fisheries and Game, from which we make the following excerpts:

The hatcheries consist of two small buildings on leased ground, one for shad hatching at Shelton, and the other a makeshift at Windsor Locks, for hatching trout and salmon. Both hatcheries are not worth over \$200! The State owns a building at the retaining ponds at Joshua-town, in the town of Lyme, not fitted up for hatching purposes. This is all the State owns in the way of State hatcheries. The second duty is that of the introduction, propagation and distribution of such food fish and game as are adapted to the waters and lands of the State.

There being no appropriation available for the introduction or propagation of game, it is perhaps needless to say that we have been unable to do anything in this direction. In our report of 1895-96 we said: "We suggest the wisdom of authorizing your Commissioners, when it can be done at a reasonable or nominal cost, to lease tracts of land as State game preserves. The main expense to the State would be that of posting said land and prosecuting poachers. There is no county, we are sure, where this could not be done, and unless the State means to take up on quite a large scale the propagation and introduction of game, its extinction is merely a question of time." With an ever increasing army of sportsmen, with no more territory than fifty years ago—that time will arrive much sooner than many expect.

There being no appropriation for the "enforcement of all laws relating to fish and game," we found it a very difficult matter to police the State, without a dollar appropriated for such work. Through the "Special Protectors of Fish and Game," appointed by this Board, we have enforced the laws relating to fish and game as well as possible under existing conditions. All known cases of infraction of the fish or game laws have been prosecuted.

During the last two years we have co-operated with the United States Commission of Fisheries and Fish in the propagation of lobsters, resulting in over 50,000,000 of young lobsters being planted in the waters of this State. The State of Connecticut is the only State in the Union that retains in ponds young shad six or seven months. The young shad are then 3 to 5 in. long before they are liberated. The beneficial results of this method of stocking have abundantly been shown in the large number of adult shad taken this year in the Connecticut and Farmington rivers.

In the last-named river shad fishing had been of no

account for years previous to 1895. In that year we placed nearly 500,000 shad fry in a pond situated in Poquonock, on the Farmington River. In October, 1895, we liberated from the pond the young shad in the Farmington River. When given their liberty the shad were 3 to 5 in. in length. Mark the result. Thousands of the finest adult shad were taken in that river during the past season, as was predicted by your Commission. As one shad fisherman expressed it: "There were more shad this year than we knew what to do with." This year shad have been cheaper in the market than suckers. We find Connecticut people now boasting of the superior quality of their shad, as compared with all others in the market. Unless the artificial propagation of the shad had been carried on in this State, we think there would be no shad worthy of mention in our rivers. In turning out millions of young shad 3 to 5 in. in length, as the State is now doing, the adult fish do not command the fancy prices of a few years ago. The State is concerned as to the abundance, quality and price of the products taken from the waters.

When the conditions are impaired, when there is evidently a decrease in the food-fish supply, then it becomes incumbent upon the State to adopt prompt measures to arrest any decline. The rational method of dealing with the fisheries is to supplement as far as possible by artificial propagation any deficiency in the natural reproduction. We doubt not that the broad-minded, free-handed Connecticut people will adequately support with their good will, and a reasonable appropriation, a thorough, well-considered and efficient plan for future fish propagation.

In providing such a plan, and in carrying it out to a successful termination, no agency can be so adequate as stocking our rivers, lakes and streams as fingerling fish. The late Col. Marshall McDonald, when United States Fish Commissioner, said: "My judgment is that 1,000 yearling fish is the equivalent of 100,000 fry." Fingerling trout and shad planted in the fall are stronger, and a more active fish. They find an abundance of food hatched out for them. They have a better start in every way to fight their way, as they must certainly fight in the wild waters. In fact, the planting of shad or trout during the fry stage of life is a waste of money, effort and time. The late Thomas Andrews, of Guilford, England, one of the most successful fish breeders in Europe, said: "My experience has taught me that one yearling fish is worth a thousand fry for stocking purposes."

Advanced fishcultivists in Europe are united in acknowledging the superiority of fingerling fish for stocking waters successfully. Young fry are too risky. The growing demands for fingerling fish for stocking purposes, by those who can appreciate the incomparable benefits derived, is very gratifying. There is no speculation in this method of planting fish. It is high time that the citizens of this State should understand clearly and precisely how this matter affects them. The stocking of waters with fish fry is clouded with too many uncertainties, as to be egregiously disappointing. So the true difference, then, between the two methods of stocking waters is this: First stocking with fingerlings means success, while stocking with fish fry a step backward, a precarious uncertainty, a happy-go-lucky system.

Common prudence must therefore suggest that by stocking waters with fingerling shad, trout and salmon will disperse any cloud of uncertainty, remove in the most efficient manner the most cherished illusions attending the fry planting, and at one remorseless blow discontinue the planting of practically helpless minute fish fry. These remarks may appear singularly blunt and bold, but by the present system of stocking the waters of the State there is no such word as failure. It should be remembered what fish propagation means to us as a State; the cheap, healthful and abundant food for all classes of its people; the livelihood for the hardy fisherman; the industrial prosperity of many sections of our State; mental relaxation for the toiling masses of our cities and towns in all the busy pursuits of our intense and intensifying daily life; that these and many other objects of vast importance, socially, morally and financially, are involved in trying to preserve and maintain for the enjoyment of the present and future such food fish as are adapted to our waters. Fish propagation and protection means much to the people of this State. The opponents of fishculture find it always easier to criticise than to create. With requisite means and appliances, the successful breeding of shad, salmon and trout, the waters of this State can be stocked as never before since the Revolution. Sometimes it has been charged by those who have not given the subject careful consideration, that this Commission is largely engaged in propagating game fishes for the few at the expense of many. An examination of the tables herewith submitted in this report will prove the absurdity of the charge referred to. It should be taken into consideration that the so-called game fishes are the highest order of fishes, and that the love of angling is on the increase. The people from the farm, shop, store, factory, pulpit, studio, counting-room and court find a healthy relaxation from their cares in angling. The commercial fisherman and angler both have their right, which we are bound to respect. The whole people must be considered in the matter of propagating and planting fish in the waters of the State. Too often we hear the misleading statement: "Let nature take its course and we will have more fish."

Agriculture is not the development of such immeasurable antiquity but what the tiller of the soil knows that to reap he must sow. Whenever human knowledge is broadened by investigation and careful consideration, much good results. A given area of land compared with the same area of water for food producing power, the argument is in favor of water. The soil is tilled, it is prepared for seed, it is watched constantly until the crop is garnered, it is marketed, all at the cost of effort and means. As to the waters from which fish are taken, the seed is sown and it grows to maturity under natural conditions and practically at no cost. We have men in this State who urge that it is useless to hatch shad to be caught beyond absorptive capacity of the markets, but it should be understood that with the perfect refrigerating appliances and improved facilities of transport of the present day, there need be no fear but what the shad fishermen may reap their harvest and the toiling masses be able to buy shad at most reasonable prices. Our fruits

and vegetables, under judicious and enlightened culture, have undergone astonishing improvements during the past fifty years, and the promise of the future is far greater than in the past. Having moulded animal and vegetable forms to nearly our taste, the same can be done with our fishes. The great advantage in propagating fish is that their eggs are isolated from their enemies until they are born fish. The fact of the matter is, when an egg is deposited on a natural spawning bed that egg is absolutely helpless—it is unprotected. The storms come and stir up dirt, leaves and other debris from the bottom, and a large proportion of the eggs are covered, which means death to the embryo. In addition to that, if there is a choice morsel for any fish, it is the eggs of its own or the eggs of some other variety of fish. By artificial propagation the eggs are free from their enemies and a greater percentage is saved by artificial means.

We will briefly describe the shad retaining ponds, as it may interest many readers remote from the State's shad preserve. These ponds are situated in Joshuatown, in the town of Lyme. There are four ponds in a chain, of about twenty acres, fed by a cold mountain stream, which has its source many miles back in East Haddam. The ponds are within one mile of the Connecticut River. No better place could have been selected. In 1897 we carried over 6,000,000 of shad fry into the ponds, from May until Oct. 20, that year, when they were liberated fish from 3 to 5 in. in length. In 1898 we carried 9,600,000 shad fry, from May to Oct. 20. We adopted the plan of feeding the young shad this year, and fed many barrels of pulverized crackers to them, with good results. The drawing off of these ponds is easily done, as the sides of the ponds slope toward the center, and the process is made very easy, and as their dripping banks slowly come in view it is intensely interesting to see countless numbers of young shad pass out in silvery masses on their migratory journey of life.

That hundreds of thousands of these shad turned out of the retaining ponds will return to our waters in three and four years is beyond dispute. It is just as sure as the planting of corn; if the conditions are right the corn can be plucked in a certain time. It has been thoroughly demonstrated on the Pacific Coast that rivers that had never before contained a shad, after having been stocked, in three years the shad returned, and have yearly ever since their first appearance.

We maintain that the grand old State of Connecticut, with its lofty hills, with its beautiful valleys, with its picturesque mountains, with its sparkling lakes, with its health-giving breezes, needs but plenty of fish and game to make it still more attractive to summer and fall visitors of other States. These people spend their money freely, and for every pound of fish taken they will probably leave \$2, and for every game bird shot the same amount.

When to these sources of revenue we add the yearly value of fish caught from our waters and served as food on the tables of the households within the State, the importance of our fish products are impressed upon the attention.

Canadian Salmon Rivers.

FOLLOWING are letters of suggestions relative to salmon rivers, recently sent to the Canadian authorities:

SEPT. 8.—L. Z. Joncas, Esq., Superintendent, etc., Quebec, Canada. Dear Sir: I greatly appreciate the friendly spirit in which you and the department have conducted our correspondence concerning the preservation of salmon, and feel that the point of view (in your report to the Commissioner, of 1897) from which you regard these matters of the protection of game and fish is a correct one. I venture to say that it is fortunate for the Province that at a critical period you should have been placed in charge of these interests.

One suggestion I desire to call to your attention. As to your estimated figures of \$60,000 or \$70,000 annual revenue under thorough protection from the salmon rivers. I do not mean that the figures which I am about to mention can be attained this year, or for five or six years, perhaps, but I venture to say that if you had said \$300,000 or \$400,000 per annum you would not have overstated the true rental value of the salmon fisheries to the Province, nor the figures to which they may readily be made to attain. The Scotch, English and Irish figures amply justify this conclusion. I do not, of course, refer merely to leasing the rivers to anglers, but to the leasing under well-enforced rules as to the times and methods of taking fish and as to netting privileges.

The great trouble has been that the latter have been granted and exercised recklessly, so that the supply has so diminished that no one can afford to pay large sums as rental for the taking of a few fish by angling. The Esquimaux, for instance, could again yield its 50,000 salmon per annum, and continue to yield that number indefinitely, and the other rivers in like proportion if the nets were allowed to be set only one-half of the time. It would be no hardship to netters to be compelled to use nets which could be lifted to the tops of the stakes once in each week, and if the Province should adopt three days (preferably Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday) in each week, and let all the fish on the other days proceed up the rivers, the netters would find in a few years that on their three days a week they were taking two fish for every fish which they had formerly been able to take with nets set nominally six, actually seven, days a week, as they are at present. Also, those holding netting privileges near the mouth of an unleased river should be required to guard the pools and spawning beds in the river, and this guardianship should not be permitted to be perfunctory, but should be an actual and efficient guardianship. Salmon, except that they find their food in the water, scarcely differ in relation to the methods appropriate to "farming" them from sheep or cattle. A farmer who killed all his milch cows or all his bearing ewes in any one year would be regarded as having lost his mind, and that the holder of a permanent netting license near the mouth of a river should similarly conduct himself as to salmon is only possible through the gross ignorance that prevails in relation to the simplest matters concerning the natural history of the fish.

There is, I think, no doubt in your mind but that there are to-day within the Province of Quebec 100 salmon rivers which are now wholly depleted, and which could

be restored in five years at small expense, if the westward stream of salmon was allowed to reach them; nor is there reason to doubt but that failure along the coast further to the eastward to properly protect necessarily involves the destruction of the westward rivers.

There are four distinct elements in the proper protection of a river:

1. The coasts from the mouth of the river eastward to the ocean must be protected.
2. The river itself must be guarded.
3. There should be no nets in the estuary itself.
4. There should be regulation of the sale and purchase of salmon.

The lack of any of these elements militates gravely against a given river's productive capacity. I remain,

Yours very truly,

(Signed)

CHAS. STEWART DAVISON.

SEPT. 8.—Hon. S. N. Parent, Commissioner of Lands, Forests and Fisheries, Government Buildings, Quebec, Canada. Dear Sir: In pursuing investigations in relation to your salmon rivers, I have been much struck by the absence of all statistics from your hatcheries. The reports of the Commissioner of Crown Lands for the Province of Quebec for the years ending June 30, 1894, 1895 and 1896, and your report as Commissioner of Lands, Forests and Fisheries of the Province of Quebec for the year ending June 30, 1897, do not appear to contain either a list of what hatcheries are supported by the Province, nor any statement of the expense of conducting the various hatcheries, nor any details of the number of fry and parr raised at each hatchery or in the aggregate, nor what disposition was made of them. These are all matters of great interest, not alone to anglers, but also to those who have to deal with salmon commercially, and the absence of all information on the subject, with the consequent impossibility of deciding on the utility of the hatcheries, either at large or in any particular locality, is naturally a source of regret.

There are certain statistics as to hatcheries which could be readily furnished by those in charge, and which would be of great value. Indeed, it would appear almost essential that every hatchery should furnish the department annually with an official return covering primarily the following points:

1. The total number of fish taken by the hatchery's nets during the entire season.
2. The character, location and dimensions of the net.
3. The dates on which the net was set.
4. The number of fish taken on each date on which the net was set.
5. The heaviest and lightest fish taken on each day (hen and male respectively).
6. The number, weight and sex of fish taken on each date from the net either dead or so injured that they were killed and sold.
7. The same particulars as to those returned alive to the water as being unnecessary for the hatchery's purposes.
8. The number and gross weight (with roe) of each hen fish retained.
9. The net weight of each hen fish (after spawning).
10. The number of hen and male fish respectively which were on each date returned to the water after spawning and milting.
11. The number of eggs taken on each date.
12. The number of fry produced from them.
13. The number of fry raised to the age of three months and one year respectively.
14. The number of fry and parr respectively placed in different streams, with full, appropriate data in relation thereto (dates, localities, etc.).

Such particulars as these should be supplied by every hatchery and could be made readily accessible to those interested by their publication in your annual reports. Supplied with these details, one could institute a series of comparisons with the figures attained at other hatcheries and also with the particular results attained at any given hatchery. Yours respectfully,

(Signed)

CHAS. STEWART DAVISON.

Winter Fishing.

ENGLISH CENTRE, Pa., Jan. 20.—It is reported by eye-witnesses that the law-abiding citizens of English Centre and vicinity who are lovers of sport of one kind or another, since all game fish, except the common black sucker, is now protected by law, are having considerable sport, and are securing some fish also. It is not an uncommon sight to see from ten to twenty men and boys on the ice at one time after suckers, which here in the pure spring water of our streams grow large and lose all that muddy taste for which they are noted in warmer river water, where there is mud in plenty. They are a palatable fish, leaving the bones out of the question. The fishermen cut holes in the ice, and with hooks made out of 3-16 in. wire jerk the unsuspecting fish out of the water on to the ice. The man who, when advertising his fishing grounds here, said, "Some of the trout have spots on them as big as a silver dollar, they're so large," says of the sucker fishermen: "They are carrying these suckers from the creek by the arm load, these cold days. They just pile them up on their arms like stove-wood, and away they go with them." NEMO.

A Pickerel Party.

DR. GEO. McALEER, of Worcester, sent out last week to the elect an unique card of invitation, which read: "To ye Anciente and Honourable Guild of Fishermen of ye Town of Boston, on ye Massachusetts Bay: Ye fellowcraft member, Dr. George McAleer, of ye Quinsigamond Plantation, now called ye Hearte of ye Commonwealth, sends Greeting, and warns ye brotherhood to meete in his goodie citie January 28th, Anno Domini 1899 to make ye day merrie fyshinge through the ice for ye Pickerel."

"For ye dispoite he will furnish all ye tilts and bait, but ye Brotherhood will bring emptie stummicks and chunks of fun to make divertisement in plentie."

"Nota Bene.—To ye best storie goes ye biggest fyshe."

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

A Minnesota Ice Raid.

WABASHA, Minn., Jan. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* During the winter season I occasionally drive over Lake Pepin. A few days ago, while driving across the lake, I counted about forty fishing shanties. Yesterday I had occasion to go over again, and as I drove onto the lake no fish shanties were to be seen, and I could not imagine what had become of them. It was soon explained to me by two fishermen, who were stumbling by the charred remains of one of the shanties. The redoubtable Sam Fullerton, Minnesota's famous game warden, had been making a raid, and as these fellows said, "cleaned 'em out." He swooped down on the whole outfit and began to burn the shanties, burning and destroying a large number, also many nets, which he hauled up from under the ice. No such raid had ever been made on Lake Pepin before. The fishermen were paralyzed, and made no resistance at all; but there was a fisherwoman in one of the shanties who did. She defied Sam to touch her or the shanty, and she wouldn't budge; said she was a poor woman and depended on the fish she caught for a living. Sam said he was not after fisherwomen, and did not molest her; but she moved her shanty off the lake a short time after.

Mr. Fullerton was very careful to remove all property out of the houses, or to have it removed, even to the stove wood, before destroying them; and acted as I understood very gentlemanly to all; but the fishermen swear vengeance, and I am told will have Mr. Fullerton arrested. This, I am told, he expects them to do. But netting and spearing fish in Lake Pepin has ceased for a time at least.

WABASHA.

Auger Boring through Ice.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have been experimenting lately in boring through the ice with an 1½ auger. I succeeded after a little in boring through where the ice was 12 in. No doubt there is something more to be learned about the modus operandi than my experience has taught me. If this interests any others I will be glad to tell what I know from experience, and hope others will tell us the proper way to file an ordinary auger bit to make it chip the fastest.

A Lake George man told me the fishermen there bored through the ice and fished through the holes. He gave me a few pointers, which enabled me to go through the 1 ft. of ice here.

A returned Yukon man was telling me of a miner in that country who got water by boring by hand with an auger. His plan was this: To cut a "cup" or small reservoir in the ice as deep as was convenient to go, and then bore the rest of the distance to the water, which would boil up and completely fill the reservoir. This would freeze over every night, but by cutting away what had frozen last the water continued to come up through the hole (of course only enough to fill the hole) as it was bailed out for use.

Of course an ordinary auger bit not filed for the purpose will not bore.

I hope to hear from others about their methods, and to learn whether or not it is practiced to any extent in fishing.

HEATHCOTE.

Game and Fish Protection.

New York Legislature.

Special correspondence of Forest and Stream.

ALBANY, N. Y., Jan. 23.—The following measures have been introduced to the New York Legislature to amend the game law:

In the Senate.

No. 4, by Mr. Coggeshall.—A bill authorizing the Commissioners to erect a fish hatching establishment on the Beaver Brook, in the town of Trenton, Oneida county; appropriation of \$6,000.

No. 47, by Mr. Chahoon.—To amend the deer law so as to change the present season, Aug. 15-Nov. 15, to Sept. 20-Oct. 20, and providing that deer shall not be killed at any time when in the water; limiting the number of deer taken by one person to two in a season. Season for possession and sale of venison, Sept. 20 to Oct. 31; venison not to be sold at any time within this State, unless proved by the seller that it was killed outside of the State. Hounding permitted from Sept. 20 to Oct. 20. Transportation of deer limited to one carcass (instead of two) accompanied by owner.

No. 53, by Mr. Humphrey.—Providing a close season for the counties of Allegheny, Livingston and Wyoming on hares and rabbits from Dec. 15 to Sept. 1, and forbidding the use of ferrets.

No. 92, by Mr. Chahoon.—To correct the blunder in section 74, which now reads, "No person or persons shall kill more than thirty-six of the above-named birds," namely, woodcock and ruffed grouse, to read, "No person shall kill more than thirty-six of each of the above-named birds." Also amending section 76 so as to forbid entirely the transportation of woodcock and ruffed grouse or quail, whether or not killed in the State.

No. 106, by Mr. Coggeshall.—Amending section 74 so as to shorten the open season for woodcock and ruffed grouse to Nov. 15, making the season Sept. 1 to Nov. 15, and omitting the restriction of thirty-six birds to an individual. Further amending section 75 so as to make the season for possession of woodcock and ruffed grouse Sept. 1 to Nov. 30, and providing that birds shall not be possessed or sold during the last fifteen days of November unless it can be proved by the possessor or seller that the birds were caught or killed within the lawful period for killing the same, "or from out of [sic] the State when not in violation of the laws of the State or the county from which they were brought."

In the Assembly.

No. 44, by Mr. Mason.—Appropriating \$6,000 for a hatchery on Beaver Brook, in Trenton, Oneida county.

No. 73, by Mr. Gould.—To repeal the net bounty law.

No. 110, by Mr. Pickett.—To make the deer season

open Oct. 1 and close Oct. 31. One person to take one deer only in a season. Possession allowed Oct. 1 to Oct. 31, but permitted until Nov. 5, if venison was lawfully killed. Forbids the killing of does at all times. Permits hounding during the month of October.

No. 125, by Mr. Beede.—To make the open season on deer Sept. 20 to Oct. 20; no deer to be killed at any time when in the water. Adds the penalty of imprisonment in the county jail for ten days as alternative of \$100 fine, or both. Venison to be possessed from Sept. 20 to Oct. 31. Venison not to be sold at any time within the State unless it can be proved that the venison was killed out of the State. Hounding permitted from Sept. 20 to Oct. 20. Transportation of venison limited to one deer, accompanied by owner.

No. 139, by Mr. Hallock.—Relates to Long Island only. To make close season for ruffed grouse and quail from Jan. 5 until the end of the close season, and possess-Forbids trapping during this period. Forbids possession from Jan. 5 until the end of the close season and possession during the first five days of January forbidden unless it is proved that the birds were killed within the open season on Long Island.

No. 154, by Mr. Dutton.—To repeal the net bounty law.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

Feb. 8-11.—Milwaukee, Wis.—Bench show for the benefit of the Wisconsin training school for nurses. E. J. Meisenheimer, Sec'y.
Feb. 21-24.—New York.—Westminster Kennel Club's twenty-third annual show. Jas. Mortimer, Sec'y and Supt.
March 7-10.—Grand Rapids, Mich.—Butterfly Association's bench show. Miss Grace H. Griswold, Sec'y.
March 14-17.—St. Louis, Mo.—St. Louis Kennel Club's show.
March 21-24.—Chicago.—Mascoutah Kennel Club's show.
April 4-7.—Boston, Mass.—New England Kennel Club's bench show. James Mortimer, Manager.
Nov. 22-24.—New York.—American Pet Dog Club's show. S. C. Hodge, Supt.

FIELD TRIALS.

Feb. 6.—Madison, Ala.—Alabama Field Trial Club's third annual trials. T. H. Spencer, Sec'y.

United States Trials.

WEST POINT, Miss.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: The United States Field Trial Club held their trials at West Point, Miss., commencing Monday, Jan. 16. The attendance of sportsmen was numerous; there were many from all over the United States. The Derby did not have as many starters as will reimburse the club for the money the club pays out in purses. The two stakes will be consolidated in the future in consequence. This year will see an end of setter and pointer Derbys.

Pointer Derby.

The pointer Derby, the first stake, had seven starters. First brace was Recreation and Maude S. The immense rainfall of last week and Sunday night made the fields a sea of mud and water, so much so that the handlers all rode; they could not have handled and walked, as the mud and water were too great. There was only one bird seen when this brace was down. Recreation nosed about it until it was flushed. Maude S. tracked Recreation most of the time and gave tongue.

Zepher and Ladd of Jingo were the second brace down. Jingo roared an outlying bird of a bevy, pressing it too close when it flushed, and the flushed bird caused the bevy to follow it. The dogs were sent after the flushed bevy, and each made some points on the single birds. Following single birds to second flight, each dog made two points. Jingo was drawing on a second bevy, which was near a road the horsemen were on; and they rode into and flushed before the dog had pointed. The birds going to bare cotton field and very boggy were not followed.

Sadie C. and Nana were the next brace. Nana made some points on single birds. Both dogs were very near to the bevy, which was seen to rise. Sadie lost her head and flushed and chased a bevy. Nana pointed one or two single birds Sadie failed to flush. Sadie had plenty of speed and hunted with judgment, but lost her head and flushed many birds she could have pointed.

Rana had the bye, and ran alone. She pointed a bevy and made some points on single birds. She did no flushing. She has good speed and range, and used her nose.

Four dogs were carried into second series. Ladd of Jingo ran with Nana. The contest between these dogs was close. They did some good point work. Jingo had some advantage in hunting out his ground with most judgment, both had fair speed and range. Zepher and Rana was the second brace in second series. Rana did the most point work, pointing three bevies to Zepher's one. Zepher was the fastest at first, but her speed died away as the heat progressed.

Rana was first, Ladd of Jingo second, Nana third. The pointers competing were an average lot.

The Setter Derby.

The setter Derby had nine starters, and was commenced on Tuesday morning. The fog was so dense the dogs had to be held until 11 o'clock before the fog lifted so the dogs could be seen. Nightingale and Lady Rachel were the first brace. Nightingale made a point on bevy and had moderate range and speed. Rachel could not be seen often; she ranged at will, and failed to work the only birds she was seen near. She is very fast, the fastest in the stake, and when brought under control will make a good dog.

Roderick Dhu and Colonel R. were the next brace. Colonel pointed a bevy, Dhu backing. Out on the single birds each scored a couple of points. The Colonel pointed another bevy that was not followed; both fast and ranged well.

Lena B. and Royster were the next brace. Royster pointed a bevy that had been feeding in the corn near by. The flushed bevy was followed and several points made by Royster on the single birds, Lena B. scoring some also.

Count Danstone and Pink Boy were the next brace. Danstone roared quite a lot in the woods. So did Pink,

but no birds were raised. In the woods Danstone pointed a bevy. Pink roared quite a lot, but did not locate any birds. Both dogs roared by a bevy on hillside; they ought to have pointed, the handlers walking them up.

Prime Minister had the bye; he pointed a bevy and one or two single birds and made a good heat.

Second Round.

Seven dogs were carried to second series. Four would have been enough on work done. Colonel R. and Royster were the first brace in second series. Colonel pointed a bevy; one of the flushed bevy Royster pointed. Colonel pointed and chased a rabbit. In a pasture Colonel pointed a bevy and made four points on the flushed bevy. Royster in same pasture pointed a bevy and some single birds.

Pink Boy, the bye dog, pulled himself together and made a splendid race, finding six bevies, and doing work on single birds when they gave him a chance.

Pink Boy and Colonel R. ran together in third series, Colonel having the advantage in speed and range.

The judges announced Colonel R. first. He is a very promising puppy, speedy, good range, and handled his birds with care, and is liable to train on.

Count Danstone, second, is a fast, quick dog; he runs with his head too low at times; he is quick in his decisions.

Pink Boy, winner of third, is a large, handsome dog, good enough in appearance to meet competition on the bench; is a trifle lazy in his going. In his first heats he drew a great deal; in the last he located promptly.

Absolute Heat.

The setter Absolute was run off between Colonel R. and Nana on Thursday morning. Colonel lost his head and flushed two bevies he ought to have pointed. Nana cut loose and made a great race, outpointing the setter and winning with something to spare. She ran a decided improvement over any heat she ran in the Derby. The ground was better and the day was better in every way for high class work. Birds were plentiful enough for all purposes.

All-Age Stake.

The All-Age Stake had eighteen starters. The first brace down was Don and Young Jingo. Don bolted and could not be found for quite a while. The next brace completed their heat when Don and Jingo resumed theirs. Jingo pointed a bevy. On the flushed bevy each scored a point. Don roared a single bird until it flushed. Jingo pointed another bevy. In speed both were good; but Don showed too much range, getting away and could not be found.

Joe Cummins and Rowland were the second on the card to run. They both started out to find birds, and they did this so rapidly the spectators could not note all of the points as fast as the dogs made them. They scored three bevies each and any number of single birds, with no errors except that Rowland did not back on one occasion. This brace set a high standard for the guidance of the judges in passing on the other dogs that ran.

Turnous and Pearl R. ran a fine heat on the part of Pearl R. She did all the point work, finding four bevies. She is stylish in her work and snappy on her game, with good speed.

Lena Belle and Sport McAllister concluded the running for the day. Each pointed two bevies; it being very late, and as the bevies flew back, they were not followed for work on single birds. In speed they were equal, in range Sport had some advantage.

Belle of Hardbargain and Dave Earl were the first brace Thursday. Both started out well and ranged wide and fast; both pointed larks; each pointed a bevy. Dave made an excusable flush.

Gold King and Uncle B. were next brace. Uncle ranged so wide he was out of sight often. He did no work on birds. Gold King pointed a couple of bevies and a single bird. He has only fair speed and range. Uncle B. was fast, but did not put his speed to use in finding game.

Enoch Arden and Pickle ran a heat together. Enoch failed to do any point work, though he ranged out of sight often. Pickle pointed a couple of bevies and two single birds. Pickle has fair speed and range, and worked her game well.

Peconic and Hal Pointer were the next brace. Peconic found four bevies and pointed some single birds. Hal did not find any bevies, but pointed four single birds; he had fair speed and range, and handled game well.

Dot's Roy and Pin Money were the last brace of the day. Dot's Roy pointed two bevies and made quite a score on single birds, more than any dog that ran today. He ran a great heat, committing no faults. Pin Money was lost on two occasions; and she was found pointing a bevy; another time she was found by some one; her range was too wide, and she did not hunt to the gun; was behind her handler at times. She did not improve the opportunities to point she had on single birds in this heat, Dot outpointing her.

Second Round.

The following dogs were carried into second series:

Joe Cummins with Dot's Roy.

Roland with Pin Money.

Don with Lena B.

Pearl R. with Pickle.

Joe Cummins and Dot's Roy were the first brace down Friday. Joe started out by flushing a bird of a bevy, the bevy following the flushed bird soon after. He pointed a bevy in corn that flew to sedge; on the flushed bevy each dog scored three or four points. Roy pointed a bevy that flew with the one just worked on, and lit on a hillside. The dogs had a hot time pointing the single birds of the two bevies. Dot is a glutton when it comes to working on game, and does not get enough easily. It was "point judges" in such rapid succession the judges had to think fast. It was grandstand play and in full view of the spectators. Joe wavered, then he commenced to back Dot too much. Dot then ran up a score, in connection with his splendid score of yesterday, no dog equaled in the stake.

Roland and Pin Money were second brace in the second series. Roland ran a splendid heat with Joe Cummins the first series. He was off to-day and could do no point work. Pin Money made a better race than yesterday; though often hunted in dense woods, she was

not lost, as yesterday. She did all the point work but one point by Roland, pointing bevies and a few single birds.

Don and Lena B. were next brace. Don seemed to think a straightaway run down the road a half mile to a creek in a cotton field was the first thing to do. When he was finally gotten back he flushed the birds he came to, two bevies. Lena pointed three bevies. Don had worlds of speed and range, but in this heat he put them to no use. Lena has good range and fair speed.

Pearl R. and Pickle went down after lunch on grounds that had afforded ample birds the two previous days. This was the third consecutive day they had been chased, and they had gone on a visit elsewhere, and were not found. Pearl found only two bevies and pointed one single bird. Pickle made no points. Each had fair speed and range.

Final.

Jingo and Sport McAllister were the last brace that ran. Like the preceding brace, the grounds they ran over had been used too often and the birds were not found. Sport pointed one bevy and Jingo another. Both had all the speed and range needed, and hunted out the ground well. Still a few men walking walked up to two bevies the dogs did not find.

Dot's Roy, who won first, belongs to the Avant Thayer and Duryea Kennel, of Hickory Valley, Tenn. He is a small English setter of good speed and range, with fine judgment, finding more bevies than any dogs he ran with; also outpointed them on single birds; is quick on his birds and makes few mistakes.

Joe Cummins belongs to W. W. Titus, of West Point, Miss. He is a medium-sized dog, puts more vim in his work than any dog that ran, is quick on his game, splendid speed, and ranges well and hunts to the gun.

Pin Money belongs to Edward Dexter, of Boston, Mass. She is a small English setter, has more speed and range than any dog in the stake—too much range at times. She ranges too much at will and not enough to the gun. Is as fast when she quits as when she starts out.

The club held an election and elected the following officers for the year: H. B. Duryea, of New York, President; Norvin T. Harris, of Louisville, and Edward Dexter, of Boston, Mass., Vice-Presidents; W. B. Stafford, of Trenton, Tenn., Secretary and Treasurer. The club will have setter and pointer Derbys, as usual, but the stakes will not be so large as has been, all stakes being reduced \$100, making the stakes \$400 instead of \$500, as heretofore. West Point, Miss., will be the place the trials will be held.

P. H. BRYSON.

Irish Setters at New York.

NEW YORK, Jan. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: The Irish Setter Club of America offers these specials for the coming show of the Westminster Kennel Club: Five dollars each for best Irish setter dog and bitch in limit classes; \$5 for second best of each; \$5 for best Irish setter dog and bitch owned by lady member of the club; \$5 for second best; also \$5 for best dog or bitch owned by member of the club.

Mr. F. G. Goodridge offers \$15 for best American bred Irish setter bitch belonging to a member of the club.

These specials are open only to members whose dues for 1899 are paid by or before the close of entries, viz., Feb. 6, 1899. Applications for membership should be made as soon as possible to Geo. N. Thomson, Sec'y-Treas., 938 Prospect avenue, New York city.

Trap-Shooting.

Fixtures.

Jan. 25.—Singac, N. J.—Twenty-five live-bird handicap, \$10 entrance, birds extra. Arthur Bunn, Manager.

Jan. 28.—Brooklyn, L. I.—Brooklyn Gun Club's monthly shoot at targets. John Wright, Manager.

Feb. 1.—Berry's Creek, N. J.—Bergen County Handicap, first contest, on Dunkerly's grounds.

Feb. 4.—Lyndhurst, N. J.—Tournament of the Lyndhurst Shooting Association. Main event, Money vs. Morley, for the E. C. cup and championship of New Jersey. T. W. Morley, Sec'y.

Feb. 13.—Pawling, N. Y.—Tournament of the Pawling Rod and Gun Club; targets. Geo. S. Williams, Sec'y.

Feb. 8.—North Paterson, N. J.—Bergen County Handicap, second contest, on Lee's grounds. Middlesex Park.

Feb. 15.—Bergen County Handicap, third contest, 15 live birds, open to all, \$10 entrance, birds included, at Helfrich's Hackensack Bridge grounds.

Feb. 22.—Rochester, N. Y.—Live-bird and target shoot of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club.

Feb. 22.—Lebanon, Pa.—Keystone Gun Club, of Lebanon, Pa., all-day live-bird and target tournament; open to all. A. E. Smith, Captain.

Feb. 22.—Altoona, Pa.—Target tournament of the Altoona Rod and Gun Club. G. G. Zeth, Sec'y.

Feb. 22.—New Haven, Conn.—New Haven Gun Club's tournament; \$20 added money. J. B. Savage, Sec'y.

Feb. 22.—Worcester, Mass.—Tournament of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club; targets. A. W. Walls, Sec'y.

Feb. —Lyndhurst, N. J.—Live-bird tournament of the Brooklyn Gun Club. John Wright, Manager.

March 1.—White Plains, N. Y.—Fifteen live-bird handicap, \$10 entrance, birds included. E. G. Horton, Manager, White Plains.

April 4-5.—Chambersburg, Pa.—Chambersburg Gun Club's spring live-bird and target tournament; open to all. J. M. Runk, Captain.

April 6-8.—Utica, N. Y.—Fulford's handicap at live birds. E. D. Fulford, Manager.

April 11-13.—Elkwood Park, Long Branch, N. J.—The Interstate Association's seventh annual Grand American Handicap tournament.

April 18-20.—Lincoln, Neb.—The Lincoln Gun Club's second annual interstate tournament; targets and live birds; \$500 added. Geo. L. Carter, Sec'y.

April 18-21.—Baltimore, Md.—Prospect Park Shooting Association's tournament; \$500 added. Stanley Baker, Sec'y.

April 25-28.—Baltimore, Md.—Tournament of Baltimore Shooting Association; targets and live birds; money added. Geo. L. Harrison, Sec'y.

May 16-19.—Erie, Pa.—Ninth annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Reed Hurst Gun Club. Frank W. Bacon, Sec'y.

May 16-20.—St. Louis, Mo.—Tournament of the Missouri State Fish and Game Protective Association. H. B. Collins, Sec'y.

May 24-25.—Greenwood, S. C.—Annual live-bird tournament of the Greenwood Gun Club; 25-bird Southern Handicap. R. G. McCants, Sec'y.

June 7-9.—Columbus, O.—Tournament of the Ohio Trap-Shooters' League, under the auspices of the Sherman Rod and Gun Club. I. C. Porterfield, Sec'y, O. T. S. L.

June 7.—Buffalo, N. Y.—New York State shoot, under auspices of the Buffalo Audubon Gun Club. Chas. H. Bamberg, Sec'y.

June 14-16.—Cleveland, O.—Cleveland Target Co.'s tournament.

June 20-22.—Sistersville, W. Va.—Third annual tournament of the West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Wheeling Gun Club, Wheeling, W. Va. John B. Garden, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The Rochester Rod and Gun Club has issued the following card concerning its Washington's Birthday shoot, on Feb. 22: "The Rochester Rod and Gun Club proposes to hold a tournament at live birds and targets on Feb. 22. Live birds at 15 cents and targets at 1 cent each. Dead birds go to the shooters. It is proposed to make this the most interesting shooting event of the new year. Make no other engagement for that day. Amateurs will be protected. Full programme of events will be mailed later. Club secretaries are requested to notify members. All sportsmen invited."

A silver cup, presented by Messrs. Helfrich, Lee and Dunkerly, will be the prize to be shot for in a 15 live-bird handicap, to be called the Bergen County Handicap, entrance \$10, birds included. The winner at each shoot holds the cup, but the one winning it the most times becomes the owner. This handicap is open to all. The first shoot takes place at Berry's Creek, N. J., Feb. 1, on Dunkerly's grounds; the second on Feb. 8, on Lee's grounds, Middlesex Park, North Paterson, N. J., and the third takes place on Feb. 15, at Helfrich's Hackensack Bridge grounds.

Messrs. Hartley & Graham have some souvenirs of the American and Spanish team contest in the shape of a limited number of Mauser rifles and cartridges captured in the memorable event at Santiago, Cuba. The rifles and carbines boxed are offered by them at \$7.50; Mauser cartridges, per box of fifteen, 75 cents. A certificate of genuineness, signed by Messrs. Hartley & Graham, will be given with each arm.

The amateur championship contest under the auspices of the Carteret Gun Club will take place on Feb. 22 and 23. The conditions are 100 live birds, \$100 entrance, 30yds. rise. It is open to members of the Carteret, Westminster Kennel Club, Country Club of Westchester, N. Y., Herron Hill Gun Club, Riverton Gun Club, Philadelphia Gun Club and other high grade amateur gun clubs of the country.

Mr. Jack Fanning, after an absence of nearly two years, left for his home, in San Francisco, Cal., in the early part of this week. In that time he has made a host of friends, and built up a large business interest for his company. Jack is one of the few men who shoots without a repertoire of excuses. He doesn't need them. He will be in attendance at the Grand American Handicap.

We are informed by Mr. E. G. Horton that Mr. Edward Banks has consented to handicap the contestants of the Westchester handicap, fixed to take place at White Plains, N. Y., on March 1. This will without doubt please all entries, as Mr. Banks is very popular with all the shooters. Announcement as to trains, etc., will be made later. Mr. Horton's address is Box 81, Pleasantville, N. Y.

Mr. E. C. Meyer, president of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club, was in New York this week, and mentioned that the wing-shots in his city and vicinity were taking great interest in the forthcoming Grand American Handicap, and that without doubt a number of them would compete in the greatest shooting event of America.

Mr. W. L. Colville informs us that his engagement with Messrs. E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. begins on Feb. 1, and that he will travel in the Eastern, Middle, and Southern States, representing his firm's interests generally. His permanent address will be Batavia, N. Y.

Capt. J. A. H. Dressel and U. M. C. Thomas, of the Union Metallic Cartridge Co., and Mr. J. S. Newell, of the U. S. Smokeless Powder Co., of San Francisco, were among the distinguished visitors at the E C cup shoot at Holmesburg Junction, Pa., last week.

Mr. H. L. Edgerton, of Willimantic, Conn., famous as a trap shot, has had an outing in Virginia, his sport being with the quail, which there abound. He passed through New York en route for his home on Tuesday of this week.

The Committee on Rules of the Interstate Association completed its labors on Monday of this week. It perfected a set of rules both for target and live-bird shooting. We will be able to publish them in full in our next issue.

The noted wing-shots Capt. A. W. Money and C. S. Guthrie on the one side shoot a match against Messrs. G. S. McAlpin and R. A. Welch on the other, 100 live birds per man, at Carteret on Thursday of this week.

On Tuesday of this week Messrs. J. A. H. Dressel, Edward Banks and Elmer E. Shaner visited Elkwood Park to make the final arrangements for the holding of the Grand American Handicap at that place.

In respect to the charge of powder used by Miss Annie Oakley in her recent match with Mr. Chas. Munson, we were mistaken in the statement of the kind used, it being Schultze, not E. C.

Mr. W. R. Fieles, of Christiana, Pa., one of the oldtime shots, and one of the best at any time, was a competitor in the tournament at Holmesburg Junction last week.

The Ideal Manufacturing Co., of New Haven, Conn., have issued their "Ideal Handbook, No. 11," to which they have added several pages of new matter.

The Lyndhurst Shooting Association, Mr. T. W. Morfey, manager, has recently put in a first-class set of live-bird traps on its grounds.

The Oceanic Gun Club, recently formed, will hold a team race with the Hudson Gun Club, Feb. 6, at Rockaway Park.

The first entry of the Grand American Handicap was made by Mr. B. H. Norton, of the Hazard Powder Co.

BERNARD WATERS.

Trap at Holmesburg Junction, Pa.

JAN. 21.—The grounds of the Keystone Shooting League, at Holmesburg Junction, Pa., were the scene of rare shooting activities during the past week, both in respect to practice shooting and to actual competition.

The main event was the contest between Messrs. E. D. Fulford and Rolla O. Heikes, for the E C cup. Following it the next event in interest was the five-men team contest between teams representing Greater New York and Philadelphia. There was also a regular programme of ten events, alternating at 15 and 20 targets, \$1.25 and \$1.50 entrance respectively. The Philadelphia team was picked from the men making the highest averages in the first five events of the aforementioned, the total number of targets on which to base their averages thus being 85.

The weather was clear and comfortably cold, conditions which were in favor of good scores. There was not any wind worthy of consideration.

The targets were thrown very fast, and their flights in many instances were deceptive. While the scores may seem low, under the conditions in which they were made they are not low at all. During the week, the experts who were practicing found that it was impossible to make their usual high averages, and that they were all shooting relatively much as they did at other times and places, thus, while there was a falling off in their scores, their relative skill remained much the same. There was a large crowd present to see the different contests. Probably about 250 or 300 men were on the grounds when the E C cup competition was in progress.

A cause of much disappointment to many of the hungry shooters and visitors was in the matter of lunch, which did not materialize, owing to the negligence or some other cause on the part of the caterer who had been engaged to provide it. This was his second default in the matter, and he would seem to be a good man to drop without further trial. As a consequence, several of the shooters, who had eaten light breakfasts, and some who had eaten none at all, suffered much from hunger. A few sandwiches cropped to the surface, but these were not a small fraction of what was needed.

In a general way, the shoot was not managed in a systematic manner, though Mr. Landis and two or three others devoted their attention to working matters when not shooting. Mr. George Fryer, the club's manager, was an efficient officer in his special department. The cashier's department was in charge of Mr. Starr.

The E C Cup Contest.

After the first three events of the programme were finished, the E C cup contest was next in order. After the traps were adjusted, there was no delay in beginning. Heikes in the toss-up won the choice, and he elected that Fulford should begin.

After the first few birds, both steadied down to a more regular time of shooting, but it was noticeable that Heikes was centering his targets better and catching them quicker, the latter being much to his gain when it came to shooting the doubles. In the latter style of shooting, Heikes caught the first target very quickly

and then had more time to negotiate the second than had Fulford, who was more deliberate on his first, and thereby much of his second-barrel work was at appreciably longer ranges, and consequently he had harder shooting. There were some sympathetic misses in the early part of the race. Of these Heikes missed his 6th and Fulford missed his 7th. Fulford missed his 11th and Heikes followed suit, but when Fulford missed his 12th, Heikes refused to follow. When Heikes missed his 19th, they were on even terms again. Fulford missed his 22d, and Heikes went out one in the lead at the end of the first 25.

In the second 25 Heikes was centering his targets admirably, missing but two, and gaining a lead of two more, so that at the end of the first 50 he was three in the lead; scores then were 45 to 42.

Both were shooting in better form when the expert style was begun. Fulford was doing better at this more difficult style of shooting than at the unknown angles, while Heikes did nearly as well. At the close of the 50 at expert rules Fulford had cut off two off Heikes' lead, breaking 45 to Heikes' 43. Heikes therefore at the end of the 100 was but one in the lead.

The doubles followed last, and in this style of shooting, Heikes pulled away from his competitor after the 10th round had been passed. His quicker shooting of his first target was a decided gain in his favor. This 50 closed with a score of 41 to 36 in Heikes' favor, winning out with a score of 129 to 123.

The race was very interesting from start to finish, and was well contested. Both men exhibited great skill, and there was no hitch from start to finish.

Capt. A. W. Money was referee. Messrs. Edward Banks and J. J. Halliwell acted as judges. Each contestant used a Remington gun and Schultze powder in U. M. C. shells. Heikes used his new Remington, and he seemed to use it as if it were an old acquaintance as a target smasher.

The conditions of the race called for 50 targets at unknown angles, 50 expert rules and 50 doubles, a most thorough and trying test of skill and nerve. Following is the score:

Unknown Angles.	
E D Fulford.....	111111011001111111110111-21
	011111011111111110110111-21-42
Expert.	
E D Fulford.....	1111111110111111011111-23
	110111101111111110111111-22 45
Doubles.	
E D Fulford.....	10 11 10 11 11 10 11 11 10 10 10
	11 10 10 10 11 10 11 10 10 10 10 -36-123
Unknown Angles.	
R O Heikes.....	111101111011111110111111 22
	111111111111111110111110-23-45
Expert.	
R O Heikes.....	1111111111101111111110-23
	1111100111011101011111-20-43
Doubles.	
R O Heikes.....	01 11 11 10 11 10 11 11 11 10 11
	11 00 10 11 11 11 11 10 10 10 11 -41-129

Philadelphia vs. New York.

Later in the afternoon the team race between Philadelphia and Greater New York was begun. There were five men on a side. The conditions were 50 targets each, unknown angles. There was a belief from the start that Philadelphia could pick out a stronger team than New York could. The contest was brought about mainly through the exertions of Mr. Edward Banks, and resulted in a very pleasant and well contested race, or rather a closely contested race, since each team should have done better. Philadelphia should have gone out with a much greater score to its credit, and the New York team had a fine opportunity to pull out a victory out of what seemed a hopelessly lost race. Philadelphia secured a winning lead at the end of the 5th round, missing but 3 to New York's 8. At the end of the 10th round Philadelphia had missed 9, New York 13. At the end of the 15th round New York was still 4 behind, having missed 17 to 13. At the end of the 20th round Philadelphia was one in the lead, the misses then being 18 to 19. The Philadelphia team gained slightly round by round till at the 40th it was 5 in the lead, and was but 2 targets ahead at the end of the 45th, and 3 ahead at the end of the race.

Mr. Jack Fanning refereed the race very ably. Following is the score:

Philadelphia Team.	
Halliwell.....	1111101111011111111111-23
	111100111111111110111111-22-45
Ridge.....	111101111111111101111111-22
	111101111111111110111111-23-45
Park.....	111101111010011010111111-19
	101111111011011011011111-20-39
Stevenson.....	1111111110111111111111-24
	110111101111101100111111-19-43
Barton.....	111101001101110110110110-16
	110111001111111100110111-19-35-207
Greater New York Team.	
Capt Money.....	1111110111111111111101-22
	101011011001111101011111-18-40
Dudley.....	111110101001111111111111-21
	011011100111101010101111-18-39
J S S Remsen.....	0101111111111111111111-23
	111101111111111101111111-23-46
E Taylor.....	101011011101111110101110-17
	101100101011111111111110-19-36
Banks.....	000111111111111101110111-20
	111111111111101111111110-23-43-204

Mr. Remsen made the high score of the race, 46 out of 50. He centered the targets well, shooting in good time and with good nerve.

The sweepstake events were shot as follows:

Landis.....	10 18 13 15 12 17	Burton.....	12 17 14 16 8 ..
Ridge.....	11 19 14 17 12 15	Cartledge.....	11 17 9 14 11 16
W H W.....	11 18 11 12 ..	Anderson.....	12 14 13 14 13 14
Wm Pack.....	13 19 10 16 12 13	Remsen.....	13 19 15 14 ..
W Stevenson.....	14 17 10 18 ..	I W Budd.....	11 16 12 14 ..
Ross.....	11 15 ..	J W Budd.....	11 16 12 14 ..
Billings.....	9 11 11 16 ..	H Thurman.....	9 15 12 17 8 10
Waters.....	11 16 ..	J Mallory.....	14 .. 16 ..
Taylor.....	12 15 13 ..	F Mallory.....	16 .. 9 17 ..
Fulford.....	15 20 12 18 13 19	N Apgar.....	17 12 17 10 ..
Duke.....	12 8 10 14 ..	L Mallory.....	12 12 ..
Torpey.....	14 14 16 ..	Hensel.....	9 14 ..
Pechin.....	14 8 15 ..	Henry.....	13 16 7 ..
Dudley.....	12 16 13 16 12 ..	Swain.....	12 16 ..
Halliwell.....	14 18 11 16 13 ..	Fieles.....	14 15 ..
Fanning.....	13 16 12 19 13 ..	Biddle.....	15 ..
Banks.....	10 17 12 18 15 18	Cowan.....	9 ..
Money.....	11 16 15 18 ..	J Thurman.....	5 ..
Heikes.....	14 19 14 20 12 18		

Banks and Fanning vs. Heikes and Halliwell.

The postponed race between Fanning and Banks on the one side against Heikes and Halliwell on the other was shot on Jan. 20, on the grounds of the Keystone Shooting League, resulting in a victory for the former. The conditions were 50 targets at unknown angles, 50 expert rules, and 25 pairs. The score was 232 to 224. The results are given in detail as follows:

Fanning and Banks.	
Unknown Angles.	
Fanning.....	1111101111111111100111-22
	110111111111111111110011-22-11
Expert Rule.	
Fanning.....	010110100111110101111111-18
	10111011111111111001101-20-38
Doubles.	
Fanning.....	10 10 10 00 11 11 10 10 10 10 11
	10 11 11 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 -33-115
Unknown Angles.	
Banks.....	10111001111111111111101-21
	111111110111111111111111-24-45
Expert Rule.	
Banks.....	0101001110111111111111-20
	110100111111111100111011-18-38
Doubles.	
Banks.....	11 10 11 10 10 11 10 10 11 10 00 11
	11 00 11 10 11 10 10 11 10 11 11 -34-117

Heikes and Halliwell.	
Unknown Angles.	
Heikes.....	0111111111111111111110111-23
	1011111110111111111110110-21-44
Expert Rule.	
Heikes.....	111111011111111110111111-23
	1101111011111111011001101-19-42
Doubles.	
Heikes.....	11 10 11 10 11 10 11 00 11 11 10 10
	01 11 10 01 10 11 11 11 10 11 10 11 -35-121
Unknown Angles.	
Halliwell.....	1111110111111111101110111-22
	11011110001011101111101-18-40
Expert Rule.	
Halliwell.....	11111001111110000111111-19
	101101101111111011110101-19-38
Doubles.	
Halliwell.....	00 10 10 10 00 10 10 10 10 10 10
	10 10 10 11 00 10 10 11 11 10 10 -25-103

224

On Jan. 19 some of the crackerjacks had a practice shoot, the conditions as to styles of shooting being the same as those which govern the E C cup contest. The scores at unknown angles, 50 targets, were: Heikes 43, Halliwell 42, W. H. Wolstencroft 35, Ridge 37, Landis 42, Cartledge 36. Expert rule, 50 targets: Heikes 42, Halliwell 36, W. H. Wolstencroft 36, Ridge 33, Landis 35, Cartledge 41. 25 pairs: Heikes 36, Halliwell 34, Ridge 32, Landis 38, Cartledge 27. Total for the three styles, at 150 targets: Heikes 121, Halliwell 112, Ridge 102, Landis 115, Cartledge 104.

The Reading Handicap.

READING, Pa., Jan. 18.—The Reading handicap, which has been the topic of conversation among the trap-shooters of this part of the State, was held to-day on the Stony Creek shooting grounds. A better day could not have been selected, as the sun shone brightly all day and kept the shooters warm, instead of forcing them indoors after finishing at the score. The grounds, although not completely finished, are fine grounds for live-bird shooting. The entries up to Jan. 17, 10 A. M., contained thirty-one names—seventeen paid entries and fourteen conditional entries. The conditional entries all stated that, owing to "the grip," which has been keeping shooters laid up for a week or so, many could not tell whether they could be present. When the first shooter, Delany, was called to the score at 11 A. M., there was a total entry of seventeen shooters, thus making \$75, \$50, \$25, \$20 to four high guns. The birds were all fresh country birds, and caused the shooters lots of trouble, as they left the traps like a streak when liberated. Kills of high order were features of the day's shooting, especially the first bird of Coleman, and the 15th and 16th birds of Coldren, which were all drivers of the worst kind, and were just hit in time near the boundary line. Fine kills by Delany, Hunter, Wicks, Timmons and Rehrg were all applauded by the large crowd of spectators, which occupied the platform around the shooting house. At one time during the afternoon fully 700 people were present.

The event was under the sole management of Arthur A. Fink, of Reading, who attended to everything, and saw that there were no delays to stop the shooting. The referee was Chas. W. Bechtel, of Reading, who gave entire satisfaction to all present.

Among the sportsmen present from a distance were F. W. Moffett, of New York City; Wm. Apgar and Johnson Warford, of Frenchtown, N. J.; J. C. Timmons, of Morristown, N. J.; Adolph, of Scranton, Pa.; F. W. Cooper (Wicks), Mahanoy City, Pa.; Fred Coleman, of Heggins, Pa.; G. W. Ketner and Geo. Albright, of Oringsburg, Pa.; John H. Gray, of Elizabethtown, Pa.; Geo. S. Trafford, of Lebanon; Elmer Betson, of Frankford, Pa.; Trumbauer, of Royersford; John Rehrg, of Weissport, Pa.; Messrs. Hainly and Spatz, of Sinking Spring; and A. E. Smith, of Keystone Gun Club, of Lebanon.

Among local sportsmen present were Kerr, Jack, Harry Coldren, Lee Wertz, Hunter, Francis Yost, East, Harrison, Schmeck, E. S. Lichtenberger, and others.

The event was won by Coldren, Rehrg and Adolph, who divided the \$75, \$50, \$25, or \$150 between them, with 22 killed; Wicks and Timmons divided fourth money, or \$20, with 21 killed. One of the conditions of the match was: Any shooter dropping three birds was out, and if required could shoot his whole score if he had a chance for the money, after which a miss would be out. Three times the shooters had to come in, as all dropped the required number, and thus it required from 11 A. M. to 3:45 P. M. to shoot the match. The official scores follow:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1899, by Forest and Stream Pub. Co.	
Delany.....	3 4 5 3 2 3 2 3 5 1 3 5 2 4 1 3 3 5 3
Frankford, Pa.,	3 4 5 3 2 3 2 3 5 1 3 5 2 4 1 3 3 5 3
27 yds.....	1 1 2 1 0 1 2 0 2 2 2 1 * 2 2 2 * 2 * w. -14
Wertz.....	2 4 5 3 2 3 2 3 5 1 3 5 2 4 1 3 3 5 3
Reading.....	3 4 5 3 2 3 2 3 5 1 3 5 2 4 1 3 3 5 3
27 yds.....	1 1 2 1 * 0 0 2 0 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 -20
Trumbauer.....	1 5 3 1 2 4 2 2 5 3 1 1 3 2 2
Royersford.....	3 4 5 3 2 3 2 3 5 1 3 5 2 4 1 3 3 5 3
25½ yds.....	2 0 0 0 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 0 w. -10
Coldren.....	5 1 1 4 3 2 4 3 3 1 5 2 2 5 4 3 4 3 1 3 3 2
Reading.....	3 4 5 3 2 3 2 3 5 1 3 5 2 4 1 3 3 5 3
25½ yds.....	2 2 1 2 0 1 2 * 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 -22
Coleman.....	3 4 5 3 2 3 2 3 5 1 3 5 2 4 1 3 3 5 3
Heggins, Pa.,	3 4 5 3 2 3 2 3 5 1 3 5 2 4 1 3 3 5 3
29 yds.....	2 2 2 1 1 2 0 * 2 * 2 0 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 0 w. -17
"Kerr,"	3 2 5 3 5 2 1 3 2 3 3 2 2 3 5 1 3
Reading.....	3 4 5 3 2 3 2 3 5 1 3 5 2 4 1 3 3 5 3
26 yds.....	1 2 2 0 0 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 * 2 0 2 0 w. -12
Trafford.....	3 1 4 1 2 2 5 1 3 3 2 2 4 1
Lebanon, Pa.,	3 4 5 3 2 3 2 3 5 1 3 5 2 4 1 3 3 5 3
27 yds.....	0 0 2 2 2 2 * 2 2 2 0 2 2 0 w. -9
"Jno. H. Gray,"	1 5 3 4 3 3 1 5 3 2 3 1 2 3 3 5 3 3 2 3
Elizabethtown, Pa.,	3 4 5 3 2 3 2 3 5 1 3 5 2 4 1 3 3 5 3
26½ yds.....	2 2 2 2 1 2 0 0 1 1 2 2 2 0 2 2 * 1 * w. -16
"Hunter,"	4 3 3 2 5 4 1 1 3 4 3 4 5 1 4 3 1 5 1 3 3 3
Reading.....	3 4 5 3 2 3 2 3 5 1 3 5 2 4 1 3 3 5 3
28 yds.....	2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 * 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 w. -19
Timmons.....	2 5 5 1 8 4 1 5 1 1 3 4 3 3 5 3 4 3 5 5 2 4 1 3
Morristown, N. J.,	3 4 5 3 2 3 2 3 5 1 3 5 2 4 1 3 3 5 3
25 yds.....	2 0 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 0 2 2 2 2 * 2 -21
"Wicks,"	3 2 1 5 2 3 3 1 3 1 4 2 3 3 1 5 3 3 2 4 2 3 1 1 3
Mahanoy City, Pa.,	3 4 5 3 2 3 2 3 5 1 3 5 2 4 1 3 3 5 3
30 yds.....	1 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 0 0 * 2 2 1 2 0 1 1 2 2 2 2 -21
"Jack,"	2 3 4

a straight all the afternoon, but with seven nines to his credit at the close of the shoot he decided it wasn't his straight day. Sheffield was perfectly satisfied with two; Woodruff, Ford and Williams with one. Events as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Gordon, 17	9	9	6	4	9	6	5	4	5	9	9	9	8	9	6
Sheffield, 16	6	8	6	3	7	7	4	3	5	10	7	8	10	7	7
Banks, 14	7	4	7	2	5	4	3	5	2						
Woodruff, 17	7	8	9	4	7	10	4	4	9	7	8				
J S H, 17	5	5	1	2	4	4	2	3	3	6	4	8	4	4	
Williams, 15		9	9	3	6	10	4	4		9	8	9		7	
Jackson, 17			3	6	8	4	2	5	7	6	7	8	5	2	
Miskay, 18			4	9	9	4	3	5	7	8	9	8	9	5	
Ford, 16				10	5	4	5	9	8	6	6	9	6		

Events 1, 5, 6, 10, 12 and 14, known angles; 2, 7, 11, unknown; 3 and 13, reverse; 4, 3 and 15, pairs; 9, straightaways, 18yds.

Prize match, 21 targets: 10 known, 5 unknown, 3 pairs:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
Ford, 16	1111111111	10	1111	5	10	11	10	4	19						
Woodruff, 17	1111111111	10	1011	4	11	10	10	4	18						
Williams, 15	1111111111	10	1110	4	11	10	10	4	18						
Miskay, 18	1011111111	9	1110	4	11	10	10	3	16						
Gordon, 17	1100111010	6	1111	5	10	11	10	4	15						
Jackson, 17	1011111011	8	1011	4	10	10	10	2	14						
Sheffield, 16	0110111011	7	1011	4	10	10	10	3	14						
Banks, 14	1010000110	4	01110	3	11	11	10	5	12						
J S H, 17	0010011100	4	01010	2	10	10	11	3	9						

Team match, 40 targets: 10 known, 10 unknown, each shooter; distance handicap:

Gordon	1101111111	9	111110111	9	18
Woodruff	111110111	9	001111110	7	16-34
Williams	111110111	9	11111010	8	17
Miskay	0111101101	7	110011111	8	15-32
Jackson	1101111001	7	110011100	6	13
Ford	111111110	9	110011111	8	17-30
Sheffield	111111111	10	110011101	7	17
J S H	100110110	6	0100011010	4	10-27

Hamilton Gun Club.

HAMILTON, Ont., Jan. 21.—The Hamilton Gun Club, which is now the only recognized gun club in Canada, has just concluded a four days' tournament, which has proved the most successful in its career of nine years. Four live-bird events were shot off, \$1,000 being divided among the shooters in these events. In addition, several hundred dollars were divided in target events. The main event, the grand Canadian handicap, at 20 live birds, \$15 entrance, carried \$600 as a guarantee, and was certainly second only to the Grand American Handicap in importance and general interest. This event had fifty-five starters, and was hotly contested from start to finish. Among the prominent gun experts who patronized this tournament may be mentioned H. D. Kirkover, Jr., Fredonia, N. Y.; W. Elliston, Nashville, Tenn.; B. H. Norton, J. H. Cameron, New York; E. C. Burkhardt, R. H. Hibbard, C. E. Hibbard, E. N. McCaskey, Wm. McCarthy, Buffalo; Josh Wayper, Hesperia, Ont.; S. Fairbairn, Minnedosa, Manitoba; W. L. Cameron, Montreal; W. O. Paisner, Nashville, Tenn.; John Parker, Geo. M. Hendrie, W. H. Brady, Detroit; No. 99, Utica, N. Y.; H. Reynolds, Port Hope, Ont.; C. Wilmont, Credit Forks, Ont.; S. Brooks, A. J. Gay, Bowmanville, Ont.; and a large number of local and Canadian shots. Speaking of the tournament generally, the Hamilton Herald winds up a long article with these words:

"The tournament has been conducted in a most satisfactory and pleasant manner. The visiting experts have nothing but words of praise for the management, while the club, on its hand, does not hesitate to pronounce its guests the best lot of genuine sports that has ever visited Hamilton in a similar capacity."

The officers in charge of the tournament, and who were responsible for the success, are President Jas. Crooks, Vice-President Dr. D. T. Baxter, Secretary Harry Graham, Treasurer Dr. J. E. Overholt, Field Captain W. Langhorn, Committeemen Thos. Crooks, Frank Vallance and E. B. Wingate.

The live-bird events were refereed by J. M. Harris. The summaries follow:

Grand Canadian handicap, \$600 guaranteed, surplus added, \$15 entrance, fourteen moneys:

H Reynolds, 29	11011211011010121211	16
C D Cooper, 28	20211011211212222102	17
W Elliston, 30	22022022222022222200	15
C E Hibbard, 27	01000220011211022222	13
H D Kirkover, Jr., 30	22222222222222222202	18
H Bacus, 28	12221012121211212011	18
M Reardon, 29	11120211121222020202	16
H D McConochy, 28	00220211101222111121	16
A Peart, 27	21212120121222222001	17
W J Sully, 28	10101200100121001211	12
J G Wheeler, 28	011001111010112122	14
J Moore, 27	10121211011020210001	13
A King, 28	22121021222121212111	19
E C Burkhardt, 28	22120121212011211112	18
J Wilson, 28	122121202122121212120	18
E N McCarney, 27	22200122212220212121	17
B Lewis, 29	2202012211212222010	15
B H Norton, 27	12222221121022222222	19
W McCarthy, 27	221212111120212112	19
J Wayper, 30	11122212111112121210	19
Norris, 29	21122012211211011122	18
99, 29	2222211212210121102	18
J Gardner, 27	2212210111121212101	18
J Crooks, 28	0112222111021212121	18
S Fairbairn, 28	1211122212101211120	18
J Smyth, 28	222221221110122021	18
H Bates, 28	2222222222222222002	18
A Cooper, 28	1111212212111011201	18
Decoy, 27	1011221101212221212	18
A Phillips, 27	22212011222212210222	18
E D Emslie, 29	221221121210212001222	17
W H Brady, 28	01221222202212121110	17
F B Wingate, 28	01120112110121212222	17
C Crew, 30	12210221221220121110	17
A Smyth, 27	2221120202221212101	17
M Fletcher, 28	22221101212102101121	17
Gay, 28	02121212201022101112	17
W L Cameron, 28	22222121201020212111	17
Ira Bice, 27	1112211222101101200	16
T Donley, 28	2110121101222002122	16
S Brooks, 26	2220120202112012022	15
Smith, 29	2220222112000212222	15
Bates, 27	1012100012010222101	13
White, 26	010022201021200221	13
W O Farmer, 26	12222002012200001001	11
Wescott, 26	11001201202210001001	11
J Bowman, 27	112201100011	11
E R Edwards, 27	202102000200	10
A G Bennett, 27	000120110100	10
H Graham, 28	212012011110101	10

Open handicap, 25 live birds, \$20 entrance, \$200 guaranteed, surplus added, four moneys:

R H Hibbard, 27	201211122211222101021110	31
E C Burkhardt, 30	11121110202121212220122	22
H D Kirkover, 30	2222202222222220222202	22
99, 29	2202122221121121202220	22
J Wayper, 30	1111102112012112122122	23
W Elliston, 30	22112022112101121222122	23
S Brooks, 29	1210120112110111121111	22
Grant, 27	12200120011022221212122	20
H Graham, 28	10111200111010110110101	17
J Parker, 30	2211120221101110100	17
E B Wingate, 28	12011221211010012	17
T Donley, 26	111100011210201212210221	19
R Emslie, 29	0122222220000121222010201	18
W H Brady, 28	010112022022111020212112	19
S Fairbairn, 28	11212111111211100110111	22
C Crew, 30	1102100221210221221202	20
W L Cameron, 28	112220001220022010120010	15

Event No. 10 was at 10 live birds, \$7 entrance, \$100 guaranteed, high guns. Scores as follows: W. C. Cameron and H. D. Kirkover, 10; Norris, 9; S. Brooks, C. Crew, J. Bice, S. Fairbairn and W. H. Brady, 9; W. Elliston, E. C. Burkhardt and S. Stroud, 8; R. H. Hibbard, C. E. Hibbard, J. Cowan, and R. Emslie, 7; G. D. Cooper and J. Morse, 6.

Event 4, 10 live sparrows, \$2 entrance, \$50 guaranteed, 21yds. rise: Norris, B. Lewis, J. Wayper and D. Miller, 10; G. C. Burkholder, W. Cameron and C. Crew, 9; A. Gay, Brady, Scully, S. Brooks, F. Gay, W. C. Cameron and A. J. Gay, 8; G. Grant and Anderson, 7; H. Graham, 5; all the rest retired after more or less misses.

Sweepstake events at targets:

Events:	1	2	3	5	6	7	9	12	13
R H Hibbard	4	16	15	12	13	10	15	12	
Reynolds	9								
G D Cooper	10	15	14	12	14	16			
W Elliston	9	15	17	17	15	17	14	11	
C E Hibbard	9		18						
Fairbairn	7	17	16	14					
McConochy	8								
Edwards	8								
E C Burkhardt	8	14	19			19	20	13	
W S Cameron	8	14							
Decoy	7								
C Bower	4								
A King	3								
A B Smith	7	16	18	12	18	14	15		
Norton	6	15	13	15	11	14	14		
Norris	6	18	19	18	11	18	11	12	
McCarney	9	18	19	15	12				
W Lewis	5	16							
Summersby	6	12	18	17					
Lawrence	6		15	16					
Brady	8								
Wheeler	9		18	17	14	15	19	16	13
B Lewis	9		16	20	13	17	20	11	14
99	8				11	16	16		12
Fletcher	6				18	18			
Graham	10				10	10	15	12	
Briggs		13							
Kirkover	10	18	20	20	14	18	20	18	14
Bates	7	14							
Palmer	6								
Wingate	8								
Reardon	9								
Bennett	8	11	12						
Donley	7								
Wayper	6	18			20	17			
Miller	7								
Gay	10								
Smith	9								
Moore	9								
Overholt	6								
Talsma	17	17	17	13	17	18		13	
Noxon	17	12				14		12	
McDonald	15	16				18	13		
Burton	15	18				14			
Waterbury	15								
Dick	16	15	17			16	18	11	
Virtue	9	13	11	11		16			
Crew	16		11	16				13	
Thomas		15	17	13	14	15			
T Lewis		17		17	17	15	17		
Emslie		18		18	18		15	12	
Burrill		11		14	14	16			
Mayhew		17							
Wilson		17		18	18	18	18		
Jackson		13							
Drayes				14	9				
Burkholder				14	17				
Bacus				12					
Cameron				6			14		
Green				9		18			
Lang				11	14				
Robbins				10			15	9	
Reid				13			11	6	
E Bennett				11			11		
Phillips				9					
Hunt						4			
Brooks						16	14	18	
Gay						13		11	
Mud							16		
Parker							15		
Anderson							9		

WESTERN TRAPS.

Montgomery Ward Diamond Badge.

CHICAGO, Ill., Jan. 21.—The greatest interest still hangs about the contest for the Montgomery Ward diamond badge. It was a daring experiment to start in on a series of twelve shoots, but this enterprise has been so well carried on, and was conceived on such sportsmanlike lines, that it proved a success not only at the first, but at the last. Yesterday the eleventh contest was held, and it called out eighteen shooters, truly a remarkable showing. This is more than any one club turns out regularly, and it is a practical Cook county live-bird league all by itself, for it brings out the best of the live-bird talent from all the clubs. At this point I may observe that the last shoot for this badge will be held on Friday, Feb. 3, and it will be a gala day. The firm of Montgomery Ward & Co. wish hereby to invite all shooters to be present on this final day. There will be a grand free dinner served at Watson's Park, at which it is hoped every one will be present, and no effort will be spared to make the day pleasant in every particular. The shooting for this last day will begin at 10:30 A. M. Dinner will be at 12 o'clock. The days will then be

IN NEW JERSEY.

At Flemington.

Flemington, N. J., Jan. 20.—About 400 spectators attended the shoot given by John H. Sipler here to-day. Four events were shot; the first at 25 targets, \$15 entry, with a \$20 gold piece offered as a special prize; the second and third at 7 birds, \$5 entry, and the last a miss-and-out. Warford won the \$20 gold piece in the first event with 24 kills, and also shot well throughout. The scores:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
Warford	121211221210121112211—24	2210112—6	212111—6	210—2
Morley	20222222222222222222—22	202022—5	222222—6	222—3
Schimmel	02222222222222222222—22	022222—5	222222—7	...
Apgar	222200121222111120112022—21	000222—4	1101112—6	121—3
Heurschler	201221010222110212021202—19	110200—3	012011—5	...
Sampson	20121200010211000w—9	1011220—5	1022121—6	10—1
Terry	0312100222jw—6
Poney	...	0001201—3	2222020—5	...

Shooting at Yardville.

Yardville, N. J., Jan. 20.—A live-bird shoot was held at Charles Zwirlein's shooting park to-day. Miss-and-out events and two matches made up the programme. The first match was between E. Meyers and Chas. Zwirlein, Jr., aged twelve years, and was won by the youngster. The second match was won by Chas. Huston, who beat John Zwirlein, nine years old, by 2 birds. The scores:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
Page	12121—5	11211—5	2120—3
Reed	12122—5	11110—4	120—2
Zwirlein	12122—5	11212—5	22222—5
Bowers	11210—4	1120—3	11110—4
Harper	12120—3	1120—3	1121—5
Allen	10—1	11211—5	21212—5
Meyers	0—0	1110—3	120—2
Holt	...	11110—4	21122—5

Match, 5 birds:
C. Zwirlein, Jr. 11210—4 E. Meyers 12200—3
Match, 5 birds:
C. Huston 21211—5 J. Zwirlein 10210—3

Trap at Lyndhurst.

Jan. 18.—The match race to-day between T. H. Dunkerly and Charles Lee resulted in a score of 23 to 14 in favor of Dunkerly. Lee drew the hardest birds, but still his score is lower than the luck of the birds would warrant. The conditions were 25 live birds, \$25 a side, loser to pay for the birds.

In the first of two prize matches, at Berry's Creek, they tied on 18. In the second, at Singac, on Bunn's grounds, the score was 21 to 20 in favor of Dunkerly:

T. H. Dunkerly 22122222210222222012222—23
Charles Lee 122202000122222011003—14

A handicap at 10 birds resulted as follows:
Morley, 32 222022222—9 Lee, 28 2222110001—7
Helfrich, 28 12212222—10 Bunn, 26 1*21222—11—8

On Jan. 31 Messrs. Helfrich and Dunkerly will shoot a match on the grounds of the Lyndhurst Shooting Association.

Jeannette Gun Club.

Guttenburg, N. J., Jan. 20.—The regular club shoot of the Jeannette Gun Club was held at the Guttenburg race track to-day. The event was at 10 live birds, handicaps ranging from 25 to 33yds. Hainhorst and Carstens tied for first place in Class A, both having clean scores. In the shoot-off Hainhorst again killed all his birds, while Carstens missed his last, which gave the Class A trophy to the former. Rottman won the Class B trophy for the third time, and it is now his personal property. The scores:

Hainhorst, 28	111111112—10	Foelnenbach, 25	2012201102—7
Carstens, 28	112221112—10	Rinckoff, 30	010*110211—6
Meyer, 28	121101111—9	J. Bohling, 25	10212010*2—6
Otten, 28	201221112—9	Ehler, 25	0220121*2—6
Schortemeier, 33	2212*21210—8	Pape, 25	1*2102200—5
Peters, 25	212*22222—8	Lohden, 25	2010101100—5
Rottman, 25	1121100111—8	C. Bohling, 25	2000112001—5
Brunie, 28	112*111010—7	Heilshorn, 25	1002*1000*—3
Vagts, 28	0222102*12—7	Ferguson, 25	0102002000—3

Ties:
Hainhorst, 28 11122—5 Carstens, 28 21210—4
L. H. SCHORTEMEIER.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Brooklyn Gun Club.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Jan. 21.—The following scores were made at the Brooklyn Gun Club's shoot to-day. The beautiful weather brought out quite a number of shooters. Fourteen events were shot, of which all were singles with the exception of No. 13, which was at 5 pairs. The regular club shoot of the Brooklyn Gun Club takes place on Saturday, Jan. 28. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
Targets:	10	10	15	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	15
Dutcher	8	8	10	4	6	9	9	9	8	3
Wood	7	6	12	6	9	6	9	9	6
Paterson	7	9	9	5	6
Wright	7	7	10	6	6	6	6	6	9	7	5	11
Lane	8	7	5	5	6	9	5
Amend	...	4	4	9	8	6	6	6	12
Saddler	...	4	4
Milliken	...	8	5	6	6	9
Welden	...	6	6	6	6	5	3
Burt	...	7	5	8	8	7	6	10
Dr. Creamer	...	5	6	5
Green

Carteret Gun Club.

Jan. 17.—There were five competitors in the regular monthly shoot of the Carteret Gun Club to-day. The conditions were \$50 entrance, 50 live birds each, 30yds. rise and 50yds. boundary. There was a stiff northwest wind, which made the birds fly well. Mr. Robert A. Welch was first with 46, 4 being dead out. Capt. Money was but one behind, and won second. Messrs. Foxhall Keene and Leonard Finletter tied on 41, and C. Ferguson killed 38:

R. A. Welch	221222212**1222212221*2—22	222212222*222222222222—24—46
Capt. A. W. Money	221022212022212222222202—22	222212201122222221112*2—23—45
Foxhall Keene	22212020212*221222212111—22	11*202*1121221022211121*0—19—41
Leonard Finletter	020221212221222*2012212*0—19	121021222222022221210212—22—41
C. Ferguson	20222220212022222222020—20	202222220022200222222202—18—38

New Utrecht Gun Club.

Woodlawn, L. I., Jan. 21.—The regular club shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club was held at Woodlawn Park to-day. A large crowd was present to witness the shooting, and some new faces were seen among the shooters. The shooting, on the whole, was rather poor. Nostrand won the club event with 21 breaks, and Rasch won the Brush gun event with the same score. Gaughen retained possession of the challenge plate by defeating F. A. Thompson by a score of 18 to 14. Live birds will be shot at next Saturday's shoot. Scores:

No. 1, club shoot:	
Nostrand, 5	01111111011101110101011100—21
Frost, 10	1100111100111000001010010111011—20
F. A. Thompson, 4	1111011110100001010010111—20
Rasch, 6	101110100111101011100101001—20
Bennett, 4	111111001001001010100110111—19
Deacon, 4	0101101011000101010101011—17
Toplitz, 7	011110000010111010100100010—15
O'Brien, 8	011001101001000101111001001010—17
W. H. Thompson, 3	1010010011010000111000100—10

No. 2, Brush gun contest:

Rasch	110111111111111101011110—21
F. A. Thompson	1111011101101101010111—19
W. H. Thompson	11111111111110100010101—19
Deacon	1010101010101010111111—18
Bennett	01100100111111011111100—17
Toplitz	0000011001101110011111—15
O'Brien	1001101100000101111011—15
Gaughen	01010001000110011010101—13
Frost	000010110101110w—7
Fleet	100010000000001010111010—9

No. 3, merchandise event, 25 targets, one pair military brushes: Deacon 20, Bennett 17, Toplitz 17, Rasch 17, F. A. Thompson 16, W. H. Thompson 15, Van Brunt 14, Frost 12, Gaughen 11, Fleet 7. No. 4, sweep, 10 targets: Gaughen 8, Rasch 7, Bennett 7, Toplitz 7, F. A. Thompson 6, Deacon 4, Nostrand 4.

Match for challenge plate, 20 singles and 5 pairs:
J. Gaughen 1110110040111000111 01 10 10 10 10—18
F. A. Thompson 1100110001010100001 11 10 10 10 00—14
E. G. Frost, Sec'y.

Trap around Reading.

Reading, Pa., Jan. 21.—Several of the South End Gun Club members held a practice shoot at targets this afternoon at the club grounds. Some good scores were made:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	25	10	10	10	10	25	10	15
Shaaber	24	9	...	9	7	21	9	...
Capt. Yost	21	8	...	9	...	21
Ball	15	5	5	8	10	19	9	10
Saylor	15	7	7	...	4	15
Thompson	...	5
Texter	14	7	11	...
Essick	19	...	5	7	9	20	6	11
Eshelman	...	5	7	5	7	16	6	...
Gicker	...	4	5	7	7	...	3	9

Phoenixville, Pa., Jan. 19.—The Phoenix Gun Club held the third of a series of club shoots at the club's grounds to-day. Each man shot at 25 targets. Sweepstake events followed. Summary:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	25	10	10	10	20
Holman	16	5	7	6	6
Carrothers	13	5	6	3	10
Erb	12
Hodge	14	6	7	3	11
J. Miller	10
Jenkins	13	4	4
J. Buckwalter	13	4	4
Edwards	...	4	8

Jan. 21.—The last of a series of three shoots between six young and six old members of the Phoenix Gun Club was shot this afternoon in the presence of a large number of spectators, the old members winning by 2 birds, each man shooting at 25 targets, with the final score 75 to 77. Immediately after the close of the match, a challenge was accepted by the young members' team to shoot another series, the first to be shot to-day, which resulted in a walkover for the old members by the score of 98 to 74. Scores follow:

Youngsters—Miller 9, Edwards 9, Whitaker 8, Harple 16, Stevens 13, Capt. Holman 15—75.
Oldies—J. Buckwalter 18, Capt. Erb 7, Dotterer 14, Dunlap 15, Pehlert 10, Hodge 15—77.

First match of second series, same conditions:
Youngsters—Miller 9, Edwards 9, Whitaker 7, Harple 16, Stevens 15, Capt. Holman 18—74.
Oldies—J. Buckwalter 18, Capt. Erb 16, Dotterer 18, Dunlap 15, Pehlert 16, Hodge 15—98.

Sheepshead Bay.

SHEEPSHEAD BAY, N. Y., Jan. 19.—The first monthly shoot of the Sheepshead Bay Rod and Gun Club competition for gold badge, 7 birds per man, was shot at the club grounds at Sheepshead Bay, Jan. 19. Two members tied for first place by downing 6 of their 7 birds each. In the shoot-off Fred Lundy missed on his first bird, a lightning right-quarterer, thereby allowing his nephew to kill his first only in order to take the badge, which he did in good style:

H. Kronika	0002111—4	H. Montanus, Sr.	1220200—4
H. Koch	0100110—3	T. Osborne	0010000—1
J. J. Pillion	2012022—5	I. McKane	2201220—5
F. Lundy	1122210—6	G. Morris	2002012—1
R. Smith	1010111—5	Capt. Baldwin	0010912—2
H. Montanus, Jr.	1111020—5	W. Biddle	2020000—2
D. J. Heffner	0000110—2	J. F. Byrnes	1110000—3
Frank Lundy	1111110—6

Shoot-off for badge:
Fred Lundy 0 Frank Lundy 1
FRANK LUNDY.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Conlin's Gallery.

MR. JAMES CONLIN will conduct a pistol, revolver and rifle tournament in his gallery at Broadway and Thirty-first street, New York, from Feb. 25 to March 15. It will be called Conlin's Sportsmen's Shooting Contest; and handsome prizes will be given. The term of shooting will include the Sportsmen's Exposition week. The event also will mark Mr. Conlin's thirty-fifth year as a shooting gallery manager.

Yachting.

As the yachting journal of America, the FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of communication between the maker of yachtsmen's supplies and the yachting public. Its value for advertising has been demonstrated by patrons who have employed its columns continuously for years.

Yacht Designing.—XXII.

BY W. P. STEPHENS.

(Continued from page 39, Jan. 14.)

The illustrations accompanying this article are copyrighted by the Keuffel & Esser Co., New York, to whom we are indebted for their use.

THE next division of our subject is:

MEASURING INSTRUMENTS.

- For Arbitrary Measurements—
Plain dividers.
Hairspring dividers.
Proportional dividers.
Beam compass.
- For Conventional Measurements—
Measures: Rules and tape lines.
Scales: Plain.
Plotting.
Protractors.

The first class includes the instruments for making arbitrary measurements; as in transferring any distance from one part of a drawing to another. The second class includes the rules and scales for measuring and laying off according to the conventional standards of feet, meters, etc.

Next to an accurate and reliable straight-edge, the plain dividers (Fig. 49) are the most important instrument of the marine draftsman's outfit. They are (the

plural form has an odd sound, and "it is" would seem more natural) in his hands a great part of the time, a single design calls for a thousand different settings; and it is a matter of necessity that the tool shall be as nearly perfect as it can be made. It must be as light in weight as the requisite stiffness will admit, and it must balance easily and naturally in the hand. The joint must open and close smoothly and evenly, not moving by jumps; it must respond to a moderate touch of the fingers, and yet must hold the legs accurately in place in ordinary manipulation, setting off distances, picking up and laying down. The points must be of steel, and properly tempered and ground to the sharpness of a needle. Their office is to make a small but distinct hole, not through the paper, but just in the surface.

The most convenient size for general use is 5in., and the English pattern, with the triangular steel legs rounded to conical points for the last 3/4in. of their length, is the most shapely.

The hairspring dividers (Fig. 50) are similar to the ordinary, but one leg has a spring, instead a hinged joint, with a fine adjusting screw. In this way the points may be adjusted with much greater accuracy than in the ordinary dividers. With the latter, the draftsman should be able to set the two points accurately, by a slight pressure of the fingers of one hand, to two spots pricked in the paper, or to two very fine pencil lines. When it comes, however, to a finer class of work, such as the dividing of a given straight line or the circumference of a circle into

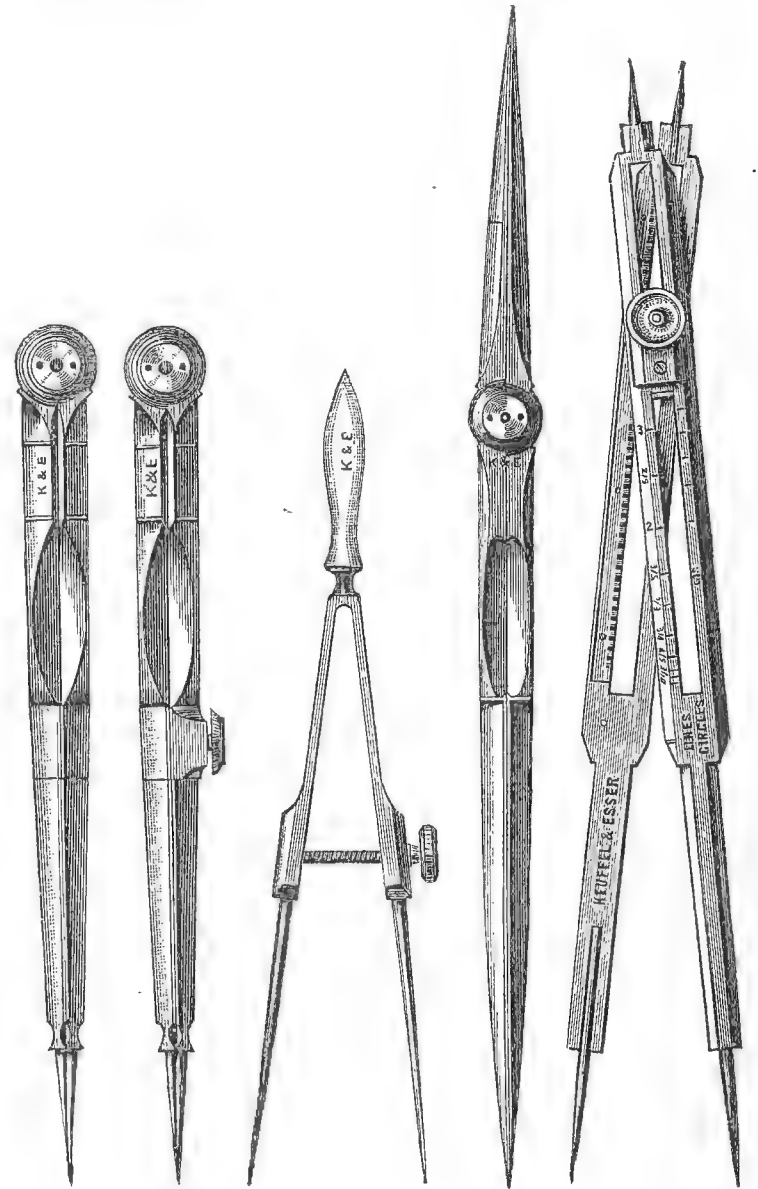


Fig. 49. Fig. 50. Fig. 51. Fig. 52. Fig. 53.

a certain number of equal parts, still greater accuracy is necessary. For such a purpose the hairspring dividers are first set close to the given spots, and any minute adjustment is made by a slight turn of the adjusting screw, moving the lower part of one leg a little to or from the main part.

In use the main joint of the hairspring dividers may be set to work more stiffly than in the plain dividers, so as to be less liable to accidental derangement; a very important point where the same measurement has to be laid off a number of times. In both instruments the plain double-sector joint is to be preferred to the pivot joint, as the latter has of necessity a yoke spanning the two legs, with a central handle. In practice it will be found that the plain head of the double-sector joint is much easier to manipulate than the regular milled handle of the pivot joint.

The spacing dividers (Fig. 51) belong to the bow family, already described, the two legs being forged from spring steel. They are a very convenient tool for laying off small distances, 3 in. and under. In the larger sizes they are apt to be springy and unreliable, unless very well proportioned and made; but within their range they are lighter and more easily handled than the regular hairspring dividers. As in all bow instruments, the thread and nut should be carefully made.

The proportional dividers are made with the joint about the middle of the legs, which cross like an X, and with points at both ends of each leg. In the simplest form, called whole and half dividers, (Fig. 52), a fixed joint is made at one-third the extreme length, so that the two legs on one end are twice the length of those on the other. When the short legs are set to any given distance, the long legs will measure just twice the distance. If they are applied to a design made to the scale of 1in. to the foot, every distance can be taken off with the short legs and laid off anew from the long ones, making a new drawing on a scale of 2in. to the foot. In the same way, if the original distances be taken with the long legs and laid off with the short ones, the scale of the new drawing will be 1/2in. to the foot.

This simple form is naturally of very limited use, but when the joint is made movable, by means of a sliding block and set screw (Fig. 53), the two ends may be altered to any desired proportion. In the most improved form of this instrument, the joint may be secured at any point within a range of two-thirds of the extreme length, the sides of the slot in which it moves being graduated,

either decimally in equal parts, or with certain arbitrary distances, one-third, one-fourth, etc. By means of these marks, or of a special table of ratios, if the division is equal for the whole length, the instrument may be set for a very large number of combinations. It may be so adjusted that when the distance between one pair of points represents the radius of a circle, the distance of the other two represents the side of a square, pentagon, octagon, or other figure inscribed in the circle, or when one pair represents the diameter of a circle, the other represents the circumference in the form of a straight line; or the side of a square of equal area to the circle.

The principal use of this instrument in marine drafting is to translate a given design from one scale to another, either larger or smaller. If, for instance, the original drawing shows a yacht of 40ft. l.w.l. to a scale of 1in. to the foot, the instrument may be so adjusted that the distances taken by it will produce a new drawing of 50ft. l.w.l., enlarged in accurate proportion throughout, to the same scale of 1in., or to any other desired. For work of this kind, which is of very frequent occurrence, it is most useful; but it is a very awkward instrument to use; it is clumsy to handle, difficult to adjust to the spot unless by means of a screw movement, which is slow; and unless very accurately adjusted there is considerable error in enlarging; the amount of error being increased in proportion to the ratio of enlargement.

As a convenient means for measuring and transferring distances, the plain strip of paper with a straight edge deserves mention with the more expensive tools, for many purposes it has practically the accuracy of the dividers, and is even more expeditious. For instance, in taking off heights or half-breadths to be set off on another part of the drawing, a strip of paper may be laid down and the points marked off with a hard pencil; in larger work a light batten of wood is used in the same manner.

The Yacht Racing Association of Long Island Sound.

THE result of the winter work of the executive committee of the Y. R. A. of Long Island Sound in amending and extending the rules is here given. At the general meeting of Nov. 3 the executive committee was instructed to draw up limitations, covering different points, and the work was recently approved and accepted at a general meeting:

Measurement.

1. Yachts of the 36ft. class and all larger classes shall be rated by racing measurement, which shall be determined by adding together the load waterline length, the beam, .75 of the girth and .5 of the square root of the sail area, and dividing the sum by 2.

$$\frac{L.W.L. + B. + .75 G. + .5 \sqrt{S. A.}}{2} = R. M.$$

2. The load waterline length shall be the distance in a straight line between the points furthest forward and furthest aft, where the hull, exclusive of the rudder stock, is intersected by the surface of the water, when the yacht is afloat in racing trim, in smooth water, with any person or persons who may be aboard when the measurement is being taken stationed amidships.

If any part of the stem, sternpost or other part of the yacht below the load waterline projects beyond the length thus measured, such projection shall be added to the measured length; and a form, resulting from the cutting away of the fair line of the stem, sternpost or the ridge of the counter, for the apparent purpose of shortening the load waterline, shall be measured between fair lines.

The measurement for load waterline length shall be made with the same number of persons on board as are allowed for crew in the yacht's class, whose average weight shall not be less than 150lbs.; or, at the option of the measurer, with a dead weight equivalent thereto.

The measurer at the time of taking his measurements shall affix a metal plate as a distinctive, permanent mark at each end of the load waterline.

3. The beam shall be taken from outside to outside of the planking on the broadest part of the yacht, and no allowance should be made for wales, double planks or moldings of any kind.

4. The girth shall be taken from load waterline to load waterline under the keel at a point 0.6 of the distance between the outer edges of the length marks from the fore end. The girth shall be measured along the actual outline of the vertical cross-section at that point at right angles to the load waterline. If the draft forward of that point exceeds the draft at that point, twice such excess shall be added to the girth. In taking these measurements all hollows on the fore and aft under water profile of the yacht to be treated as filled up straight.

To the girth of centerboard yachts must be added twice the distance between the lower side of the keel to the center of the area of the centerboard when lowered to its full extent. Centerboards when ballasted, except to overcome flotation, fitted with bulbs or otherwise, to be measured as fixed keels.

Measurers shall mark the points for measuring the girth as follows: By fixing three metal plates of suitable size on each side of the yacht not less than 2in. or more than 6in. above the load waterline level, and parallel thereto, and not less than 3ft., or more than 6ft., from end to end, and so that the center mark of the three coincides with the distance 0.6 from the fore edges of the length marks at bow. The measurer shall also place a plate coinciding with this center mark under the rail or covering board, and another on the side of the keel perpendicular to the load waterline level. The distance between the load waterline level and the horizontal marks to be measured when the yacht is afloat in smooth water, and deducted from the girth as obtained from center mark to center mark.

Measurers may accept for the measurement of girth the designer's written certificate or drawing, certified to as being correct by designer and builder. But this shall not relieve the owner from fixing the marks heretofore described, or relieve him from the responsibility of the accuracy of the certificate and proper position of the marks. In the event of a measurement protest the yacht must be measured as heretofore provided.

5. The sail area shall be ascertained by taking a perpendicular along the after side of the mainmast from the under side of the sheave of the highest halyard block or sheave on the topmast, to the upper side of the boom when resting on the saddle or on the lowest part of the gooseneck, the distance of which point from the main deck or house deck shall be recorded by the measurer, as well as the other points used in measurement.

The forward point of measurement of the base line shall be midway between the intersection of the bowsprit and jib topsail stay, and the center of the tack cringle of the jib or flying jib when set. The after point of measurement shall be the outer end of the main boom in schooners, cutters, sloops and catboats, and of the mizzen boom in yawls.

The main topmast shall be measured from the hounds of the lower mast to the under side of the sheave of the highest halyard block or sheave on the topmast; 80 per cent. of this length shall be deducted from the extreme length of the main gaff, measured from the inside of the jaws to the outer end, and the remainder shall be added to the base line.

In all cases where the length of the spinnaker boom exceeds the distance from the forward side of the forward mast to the forward point of measurement, such excess shall be added to the base line. The length to be taken for the spinnaker boom shall be the extreme distance of its outer end from the center of the fore side of the mast on which it is carried, measured when the boom is in place for use.

In pole-masted yachts and those not carrying topmasts, the distance between the under side of the sheave in the throat-halyard block and the under side of the sheave in the uppermost halyard block or sheave on the mast shall be used for determining the length of the base line in the same way as is the topmast when one is carried.

In yachts which do not carry headsail, the forward point of measurement for the base line shall be the after side of the mast, or of the foremast, if there is more than one mast.

The sail area from these figures is obtained by multiplying the corrected base by the perpendicular, and dividing by two.

Where in any case, owing to peculiarity of rig, the sail area of a yacht cannot in the opinion of the measurer be fairly measured in the customary way, he may, with the sanction of the race committee, take such measurements as will enable him to compute the actual area of sail carried, or that may be carried on the spars used.

The prescribed method of measuring shall, however, be adhered to in all cases where practicable, and where the leach of a sail is extended beyond a straight line, or where as in a lug mainsail the luff extends forward of the mast or the head is rounded, the increased area resulting shall be added to that obtained by the customary measurement.

6. Any yacht the racing measurement of which, thus ascertained, exceeds the maximum limit of the class in which she raced prior to Dec. 1, 1898, shall be allowed to race in such class, but shall allow time on the basis of her new racing measurement.

7. Yachts of the 30ft. class and all smaller classes shall be rated for classification and time allowance by racing measurement, which shall be determined by adding to the load waterline the square root of the sail area and dividing the sum by 2.

$$\frac{L.W.L. + \sqrt{S. A.}}{2} = R. M.$$

8. The racing measurement of a yacht launched after Dec. 1, 1898, shall be assumed to be the maximum limit of her class. Any yacht the measurement of which has been increased, by changes in dimensions, to such extent as to place her in a class above that in which she raced prior to that date, shall assume the maximum length of that class.

9. If a yacht, after having been officially measured, be increased in any dimension that is a factor in determining her racing measurement, the yacht must be remeasured before starting in a race.

10. If through protest the measurement of a yacht be called in question, the race committee shall direct the measurer to remeasure such yacht, and the result as reported by him shall be final. The usual fee for measuring shall be collected from the owner if the measurement be found to exceed the measurement filed, and from the person protesting if not.

The owner of a yacht so protested shall present his yacht for measurement immediately after the race, when so required by the race committee.

11. A yacht whose official racing measurement has not been filed with the race committee prior to the start of a race shall not be eligible to compete.

12. The weight of ballast of yachts launched after Dec. 1, 1898, shall not exceed 0.6 of the displacement.

Classification.

1. All yachts shall be classified by racing measurement, and shall be divided into classes as follows:

Schooners.

1st Class—All over 100ft.
100ft. Class—Not over 100ft., and over 80ft.
80ft. Class—Not over 80ft., and over 65ft.
65ft. Class—Not over 65ft.

Sloops, Cutters and Yawls.

1st Class—All over 65ft.
65ft. Class—Not over 65ft., and over 52ft.
52ft. Class—Not over 52ft., and over 43ft.
43ft. Class—Not over 43ft., and over 36ft.
36ft. Class—Not over 36ft., and over 30ft.
30ft. Class—Not over 30ft., and over 25ft.
25ft. Class—Not over 25ft., and over 21ft.
21ft. Class—Not over 21ft., and over 18ft.
18ft. Class—Not over 18ft.

Catboats.

30ft. Class—Not over 30ft., and over 25ft.
25ft. Class—Not over 25ft., and over 21ft.
21ft. Class—Not over 21ft., and over 18ft.
18ft. Class—Not over 18ft.

Knockabouts.

25ft. load waterline Class.

21ft. load waterline Class.

2. The knockabout classes shall include only such yachts as have been, or shall be, built in accordance with the definitions and restrictions appended.

3. All yachts of 30ft. racing measurement and under shall be separated into two divisions, to be known respectively as the cruising division and the racing division.

The cruising division shall include all knockabout yachts; also all cabin sloops, cutters and yawls of the 30ft. and 25ft. classes, all open sloops of the 21ft. and 18ft. classes, all cabin catboats of the 30ft. and 25ft. classes, and all open catboats of the 21ft. and 18ft. classes, the construction of which is in accordance with the table of scantlings appended. But any yacht in existence Dec. 1, 1898, that is of substantial construction, conforming practically to the table of scantlings, shall be considered as in the cruising division.

The racing division shall include all other yachts of 30ft. racing measurement and under.

Definition of a Cabin Yacht.

A cabin yacht is intended to be a seaworthy type of cruising and racing yacht, substantially constructed, properly ballasted and with moderate sail plan, either a flush deck or with cabin trunk on deck, having suitable cabin accommodations below, and conforming to the limitations herein mentioned.

Headroom.

The minimum headroom in the clear, under deck or cabin trunk beams, over the entire required cabin floor, exclusive of skylights and hatches, shall be as follows:

Class	25ft.	30ft.	36ft.
Headroom	3ft. 9in.	4ft. 6in.	5ft. 6in.

Cabin Trunk.

The height of cabin trunk when used, measured from the level of under side of planksheer to the under side of cabin trunk, shall not exceed 2in. for every foot of greatest beam.

Cabin Floor.

The cabin shall have a floor between frames amidships in width not less than one-quarter the greatest beam, and in length not less than the following:

Class	25ft.	30ft.	36ft.
Cabin floor, length	7ft.	10ft.	14ft.

Fixtures.

There shall be a substantial partition at the after end of cabin, and two permanent lockers, and suitable fixed berths or transoms for the accommodation of the crew.

Fittings.

The cabin shall contain cushions or mattresses for the berths or transoms; one blanket for each berth or for each length of 7ft. of transom; stove, cooking utensils, and a receptacle for two gallons of water.

Yachts shall carry anchors of the following weight:

Class	25ft.	30ft.	36ft.
Weight	30lb.	40lb.	55lb.

and cable of the following dimensions:

Class	25ft.	30ft.	36ft.
Length	100ft. 1½in.	130ft. 2in.	150ft. 2½in.

Yachts shall also carry life preservers, compass, riding light, fog horn, bucket, and boat hook.

All fittings and fixtures herein mentioned shall be suitable for cruising purposes, and shall not be removed, or substituted by articles smaller, or of lighter weight.

Ballast.

All ballast must be below the floor of cabin or cockpit.

Alterations.

Alterations made on existing yachts must conform to these limitations.

Definitions and Restrictions of Racing Knockabout Classes.

Definition.

A boat of this type is intended to be a seaworthy boat, with cabin house and fair accommodations; with watertight standing room or air tanks of sufficient capacity to float the boat when full of water; rigged simply with only mainsail, forestaysail or jib, and spinnaker.

Classes.

There are to be two classes, one of 25ft. l.w.l. and one of 21ft. l.w.l. The waterline shall be measured with full equipment and crew on board.

Beam.

The beam at L.W.L. shall not be less than specified in table.

Freeboard.

Freeboard shall not be less than specified, except that a reduction of 1in. will be allowed for every increase of 1ft. in beam.

Centerboard.

Centerboard, when used, shall be of wood, and must not be weighted more heavily than is necessary to sink it readily.

Cabin Floor.

The cabin shall have a floor between frames amidships in width not less than one-quarter the greatest beam, and in length not less than specified.

Headroom.

The minimum headroom over the required floor space in the clear shall be not less than specified.

Fixtures.

There shall be a partition of the thickness specified at the after end of cabin, which shall be fitted with two permanent lockers.

Draft.

The draft shall be within the limits specified.

Ballast.

The total outside fixed ballast shall not be less than specified for the required beam. A proportional reduction of ballast shall be allowed for each inch increase in beam. Certificate of weight of ballast shall be furnished the measurer by designer and builder.

Scantling, Planking and Construction.

The keel, stem, frame, house and deck beams shall be of oak or its equivalent in strength. Deck clamps shall

run from stem to stern, with the minimum cross-section as specified for at least one-half; also bilge stringers shall run for at least one-half of the extreme length of the boat amidships. Clamps and stringers to be of yellow pine or its equivalent in strength.

Sails.

The sail area shall be not more than that specified, and not over 80 per cent. of the area shall be in the mainsail. The measurer shall be provided with the correct sail plan of any boat to be measured, and previous to measurement the owner shall cause distinguishing marks, satisfactory to the measurer, to be placed on the spars as follows: On the mast at the tack at the foot of mainsail; on the boom at the clew of the mainsail; on the gaff at the peak of the mainsail. No part of the mainsail shall extend beyond these marks. The marks shall be black bands painted around the spars in a manner satisfactory to the measurer; the inner edges of the bands shall be the limits of the sail. The area of the jib shall be considered to be 80 per cent. of the area of the forward triangle, viz.: The product of one-half the distance from the point of attachment of the tack to the stem or bowsprit to the forward side of the mast, multiplied by the distance from the deck at fore side of the mast to the intersection of the mast and jibstay. The extreme distance from mast to end of spinnaker boom when in position as used shall not be more than the quotient arising from the division of a constant by distance from deck to throat of spinnaker halyard block, figured in feet and decimals. The constants shall be: for the 25ft. class, 675; for the 21ft. class, 400.

Equipment.

To include anchor and cable as specified, bucket, pump, compass, fog horn, boat hook, lead and line, lantern and live preservers.

Crew.

The total number of persons on board shall not exceed that specified. The helmsman shall be an amateur, and not more than one paid hand shall be carried.

All boats launched previous to the adoption of these rules that have been accepted by the Knockabout Association under previous rules shall be admitted to the classes.

TABLE OF RESTRICTIONS.

	Classes.	
Length on L. W. L., maximum.	21ft.	25ft.
Beam at L. W. L., minimum.	7ft.	8ft. 6in.
Freeboard, minimum.	20in.	24in.
Length of cabin floor, minimum.	7ft.	10ft.
Partition at after end of cabin, minimum.	5in.	4in.
Headroom, minimum.	4ft. 9in.	5ft.
Ballast, minimum.	3,500lbs.	6,000lbs.
Reduction of ballast for each inch increase of beam.	60lbs.	95lbs.
Area of frames, minimum.	1in.	25sq.in.
Area of deck beams, minimum.	1 1/2 in.	2 1/2 in.
Area of house beams, minimum.	3/4 in.	2in.
Spacing of frame, deck and house beams, minimum.	9in.	12in.
Thickness of planking, deck and sides of house, min.	3/4 in.	7/8 in.
Thickness of top of house, minimum.	5/8 in.	3/4 in.
Cross section of deck clamps, minimum.	4in.	5in.
Cross section of bilge stringers, minimum.	4in.	5in.
Sail area, maximum.	600sq. ft.	1,000sq. ft.
Draft, maximum.	5ft.	6ft.
Crew, maximum.	3	4
Weight of anchor, minimum.	25lbs.	40lbs.
Length of cable, minimum.	100ft.	130ft.
Size of cable, minimum.	1 1/4 in.	1 1/2 in.

Construction—Cruising Division.

TABLE OF SCANTLINGS.

	Cal in.			Open.	
Classes.	20ft.	30ft.	25ft.	2. ft.	18ft.
A—Stem, sided at head.	1in.	1in.	1in.	1in.	1in.
B—Sternpost, sided at tuck.	4 1/4	3 1/2	3 1/4	2 1/2	1 3/4
C—Keel and keelson, sectional area.	50	60	80	10	5
D—Frames, sectional area:					
Heel.	4 1/4	3 1/2	2 3/4	1 1/4	1
Bilge.	4	3	2 1/4	1 1/4	1
Heads.	2 1/2	2	1 1/4	1 1/4	1
Maximum spacing.	12	11	10	9	8
E—Floors, wood, sectional area.	9	7	5	5	4
Equivalent steel L.	3x2x1/4	2x2x1/4	2x2x1/4	2x2x1/4	2x2x1/4
Maximum spacing.	24	22	20	20	18
F—Shelf or clamp, sectional area:					
Middle.	8	6	4 1/2	2	1 1/2
Ends.	5 1/2	4	3	1 1/2	1
G—Bilge stringer, sectional area:					
Middle.	6	4 1/2	3	1 1/2	1
Ends.	4	3	2	1	1
H—Deck beam, sectional area:					
Main.	0 1/2	5/8	4 1/2	2	1 1/4
Auxiliary and half-beams.	4 1/4	3 1/2	2 1/2	1 1/4	1
Maximum spacing.	12	11	10	9	8
I—Planking, to finish full.	1 1/4	1	3/4	5/8	1/2
Hood ends above waterline.	1	3/4	3/4	1/2	1/2
J—Deck, to finish full.	1 1/4	1	3/4	5/8	1/2
K—Keel bolts, spaced 12in.	1	3/4	3/4	1/2	1/2
L—Metal centerplate, maximum thickness.	3/4	3/4	3/8	1/2	3/8

* If deck is canvas covered a reduction of 1/8 in. allowed.

General Specifications and Explanation of Table.

Those portions in italics are compulsory; the others are only suggested.

The sizes in the accompanying table are based upon the assumption that the construction, as a whole, is planned by a competent naval architect, with the usual complement of minor members not specifically called for in the table; that the yacht is built under cover; and that the materials and workmanship are what is commonly called "first-class"—namely, all wood sound, well seasoned, and free from loose knots, shakes and sap, all knees and crooks being cut with the grain; all metal work properly wrought and neatly finished; all parts carefully fitted, with adjoining surfaces in actual contact throughout the full area; and all fastenings carefully selected with regard to their relative strength, and the sizes and material of the parts they are intended to unite, and that they are properly located and driven.

A—Stem.—The minimum siding (thickness) measured at the rabbet at highest point on stemhead, no decrease of siding allowed.

Apron.—In some cases an apron is necessary inside of stem, with breasthook, and in the larger classes with knightheads.

B—Sternpost.—Minimum siding at truck (the crossing of the rabbet). The siding may diminish from tuck to heel. The rudder stock, if of wood, to be equal in diameter to the siding of post.

C—Keel.—With the usual iron or lead keel and good floor construction, there is no necessity for a great depth of main (wood) keel to secure vertical strength. The minimum of sectional area (breadth multiplied by depth in the middle of keel) may be made up, if desired, by a deeper keel, or may include the keelson, or bedpieces of centerboard trunk.

Keelson.—In keel yachts of moderate depth a keelson is not absolutely necessary, and the required strength may sometimes be obtained to better advantage by the floor construction alone. A keelson may be worked to advantage over the throats of the floors in some cases, the centerline bolts of metal keel passing through it. In centerboard yachts, especially in the absence of a deep metal outside keel, side keelsons should be worked over the heels of floors, or the bedpieces of the trunk should be of ample scantling and worked well fore and aft of the slot, to serve as keelsons. No absolute sizes of keelson are laid down.

D—Frames.—The many different methods of framing now in use, and the possibility of new methods in the future, make it impossible to prescribe exact dimensions or spacing. Both sizes and spacing necessarily differ with the various methods of all sawn frames, in futtocks and tops, doubled; of single sawn frames from knees, in single lengths; of all bent frames of uniform size; and of combinations of sawn and bent frames.

The sizes laid down in the table show the minimum sectional area of frames (the siding multiplied by the moulding) at three points—the heel of frame where it is boxed into the keel, the middle of the frame about the flat of the floor and turn of bilge, and the head at plank-sheer. The sectional area is that of a single frame for a uniform spacing of 1ft. in each class. This required area may be made up of smaller frames spaced closer together, or larger frames further apart; or of combinations of large and small frames with appropriate spacings. This minimum sectional area shall apply to a space of at least two-thirds of the L.W.L. length in the center of the vessel; forward and aft of this, the sectional area may be reduced 20 per cent. Two adjoining frames abreast each mast and one at each runnerplate should be increased in size in proportion as they are cut by the chainplate fastenings.

Where bent frames are used in combination with sawn, the bent frames may be of uniform scantling from end to end; but the sawn frames must be large enough to make up the required average sectional area at the heels where they are cut by the fastenings of floors.

Where all bent frames are used, of uniform size from heel to head, this size shall be no less than assigned in the table for the bilge.

Spacing of Frames.—The maximum spacing of frames, as given in the table, is based not on the size of frames, this being variable, but on the thickness of planking allowed for the class; being the greatest spacing that will insure a tight seam with the usual caulking for the minimum thickness of planking allowed.

E—Floors.—The many varieties of floor construction make it difficult to establish any standard; but there should be at least six strong floors in the center of the vessel in way of the metal keel, and two at each mast step. The table gives the minimum sectional area over centerline of keel, of wood floor knees, and the equivalent sizes of steel angles, with approximate spacing. The size of floors may be reduced in proportion if the spacing be reduced. In place of wood floors, metal straps or angles of equivalent strength may be used. The arms of the main floor should run up to a length at least equal to the spacing given in the table, to allow space for fastening through heels of frames. In yachts of S section with all bent frames, the arms of floors should run up at least to the height of the waterline. Provided that the main floors are of ample strength, the floors on the smaller frames in the middle of the vessel and on all frames in the ends may be of flat iron or straight-grained plank. All floors should be thoroughly bolted to the keel, stem and horn timbers. It is not essential that the main keel bolts should pass through the floors, as the large size of the holes weakens the knees unnecessarily. The keel bolts may set up on top of the wood keel, in which case the floors should be very thoroughly fastened by smaller bolts to the wood keel; or a keelson may be worked over the throats of the floors, and the keel bolts may set up on it.

F—Shelf or Clamp.—The minimum sectional area given for the middle shall cover a length of at least one-half of the shelf (or clamp) and in the middle, a taper being allowed to the size given at each end. The ends of deck beams may be jogged into top of shelf a distance not exceeding one-third of their own depth. If a beam clamp is used, fitted close up to the planksheer, the beams being

thus jogged in for their full depth, the sectional area shall be increased in proportion.

G—Bilge Stringer.—The minimum sectional area at middle shall cover at least one-half the full length of bilge stringer, with taper allowed at the ends. At least one bilge stringer must be run on each side, at about the lower part of turn of bilge, and two are recommended in any case, the sectional area of each being at least one-half of that of the single stringer. In yachts whose extreme beam exceeds twice the greatest depth from under side of deck to upper side of keel, two such stringers on each side should always be fitted.

H—Deck Beams.—The minimum sectional area of deck beams shall cover at least the middle third of the beam, allowing a taper, in the moulding, to each end. There must be one main beam at the bitts, two at each mast (partner beams), one at fore end of cabin trunk, one at after end, two at each skylight, hatch and companion in flush-decked vessels, and one at transom. The auxiliary beams may be of the smaller area given. The beams may be spaced at will, provided the maximum distance between centers does not exceed that given in the table, which is based upon the thickness of deck planking. The beams should be jogged into the shelf or clamp a distance equal to one-third of the moulded depth of beam at ends.

I—Planking.—The dimensions given in the table are the minimum thicknesses allowed, after final planing, over a distance in the middle of the vessel equal to at least one-half of the over all length. It is not compulsory that the garboards be of greater thickness than the rest of the planking, but this is sometimes desirable, especially in the larger yachts.

The rabbet from the waterline upward on the stem, and along the horn timbers, may be cut to the depths given in the table, the hood ends of the planks being slightly tapered to this reduced depth.

It is recommended that wherever practicable the planking shall be in single lengths, without butt; and that where butts are unavoidable they should be made, not on the frames, but on butt-blocks between the frames. Butts in adjoining strakes should be at least 6ft. apart, and butts in the same space should be separated by at least three intervening strakes. The planking should be worked in narrow widths, especially in the topsides.

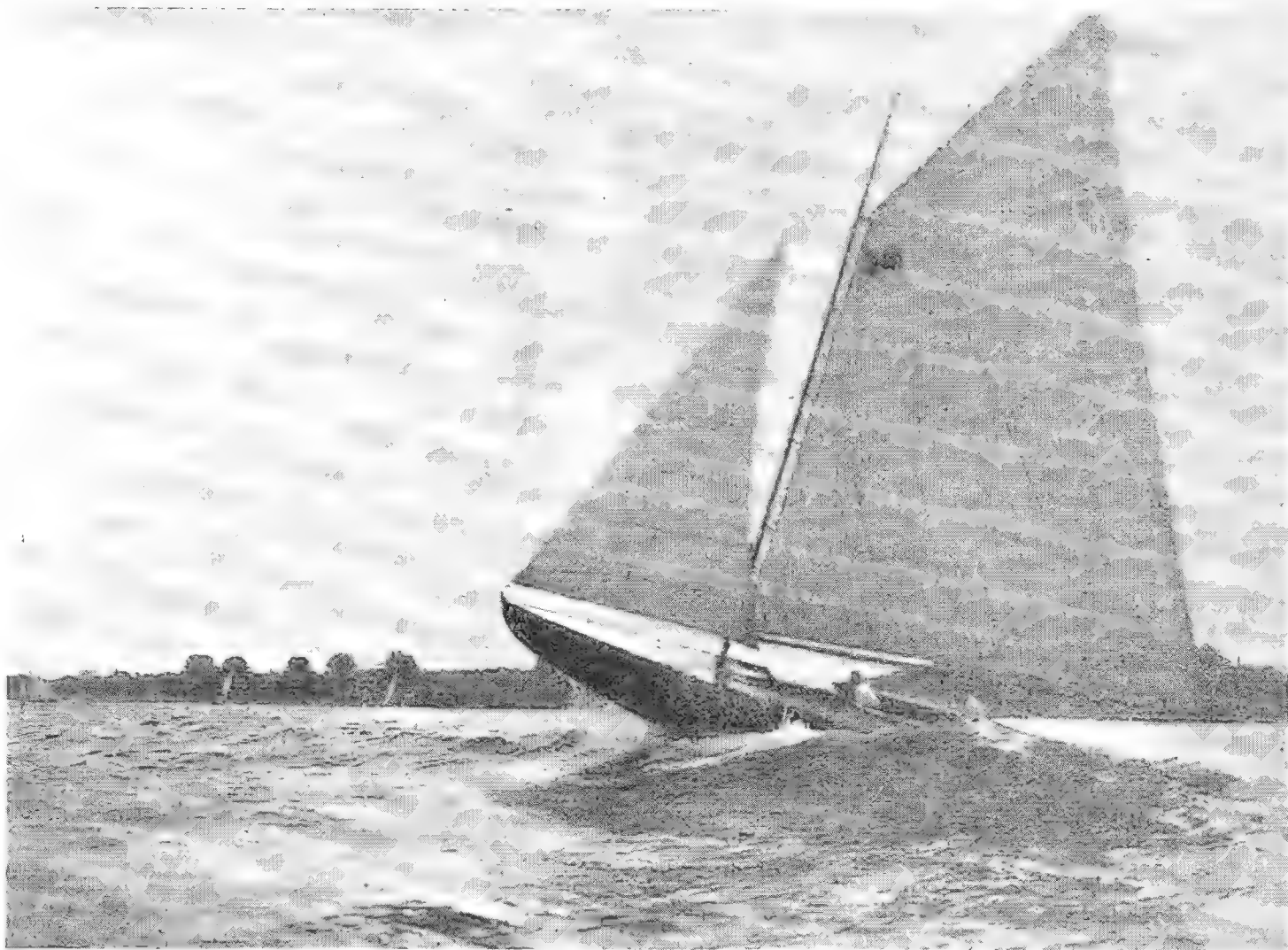
J—Decking.—The thickness given for the deck plank applies also to the planksheer (covering board) and the partner planks. The ends of the deck plank should be well supported, and in no case should they be wrought to a shim edge, which will crush down in caulking.

K—Keel Bolts.—The sizes given are the minimum diameters for the main (center line) keel bolts when spaced 12in. apart. The sizes and spacing may be varied as long as the equivalent strength is maintained. These sizes are sufficient for the average metal keel, of about 50 per cent. of the total displacement; but if the keel be deep and narrow it is recommended that the side bolts, of smaller size, driven diagonally from each side in alternation, be used in addition in the spaces between the main bolts. Where considerably less than 50 per cent. of the total displacement is carried in the metal keel, all bolts may be reduced in proportion. For yachts to be used only in fresh water, steel bolts may be used, without galvanizing, both with lead and iron keels.

It is recommended that the outside metal keel, whether of lead or iron, be cast before the wood keel is worked out; the contraction of the iron or lead is more or less an unknown quantity, and the keel, when finally cast, may not be of the exact dimensions intended, and may not fit the wood keel as worked from the plans.

L—Metal Centerplates.—Solid plate centerplates not exceeding the thickness given in the table shall be allowed. In built up metal plates and wooden boards weighted with metal, the total weight shall not exceed that of a solid steel plate of the same superficial area and of the thickness allowed by the table.

General Details.—It is recommended that diagonal straps of steel be worked across the deck frame in way of masts and runners, being scored into the beams; and that similar straps be worked across the main frames, two at the main chainplates on each side and one at the runner plate. The deck frame should be specially strengthened about the bitts and masts, and ample pro-



JENNY WREN, KNOCKABOUT.

vision should be made for the pull of the halyards on the bitts, blocks and hooks around the mast. For this purpose bolts may be run from deck to keel, or iron braces may be fitted below deck, well bolted to the mast. At least three hanging knees should be worked on each side, and in the larger yachts there should be hanging knees on the main beams at bitts, partners, middle and after end of house and transom. Lodging knees should also be worked about the partners and at either end of house.

The shelf or clamp may be reinforced by fore and aft pieces abreast of the channels, worked inside the shelf and up under the deck beams and covering at least six frame spaces. Similar pieces may also be worked lower down, to take the lower bolts of the main chainplates.

The America Cup.

AN attempt was made on Jan. 21 to cast the lead keel for the new Morgan yacht, but it was unsuccessful, and the work was stopped after some lead had been run into the mould. The reports are that one of the two melting pots cracked, and again that the pots were located so far from the mould that the lead cooled in the leaders. The following is from the Boston Globe of Jan. 21:

Extended experiments have been made at the Herreshoff Works with a view to testing the value and practicability of what may be called a "knuckle joint" plating, but all indications are that this method has not been adopted, but that the usual form of "in-and-out" plating will be used, with a possible modification based on the experiments made for the first-named method.

A "knuckle joint" plating would mean one in which the edges of the plates would be flanged inward, and then riveted together by the flanges, instead of having the riveting done in the overlap of the plates, as in the customary form of "in-and-out" plating. The advantages would be a smooth outside surface, in which all possible resistance from the edges of the plates in the ordinary style would be done away with. A little seam would show where the flanges turn inward, but that would be filled with cement, so as to make the entire surface of the body uniform in smoothness.

At the same time the flanges would strengthen and stiffen the plates and permit the use of thinner ones than by the usual form of lap.

The method has disadvantages as well as advantages. To flange all the plates on both edges and make a smooth joint would be a long, tedious and expensive job, entailing probably a new block for bending each plate and extremely careful fitting and riveting. Cost would not, of course, be considered, but time is a factor, and the boat is to be launched by the first of June.

A practical modification of the "knuckle joint" plan would be the use of "in-and-out" plating, but with the "in" plates flanged as for the other style. This would give practically the same stiffness to the plating and allow the use of as thin plates, while at the same time allowing the usual way of fitting and riveting. The outside surface would be no smoother than shown in the "in-and-out" plating of Defender, but this is not so much of a disadvantage as to make the "knuckle joint" very much superior.

The plating of Defender is so tapered in width from amidships to the ends as to have the seams follow very closely the diagonals of the boat. It is along these diagonals, according to the accepted theory, that the water flows as the boat forces her way through it, and therefore in making the plating correspond the friction is reduced to a minimum.

The modification as also experimented with is believed to be the one most likely to be shown if any flanging is done.

Either style would necessitate the cutting of the flanges at every frame, or every 20in., and while this weakening of the flange could be obviated by turning a flat plate around each frame and riveting it to each end of the cut flange, yet the process would be a long one. Still, it is believed that it would be possible to do the work by the modification as outlined before June 1.

Defender's frames were of steel. Most of them were 15-16in. on the flange, or the portion of the angle to which the plating is riveted, and 2½in. on the web, or portion projecting into the boat. Some of the frames amidships were 1½ by 2½in., but all of them showed a ½in. bulb on the web, greatly increasing their strength.

The steel frames for the new boats are in varying sizes, as if greater differences were to be made between those amidships and those fore and aft than shown in Defender, but all show the same bulb and general characteristics.

Another consignment of these steel bulbed angles for the new boat arrived to-day, and are from the rolling mills at Phenixville, Pa., as were the angles that arrived last week. There are sixty-eight of the angles in this lot, and most of them are about 30ft. in length and about 3in. in width, the shorter angles being about 2in. in width and about 10 to 12ft. in length. This makes a total of exactly 186 bulbed angles that have arrived here from Phenixville.

The Seawanhaka Cup.

THE following has been sent out from Montreal, following the visit of Mr. John Hyslop last week:

The details for the next international races for the Seawanhaka cup, between the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. and the Seawanhaka Club have been arranged amicably, but they will not be made public till both clubs have signed them. Although it took a long time for the negotiations to be completed, this was due more to the difficulty on the part of both clubs to get committees together to discuss the affairs than to any squabbling about the details. There has been some very voluminous correspondence, when finally the Seawanhaka Club announced that they would send one of their members to discuss the matter with the gentlemen in charge of the affairs in Montreal. Yesterday Mr. Hyslop, who for years has been the official measurer of the Seawanhaka Club, came here and spent the day in close conference with Mr. Duggan and the other gentlemen interested. The meeting was of the most amicable kind. Both sides were ready to make all possible concessions, and Mr. Hyslop went away with the

draft of the conditions in his pocket, leaving behind him the assurance that they would doubtless be accepted in New York. The three most novel and most important points are in regard to the time for holding the races, the form of the boats and their measurements. It was well understood last year when negotiations were opened again for another series of races between the clubs that the form question would be among the principal ones to be decided, so as to prevent any questions being raised at the time of the races, as was done in the case of the Dominion. Therefore certain restrictions have been placed upon the form of the boats. Restrictions have also been placed upon the length over all, but the question of solidity has been left in abeyance. The date, however, has been changed on account of the Canada's cup races, which will take place in August in Toronto, between the Chicago Y. C. and the Royal Canadian Y. C. The date has not yet been definitely settled, but it is expected that the races here will take place about the middle of July.

Jenny Wren, Knockabout.

WE are indebted to Mr. W. B. Stearns, of Marblehead, for the accompanying photo, taken by Mr. Willard Jackson. The yacht is the handicap knockabout Jenny Wren, owned by Mr. F. E. Peabody. There was at the time a good sailing breeze and short sea, the single wave shown being but one of a series.

Canoeing.

All's Well that Ends Well.

I.

It was all Vic's fault. There's no doubt about that. If I start on a cruise or a picnic, I never leave anything behind; well, that is, hardly ever.

It was all very well for Vic to say that it was as much my picnic as his, and that I, being older and more experienced, should have looked all round, and should have seen that everything was on board. I'm too old a bird to take the blame when there is a decent excuse for shuffling it off on some one else, and it was Vic's boat and his picnic; we didn't care whether we went or stayed, though we all thought it would be just the thing to give the Mater a nice quiet day at home without a lot of meals to get. The Mater appreciated our thoughtfulness, and packed up an ample lunch and tea for the five of us, taking careful account of the Stony Lake appetites we were all known to possess.

It was a hot day, a genuine inland July scorcher, and the frogs basking in the sun at the boat house landing sizzled and hissed when our approach made them jump in alarm into the cool depths beneath the lily pads and rushes. On such a day a straw hat with a 3ft. brim is the finest boating cap ever invented, and when you get a crew of five strung from end to end of an 18ft. partly decked skiff, you might almost take her for a straw stack gone adrift in a March flood.

I cannot tell, dear reader, whether you know much about Stony Lake or not. I do. It has some hundreds of islands and about as many rocks. I know there are rocks, because I had several opportunities of becoming intimately acquainted with some of them, being, so to speak, thrown into their company quite unexpectedly, which is often a very good way indeed of becoming well acquainted with either persons or things.

It was because I knew all about the rocks and islands that I was asked to sit forward on the lookout, where it was only possible to have a young lady on one side of me, while Vic, being at the tiller, had one next him to port and another to starboard. The above is the reason Vic gave, but I'm still in doubt myself; yet it may be so.

Well, as I said before, I was to act as pilot, and under my guidance we got away about 10 A. M. with a moderate southeasterly breeze, our general course being about east by north. I say advisedly general, for the many islands introduced various kinks in our course, and also various kinks in the direction of the wind, which necessarily reacted to make the boat's course still more erratic.

Let me explain briefly the general features of Stony Lake. Imagine a miniature Muskoka minus the burnt pines, or a reduced copy of the Thousand Islands minus the fashion and expensive tourist resorts, and you have Stony Lake, a grand place to wear old clothes and to enjoy outdoor life to the full. About twelve miles long altogether, it may be roughly divided as follows: Four miles at the southwest end practically free from islands, and appropriately called Clear Lake; then an archipelago of islands, followed by a more or less clear stretch, brings us to Boschink Narrows, some eight miles from Young's Point, at the southwest end of the lake; thence it is about four miles as the crow flies to the easterly end of the lake. At Boschink the lake is only about half a mile wide, and as it is thickly set with islands at this point, the boat channels are very narrow. At no point is the lake more than two miles wide, so what with rocks and islands the navigation is often somewhat intricate. North of the eastern end of Clear Lake an arm thickly studded with islands runs westerly some two miles to Burleigh Falls.

We were at Boschink, and Jack's Creek at the far eastern end of the lake was the point to which I was expected to pilot the party. I had, so far, only been as far east as Eels Creek, about half-way there, but my little chart would do the rest.

Now the islands about us at the start were very pretty, I'll freely admit, but just then they came in for more left-handed blessings than artistic appreciation. An opening appears between two islands, and rushing through it comes a vagrant zephyr, filling our sail, and gently waving our hat brims till we resemble more a row of huge yellow cabbage butterflies sitting on a log than sensible human beings off on an outing. Then a high bluff on the next island interposes, and we crawl slowly along till a wandering air, stealing down a narrow cleft, takes us almost dead ahead, and Vic lets the boat fall off to keep her full.

So we run on till, looking under the sail, I see big brown rocks just under our lee. "Put her about, Vic, quick!" I cry, and down goes the helm. But will she go about? Not a bit of it. The more the boat comes up the

more the wind frees till Vic finds that, if he goes about he will be pointing for home again.

However, the free wind suits us exactly, and away we bowl till a fresh island becalms the boat once more.

I said it was hot when we started, but it was hotter now. No man dared move from his seat, for unless he sat down again with the utmost accuracy on the same spot, he might as well have sat upon a red hot stove. A row of blackbirds sat upon a dead limb near by, with beaks open and wings hung out to cool. The rocks and trees upon the islands wavered and quivered like a landscape seen through a running brook, and a smell of heated pine and cedar floated over the water to our noses.

But the worst of our trouble was over when once we drew out into the more open waters of the eastern end of the lake, where the islands seem to hug the southern shore.

Here the breeze got a fair sweep at us, and we raced along at a glorious gait, quite happy and care free till certain black dots and breaking wave crests warned us the course was set with numerous rocks.

"Keep her away, Vic. Keep her away," and a block of granite swept by to starboard.

"Luff her, quick!" and a brown swirl showed where a hidden rock flashed by to port.

So we zigzagged our way down the lake, watching carefully each breaking wave lest it meant a reef, and keeping clear of all low lying points lest they ran on beneath the water's surface.

By and by we ran into the streaming weeds at the lake's end and dropped our canvas.

No creek could be seen. Where was it? A gentle roar struck my ears and I said: "There's the creek," and pointed where a slight indentation showed itself a few hundred yards to the west. With a sigh, Vic dropped the oars in place and started to pull. He hates rowing when off for a sail, and his first strokes were gentle. We didn't seem to move. "Confound the weeds," he said, and pulled harder. Still no move. He ground his teeth together, humped his back and gave a lift that would raise a church mortgage. The next instant he was flat on his back in the bottom of the boat, trying to think of something suitable for a Sunday school teacher to say under such circumstances. We were on drowned land, and had stuck on the branch of a submerged tree. Vic's last pull had started us so suddenly that his vigorous effort found insufficient resistance to balance the enormous surplus of power.

Well, we found the creek, and found the rapids, the latter being rather pretty, though not very imposing.

On landing we scattered in search of huckleberries, and then, driven by hunger, found a picnic ground and unloaded the boat.

II.

Now let's talk of graves and worms and epitaphs. Vic was standing by the boat. I was standing on a rock near by, and the girls were setting the tablecloth some 50ft. away among the bushes.

"Bring up the lunch basket, Vic," called a dulcet voice.

"Everything is up there," Vic called back.

"There's no lunch basket up here," cried several voices together. I looked at Vic in blank dismay, and Vic looked at me. The lunch basket had been left behind.

It was just like Vic to blame me for it, and to ask me why in thunder I didn't look to see that everything was aboard before we started. I told him that it wasn't my basket and it wasn't my picnic, and that I never cared much for lunch anyway. I had him there, for he was hungry for every meal, and half the time between meals too.

But the girls—the mild reproach in their eyes made us sink our differences and try to find some way out of our dilemma.

It meant a five mile trip with the thermometer over 90 degrees to go back home, and the wind had almost vanished. Returning was not to be thought of.

It then struck me that, nearer the end of the lake, I had noticed a log house and clearing, and I proposed to Vic that we go there and see if they had any bread to spare. This produced a very visible rise in spirits.

Then some one mentioned that we had the ice box with the milk, butter, pickles, berries and a tin of beef, and at once the spirits of the party became about normal.

It was a pretty walk to that house along a wagon track leading through the shade of an open second growth of oak, maple and other deciduous trees, with here and there near the lake the gaunt, bare trunk of some old burnt pine.

After some fifteen minutes' walking we came to a clearing, and there stood the house, a two-story log affair with a potato field in front of it and wilted looking cabbages behind.

Three boys ran out to meet us, respectively 3, 3½ and 4ft. in height, each clad in a pair of well patched knickerbockers, a blue cotton shirt and an old straw hat with a sugar loaf crown. I don't know whether the younger boys had tails to their shirts or not, but I am sure the eldest had, for it was sticking out of a hole behind.

"Is your ma in, boys?" said Vic. A shrill cry of "Ma!" brought out a stout, good-humored, middle-aged woman, with bare feet, a blue gown and a crease around her where a belt indicated her waist ought to be.

Time was precious, so we went straight to business and asked for bread.

"No, sir. We haven't a bit in the house, and won't have till the boat comes in from Young's Point this evening."

Vic looked at me reproachfully, as much as to say, "See what your grand scheme has amounted to."

But I wasn't going to be beaten that way, and the idea of hot biscuits floated into my mind. I broached the subject to the old lady, and she took to it like a black bass to young frogs.

"Emmy," she called, and a slighter edition of the old lady appeared, similarly clad.

"Can you bake these gentlemen a pan of biscuits?"

Emmy thought she could.

I suggested that there were five of us, and we were hungry.

"Better bake two pans, Emmy."

Emmy said she would.

"How long?" said I, "and how much?"

Emmy thought about half an hour would do it, but

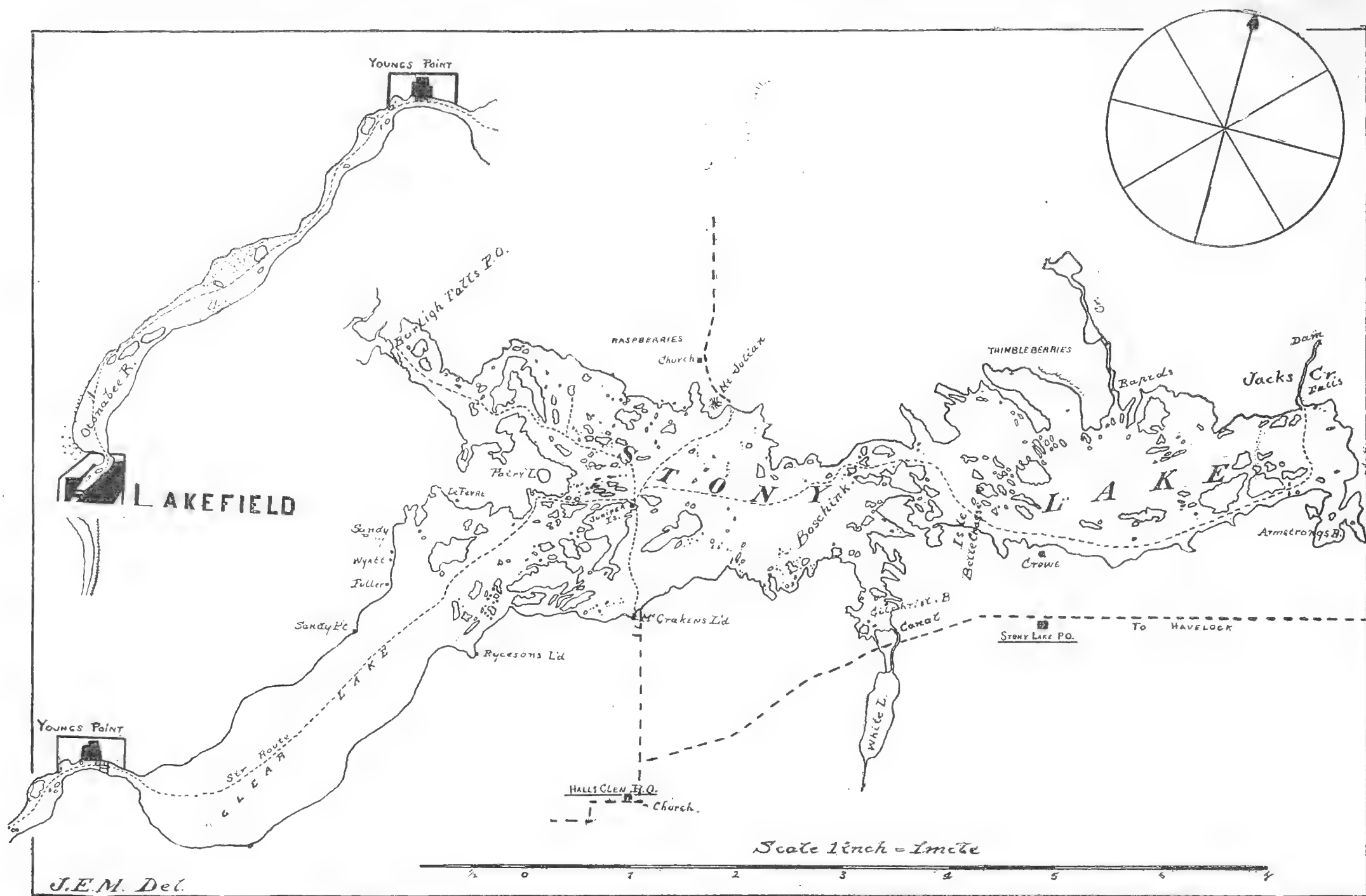


CHART OF STONY LAKE, ONTARIO, CANADA.

hesitated about the price, so I produced a quarter, which seemed quite satisfactory.

We went back to camp and announced the good news, which seemed to completely reinstate us in the good graces of our crew.

After a sufficient lapse of time we retraced our steps toward the old log house, but, as Vic seemed to have important business among the berry bushes, I went up alone to the house. The old lady said the biscuits were not quite ready, and wouldn't I walk in and have a glass of milk. I walked in, had as much delicious milk as I could drink, and then discussed crops, weather, hard times and local geography with the old lady till Emmy was ready with the biscuits.

When Emmy handed me the very largest kind of a milk pail three-quarters full of most appetizing biscuits, I thought to myself I had the cheapest quarter's worth of grub I'd bought for a very long time. Down the lane I met Vic.

"What have you got in that pail?" he shouted.

"Hog feed," I replied. "What did you suppose?"

He said nothing, but lifted the cover, looked in and then shouted and yelled in that exuberant fashion for which he is noted.

Did we have a good dinner? Well, we had only two jack-knives to eat it with and our butter knife was carved from a piece of wood; but if you happen to meet Vic, and put the question to him, he won't say anything to you, but will merely close his eyes and gently rub the region about the fifth button of his vest, from which, if you are wise, you will gain all the information necessary.

After dinner we stretched out in the shade and lazily watched the lengthening shadows and listened to the purling of the rapids near at hand.

Vic dozed off, woke up, and said he was not a bit sorry I had left the basket behind, and strange to say, such a great content was on me that I let the remark pass without the least attempt at contradiction.

A little later a sweet little thing roused herself from her reveries and asked me if I was sure they were nice clean people who had made the biscuits. An hour before she wouldn't have cared if they had been made by a greasy Hottentot in a swill bucket. I didn't want to spoil the dinner she had just eaten, so I told her the little boys were all dressed in Fauntleroy suits and wore kid shoes with patent leather toes, that the old lady wore a muslin apron and a white cap, and that Emmy looked like a Watteau shepherdess. Just then the boys came along to get the pail. The sweet little thing looked the boys over very intently for a while, and then gave me a look of the utmost scorn, further refusing to speak to me for nearly an hour.

The boys told me that near the track leading up the creek there was a spring of water which was always icy cold. I walked up the track and found a little path leading off into the shady thicket. Black leaf mould was under my feet, and brakes and ferns rustled and waved as I brushed past them. There, deep in the shade, a keg was sunk to its rim in the moist earth. At the bottom the clean sand danced as the pure crystal water bubbled through it, and welling over the edge, trickled off among the mosses till lost in the depths of the wood. I drank my fill, and dipping up a can full, took it back to our hot and thirsty party.

III.

Vic reasons curiously sometimes, and when we started back he suggested that, as I knew the lake better than he, I might as well take the tiller. Now, why didn't he reason that way when we left home? Well, my view of the matter is that when we left home the breeze was fresh and the man forward had to sit up on the gunwale; now

the breeze was lighter, and the man forward could lie in the bottom of the boat with his head in somebody's lap. But please don't mention to Vic that I said so.

I really envy Vic sometimes; every one of those girls treated him like a favored younger brother, and as for me—well, I was a married man, and they knew it.

The breeze in addition to being lighter than in the morning had drawn more into the west, so we worked toward home with a short leg toward the southern shore and then a long leg westward. Just east of Boschink three islands head the archipelago through which we had sailed on the outward trip, each crowned with a large summer cottage; now the wind led me to keep clear of them entirely in the more open water to the south.

The southmost of the three islands of which I have spoken was called Isle Belle Chasse, and as it was at that time unoccupied, there we landed for tea. I thought Vic would be ashamed to look a bun in the face, but he seemed as hungry as ever, yet so large was our supply that, when tea was over, we seemed to have enough for several more meals just as hearty.

But the best part of our day was yet to come. The moon was not yet full, and already touched the wavelets with spots of silver, while the setting sun was still tinting land and water with a rosy glow. Round the end of the island a crane went flying by with curving neck and long legs trailing far behind. Out in the lake two loons chuckled and laughed like maniacs. In the woods near by the persistent plaintive cry of a whip-poor-will sounded mournfully through the evening quiet. The peace of it fell on us like balm, and the cool breath of the evening breeze was like a mother's touch on the fevered brow of a little child.

Shall we go in? No, let us sail on and on till old Mother Nature has taken us to her breast and told us wonderful tales, and shown us wonderful sights, and filled our ears with her wonderful lullabies—then we will go home and sleep the dreamless sleep of those to whom she thus reveals herself.

So we glide on and on past our island home, and out through the narrows into the open waters beyond, leaving behind us the dreaming islands and the narrow channels now black from side to side with their dim reflections.

Outside the moon flooded us with mellow light, not the cold pale rays of winter, but warm with the yellow tinting of a summer haze. The breeze blew fresh and steady, and back and forth we raced across the lake, throwing off a curl of frosted silver from our bow with a swish and swirl very pleasant to the ear. Except under the moon every tree clad island gloomed dark and mysterious. There a few tree tips touched with moonshine broke the line of black, and a lane of light cut the dark reflections to the shore. Over toward Juniper Island the red and green lights of the steamer shone out; but soon the red disappeared and we knew she was heading up for Mt. Julian in the darkness of the northern shore.

It was hard to pick out the narrow channel in the belt of black to the east, but why should we trouble, here comes the steamer, and she will take the southern channel and so to Breeze's, near our home. In her wake we may safely follow; no danger there. Puffing and snorting, she passes us, and after her we dash till the swinging lights show her turning rapidly to port. But where are we? This seems strange to the eye. I glance under the sail and see not, as I expected, an open channel, but a black and threatening mass apparently right upon us.

In a flash we are about on the other tack, and then our whereabouts is plain. The steamer has taken a course south of Hoover's Island, instead of to the north, and there she is stopping up at Breeze's.

Ah! well. Our pleasant sail was ended all too soon,

and we were at our cottage door, bearing with us affectionately the remains of Emmy's pans of biscuits.

But what had been going on at home during this eventful day? The Major Domo had remained behind to keep the Mater company, and about 6 o'clock wandered idly down to the boat house. There on the dock, tinted with the same rosy light that shone upon our evening meal at Isle Belle Chasse, stood the missing lunch basket. He smiled a superior "just like them" kind of a smile, and then took the basket up to the Mater. She, poor soul, was straightway filled with anxious pity.

"Oh! the poor things. They'll surely be starved to death."

"Oh!" said the Major Domo, with cheerful confidence, "I'm sure they are all right. If they are starved to death they would have been home long ago."

This was rather doubtful consolation, but it seemed to comfort the Mater. Not, however, till we arrived was she entirely easy, and even then the story of our adventures was often interrupted with sympathetic exclamations of "Well, well!" "Indeed," "You poor things," and "Well now, how fortunate."

As I said at first, Vic still persists in blaming me for the mishap, but I now refuse to discuss the point further. In any case, "All's well that ends well," and I reminded him that, if the lunch basket had not been left behind, we couldn't have had Emmy's biscuits warmed up for breakfast the two following days, which would have been a distinct loss to all of us.

J. EDWARD MAYBEE.
TORONTO, Jan. 19

Canoe Fittings.

NEW YORK, Jan. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In the last issue of FOREST AND STREAM are some comments by Mr. W. Baden Powell, who laments the fact that in England it is not the custom for dealers to carry canoe jewelry in stock.

I was wondering how such a state of affairs was possible in the country where the sailing canoe originated, and my wonder continued until further along in the article I struck his elaborate suggestion regarding lamp, compass, clock and barometer.

Possibly, unknown to himself, Mr. Baden Powell has explained why it is so hard to procure ready-made fittings over there.

When one of the brightest and best known of English canoeists prefers an acetylene lamp, with its specially prepared and almost unobtainable fuel, in preference to a kerosene bicycle lamp, which can be filled at any house using lamps; when he gives minute directions for the manufacture of a glass-fronted box in which to hang a clock and barometer in a canoe cockpit, instead of carrying a cheap watch and a pocket aneroid, how is a dealer in boat fittings to manage to make from his own design articles sufficiently cumbersome and intricate to satisfy the rank and file of the cruisers?

E. T. KEYSER.

[We understand that Mr. Baden Powell's remarks apply in part to the larger types of canoe-yachts and single handers, as well as to the one-man canoe.]

A. C. A. Membership.

APPLICATIONS for membership may be made to the purser of the division in which the applicant resides on blanks furnished by purser, the applicant becoming a member provided no objection be made with fourteen days after his name has been officially published in the FOREST AND STREAM.

Atlantic Division.

Gersham L. Wallington, Trenton, N. J., P. I. C. A.
Chas. F. Wilmot, New York.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO.

TERMS, \$4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY.
SIX MONTHS, \$2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1899.

VOL. LII.—No. 5.
No. 846 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, \$4 per year, \$2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iv.

THE WILD PIGEON.

THE two notices which appear in this week's paper of the occurrence of the passenger pigeon call renewed attention to the subject of this bird's disappearance, on which so much has been written. The contrast between the enormous former abundance of the pigeon and its present scarcity leads us to speak of the species as having become extinct, a statement which is by no means exact. Although, in the wholesale slaughter of this species for commercial purposes, abundant reason is found for its disappearance, there are very many people who do not accept these reasons as sufficient, but who believe that the wild pigeons, owing to the persecution to which they were subjected, have gone off to some distant and unexplored portion of the continent, and have there hidden themselves. Precisely in the same way, the Indians of the plains, when the buffalo were exterminated a few years ago, declared that it was impossible that they should all have been killed, but that the white man, for some occult purpose of his own, had taken them away and hidden them somewhere. So like is human nature the world over, whether it be civilized or savage.

In its old-time abundance the wild pigeon is no more, and for precisely the same reasons that caused the extinction of the buffalo; that is to say, because of the filling up of the country and the opening up of the haunts of the birds by railroads, which thus brought the trapper's prey close to a market. Yet a few wild pigeons remain scattered through the Northern States, and since their numbers are now so small that they are free from the persecution to which they were formerly subjected, we may look to see them very slowly increase and to gradually be more and more often seen.

The increase will be slow, because the pigeon is a slow breeder, laying but one egg, or at most two eggs, at a nesting. Had the increase been more rapid than this in the time of their former abundance, their numbers would have been so vast as to sweep the continent bare of food, so that the whole race must have perished by starvation. It is difficult to imagine what would have been the result to this continent if the old-time pigeon roost of fifty or sixty years ago had been multiplied by ten after each nesting.

To-day, however, the passenger pigeon is practically free from pursuit by man and has to dread only its natural enemies, which are now extremely few, the swift hawk being almost the only one. True, if a pigeon flies within shot of a man carrying a gun, he will kill it if he can, for the bird's rarity makes it a thousand times more desirable to the average gunner than it formerly was, and each man, feeling that this will be his only chance to kill a pigeon, craves the bad distinction of securing the last of its race. Happily, however, pigeons are so scarce that few are likely to be shot, and happily also there is a small proportion of sportsmen who would decline to shoot at one of these birds for the very reason that they are so scarce.

Therefore, just as is the case with certain other of our game birds, an increase in the wild pigeons will take place until they shall again become sufficiently numerous to tempt the man with the gun, whether he be sportsman or ornithological collector, and also to tempt the egg-collecting small boy, to whom, of course, the egg of this now rare bird is most desirable. When their numbers have grown to this point they will again be pursued, but because it is unlikely that they will ever so increase as to nest in great companies, the pigeon will always be a bird to be killed only casually and not to be systematically hunted. You cannot pursue wild pigeons with a dog.

So we may expect that the passenger pigeon will live long in the land, but never again as a bird found in enormous numbers, since the conditions which admitted of this old-time mode of life have passed forever.

OUR AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHS.

To the FOREST AND STREAM amateur photography competition a large number of amateurs contributed work which was of a high grade of excellence. To make selection of the subject entitled to the prizes when so many were meritorious was a task by no means simple.

There were three classes; (1) for live wild game; (2) for game in parks; (3) for other subjects relating to shooting and fishing. Prizes were offered as follows:

(1) For live game photographs three prizes are offered, the first of \$50, the second of \$25, and the third of \$10.

(2) For live game in parks, for the best picture, a prize of \$10.

(3) For the best pictures relating to FOREST AND STREAM's field—shooting and fishing, the camp, campers and camp life, sportsman travel by land and water, incidents of field and stream—a first prize of \$20, a second of \$15, a third of \$10, and for fourth place two prizes of \$5 each.

The selection of the photographs entitled to the rewards under these conditions is as follows:

Live Wild Game.

First prize—"A Race with a Maine Moose." By S. B. Chittenden, Jr., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Second prize—"Young Sea Gulls Eating Fish." By F. F. Frisbie, Detroit, Mich.

Live Game in Parks.

First prize—"Red Fox in the National Park." By John Fosson.

Relating to the "Forest and Stream's" Field.

First prize—"A One-Night Stand." By Dr. C. D. Smith, Portland, Me.

Second prize—"Fishing for Bass at Sunrise." By R. C. Leonard, Central Valley, N. Y.

Third prize—"In Camp." By Noah Palmer, New York.

Fourth prizes—"Home of the Bighorn." By W. C. Knight, Laramie, Wyo. "The Strike and the Capture." By C. H. Smith, Buffalo, N. Y.

In addition to the photographs awarded prizes, there is a large number of others worthy of honorable mention. In the Wild Live Game class a photograph of two cub bears, sent by Mr. Livingston Stone, and one of a mink, by Mr. Geo. S. Raymond, call for special notice.

In the class of Game in Parks, a spirited moose portrait, by Mr. Fred Talcott; elk on the prairie, by Miss Edith M. Chapple, elk and mountain sheep in winter quarters in the Yellowstone Park, by Mr. E. C. Waters, and a Yellowstone Park bear, by Mr. J. E. Westlake, are of unusual interest and merit.

In the third division, of FOREST AND STREAM's field there were naturally more pictures than in the other classes. Among many deserving ones may be named an indoor study of game, dog and gun, by Mr. Leonard, and an outdoor study of quail shooting, by Mr. L. Pesha; bullhead fishing by moonlight, by Mr. Harrie E. Loftie; a marine view, by Mr. Stuart-Menteth Beard; whipping the Dog River Falls, by Mr. F. F. Frisbie; nest of least bittern, and one of Carolina rail, by Mr. James Savage; "Old Pard Getting Breakfast," by W. L. W.; fishing boats, by Mr. W. H. Bell; "Unchained from Business," by Mr. P. H. Felker; fly-casting, by Mr. W. H. Pierce; "Adirondack Days," by Dr. C. E. Fritts; "Woodman Spare that Tree," by Mr. C. J. H. Woodbury; "In the Prairie Chicken Country," by Mr. H. H. Harley; "At Rest," by Mr. H. G. McCartney; "Canoeing on the Susquehanna," by Mr. Irving K. Park; "New England Fox Hunting," by Mr. A. J. McGibbon.

In future issues will be given reproductions of the prize winning subjects and of some of the others.

SNAP SHOTS.

Mr. W. G. Van Name, who in another column discusses the Lacey bill, is the author of a scheme, proposed through FOREST AND STREAM, to have the Government acquire at different points throughout the country tracts of land to be set apart and protected as game refuges. Mr. Van Name has set forth very cogently the utility of such havens of refuge for our migratory game, and the benefit which would accrue to the country at large if the system were in operation. We have always regarded the proposition as one of the most sensible ever made for

game protection; and we believe that some of these days it will be adopted. In the meantime, as we have suggested repeatedly, we need not await the action of Congress to secure in individual States the benefit of the plan. State game preserves should be provided. The Wisconsin Forestry Commission is urging the Legislature to convert a tract of the State lands into a forest preserve, to be cared for by a division of forestry, with its foresters. If the reserve is established, there should be incorporated in the law a provision to make it in whole or in part a game preserve also, and to give to the foresters the added duties of game wardens.

We give to-day a full report of the meeting of the Adirondack Guides' Association. Among other expressions of sentiment was a declaration in favor of deer hounding. This appears to be a change of opinion from that formerly held; for we have understood that the guides as a body approved the present law. Chief Game Protector Pond, who has just returned from a trip through the North Woods, reports, as a result of his observations, that the deer law generally has been well observed; and that the deer supply has increased within the last two years because of the operation of the non-hounding law. Major Pond is quoted as saying that "many localities where hounds were very numerous two years ago have nearly or quite gotten rid of them. Their former owners declare they have no desire to have the anti-hounding law repealed, not altogether on account of the number of deer that were killed during the lawful period, but on account of the great slaughter, from year to year, at a time when the snow is deep, by dogs whose owners were either too poor to feed them and wanted them to hunt for their living, or by persons so indifferent that they do not want the trouble of keeping their dogs chained."

If the present law is continued in force until the five years' term shall have expired, Maj. Pond estimates that by the termination of the period the woods will be stocked in their old-time abundance. He holds then that there is every reason to continue the law as it is for the three years remaining. Those who know Maj. Pond have great respect for his opinion in these matters; and in view of his expressed confidence in the wisdom of the present law, there is slight probability that any one of the hound-restoring measures now before the Legislature will become a law.

Rev. Myron W. Reed, of Denver, Colo., who died on Monday of this week, Jan. 30, was one of those who found in the sportsman's woods life a valued form of recreation. He knew well, and none could write of it more eloquently, that spirit in man which impels him to leave the cosy bed before dawn to take his place in the duck stand; and to undergo the rigors and hardships of camp life for the rewards of rifle or fishing rod. Some years ago Mr. Reed and Geo. W. Sears, "Nessmuk," camped together in the Pennsylvania mountains when speckled trout were rising to the fly, and after the acquaintance there formed Mr. Reed wrote to us that of all the men he had ever met "Nessmuk" was one of those best worth knowing. The tribute means all the more to those who have made test of the character-proving associations of camp life. That after living in camp with him one man should say of another that he had found qualities which made prized his companionship is one of the sincerest tributes possible to be paid.

A bill now pending in Congress is to amend the copyright law by prescribing that a newspaper which prints a reproduction of a photograph without the consent of the owner of the copyright shall forfeit to the owner \$1 for every copy printed, and \$10 for every copy found in possession, provided that the penalty so recovered shall not be less than \$100 nor more than \$5,000. Photographers now have all the protection they require; the present law as it stands is prolific of blackmail—probably more blackmailing is done under it than under any other statute; and if Congress shall enact the amendments now under consideration, the mulcting of publishers will increase ten-fold.

We notice recommendations and suggestions concerning the appointment by Gov. Roosevelt of new members of the New York Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission. As the terms of no one of the present incumbents expire this year, such discussion is untimely.

The Sportsman Tourist.

The Rainbow Country.

"Go to the end of the rainbow and you will find a pot of gold," the grandmothers of New England used to tell the children, as the little ones gazed wonderingly at the brilliant arch spanning the sky.

But the end of a rainbow is hard to find, and the pot of gold is as safely hidden as the buried treasure of Captain Kidd.

Many a pair of young eyes, however, has gazed wistfully over the hills to where the iridescent bow mingled its colors with the mists of some distant valley, too far away for little feet to attempt the journey. So the pot of gold has never been found, and the end of the rainbow is in No Man's Land. But the children are not the only ones who look "over the hills and far away," and wonder what lies beyond the horizon.

To those who love to seek nature among the vast solitudes of mountains, in the eternal silence of the wilderness, and on the lonely waters of far-off lakes, there is constantly an alluring temptation to go on and on; to find what is hidden beyond the distant summits that look so softly blue; to discover the secrets concealed beneath the green canopy of the forest, or to explore the unknown country across the water beside which the white tent gleams. And so it was that my steps were first directed toward the Rainbow Country, and if I did not find there a pot of gold, I found much that is better than wealth. The pursuit of a rainbow may not be as unprofitable as one might suppose—it all depends on the way one goes about it. As every one knows, the end of a rainbow is always a long way off, and there is always the danger that it may disappear before one reaches it; but anything worth having is worth striving for. Memories of what we accomplish and acquire by struggle and hard work are sweeter than those of the things that come to us for the asking. This is why my recollections of the Rainbow Country are among the pleasantest of my life, and I like to think that some time, if I live, I shall go back again and look once more on the pellucid waters and verdure-clad hills of that fair land.

One summer evening, as we sat by our camp-fire, and watched the afterglow tinge with gold the sky above the purpling western mountains, I asked my Wabenaki guide what lay beyond the range behind which the sun had disappeared.

"*Mahnagwanegwasebem*," was his answer in his own tongue, and I said that some time we would turn our faces toward the Rainbow Country, and launch our canoe on the seldom-visited waters whose Indian name he had spoken, Rainbow Lake.

From the summit of Katahdin I had seen it miles away, sparkling like a jewel in the landscape, and beautiful enough to be the abode of *Mahnagwan*, the rainbow, but the way to it is long and beset with difficulties, and comparatively few have been there. Even the ubiquitous and insatiable lumberman has not swung his destroying axe in its forests, for it lies among the mountains, away from the main routes of travel, and has no navigable inlet or outlet.

Several years were destined to elapse, however, before the consummation of the resolve formed by that camp-fire was assured. In the meantime many rainbows of varying degrees of brilliancy had spanned my sky, most of them leaving only memories of fading hues.

But there came a day—and what a clear, cool, brilliant day it was—when a canoe was hauled across the Northeast Carry, and Dennis and I, with our dunnage amidships, paddled down the West Branch, bound for the country of *Mahnagwan*.

I had come twelve hundred miles, journeying down that ancient highway of the aboriginal tribes and the early French explorers, the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence River, to Montreal, and thence by the C. P. R. to Moosehead Lake. All the way across the broad waters of those unsalted seas, and down the swift current and foaming rapids of the mighty stream, my thoughts went back to the brave old days whose history is the romance and the tragedy of New France.

I saw the noble river again bordered with primeval forest and hearing on its waters the birch canoes of the red men and *coureurs de bois* and the batteaux of fur traders. I saw the black-robed priests, who, taking their lives in their hands, went forth to spread the knowledge of the only true God among the savage hordes, and the brave explorers who sought to make for France a new empire.

All day long the steamer sped onward down her devious and at times dangerous course toward the beautiful city at the foot of Mount Royal; and all day the procession of shadow canoes went upward, bearing those intrepid Frenchmen who, leaving the civilization of the Old World, bravely followed their savage guides into the vast and unknown solitudes of the New.

With these thoughts of the old regime in mind, I was glad that I should leave the railway where I could enter upon the nearest approach to that life which is now possible, without again coming in contact with our modern way of living.

The steamer arrived at Montreal at sundown, and a couple of hours later the train had left the lights of the city behind.

When, in the early morning, I stepped from the train at the little Moosehead station, the solitary occupant of the platform came toward me as eagerly as I went to him, and in a moment I grasped the honest hand of Dennis.

William and Harry, with their guides—two of our Wabenaki friends—were to arrive at noon from Boston, and would join us that night at the old camp-ground on Lobster Lake, where the point of rocks juts out from the sand beach.

As soon as I had breakfast we put our canoe and supplies aboard a small steamer, and were soon speeding toward the Northeast Carry, forty miles to the north of the head of Moosehead.

By noon we were across the carry and on our way down the West Branch. At 2 o'clock the canoe grated gently against the white sand of the beach on Lobster Lake, and the first stage of our journey was behind us,

We carried the luggage up to the rocky, wooded knoll where, under the protecting shade of the spruces and hemlocks, we proposed to pitch our camp. After this was done and Dennis was busy with his various chores, I went to the top of the little promontory and looked out over the water at the surrounding hills and mountains. The lake lapping against the rocks below and flashing in the sunlight invited me to a more intimate acquaintance with its cool, clear element, and I retraced my steps to the beach, where the empty canoe rested on the sand.

The camp, hidden by the rocks and trees, was not visible, and only the sound of Dennis' axe reminded me that I was not alone. I undressed, placing my clothes on a convenient drift-log, and waded into the lake till the water was deep enough for swimming. The bottom was hard, white sand, and the water cool enough to be exhilarating, but not so cold as to chill. I revelled in it, swimming, floating, or standing with my eyes close to the surface looking across the broad level till it merged with the distant shore. Dennis' axe was now silent, and no sound came across the water but the low, soothing whisper of the breeze in the pine-tops. Suddenly I felt, rather than saw, a slight movement in the bushes, and with only my head out of the water, watched. They parted, and a graceful head, crowned with a pair of velvet-covered horns, emerged from the leafy screen, followed by the body of a handsome buck. Sniffing the air and looking about for any possible danger, he came down a stony path, and with dainty steps crossed the sand to the water's edge. Wading in to his knees, he lowered his head to drink; then stood looking out across the lake, occasionally turning toward the woods behind him. I watched while he wandered about the beach, now nibbling at a bunch of grass, now splashing in the water, but no tell-tale whiff of air told him of my presence. I gradually approached the shore, keeping only my head above the surface, till the water shallowed so that I crawled on my hands. The deer did not look for danger from the water, and I enjoyed a rare opportunity of observing a wild creature in its native haunts, unconscious of the presence of an enemy.

I could see every motion of his eyes, nostrils and mouth, and every nervous movement of his body and limbs. When I thought I had been in the water long enough, I suddenly stood up and waved my arms. Instantly the noble head lifted, his legs became rigid, and he stood looking at me, a grand woodland picture.

Then turning, he sprang swiftly away and disappeared, a flash of his white tail being the last I saw of him. After I had dressed, Dennis took his axe, that most important of all the implements of the woodsman, and we went across the cove in the canoe to get some fir boughs for our beds. A good-sized balsam was selected, and it soon came crashing down. We broke off the branches, loaded the canoe with them, and paddled back. The tent was bedded down, wood chopped for the night, and preparations made for supper. From the point of rocks we could look across the lake to the outlet, two miles away, and as the sun sank low to the western mountains we watched the distant shore line anxiously.

Twelve months had rolled by since I had seen those whom we expected, and now that the hour drew nigh I waited with impatience. The sun sank below the undulating sky line of the mountains; far away to the eastward the mighty bulk of Katahdin melted into sky as the tender light of evening replaced the glare of the passing day, while the nearer peaks softened and grew dim.

Still we watched the far-away shore, apparently unbroken, but where we knew the stream carried the waters of the lake to the West Branch. At last, when the light had become almost too dim to see, our gaze was rewarded by the sight of two shadowy objects that seemed to separate themselves from the shore and drift out upon the lake. We saw them head in our direction, and we ran to our canoe and paddled out to meet them. Midway of the lake we drew near each other, and two waving hands greeted us before we heard their voices calling across the waves. Then the canoes came together, and there on the broad, heaving bosom of the lake, surrounded by the black border of forest, and under the jeweled sky, we had a little reunion, solemnized by the pressure of hands and softly spoken words. At the camp the smouldering fire was quickened into new life, and as we sat around it eating our supper—four men with white skins and two with red—I seemed to realize for the first time that my long-anticipated journey to the Rainbow Country had begun.

The fire itself, as the flames rose and fell and the sparks flew upward, seemed like an old friend, for a camp-fire is different from other fires. The lighting of the first camp-fire is a ceremony, and one of the supreme moments of the wayfarer in the woods. Till this is accomplished the outdoor life is not fully entered upon, nor the bond that holds one to the city entirely severed; but when the first tiny flame reaches from the birch bark to the pine splinters, and then leaps crackling to the larger sticks, lighting up the shadowy forest and casting a ruddy glow on the faces watching it, its warmth is reflected from the heart. Where it burns is the camper's hearthstone, and around it are his lares and penates—it marks his home.

It is the altar flame of those who worship at Nature's shrine, and who find themselves, in getting close to Nature's heart, drawn nearer to Him who is the Creator of all.

So we sat and smoked after our meal, while the fire glowed and sparkled, the wood cracked and snapped, and the sparks soared upward, only to dissolve in the blackness of the night. The wind sighed through the trees, and the restless lake washed against the rocks. Once the sweet call of a white-throated sparrow came from the dark forest. The spell of the woods was upon us and we talked little, but looked, listened and thought much. It was good to see the others sitting by the fire, to hear the familiar voices, to think of the days before us and of other days long past.

"My words fly up, my thoughts remain below,"

said the Danish King, and our words were but the sparks that came from the thoughts brought into being by that first camp-fire.

Two mornings later we broke camp at the foot of Ripogenus Lake, and prepared to make the first stage of the carry to Rainbow. On a previous trip we spent

two days making the three-mile carry around the wild Ripogenus gorge, on our way down the West Branch to Katahdin, but now we took another path that led over the hill to the right. It was a rough blazed trail, that led us up hill and down, and finally terminated in a cedar swamp in the dismal shore of Chesuncook Pond.

A more desolate place would be difficult to find. The trail first touched a cove filled, not with water, but with bottomless black mud, then wound a devious course through the woods to another cove. The ground was soft and spongy, and the cedars so thick that our loads were carried between their shaggy trunks only with difficulty. Gray moss, the *usnea* lichen, hung from them in long festoons, and roots and branches obstructed the trail. Pools of water were more in evidence than dry ground, and the light, dim at best, was made more so by a cloudy, overcast sky. The stillness was oppressive, and it was a relief to have a big doe jump from her bed among the high brakes at the top of the ridge and go leaping away into the woods. On our second trip over the carry drops of rain began to spatter on the dead leaves, and by the time we deposited our loads under the canoe it was coming down in earnest.

We put on our rubber coats and boots and waited for Nick and Jean to come with their canoes. A rainy day in the woods was too old a story not to be taken philosophically, and we sat patiently while the sky grew darker and the drops came faster. At last we heard the welcome sound of footsteps and the swish of branches, as if some large body was forcing its way through the bushes, and the Indians, with their canoes on their heads, came in sight. Placing his burden tenderly on the ground, Nick glanced at the sky, then at the narrow, crooked path along which Jean was struggling with his canoe, slipping and stumbling, and with difficulty guiding his unwieldy head-piece, and said: "I ain't goin' lug my canoe through them cedars; I guess I can shovel him through that mud. Looks like it settle down to rain all day."

Lifting the canoe from the shore, he placed it in the mud and stepped into it. For the first stroke or two the light craft moved quite easily, and then the sticky mud seemed to grasp it, and it took all the strength in Nick's herculean frame to force a passage. It was actually shovelling. His paddle bent till it seemed as if it must break under the strain, and the muscles and cords of his arms and neck swelled almost to bursting. Great masses of mud were lifted at each stroke, while bubbles of gas rose from the slimy depths; but the guide gained foot by foot till the canoe slid into deep water. In the meantime the other canoes had been loaded, and as soon as Nick was ready we started.

In many miles of travel through the woods I never saw a wilder sheet of water than Chesuncook Pond. The shores are densely wooded with spruce, fir and pine, the water is black, and a number of picturesque, rocky islets dot the surface. When we reached the carry on the other shore the rain was pouring and the atmosphere had become cold, but we found comfort in the fact that we were on the threshold of the Rainbow Country, and before the rainbow there must be rain. We decided to take over one canoe, our blankets and food for supper and breakfast.

The taking-out place was almost indistinguishable, for the old trail was long abandoned and unused. It lay under the shadow of great trees and was completely grown up with bushes.

Nick forged ahead with his big canoe, its inverted bow parting the foliage as it was wont to part the waves. The others followed in Indian file, each with his own burden, borne on the back and supported by straps across the forehead, and around the shoulders under the arms, thereby distributing the weight. Over old, slippery corduroy, fallen timber, rotten logs, and rocks, through mud and water, we followed our leader.

Once Nick fell heavily, the canoe crashing down on top of him, but before we could reach him he was on his feet again, picking his way along the treacherous path.

Meanwhile the rest of us had various troubles of our own, and only those who have experienced the vicissitudes incidental to voyaging in the wilderness can appreciate the trials and tribulations that await him who totes a load over such a carry.

The rain continued without abatement, and the wet bushes wiped across our faces and clung to our legs, while our packs developed a pernicious and persistent habit of catching on branches and stubs. After a while we left the swampy level and then up, up and up the mountain we went through grand old timber untouched by the axe. There were no stumps to tell the melancholy tale of monarchs of the past, but great spruces, pines and birches towered grandly above us.

The broad leaves of the moosewood hung across our path, and the mossy ground was covered with the brilliant green and scarlet of the birch berries, and the three-lobed leaflets of gold thread, the *clintonia borealis* was common everywhere in the woods. For a mile or more we climbed steadily upward, and then, after resting, began to descend. The woods were now more open, and the way less encumbered with underbrush, but the great trees were everywhere, and signs of game abundant. We saw moose sign frequently, and a number of bear trees, with the marks of bruin's claws in the bark.

We kept careful watch for the spots on the trees, for the trail was an old one, blazed out by a Wabenaki hunter, and the marks were dim and indistinct. Several sable traps by the path showed where he had pursued his vocation of trapper in past winters. In each case a tree had been felled, leaving a stump about 5 ft. high, so that it would be above the snow. The top was chopped out to form a box about a foot high, open on one side, and then a piece of wood split from the tree nailed on for a roof. To set such a trap, the bait is placed in the back of the box, and the steel trap in front, in such a manner that the sable can only reach the coveted food by passing over the trap. Chips of rotten wood are crumbled over the trap till it is just hidden, and two twigs bent in such a way that to get at the bait the animal must place its foot on the trencher. Many a pelt has been taken by Louis from his line of traps, and his winter camp, snugly hidden in a little clearing near the outlet of Rainbow Lake, was to be our shelter that night. We had not eaten since morning, and were wet and chilled. As the

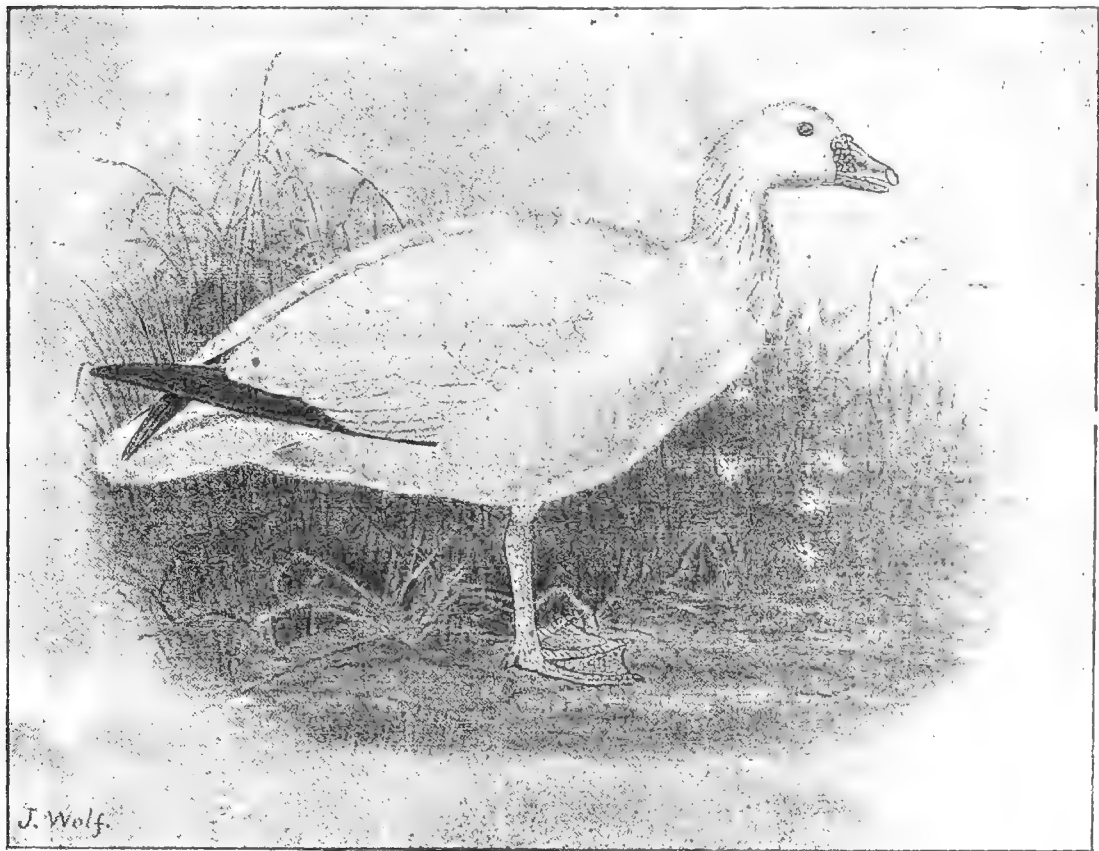
Natural History.

Elliot's Wildfowl.

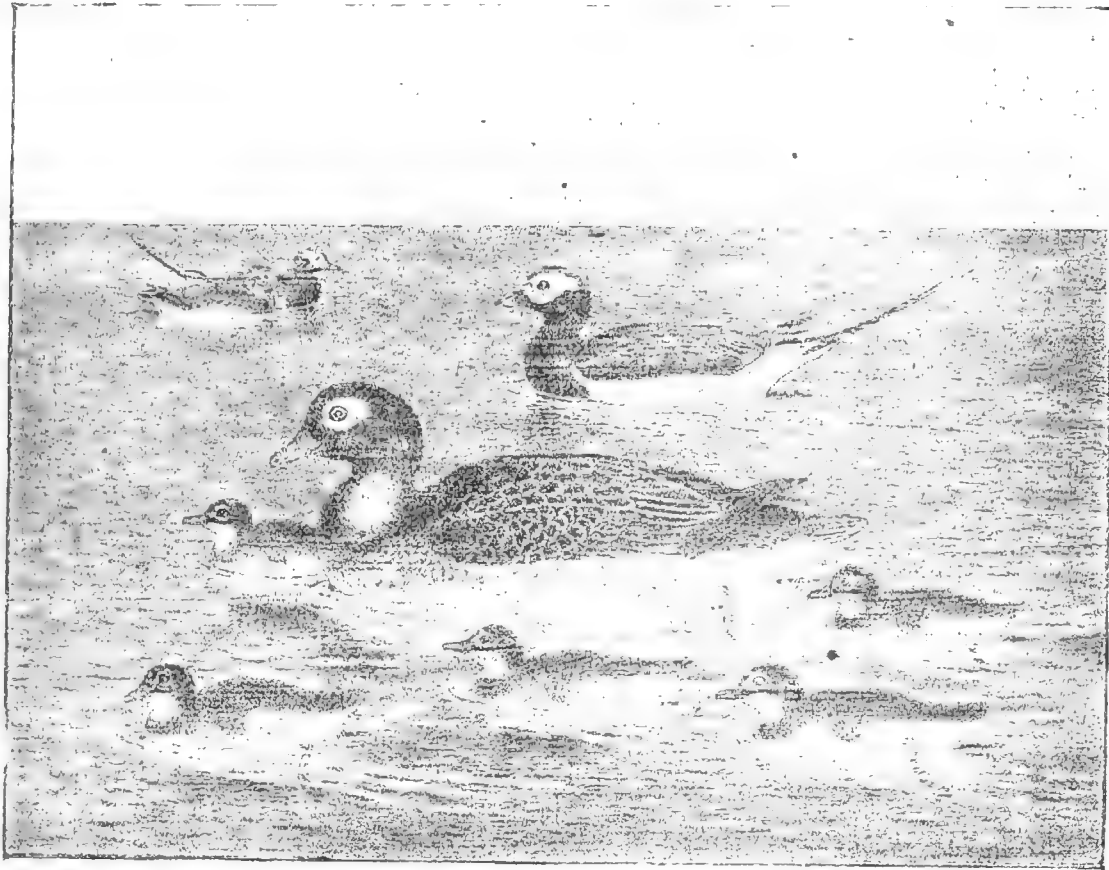
IN presenting to the public his book on the "Wild Fowl of North America," Mr. Daniel Giraud Elliot has completed the service to sportsmen which he began some years ago. The three volumes on Shore Birds, Gallinaceous Game Birds, and Wild Fowl of North America comprise a series of illustrated accounts of North American game birds, which include everything except the unimportant rail. As Mr. Elliot says, "It is a noble list; one few countries of the globe can equal in importance and variety. For numerous reasons, not the least of which are the economic, these birds are a most valuable possession to the people of this land, to be

(*Cygninae*), the geese (*Anserinae*), the wood ducks (*Plectropterinae*), the fresh-water ducks (*Anatinae*), the sea ducks (*Fuligulinae*), the spine-tail ducks (*Eristomaturinae*), and the mergansers (*Merginae*). In many respects his nomenclature differs from the A. O. U. Check List, for the author has not hesitated to make such changes as seemed to him desirable. Thus Ross' goose is put back into the genus which Mr. Elliot formed for it more than thirty years ago. A new derivation is given for *Branta*, the old *Aix* becomes *Aex*, *Aythya* is corrected to *Aethya*, while the canvasback is put in the genus *Aristonetta*, a name which fits it well, for it means the best of ducks. There are other changes in generic names, one of which is the use of *Harelda* for the misspelled or misprinted *Harelda*.

The charm of Mr. Elliot's biographies, familiar to us for so long many years, increases rather than diminishes with time, and in the 300 pages of the present volume there is much to delight the thoughtful reader. An



Ross's Snow Goose.



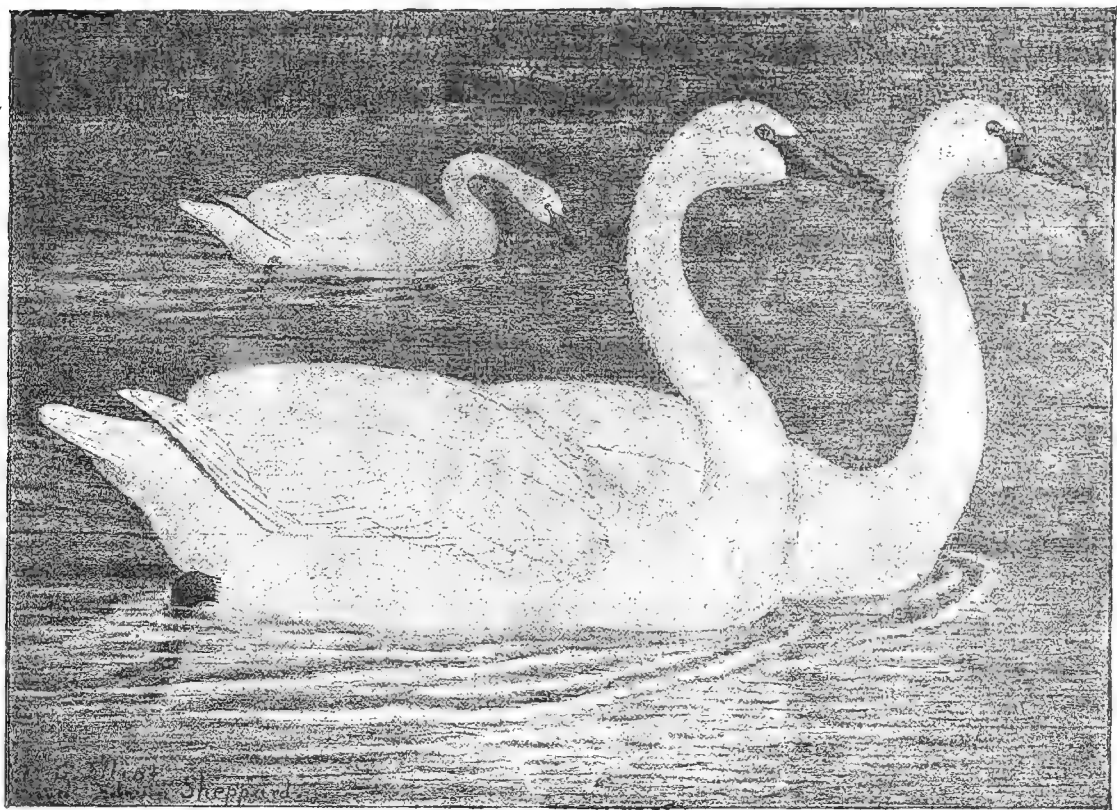
Long-Tailed Duck, Summer Plumage.

A pile of wood was already split, and we soon had a fire roaring in the stove. Supper was started, and we removed our wet clothes and made ourselves comfortable. The camp contained two wide bunks, a table and stool,

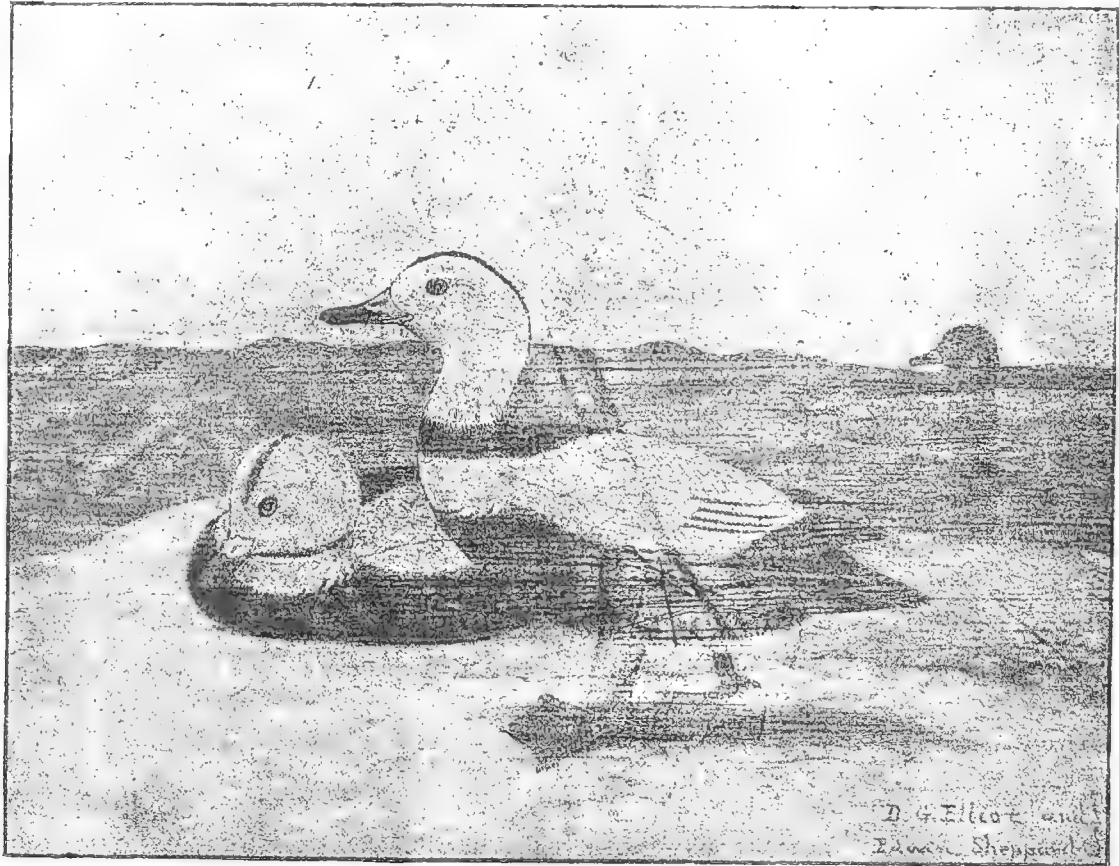
protected with watchful care. Have we been faithful to our trust?"

The present volume is similar in plan to those which have preceded it. It is an account of the wildfowl of

extremely interesting observation on the song of the dying swan, long supposed to be mythical, is worth quoting in full. Mr. Elliot says: "I had killed many swan and never heard aught from them at any time save



Trumpeter Swan.



Labrador Duck.

all made on the spot; a chest held blankets and clothing, while shelves were handily arranged for small articles.

Snowshoes, moccasins, traps, stretchers of various sizes for mink, sable and other skins were there, as were augers, axes and other tools, all telling the mute story of the lonely life of a trapper during the long winter, when the snow lies deep in the woods and the icy wind howls through the mountain gorges. Outside the door stood a large frame for stretching moose and bear skins. The interior was clean and neatly kept, and with a hot meal inside, and warm, dry clothing outside of us, we sat by the fire and complacently listened to the rain, which was falling again, and watched the growing darkness of the night.

We had found the Rainbow Country, and the sun's last rays, struggling for a moment through the clouds, drew across the heavens the sign of the bow, and under the arch, showing dimly through the mist, was Katahdin. Then the clouds closed in again and night came on apace.

W. A. BROOKS.

You cannot imagine how much I have enjoyed a second reading of your book, "Men I Have Fished With." It contains more correct natural history than all the text books.—Charles Hallock to Fred Mather.

North America, north of Mexico, and includes the swans, geese, ducks and mergansers, with accounts of their habits, nesting, migration and dispersion, with descriptions of adult and young. It is a book, as stated on the title page, for those "desirous to know how to distinguish these web-footed birds, and to learn their ways in their native wilds." It is emphatically a book for sportsmen. This is but natural, for Mr. Elliot is as keen a sportsman as he is a naturalist, and he knows well what it is that sportsmen desire. Having in mind especially this class, to which he himself belongs, he fitly opens his book by calling attention to the continued and ever increasing destruction by sportsmen and others, and to the fact that wildfowl are becoming year by year less plentiful, so that before long many of them will be so scarce as to be practically extinct.

Of the sixty-two species here described, six or eight are mere stragglers from Europe, and not likely to be met with by any gunners. There are three species of swans, fourteen of geese, including the brant, four of mergansers, and the remainder are true ducks, though in several different groups. Mr. Elliot reverses in this volume the order followed in the A. O. U. Check List, and begins with the swans as the most important species, ending with the mergansers. He divides the North American *Anatida* into seven subfamilies, the swans

the familiar notes that reach the ears of every one in their vicinity. But once when shooting in Curricket Sound, over water belonging to a club of which I am a member, in company with a friend, Mr. F. W. Leggett, of New York, a number of swan passed over us at a considerable height. We fired at them, and one splendid bird was mortally hurt. On receiving his wound the wings became fixed, and he commenced at once his song, which was continued until the water was reached, nearly half a mile away. I am perfectly familiar with every note the swan is accustomed to utter, but never before nor since have I heard any like those sung by this stricken bird. Most plaintive in character and musical in tone, it sounded at times like the soft running of the note in an octave.

'And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute;
And now it is an angel's song,
Which makes the heavens be mute.'

and as the sound was borne to us, mellowed by the distance, we stood astonished and could only exclaim, 'We have heard the song of the dying swan.'

"I made inquiries among gunners as to whether any of them had ever heard notes different from those usually sung by the swan when he was mortally wounded,

and some said they had and * * * described something similar to those we had heard, and of which I have endeavored to give an idea."

Hardly a page of this interesting volume can be turned without learning something new, for Mr. Elliot's experience extends over many years and over many lands, and wherever he has shot he has done so with his eyes wide open.

Like most thoughtful sportsmen of large experience, Mr. Elliot is heartily opposed to the pernicious practice of spring shooting, realizing that this has contributed perhaps more than any other one thing to the reduction in the numbers of our wildfowl. He closes the effective introduction to his work in these words: "North America at one time probably contained more wildfowl than any other country of the globe, and even in the recollection of some living the birds came down from the Northland during the autumn in numbers that were incredible, promising a continuance of the race forever. I have myself seen great masses of ducks and also of geese rise at one time from the water in so dense a cloud as to obscure the sky, and every suitable water covered spot held some member of the family throughout our limits. But those great armies of wildfowl will be seen no more in our land; only the survivors of their broken ranks. Let these then have the protection which is their due, and our advantage and profit to accord; stop all spring shooting within our borders, a time when the birds not only are usually poor in flesh, but are mated and journeying northward in obedience to the command, 'be fruitful and multiply'; frown down all such barbarous customs as 'killing for count' and then with the impartial enforcement of the laws upon all the people, a remnant at least of our noble water fowl may be preserved to future generations."

Most of the illustrations are very effective, and we are permitted by Mr. Francis P. Harper, the publisher, to present some of them here. Some of these plates are from the pencil of Mr. Sheppard alone; others are the joint work of Mr. Sheppard and the author, while four are reduced copies of paintings made by Joseph Wolf. The frontispiece is a capital portrait of the author, which all who possess his books will be glad to have. Of Ross' goose, perhaps the rarest of the winter visitors to our land, which is chosen for one of our illustrations, it may be said that it appears regularly during the autumnal migration in certain parts of Montana, and last autumn we knew of one man who secured sixteen in an evening. Early in November we saw a flock of perhaps seventy-five.

It is not easy to speak in moderate terms of the value of these three volumes of Mr. Elliot's to that very large class which takes its recreation with the gun. The books will have a place in the libraries of most sportsmen, and will constitute for their author an enduring monument.

Some Florida Birds.

Little Blue Herons.

FOR years it has been an ambition to possess a pair of American egrets (large white cranes) for the lawn—certainly the handsomest bird in Florida; so when an old woman living on the outskirts of civilization reported that she knew of a nest of these birds, we quickly agreed to take them when old enough to leave the nest. The woman and her boy soon brought them to town; the birds numbered four and were snowy white. Two of them had yellow legs and beaks, the legs and beaks of the other two were a bluish black. Being so well feathered and so small, suspicion was aroused as to whether they were large white cranes or not, but the strong assurance from the old woman as to the size of the parent birds calmed the doubt for a while. The birds were put into a large wire coop, where they apparently were well satisfied, asking only that they be given plenty of beef and minnows. In a few days it was decided to give them the freedom of the yard at feeding time; they would hop around, gradually growing stronger in wings till they could fly onto the shoulder. Such liberty, however, reminded them of freedom, and they would object to returning to the cage. They were pugnacious little fellows, showing no fear of anything, but with ruffled feathers would run and "squak" at the pup or cat, who in turn would run to their owner for protection. The dog and cat, as eager for beef as they, would stand by their master's side or between his arms, the birds on his knee or shoulder, all eager for the coveted beef, and apparently feeling that bond of sympathy that emanated from their surroundings—each sensitive to this influence while under the protection of a strong nature, but so soon as they were in the open again quickly commenced the attack on the dog or cat, who of course were not permitted to retaliate. Soon these birds commenced to spread their wings and practice flying, looking like so many pigeons on the green lawn. So lightly did they move that their flying could best be compared to the white down of a thistle, as it floats through the air. It was now that our disappointment came, when the tips of some new feathers showed a dark color, and a hunter informed us we had only gotten the "little blue heron," a very common bird in Florida, which in its young state is snow white, changing to a bluish or brownish gray by the second year. On learning that the birds would never grow much larger, and for this reason would have to be kept confined, as otherwise they could get through the paling fence, they were disposed of to a friend. It is remarkable to note how quickly the wild birds of the forest—the cranes, herons, etc.—take to domestication. We had these little herons but a week, and in that time they grew as gentle as kittens, while the leghorn chickens, whose ancestors have crowded around man's home from the old Roman days to the present, are always on the alert, moving off from their feed at a close approach from any one.

A Young Eagle.

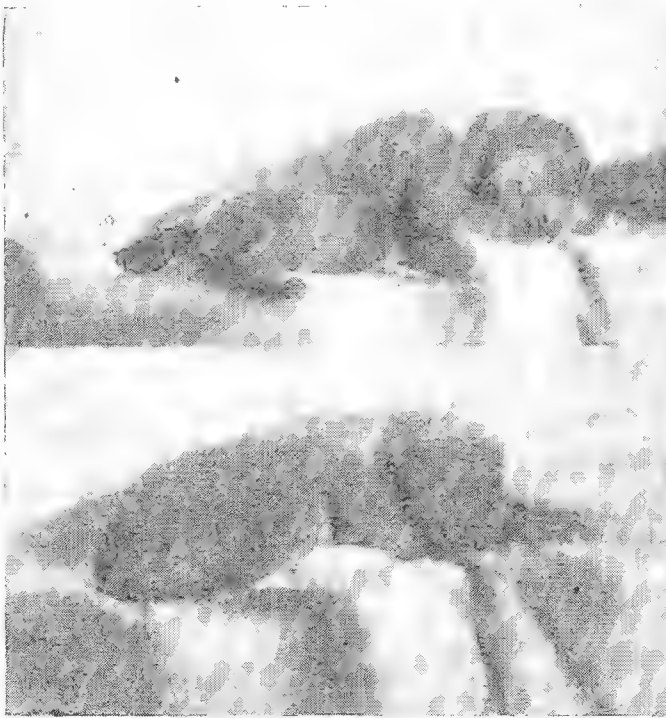
Last spring, when all the world was looking anxiously toward the American eagle and her cause, two young eaglets were hatched in a tall cypress tree on the edge of a prairie about sixty miles from Kissimmee. A native watched the site, and one day felled the tree; one

eaglet gave up its life, the other was found alive. The man brought it to town in an ox team, and on its arrival it was barely breathing. It was quickly given beef and water, and while the poor thing could not support its head from extreme weakness, it showed its appreciation by giving forth a gurgling sound. It soon learned to drink water from a spoon, then a cup, and within a couple of days could sit up. The bird slept a great deal, resting flat on the ground with wings slightly spread and his head lying to one side. This at first we supposed was from extreme weakness, but he continued this, using the perch between times, when he would apparently be in a deep study, but not asleep. What an immense bird he was, and what a sweep of wings he had! In color he was almost black, the luster



LITTLE BLUE HERONS.

on his feathers being exquisite. His beak was black, his feet and legs yellow, while his dark brown eyes were the perfection of beauty in their wondrous way of changing. During his short stay he was so gently cared for that he learned no antipathy for anything, although his eye would scan closely the kitten or the dog as they, innocent of the dormant strength that lay beyond those talons, stood by while the bird devoured his fish or beef. At first the eagle was so ravenous that he swallowed his food in great pieces, eating the sinew and fat of the beef, but later placing his powerful talons upon the fish or beef, he would raise his wings, draw his body up from the food, and proceed leisurely to tear it into shreds, feeding as daintily as a squirrel, but leaving all the sinew and fat. The man who captured the eagle said on the ground beneath the nest was the



BEARS BORN IN THE PHILADELPHIA ZOO.

Photographed from life.

refuse of fish and other prey, making an odor that was far from agreeable.

The strength and beauty of this king of birds grew on us daily, but as he could serve his country better as a mascot for the army we parted with him, but the memory of his departure is still fresh, recalling a picture full of pathos. It was night, and the eagle had been put into a box for shipment; the wagon stood waiting; as it moved off the caged bird peered out, and that last lingering look from his eye expressed rebuke, sorrow and longing; he gave forth a low gurgling note, as if pleading to be allowed to remain; he left a woman standing by the gate with tear-bedimmed eyes and a strangely pulsing heart, but he taught us that the more we study these creatures, less Godlike than ourselves, the more we feel an indulgent care and kindly sympathy for them.

KISSIMMEE, Fla.

A Scottish Stag.

MR. WALTER WINANS has sent to the FOREST AND STREAM from England a New Year's card which is an engraving of a spirited painting by him of a scene in the deer forests of Scotland; and we have reproduced it here.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Bears Born in Captivity.

In the Philadelphia Zoo.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Bears so seldom breed in captivity that it may interest you to reproduce the photograph which I send you, if it is clear enough for the purpose. The cub was one of a litter of four, bred from a pair of brown bears (*Ursus arctos*) from Russia, which have been in the garden for seven years; they were born early in the morning of Jan. 19, three being dead when first seen by the keeper, all of them having been much torn, apparently by the mother. Some little life being left in the fourth, it was removed and an attempt was made to bring it up on the bottle, but it died at the end of thirty-six hours. It was photographed, while living, by Mr. Carson. The cub was 7½ in. long and weighed 12¾ oz. The body was covered with fine, short, grayish hairs, and had on each shoulder (as seen in the picture) a triangular white patch, these being connected by a white bar between the upper anterior corners, forming a half-collar. Two of the other cubs were without the white markings, while the fourth was too much mutilated to draw any conclusion from. Its presence in the one specimen is interesting, as these marks are known to occur sometimes on older animals of this species. *Ursus collaris*, F. Cuvier, from Siberia, was founded upon such specimens, and they are referred to as occurring in Japan, by Temminck, in the "Fauna Japonica," in speaking of his *Ursus ferox*; both of these alleged species being forms of *Arctos*.

The number of cubs in the litter appears to be unusually large. We do not know very much with exactness upon this point, but it seems to be generally assumed that two is the normal number, and personally I have never seen signs of more than this number, accompanying the mother at one time, among our American species.

It would be interesting to get some information on this subject from your correspondents.

ARTHUR ERWIN BROWN.

PHILADELPHIA ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN, Jan. 27.

In the Brooklyn Zoo.

About ten days ago, Sallie, a black bear in the Prospect Park Zoological Gardens, in Brooklyn, N. Y., gave birth to a litter of cubs. Edward Walsh, one of the keepers, informed a FOREST AND STREAM representative who called to inquire about the new arrivals that it had not yet been definitely determined whether there were three or four cubs. The mother has a good disposition, and the cubs have been seen repeatedly by the keepers, who enter the inclosure to feed the bears, but there has been no opportunity as yet to determine the exact number of cubs. It is certain, however, that there are at least three.

The cubs are healthy and doing well. The mother seems to spend most of her time suckling them, and is very solicitous for their comfort. The cubs have a habit of whining like puppy dogs, especially when by any chance they are crowded away from their dinner. Their mother licks them and fondles them with her paws and is as proud of them and jealous of interference as any human mother.

At birth the cubs were steel gray, and about the size of kittens. No white markings were noticed on their bodies. The exact time of their arrival is not known. For two or three days the mother bear had not been seen, but this attracted no particular attention, as the bears often lie in their dens several days at a time in cold weather.

It was not till the young bears were heard whining that the real state of affairs was known.

The father of the cubs is a bear called Peter. Peter has for company, besides Sallie, two other female bears, Lilly and Mary Ann. The four bears get along well together, and no one of them has attempted to interfere with Sallie's family. Each of the four has a separate den half filled with straw, and at this time of year much of their time is spent inside. There is a possibility that Mary Ann may go to housekeeping before long.

Sallie's cubs are the first ever born at the Park. It was thought last year that the bears had mated, but there was no result. The season, according to Mr. Walsh, is the last of July and first of August. This would make the period of gestation about five months.

The conditions at Prospect Park are very similar to those to which bears are accustomed in a wild state, and differ chiefly in the fact that the animals receive food throughout the winter. Strictly speaking, the bears do not hibernate. A good deal of their time is passed in sleep, but it is not uncommon to see them out on the coldest days, and they will break ¾ in. of ice to get drinking water from their trough.

Snakes Swallow their Young.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Jan. 27.—Editor Forest and Stream: I take your valuable paper from my newsdealer, and seeing in FOREST AND STREAM an article entitled "Snakes Swallow their Young," I shall be pleased if the information herein contained will aid in strengthening the statements made by Col. Nicholas Pike, whose letter was enclosed to you by Señor X., of Pasadena, Cal., under cover of Dec. 17.

In 1886 I had the pleasure of witnessing such a performance, in a swamp about three miles from where I then resided. There were a male and female garter snake, and as I came upon them I made a slight noise, when, as Col. Pike states, the female placed her head flat to the ground, made a peculiar noise, and four of her offspring crawled down her esophagus. The male ran away without my noting his actions. I was very greatly surprised at the time, never having seen it before, and on killing the female, to make sure that my eyes had not deceived me, I was enabled and did secure from her gullet the four offspring.

On going in the direction in which the male had run, I came across him about 20 ft. away, with three more young ones, and killed him, in order to ascertain whether he also had swallowed his progeny. He had not, however, as subsequent dissection showed, and I have since been sorry that I did not spare his life and make a noise in order to see the result.

GEO. W. BEATTY, M. D.

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of fishing and hunting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in *FOREST AND STREAM*.

Red-Letter Days.—I.

In sporting life, as in your every experience, there is marked contrast between blank days and red-letter days. You earnestly desire the former to remain blank in your mind. You neither wish to think or speak of them. Your greatest enemy cannot paint them any blacker than they really are. Not so red-letter days. They may not be the days on which you have had your best shoot or your biggest bag, but they are clearly marked in memory dear, and remain with you so long as life lasts.

It is true, the ever present critic, whose task at times is easy, his labor light, may accuse you, when your rod has been put to the test, of telling fishy stories. He may assert, with confidence, that the 35lb. salmon you love to talk about—it's your pet story—really, when held up on the river bank in your patent scales, weighed but 25lbs. He threatens to turn on the gramophone in proof of this, giving with accuracy the story as you first told it.

When you wish to decide a natural history question and state positively that you have seen a moose eat grass, he is equally positive that it must have been an optical delusion—what you saw must have occurred in the late evening; or your distance from the moose must have been great—you cannot produce a piece of the grass at

denizen of the wilds far behind. The country became wild in the extreme—hill and dale, bits of heather on the high lands, with frequent ravines leading to morass or bog. I followed one of these ravines that led me to ideal snipe ground. Into this I boldly stepped, as if I owned the whole country. Here we are! with all that can be desired, on a perfect day for snipe shooting. Down wind I worked with steady pace, and here! yes, here! is snipe No. 1. Up he gets, at no great distance, with his weird sounding note of alarm, and round he comes, as I expected, to the wind. He is speedily cut down. No aiming above, aiming in front, or bringing round the gun, according to hints frequently given as to how to kill snipe. (Practice, not theory, is required.) Snipe No. 1 is simply cut down without aiming, with No. 12 bore, No. 8 shot, without the aid of choke-bore or smokeless powder, unknown in those days. With what satisfaction you gaze on the quarry, this unexpected treasure, as he lies on his back on the sedge grass, while you reload. But off again; my eye is surely in! No. 2 snipe is soon found, and accounted for in a similar manner, followed by such sport, as the day wore on, as I had not before, and have not since, experienced. Suffice it to say, that long before the time of departure of the evening train I had exhausted my ammunition, having had happily but few misses, and I had more than filled my bag with fine specimens of the English snipe.

I may add that day after day and week after week I kept the station mess supplied with snipe from a quarter unknown to my comrades, except to one favored friend, who shared my sport, my joys and sorrows, and who, like myself, in moments of reflection delights to hark back to these red-letter days with snipe in South Wales.



MR. CHAS. F. RIORDAN'S CARIBOU.

a moment's notice; you cannot have your kodak always at your side; you cannot at all times give proof positive of the accuracy of your statements.

I doubt whether the enemy, if there be such, or the critic, will object, now that we have arrived at the close season, and some days must necessarily be blank, if an old sportsman digs somewhat deep to unearth a few reminiscences of what remain clearly cut in his mind as red-letter days with rod and gun, at both sides of the Atlantic.

To begin with the gun, at t'other side of the pond.

It is, alas, many years ago since, as a young sub of a marching regiment, found myself stationed during the shooting season in a somewhat remote town in South Wales. I had come from a land of sport, where hand and eye were kept in constant practice, and I flattered myself that I had acquired the knack in that best of sport—snipe shooting.

Imagine my disgust on being told that no shooting was to be had for love in this abode of Taffy, and unless you had a well-filled purse and lots of money, you could not get a permit to shoot pheasants in the few preserved spots in the neighborhood. This I could neither afford nor appreciate, and besides, being a lover of the long-bill, I was bound to leave no stone unturned to find even that historic one little pet jacksnipe which, when you have shot, after many a try puts an end to the sport of the place.

Educated professionally in the making and reading of maps, I procured an excellent ordnance survey contour map of the county (Pembrokeshire), and this I eagerly scanned, finding that the distant part of the county abounded in swamp and morass.

How speedily was the well-tested gun produced, and soon an early morning train conveyed me to a small station in the midst of the bit of country I had selected from my map scrutiny as likely to hold my favorite snipe—common or full English snipe. Here I was dumped on an unattractive spot; no swell dog cart, with a high-stepping thoroughbred and a neat groom wearing a cockade met me; no country squire to ask me to lunch; no keeper of game, with hat in hand, to welcome me, and receive the inevitable tip on my departure. A country bumpkin or two seemed to have a mortgage on the railway station and its surroundings. This gentleman put the straight question: "Master, what be you a looking for?" An evasive answer from me: "Oh, a mere matter of seeking fresh air," settled his mind, and enabled him to return to his remunerative occupation—loafing.

Soon I decided how best, down wind, to work the country; no pointer, setter or spaniel is here required—only the knowledge of the country and how to work it. Soon I had left the railway station and the inquisitive

It may be necessary to state that the geographical position of our happy hunting grounds—the wilds of Macloclog—remains unchanged. Time, however, with its over-civilization, has done much to spoil sport in this region. But even now, having secured a permit from the squire, and duly tipped the keeper, a fair bag can be secured.

FREDERICTON, N. B.

MIC MAC.

Adirondack Guides' Association.

SARANAC LAKE, N. Y., Jan. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The sixth annual convention of Adirondack Guides and Foresters was held in this village on Wednesday evening, Jan. 25, 1899, at the opera house.

About 400 persons were present, including women and children, and guides from nearly every section of the Adirondack wilderness were in attendance. Among the associate members are over 100 sportsmen, patrons of the guides, representing many of the largest cities and towns of the United States. The speakers included the Rev. H. Ward Denys, of New York, the Rev. H. D. Corkran, Prof. J. E. Weld, while others of the associate members made brief addresses.

In the absence of the president, Attorney J. C. Little acted as chairman of the meeting. The association favored thirty days of hounding, and preferred the month of October as the best time for hounding to be allowed. The following resolution was passed:

Whereas, There is a vast number of violations of the fish and game laws throughout the Adirondacks each year, the knowledge of which almost invariably comes to some member of this association, but does not, apparently, reach the proper authorities; and

Whereas, It is not practical for the members of this association to report such depredations unless clothed with the proper authority, and in the pursuance of duty; and

Whereas, The Adirondack Guides' Association numbers among its members some of the best guides in the State, each of whom is bound by oath to obey the game laws of the State, and who are, by reason of their long experience and intimate knowledge of the forests, better qualified than any others to serve as game wardens; and

Whereas, The forests need to be patrolled frequently during much of the year, and especially during the fishing and hunting seasons, to prevent constant infringements of the fish and game laws; therefore

Resolved, That it is the sense of this association, and we do hereby petition the Legislature to enact a law appropriating a sum of money sufficient to engage a number of men, to be appointed from the membership of

the Adirondack Guides' Association, at a nominal salary, to act as game wardens, and patrol certain sections of the Adirondacks throughout the year for the purpose of preventing, as much as possible, depredations of the fish and game laws, and bringing offenders of the same to justice. (As a witness to any charge made by a game warden is necessary, two men should be appointed in each section.)

A motion was carried amending the by-laws so that the executive committee may be composed of guides of ten years' standing, instead of twenty years.

The annual address from the honorary president, Hon. Verplanck Colvin, Albany, was then received and was listened to with close attention, and warmly applauded. The address was as follows:

"STATE OF NEW YORK, Office of State Land Survey, Albany, N. Y., Jan. 23.—To the Members of the Adirondack Guides' Association, Saranac Lake, N. Y.: Gentlemen—I have received your polite invitation to the annual convention of the Adirondack Woodsmen, to be held on the 25th inst., and for a few days had hoped that it might be possible for me to be present. These meetings are, however, held at a period which is for me a very busy season of the year, when many official duties require attention, so that I must avail myself of the kind alternative offered by your secretary and send you in writing the remarks which it would give me great pleasure to be present to address to you personally.

"The year 1898 has stamped its figures like a symbol upon the pages of history as the beginning of a new epoch for our nation, and the deep vibrations of that momentous year are still felt, even in the remote hamlets of our Northern wilderness.

"Before the snows had disappeared from the Adirondack peaks, or the ice from the Upper Lakes, our country was suddenly and unexpectedly involved in a war which reached east and west to the antipodes, and the intrigues of Spanish strategists threatened to involve our country in a war with Germany, France, Italy and Australia; in which event, our long and exposed coast lines, extending both on the Atlantic and Pacific, from Arctic ice to the region of tropical and semi-tropical vegetation, would have been open to numerous attacks by powerful enemies, and the destruction of cities and villages, and the ruin of trade and commerce, with all those horrors which follow a great and terrible war.

"When your organization was formed, you asked me to act as your honorary president, to suggest to you from time to time such things as might be useful to the woodsmen of your section of the State, and advantageous for the interests of our forests. I accepted your invitation on one condition: that in time of war you woodsmen and riflemen of northern New York would form a regiment for the national defense. This you gladly agreed to do, and at different times, since the organization of your society, on your behalf and on behalf of many of those who are interested in military life, I have presented to the Adjutant General and to the State authorities your request for military enrollment of such a number of your men as may be found qualified to form a detached company or companies of the National Guard.

"I first urged the importance of this organization upon the late Adjutant General Porter, the guides at Saranac Lake having offered their services for the formation of a company of National Guard. Gen. Porter talked very frankly and freely with me of the National Guard, and spoke highly of the personnel of the men who would form such a company, but stated that the means at his disposal would not permit him to organize the same. I subsequently renewed this request at different times, but met with very little encouragement from the authorities.

"When the war with Spain broke out and the possibilities of an attack upon this country by great allied forces were considered, the importance and value of such organizations as your own became immediately apparent; and with the consent of many of your leaders, made in writing, I again tendered your services as a corps of Minute Men and Riflemen, together with a tender of services of those of this department who had signed an offer to the Adjutant General of this State, by letter dated April 20, 1898, and received from the Adjutant General the following reply:

"Adjutant General's Office, Albany, N. Y., April 21, 1898.—Hon. Verplanck Colvin, Albany, N. Y.: Sir—Your patriotic tender of services has been received and placed on file. Should occasion arise it will be presented to the Governor for his action. If favorable every facility will be given you for enlisting properly the men you name.

"I appreciate your offer of the services of the men from your department, and should the occasion arise, will advise you. Respectfully,

C. Whitney Tillinghast, Adjutant General.

"In order that you should be in readiness in case a call should be made for your services, I sent out to the various vice-presidents of your organization, and others who had tendered their services in writing, enrollment papers for signatures by men willing to join the proposed regiment; and with but few exceptions received a ready and favorable response, so that in a short time I was assured that one of the best and strongest bodies of men that could be secured, and unquestionably the best body of sharpshooters and riflemen which the United States could offer, were gathering to hold themselves in readiness to respond when called for by the Governor of our State or the President of the United States.

"I wish that time and space permitted the transmittal of the earnest patriotic letters, and the tender of services in this regiment made to me by the men of northern New York. Every county offered its quota, though the enlistments were to be limited to the most skilled marksmen, and men injured by hardships and fitted by long service in camp, in forest and field, to military service.

"I regret to say that, though the services of this organization were repeatedly offered to the State authorities, their acceptance was given again and again deferred, until on June 6 I received orders from the highest military authority in the State not to take any further active steps in the matter of this organization until further notice. Previously I had received from the Governor of this State an assurance that in case any single volunteer regiment should be accepted, your regiment should receive the first consideration.

"But the enlistments which were made, both previously and subsequently, were restricted to the existing militia regiments and to enlistments in the regular army; and at no time, I am informed, was any volunteer regiment permitted to be organized in this State such as you desire.

"In one month the crisis of the war was practically passed. The glorious victories of our navy at Manila and Santiago, followed by the splendid victory at San Juan Hill, and the surrender of the city and province of Santiago to our land forces, rendered a further increase of the military arm apparently unnecessary, for the war was undoubtedly at its close.

"Since then I wish to say to you I have received a letter which says: 'I wish that I had had your regiment down alongside of me at Santiago,' signed 'Theodore Roosevelt,' and I have since said to Governor Roosevelt that if you had been down there you would not only have stood by him shoulder to shoulder in that desperate fight, but your sure rifles would have done great service for your country, and your axes would have cleared roads and built causeways and bridges for the troops and provision trains, and your strong arms and tender care would have saved many valuable lives, and have brought added glory to the Empire State.

"The lessons of this war are not void of importance to you woodsmen, as well as to the dwellers in the cities and country, and I think you as citizens have a right to criticize the military system which, in times of national peril, makes it a privilege of a class to receive permission to defend the country, and that those who are filled with patriotic fervor, and who are qualified by experience in camp life, and wonderfully skilled as marksmen should receive the consideration due to them as an organization to which they are entitled, is a matter which deserves your serious attention. Further than this, as civilians, we have all of us a right to ask whether in time of war military employment is to belong solely to those who by accident or circumstances happen at that time to be in the militia service of the State; for it is not to be credited for a moment that other citizens are not equally patriotic, equally brave, and as devoted to the interests of their country as any militia officer or private.

"I do not forget, nor do I wish to depreciate in the slightest degree, the value of military training for military service; but I as a citizen of a republic, which is based upon its civil institutions as the foundation of its freedom and safety, insist that no military aristocracy shall be permitted, either now or in the future to obtain an absolute control over the organization of troops for national defense. When specially qualified civilians desire to offer their services to the State for military duty, the military code of this State should be so amended as to provide for the

employment of such men in the form of a new organization, so that neighbors who have stood shoulder to shoulder for years may be permitted to stand shoulder to shoulder again on the field of battle. They should not be scattered through various commands, with their special abilities for such service lost, or to a great degree effaced by being mingled with others unaccustomed to such service.

"I hope that these experiences may lead our State Government to grant to northern New York at least one separate company composed of guides and foresters from among your organization who desire to drill and acquaint themselves with military methods, and also provide for even smaller units of military organization under the control of non-commissioned officers in villages and hamlets, so that the elementary training necessary to the soldier may be kept up in your midst, and the cry not raised that such men, with such strength and with such skill with the rifle lack knowledge of tactics and discipline," and that, should occasion ever again arise, you may be enabled to form the regiments which you desire, and show what you can accomplish.

"Turning from these questions, which now belong to history, to your present and immediate interests in the protection of the forests and the preservation of the fish and game, I do not find any new suggestions to offer in addition to those made in former years. Fortunately under the recent State administration, the extent of our State forests has been increased, and numerous areas of land hitherto held as preserves and private property are now thrown open to the public. While this policy has been adopted at a very late date, as compared with the period at which I first made these recommendations in reports to the Legislature of our State, yet it is satisfactory to have these steps taken at all, and it is to be hoped that still larger area of private lands may be acquired by the State in the near future, within the forest preserve, without great expense.

"In the matter of game laws, important amendments have been proposed in the present Legislature which will excite your keenest interest. But as these measures have not yet been reported from the committee in charge, it may be premature to discuss them at this time.

"You will I know pardon me if I again urge upon your attention the importance of preserving to the greatest extent possible all the varieties of wild animal life existing in our forests, as these are among the chiefest attractions which bring people from great distances into this State. While skillful marksmanship requires of the rifleman constant practice, it is believed that this practice can be had upon inanimate objects, movable targets, or projectiles thrown from traps; and it is greatly to be hoped that the slaughter of harmless beasts and beautiful birds may to a large extent be prevented.

"The guides and foresters ought to be the true preservers of the game of the wilderness which they love; for upon the existence of this very game depends very largely the business of the country and the prosperity of those inhabitants—not by taking the lives of these harmless creatures when they are not needed for food or for their peltry—but by preserving them, so that the student of natural history, the traveler, and all those who are attracted by the charm of the woods and waters, the mountains and forests, may find them to be exactly as described, abounding in wild game and beautiful in their rich and abundant animal life, as they are great and glorious in their magnificent forest.

"Wishing you one and all prosperity and happiness, and regretting that my duties here will not permit me to be present, I remain, very truly yours,
"VERFLANCK COLVIN."

The Rev. H. Ward Denys, of New York, was then introduced. Mr. Denys told of some very interesting experiences of his with friends in Switzerland, and how on two occasions he was lost on the Alps, and would undoubtedly have perished had it not been for the guides which were in the party, and from which he had strayed. He explained how important the occupation of a guide is, and how essential that they should know the country well, and should always bear such a character that tourists and sportsmen might feel perfect safety in placing themselves under their protection. He said he was glad to learn that among the objects of the association were the protection and preservation of the beautiful forests, the fish and the game, as upon these depends unquestionably not only the livelihood of the residents of the Adirondacks, but also the lives of thousands of persons from all over the world, annually. He was particularly pleased that they also advocated the promotion of temperance among members of the association. Mr. Denys spoke twenty minutes, and was several times heartily applauded.

Following Mr. Denys was Prof. J. E. Weld, who spoke in a facetious manner, telling funny experiences of his own when in the woods, producing much merriment. He mentioned the fact that in traveling through the forest in company with his guide and rifle he had been enabled to fully regain his health, furnished him much sport, and hadn't hurt much of anything. His happy, cordial manner pleased the large party of woodsmen, and they cheered him frequently.

The Rev. H. D. Corkran, of Delaware, was next introduced, and talked in a particularly interesting style. He compared this mountainous country with the Delaware territory, and felt that the guides were indeed blessed in being permitted in this glorious country, amid such healthful surroundings and grand scenery. He said his fishing experiences had taken place principally upon the ocean, and contrasted the sport there with that of the Adirondacks. The crowd evidently enjoyed his remarks exceedingly and applauded him warmly.

The secretary's report, calling attention to some vital matters, was then read, and was as follows:

"Mr. President, Gentlemen of the Association: In making my annual report, I regret to state that during the past year there has been a decided falling off in the list of active members, owing principally to the fact that a separate guides' association has been formed in the Fulton Chain district on the John Brown's tract, in Herkimer county. The men there felt that they were too far from the head office, and did not receive the benefits shared by other members in other parts of the Adirondacks. I am fully convinced that this is an error in judgment, and sincerely believe that the greatest good to the greatest number can be obtained only by all the guides of the Adirondacks working in unison. By so doing, we men of the North Woods also become better acquainted with one another, and much unfriendly opposition and strife are thus likely to be avoided. I therefore strongly recommend that every really good guide of the Adirondacks be urged to come into the association and to join with us in our endeavor to preserve the woods and water, the game and fish of the Adirondacks, and to protect the tourist and sportsman against the imposition of unworthy and incompetent men, who falsely call themselves guides.

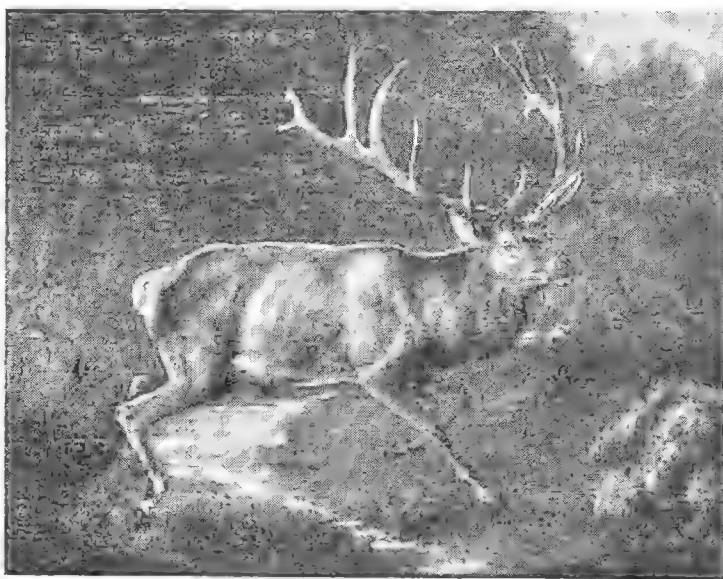
"There was a balance of \$259.06 in the treasury at the last annual meeting, and we have received from fees and dues during the past year \$251. The total expense of the year has been \$282.01, the most of which has been for advertising and printing. I believe that each dollar spent in judicious advertising is of far greater benefit to the members of the association than \$2 lying idle in the treasury, and I would favor placing advertisements which shall contain the names and addresses of all the active members in several first-class sporting publications the coming year.

"Through our advertising I have received many letters

from important parties asking for association guides, and in every instance the guides employed have given satisfaction.

"Each guide and associate member should bear in mind that he is in honor bound to assist members of the association to employment in preference to persons who are not members. This is a matter about which there has been some criticism, and, according to our by-laws, any member who violates this rule lays himself liable to expulsion.

"In conclusion, I wish to urge upon the association, for the good of the organization in general and each member in particular, the absolute necessity for doing away with all petty local jealousies and contentions, and the need of a united and combined effort on the part of our members in carrying out the objects for which this association was formed. By accepting cheerfully at all times the decisions of the majority, and by united and harmonious action on the part of every officer and member.



A SCOTTISH STAG.

the workings of this organization may be made to be felt in the Legislature at Albany, and throughout the country, and prove of special value to the Adirondacks region, and particularly to the members of the Adirondack Guides' Association. Respectfully submitted,

"FRED M. SHELTON, Secretary."

After the banquet, which took place in the parlors below, the guides and foresters again assembled in the main hall, and the election of officers for the ensuing year was held. Jonathan J. Broome, of New York City, was elected honorary president; E. E. Sumner, president; Fred M. Sheldon, secretary; Oatman A. Covill, treasurer, and Frank Vosburgh, James Stanton, S. B. Kathan, Douglas Martin, Warren Cole, John Hinkson, Wesley Wood, Lucius Trim, Webster Partlow and E. J. Chase, vice-presidents. The next annual meeting will be held on the evening of the third Wednesday in January, 1900.

SEAEVER A. MILLER.

Protection of Deer in the Adirondacks

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the discussions of the ways and means of protecting the Adirondack deer, which I have read in your columns, no mention has been made of what appears to me to be the chief reason why the game is not more abundant. A great deal has been written in condemnation of night hunting and hounding, and columns in praise of still-hunting have been set before your readers. Everybody seems to be oblivious of the fact that the slaughter which is productive of the greatest evil is that which is carried on by Tom, Dick and Harry, every year during June and July. During those months the deer are not more wild than the domestic sheep in pasture, and they fall an easy prey to the small boy with a rifle, as well as to the gray-headed villain who ought to know better. At that season the deer may be killed by any one, whether he be skilled or unskilled in the hunter's art, by daylight or by jack-light. And the small boy, and the French Canadian, and some Adirondack guides, turn out day after day and night after night to destroy every deer that they can hit with a rifle ball or a charge of buckshot.

Deer ought to be abundant in the Adirondacks, but they will never be abundant so long as this early slaughter goes on unchecked, no matter what laws may be passed to control the operations of the sportsman, who comes late in the year.

The existing laws are openly defied. Either the game wardens are too few in number, or they are neglectful of their duty. Their approach is announced hours before they arrive, and everyone is ready to receive them when they come. Much idle talk threatening the lives of the wardens has been indulged in from time to time. But there is no doubt in my mind that determined and courageous men could enforce the law easily. A few arrests and convictions, and a tolerably close watch upon the country, would soon put an end to nearly all illegal hunting. But I am not very confident that the object may even be attained by means of game wardens appointed from the inhabitants of the woods.

The people think they would be willing to enforce a just game law. During an experience of twelve consecutive years, I have not known a season in the Adirondacks in which the law was respected or enforced. The temptation to kill deer, in or out of season, is too strong for those people; and even though they know that destruction of the game supply means a harder winter for themselves and their families, many men, whose chief revenue comes from guiding, will kill deer recklessly, and encourage others to do the same. Since the present law was passed, the inhabitants of the Adirondacks appear to have lost their power of reasoning when protection of deer is under consideration. In evidence of which stands the fact that everybody seems possessed to wantonly destroy every deer in the woods. Men who had not hunted for years have made war upon the game because they were angered by the game law. Such a state of mind is not rational, of course; but that it exists any

one may discover in a few minutes' conversation with any of the inhabitants of the woods.

I, for one, do not believe that the solution of the problem lies in still further restricting the sportsman. Early hunting and night hunting should be stopped with an iron hand. Hunting from Sept. 1 until Nov. 1, with or without dogs, ought to be permitted. It is foolish to suppose that one can still-hunt on the track during September and early October, in the Adirondack forests. For my part, I do not see anything disgraceful in hounding the deer. I enjoy the working of the dogs. I like to hear the race over hill and through valley. It seems to me sportsmanlike to pit the instinct of the hound against that of the deer; and the result is always interesting. You, who have hunted the deer much with hounds, know that the advantage is largely in favor of the deer. The great majority of them escape. And when the deer does come in sight of the watcher on the lake shore, it is not always easy, or even possible, to kill the game. Those who have not tried the trick do not know how difficult it may be. If you are hunting on a shallow river, the game must be killed, as a rule, while it is on the run. No one will deny that it is sportsmanlike to kill a running deer with a rifle ball. To many of my friends the hounds are the principal feature of the chase. Naturally, every hunter is pleased with a shot that brings down a noble buck. But what is the chief topic of conversation at the camp, morning, noon and night? It is the story of the dogs, always the exploits of the dogs. And do you not think it a pity to remove forever from the hunter's camp the old hound dog, whose sagacity has served to charm away many a happy hour in the forest? I do.

J. H. WOODWARD.

NEW YORK CITY

Maryland Association.

BALTIMORE, Md., Jan. 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I herewith send you a clipping from the Baltimore Sun of this date, giving an account of the annual meeting of the Game Association held last night. You will note from the report that our Association is prosperous and active. The game warden reports that about 300 arrests were made by his deputies through the State during the past year, and that he has secured convictions in about 97 per cent. of the cases.

GEO. DOBBIN PENNIMAN,
President of the Maryland State Game and Fish Protective Association.

The annual meeting and election of officers of the Maryland Game and Fish Protective Association was held last night at the Carrollton Hotel, President George Dobbin Penniman presiding. Considering the inclemency of the weather, the meeting was well attended. The officers made their annual reports; resolutions were passed thanking Governor Lloyd Lowndes for his co-operation in the work of the Association, commending Senator Hoar for his bill to forbid the importation of the feathers of song birds, and a number of interesting matters were discussed by the members.

President Penniman's Address.

Mr. George Dobbin Penniman, the president of the Association, in calling the meeting to order said the meeting marked the close of the fourth year of the Association, which is prosperous and holds its own in membership. He referred to the labors of the first three months of the year, when its officers were endeavoring to obtain the passage of the general fish and game bill. The fish bill passed the Senate, but failed by one day in passing the House. It was killed with many other bills by the quarrel over police reorganization and other political measures. The effect of the free discussion of the bill in the Legislature was of great value, said President Penniman, as many of the suggestions contained in it were passed as local measures.

Referring to the game bill, he said: "It has made it unlawful to sell game in Baltimore during the closed season, even if the game was killed outside of the State. The Maryland birds are not now, therefore, illegally killed by market gunners and smuggled into the city to be sold as foreign-killed birds. The act has made it unlawful to use big guns anywhere in Maryland waters, to shoot ducks at night, to wilfully disturb ducks on their feeding grounds, to hunt rabbits with ferrets, to destroy pheasants and other game birds with poison, and it also protects insectivorous birds. It properly divides the State into districts, giving to the counties in each district similar closed seasons, and I have no doubt that at the next session of the Legislature many of the counties now out will accept the seasons given by the bill and will put themselves fully under its provisions."

Mr. Penniman referred to the loss the Association had suffered in the death of Dr. George W. Massamore, the late assistant game warden, who was so zealous in game protection and fish propagation.

After stating that the Association owes much to State's Attorney Duffy, who has prosecuted all game cases vigorously, Mr. Penniman said he had every reason to feel sure that the constitutionality of the law will be sustained. He commended Game Warden Gilbert and the work of the fish commissioners, and said: "Mr. George, who has charge of the Druid Hill Park hatchery, has trebled the number of young trout annually distributed through the trout streams of the State. This Association has procured many thousands of trout from him, and has placed them in the streams near Baltimore. Several million of young perch have been placed in Back, Middle and Gunpowder rivers. Mr. George has begun the artificial propagation of black bass at the park, and if the experiment is successful the rivers of the State will soon furnish good bass fishing."

Warden Gilbert's Report.

State Game Warden R. H. Gilbert reviewed the work of himself and his deputies during the year. He stated that there were now 220 deputy game wardens in the State actively engaged in enforcing the game laws, and that their enforcement had been much more rigid and the results more gratifying than ever before. He reported also that upward of 300 arrests for violations of the game laws had been made in the last year, and that 97

per cent. of them had resulted in convictions. The election of officers resulted as follows:

President, George Dobbin Penniman; Vice-President, J. Olney Norris; Secretary-Treasurer, F. C. Kirkwood; Executive Committee, F. C. Latrobe, James Scott, L. M. Levering, William H. Fisher, Thomas C. Clark, M. H. Ould, William H. Armstrong, of Hagerstown, Md.; A. E. Thomsen, R. F. Kimball, Wm. H. DeCourcy Wright, Dr. Samuel C. Pennington, J. L. Strouss, DeCourcy W. Thoin, Henry Brauns, Dr. Charles C. Harris. All the foregoing were re-elected except Vice-President Norris and Messrs. Clark, Armstrong, Thomsen, Wright and Pennington, of the executive committee.

A resolution, introduced by Mr. DeCourcy Thom, was passed thanking Governor Lowndes "for his great assistance to the Association in appointing numerous deputy game wardens throughout the State at the instance of the game warden and in further recognition of the excellent work done by the fish commissioners under his supervision, which has trebled the number of young fish annually hatched at the State hatcheries for Maryland waters." The resolution also states that Governor Lowndes' support given to the State game warden and the fish commissioners had made the strict enforcement of the game laws possible.

Women, Weeds and Insects.

The resolution introduced by Mr. William H. Armstrong, of Hagerstown, and passed, was as follows:

"Resolved, That the introduction in the Congress of the United States of a bill for the protection of song and insectivorous birds by Senator Hoar makes him the compeer of Sir John Lubbock, the eminent English statesman and humanitarian."

"That a crisis now exists with the bird creation because some of the most faithful species have been nearly exterminated."

"That women, weed seeds and noxious insects seem to have confederated to ruin agriculture, to destroy the economy of nature and aggravate the curse that the farmer 'shall earn his bread by the sweat of his brow.'"

"That the action of Senator Hoar is commended by this Association and is entitled to the moral support of every economist and humane person of the land."

At the request of President Penniman, Mr. J. Olney Norris described the raising of Mongolian pheasants at the Carroll's Island Ducking Club's shore. He said that four hens and one cock were placed in an inclosure, the fence being 16ft. high. The club had fourteen of these inclosures built last season. Sixty-seven per cent. of the eggs had been hatched. When the young pheasants were about half-grown they would fly over the fence and would help to stock the surrounding country with pheasants, the shooting of which was fine sport.

President Penniman stated that he had a plan for distributing these pheasants all over the State. He intended asking large farmers in various parts of Maryland to raise a few of these fine game birds, and then let the birds look out for themselves, and he thought they would soon become well distributed and numerous enough to afford fine sport.

Before adjourning the meeting President Penniman made a personal request to every member that whenever he heard of any restaurant or hotel or dealer selling game out of season that he should at once notify the game warden, who would get a search warrant, and if game was found would have the man arrested.

The Lacey Bill.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Jan. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I agree with the statement of Mr. L. A. Childress in your last issue, that the bill now before Congress to enlarge the scope of the Fish Commission to include game bird propagation and distribution deserves a fuller and more careful consideration than the members of either House appear to be disposed to give it. It deserves also more impartial and expert criticism than Mr. Childress has given it.

The introduction of this bill was one of the important events in the history of game protection in this country. The proposal that the national Government shall take a hand in the work of game protection, in which the States have so conspicuously failed, is such an important and promising one that we should not condemn the bill for minor defects, or because it does not suit our own notions of what it ought to be. It certainly has its defects, and its wording is not, to my mind, judicious. Many people may question whether, even if the work is to be taken up, it would be best to put it in charge of the Fish Commission, although this objection does not seem to me of any weight, for there would doubtless be more opposition to the establishment of a new commission, and the work may at any time be transferred to other control if it should seem desirable. Even if no very great good can be accomplished under Mr. Lacey's bill, a proposition to which I do not assent, there is still reason to hope that it will be the entering wedge which will open the way for something better in the future. No time is to be lost in making a beginning; this is a critical period for many of our species, including a number that are valuable as game birds, and the next four years will undoubtedly determine whether they can be preserved or whether they will go the way of the wild pigeon. It is already determined for some of them, I fear. Any measure passed at the present time must be a compromise with the indifference, selfishness and ignorance, born not of blindness, but of unwillingness to see, which characterizes the attitude of the public in general toward these matters, and unfortunately too large a part also of those to whose mercies the inhabitants of the several States are obliged to trust the making and enforcement of the game laws.

The very difficulties which Mr. Childress mentions, which surround any efforts that we can make to increase the game supply, other than by refraining from destroying it, make it important that some systematic work should be done, while the birds are sufficiently plenty so that nature can take care of the details of propagation and distribution. The work of the commission should be directed toward affording nature the best possible opportunities and conditions for doing this. I do not believe that it ever occurred to any one except Mr. Childress that the proposed commission would be expected to apply the

methods of fishculture to propagate and distribute birds. It is certainly much more difficult to introduce new species of birds, or to restore them to a locality that they have once deserted, than it is to do the same with fish, but this is all the more reason that it should be done under the direction of some scientific body, and after proper experimenting, to determine the species and localities which are suitable, and not left to the sporadic attempts of individuals, or of our forty-odd State legislatures, whose expenditures, however, if added together, might represent an expense that would accomplish some work of lasting value if rightly directed.

In providing and protecting suitable breeding places for the birds, a kind of place that is each year becoming harder to find in this country, the commissioners would be as truly helping to propagate them as if they hatched them in an incubator. There is no harm in the bill, because it empowers the commissioners to transport and distribute the birds, although these are matters which the birds are likely to take into their own hands, if we may judge by past experience.

Mr. Childress says: "The people of Texas, moreover, would not care to be taxed for the maintenance of game wardens in New England." When will people begin to realize that the protection of game is not a local matter? In the case of our shore birds and water fowl, in fact in the case of all our migratory birds, and but few of them are not migratory, do not the very same individual birds make up the game supply of every State from Maine to Florida, and from the Northern States of the interior to the Gulf of Mexico? Is it a matter of indifference to the sportsmen of one State that the game is killed off after it has left their territory or before it has a chance to reach them? Can it be argued that the falling off of 75 per cent. or thereabout in the number of migratory game birds in Connecticut, which has taken place during the last few years, is due entirely to Connecticut gunners? Are not the pot-hunters and shooting clubs of the Chesapeake and the Carolina sounds also to blame? And is it a matter of indifference to those interested in the shooting in these favored localities that along a large part of the New England coast shooting is almost a thing of the past, and that many places in the Northern States and in Canada, where the birds formerly bred, are no longer available for them?

Not at all. There is just so much less territory for them to draw birds from, their potential supply of game is just so much lessened, and the number of years that their good shooting is going to last is correspondingly reduced, although, owing to the abundance of game in these places, they do not perceive their loss to the extent that we do in the less favorable places further north.

Mr. Childress tells us positively that no commission is needed, for "a section may be completely stripped of its game birds, yet birds from outlying districts can come in and restock the exhausted section." The same old fallacy. "Sections" do not have game birds of their own except in the case of ruffed grouse and a few other species. Our migratory birds belong to no particular State, no matter what laws human beings may make about them. The birds will and can obey no laws but those of nature. Efforts at game protection must regard these laws and not ignore them. This is why I hope that scientifically directed work will accomplish what the State laws have not done, for the latter have almost invariably been made only with regard to selfish and local interests, and without considering the future.

But the Fish and Game Commission is not intended to supplant the State laws, but to supplement them. One of the ways in which it could be useful would be in discovering and reporting the best means of protection, and what birds are most in need of it, for it is well understood that there are some of our birds that are disappearing much more rapidly than others, and even if these are common or even abundant species the present rate of decrease must soon result in extermination. These are hard subjects to obtain reliable information on, owing to the wide geographical range of our birds, the personal equation entering into all reports upon the abundance or scarcity of game, and the difficulty of getting information up to date, for so fast are our birds going that reports upon the abundance of species four or five years ago may now be entirely misleading. Definite and trustworthy information of this kind would do much to arouse public opinion to favor effective protection before it is too late. Of course, the commission could not compel the passage and enforcement of the necessary laws, but by fixing the responsibility for not doing so on those directly to blame for it, it would make their passage more probable. Because the decrease of game in a certain State is due to excessive shooting in other States is, of course, no real excuse for that State not affording proper protection within its own boundaries, but it is an explanation why it is not done.

It is my own opinion that it would be much better if the protection of all birds except those of comparatively stationary habits, such as the members of the grouse family, could be placed in charge of the United States Government and removed from that of the State Governments who have always shirked the responsibility. What have they done to preserve birds of this class? We can state without fear of exaggeration that at the present rate there will not be one-quarter as many such birds, taking the country as a whole, ten years hence, as there are today, scarce as they have already become. No game laws are successful if they do not keep up the supply of game. At present they are doing nothing more than to somewhat delay the time when most of our species of ducks, geese and shore birds will be entirely gone or nothing more than ornithological curiosities. I think that I have sufficiently stated my reasons, both in this letter and in former communications to this paper, for believing that the Federal Government could do better. I cannot see why the application of the same logic which says that the game that happens to be on a man's land belongs not to him, but to the State, should not apply between the States and the national Government. The State Governments exercise certain rights in regulating railroad fares and charges, yet the national Government has the regulation of interstate commerce. Of course, what is good logic may be very poor law, yet it seems to me that there is something radically wrong if a State that passes and enforces strict game laws can get no redress from another where the game, to which one has no more right than the other,

is killed off without restriction or consideration of the rights of others. There is something wrong if the national Government does not have the power to regulate this.

But to return from these speculations to the practical matter of expense. Of course the Fish and Game Commission has got to spend some money if it is going to do anything. But a thousand dollars spent now will be of more use than many times the amount after the game has practically gone. If we had begun long ago, the money would have been spent to much more advantage than it can now, much land and water suitable for reservations would have cost nothing, but now the Government must pay a good price for it. It will not grow any cheaper for waiting. The sportsmen of this nation want some money spent on game protection, and future generations will have a long score against us if out of stinginess or influence we allow most of our birds to become extinct. Many of them are nearer it than most people suppose. Some of these days we will begin to notice that the long-billed curlew, for instance, has become very rare in certain places where it used to be common. People will say that it is a bad year for birds, or that they have changed their abode and moved to some other part of the country. Then it will be discovered that they have also become rare in all the other places where they used to be found, and that they are practically extinct, and bound to soon become entirely so. Then people will wonder why nothing was done to preserve them.

We want some money spent on game protection. All we ask is that it be spent to the best advantage. Whether spent by the State or by the national Government, it all comes out of the pockets of the people. As I have explained, in protecting the game of one part of the country, a large portion of the rest of it must share in the work and in the benefits resulting from it, if any follow.

It seems to me that a reasonable sum could be placed at the disposal of such a commission as Mr. Lacey's bill provides, with confidence that it would produce good results. At all events I think Mr. Lacey deserves the thanks of every sportsman in the country for his efforts to solve a most difficult problem.

W. G. VAN NAME.

In Missouri.

Having handled yellow pine in a retail way for some years past, naturally I had a yearning to see what a 12in. board looked like when it wasn't a 12in. board; so I climbed into the sleeper of a Memphis-bound train and started for the Current River pineries of southern Missouri. As I drew the curtains of my berth together I thought I heard the porter say, "The next stop is Fort Scott."

Surely this does not look like Fort Scott; big brown hills, covered with scraggy oaks, dotted here and there by a green-topped pine shining in the rays of the morning sun. The trees shower earthward a myriad of sparkling, scintillating atoms of frost, that cover the crisp, fallen, reddish-brown leaves as with a carpet of woven gems, changing yellow clay, black burnt trees, stumps, and forbidden-looking cliffs into a panorama of beauty, a joy and a pleasure to the onlooker from the prairie town of Kansas.

The winding rail fence marking the boundary line between the field and road, covered by a network of brown morning glory vines, screens the deep furrowed track that is seen winding its way up the rough hillside, and is lost to view as it leads to the post-office in the village beyond—where they exchange posts for calico and railroad ties for groceries. Each little town is almost a world of its own, a capital of the parish in which it lies.

Passing great piles of dirty oak posts and freshly hewn ties, you see a hamlet wrapped in impenetrable quiet, a Goldsmith's "Deserted Village."

Huge piles of mouldy sawdust, marks of a once prosperous mill, or the broom-corn-like sheds of a long ago planter, stand silent in the sun. Your first idea that it is a beautifully rough country does not leave you, and as one hill steps from behind another, valleys lengthen, lap, until with each other, the first lonesome pine you saw has become a group, and then a forest. You see them now in groups of a half dozen or a hillside full, nodding a friendly greeting to the onrushing train and seemingly smiling with self-commendation as they congratulate each other on being allowed to rear their heads in such lofty eminence, a growing monument to what others might have been.

Reaching the Current River, as we viewed it a few days later, clear, limpid, deceptive, seeming in places but a few inches when it is that many feet in depth, it flows not ripplingly, but aggressively on, an artery to which all streams in that part of Missouri pay tribute. Near the club house, you find a wonderful spring, and as you approach it from below the dip of your oars startles a huge black bass; a flash, a gleam, and he is hidden in some deep pool, or scudding into the shadow of some covered ledge, he lies among the moss that partly clothes the bed of the river with an Axminster of green, so tempting that one almost ventures a wetting to walk thereon. Rowing becomes more difficult, and looking up for the cause, you see a stream rushing in from the left with the speed of a mill race. Deep, blue, intensely cold, it comes surging down. In summer it is almost hid by the mist. Dipping your hand into the current on the left, you withdraw it almost numbed with cold, while the water on the right of the boat, the river, is warm and pleasant. You leave your boat because you want to go on, not back, where the fierce current forces you.

After walking a quarter of a mile along a river fully 60ft. wide, 4 to 15ft. deep, flowing at four miles an hour, clear and pure, you see bursting from the foot of the mountain a seething, boiling body of water fully 30ft. across. A stone thrown in with the full force of the arm is tossed out, hardly penetrating the water. You stand in speechless wonderment. The roar is so great that long since you have been unable to hear your nearest companion.

A few miles below is a model sawmill town of 1,500 people, the home of the lumber company. Nestling in this little vale are comfortable one and two story houses, a large, well-appointed hotel, which would be a credit to three-fourths of the towns in Kansas. It, as well as every other building in the town, excepting the depot, is

owned by this company and is leased and occupied by their employees. Good sidewalks, clean streets, a fire department and system of water works are here. No intoxicating liquors or cigarettes are sold. All are happy, for all are employed. The Mayor, Council and upper house are all embodied in one person, J. B. White, general manager. It is certainly an ideal municipality. Mr. White, by decision, firmness and kindness, has raised the standard of a mill town's morality until, as Caesar's wife should have been, it is above suspicion. Should a difference of importance arise between employees, Mr. White handles the matter in a manner which results in exact justice to the disputants. From this decision there is no appeal—this edict once set forth is established law. He is unquestionably an intellectual giant with the delicate sensibilities of a woman.

As to the mills, the amount they cut, etc., that is a matter of common statistics. Their workings, being so perfect, the best description is the shortest. A tree starts in one side and comes out on the other almost a house with a family living in it. I had hardly gone to bed, it seemed, when I heard a great, deep whistle, that fairly made the house shake. A few minutes after, looking out the window of my room, I thought myself enchanted. A regular will-o'-the-wisp panorama met my gaze. I rubbed my eyes to see if I was awake. Yet, there they were, bobbing here, there, singly, twos, threes, or more, seemingly a thousand lightning bugs at an early morning revival—in fact, about six hundred lanterns lighting the mill men to their work. Soon the hum-m-m of the saws wooed me to sleep again, and as I somewhat bashfully stepped into the deserted dining room at about half past seven, by way of a pleasantry I inquired of the waiter girl how late I could get breakfast, and was naively answered by the aforementioned lady that I could get it as early as 5. My meal was eaten in silence. Buying all the lumber—not that they had, but that we could pay for—I started hunting for Joe Bernardin's tame turkeys. The cut of the saws called us further into the woods, where we watched the pines come crashing down, then saw them cut into logs, ready for loading. Some time since, wanting a few 6x8x28, the reply was, "we book the order and have ordered the logs cut for these special lengths." Soon after these timbers were sills in a Kansas house, that just ten days before were standing homes for squirrels.

Quails were plentiful, and we had several days' splendid sport; the old fields between the mountains are filled with them, and as they scatter and alight with a whirl on the hillsides, the dogs mark them down. Soon the old gray fellow has them located, becomes staunch, the others back him, a person's liking grows into absolute love as they all four center on the covey, heads up, tails extended, one foot raised, eyes glowing like coals. The nose, slightly twitching, pointing at the covered birds, is the only evidence of life. In a moment, with a rush of wings, they are off; as our guns crack, each dog, if we are lucky, comes laughing back with a quail in his mouth, and oftentimes finding a hidden one, with the dead bird still in his mouth he makes another stand that causes your blood to surge with the supreme enjoyment of the moment. The other dogs, seeing him pointing, back him up, and there you have them a few feet apart, all standing as a sort of a compliment to the first dog's intelligence. The old native we took dinner with that day had the usual quota of lean, lank, hungry hounds of the red, yellow, brown and pepper-and-salt varieties. Our setters got into a bunch, faced out, and with angry whines plainly showed their disapproval of native familiarity. It was funny to see the yelping pack go circling around the setters in almost battle array, snapping and snarling until the owner dispersed them with the kindly aid of some stovewood.

This house was really aristocratic. It had a floor that was mill-sawed, windows, doors with latches, the usual 4ft. fireplace, with a cannon axle across the top, supporting the rock of which the chimney was made. The dinner was corn pone, wild honey and overland trout (bacon), with boiled turnips for dessert.

After the dinner the spinning wheel was put in motion. The old lady would take a string of wool, fasten it to the spindle, give the wheel a whirl, hustle back a few steps as she drew the yarn out, then shuffle forward, spit snuff into the fireplace as the yarn wound itself into a ball, all the while droning a mournful sort of a chant, keeping time as an accompaniment to the rasp-like voice of her assistant. Both work about three days for a dollar's worth of yarn. Every house has the largest deer hide, and they recount with a glow of satisfaction how they killed "that air" buck. The regular Missouri chair, hickory back and rounds, and untanned deer hide bottom, was there. The seeds for spring planting were suspended from the ceiling in dirty, fly-specked sacks, and are the only household ornaments, excepting the photograph of the family group.

Our driver had taken Joe Bernardin, Charlie Carter, Jim Lane and W. Eddy Barnes out quail hunting a few days before. They hunted two days. "Did they kill any quail?" we asked. "They said they killed five, but I did not see any," was the answer. "Sometimes the flocks were so large that they obscured the sun for a moment when they flew up," he continued. The next day they were hunting turkeys. Bernardin and Carter were walking along an old tram, when Carter pointed to a large flock of wild turkeys in the edge of the woods and told Bernardin to shoot. "Oh, no," says Joe, "you don't get me to shoot some farmer's turkeys." In a moment they had flown.

Sturdy, thorough sportsman, George Despain, head filer, added greatly to our enjoyment with his hard hunting and keen shooting; and the thoughtful kindness of Chief Clerk Clarence E. Slagle rendered pleasant every moment of our stay.

The scenery is beautiful; clear creeks, deep-running river, big, stately pines crowning the summit of grand old hills. The sides of most of the hills are covered with a curious formation of rock that in the distance looks exactly like a flock of sheep lying down. Snuggled amid the hills are the usual log huts, some with the holes daubed full of mud, others without, and chimneys built on the outside of nothing but sticks and mud. Generally it is a long building, with the family huddled together in one end, the horses or mules in the other, while the open space between serves as a sort of a shelter for chickens, geese and razor-back hogs, whose incessant snuffling and

grunting would make a deaf man congratulate himself on his misfortune.

A person who sees this for the first time and loves nature forgets the people, and is almost lost in admiration of the grandeur, the magnificence, of the handiwork of the Ruler of the Universe. The towering hills, the beautiful green-topped pines that gently wave to and fro and seemingly bow their heads in reverence to Him who rules all things, make one realize among these hills how infinitely insignificant is man, what pygmies we are, and how, when life goes out, it is no wonder we are not missed.

Our last day's sport was a deer drive, and a great deal of chaffing was indulged in the night before. Warren was master of ceremonies and arranged all the details. We were to be off at 6. The night before you are to get up very early, it invariably happens that something keeps you up later than usual. Our whist game lasted longer than ever that night.

Warren came storming through the halls just as I fell asleep, shouting: "Get up, you lazy devils. It's 8 o'clock and we were to start at 6."

Horace Barnes came into each room singing the reveille:

"Get up, you sons of witches,
And put on your breeches,
And give your poor horses some hay."

At 8 o'clock ten horses stood before the hotel. Old man Hiddlebride was astride a piebald horse, with six deerhounds sprinkled around him on the ground, looking confidently up in his face, barking unitedly. Rand, the other driver, was mounted on a big black mare, and four big, sober hounds stood expectantly ahead in the road.

Parker and Barnes, the traveling salesmen of the lumber company, had good mounts; Warren, head book-keeper, rode a tall claybank; Deacon Jones, salesman, chose the most notoriously rough-riding horse in the county, and we helped him aboard; I got the last horse, a wicked-looking, vicious, but strong pony, which proved the best horse of the bunch before the ride was over.

Ten started, eight "green 'uns," two hunters. As we went galloping off, winding across the ridges of those flinty hills, we looked like a vigilance committee in hot pursuit of a criminal. The wiry little horses fairly made the sparks fly. The pace was a hot one, De Spain leading on his powerful iron gray, and I was "plenty glad" when I reached my stand.

The landlord presented each rider a nice package of lunch, we swung astride our horses, threw the rifles across the pommel of the saddle, and were off on a hard gallop of ten miles to our stands on the river.

The day's sport was that morning's ride. One of the natives, who wanted to be good the evening before, wagered a dollar that some of the party would bring in at least a fawn, basing his hope, I think, on the two old hunters, but just as we were starting I saw him hand over the dollar, saying it was unnecessary to await our return; the sight of those white collars, ties and starched cuffs was enough.

It's shamefully easy to kill a deer on stands. They told us just to stand quietly on the runway, and in a half an hour the hounds would run the deer right to us. The hounds are taken back a mile or two in the woods, put on the track of a deer, and the frightened animal immediately runs to the river, invariably taking a runway. The deer was quickly started, the hounds followed its trail, silence soon brooded over the hills, and one more deer, which "invariably" followed a runway, had crossed the river somewhere else, and ten disappointed souls went home.

FRANK HEDGES.

KANSAS.

The Disappearing Woodcock.

HAMILTON, Ont., Jan. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Knowing well the great interest your paper has shown in matters pertaining to the preservation, increase or decrease of our game birds, I desire to direct the attention of yourself and readers to the greatly diminished number of woodcock found this season in the Niagara peninsula of Ontario, before and during their fall flight.

In covers which for years have yielded fair bags not more than a bird or two were found. I have wondered if this has been the experience of sportsmen in the adjoining portions of the United States, especially in those portions directly south of us, and in line of flight. If this has been the case it would be interesting then to find out if this has been the experience in Quebec, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and the portions of the United States adjoining.

If this scarcity has been local we may believe that some temporary cause has diminished the number; but if common from the seaboard to the western limit of the Great Lakes, we may fear that the belief of many cock shooters that this is "a bird of the past" is but too well founded.

Thirty-five years ago men I have shot with here used to kill between 200 and 300 cocks each season; last year my bag in this neighborhood was eight, and I have been told that I was the only person fortunate enough to secure one. I know full well that in the older settlements the breeding grounds are being continually cut down, but surely others to compensate in some degree are brought in by the opening up of new farming territory.

I fear the cause lies in over-shooting. In Ontario the cocks are well protected, as the open season does not commence till Sept. 15, when the birds are moulting and scattered, and most of them have left by Nov. 1; but in the States they are or have been shot from July 4 to May 1—ten months out of the twelve. Ontario early stopped spring shooting, and during the past thirty years has time and again shortened the season, and I feel sure we would agree to stop all cock shooting for some years if our friends across the border would agree to do the same.

OLD READER.

Mr. Riordan's Caribou.

OUR illustration is of Mr. Chas. F. Riordan's thirty-nine point caribou. It was killed by him on Nov. 13, in the northwest Mirimachi country, New Brunswick; in the barrens between the north branch of the Seville and the headwaters of the Northwest Miramichi.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

The Wild Pigeon.

CHICAGO, Jan. 21.—Every now and then we hear of the appearance in parts of the North of the passenger pigeon, a bird thought to be nearly or quite extinct. Of course it is impossible in many cases to verify the reports of such occurrences, and usually I presume it safer to doubt them, barring testimony of a competent ornithologist. I have just come across over in Michigan, however, of some positive testimony on this head, through which it can be proved that the passenger pigeon has actually been seen and killed in this region within the past year. Indeed, the proof of this may be seen at the city of Grand Rapids to-day, in the shape of two specimens of the bird, which were killed and mounted in the month of July, 1898, and are now in the possession of Mr. Otis Watson, of Grand Rapids. The birds were killed about four or five miles west of Grand Rapids, on Mr. Watson's farm.

Five years ago a number of passenger pigeons were found in the market at Grand Rapids by Mr. D. G. Henry, of that city. They were even then so great a rarity that Mr. Henry purchased a pair of them and made from them a painting.

Mr. Frank Rodgers, prosecuting attorney of Kent county, in which county Grand Rapids is located, told me that last year he saw two passenger pigeons about eight miles west of Paris, Mich., where the State fish hatchery is. It was in early summer. The two birds were perched on a tall pine stub near the road. Of all the above, the two stuffed birds are the most recent and available proof, and it seems sure that the wild pigeon is not altogether extinct, or at least was not last year.

North Dakota Game.

My friend Clint Smith, of Fargo, N. D., writes me entertainingly about the sport which is present or possible in his far-off Northern country. I say far-off, but really it isn't far-off if you live there, but on the other hand this part of the country would in that case be far-off. We are apt to think that folk who live in the West don't have as good time as we do, and we suppose they have to sit up nights twisting hay to keep the baby warm. As a matter of fact, they don't burn any hay in Fargo, and as for fun, the man who lives in a good live Western town like that gets more out of life than a dozen men do who live in the grind of city life, which is about the poorest way to live that ever was devised. I never could see why city people get stuck on themselves. Anyhow, this is what Clint Smith says about it:

"It has been many moons since I saw you last—do you remember where? It was at Scheik's, in Minneapolis, where you ate a whole prairie chicken, the game warden got away with a lobster and your humble servant did his best with a dozen fried and a steak. We have had a fine winter, not a great deal of snow and not very much cold weather. We have had some great sport with the greyhounds, chasing foxes; they never were so plenty as they are this winter. At the present writing we have taken the pelts off of forty-one of them. We started to make it fifty, but now we have got bloodthirsty and want to make it one hundred. And I think we will if we have good luck and good weather. We have six hounds, and let two or three go at a time. The sport is great! We have got the greatest killers you ever saw; they simply chew them up and get chewed some themselves.

"Forty-one foxes less in the country will help the chicken crop some. Chicken prospects are good. A good many are wintering here. One day when we were after foxes we saw four large bunches of chickens, and they looked fine. If we can get a law through the Legislature this winter, changing the law to Sept. 1, and shorten the season, having it close Nov. 1, and if a few more foxes are killed, there will be no reason why we shouldn't have chickens for years to come. And now I will close by giving you an invitation, which, if it is a good ways off, is meant just the same. Come and have a chicken shoot with us next season. The black pointer Nance is gone, but we have got more; not quite as good maybe, but they can find birds. I want you to come and make my house your home while here. And myself and wife will do our best to entertain. My pacer will be at your disposal, so you can ride around, see the sights and not ride behind."

How they do it in Nebraska.

Mr. George L. Carter, of Lincoln, Neb., secretary of the Lincoln Gun Club, and a law-abiding sportsman, writes me fully and interestingly regarding the game and the market-hunters of Nebraska. It would seem that those generous corporations, the express companies, who are always anxious to help the game wardens, have about the same methods in Nebraska that they do in Illinois and Wisconsin. It is well known that there is as big a game "fence" at Omaha as there is at Milwaukee. I know of no remedy for these matters unless it be to put the facts in the hands of every citizen of the State of Nebraska. There are few States which have suffered more at the hands of the petty game thieves than this once magnificent shooting State. Mr. Carter's letter tells its own story directly:

"The season for the killing of prairie chickens and quail, just closed in our State, brings the sportsmen of Nebraska to a realization of the real condition of things, and should result in an effort for a remedy. Birds, especially chickens, were so thoroughly shot out a few years ago that market-hunters did not find their business so profitable as in former years, and the traffic was reduced to a minimum, with the result that, aided by good seasons, both chickens and quail have increased wonderfully the past two years. But I am sorry to say that, with their increase, comes also the increase of the ever-despised market-hunter, and shooting for the market was carried on to an alarming extent the past season. We have a law in this State prohibiting express companies from carrying game, but having only the regular elected officers of the State to enforce these laws (in which they have no particular interest) they are of but little value. Not that the express companies openly violate the laws, but they do carry great numbers of birds for these unscrupulous parties under fictitious labels, such as 'but-

ter,' 'eggs' and other things equally misleading. I am told that there was a cold storage house operated in the western part of this State the past season, supposed to be an egg storage, but was really a fence for the illegal shipping of chickens. They would either be packed in butter tubs and be billed out as 'butter,' or in egg cases, with a layer of eggs on top, and be billed out as 'eggs,' and consigned to St. Louis and Chicago commission houses.

"While attending the Du Pont tournament in Omaha last fall, I heard one market-hunter from the northwestern part of the State remark that up to that time, which was the 22d day of September, he had killed 933 chickens. This I figure would be an average of about fifty a day, and enough birds to furnish 100 of the sons of fair Nebraska who go afield purely for sport with a day of honorable, healthful and invigorating recreation. Another characteristic of these market-hunters is their utter disregard for the closed season, it being an undeniable fact that chickens are slaughtered from the time they are able to cover the grass in their feeble attempt to fly. The same element so disastrous to our chicken supply also carries on operations through the quail shooting season. Last November, in company with my friend, C. E. Latshaw, I made a trip to the western part of the State for a few days with the quail, we deciding on Wilsonville as our destination, believing it to be the best point in the State for quail. Arriving there at noon on the 25th, we were assured that we would have no success, as market-hunters had shot the birds out. We, however, proceeded to our favorite haunts, where birds were always plentiful, only to find a few scattered birds, and they very wild. On returning to town, we called on the express agent, and asked him if it were not true that a great many quail had been shipped out under fictitious labels. He answered us very gentlemanly now, that not being the State game warden, he, of course, was not expected to open every package coming into his office, to see if it was dressed poultry or otherwise, but admitted that since the season opened their produce business had greatly increased. Another of the clever schemes resorted to by the market-hunters, and especially those living near the markets of the State, is to pack their birds in large trunks and carry them as baggage. Being disappointed at that point, we went to Cambridge, where we killed a nice bag of birds the two following days, and on our return to the hotel, preparatory to starting home, we were approached by numerous parties, presumably scalpers or local market-hunters, asking us in confidential tones what we would take for our birds. On receiving rather chilly answers that our birds were not for sale for any amount they could offer, they would slip aside with a countenance suggestive of 'Well, perhaps I make a mistake.' Our experience was the experience of all other sportsmen I have talked with, and their indignation is so great it is quite likely that ere long we will be in better position to protect the birds of our State."

The Hudson Bay Knife.

Mr. Bradford A. Scudder, of Taunton, Mass., wishes to have further details about the Hudson Bay dagger recently mentioned in these columns. He remarks:

"Will you kindly favor me with the weight and length of blade of the old Hudson Bay Company's knife, described by you in this week's issue of the FOREST AND STREAM. I should like the maker's name and the address of the New York firm by whom the one you received was imported. I judged from your description that the above is a sheath knife. Am I correct in so supposing? It is rather difficult to find just what one desires for a special purpose in a knife. I had been searching for a heavy knife to be used as a sort of machete in cutting through bushes and briars along the trout streams, and from your article judged this would be the one par excellence. If you think this knife would be about what I desire, kindly inform me."

At this writing the knife is at my residence, and I cannot give its weight and measurements. I think the blade about 1 ft. in length, very heavy and strong, the whole weighing, I should judge, between 2 and 3 lbs. I can assure Mr. Scudder that it would be admirable for the purpose he suggests. As to the firm of whom these knives can be obtained, I cannot give the name, as the knife was a present to me from Mr. C. S. McChesney. If the latter were addressed, I am disposed to think he would tell where the knives could be obtained, as he is a thorough sportsman himself, and always anxious to do another a good turn. Mr. McChesney's address is Troy, N. Y., and if he should happen to have a large mail inquiring after knives, I hope he will forgive me. I have not yet been able to find Mr. McChesney's gold seal rubbers with leather tops, and he may dislike me for that, but I will get them yet somewhere.

The Food of Quail.

I discovered the following information in regard to the food of quail as given in the columns of an exchange. I presume it not to be strictly accurate to say that quail never eat grain, for I have found wheat and corn in the crops of quail; but it was wheat from old stubble fields and corn scattered upon the ground, and not taken from the ear. The claim that quail do damage to any standing crop is of course absurd. The item reads:

"Don't Kill the Quail.—Two quail were sent to the Agricultural College by a farmer who wrote that he killed them because they were eating his grain. He wished an examination of the crops of the birds made, which has been done, and the results made public. In neither crop was found any grain, but in one of them were about 4,500 seeds of the false nettle, a very troublesome weed, which goes to show that the quail, instead of being an enemy of the farmer, is in reality a great help. Prof. Barrows, of the Agricultural College, says that quail eat a very large variety of weed seeds, besides grasshoppers, chinch bugs and other injurious insects. He once examined a quail's crop and found it filled to its utmost capacity with span worms and measuring worms, both of which are among the farmer's numerous enemies."

Pah-kuk-kus.

Once upon a time I had occasion to tell somewhat of

the doings of Pah-kuk-kus, the evil spirit which made so much trouble for us on our Blackfoot hunting trip. Later on I have described how in all probability I caught Pah-kuk-kus in a steel trap, which he carried off, never again to be seen. This would appear to have settled the spirit in question, but I have reason to believe that I brought him home with me in an Indian parfleche, which came from the Blackfoot country. I am disposed to this belief by certain recent happenings in my own household. There is a moose head on the wall of my dining room, which was put up with apparent security, and which hung on the wall untroubled for many months. One morning the mistress of the manse happened to be standing directly beneath this moose head, when without any warning whatever, and without the least jar or disturbance to give any pretense of reason therefor, this moose head turned itself loose. Nothing but a heavy coil of hair saved the lady from annihilation, as the nose of the moose struck her directly on the head. Not much later, I was one day putting up a buffalo head on the wall of the same room. I was standing on a short step ladder, and had hung the head, as I supposed, securely on a stout spike. I had just withdrawn my hands and was about to descend the ladder, when all at once the head jumped clear off the nail. Instinctively I put out my hands and caught the heavy head, suffering a sprained thumb, which bothered me for a long time. Last night I was awakened from my slumbers by the sound of something heavy falling. I discovered that a picture of some snipe, which had been hanging for months in that same faded room, had concluded to let go, and try it on the floor awhile. The corner of the frame was well smashed. I am personally entirely satisfied that Pah-kuk-kus has followed me ever since I got him by the foot in the Two Medicine country. My mistake was in supposing that you could destroy a spirit, or mitigate the maliciousness of this particular spirit, which is well known to live for the purpose of making trouble for hunters.

The Old Dog.

A while ago I had occasion to say something about the "old gun," and now I must make obituary mention of the old dog. The gun was my gun, but the dog was old Jack, the long-time solace and pride of Mr. W. B. Mer-shon, of Saginaw, who writes me about him:

"We have had a death in the family. Now do not get worried, but read a little further. It is old Jack that has departed from this vale of sunshine and tears. He has been a gay old dog. I have had a pile of fun with him, and I do not believe there were many better, all-round partridge and quail dogs when he was in his prime. His fashionable name was Jack of Naso, No. 7044. My old friend, Bob Schultz, of Zanesville, O., gave him to me when he was a puppy, for he was born in June, 1887. He has lived an aristocratic life of ease for the last few years.

"It seems too bad that a dog grows old so soon. Here I am, in the prime of life, at least so I consider myself, and yet I have seen three generations of good, old dogs pass away.

"Poor old Jack! He was as staunch as a rock, and had a nose on him that could locate honestly half a mile away; at least it seemed so to me, for I have followed his stiff-legged walk with just nose up, taking me across two or three fields, saying his as plainly as he could that the tainted air that was just stirring in his direction was telling him that we would be up with the birds before long.

"I remember once his taking up a scent along a fence corner, and putting his nose in the air, disappearing over the hill. By the time I reached the hilltop he was fast on the birds, a long ways ahead, though a friend of mine with his dog had just passed there; a great deal nearer than old Jack was to the birds when he took up the scent. I called back my friend, and together we put up the covey. I remember so well how nicely they scattered, and what a trimming out we gave them.

"Oh well! if I keep on at this rate I will think of hundreds of reminiscences equally as pleasant. Peace to the old fellow's ashes. I do not believe I will ever get as good a dog again."

I remember Jack very well. He was an old, very old pointer, and so crippled with rheumatism that he would weep and moan every morning when he tried to get up. We would have left him at home, but that seemed to hurt him worse than to take him along. We would put him tenderly down on his poor, old, stiff legs, and he would waddle and whine, and whine and waddle, complaining over the cruel years which handicapped his powers, but none the less putting the last flickering spark of his energy into the best way to show us a little of the sport that he loved as well as we. He had as much bird sense as any dog I ever knew, and though he could not "range" at all, he always went to the place where the birds were, and I think we killed more birds over him than over the younger dogs. Jack was one of the big, strong, staying, old-time meat dogs, and I mourn sincerely with his owner over his loss. There are not any too many such dogs in the world. I hope he finds plenty of sport in the happy hunting grounds.

He Speaks in Gold.

The French have a saying, "He speaks in gold," which means highest approbation of the wisdom of one's utterances. So much we might say for this editorial utterance of the Fox Lake Representative, a Wisconsin newspaper:

"There is no question but that something has got to be done to protect the game if it is to be preserved for future generations, and at a not very distant day either. The pursuit of game should be indulged in only as a sport, and the sooner that market-hunters are abolished and the sale of all game prohibited, the sooner will that blissful condition be realized. We know that this a pretty decided step ahead of the ideas of the country sportsmen in general, but we stand firmly on that platform and believe that the man who uses the game of the country as a means of making a living should adopt some other means for a livelihood. It has got to come if future generations ever get any shooting."

"George Barton, a Trask River trapper," says the Tillamook Herald, "caught a curious animal in one of his traps. The animal, or duck, was about 3 ft. wide by 1½ ft.

long. Its back was covered with feathers. The stomach held a flush of scales. Its tail was like a fish, and its head was ornamented with a bill and comb, while its forefeet were webbed, and the hind ones were just like a dog's."

In my confession of faith I believe in the fantail deer, the pine-nut bear, the horn-tailed snake and other things not usually accepted as lead pipes from a scientific standpoint, but one has to draw the line somewhere. Has any gentleman lost a pet ornithorhynchus which has wandered from his fireside in a fit of absentmindedness?

E. HOUGH.

1200 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

New Brunswick Notes.

THE Provincial Government seems to have definitely decided to make no exhibit this year at the sportsmen's show in New York. Doubtless the fact that a general election is at hand has a distracting effect upon the honorable gentlemen, if indeed it does not chill their sporting blood. The main reason, however, why this Province will not be represented is that the Government claims to have been unfairly used at the Boston show last March. Hon. Mr. Dunn had the assurance of the management that the New Brunswick exhibit would not be subject to duty, yet the customs officials pounced upon the outfit at Vanceboro and would not allow it to proceed until nearly \$400 had been collected. The goods exhibited all came back to the Province, but the money has never been refunded.

Righteous indignation is a good thing in its place, but should only be indulged in by people who are well supplied with common sense. The Fredericton Board of Trade is evidently carrying a rather slim stock of the latter commodity. At a recent session it solemnly adopted a long string of resolutions, calling upon the Government to pass regulations to have all moose, caribou and deer heads taken out of this Province branded so that they would not be credited to other localities. The immediate occasion of this outbreak was that at a celebration held in Boston over the big moose shot in this Province by Dr. Bishop, the press reporters described the animal as hailing from Maine. It is unlikely that the Government will do any branding—unless they can capture the press reporters.

Voe to the man who claimeth a record; when he waketh in the morning, behold! it is gone. It appears after all that Dr. Bishop's moose is not the best specimen taken on Miramichi waters, as the moose shot by Capt. Chauncey P. Williams, of Albany, heretofore credited to the Tobique, was really killed on the Southwest Miramichi. Capt. Williams' head, spreading as it does 63 in., with 19 in. palms and 32 points, is undoubtedly the best all-round specimen secured up to date in this Province. A moose was also shipped from the Canaan country by the well-known guide James Ryder in the latter part of December, with a spread of 62 in. A sportsman, described by the St. John papers as T. March, of New York, is credited with taking out another 5 ft. head.

Henry Braithwaite has received a license from the Quebec Government to capture six live caribou for shipment to Lincoln Free, of Easton, Pa. Henry will proceed to the scene of action in a few days.

Arthur Evans, of Zionville, on Dec. 31 shot a very large bull moose on Cain's River. The head has been shipped to Mr. John G. Prouty, of Spencer, Mass.

It is unlikely that any radical changes will be made in the game laws at the approaching session of the Legislature. It is probable, owing to caribou being so plentiful, that the limit on these animals will be raised to two. Some English sportsmen complain that they are not allowed to kill enough game in view of the great expense involved in making a trip across the pond. It is suggested that the Government might adopt a sliding scale in regard to the license fee, permitting the sportsman who paid \$20 to shoot one moose and one caribou, while a payment of \$30 would entitle him to one moose and two caribou, and a payment of \$40 entitle him to two moose and two caribou. From a revenue standpoint such a system would doubtless prove a great success; whether the game supply could stand it is another question.

FRANK H. RISTEEN.

FREDERICTON, New Brunswick, Jan. 28.

Winter Food of Red-Shouldered Hawks.

MILFORD, Conn., Jan. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream.* During the last days of December I caught a pair of red-shouldered hawks in a steel trap. The trap had been set for a mink, which had been seen back of the barn, and which was suspected of having killed some chickens in the hen house near by. The male bird was first taken.

When I found him he was about to escape, as the trap had broken his leg and he had eaten away most of his shank; one strong tendon still holding him. The trap had been baited with fresh pork. My first catch in this trap had been a bluejay, and all that I found of the bird was its skull and beak. Surrounding evidence indicated that the hawk had made a meal of the luckless bird.

The second day following I visited the trap in the morning, and was surprised to find only the iron bar which had served to hold the chain to which the trap was wired. Looking over the neighboring ground, I saw a large hawk hop clumsily along, and then fly laboriously a short distance, with the trap and chain dangling behind. After some slight difficulty, I caught the bird, a fine plumaged female, of the same species as the first, and undoubtedly his mate.

I determined to mount the pair, and after taking off the skin, I examined the crops and gizzards, and was greatly surprised to find, beside the remains of small birds and field mice, the nearly complete bodies of two fingerling trout. Close to the trap lay the spring sources of a celebrated trout brook.

M. G.

Michael Demar, of Long Island City, had for twenty-five years owned a horse to which he was greatly attached. Mr. Demar had requested that if he should die before the horse the animal should be led directly behind the hearse when the burial took place. Mr. Demar was buried yesterday, and the old horse, draped in black, followed his master's body to the grave.—*New York Times*, Dec. 17.

Iowa Realities and Unrealities.

VINTON, Ia., Jan. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Last winter there were nine hounds in Vinton. They were of different blood, but all of them would run wolves. The most of them were young, but would hold a track from twenty-four to forty-eight hours. No two hounds were owned by one man, and nearly every day some of them were across the river in the bluffs running wolves. They had many a scrap with the big timber wolves, and sometimes came home more or less cut up. One wolf that they killed was found on a bar in the river. Eight miles from Vinton they had a wolf nearly run down, and the wolf went through a farmer's yard and jumped into his hog lot, and made a stand among the hogs. Of course the eager hounds jumped right into the lot and pitched on to the wolf, then from fifty to 100 hogs pitched on to both the wolf and dogs. The uproar that followed soon fetched the bare-headed farmer to the scene, and in an instant he had a club and was in the thick of the fight, and while the fur, hair and bristles were flying, he got a crack at the wolf and laid him out. At another time the dogs had a wolf nearly played out, and a man on a horse killed it with a club.

Last spring I went out with Mr. Upple and six of the hounds. For quite a while we stood on a runway and listened to the dogs, who seemed to be having trouble down in the timber a mile away. On going to the dogs we learned by a man that a prairie wolf that was heavy with young had passed there thirty minutes ahead of the dogs. I also learned that this pack of hounds could not follow the track of a wolf or rabbit if the latter were in that condition. This was new to me, and I wonder if it is true of all dogs.

This pack of hounds shortly afterward came to a sad and treacherous end. They had stolen out of town and were hunting alone. They did not return, and in a few days Mr. Upple found on a bar in the river seven of them that had been poisoned. The other two escaped.

This winter a badger was killed not far from Vinton. It is the only one killed for a good many years, although in early days they were numerous.

A flock of twelve geese stayed on the prairie north of Vinton until Jan. 4, when they went south ahead of a storm. Quail are very plentiful. It has been a good winter for them. Little snow and not extreme cold weather. Chickens seem to be in small scattering flocks. Jack rabbits are increasing.

The hunters' trespass law gives fair protection to game on the prairie, but everything in and near the river is free booty.

MOUNT TOM.

In the Woods and Out.

AN Indiana correspondent, who subscribes for the *FOREST AND STREAM* to be sent to a guide in Michigan, writes:

"Buchanan is a professional hunter and trapper and guide, and one of the most hospitable, generous, modest fellows in the world, and I do not know of anything which will give as much pleasure as this.

"He told me (and I have no doubt of his absolute truthfulness) of the lawlessness of self-styled 'gentlemen' who come up into the woods, and finding themselves far from game wardens, pay no attention to legislative enactments, or the laws of common sense which these embody, but do just what an unbridled instinct prompts. It is easy to see what moral a man reared in the woods must draw from such an example.

"I hope you will continue to hold up to scorn the 'sportsmen' who consider game laws a good thing for others, but not for themselves—and by-the-by, do you not think that when you publish a letter from a correspondent who boasts of stealing game or fish, or of poaching on strictly preserved property, which is the same thing, you ought to show your disapproval by some comment? Not long since, I forget the date and the name at this moment, such a one told in your columns of his experience in stealing a fine trout at Carlsbad. The description was quite realistic; how he concealed his tackle so that no one would suspect his design, how he crouched down and hid behind a wall when the guardians of the property were in sight, as any other thief would; how he hid his plunder when concealed, etc., etc.

"Would you publish a well-written and detailed account of a successful raid upon some gentleman's hen-roost or into his cellar?"

LEXDEN."

Florida Game and Fish.

DE LAND, Fla., Jan. 6.—Quail were unusually numerous about De Land early in the season, and some of them are still left. The forage and cover for them is better in this part of the State, I think, than in many others. The crop of wild peas has been very prolific.

A few ducks are being bagged on the upper St. John's, most of them wood duck, the best local variety.

A friend just back from the East Coast says that trout and sheephead are biting voraciously there, but other varieties of salt-water fish not so well. The ducks have either not come south yet or are kept off the rivers by steam launches. Sea bass (?) were numerous off Smyrna in the fall, and the same friend landed one which, he informs me, weighing 35lbs., and caused nearly an hour of hard work.

The threatening weather this season has influenced hunting.

H. R. STEIGER.

Shots that Happened So.

ONE of the most remarkable rifle shots, or rather pair of shots, ever known, happened out in Wyoming a few years ago, and is vouched for by the son of a brigadier general, U. S. A., who was a participant in the hunt where the shooting was done. "My guide and I," said this gentleman at the Camera Club the other evening, "were out in the mountains one fall after deer, and we succeeded in creeping up on to a bunch of four and killed three almost instantly. The fourth escaped unhurt from our first firing, and started off at full speed along the edge of a sort of clearing. The guide fired twice as carefully as he could, but was not able to stop him. After a third shot, the buck ran a way and lay down. I worked carefully around a hill and when he saw me he was up

and off again like a streak. I let him have a shot from my little Winchester 'tick-tack' and bowled him over. When we came to examine the buck, we found that every ball fired had taken effect. The first two shots had bored round holes in the right and left ears respectively, and the third shot by the guide had passed nearly through the deer's body, but not in a very vital part. This shot, however, had caused him to lie down, and thus enabled me to get to him."

Deer are often shot through the ears, but I never heard of another instance of their ears being bored separately by two consecutive rifle shots.

PETER FLINT.

NEW YORK CITY.

Odd Quail Shooting Incident.

LAWRENCE

MILFORD, Conn., Jan. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have to tell a shooting story. It borders on the improbable, but I know it must be true, for it was related to me by Mr. S. W., a gentleman who is noted for his exact statements and his adherence to facts.

Mr. W. and his friend were hunting on the grounds of the H. F. A., of which both are members. They had started a small bevy of quail. Subsequently a scattered bird or two were shot at, and one of them seemed badly hit, but kept on toward an old ruin, a Connecticut farmhouse. Only the chimney was standing, and as the hunters watched the bird in its flight, it seemed to disappear beyond this chimney some 200 yds. away.

As they hunted around in the little swamp just beyond, they missed the dog, but finally found him pointing close to the base of the chimney, where the old fireplace had been. Finally Bob broke his point and disappeared. Then they heard him scraping and scrambling up the chimney, and in a few moments he reappeared, coming downward and backward with the dead quail in his mouth.

M. G.

Wild Rice in Chesapeake Waters.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Jan. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I would be glad to hear what experience, if any, some of your correspondents have had as to the successful planting and growing of wild rice in Chesapeake waters.

I am a member of a ducking club, and we have tried for several years to successfully install this plant, and while we have had it grow, we have never had it propagate itself. We are very reluctant to give up the enterprise, but have already expended considerable money without results, and hesitate to make further efforts without knowing more certainly that the plant has been successfully grown thereabouts. Our shore is north of Baltimore, opposite Carroll's Island.

J. S. L. W.

In Louisiana.

A CORRESPONDENT writes from Provencal, La., of the game supply and controlling conditions: "We have a fine crop of partridges in the vicinity—found mostly in open pine woods in thick grass. They are unusually fat. We have an abundance of gray foxes. A good pack of hounds here will outgeneral Reynard in about two hours. There are no red foxes. Deer once were very plentiful; they have been almost annihilated with the improved arm and the head light. Our laws in this State do not furnish the beautiful animal sufficient protection, and laws are not enforced. Woodcock are scarce. We have very few ducks; sometimes they make us a visit, but so many shoot them; they are not allowed to light, and infrequently evaporate in the air for want of food."

A SPORTSMAN.

Maine Moose Statistics.

A MAINE correspondent writes: "The number of moose taken in Maine, as published, is far from correct. Of 101 received up to New Year's by one taxidermist about fifty were killed in New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Canada. I think that 100 will be ample estimate for every moose taken in Maine in 1898. The railroads and the commissioners wish to make a good showing, and so the railroad counts every head carried as coming from Maine, and the newspapers double that on the supposition that as many more have been illegally killed."

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

Mac's Fox Hunt.

AN I niver tould ye about me an' ould Patton havin' the fox hunt. Well, sor, 'twus the funniest thing ye ever see. Ould man Patton was a naylor of moine, livin' down betuxt Jim Casey's farm an' the crick, an' as quare an ould chap as ye'd see in many a day. He was a little man, widout much mate an him, an' purty well bint up wid age, for I think he was moighty near eighty, but shpry for all dhat. He had a harse that was nearly as ould as himself; an' anny toime, day or night, the ould chap was ready to hitch up an' dhrive into the village wid anny of the lads.

Well, wan day wan of the lads was tellin' me he knowed where they was a foxes' din, about a moile over in the woods, an' axed me would I go over wid him an' dig him out. "I'd go," I sez. But in dhe marnin' the lad hirt his feet an' couldn't go, an' so I axed ould Patton would he go, an' he sez, "I will," he sez, "for I niver wint an fox hunt in me loife," he sez. So we tuck our shovels an' stharterd for the din. Well, we r'ached the place all roight, and commenced to dig the foxes out; an' me an' the ould man dug for a couple of hours; but dhere didn't same to be anny ind to the hole, an' ould Patton sez, sez he, "Mac, there's a divil of a lot of harrd wurk about fox huntin'," he sez, "and I've a good notion," he sez, "to go round," he sez, "an' dig up from the other side," he sez. "Ye'd hev to dig 10,000 moiles," I sez, "an' we haven't got toime," I sez. An' so we med up our moinds we'd give' up dhe job an' stharterd for home.

An the way back we sthapperd at Tommy Black's place for a dhrink, for diggin' 's moighty dhrly work, an' we found Tommy out behoid the house, havin' bees, an' we

stud there an' lucked at thim for quoit a whoile, whin purty soon some of the bees lit an ould man Patton's legs. I tould him to stan' still an' they wouldn't hirt him, but he commenced to knock thim aff; an' the first thing he knowed, dhe whole swarm wint for him, an' ye'd 'a' died laffin' to see the ould chap put for dhe bush, an' the bees afther him. He was throwin' his arms around his head an' legs, an' yellin' "Git aff out of dhis! Git aff out of dhis!" Purty soon his wind gev out, an' he culdn't run a sthep, so he sthopped an' stuck his head in a bush, an' stud dhere, doubled up, wid dhe whole of his legs an' body stan'in' out big an' woide, for the bees to laight an, an' boy dad dhey did loight an him, too. I belave if we'd left him there, for foive minits we c'u'd have schraped two quarts of honey aff his pants, but foinally we got him away from the bees and into the house, an' thin stharterd for home, an' the ould man was dhat swelled up you wouldn't have knowed him. An the way I sez to him, I sez, "Wet clay'll take out the sthings," I sez; but the ould man sez, "Dhere isn't enough clay," he sez, "in the whole State of Michigann to do dhat," he sez. Whin we got up boy moy house, dhe ould man wint an a few stheps, an' dhin kem back aga'n, an' shakin' his finger in moy face, he sez: "Mac," he sez, "dhat was the first fox hunt I iver wint to, an it'll be dhe lasht."

G. J. B.

I am reminded of an incident of my earlier hunting days. I was about sixteen years old, a fair shot and passionately fond of any kind of shooting, which in fact I have never outgrown. The day before this incident there had been a grand hunt; the moon was full, with high tide in the morning, helped by a stiff sea breeze. Five shooters started out in their sneakboxes. I was one of them. At noon we all took account of stock on the hotel veranda. I had thirty-eight marsh hens, the other four had in all thirty-two. Spangler, a reporter for some Philadelphia sporting paper, was one of the five shooters; and he said he was going to write me up. I was elated.

The next morning I got one of the fishermen to set me on Seven-Mile Beach. I had started out with the determination of making a record on snipe, to go in with the rail story. I potted about a dozen sandpipers, and was about to give it up for a bad job, when I heard some curlew. Crouching down behind a tuft of grass, I called them, and although the attempt was crude they circled and dropped into a small pond, formed by the high me, and there was nothing to prevent my getting a pot-me, and there was nothing to prevent my getting a pot-shot at them at 20 yds., except two swampy little holes filled with water. These didn't phase me in the least. I crawled wormlike, without daring to look up, until at length, after what seemed to be a two-mile crawl, I reached the sand hill and peeped cautiously over. The birds had disappeared. I stood up, disgusted, when a shrill whistle back of me drew my attention to seven curlew sailing off leisurely 40 yds. or so away. They had passed me within 40 ft. while I was crawling toward them. My gun was soaked with salt water, so was my watch, and my clothes were in a sad condition. It is needless to say that Spangler had no occasion to enlarge his article on my success as a snipe shooter.

CHAS. G. BLANDFORD.

It was bedtime for little five-year-old Howard, and his mamma undressed him. For some reason he did not want to say his usual prayer—"Now I lay me," etc.—and his mamma said: "Howard, you do not want to go to sleep without first asking God to take care of you, do you?" He looked at his mamma, then answered: "Why, papa has got a gun!"

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing and hunting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in *FOREST AND STREAM*.

Florida Fresh-Water Fishing.

THERE is good fishing at Auburndale, in Polk county, Fla. A resident told me that there were over seventy lakes within five miles of town, and that many of them had never had a line in them. I took his word for it, as I was apt to find several new ones every time that the neighborhood was explored. Ariana, on the north side of the town, furnished us with all the fish and sport necessary. Frequently the water would be churned in every direction by large schools of bass after minnows. A visitor from Schenectady, N. Y., who took these commotions for tropical waterspouts when he saw them for the first time, came ashore. He was very quick, too, when he saw anything unusual to understand what it meant; but those disturbances had startled all of us. The speckled perch were often as much in evidence.

Shiners were considered the best bait for bass. We caught these minnows near the thick bunches just beyond the water grass belt along shore. Switches were used for rods, and threads drawn through small bottle corks for lines. The hooks were the smallest that we could find—about a No. 14 Carlyle, I should judge. The bait was either dough mixed with raw cotton or grubs called "sawyers," found under the bark of dead pine logs. We would push the boat a few feet into the grass belt and then fish in the open water beyond the edge to catch shiners. Their mouths were tender, but by landing the minnows on the floor of the boat many of them were secured that fell from our hooks. When we could not catch shiners, we fished for very small perch around floating logs, and in the pools among the grass, and used sawyers or bits of top-water minnows as bait for them.

Every one has his own theories about fishing. Mine are numerous. One is that the season here begins with February and extends into June. Another is that the most productive water of the lakes is within 150 yds. of shore. Our favorite position was several boat lengths out from the grass, where we could cast to either side. We made our largest catches on afternoons of warm, bright days.

The bass were somewhat erratic in their movements as the season advanced. Probably the schools of deep-water



Supplement to Forest and Stream.

RIPSEY.

Winner of First in Members' Stake of the Eastern Field Trials Club, Newton, N. C., 1898. Painted for Forest and Stream by Edm. H. Osthaus.

Copyright, 1899, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

minnows that came to shoals for spawning influenced them. Sometimes the bass were most numerous on the smooth side of the lake, and would remain there for several days after the water had become rough, then disappear, to be found again exactly across the way. The bottom of our lake was nearly basin shape, but there were a few inward channels, and the bass would approach shore by these. We took pains to locate these places.

I remember discovering such a channel at one time and marking it by a gum snag ashore. The next day a companion and I blistered our faces catching minnows, and in the afternoon went up there. Of course, my friend had heard a seductive yarn before he consented to go with me. I was sure we would have luck. But casting our bait around became very tiresome. After awhile we set our rods. Then each of us set an extra rod. My friend should not have looked at me in that manner. After I had turned my back I could not see his eyes. The sun had sunk very low. Then "zip," "zap," "zoo," and three reels were singing beautifully to us at once—music that continued with scarcely an interruption for over an hour. When it ceased there were more than 30 lbs. of bass in our boat flopping gayly. Our awkwardness had lost a great many fish. During the row home my friend's eyes were not so disagreeable to face as they had seemed.

One afternoon four boatloads of us were hurried down the lake to try our luck in recently discovered territory. The notification had been too brief for some of the company to prepare. One young lady came in wine-colored silk and sported a parasol of robin-egg blue. Ned Howard, the real estate man, had hurried from his grove. His large corn-field hat served first rate for a bailer. Soon after we had settled to work, little Arthur and their negro hired man sneaked a fifth boat in just astern of our position. Owing to certain defects in Arthur's clothing, he faced us while fishing. It was the event of the winter in fishing circles. I enjoyed it.

There were times, though, when it would have been easy to dance on shore with vexation. Women tangled their lines in the grass so unnecessarily, and snatched hats off with their hooks. It was "If you please," and "Beg pardon" every minute. Little Arthur kept me dodging a dangerous gourd that he used for a float. There was much hilarity mixed up with serious discourse. Some of the party were interested in a "hop"; others in various topics, and the negro and I in fishing. He and I were catching all the perch too. But there! About the time that I was feeling very proud of myself the Doctor's wife hooked an 8 lb. bass. And she was afraid of it! But she landed it. That fish must have been astonished when it saw us. It had swallowed the hook. The old chap must have crept in from the deep. I fished that lake constantly for three seasons, and my largest bass weighed only 7½ lbs.

That afternoon gathering of boats down the grass belt was a memorable experience; but very few fish were caught. Smaller parties were often more successful. On one occasion three of us went through to the next lake and caught all the perch that we wanted. Every lily leaf over there seemed to be a swarming place for hungry perch ready to seize our bait, and to make our floats pop. And how those floats did pop! It reminded me of shelling peas. We had to stop before we had used up half the bait. The sun was still high, and the fish were getting hungrier every minute. But we had caught enough for ourselves and for our neighbors. We had seventy-eight perch to take home, and the bunch would have weighed more than 50 lbs. We could have tripled the number, I think, if we had stayed by our work.

The speckled perch were fast biters when at work, each one was a puller, and some of those caught in Ariana weighed as much as 2 lbs., but all of them were sham fighters if compared to bass; for the latter never surrendered, and sly old Fagins that lived in shady streams taught tactics there to a hard lot of spawn.

One afternoon I went across the way to fish. The run over there lay between steep brush-covered banks, and connected the next lake with Ariana. The bass had come to the shade because of the hot weather, and were creating a disturbance in the run; but they were very coy, and made me woo them by my approaching on hands and knees to look over the bank with one admiring eye, a humiliating test that was exceedingly painful in thick brush, where sharp cactus needles cruelly wounded my knees. Those bass were superb, however, and after one was hooked, if it did not have me crashing through the bushes, it was likely to have the reel doing thrill music. Only six of them were caught, the largest a 3-pounder, but each one was worth a dollar.

This was one way of enjoying the sport, but there were others, and among them a method that was new to me. For awhile a family monopolized a cove up on the east of Ariana, where a deep channel ran in nearly to shore. The numerous children spent the morning catching bait, and the afternoon with their father fishing for bass at the cove. The parent waded out and took a position shoulder deep at the beginning of the channel, and the youngsters ranged on either side neck deep in the shallower water. Viewed from the lake the row of heads made a charming picture that changed from woefulness to smiles, according to luck. I never disturbed them, for they had my best wishes; I wanted to stand well with a father who would throw down his work thus to educate his family. Their rods floated in front of them, and when a fish was hooked it was hauled ashore. Sometimes a large bass on the line of a small child would make the issue doubtful. On several occasions lakeward bound children were rescued. One afternoon a hen 'gator interrupted sport. Loads of bass were caught, and the pastime was made remunerative. But it was hardly fair for them to bring fish to our house and thus interfere with my pleasure.

It was not difficult to catch a few fish if they were needed. I had found most of the likely places while cruising around in my canoe. Even the birds became acquainted with my craft and its crew. Sometimes, while I was fishing, the herons would stop in the shoal water a few rods away and croak a friendly hello. Several of them were either new to me or came in disguise. Perhaps Miss Willson or Didymus would have known them and have understood their lingo. A large 'gator that lived in the next lake was very sociable. If fish were not wanted, it was easy to find other amusement with a boat.

H. R. STEIGER.

Fishing Near Home.

"WHOW! Hot? Well, I should smile. Just see the mercury climb! It's to 96, and the coolest place on the farm. I hardly expect Will to show up this afternoon, do you?" And I examined the thermometer, which hung on a branch in the shade, and found it 96.

"I don't know," answered Sam. "It's a terrible walk from the electric cars, a day like this. If he starts he'll roast before he gets here."

"Shall we load the wagon, and try the trip ourselves if he don't come?"

"It would be a hard pull for the mare across the mountain a day like this."

"I know it would, but we could let her take her time, and it would be easier for her to haul two of us than three."

"That's right, too, but I'm against going unless Will shows up. What do you say?"

Rather to our surprise Will did "show up." Dripping with perspiration, he rounded a bend in the road about 6 o'clock. Then everything was rush and hustle, for we really had not expected him, and so had made no preparation whatever for the trip.

A tent, blankets, fishing rods, cooking utensils, provisions, and other necessities were hastily stored in the grocery wagon. Then, while Will and Sam puffed and sweat in an almost fruitless endeavor to collar a few angle worms, I harnessed the little mare.

It was 7 o'clock when we finally started, and the sun had disappeared back of the mountain in the west. Our objective point was the New Reservoir, in the town of Bethany, Conn. I had dropped a line in its waters one evening, and soon landed a fine pickerel. Being in a hurry at the time, I stopped at this single contribution to my rod. I had not tried those waters since, but had listened to wonderful stories of large pickerel being taken. My proposition to spend a night and day there some time suited Sam and Will so well that this trip was the outcome.

It was a hot climb to the top of the mountain for the little mare, and she was white with lather. The western descent was made not without difficulty, for the mantle of night had fallen. It was not yet time for the moon to rise, and except when at intervals the lightning blazed in the west the night was as black as a pocket.

Somehow, thunderstorms seem always to form part of the programme whenever I have an outing in the summer time. They are inconvenient, as is Dr. Dean's "ordinary dyspepsia" of the fishermen, which my friend, Major Mather, writes about. So far they have never killed me. The one in the west threatened for a while. Great banks of soot-like clouds poked above the Bethany hills, and the lightning flashed like hidden artillery back of sable intrenchments in the sky; and the thunder growled like a hundred lions in a rage. This dazzling display gradually worked below the southwestern horizon, however, then the "heat lightning" of our unobservant friends, who never realize that this is but the reflection of flashes from a storm far below the horizon, was in order.

After an up-and-down-hill trip of five miles, over rough, pitch-dark roads, we reached our destination—the reservoir.

We started down a rough cart path, which I remembered led to the water's edge, and had gone about 20 ft. when Sam, who was ahead of the horse, uttered an exclamation which halted the expedition. "We can't get to the water here," said he. "There's a whole mess of new rail fence, and no getting by it."

We scrambled around in the bushes, blackberry vines and greenbriars awhile, and finally discovered a road that led to some bar rails. We lowered them, and after entering an uncultivated field the rails were replaced. Half an hour was then spent monkeying with other bar rails, stumbling and ripping through vines and bushes, and driving over rocks and uneven ground that nearly wrenched the wheels off the wagon; finally we reached the water's edge. Here an ideal spot, in the heart of a thick grove of pines, was selected for our camp.

The ground was littered with dry, dead limbs. A good supply was gathered for a fire, the pine needles were carefully scraped away in one spot, and the fire was started. The horse was unharnessed, rubbed dry, tied to a tree and fed. The tent was erected, and after a hastily snatched bite rods were jointed and all hands moved to the water's edge. Sam and I fished, while Will reclined on the wagon seat, which he had lugged with him, and made sarcastic remarks about our fishing abilities.

It was after 10 o'clock, and half a moon had poked above the eastern horizon. It was an ill-defined blob, for its rays struggled fruitlessly to penetrate a mackerel sky. Sam was first to wet his line, and before my hook was baited an unfortunate bullhead was protesting in his relentless grasp. "Bullheads for breakfast," said he, hauling another victim from its watery element.

My hook had hardly touched bottom when I too drew a protesting fish from the water. They bit well, and we were kept busy unhooking them. We were agreeably surprised to find few mosquitoes, and as Sam slid another fish into the half-filled four-quart pail he ventured the information that it was "too hot for the cusses to feel like biting."

Not a ripple disturbed the mirror-like bosom of the lake. The ill-defined moon and stars, and the fleecy mackerel sky, were reflected from its depths so perfectly that one seemed to stand on the edge of the earth, and to look down into an inverted firmament. So real did imagination cause this to appear that I almost caught myself shrinking back, as one does when on the verge of a high cliff. A muskrat splashed into the water within 20 ft. of me; and as he hurried for the center of the lake he left a wake which marred the placid surface, and my illusion was gone. Now and then the cry of a bird came to us from the head of the lake, and the frogs regaled us with their raucous songs.

We had nearly filled the pail when the moon's rays penetrated a rift in the clouds, and flooded land and water with silvery light. The sounds of a steamboat's whistle came to us from Long Island Sound, fully ten miles away.

We got our plunder together and went to the tent. A generous supply of hay had been brought along in the

bags for the horse, and to be used for our bed. A rubber blanket was spread under the tent and littered with the hay. Four or five blankets and comfortables were spread out on the hay, and a bed was completed good enough for us weary fishermen. All was now ready for us to turn in, but a stray bull regaled us with a not at all pleasant note, and all hands voted an investigation before turning in. We were uncertain as to whether he was on our side of the lake or not.

"You fellows look after the horse and other things if he attacks the camp, and I'll shin to the top of this big tree and boss the job," volunteered Will. The bull, however, proved to be on the other side of the lake.

The mosquitoes obliged us with their absence, and we slept fairly well until sunrise. Then, while I devoted my attention to the mare, Sam skinned fish and Will gathered wood for the fire. While the fish were sizzling in the pan, I took my rod and tried for a pickerel.

The day was bright, and even at that early hour the rays of the sun were uncomfortable. Not a breath of air was stirring, and the lake was smooth as glass. The water was quite clear, and the bottom could be plainly seen near shore. Taken all in all, the conditions could not have been more unfavorable for pickerel fishing.

I baited my hook with a narrow strip of salt pork and commenced to skitter. I whipped the water for ten minutes without result, then substituted a spoon for the pork; this, however, yielded no better result, for the wary pickerel would not be lured.

A whoop from Sam soon notified me that breakfast was ready. The fish were crisp and brown, the coffee could not have been better, and the homemade bread and butter, and ripe red raspberries and other fruit, never tasted so good, it seemed. Then, the fire completely extinguished, Sam and I took our rods and went to the lake. Will satisfied his preference to lie under the tent in the shade and keep an eye on our things.

We fished for an hour or so, then, as nothing rewarded our efforts, Sam returned to the tent. I wished to have a look at the head of the lake, so fished on in that direction. I came to a spot where a stone wall entered the water and disappeared below the surface. Here I found a lot of pickerel scales, and they were from large fish.

Eight years ago there was no lake at this place. A delightful little trout stream flowed through the valley which now forms the basin of the reservoir, and a cautious fisherman's efforts might have been rewarded with a fair string of trout at that time. I once fished for half a day, and had the satisfaction of taking home nineteen beauties. Finally the New Haven Water Company cut down the woods and built a monster dam at a favorable spot, and the lake is the result. For an artificial body of water, this is a beautiful sheet. For most of its length the east shore is heavily wooded with pines, and peaceful farms slope gently down to its waters on the west. To the north green-forested hills form its boundary, while the dam stretches its length across its southern end. A road runs along the foot of the dam, and the old stream, that I once fished, makes its appearance to the south, where it flows under the road from the foot of the dam, and rushes roaring down through a heavily wooded ravine. I have no doubt that the stream would yield a few trout now; but the large pickerel of the lake are a mystery to me. I never saw any before the lake was there.

Keeping on, I fished over some likely looking spots, but not a fin rewarded me. It was about 10 o'clock, and the sun was so hot that I decided to return to the tent. Here I found Sam and Will about to start off for a look at the dam. I joined them, taking my rod with me.

We followed the shore in its windings, and had almost reached the dam, when a wild pigeon on a rock near the water attracted our attention. This was the genuine article, and not a mourning dove. I have read that the wild pigeon no longer visits this section, but I can say positively that I saw a flock of ten or a dozen last fall. I was close enough to see to a certainty that two were males. All the rest appeared to be females, but some may have been males. We watched the bird until it flew away. I fished right up to the dam, but caught nothing. Two stray pickerel did strike at the spoon, but that was as near as I came to taking anything.

Sam walked under the bridge that spans the overflow, and Will climbed over the new rail fence into the road. "Hello!" said he. "Here's a trespass sign; and it says, plain enough, that we have no business on the shores of this lake."

"Where's your sign?" I asked. "There was nothing of the kind when I was here last."

"Well, they probably saw you then, and put this one up to keep you away. Can't say that I blame them if that's the case."

"Possibly they found I was making a chum of you, and, thinking I might bring you this way some time, they put the sign there."

We bantered one another for awhile, then considered the matter more seriously. For one, I never care to intrude where I'm not wanted. That sign said plainly: "You are not welcome. Get out!" We decided to move at once.

We were a little mixed in getting across the fields to the road. This was not so with the little mare, however. She showed an inclination to lead the way, and we let her do so. She reasoned the right path out (no instinct about it), and took us direct to the road.

It was a hot drive home, but, covered with perspiration, we arrived there in a couple of hours, and thus ended our New Reservoir fishing experience. W. H. AVIS.

CONNECTICUT.

World's Fair Pickerel Caught.

A DISPATCH to the New York Sun from Delavan, Wis., dated Jan. 29, says that "while fishing through the ice, Tim Smiley hooked a 22 lb. pickerel. Attached to the fish was an aluminum tag, fastened by a ring through its tail. On one side is stamped, 'The Fisheries Building'; on the other, 'From the Fisheries Exhibit at the World's Columbian Exposition, 1893. Age, five years. Weight, 14 lbs.' The tag has the appearance of oxidized silver, but is very hard. The edges are worn away, but the engraving is clear and distinct. Smiley intends to have the fish preserved, with the medal attached, and may present it to the Field Columbian Museum. Fishermen here think the dates and weights will be valuable in determining the age of fish of this species."

A Melange.

BY FRED MATHER.

Black Bass.

THERE is quite a demand for black bass for stocking private waters, and no source of supply. There are a few dollars in this trade for a man who has facilities for breeding them, but no one seems to take hold of it. If I were permanently settled by a suitable pond I would grow bass for stocking waters. Each year I have letters asking where they can be had, and "I don't know" is the answer. The State of New York fills a few applications for these fish, but I think they are mostly yearlings which are sent out, and in small lots. A man in Sullivan county, N. Y., says: "I want a lot of 200 black bass, some of each species, which will spawn next spring. A man got twenty little fish some three or four years ago to stock five ponds with, and he has no bass fishing yet. A few small ones have been seen, but that's all."

To this man I say: Your friend scattered his seed too much. He should have put the twenty into the best pond, and from that stocked the others. As he received them when young, he could not distinguish sex, and he might mismatch them badly with only four in a pond. With twenty fish there is small chance that all, or most all, will be of one sex. Brains must be used in fishculture as well as in other things.

I have three other inquiries for black bass, and all want fish that will spawn next May or June, and that means fish from 8 to 12 in. or more extreme length. All these inquiries are outside the State of New York, and two want only the small-mouth, while the other wants both species. He is wise; put them both in and let the fittest survive. A bad name, given to the big-mouth when black bass first began to attract the attention of anglers, has stuck. It may interest a younger generation of anglers to know that forty years ago these gamy fishes were hardly known to anglers, and as soon as they began to attract attention some persons, to show their exquisite discrimination, began to praise one to the detriment of the other. Dr. Henshall and I have had the courage to fight this, and to say that in game qualities there is little difference, and that what there is depends on the weight of the fish, 2 lbs. being its fighting weight. Further than to say that the big-mouth is not so capricious about taking the fly as his brother—i. e., will usually take it more freely—I have not room to go into this subject here. I have written all this before and intend to keep at it until justice is done to a noble game fish.

What is wanted is a supply of black bass of both species, of a size fit to breed from each coming spring. Such fish, being comparatively large, are expensive to transport, as but few may be carried in a ten-gallon can, but there are men willing to pay for them and for delivery at their ponds.

That Frog Farm.

In FOREST AND STREAM of Jan. 14 the frog farm of Miss Mona Selden, Friendship, N. J., was noticed, and her remarkable results were commented on in a spirit of unbelief. I sent a copy of the paper to Miss Selden and wrote her. The letter was returned stamped "No such office in State named." This was not a great surprise, for an experience of nearly thirty years in running mythical frog farms out into the fog forecast such a result. Her name was analyzed for a catch, as once a brilliant reporter told about a Mr. Gorfon, who raised frogs in Indiana; but taking his name in reverse saved time and trouble.

A gentleman in Plainfield, N. J., writes that he has been unable to find Friendship on the map, and wants to know where it is. He will find it near the land where the bong tree grows, which is south of the mountains of Hepsidam, where the lion roareth and the whang-doodle mourneth for her first born, and close by the great mines of Limburger cheese and the inexhaustible quarries of soft soap.

Death from Fright.

A correspondent, who forbids the use of his name, which by the way would give his letter the stamp of authority, writes:

"In one of your entertaining and instructive papers in FOREST AND STREAM, in the 'Louisiana Lowlands' series, you refer to an instance in which the death of a squirrel could be attributed to no cause but fright, and invite communications upon that line of phenomena. The paper in question appeared within a few days after the occurrence of a very similar thing, which was to me at the time a puzzle, and is still unexplained save on the theory of death from fright. While shooting quail this fall my dog came to a point at a small brush heap; there were six of us standing near when the point was made, and no one had suspected the presence of any birds. One of the boys stepped up to take the shot, and I ordered the dog to flush the bird. The dog was reluctant about obeying, and I could see from the slight motion of his head that he was watching a bird skulking in the grass. After two or three orders to flush he jumped into the brush, and as the bird did not flush promptly he grabbed it and delivered it to me. The bird seemed to be entirely unharmed, and the whole party gathered around to look at it. Its eyes were bright, and there were no marks on it of any kind. I held it rather loosely in my hand, and as we were looking at it the bird gave a few convulsive flutters and was dead. I preserved it, and when picked it showed no shot marks, nor was it apparently injured in any way. The dog is very soft-mouthed, and there is no probability that he in any way injured the bird. There were six of us gathered around as we examined the bird, and its eyes bespoke its terror. I am firmly impressed with the belief that that little bird died of fright as I held it in my hand. I can account for it in no other way."

No doubt animals may die from fright, and men also. Here is a very recent case taken from a newspaper:

Northampton, Mass., Jan. 23.—Gertrude Walsh, seventeen years old, employed in the Nonotuck silk mill, died from fright to-day. While dressing to go to work she upset a lamp and set fire to her room. She fainted and never recovered consciousness. She was not burned.

Terror paralyzes the brain, and may stop the heart action. Men have been found dead on the battlefield with no mark of injury upon them; and amid the crash and shriek of shot and shell and the "ping" of rifle balls the man who says he never-felt fear should be eligible to the liars' club.

Let me relate a personal incident in the Civil War, where by the way the enemy were very uncivil in annoying us in every way. We had been in a few such engagements as the Wilderness, Spottsylvania and others when we halted at Milford Station, Va., for dinner. Capt. Kennedy had gone off to gossip, and I was the senior officer of the company present. We were gnawing hard tack, softened by good coffee, and chewing "beef dried on the hoof," not the "embalmed" article which Gen. Miles has recently described, when from a hill about half a mile away half a dozen of the enemy appeared with a light field piece, unlimbered and let us have three shells. I jumped up to form my men, but could not speak. The suddenness of the attack paralyzed the vocal organs for a moment, but the danger was not as great as in the engagements named, for a squadron of cavalry put the enemy, with their one gun, down the road in great haste.

That same day I was detailed to take a message to Lieut. O'Hare, commanding the picket line. It was near sundown, and the line lay through a swamp. The orders were not to challenge a man approaching our lines, but to shoot. There was no "countersign" in the immediate front. I found O'Hare and delivered the orders and started back, believing that I was within our lines. There was a bright flash and the song of a bullet. My heart seemed to stop and my tongue again clove to the roof of my mouth, and I dropped to the ground for safety and to learn the situation. Conversation between the pickets developed the fact that I had somehow got between the lines and was in front of my own men. Speech was then restored, and after that it was never lost if my comrades were correct in saying that when I was in command of the Color Company the colors could be located by my expletives.

This is instanced merely to show the effect of terror on the brain and heart. In early life I used language which I regard as ungentlemanly to-day, as it was the current conversation in the lead mines and on the frontiers, and in the excitement of battle I must have used improper epithets, for our Chaplain called me to task for it. In the cases above related the unexpected attack produced an effect which an expected one did not.

I have been told of rabbits dying from coming suddenly upon a man who yelled at them, and I can see how such a thing is possible. It is the shock of suddenness which paralyzes the heart and stops its action. This never happens with young birds or animals when taken in the hand; their sense of fear has not been fully developed, but with birds or animals of a highly nervous organization it is easy to believe that it may occur, and both the quail and the rabbit have delicate nerves. Such a death seems impossible in such fighting animals as foxes and hawks.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

What Ails Wisconsin?

Our friend, Mr. John Stevens, of Oshkosh, Wis., continues his exploitation of the prevailing methods in game and fish matters in the State of Wisconsin. Not wishing to make any specific criticism, he none the less has many facts to produce as to the violation of the fish laws, as well as the game laws. He has just returned from a trip over the muscullonge lakes of Wisconsin, and he tells my friend, Mr. Bortree, that the muscullonge are being shamefully destroyed in that region, and without any show of hindrance. He says that the spearing of muscullonge through the ice is a regular industry. Dynamiting is also regularly practiced. He adds a third and novel item of news in the statement that the muscullonge are in some localities baited with liver or other food which has been treated with a certain drug, probably Indian cockle (obtained from a Philadelphia firm), which stupefies them and causes them to come to the top of the water, although it does not render their flesh unfit for food, or at least for sale. He says that the guides and woods people are making a regular industry of this winter shipping of muscullonge. One ice fisherman shipped to the Pabst Brewing Co., of Milwaukee, according to Mr. Stevens' assertion, 105 muscullonge, for which he received \$105. It is a big and wild country, this lake region of Wisconsin, as I well know, for I have tramped over 200 or 300 miles of it in the winter time. Yet none the less these shipments of muscullonge all come out over two or three lines of railroads, and they can be traced to their source. What ails Wisconsin?

Minnesota Ice Fishers.

Major Jewel, of Wabasha, Minn., on the banks of Lake Pepin, sends me some news about ice fishing which seems to me to have a better ring to it than the item last above printed. It is as follows:

"Sunday, Game Warden Fullerton came down with five deputies and burned all the fish houses and nets from above Red Wing to Reads Landing on this side and also all fishing paraphernalia they could find. This is a move in the right direction, and it is to be hoped it will be followed up until there is not an illegal net or fishing outfit on the lake. If the fishermen were satisfied to use the sized mesh required by law and take only the coarse fish, it would be different, but they will not do that, and continue to take the small game fish as well. There are some of them that abide by the law and do not rob the lake of the game specimen. This matter has been allowed to run until it is almost impossible for a man to go out and catch a mess of fish in a sportsmanlike manner. Warden Fullerton and his party were well armed, and while they were not looking for trouble, yet they were ready for it if it came. They stopped at Hotel Lyon Saturday night, and Mr. Fullerton said this illegal fishing must be stopped, and he intended to keep right after them until there is not a net on the lake. Wisconsin intends passing a law that will protect their side of the river and lake, and if that is done there will be some fun in the near future."

E. HOUGH.

1200 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Pickeral Fishing.

Boston, Jan. 28.—Pickeral fishing through the ice is in order, and live bait is at a premium. Generally there is very little snow to trouble in the vicinity of Massachusetts waters, and the ice is not specially thick. A remarkable catch was made from the Charles River the other day. Wallace E. Cobb, Stephen P. Hurd, Richard Delaney and Alexander Gordon, of Dedham, with Robert and Al. Reiley, of Boston, were the lucky captors of seventy-five pickeral. They fished Harrington Cove, on the Charles, a short distance from Dedham Village. They had to cut holes in the ice and get the lines in. It was one of those peculiar days for winter fishing—warm, with the wind just right. They fished four hours, with the results just mentioned. The string was weighed and made the fish average 1½ lbs. each, or about 108 lbs. of pickeral. Naturally, the fishermen are proud of their success, and were photographed with their catch. It would seem that the Charles is not yet "all fished out," as has so often been declared of late years, though how long it can stand such catches as the above is the question.

Good reports come from the pickeral fishermen in Maine. The ponds in Wayne are yielding some good strings to Lewiston and Auburn fishermen. Winthrop and Monmouth ponds are also being fished with good results. Pretty good pickeral fishing has been found at several points along the Androscoggin River during the recent warm days.

Jan. 30.—The weather was not kind even to good Dr. McAleer on Saturday. His fishing friends met him for the celebrated pickeral party on W. R. Albertson's private pond on that day, in spite of the weather. But with the mercury almost down to zero, and the wind blowing almost a gale, even pickeral fishing through the ice loses some of its charm. There were present Arthur W. Robinson, George C. Ainsworth, W. A. McLeod, F. L. Brown, Charles E. Lewis, C. A. Barney, Dr. A. R. Brown, Dr. D. M. Clapp, S. F. Johnson, H. W. Sanborn and W. T. Farley. These went from Boston on a special car. The Worcester contingent was composed of Mayor Rufus B. Dodge, Jr., ex-Mayor A. B. R. Sprague, Moses D. Gilman, Chief of Police J. M. Drennan, Sheriff Robert H. Chamberlain, John N. Akerman, Richard Healy, License Commissioner James Early, S. Hamilton Coe, E. H. Vaughan, John B. Ratigan, Daniel Downey, R. J. McKay, A. H. Stone, Fish and Game Commissioner E. D. Buffinton, George Richardson, George A. Burtis, C. W. Bowker and William R. Albertson. To these names must also be added the genial Dr. McAleer, the life of the party. Holes were cut, and the tilts set before the party arrived, and for a time there was fair fishing. But the noise of so big a party on the ice, in addition to the extremely cold weather, rendered the pickeral hard to lure. The results of the day's fishing were not large, but everybody was pleased. Continuous refreshments were served at the little fishing lodge on the shore of the pond.

Senator Charlie Bailey and C. H. Tarbox have made a day's fishing for pickeral at Stetson's Pond, in Boxford. The day was comfortable and suitable for the sport. But the perch were more interested than the pickeral. It took nearly half a day to get the lines in, in fact, for no sooner than a line was in when the flag would be up, and the fishermen had to run to see what they had got. Pulling up the minnow, it would be found to be scared and possibly dead; or occasionally a small perch would be taken. It was evident that the perch had the floor, or rather the water. The boys succeeded in getting fifteen pickeral with the day's fishing, and any amount of perch, some really big ones being taken. Tarbox says that he was never more tired in his life when night came, from the constant running from line to line, the flags being up. Boys in the neighborhood have made some good strings of pickeral from the same pond, and bigger strings of perch.

SPECIAL.

A Dream of the Night.

How true to life a dream is. Last night, while the thermometer was several degrees below zero, I saw myself with a fish pole standing on the shore of a beautiful sunlit lake. I was standing ankle deep in green grass. The trees that skirted the shore were loaded with verdure. Blackbirds were flying back and forth across the corner of the bay, and singing and clinging to the tulles. Not a breath of air was moving. The blue sky was unmarred by a single cloud. All was filled with a flood of sunlight, and the reflected heat in unsteady waves was dancing upward. Two strange men were a short distance away watching me. For a moment I looked at the pleasing surroundings and studied the water. A good throw from the shore was an old log. I stepped close to the water's edge and put a good sized chub on the hook and tossed it just over the log. Some one back of me said: "If there is a fish in this lake it is just there." There were a couple of waves on the water. I moved the bait a little, and then it plunged out of sight, and when the line tightened I pulled. The pole doubled up, and the fish hung right back. Said I, "Boys, come down here, I have got a good one," and as a man on each side of me was giving all kinds and any amount of advice, it commenced to come to me that I had had just such bites before, and I said that perhaps the darned thing might be a mud-turtle. Just then there was a wake on the water and a big paw swiped the air, and while the haw, haw, haws were being poured into either ear I gave a jerk which tore the hook from the turtle, and the chewed up bait came back and struck me in the face. Then I said something, I do not remember what. Now my happiness was gone. The pleasing view of the lake was fast going in the fading sunlight, and with the haw! haws! still ringing in my ears I rose up in bed. The cold air was sweeping through the north wall. I swept the frost from my moustache and jumped out of bed to shake down the stove—while the cold northwest wind whistled around the corner of the house.

MOUNT TOM.

A dispatch from Bucharest, Roumania, says that a pack of wolves, emboldened by hunger, recently attacked a monastery at Lopovean, in the Moldavian Mountains, and killed a friar.

The Kennel.

United States Field Trials.

The Champion Stake.

WEST POINT, Miss., Jan. 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Champion Stake had only four starters. Pin Money and Rowland were the first brace down Monday morning. The weather conditions were not favorable; there were showers occasionally on ground that was already well soaked. Pin Money started out at her usual great speed. She let up considerably in speed before the heat was over. On bird work she must have been off nose; she hesitated and was undecided on point work she did do; and failed to take advantage of game she ought to have pointed. She found three beavies and did some single bird work. Rowland was slow in getting up to his speed, but he maintained a uniform rate of speed and made up in judgment what he lacked in speed, as he found five beavies to Pin Money's three, and made more points on single birds than she. He handled his game in great shape. Rowland's strong forte is bird sense and finding and handling game. No dog he ran with (and he ran with the best) found more beavies than he, or made more points on single birds. While not as speedy as others that ran, he makes his speed count.

Joe Cummins and Dave Earl were the second brace. They were put down in quite a rain, that let up, but it showered more or less all the time they ran. The dogs found birds plentifully, and did good work on game. Both dogs made a flush or two on beavies that was excusable under the circumstances. On single birds Dave had some advantage, on beavies there was nothing to choose between them. Joe had the most speed and range when they quit, Dave showing the best judgment in hunting out the grounds. The work of the dogs was so nearly equal the judges wanted to see them down again when conditions were more favorable.

Three dogs, Joe Cummins, Dave Earl and Rowland, were left in second series.

Joe had a rest of over two hours, and went down at 4 P. M. against Rowland. Joe had some advantage in speed and range, and did some the best on game, though the bird work was close between them.

Joe proving the best, left him and Dave to go down on Tuesday morning. Instead of weather conditions improving, they were worse than when the dogs had met in first series. A downpour Monday night made the already wet grounds wetter. The wind had increased to a gale, and a fine cold rain fell most of the time. Joe pulled up very lame, and one of his forefeet and his ankle were very much swollen. Tuesday morning when called on to start he looked a 100 to 1 shot. Joe ran as though his life depended on the race, and made the best race he ran in Champion Stake, and was awarded the championship.

P. H. BRYSON.

Alabama Field Trials.

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., Jan. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I hand you herewith Derby and All-Age entries to the Alabama Field Trials Club:

Derby.

Fergy—G. B. Tyler's b., w. and t. setter bitch (Joe Dortch—Gyp Tyler).
George Dewey—T. H. Spencer's b. and w. pointer dog (Von Gull—Cameo).
Judge—John Fletcher's liv. and w. pointer dog (Love's Kent—Brook's Belle).
Trib's Tony—J. E. Cox's liv. and w. pointer dog (Kent's Tribulation—Byrne).
Alabama Boy—H. H. Mayberry's b. and w. pointer dog (Von Gull—Balsora).
Gullena—T. T. Ashford's b. and w. pointer bitch (Von Gull—Balsora).
Vor Rick—T. T. Ashford's liv. and w. pointer dog (Von Gull—Balsora).
Ina B.—B. Brook's (agt.) liv. and w. pointer bitch (Love's Kent—Brook's Belle).
Alix—Dr. R. S. Henry's liv. and w. pointer bitch (Jingo—Ripo).
Jewell—Dr. G. Chisholm's liv. and w. pointer bitch (Von Gull—Cameo).
Rap's Pax—Judge Tell Gaston's liv. and w. pointer dog (Rip Rap—Croxie Kent).
Glory—Dr. Geo. Eubank's b., w. and t. setter bitch (Tony Boy—Fanny Moore).
Froso—Mrs. Norma Allen's b. and w. pointer dog (Von Gull—Cameo).
Wheeler—R. S. Munger's b. and w. pointer dog (Tick Boy's Mack—Brook's Belle).
Jim O.—W. B. Townsend's liv. and w. pointer dog (Rip Rap—La Rosa Elgin).

All-Age.

J. J. O.—W. M. Hundley's liv. and w. pointer dog (Rip Saw—Crickett).
Kent Elgin II.—W. B. Townsend's liv. and w. pointer dog (Kent Elgin—Julia Paine).
Hessie D.—J. Thad Mullen's liv. and w. pointer bitch (David of Hessen—Fritz's Fay).
Lady Clio—W. T. Johnson's b. and w. pointer bitch (Cresswell's Frank—Lady May II.).
Tony Dick—T. H. Spencer's b., w. and t. setter dog (Tony Boy—Blue).
Nat—A. J. Odom's w. pointer dog (Von Gull—Hessie D.).
Greenbrier Rose—J. J. Odom's b. and w. pointer bitch (Rip Saw—Crickett).
Von Gull's Rube—Henry Arrington's liv. and w. pointer dog (Von Gull—Hessie D.).
Gullena—T. T. Ashford's b. and w. pointer bitch (Von Gull—Balsora).
Pot Metal—F. M. Stich's b. and w. setter dog (Tony Boy—Blue).
Mack B.—B. Brook's b. and w. pointer dog (Tick Boy—Ruffe).
Dot—Judge Tell Gaston's lem. and w. pointer bitch (Alto—McKenzie's Grip).

Rap's Pax—Judge Tell Gaston's liv. and w. pointer dog (Rip Rap—Croxie Kent).
Love's Kent—W. I. Love's b. and w. pointer dog (Kent Elgin—Mack's Juno).
Jingo's Light—Jno. B. Rosenstihl's lem. and w. pointer dog (Jingo—Rose Le Hussen).
Lou—B. Brook's (agt.) lem. and w. pointer bitch (—).
Maceo—Syd. Moore's liv. and w. pointer dog (Von Gull—Hessie D.).
Hamp—C. F. Eastham's liv. and w. pointer dog (Von Gull—Flake).
Spotty M.—T. W. O'Byrne's lem. and w. setter dog (Doncaster Sport—Fanny Mack).
Blue Dash—Dan Jenkins' b., w. and t. setter dog (Harry Blue—Kate Gladstone).
T. H. SPENCER, Sec'y and Treas.

Westminster Kennel Club Prizes.

NEW YORK.—The donor of the Dunollie cup for best Great Dane bitch in the show will not be a competitor. The conditions of the Tommy Tickle Challenge cup for bull terriers are identically the same as those governing the Dunston & Kennelly cup, as published in our premium lists. I have just received notification from Mr. John H. Matthews, acting secretary of the Bull Dog Club of America, saying that the special prizes offered by the Bull Dog Club of England are as follows: Silver medal for best dog. Silver medal for best bitch. Bronze medal for best dog bred by the exhibitor. Bronze medal for the best bitch bred by the exhibitor. These will take the place of the two specials published in our premium list, as offered by the Bull Dog Club of England. Mrs. Francis Henwood offers, through the American Spaniel Club, the Premier Challenge Puppy Bowl for the best cocker spaniel puppy exhibited by a member; to be won three times before becoming the absolute property of the winner.

The Swiss Mountain Kennels, Germantown, Pa., offer the Swiss Mountain Kennel Trophy for the best trio of cocker spaniels owned by one kennel or exhibitor. The trio to consist of one black, one red and one parti-colored cocker spaniel.

The American Spaniel Club offers silver medals as follows: For the best Clumber, field and Irish water spaniel opposite in sex to the winner of the Field Spaniel Trophy; best field spaniel with one of his get; best brood bitch with two of her produce; best field spaniel other than black; best black cocker opposite in sex to the winner of the Cocker Trophy; best black cocker with one of his get; best black cocker brood bitch with two of her produce; best cocker (any solid color other than black) opposite in sex to the winner of the Saybrook Cocker Trophy; best cocker (any solid color other than black) with one of his get; best cocker brood bitch (any solid color other than black) with one of her produce; best parti-colored cocker; best parti-colored cocker with one of his get; best parti-colored cocker brood bitch with one of her produce. The get and produce only to be considered in the prizes offered for stud dogs and brood bitches.

James Buckley Locherty, Esq., offers \$20 for the best exhibit of four Chesapeake Bay dogs owned and exhibited by one kennel or exhibitor. W. Gould Brokaw, Esq., will offer a Breeders' Challenge Cup for pointers, conditions of which I hope to be able to wire you in time for next issue.

Class 286, ruby spaniels, will be divided by sex.

The Butterfly Bench Show Association, of Grand Rapids, Mich., offers a silver medal for the best St. Bernard in our show.

O. P. Amend, Esq., offers \$10 for the best exhibit of four dachshunde, owned by a member of the Dachshund Club of America. JAMES MORTIMER, Supt.

Ripse .

THIS liver and white pointer bitch, whose portrait we publish in this issue, is famous in the competition of the Eastern Field Trials Club, she having captured first honors in a strongly contested Members' Stake two years in succession, 1897 and 1898, the first time in a field of fourteen starters, of which Mr. Lorillard's setter dog Roland was one, and the second time she defeated a field of eight. In form, she is symmetrically and substantially built, as her portrait shows. She works very pleasingly to the gun, and her work in pointing and locating is very clean, quick and accurate. Her position in the portrait was sketched from an actual point, made on the E. F. T. Club's grounds, near Newton, N. C., in November last. In breeding, she is by the famous Rip Rap, out of Dolly D. (A., 36,837, vol. xii.), she thus being a sister to India and Nabob, both famous in field trial annals.

Yachting.

As the yachting journal of America, the FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of communication between the maker of yachtsmen's supplies and the yachting public. Its value for advertising has been demonstrated by patrons who have employed its columns continuously for years.

THE plans for the new house of the New York Y. C. were placed on view at the club house last week and inspected by many of the members. The design selected by the committee is the work of Mr. Whitney Warren, of the firm of Warren & Wetmore, New York. Mr. Warren has succeeded admirably in planning a house fitting to the needs of the club, and to its position; as the building, when completed, will be far ahead of everything of the kind in existence. It is impossible to convey any adequate idea of the design, short of a lengthy description, accompanied by illustrations, for which space is lacking at the present moment. The old buildings on the site have been demolished, and the work on the foundations will shortly be started. Thus far the club has received nearly fifty thousand dollars in voluntary subscriptions from members toward the construction of the house, and

a very large portion of the cost will be met in this way, as the sum is steadily increasing.

MR. W. E. C. EUSTIS, of the Beverly Y. C., has challenged for the Quincy cup, and will build a 21-footer for the races. Mr. Eustis is well known in connection with the racing of the Beverly Y. C. on Buzzard's Bay, both as a skillful sailor, and as a careful and thoughtful experimenter in designing. His yachts Grilse, Capelin, Salmon and Cero have all been noted for the work he has done with them.

AFTER alterations in the melting pots, the lead keel of the new defender was cast on Jan. 24, and on Jan. 27 the mould and the earth temporarily surrounding it were removed, and the casting was finished off by planing. Materials for the new yacht are arriving almost daily at Bristol, the frames have been bent, and the work of erection will begin as soon as the bronze keel plate is bolted to the lead keel.

ACCORDING to reports from the lake papers, the Toledo Y. C., after preparing to build two yachts for the trial races of the Chicago Y. C., has decided to abandon the project, in view of the third clause of the conditions of the trial races, as published in the FOREST AND STREAM of Jan. 27. Objection is made to the reservation by the challenging club of the right to select other than the winner of the trial races as its representative in the cup races.

In so doing, the Chicago Y. C. has only followed a long established precedent in international racing, the trial races for the America Cup, and in the Seawanhaka and other smaller cups being conducted on this basis.

The object of such trial races is to enable a challenging or defending club to select the best possible yacht for certain other races, perhaps in another locality and under very different conditions from those of the trials. It is quite possible that a really superior boat may make an indifferent showing in the trial races through causes which are apparent and capable of remedy before the main races; and again, though a yacht may win the trial races on her merits, it may be evident that she is really less fitted than some other of the fleet for the final races at a distant point. The selection of a representative is often a difficult matter, throwing a heavy responsibility on the committee, and unless the boat chosen has won every trial race, there are almost always complaints of favoritism.

In the present case the trial races will be held on Lake Michigan, at Chicago, while the final races will take place on Lake Ontario, at Toronto. The main object of the racing is to win the Canada cup at the latter place, and it rests with the Chicago Y. C. to make the fairest and wisest selection from the whole showing of the trial races, and not from the actual record of wins in the series.

The Steam Yacht as a Naval Auxiliary.

BY W. P. STEPHENS, ESQ., ASSOCIATE.

Copyrighted by the Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers. Published by permission.

THE conditions under which the members of this society meet for this, the sixth time, are very different from those of former years, and of such a nature as to test, in a measure, the value of the work thus far accomplished. Heretofore both papers and discussions have been largely of a theoretic and speculative character; far removed from war in the past, and with no immediate indications of it in the near future, the great problem of naval warfare has of necessity been treated almost from an academic standpoint. In describing and discussing the vessels, armor, and guns of the new navy, the most that has been possible was to conjecture what they might do if put to trial. To-day we are in a position to discuss what they have done, to test by the practical work of the last six months the theoretic work of this society for the previous five years. It is interesting to note that the weakness of our navy, the imperfect preparation for such an emergency as is likely at any time to confront the most peaceful nation, the imperative necessity for work in various lines of defense, that have only recently been realized by the nation at large, have been among the most prominent topics of discussion at all the meetings of the society, coupled with many practical suggestions and urgent demands for action.

The subject of this paper is but one of many that have already come before the society in their theoretic aspects, and now, when tried by practice, it presents results which seem to be both definite and conclusive; and from which some useful lessons may be drawn.

The work of reconstruction which has been under way in the United States Navy for the past fifteen years has been limited almost entirely to the strictly fighting arm of the service—the battleships, cruisers and torpedo craft. Indispensable as they are, these of themselves do not constitute a perfect navy; in fact, they are of comparatively little use without a large attendant fleet of auxiliary craft: transports, colliers, water boats, repair ships, supply ships, hospital ships; and small craft for various uses.

The condition of the Navy at the outbreak of hostilities between the United States and Spain may be briefly summed up as strong in its personnel; comparatively strong in fighting vessels, guns and armor; and absolutely unprovided with auxiliaries of all kinds. Of all the urgent work demanded both ashore and afloat, nothing was more immediate and pressing than the creation of an efficient fleet of auxiliaries.

Among the numerous classes coming under this general head is one that is hardly accorded the distinction of a specific title in naval programmes, but which, in the present case, was needed for three important uses, as follows:

First—For sea service as tenders to the blockading fleet, and general service in the shoal harbors and rivers of the West Indies, where the war vessels were barred by their draft.

Second—For picket duty offshore, constituting the "second line of defense."

Third—For harbor patrol duty in connection with the guarding of mine fields and the enforcing of the war regulations governing ports and harbors.

The preparation of this particular branch was but one detail of the important task entrusted to the "Naval Auxiliary Board," specially created at a time when the possibility of war had almost crystallized into a certainty. This board proceeded at once to examine a very large number of vessels, ranging from the large passenger steamers of the American Line down to the smaller sizes of tugboats and yachts; and, in accordance with its reports, vessels were purchased from the special appropriation made by Congress for the purpose of defense.

For the work above outlined two classes of vessels were selected, the ocean-going tug and the steam yacht, the latter to the number of twenty-seven. The selection was made from many localities, several of the yachts coming from the Great Lakes. The vessels were mainly purchased direct from the owners, the price being fixed by the Board. As soon as the transfer of title was completed the yacht was delivered at the nearest navy yard, where the work was pushed as rapidly as possible. As a matter of course, the majority of the yachts hailed from New York, and the work on them was consequently executed at the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

The general nature of this material for an emergency fleet is shown by Table I. in the Appendix. Its capabilities for successful conversion to war purposes were, as we shall see later, not of the best; but the facilities for carrying out the work were in the main satisfactory, the skilled labor and the necessary material being readily obtained. The only difficulty encountered in this part of the work was in the detail of armament, there being a lack of some of the sizes of guns best fitted for these small vessels. The general character of the work is shown by Table II.

To the yachtsman at least, the sight of the well-known vessels as they left the Navy Yard was a surprise and also a shock; under a dull monochrome of "war paint" (lead color) covering everything from waterline to truck, the distinctive color scheme of the yacht was effaced entirely; there was no longer a trace of the green "boot top," the jet black topsides relieved by gilded cove and trail boards and figurehead, with the sheer cut out cleanly by a strip of polished teak. The rich brown of the deck houses, the bright yellow of the spars, and the white sails set off by the parti-colored burgee at each truck, had all disappeared. The bowsprit was sawed off just outside the gammon iron and brought to a blunt point; the fore topmast shared a similar fate, projecting but a few feet above the cap, and the mainmast had disappeared entirely. A pair of three or six pounders grinned menacingly from the forecabin, a couple more from the quarterdeck, and bridge and deck house each showed an automatic gun. The rowing boats were retained, but the steam and naphtha launches were left ashore.

As each vessel was completed she was dispatched to her station, many going direct to Key West, and from there to the Cuban coast; others were stationed along the coast of the Eastern and Atlantic States to give warning of the approach of the expected Spanish fleet, while the smaller ones were assigned to duty in the harbors of New York, Boston and other important seaports. At the outset the sea picket division was regarded as the most important of the three, but as matters turned out it had nothing to do, and after Cervera's fleet took refuge in Santiago Harbor it was withdrawn and the vessels dispatched to more southern stations. The work of the harbor patrol fleet was also very light, mere policing of the mine fields against the intrusion of garbage scows and coasting schooners.

While specific information as to the individual performances of the main division of the yacht fleet in actual service is not yet at hand, enough is known to establish the fact that the fleet, as a whole, acquitted itself creditably and fully justified its creation. While some of the converted yachts proved failures and entirely unfit for sea work, and others were only partly satisfactory, many of them have done excellent work under trying conditions. The part played by the Gloucester and the Vixen at Santiago was such as to bring them into special prominence, but the Mayflower, Yankton, Scorpion and others have done regular and consistent service, though under conditions which have attracted less attention to them.

The work of laying up this fleet really began before the actual cessation of hostilities, the smaller yachts of the harbor patrol being withdrawn and placed out of commission at the Brooklyn Navy Yard and other points. One yacht, the Free Lance, presented to the Government by her owner, F. Augustus Schermerhorn, Esq., without conditions, was returned to him as soon as the need for her services in the New York harbor patrol fleet was over. Another similar gift, the Buccaneer, presented by W. R. Hearst, Esq., was also returned later on, being in Cuban waters when hostilities ceased. At the time of writing, most of the yachts have returned from the West Indies, the majority of these to go out of commission. The Gloucester, Scorpion, Vixen, Mayflower and others of the larger and abler are still in service. One yacht, a new craft uncompleted at the time of purchase and placed in commission only after the need for her was past, has been reserved for the special use of the President, a service heretofore performed by such Government tugs, light-house tenders, or other small craft as were temporarily available. She has been named Sylph, and her original arrangements as a private yacht have been modified to suit this new use. No decision has yet been made as to the disposal of the yachts remaining, twenty-five in all, but it is probable that most of them will be offered for sale, ultimately returning to the pleasure fleet.

In summing up what has been at best an experiment arising from an emergency which should never have occurred, it may be said in regard to the home divisions of the converted fleet, the sea pickets and harbor patrol, that the course of the war has been such that no serious or prolonged service was required of either, and the merits of the fleet was not put to a practical test. Had, however, the anticipated attack upon the North Atlantic coast proved a reality, it is safe to say that the yachts would have met all expectations. In the case of the third division of the fleet, the vessels were put to the severe test of prolonged service at sea, under conditions for which they were never intended, and they were also engaged in

attacks upon land fortifications, and in some cases in engagements on the sea. The result of this test has been, on the whole, quite as satisfactory as could have been expected.

The possibilities of the yacht fleet at the present time for conversion to war uses were, even from a theoretic standpoint, far from promising. Many of the vessels were ill-fitted in model for real service at sea; there was a lack of displacement for the added weights of armament and ammunition, of berthing space for crew, of bunker space, and suitable locations for magazines. The nominal speed, in many cases low in itself, was not realized even in smooth water, and in a sea there was a serious loss of the average working speed. There was no protection, no distilling apparatus; the capacity of the water tanks was generally inadequate, and the decks were not designed to withstand the shock of the guns. The draft as a rule was greater than was necessary or desirable. The nature and extent of these defects were fully realized at the outset, but under the circumstances there was no other course but to take the yachts as they were and to make the best of them. All things considered, they have done their work quite as well as was to be expected; they have served a certain necessary purpose, and they were capable of doing even more had it been required of them.

It is to be hoped that some of those who have had actual experience on board of the yacht fleet will tell us in the discussion the results of their personal observations, which cannot fail to be interesting and of permanent value; but, short of this, enough is now known to permit of a discussion of the future position of the yacht fleet as a naval auxiliary.

It is impossible within the limits of the present paper to discuss the auxiliary fleet as a whole; but to those of us who have followed the discussions of this society year by year the experiment must be an interesting one. The lessons to be derived from it are, first, the necessity for timely preparation in the speedy building up of an adequate navy; and second, that to be done properly, this work must proceed for a term of years according to a comprehensive and systematic programme, completed in advance and carried out as nearly as possible without change through successive administrations. A reference to the Transactions of the Society will show that these two points have been emphasized in the course of almost every discussion of the naval papers.

The detail of the auxiliary fleet now under consideration, the yacht division, has, as I shall endeavor to show, a special lesson of its own; that the naval programme may be advantageously extended to include a type of small auxiliary indicated by the yacht, but not now in existence in this country.

The present use of the yacht fleet being confessedly but an emergency measure, the question naturally suggests itself as to whether such a course would have been necessary had our navy been theoretically complete in all of its branches; notably, had the gunboat and torpedo arms, instead of being exceedingly weak, been developed to the same extent as in other navies?

This question may at once be answered in the affirmative, for the reason that none of the vessels of the gunboat or torpedo boat types are adapted for the special service demanded of the converted yachts. The high speed which is the leading motive of torpedo-boat design is not only needless for the work now under discussion, but entails the loss of many essential qualities. Incidentally, it may be observed, there has been, with the exception of one yacht, Mayflower, no attempt to convert the yachts into torpedo boats; and had there been enough torpedo boats at hand for this service, the only available crews, largely made up from the Naval Militia, would have been unfit to handle them.

Assuming, then, that however perfect the torpedo arm may be, there is still a distinct field of usefulness for something of the yacht type, we come to the question discussed at the first meeting of this society in 1893, of the policy of reliance upon the pleasure fleet as a regular means of defense in the future.

The suggestion has been made in this connection that some scheme of co-operation between the Government and individual yacht owners might be put into practice whereby, in return for certain privileges or compensations on the part of the former, the latter might be induced to plan any new yachts with a direct view to their conversion to war uses. The objections both to this method of procedure and to the general policy of reliance on the yacht fleet are very strong. On the part of the Government, the only effective inducement to be offered to the owner must be in some form of subsidy, a sort of special legislation which is practically impossible. On the part of the owner, his personal requirements, to say nothing of the wishes of his captain, his wife, and his friends, are directly opposed to those of the war vessel. There is, it is true, a common ground whereon the owner and the Government might come together to mutual advantage in demanding the essentials of good design, a seagoing model, fair working speed, ample bunker space, etc., but in too many cases these are but secondary to the demand for spacious saloons and lavish display of furnishings. To the owner who is willingly paying a very large sum for mere luxury and elegant appointments, the Government can offer but slender inducements to make his vessel a ship first and a palace afterward; or, when completed, to loan her for a time as a practice ship, as has been suggested as one feature of the scheme.

Unless very much more can be done in this direction than now seems possible, the experience of the present year is such as to indicate that the purchase and conversion of yachts is in every way undesirable as a permanent feature of naval policy. The defects of the existing fleet have been already indicated, many of them are mere matters of faulty design, due to the haphazard methods that have thus far largely prevailed in this country, the owner leaving everything to his captain, who in turn deals directly with a builder. This class of defects will largely disappear as soon as the American yacht owner awakens to the appreciation of the importance of the trained specialist, the yacht designer, in the field of steam yachting, as he has long since done in that of the sailing yacht. At the same time the good qualities of a perfect steam yacht are not of necessity such as to make her an ideal picket or patrol boat; and of the fleet available at any future time for conversion, many will be

found to possess positive bad qualities, as in the present case.

As a matter of permanent policy, however, the question of the efficiency of the converted yacht is but secondary to that of the cost, always a controlling one in a naval programme. The circumstances attending the purchase of yachts for this purpose are necessarily such as to keep the price at a fair figure, and this price represents a large amount of furniture and decoration which is worse than useless, as its very removal entails some expense. Apart from this waste, the yacht needs to be strengthened for gun mounts, etc., and remodeled in all the internal details. When the emergency is passed and she is no longer needed, her value as a yacht will have seriously depreciated, and the work of reconversion must be far more costly than that of the first change, as its details are reversed. Where the furnishings were hastily stripped at a mere cost of labor, new ones must be purchased and put in place; where spars were simply sawed off, new ones must be made and shipped; and in place of a plain coat of lead color over everything, regardless of appearance, the entire structure must be scraped and redecorated by skilled artisans. When the present experiment has reached its final stage in the sale of many of the yachts, and the result is reduced to plain dollars and cents, there will probably be little room for doubt as to the unprofitable nature of the work.

While the actual co-operation of the Government and the yacht owner is hardly practicable, each may study with profit the lesson now before them.

It is obviously to the interest of the Government to encourage the building and use of yachts; apart from the indirect advantages of a national pleasure fleet, there is always the possibility of an occasion like the present, when the larger vessels must be depended on as a *dernier ressort*. While nothing can be done in the way of direct financial aid, it is a wise and sound policy to encourage yachting by the removal of all unnecessary and oppressive regulations.

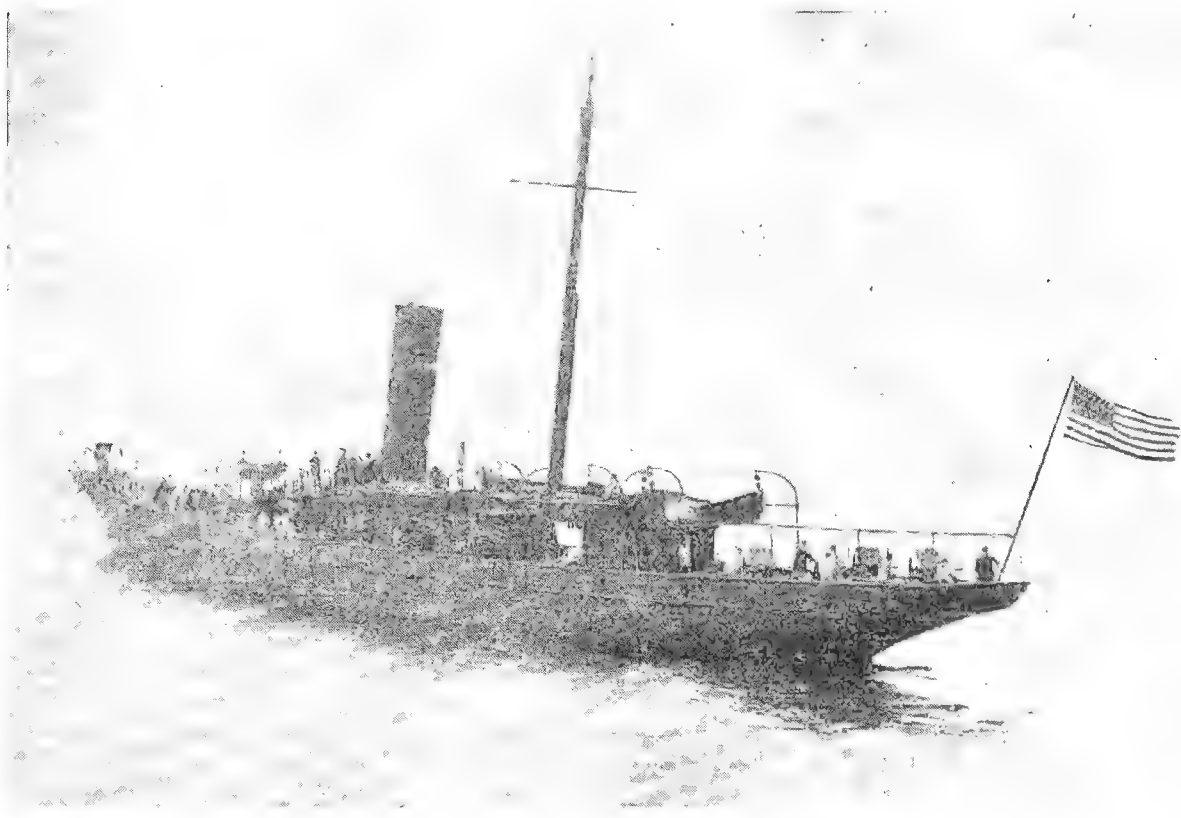
On the part of the owner, it must be apparent to him now, if never before, that his interest lies directly in putting his money into a vessel that as far as possible possesses the prime essentials for conversion to war use. It may happen, as in this case, that the opportunity to sell her at a fair figure is coincident with a temporary inability to use her on account of war. How far he can go in the compromise between his individual requirements and adaptability for conversion is a question to be settled with his designer; but he will hardly fail to realize that it is too important a matter to be disregarded entirely, as it has been in the past.

A careful study of the history of the yachts in the present war will show two important points: first, the theoretic value of vessels of the yacht type; and second, the limited extent to which the yacht fleet as a whole has realized in practice its theoretic efficiency. The work demanded and in part accomplished by the yachts is not properly within the field of either the gunboat, the destroyer, or the torpedo boat. The former is too large; the torpedo vessels, of all classes, are designed mainly for a speed which not only is absolutely unnecessary for this special work, but is obtained through the sacrifice of essentials.

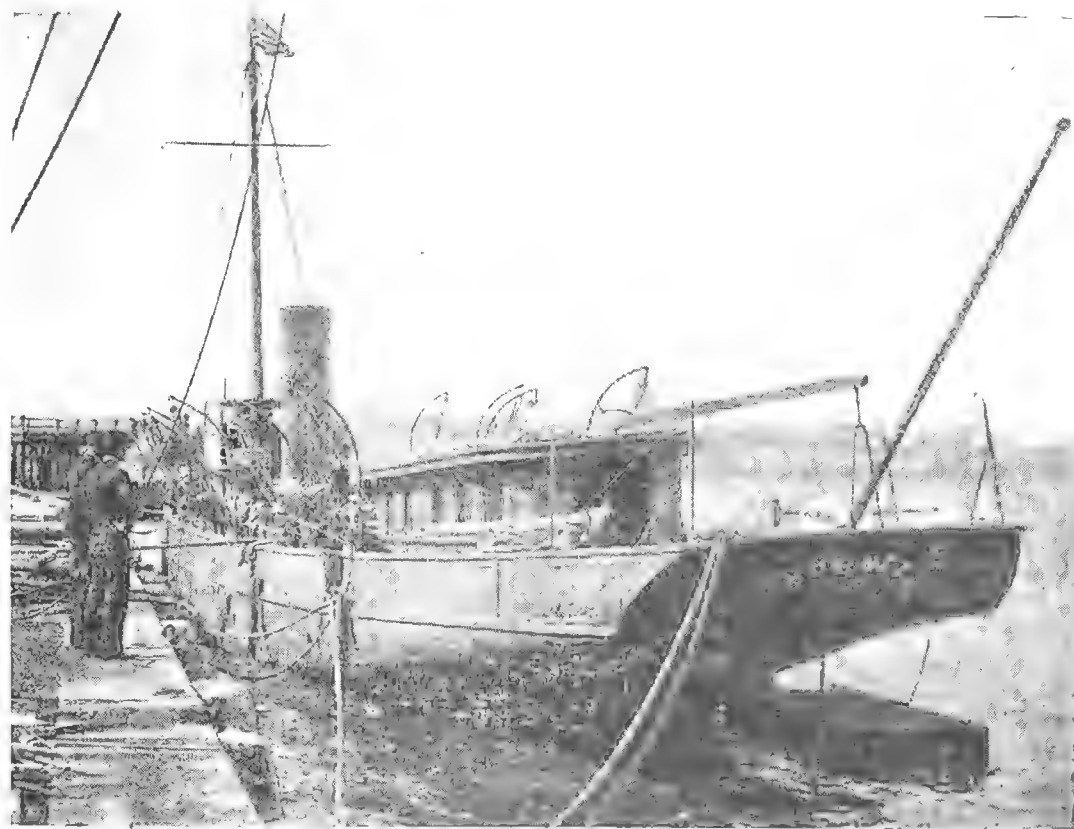
The gunboat class in the new navy had its origin in the Petrel, built in 1887, of 850 tons displacement, 11 ft. 7 in. mean draft, and 11.5 knots speed; a vessel now notable from her part in the battle of Manila Bay. The development of this class since then has been entirely upward, to vessels of 1,700 tons displacement; and no attempt has been made to carry it downward from the Petrel. Useful as they are, the gunboats now in service and the new ones under construction are unfitted by their size for the work assigned to the yachts.

So far as the torpedo boat is concerned, the present war has been devoid of results; not only is the question of the true relative value of the torpedo fleet as much an open one as it was a year ago, but false lights have been thrown on it (through the poor performance of the Spanish destroyers, and also the good work of the converted yacht Gloucester) which are calculated to mislead at least the popular mind. It cannot be too strongly stated that the idea, quite widely prevalent, that one converted yacht is the equal of two of the modern torpedo boat destroyers, is entirely erroneous. The destroyer and torpedo boat are to-day quite as formidable as they were a year ago, quite as essential, and with a wide field of usefulness on which nothing of the yacht type can intrude. At the same time, their limitations are numerous and well defined; they are necessarily most expensive and delicate machines, lacking protection, armament, bunker space, and crew accommodation; they demand special picked crews, whose endurance is severely tested in comparatively short trips at sea; and they are at all times liable to speedy deterioration. The value of each individual boat depends mainly on the spirit and training of her crew, and her excess of speed above others of her class. Had there been at hand this spring an ample fleet of torpedo boats, they would have been of but little use for the reasons that the trained crews to man them were lacking, and the men who were available, largely from the Naval Militia, were incapable of handling such delicate tools.

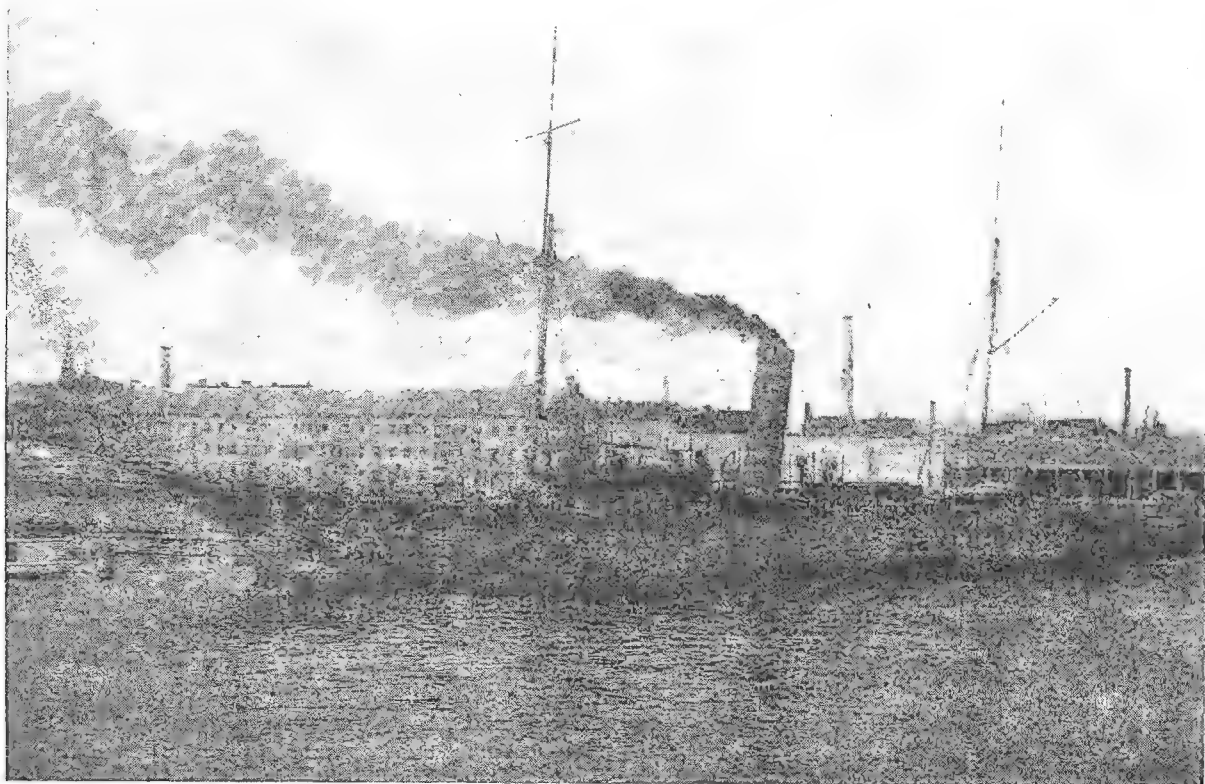
The work of the yachts, their success and failures taken together, with the work of other small craft such as tugs, lighthouse tenders, etc., impressed into the same service, seems to indicate the desirability of the creation of a new type of small auxiliary not at present recognized on the navy list. The controlling feature of design—the speed—may at the outset be placed at a moderate figure for this era of increasing speeds, not over eighteen knots. This, however, is not to be measured by the conventional yacht standard, by which an eighteen-knot steam yacht takes the wash of a good twelve-knot tug, but means a reasonable approach to the designed speed under ordinary service conditions at sea, and the ability to keep with the fleet even in bad weather. The model should possess seagoing qualities of the highest class; the draft should be limited to 11' or even 10 ft. as a maximum; the construction should be durable, with ample scantling both to carry the armament and to insure a long life with ordinary care in laying up; the engines should be strong and reliable, the bunker space as large as possible, and as deck and side protection will probably be impracticable, especial attention should be



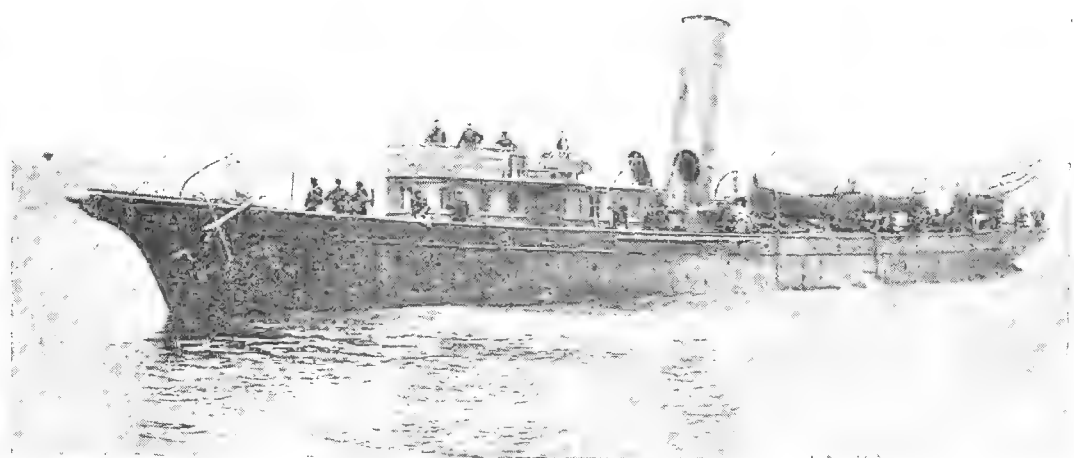
U. S. S. GLOUCESTER, FORMERLY YACHT CORSAIR.
Brooklyn Navy Yard, May 24, 1898.



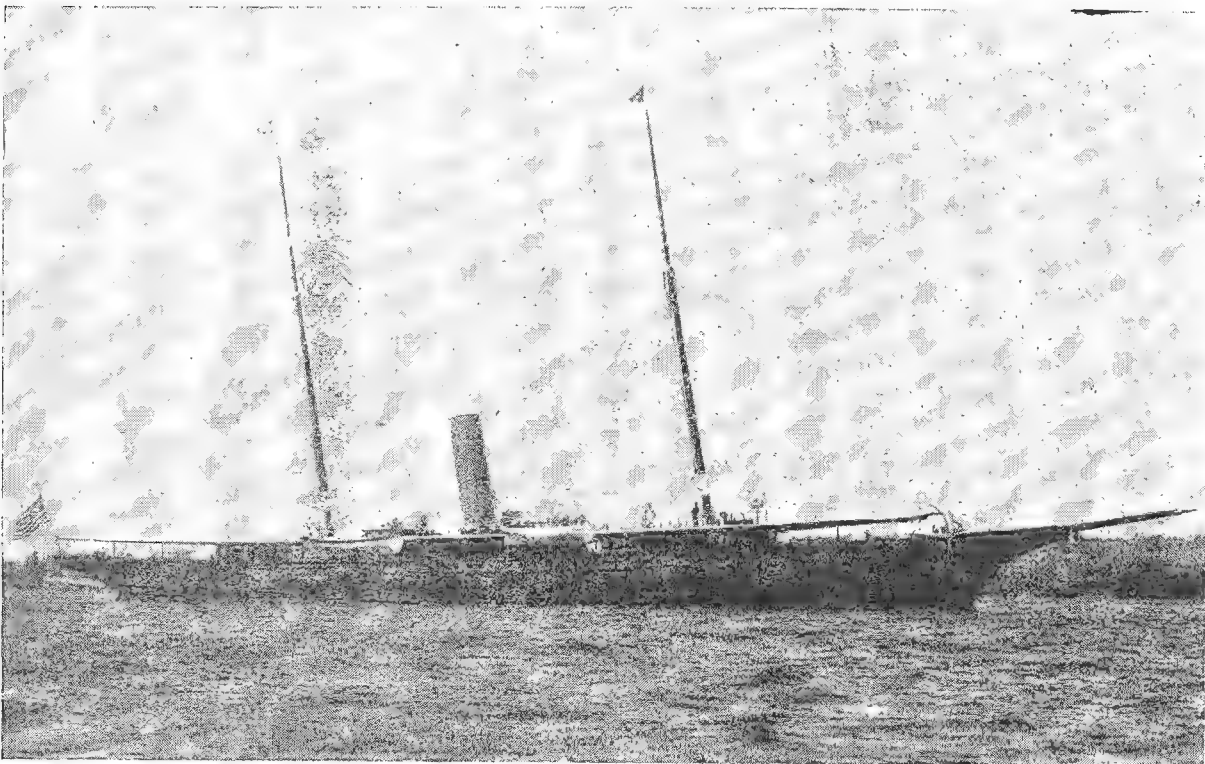
U. S. S. HORNET, FORMERLY YACHT ALICIA.
Brooklyn Navy Yard, April 17, 1898.



U. S. S. MAYFLOWER, FORMERLY YACHT MAYFLOWER.
Brooklyn Navy Yard, April 10, 1898.



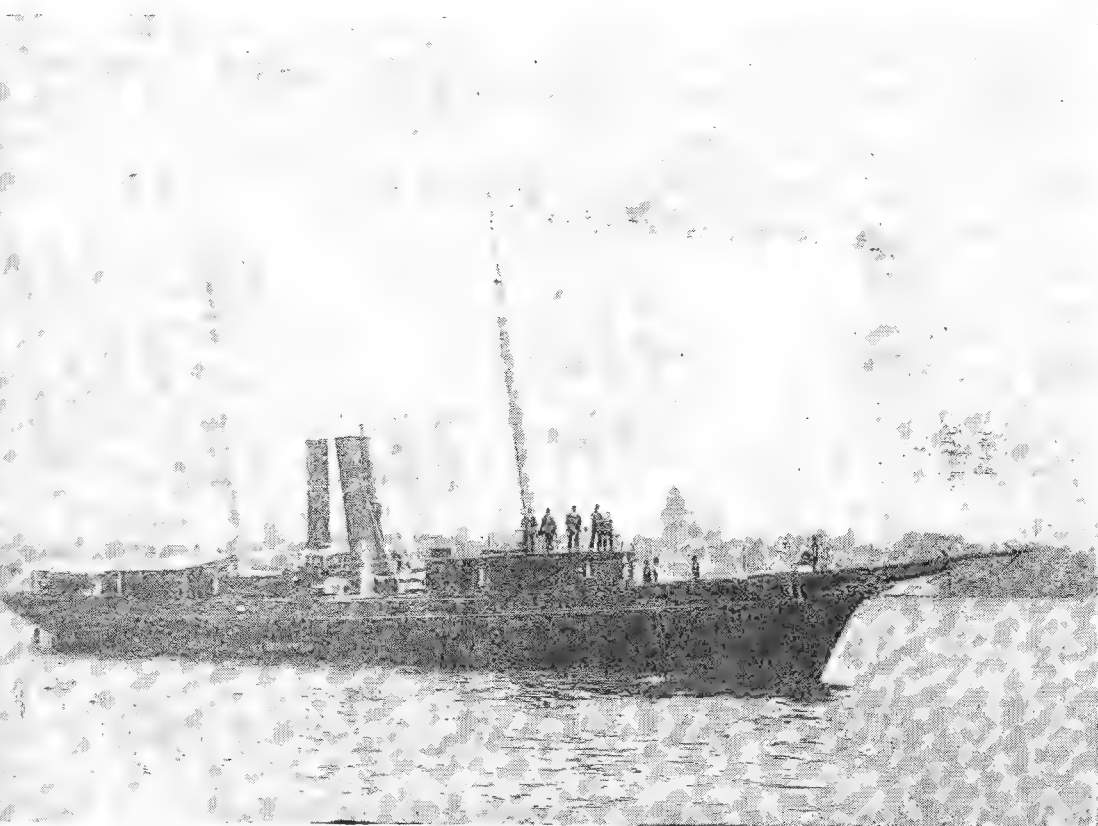
U. S. S. HIST, FORMERLY YACHT THESPIA.
Brooklyn Navy Yard, June 7, 1898.



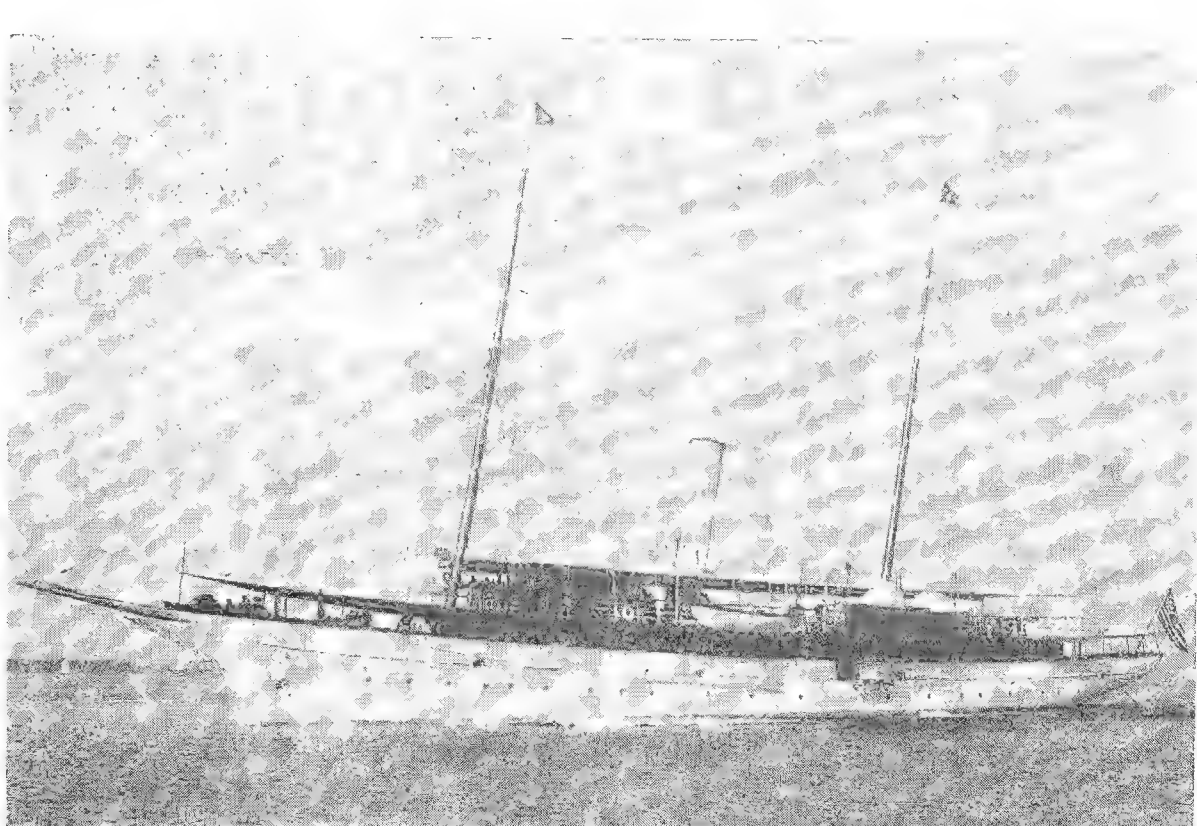
CORSAIR, STEAM YACHT.
J. Pierpont Morgan, Esq. From photo by J. S. Johnson, N. Y.



U. S. S. SCORPION, FORMERLY YACHT SOVEREIGN.
Brooklyn Navy Yard, April 26, 1898.



STRANGER, YACHT.
Arrival at Brooklyn Navy Yard, June 7, 1898.



JOSEPHINE, STEAM YACHT.
P. A. B. Widener, Esq. From photo by J. S. Johnson, N. Y.

given to the waterline protection of machinery and magazines through their location and the disposition of the bunks. The accommodation should include healthy and comfortable quarters for a proportionately large complement of officers and crew for an indefinite time, and the armament should be comparatively powerful, with the guns more advantageously located than is possible on a yacht. Special provision should be made for magazines, ammunition hoists, distilling apparatus, and minor auxiliaries. There should be no sails, and no spars except the single military mast, and in all cases torpedo tubes should be excluded. Profiting by one serious defect of the yachts, special attention should be directed to the disposition of space in holds and bunks so that it may be utilized to advantage without a material change of trim.

The intended uses of this class call for three sizes: for sea work, as dispatch boats and tenders, and for picket duty, vessels of not over 800 tons displacement, about the size of the Gloucester and Scorpion, the draft not exceeding 11 ft. in a single screw boat; twin screw boats of this size with draft reduced to 9 ft. would be very serviceable, as proved in the present case, for harbor and river work. The next size to be of about 400 tons displacement, about the size of the Hist, Eagle and Hornet, twin screw vessels of 7 to 8 ft. draft, intended for sea service as pickets. The third size, for harbor patrol service, to be of about 200 tons and 6 ft. draft, designed for smooth water, carrying a light armament and limited supply of coal. A speed of fifteen knots would suffice for this service, but they should be capable of towing a vessel out of possible danger.

The requirements here set forth are in a general way but the theoretic qualities of the converted yacht, not fully realized now in any one vessel, but easily obtained in a special design. To the specialist in torpedo-boat design or to the yacht designer the problem would be a simple one. On the one hand, the demand for very high speed, approaching thirty knots, with its egg-shell construction and numerous limitations, is entirely eliminated; and on the other the numerous and conflicting requirements of the private owner as to amount and disposition of space are replaced by fewer and simpler ones. A vessel of this type could be built for far less than either the torpedo boat or the converted yacht; she would fulfill her own special mission, covering a very wide range of usefulness, better than either; she could be handled to advantage by the average crew, not necessarily experienced men; she could, when not needed, be laid up for an indefinite time, ready for service at a few days' notice; and when thus laid up she would not be subject to the double deterioration of the torpedo boat; physical in the actual disintegration of her light frames and plating, and technical in the outbuilding by vessels of newer design and higher speed. As practice vessels for the Naval Militia for short intervals in the summer, a purpose for which it has been suggested yachts might be borrowed, these vessels would be superior to either the yacht or the torpedo boat. They would carry a larger number of men than the torpedo boat, their armament of 4 in., 5 in. and 6-pounder rapid fire guns would be better suited for practice than the two extremes of the torpedo and the 1-pounder; and while the larger sizes would be capable of practice cruises at sea, the smaller with their limited draft would be well adapted for such work as the exploration and study of local waters, as now carried on by the Naval Militia.

With suitable designs once completed for each size of vessel in the class, there would be no necessity to modify them with each new improvement that gives speed; and the attention of the designer might be concentrated upon the perfecting of details and such a reduction of engines and other parts to established standards as would minimize the cost of construction, and also make it possible to add to the class very quickly in the case of an emergency.

An examination of the smaller types of gunboats in use by other nations would disclose many interesting points; but it is not necessary to go outside the immediate experiences of the past six months for several important conclusions. The conditions of coast defense, as thus indicated, involve certain work which is not within the legitimate field of the existing gunboat class, or of the high speed torpedo boat; and which can only be done imperfectly and at great expense by means of the conversion of the steam yacht. A special class of vessel fully fitted for this work can be constructed at a comparatively moderate cost; and once provided in sufficient numbers, can be laid up for an indefinite time in a condition for almost immediate use.

In venturing to present these conclusions to those who have enjoyed more extended opportunities for observing the present fleet in actual service, I earnestly hope that they may deem them worthy of their attention and criticism.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The annual meeting of the American Y. C. was held on Jan. 17 at the Waldorf-Astoria, the following officers being elected: Com., Charles A. Gould; Vice-Com., J. Murray Mitchell; Rear-Com., George W. Quintard; Sec'y, Thomas L. Scoville; Treas., W. Porter Allen; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. Charles I. Pardee; Meas., Howard Willets; Consulting Engineer, George W. Magee, U. S. N.; Trustees for two years, H. de B. Parsons, E. H. Weatherbee and William H. Beers.

The following nominations for officers of the New York Y. C. have been posted; the annual meeting takes place on Feb. 9: Com., J. Pierpont Morgan, steam yacht Corsair; Vice-Com., Lewis Cass Ledyard, schooner Montauk; Rear-Com., August Belmont, sloop Mineola; Sec'y, J. V. S. Oddie; Treas., F. W. J. Hurst; Meas., John Hyslop; Fleet Surgeon, Morris J. Asch, M. D.; Regatta Committee, S. Nicholson Kane, Chester Griswold and Irving Grinnell; Committee on Admissions, C. Oliver Iselin, Lewis Cass Ledyard, Henry C. Ward, W. Butler Duncan, Jr., and James A. Wright; House Committee, Tarrant Putnam, Edward F. Darrell and Frank M. Cronise; Library Committee, Fordham Morris, Arthur H. Clark and Theodore C. Zerega; Committee on Club Stations, William H. Thomas, Frederick H. Benedict, F. August Schermerhorn, L. Vaughan Clark, Tarrant Putnam, Frederick P. Sands, Harrison B. Moore, John P. Duncan, Amzi L. Barber and Edward R. Ladew.

TABLE I.—DIMENSIONS AND DETAILS OF STEAM YACHTS CONVERTED TO SERVICE IN THE UNITED STATES NAVY, 1898.

Yacht.	U. S. Ship.	Owner.	Designer.	Builder.	Built at.	Date.	Hailing Port.	Rig.	Length.		Beam.	Depth of Hold.	Draft.	Tonnage.	Displacement.	Engines.	Boilers.	Speed in Knots.	Contract or Trial.	Bunker Capacity, Tons.	Tank Capacity, Gallons.	Purchase Price.	Converted at—	Protection Belt over Engines and Boilers.	Armament.	Complement.	
									Overall.	L. W. L.																Off.	Ship.
Mayflower.	Mayflower.	Est. Ogden Goelet.	G. L. Watson.	Clydebank E. & S. Co.	Clydebank, Scotland	1896	New York.	Steel.	Brg. 318	273	36.5	21	16.5	1737	2090	2-4 cylinder, (2) 22½ in. (2) 38 in. (4) 40 x 24 in.	2 Scotch 17 ft. (in. diam. 4) 40 x 24 in.	16.75	554	154	\$480,000	Brooklyn Navy Yard.	¾ in. x 5 ft.	2-4 in. R. F. 12-6 pdrs. R. F. 4-6 mm. Colts. 2 15 in. torpedo tubes.	9	152	
Josephine.	Vixen.	P. A. B. Widener.	Lewis Nixon.	Crescent Ship Yard.	Elizabeth, N. J.	1896	Philadelphia, Pa.	Steel.	Sch. 225	183	18	14	11.6	545	1820	Triple 3 cylinder, 18-24 in. and 42 x 24 in.	1 Scotch 14 ft. (in. diam. 3) 18 x 24 in.	17.25	200	17000	150,000	League Island Navy Yard.	¾ in. x 5 ft.	4-6 pdrs. R. F. 2 15 in. torpedo tubes.	6	88	
*Penelope.	Vankton.	H. C. Converse.	G. L. Watson.	Ramage & Ferguson.	Leith, Scotland.	1893	Boston.	Steel.	Brg. 215	185	21.5	17	14	541	1820	Triple 3 cylinder, 18-24 in. and 42 x 24 in.	1 Scotch 14 ft. (in. diam. 3) 18 x 24 in.	17.25	200	17000	125,000	Boston Navy Yard.	¾ in. x 5 ft.	4-6 pdrs. R. F. 2 15 in. torpedo tubes.	6	84	
Sovereign.	Scorpion.	M. D. C. Borden.	J. Beaver Webb.	J. N. Robins Co.	Brooklyn, N. Y.	1896	New York.	Steel.	Sch. 250	210	25.1	16.1	12	627	880	2 triple 3 cylinder, 15-24 in. and 38 x 20 in.	2 Scotch 17 ft. (in. diam. 4) 40 x 24 in.	17.25	200	17000	300,000	Brooklyn Navy Yard.	¾ in. x 5 ft.	4-6 pdrs. R. F. 2 15 in. torpedo tubes.	6	92	
Corsair.	Gloucester.	J. P. Morgan.	J. Beaver Webb.	Neatie & Leavy.	Philadelphia, Pa.	1891	New York.	Steel.	Sch. 241	204	21	16.5	13	590	786	Triple 3 cylinder, 21-30 in. and 54 x 30 in.	2 Scotch 17 ft. (in. diam. 4) 40 x 24 in.	17	120	22000	225,000	Quintard Iron Works.	None.	2-6 mm. Colts. 4-6 pdr. R. F. 4-8 pdr. R. F. 2-6 mm. Colts.	6	36	
Columbia.	Wasp.	J. H. Ladew.	Wm. Cramp & Sons.	Philadelphia, Pa.	Philadelphia, Pa.	1894	New York.	Steel.	Sch. 204	189	23	14.3	12.5	380	400	Triple 4 cylinder, 21-30 in. and 54 x 30 in.	2 return tube.	17.85	115,000	Portsmouth Navy Yard.	95,000	Brooklyn Navy Yard.	None.	2-6 mm. Colts. 4-6 pdr. R. F. 4-8 pdr. R. F. 2-6 mm. Colts.	6	36	
Comanche.	Frolic.	H. M. Hanna.	Globe Iron Works.	Cleveland, O.	Cleveland, O.	1891	Cleveland, O.	Steel.	Brg. 185	165	25	14.3	11	357	420	Triple 3 cylinder, 14-24 in. and 38 x 24 in.	1 Scotch 17 ft. (in. diam. 4) 40 x 24 in.	17.85	115,000	Portsmouth Navy Yard.	95,000	Brooklyn Navy Yard.	None.	2-6 mm. Colts. 4-6 pdr. R. F. 4-8 pdr. R. F. 2-6 mm. Colts.	6	36	
Hermione.	Hawk.	Est. H. L. Pierce.	G. L. Watson.	Fleming & Ferguson.	Paisley, Scotland.	1891	Boston.	Steel.	Sch. 154	145	22.7	13	10	270	420	Triple 3 cylinder, 15-24 in. and 38 x 24 in.	1 Scotch 17 ft. (in. diam. 4) 40 x 24 in.	17.85	115,000	Portsmouth Navy Yard.	95,000	Brooklyn Navy Yard.	None.	2-6 mm. Colts. 4-6 pdr. R. F. 4-8 pdr. R. F. 2-6 mm. Colts.	6	36	
Eugenia.	Siren.	J. G. Cassatt.	A. H. Brown.	Hawthorn & Co.	Leith, Scotland.	1896	Philadelphia, Pa.	Steel.	Sch. 149	133	19	11.5	10	165	420	Triple 3 cylinder, 11-18-30 x 24 in.	1 return flue.	17.85	115,000	Portsmouth Navy Yard.	95,000	Brooklyn Navy Yard.	None.	2-6 mm. Colts. 4-6 pdr. R. F. 4-8 pdr. R. F. 2-6 mm. Colts.	6	36	
Sylvia.	Sylvia.	E. M. Brown.	A. Stephen.	A. Stephen & Sons.	Glasgow, Scotland.	1882	New York.	Iron.	Sch. 148	130	18.5	9.3	11	138	420	Triple 3 cylinder, 11-18-30 x 24 in.	1 Scotch 17 ft. (in. diam. 4) 40 x 24 in.	17.85	115,000	Portsmouth Navy Yard.	95,000	Brooklyn Navy Yard.	None.	2-6 mm. Colts. 4-6 pdr. R. F. 4-8 pdr. R. F. 2-6 mm. Colts.	6	36	
Stranger.	Stranger.	Mrs Geo. Lewis.	Wm. Cramp & Sons.	Philadelphia, Pa.	Philadelphia, Pa.	1880	New York.	Iron.	Sch. 199	173	23.9	11.5	10.5	247	420	Triple 3 cylinder, 11-18-30 x 24 in.	1 Scotch 17 ft. (in. diam. 4) 40 x 24 in.	17.85	115,000	Portsmouth Navy Yard.	95,000	Brooklyn Navy Yard.	None.	2-6 mm. Colts. 4-6 pdr. R. F. 4-8 pdr. R. F. 2-6 mm. Colts.	6	36	
Illawarra.	Oneida.	Eugene Tompkins.	C. R. Hanscom.	Bath Iron Works.	Bath, Me.	1896	Boston.	Steel.	Sch. 129	106	18.5	10.5	7.5	119	420	Triple 3 cylinder, 11-18-30 x 24 in.	2 Scotch 17 ft. (in. diam. 4) 40 x 24 in.	17.85	115,000	Portsmouth Navy Yard.	95,000	Brooklyn Navy Yard.	None.	2-6 mm. Colts. 4-6 pdr. R. F. 4-8 pdr. R. F. 2-6 mm. Colts.	6	36	
Thespia.	Hist.	David Dows, Jr.	Wm. Cramp & Sons.	Philadelphia, Pa.	Philadelphia, Pa.	1885	New York.	Steel.	Sch. 195	174	25.5	13	10	312	420	Triple 3 cylinder, 11-18-30 x 24 in.	2 Scotch 17 ft. (in. diam. 4) 40 x 24 in.	17.85	115,000	Portsmouth Navy Yard.	95,000	Brooklyn Navy Yard.	None.	2-6 mm. Colts. 4-6 pdr. R. F. 4-8 pdr. R. F. 2-6 mm. Colts.	6	36	
Kanawha.	Kanawha.	C. L. Seabury.	C. L. Seabury.	C. L. Seabury & Co.	Nyack, N. Y.	1890	New York.	Com.	Sch. 146	117	17	10.5	7	127	420	Triple 3 cylinder, 11-16½ in. and 21 x 15 in.	2 Scotch 17 ft. (in. diam. 4) 40 x 24 in.	17.85	115,000	Portsmouth Navy Yard.	95,000	Brooklyn Navy Yard.	None.	2-6 mm. Colts. 4-6 pdr. R. F. 4-8 pdr. R. F. 2-6 mm. Colts.	6	36	
Dorothea.	Dorothea.	Est. Thomas Kean.	Wm. Cramp & Sons.	Philadelphia, Pa.	Philadelphia, Pa.	1898	New York.	Steel.	Sch. 213	178	28.3	15	10.5	433	420	Triple 3 cylinder, 18-24 in. and 42 x 24 in.	2 Scotch 17 ft. (in. diam. 4) 40 x 24 in.	17.85	115,000	Portsmouth Navy Yard.	95,000	Brooklyn Navy Yard.	None.	2-6 mm. Colts. 4-6 pdr. R. F. 4-8 pdr. R. F. 2-6 mm. Colts.	6	36	
Aileen.	Aileen.	R. Stevens.	Gardner & Cox.	Roach's Shipyard.	Chester, Pa.	1896	New York.	Steel.	Sch. 140	115	20	10.3	9	141	420	Triple 3 cylinder, 18-24 in. and 42 x 24 in.	2 Scotch 17 ft. (in. diam. 4) 40 x 24 in.	17.85	115,000	Portsmouth Navy Yard.	95,000	Brooklyn Navy Yard.	None.	2-6 mm. Colts. 4-6 pdr. R. F. 4-8 pdr. R. F. 2-6 mm. Colts.	6	36	
*Viking.	Viking.	H. A. Hutchins.	Wm. Cramp & Sons.	Roach's Shipyard.	Chester, Pa.	1888	New York.	Iron.	Sch. 138	122	21	10.3	9	141	420	Triple 3 cylinder, 18-24 in. and 42 x 24 in.	2 Scotch 17 ft. (in. diam. 4) 40 x 24 in.	17.85	115,000	Portsmouth Navy Yard.	95,000	Brooklyn Navy Yard.	None.	2-6 mm. Colts. 4-6 pdr. R. F. 4-8 pdr. R. F. 2-6 mm. Colts.	6	36	
*Buccaneer.	Buccaneer.	W. R. Hearst.	Edwd. Burgess.	Atlantic Works.	East Boston.	1888	New York.	Steel.	Sch. 135	116	20	10.3	9	141	420	Triple 3 cylinder, 18-24 in. and 42 x 24 in.	2 Scotch 17 ft. (in. diam. 4) 40 x 24 in.	17.85	115,000	Portsmouth Navy Yard.	95,000	Brooklyn Navy Yard.	None.	2-6 mm. Colts. 4-6 pdr. R. F. 4-8 pdr. R. F. 2-6 mm. Colts.	6	36	
Almy.	Almy.	Frederick Galatin.	Harlan & Hollingsworth Co.	Harlan & Hollingsworth Co.	Wilmington, Del.	1890	New York.	Steel.	Sch. 117	155	24	14	11.5	365	420	Triple 3 cylinder, 17-24 in. and 42 x 24 in.	2 Scotch 17 ft. (in. diam. 4) 40 x 24 in.	17.85	115,000	Portsmouth Navy Yard.	95,000	Brooklyn Navy Yard.	None.	2-6 mm. Colts. 4-6 pdr. R. F. 4-8 pdr. R. F. 2-6 mm. Colts.	6	36	
Alicia.	Hornet.	H. M. Flagler.	Harlan & Hollingsworth Co.	Harlan & Hollingsworth Co.	Wilmington, Del.	1890	New York.	Steel.	Sch. 180	160	24	13.5	11	392	420	Triple 3 cylinder, 17-24 in. and 42 x 24 in.	2 Scotch 17 ft. (in. diam. 4) 40 x 24 in.	17.85	115,000	Portsmouth Navy Yard.	95,000	Brooklyn Navy Yard.	None.	2-6 mm. Colts. 4-6 pdr. R. F. 4-8 pdr. R. F. 2-6 mm. Colts.	6	36	
Free Lance.	Free Lance.	F. A. Schermerhorn.	A. Cary Smith.	Crescent Shipyard.	Elizabeth, N. J.	1895	New York.	Steel.	Sch. 157	108	20	10	6.75	132	420	Triple 3 cylinder, 17-24 in. and 42 x 24 in.	2 Scotch 17 ft. (in. diam. 4) 40 x 24 in.	17.85	115,000	Portsmouth Navy Yard.	95,000	Brooklyn Navy Yard.	None.	2-6 mm. Colts. 4-6 pdr. R. F. 4-8 pdr. R. F. 2-6 mm. Colts.	6	36	
Elfrida.	Elfrida.	W. S. Webb.	Harlan & Hollingsworth Co.	Harlan & Hollingsworth Co.	Wilmington, Del.	1889	Burlington, Vt.	Steel.	Sch. 117	102	15.7	13.5	7.5	113	420	Triple 3 cylinder, 17-24 in. and 42 x 24 in.	2 Scotch 17 ft. (in. diam. 4) 40 x 24 in.	17.85	115,000	Portsmouth Navy Yard.	95,000	Brooklyn Navy Yard.	None.	2-6 mm. Colts. 4-6 pdr. R. F. 4-8 pdr. R. F. 2-6 mm. Colts.	6	36	
Enquirer.	Enquirer.	W. J. Connors.	Buffalo Dry Dock Co.	Buffalo Dry Dock Co.	Buffalo, N. Y.	1895	Buffalo, N. Y.	Steel.	Sch. 143	121	17.5	10	6	140	420	Triple 3 cylinder, 17-24 in. and 42 x 24 in.	2 Scotch 17 ft. (in. diam. 4) 40 x 24 in.	17.85	115,000	Portsmouth Navy Yard.	95,000	Brooklyn Navy Yard.	None.	2-6 mm. Colts. 4-6 pdr. R. F. 4-8 pdr. R. F. 2-6 mm. Colts.	6	36	
Inca.	Inca.	F. B. McQuesten.	G. Lawley & Son Co.	G. Lawley & Son Co.	Boston, Mass.	1898	Boston.	Wood	Sch. 117	97	16	8	8	109	420	Triple 3 cylinder, 17-24 in. and 42 x 24 in.	2 Scotch 17 ft. (in. diam. 4) 40 x 24 in.	17.85	115,000	Portsmouth Navy Yard.	95,000	Brooklyn Navy Yard.	None.	2-6 mm. Colts. 4-6 pdr. R. F. 4-8 pdr. R. F. 2-6 mm. Colts.	6	36	
Sheerwater.	Sheerwater.	H. R. Wolcott.	Edwd. Burgess.	Atlantic Works.	East Boston.	1887	New York.	Steel.	Sch. 124	108	18	8.8	6.5	109	420	Triple 3 cylinder, 17-24 in. and 42 x 24 in.	2 Scotch 17 ft. (in. diam. 4) 40 x 24 in.	17.85	115,000	Portsmouth Navy Yard.	95,000	Brooklyn Navy Yard.	None.	2-6 mm. Colts. 4-6 pdr. R. F. 4-8 pdr. R. F. 2-6 mm. Colts.	6	36	
Restless.	Restless.	H. W. Sibley.	Woodbridge & Houston.	Woodbridge & Houston.	Marcus Hook, Pa.	1887	Rochester, N. Y.	Iron.	Sch. 132	115	16	8.5	7	105	420	Triple 3 cylinder, 17-24 in. and 42 x 24 in.	2 Scotch 17 ft. (in. diam. 4) 40 x 24 in.	17.85	115,000	Portsmouth Navy Yard.	95,000	Brooklyn Navy Yard.	None.	2-6 mm. Colts. 4-6 pdr. R. F. 4-8 pdr. R. F. 2-6 mm. Colts.	6	36	
Huntress.	Huntress.	F. C. Fowler.	C. L. Seabury.	C. L. Seabury & Co.	Nyack, N. Y.	1896	Hartford, Conn.	Com.	Sch. 120	97	16	9	6.5	81	420	Triple 3 cylinder, 17-24 in. and 42 x 24 in.	2 Scotch 17 ft. (in. diam. 4) 40 x 24 in.	17.85	115,000	Portsmouth Navy Yard.	95,000	Brooklyn Navy Yard.	None.	2-6 mm. Colts. 4-6 pdr. R. F. 4-8 pdr. R. F. 2-6 mm. Colts.	6	36	
No. 255.	Sylph.	Builders.	Gardner & Cox.	Roach's Shipyard.	Chester, Pa.	1898	Washington, D. C.	Steel.	Sch. 152	126	20	10.5	8.75	159	420	Triple 3 cylinder, 10-16 in. and 25 x 16 in.	2 Scotch 17 ft. (in. diam. 4) 40 x 24 in.	17.85	115,000	Portsmouth Navy Yard.	95,000	Brooklyn Navy Yard.	None.	2-6 mm. Colts. 4-6 pdr. R. F. 4-8 pdr. R. F. 2-6 mm. Colts.	6	36	

† Ex. Unquoava.

† Ex. Unquoava.

† Ex. Unquoava.

† Ex. Unquoava.

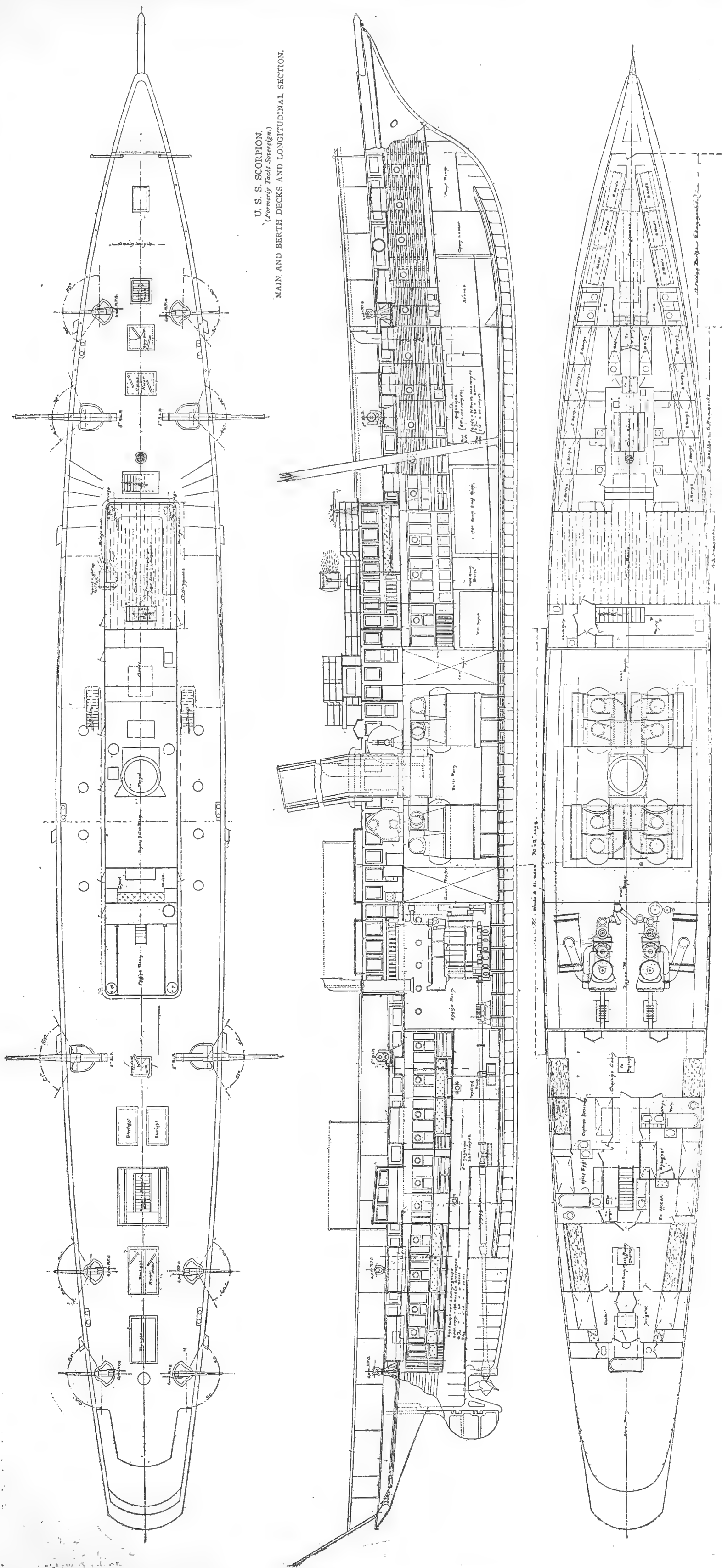
† Ex. Unquoava.

† Ex. Unquoava.

† Ex. Unquoava.

† Ex. Unquoava.

† Ex. Unquoava.



The Corinthian Y. C., of Philadelphia, at its annual meeting on Jan. 11 elected the following officers: Com., Alexander Van Rensselaer, steam yacht May; Vice-Com., Joseph de F. Junkin, schr. Columbia; Rear-Com., Robert M. Riddle, yawl Spalpeen; Sec'y, Addison F. Bancroft; Treas., Robert K. Neff; Meas., G. Herbert Millett; Race Committee, Addison F. Bancroft, Isaac W. Jeanes, Henry S. Jeanes; Committee on Admissions, Charles H. Brock, Alexander Van Rensselaer, G. Herbert Millett, Frank H. Rosengarten and Brereton Pratt; Trustees, elected to serve three years, William L. Elkins, Jr., Brereton Pratt, Alfred C. Harrison and George E. Kirkpatrick. The club voted to retain its station at the present location, Essington.

Mr. H. C. Wintringham has designed a centerboard schooner for a New York yachtsman, the dimensions being: Over all, 68ft. 8in.; l.w.l., 48ft.; beam, 16ft. 8in.; draft of hull, 7ft.; depth, 7ft. 10in. He has also designed a centerboard cutter 48ft. over all, 34ft. l.w.l., 13ft. 6in. beam, and 5ft. 10in. draft, with pole mast, which is building by the Greenpoint Basin and Construction Co.

The Spalding St. Lawrence Boat Co. has recently equipped its shops at Ogdensburg, N. Y., with electric lights and is now running ten hours per day. Heretofore the working hours in winter have been limited to daylight, about seven hours, but the added business has called for an increase, which is now possible. The firm is building a 30ft. gig, 26ft. lifeboat and 20ft. cutter for the steam yacht Corsair, Com. J. P. Morgan, New York Y. C.

The cabin naphtha yacht Paul Jones left Louisville Ky., early in December on a long cruise down the Mississippi and across the Gulf of Mexico to Florida. The party on board included Col. H. C. Yocum, of St. Louis, Miss Florence Yocum, Miss Marjorie Woodland, of Chicago, Miss Florence Taggart, of Indianapolis, and Mr. Joseph Brinkman, with a crew of three. She reached New Orleans in safety and started on Jan. 3 for Pensacola, but was not reported in any way until Jan. 20, when a party of fishermen brought word to Mobile of the finding of a wrecked yacht near Bird Island, on the Louisiana coast. The first reports were confirmed by the United States Lighthouse Tender Pansy, and other searching parties. Nothing has been heard of the passengers or crew, and the idea is generally accepted that the yacht was wrecked by an explosion, in which all were lost.

On Jan. 20 Mr. C. H. Crane delivered the first of a series of four lectures on naval architecture before the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. The second lecture is announced for Jan. 31.

Mr. Theodore E. Ferris, head draftsman for Mr. A. Cary Smith for the past seven years, has associated himself with the firm of Joseph Thomas & Co., of Winans Cove, Md., taking charge of the marine department. The firm builds yachts and commercial vessels of all kinds.

The Greenport Basin and Construction Co. is busy with a number of yachts, including three keel sloops of 25ft. l.w.l., two cutters of 30ft. and one of 34ft. The two 30-footers are from designs by C. H. Crane, one being for J. R. Maxwell, Jr., and the other for H. D. Pratt, of Brooklyn. They are 43ft. over all, 10ft. 3in. beam and 7ft. draft. Two of the 25-footers are from designs by T. W. Brigham, for E. T. Nugent, of St. Louis, and H. L. Coe, of New York. They are 39ft. over all, 10ft. beam and 6ft. draft. The other is 37ft. over all, 9ft. 3in. beam and 6ft. 6in. draft.

We understand that Mr. H. C. Folkhard, author of the standard work on "The Sailing Boat," is now at work on a new edition, which will be materially extended and revised to include the most modern craft. Judging from the original work, published many years ago, the new edition will be a material addition to yachting literature.

On Jan. 24 the steam yacht Nourmahal, J. J. Astor, was hauled out for cleaning and painting, preparatory to a Mediterranean cruise, at Downing & Lawrence's Marine Railway, South Brooklyn, when the hauling chain parted and the cradle ran rapidly down the ways, launching the yacht suddenly and forcibly. She ran across the channel and came in collision with the working schooner Robert A. Snow, smashing her rail and springing her foremast, the total damage amounting to about \$500. But little damage was done to the yacht.

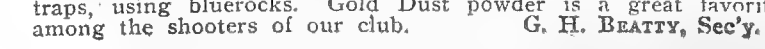
Memory, fin-keel sloop, has been sold by W. N. Murray to J. E. Fletcher, of Providence, through Manning's Agency. Terrapin, auxiliary schooner, has been sold by E. J. Bergen to J. G. N. Whittaker, of Philadelphia, by the same agency.

Canoeing.

CANOEING NEWS NOTES.

The organization of the Western Division of the American Canoe Association was finally completed at a meeting at Milwaukee on Jan. 23, at which Com. Thorn and Vice-Com. Morse of the A. C. A. were present, with officers of the Western Canoe Association. The following Division officers were elected: Vice-Com., Harry B. Cook, Chicago; Rear-Com., W. C. Jupp, Detroit; Purser, D. H. Crane, Chicago; Ex. Com., A. W. Friese, Milwaukee.

On Saturday, Feb. 11, 1899, at 6:30 P. M., a dinner will be given at Young's Hotel, Boston, under the auspices of the Eastern Division of the A. C. A. The dinner will be entirely informal, and the price will be \$2 per plate; a special entertainment will be provided. The committee hopes that all members of the Division, particularly those who have not attended the annual meets will make a special effort to be present, and thus, while co-operating to insure the success of this, the first mid-winter dinner of the Division, may become better acquainted. Guests may be invited at the regular price. Kindly notify the purser if you intend to come, stating the number of guests, if any. Committee, J. W. Brown, ex-officio, Innitou Canoe Club; J. B. Waterbury, ex-officio, Newton Boat Club; R. H. Hammond, Tatassit Canoe Club; F. A. Wallace, Lawrence Canoe Club; A. T. S. Clay, Wawbewawa Canoe Association. Wm. W. Crosby, Purser, No. 8 Court street, Woburn, Mass.



DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The programme of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club, Worcester, Mass., to take place Feb. 22, is now ready for distribution. There are twelve events at targets, no handicaps and nobody barred. There are five events at 10 targets, 70 cents entrance; one at 5 pairs, \$1.20 entrance; three at 15, \$1.30 entrance; two at 20, \$1.40 entrance; angles regular, unknown and reverse. The seventh event is the team race for the Shooting and Fishing trophy, 50 targets per man, of which 30 are singles, expert rules, and 10 pairs, entrance \$3, between the Worcester Sportsmen's Club and the Boston Shooting Association. Shooting commences at 9:30; regular programme at 10:30. Take Greendale electric cars for grounds, and stop off at Huntington avenue. Guns and ammunition sent care of Mr. A. W. Walls will be delivered at the grounds free.

Under date of Jan. 28 Mr. C. H. Manahan, of South River, N. J., writes us as follows: "There will be a 100-live-bird match on the grounds of the Middlesex Gun Club, this place, on Feb. 4, at 1:30 P. M., between John C. Belloff, 28yds., and Capt. Bunk, 30yds., both of New Brunswick. If stormy, the shoot will be postponed till Feb. 8, at 1:30 P. M. On Lincoln's Birthday, Monday, Feb. 13, there will be sweepstake shooting all day. The principal event will be a 15-bird handicap, 33 to 25yds., \$7 entrance, birds extra, at 1:30 P. M. Prizes will be given to the two high guns in this event. Stages will meet all trolleys from New Brunswick at Tanner's Corners on days of both shoots."

Mr. John G. Smith, president Iowa State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, under date of Jan. 23 writes us as follows: "The meeting of the Association will be held at Algona, Ia., on May 23-25. We have a very large gun club in Algona, and the boys are already at work. We expect to make this one of the great meetings of 1899. We have fine grounds close to town, where we can shoot, rain or shine."

Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, manager of the Interstate Association, returned to Pittsburg, Pa., after a visit of some days in New York, where he had been some days attending to matters concerning the Grand American Handicap. He was quite sanguine over the prospects of the greatest of America's shooting events, as indeed he well might be, for every indication points toward a most complete success.

The tournament of the Sportsmen's Association, the programme of which is published elsewhere in our columns, offers shooting opportunities for visiting sportsmen under the most unique conditions. To shoot in competition on the roof of Madison Square Garden is an opportunity never offered before. The programme in itself is most attractive, and considering the quality, prestige, etc., is inexpensive.

There is rumor of a match between Councilman John Heflich, of West Hoboken, and Mr. Al Heritage, of Jersey City, for a supper and the price of the birds. On the same day the tie between Messrs. Henry Heflich and John H. Outwater at 25 live birds will be shot off. This was a result of a match at 25 live birds between Messrs. Harms, Heflich and Outwater, who killed respectively 20, 21 and 21.

The programme of the all-day target shoot of the Lyndhurst Shooting Association, Lyndhurst, N. J., has eight events at 15 targets, \$1 entrance; one at 25 targets, \$1.50 entrance. The fifth event is the State championship, the E C cup contest. The grounds can be reached in thirty minutes from New York either by the Erie to Rutherford, or D., L. & W. to Lyndhurst.

John Wright, manager of the Brooklyn Gun Club, is gradually perfecting the details of his forthcoming live-bird invitation shoot, to take place on Tom Morley's grounds at Lyndhurst, some time this month. No doubt it will be on the lines which Mr. Wright always observes, that is the most sport with the least expense to the shooters.

There was a little shooting at Elkwood Park on Jan. 27, consisting of five 4-bird short sweeps and a miss-and-out. Charles Woolley killed straight and won in the first sweep. Woolley and Daly divided the second. Woolley, Daly and Wood divided the third, and Woolley won the fourth alone. In the miss-and-out he won on the first round.

Owing to the contest for the E C cup and target tournament next Saturday, at Lyndhurst, N. J., the Boiling Springs Gun Club has postponed its monthly shoot from Feb. 4 to Feb. 11. The Brooklyn Gun Club, to avoid conflicting then with Boiling Spring Gun Club's date, has postponed its monthly shoot from Feb. 11 to Feb. 18.

On Saturday of this week the E. C. cup, emblematic of the championship of the State of New Jersey, will be contested, on the grounds of the Lyndhurst Shooting Association. Mr. T. W. Morley, the present holder, will defend it against Capt. A. W. Money, with what success no one at present can tell.

Some members of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club take quite kindly to live-bird shooting, as shown by some of the good scores made recently. No doubt other clubs are waking up to the importance and pleasure of this branch of sport, and perhaps also with an eye to representation in the Grand American Handicap.

Mr. J. R. Hull, of Parker Brothers, Meriden, Conn., was a visitor at the Brooklyn Gun Club shoot last Saturday. He has taken up live-bird shooting somewhat. His skill is quite equal to the demands of this branch of sport, so that he is of that rare class of shooters skillful on both targets and live birds.

Mr. Ed Taylor, the ballistic expert of the Laffin & Rand Powder Co., in discussing the best manner of illustrating the varied flight of the birds at Carteret last week, gravely said that the figures on a Chinese laundry bill would give about the best idea of the flights that it was possible to convey.

The Oceanic Rod and Gun Club, of Rockaway Park, Rockaway Beach, L. I., will shoot a team match with the Hudson Gun Club, of Jersey City, N. J., next Monday. Trains leave the foot of East Thirty-fourth street, Flatbush avenue, Brooklyn, station of the L. I. R. R. at 9 and 11 o'clock A. M.

The Dansville Gun Club, Dansville, N. Y., has arranged a series of shoots for a badge, the contests to be handicap events. Mr. Erskine H. Lott, on the totals for the month, won the January cup of the Crescent A. C.

Mr. Rolla O. Heikes left for his home, Dayton, O., on Friday of last week. He will return East about March 1 and make an extended visit in New York and vicinity.

The date fixed for holding the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association's tournament has been changed from May 16-19 to May 30 to June 2, inclusive.

Mr. Thomas P. Hicks, who is the holder of the Chicago challenge trophy, has been challenged in due form by Mr. Silas Palmer, to compete for it.

The Soo Gun Club, of Sioux City, Ia., has claimed June 7 to 9 inclusive as dates for its fifth annual amateur tournament.

The Fremont Gun Club, Fremont, Neb., will hold an all-day shoot on live birds and targets, on Feb. 22.

BERNARD WATERS.

St. Paul Gun Club.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Jan. 28.—Under date of Jan. 28 Mr. H. C. Lawrence, secretary of the St. Paul Gun Club, writes us as follows: "The enclosed newspaper clipping will demonstrate to the shooting fraternity in Minnesota that in the future live birds may be shot at the traps without further interference from the humane society."

A few excerpts, taken from the clipping mentioned, are given herewith:

"It is more humane to kill pigeons by shooting them than to wring their necks or to cut their heads off." That is what John A. Moak, special humane officer of the St. Paul Society for the Prevention of Cruelty, said yesterday after witnessing at the State fair grounds the January live-bird shoot of the St. Paul Gun Club.

Officer Moak, Charles Steele, a former president of the society, and Michael Shorn, a policeman, were present to see for themselves if the sport of pigeon shooting from traps was really brutal, and to make arrests if warranted.

About thirty well-known trap experts of the Twin Cities congregated in the snowstorm at 11 o'clock to take part in the first shoot held in many a day by the St. Paul Club. The storm possessed few if any drawbacks to the hardy little band. Willing hands shoveled the snow away from the traps and the shooting box, and in a short time the sportsmen and Mrs. S. S. Johnston of Minneapolis, the only woman present to participate, were ready for business. Catamaran, one of the standbys of the club, was the first to burn powder. He was made No. 1 in the initial event, which was a sweepstake at 10 birds, unknown traps, and 28yds. rise.

Catamaran explained that he did not desire to lead off for any selfish motive, but to protect his friends from arrest, if any had to be made to satisfy the law. When the veteran called "Pull!" a

slate-colored towerer whirled skyward from the center trap. The sportsman's formidable looking fowling piece instantly was elevated to an angle of 35 degrees. There were two reports, one following the other almost instantly. The first barrel resulted in divorcing the tail feathers from the pretty pigeon, while the second did the "business," as an old hand expressed it to the eager spectators. The shot was a fine one. The bird expired almost instantly—was dead, in fact, when it reached the ground.

Officer Moak's eyes glistened with the keen appreciation of a genuine sportsman as he ejaculated, "No cruelty there!" Then the contest was resumed without interruption, about 200 pigeons being grassed.

Only two birds escaped, and according to Officer Moak, "they were not touched." He stood behind the participants as they faced the traps and took especial pains to note what happened to each bird. His colleagues were equally vigilant, and when the shooting was over they were equally positive with Mr. Moak that despite all that has been said against it, live-bird shooting is not at all cruel. Mr. Moak carried a bunch of fat pigeons away with him when he left for home.

Sweepstakes on live birds: First event—A sweepstakes, \$2.50 entrance, divided into three prizes: 28yds. rise, 50yds. boundary, 10 live birds each:

French	2222122222	10	Hirschy	2*22222222	9
Holt	1111111111	10	Mrs. Johnston	2*22*12221	8
Morrison	221122212	10	Gogel	2*21*1221	8
Catamaran	222212*12	9	C A Gill	2*1*121*2	7
Parker	22*222221	9	Newman	*11*22*11	6

First money was divided between French, Holt and Morrison; second between Catamaran, Parker and Hirschy; third went to Gogel.

Second event—Sweepstakes, \$2.50 entrance, divided into three prizes: 5 live birds each, 28yds. rise, 50yds. boundary. First money was divided between Smith, Jones and Jaffrey; second between Fonda, Perkins and Devereaux; third between Countryman and Folds.

Sweepstakes on targets:			Events:		
Events:	1	2	Events:	1	2
Targets:	15	15	Targets:	15	15
Morrison	14	13	Countryman	11	..
French	13	13	Folds	9	..
Gogel	13	10	Oliphant	9	7
Dr Wood	13	10	Gill	8	9
Hirschy	12	12	Holt	7	6
Catamaran	12	..	Jaffrey	7	..
Fonda	12	9	Novotny	11	..
Parker	12	13	Perkins	10	..
Reed	11	..	Mrs Johnson	9	..
Kennedy	11	15			

Madison Square Garden Tournament.

A SYNOPSIS of the programme for the target tournament on the roof of Madison Square Garden, March 2-15, under the auspices of the Sportsmen's Association, is as follows:

This tournament is under the direct supervision of Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, manager of the Interstate Association. Mr. Shaner will be assisted by a committee composed of Messrs. U. M. C. Thomas, B. Waters and Edward Banks.

The intention is to hold an inanimate target tournament during the entire two weeks of the Sportsmen's Exposition, the scene of the tournament being the roof of the Madison Square Garden itself, which will be so arranged as to represent an actual tournament field. While the plan itself is decidedly original, and while the scheme is one that has presented many difficulties, everything now seems to be working smoothly, and there is every assurance that Mr. Shaner and his assistants will make a thorough success of the affair.

The programme will not be an elaborate one. There will be but two main events, with minor attractions as side issues.

The chief feature of the programme is the Sportsmen's Association inanimate target championship. This contest will be carried on throughout the entire tournament, the climax being arrived at on the last day of the shoot. It is proposed that contestants for the honor of competing for the championship and the trophies offered in this event shall "qualify" for such honor. In other words, shooters will have to classify themselves in the following manner: For qualifying in the championship event, shooters will be required to make records on 100 targets, the twenty or twenty-five men having the highest totals to their credit at the close of the last day but one of the tournament will be entitled to compete on the last day of the tournament in the 100-target event that will decide the disposition of championship honors and trophies. No one man can claim more than one total, so that there will be twenty or twenty-five men (as may be agreed upon by the management) who will be eligible for the final competition. The trophies will be worth winning, not only for their intrinsic merit, but also because the winners will have beaten some of the best shots in the country.

Another special feature will be what is known as the continuous match. This contest will be for trophies to be given to the shooters making the longest straight runs in the competition. No runs made outside this competition will be allowed to count. Nothing will be recorded save scores made in this competition. This is a thorough novelty and should be a popular contest with the shooters.

As in the qualifying contests for the championship event, re-entries will be unlimited, but only one score will be allowed to count for each shooter.

The management also proposes to donate medals or badges, or other suitable trophies, for distribution as follows: The shooter making the highest score on any one day in the qualifying contest for the championship will receive a prize. So also will the shooter who on any one day makes the longest straight run in the continuous match.

Shooting will be carried on from 11 A. M. until 5 P. M. each day that the Exposition is open. The first two hours—that is, from 11 A. M. to 1 P. M.—will be given up to those who desire to take part in the continuous match. From 1 to 3, the qualifying rounds for the championship contest will be carried on from day to day. From 3 to 5, the traps will be devoted to sweepstake shooting, special matches, or other attractions, as may be arranged from time to time by the management.

At first sight, it may seem absurd to think of holding an inanimate target tournament on the roof of Madison Square Garden, but the Garden covers a large area, and measurements have been made, proving that the scheme is perfectly feasible. As to how the shoot will be carried on, the best advice that can be given is: Wait until the Exposition opens, and then go and see how it is done.

Missouri State Fish and Game Protective Association.

MR. H. B. COLLINS, the efficient secretary of this sturdy shooting organization, wrote me that matters were progressing very nicely for their approaching tournament in May. The inducements, he states, will as usual be of a substantial nature, their intentions being to add from \$300 to \$500 per day at this shoot. This event has for several years been one of the best that is offered to the shooters of the West and South, so it is safe to say that the St. Louis sportsmen will maintain the customary high standard established for this Association by their Kansas City brethren. The conflict of dates with the Pennsylvania Association is to be regretted, but the Missouri organization is in no way responsible for this, as they have for some time held their meetings the third week in May, and in my reports of these tournaments I have always mentioned that this organization claimed the same dates for each succeeding year. On the other hand, the Pennsylvania Association has varied its dates from April to October within the past six years. It appears to me that this might be obviated, for it is highly probable that there are some shooters who would like to participate in both of these events. If you are making a slate for this season, just put the Missouri shoot on it, for it will certainly be one of the best.

The Daddy at Practice.

Editor Forest and Stream:

After defeating Fulford, who had challenged him for the E C cup, the Daddy of 'em all wended his way to the Nutmeg State in order to familiarize himself with the products of the ammunition company that honors Bridgeport with its presence. After consulting with U. M. C. Thomas, the ballistic expert of the company, he and Hollowell repaired to the 40yds. range, where the "bang" of the gun and the "spat" of the shot on the plate mingled with the choruses of "My eye, that's a corker!" "Did you ever see such a spatter?" etc., until the Bald Eagle was heard to remark, "Well, that's the best load ever went out of my gun!" At that stage of the game, it was decided to adjourn to the grounds of the Bridgeport Gun Club on the following day to test in a practical way the now famous "Heikes load." As no better timber presented itself, J. J. Hollowell was selected to be led up to the altar and sacrificed as the first victim.

The day started in with plenty of indications of a rain, and never wavered from its purpose, as during the shooting rain fell in torrents, and the shooters were drenched through and through. Notwithstanding this drawback, with the aid of an umbrella in the hands of U. M. C. Thomas and an Arizona sombrero on the head of Hollowell, both contestants managed to keep in a good humor and shot as well as they knew how, considering the fact that the ribs of the guns were raised about a quarter of an inch by the rain drops.

The first 25 seemed to fly right into the Heikes load, and were all scored dead; Hollowell, however, allowed two pickups to land in the grass. Result, first quarter: Heikes 25, Hollowell 23.

More rain, more shooting. Heikes failed to connect with his 9th target in the second quarter, and Hollowell lost his 23d, so the 50 left Heikes with 49 and Hollowell 47. This state of things did not suit Mr. Heikes at all, and immediately he proceeded to put distance between himself and his competitor. The argument he produced was thoroughly convincing, as on the finish he had negotiated exactly 99 out of the 100, while Hollowell was trailing along with only 94.

The members of the club did everything in their power to make it pleasant for the visitors, despite the rain, and U. M. C. Thomas, president; Secretary Thorpe and Messrs. Bradley, Hurd, Miller and others, deserve special mention for their untiring efforts.

The members of the club present united in expressing most emphatically their opinions that the Bald Eagle would be heard to scream both long and loudly this year in the use of his new bow and arrows.

OBSERVER.

Garden City Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., Jan. 28.—The score of the Garden City Gun Club's handicap, medal and merchandise shoot at Watson's Park is given below. In the shoot-off for first Dr. Carson won the diamond medal. The 10s divided merchandise and first money. The 9s divided merchandise and money. Shorthaul and Parker won merchandise and money in the 8s. Von Lengerke and Plumber divided on 7, while Stannard in shoot-off won; merchandise allotted to the 6s:

Levi	2012210202100	8	Ehlers	21122220201	9
Von Lengerke	2202220012	7	Barto	2122111012	9
Bissell	12011222212	10	Plumber	211101020001	7
Dr Carson	122102122102	10	Peters	20222222100	8
Goodrich	02022222222	9	Johnson	02210122222	9
Parker	22201101202	8	W Stannard	02002222020	6
Shorthaul	02211020012	8	Wiley	22221102202	10
Amberg	2221101*112	9	Patterson	20200222220	10

Trap at Watson's Park.

CHICAGO, Ill., Jan. 28.—Two matches were shot at Watson's Park to-day, the first a two-men team race for birds and supper between Levi and Von Lengerke on the one side against Amberg and Bissell on the other; Levi was to shoot at 31 birds.

The second race was a tie on 16, 10 birds per man, for price of birds. The scores:

Levi	*202222222*020100212020022120	20
Von Lengerke	222*22202222222222222222	23-43
Amberg	120*121222202021012202222	19
Bissell	21101220212020020212212	19-38
Ten birds, for birds, Shorthaul and Stannard vs. Levi and Parker:		
Shorthaul	2121220001	7
Levi	2002012022	6
Stannard	2022222222	9-16
Parker	1221212111	10-16

Bison Gun Club.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Jan. 27.—The event of the day at the Bison Gun Club shoot was the race between Messrs. E. C. Burkhardt, of the Buffalo Audubon Gun Club, and Foxie, of the Bison Gun Club, for the Clinton Bidwell trophy. The former won by a score of 21 to 18. He shot 3½yds. of Hazard Blue Ribbon in U. M. C. factory-loaded shells:

Foxie	2212220212*20222202*20202	18
E C Burkhardt	2222222*222222022*2022222	21

Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Jan. 28.—Mr. Frank W. Bacon, secretary of the Reed-Hurst Gun Club, of Erie, Pa., advises me that the dates for holding the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association tournament have been changed from May 16-19 to May 30-June 2, inclusive. Mr. Bacon also requests me to make the announcement of change through the columns of the sporting press.

ELMER E. SHANER, Manager.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O., Jan. 22.—The following scores were made in regular competition by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association at Four-Mile House, Reading Road, to-day. Conditions: 200yds., off-hand, at the German ring target. Gindele won the championship with a score of 231. Payne wins the Dietrich medal, with a score of 66, for the month of January. Strickmeier wins the Uckotter trophy with a score of 56 points over handicap for the month of January:

Champion score:	
Gindele	20 25 22 24 23 20 24 25 23 25—231
Payne	19 24 17 23 22 21 21 23 23—216
Hasenzahl	25 21 19 19 20 20 24 21 24 20—213
Roberts	20 17 23 21 23 19 21 21 25 22—212
Strickmeier	23 13 22 20 24 18 19 24 25 19—207
Nestler	15 19 13 20 25 18 20 20 25 22—202
Drube	21 16 21 16 17 23 15 25 18 24—196
Weinheimer	8 15 25 18 22 12 22 21 21 24—183
Uckotter	19 21 21 13 21 8 17 12 13 20—165

Honor target.		Special scores.	
Gindele	23 24 21—63	223	213 211
Payne	24 19 20—63	222	217 216
Hasenzahl	18 23 23—64	220	216 215
Roberts	21 20 18—59	217	213 214
Strickmeier	19 20 21—60	222	213 212
Nestler	24 15 17—56	222	220 208
Drube	16 23 21—60	204	201 197
Weinheimer	21 23 19—63	196	196 194
Uckotter	16 22 2—40	183	180 178

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Hendryx Reels and Bird Cages.

WE have The Andrew B. Hendryx Co.'s two catalogues, one of fishing reels and the second of bird cages. Both are illustrated to show each individual style. The number of reels listed is fairly bewildering, while there are described no fewer than the astonishing number of 350 cages for birds and animal pets. The Hendryx reels are so well known that the beautiful catalogue is sure to be in great demand; and as for the bird cage catalogue it is a revelation of what artistic taste and skill have been devoted to this single article of home furnishing. The catalogues will be sent by The Andrew B. Hendryx Co., New Haven, Conn.

Washington.

NEXT IS A PERSONALLY CONDUCTED TOUR VIA PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

THE next Pennsylvania Railroad three-day personally conducted tour to Washington, D. C., leaves Thursday, Feb. 16. The rate, \$14.50 from New York, \$11.50 from Philadelphia, and proportionate rates from other points, include all necessary expenses during the entire trip—transportation, hotel accommodations, and Capital guide fees. An experienced chaperon will also accompany the party.

For itineraries, tickets and full information, apply to ticket agents; Tourist Agent, 1196 Broadway, New York; 789 Broad street, Newark, N. J.; or address Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia—Ado.

OWING to largely increased business, Messrs. C. B. Mather & Co. are now adding to their plant at Rowley, Mass., a new building 100ft. long. This additional space more than doubles the firm's facilities. This is no doubt a part of the general prosperity in which all the country seems to be sharing.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO.

TERMS, \$4 A YEAR, 10 CTS. A COPY. }
SIX MONTHS, \$2. }

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1899.

VOL. LII.—No. 6.
No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

PROPHETS.

WHEN Noah went about telling his countrymen that there was going to be a flood, they derided and mocked him. Since his day prophets have been held in better repute, until now nearly every man who has a theory about game protection constitutes himself a prophet and foretells that if his theory is not accepted and his pet system adopted there will be an end of the world to the game in just so many years, usually three, sometimes five, in rare instances ten. If such and such a law is not adopted, he declares, by the end of so many years there will not be a grouse or a quail left in the State. Sometimes the law thus recommended as a last ultimate final expedient to save the game is not adopted; the stipulated term of years comes to an end, and when the shooting season opens the prognosticator of game annihilation loads up the old gun and goes out for his share of the birds.

These cock-sure prophets would do well to take a lesson from the wiser Audubon. The great naturalist was without a peer in his generation as an observer of game conditions, and foresaw with clear vision the game-depleting effect of that civilization which in his day was chopping its way westward with the axe of the pioneer, and shooting its way westward with the rifle of the Indian fighter and the market hunter. Yet when Audubon prophesied game extermination, he made his conditions so circumspectly that no one of his contemporaries could survive to disprove him, nor indeed could his prophecy be questioned by generations to come. For of the deer he wrote, *italics our own*: "Notwithstanding the almost incredible abundance of these beautiful animals in our forests and prairies, such havoc is carried on amongst them that *in a few centuries* they will probably be as scarce in America as the great bustard now is in Britain." A safe prophecy that, whether false or true. Less than one of the centuries has elapsed, and already throughout vast areas of the continent he traversed in his wanderings the extinction has already been wrought, and his foretelling has been vindicated.

A BUZZARDS' ROOST.

A STORE of game history is locked up in our American place-names. Buffaloord in North Carolina, Buffalolick in West Virginia, and Buffaloridge in Virginia, not to mention the Buffalo-bluffs, and -runs, and -springs in various localities, are suggestive of the former presence of that big creature in log-cabin days or before. The elk has given names to settlements, and so has the deer; there is a Fawn's-Leap in the Catskills, where the memory of man runs not back to the time of deer; just as there is a score of Indian Maiden's Leaps where no Indians have frequented for generations. There is an Alligator in Florida, another in Georgia, and a third in Mississippi; but from these perhaps the *genius loci*—the genius of the place—has not as yet departed; no more than Bob White has flown from the Quails of Kentucky and Virginia, nor, let us hope, the partridge from the towns which bear its name in Alabama and other like favored States. There are numerous Bears and Bear Creeks where Bruin never comes back to claim his own; and a Beargulch and a Bearhollow where toddling infancy may make mock of the baldhead unafraid. As for Catamount, and Lynxville, and Panther Creek, surely no curfew bell need ring in them to keep young folks off the streets o' nights.

But what we had in mind to inquire was of what has become of the sweetly named Buzzards' Roost, which used to gladden the eye of the traveler who studied the Florida railroad time schedules thirty years ago. It was on the route through Georgia, at a point in the long, long tunnel cut for miles and miles through pine barrens and cypress swamps; and going south or coming north, bound east or west, one always struck it by night. There was something in the name that challenged attention, piqued curiosity, created interest, aroused anticipation, and as certainly ended in disappointment, because in the gloom no street lamps, no illuminated shops, no dwellings, no hotel, no station, no buzzard roost, no anything but pines and scrub palmetto and railroad track and water-tank could one see. Buzzards' Roost as a town, we have come to think, may never have existed; it may have been not "a local habitation and a name," but just a name and a water-tank; and when the exigencies of a new management demanded the change the tank was

moved and the name, stricken from the schedule, was lost to all but the memory of the weary traveler whom it had deluded in the old days. Doubtless the buzzards roost there yet; and among them there may be an old bird, "the last leaf upon the tree," garrulous of those days—or nights—when from the halted train the jaded passengers emerged to stretch their legs and peer into the gloom of what was one of the most picturesquely named spots on the North American Continent.

BOUND VOLUMES.

THE frequency with which we receive requests for the index of each succeeding volume of FOREST AND STREAM throws an interesting light on the growth of the practice among subscribers of binding their volumes of the paper as each is completed, and retaining them as a valued library of information on outdoor sport. Not only this, but we receive a constantly increasing demand for indexes of volumes printed many years ago, a demand which we are usually wholly unable to supply. Many a man has fifteen or twenty volumes of the FOREST AND STREAM, complete except for perhaps a number or two, or an index or two, and when he determines to have these bound, so that they may be conveniently accessible, he applies to us for the missing numbers. So it is that we are frequently obliged to advertise for back numbers, some of which we never obtain. It is only a year or two since one of the best equipped and most ably managed libraries in one of the largest cities in the Union paid \$2 for a certain missing number to complete its file.

A kindred matter, which is interesting as showing the impression made on readers by certain articles appearing in FOREST AND STREAM, is the frequent requests that come to us for back numbers, the date of which the inquirer has forgotten, containing some article whose title he does not remember, but the gist of which he can give some suggestion of. The finding of such articles is usually impossible. Success in such a search would imply on the part of the employees of this office a memory of the subject matter of every thing that had appeared in FOREST AND STREAM, with the further recollection of the title under which it was published, and the date at which it appeared. Sometimes, if the inquirer's information is sufficiently specific, the indexes might show the article, yet often they do not, for the title may have no reference to the particular subject to which the inquirer refers. So that if we were to look up all the articles for which our correspondents ask, the information might be secured only at the cost of many hours' work, and when obtained might consist of nothing more than a title and a date.

The binding of the volumes of FOREST AND STREAM complete, that is to say, the advertising pages with the reading matter, as is usually done, makes the volume somewhat more bulky than it would be if only the reading pages were included, but is not without certain advantages. One of the most obvious of these is the opportunity which it gives to refer back to old advertisements, and these advertisements are, as a matter of fact, of considerable historical interest. A study of the business announcements in the FOREST AND STREAM for the past twenty-five years shows the rise and development of many a new implement for sport which has proved to be just what was needed, as well as the rise and fall of many another implement, put on the market with high hopes by its inventor, but which failed to fulfil his expectations and has now been long forgotten.

MOUNTAINS.

WITH his latest published communication in the FOREST AND STREAM on the subject of the ascent of the Grand Teton, Mr. Owen expressed his determination to write no more; and Mr. Langford's letter of to-day may therefore be taken as closing the discussion. One result of the controversy must have been to demonstrate that we have on this continent Alpine opportunities that well may challenge the attention of mountain climbers. The sport of mountain climbing is as yet undeveloped in America; but the time will come when it will number its votaries by the hundreds. Such a discussion as this respecting the Grand Teton must give impetus to the sport. The peak is one whose ascent offers an emprise worthy

the endeavor. No season should go by without lengthening the roll of those who have set foot on the glorious height. The Alps are the playground of Europe; the Rockies some day will be the playground of America. Once a mountain man, always a mountain man. When the Rockies have cast their spell upon the spirit of man, though a thousand miles of land and water stretch between, and though the body be held as in chains, longing fancy carries him back, and hope whispers of a time when he shall see again the snowy heights flushing in the sunset glow, and shall spring again from tent at dawn to greet the coming day.

SHIPS.

WE have long realized the fitness of a word concerning the ship appendage so commonly added to game and other animals. If Podgers will amiably assent to being held up as a horrible example, we venture to cite his employment, in his "Commentaries" in another column, of the expression "his skunkship." He makes out a very fair case for a despised creature generally held in bad odor, but while he defends the skunk, who will venture to defend skunkship? Would not plain skunk be better?

As intimated, this is one random case out of many like instances. It is common for writers to add ship to their game or fish. Squirrelship, troutship, mooseship, snake-ship, alligatorship—these are some of the combinations. And in every single case the plain name with the ship omitted looks better, reads better, sounds better. The practice is no new thing. As far back as the fifties the author of that delightful sportsmen's classic "Camp-Fires of the Everglades" referred to a muskrat in a trap as "his ratship." Probably in lands where ivory grows they relate stories of adventures with "his elephantship," for if a rat may be shipped, much more may an elephant. Reckoning from the "ratship" of the Florida story which first appeared in the old "Spirit of the Times," we have had at least forty years of the shipping; and now we ought to be able to get along forty years more without it. And may Podgers live the forty years to write in his charming way of the dumb creatures which cannot speak for themselves.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

THE award of the third prize of \$10 in the live game class of our Amateur Photography Competition was not announced last week because of some question as to the conditions under which certain pictures had been made. The prize was divided equally, and was awarded to Mr. Livingston Stone for his photograph of two bear cubs in the Shasta Mountains in California, and to Mr. Geo. S. Raymond for his picture of a mink. As the photographs will be reproduced for publication in our columns, further comment may be deferred.

SNAP SHOTS.

A correspondent makes inquiry about the name of the passenger pigeon. The bird has been so called from time immemorial. While all the migratory species may be termed birds of passage, the application of the term particularly to the pigeon may have come from observation of the fact that its migrations were not regular and fixed by seasons, as with those birds that fly south in the fall and north in the spring, but were governed by the food supply of mast. The pigeon hosts were now here, now there; they were pilgrims and strangers, the gypsies of birdhood, passengers. The migratory birds stay somewhere when they get there; but the passenger pigeon is ever on the move—or was ever on the move until finally he passed on not to return.

Commissioner Bowers sends us a tabulated exhibit of the catch of American fishing vessels landed at Boston and Gloucester in 1898. The fishing vessels made 6,932 trips, and the fish listed are cod, cusk, haddock, hake, pollock, halibut, and mackerel, with miscellaneous, including herring; and the total catch was 143,403,740 lbs., with a value of \$1,947,448.

The proposed Maine hunting license discriminating against the residents of other States has been killed in the Legislature. In other words, Maine will stay in the Union.

The Sportsman Tourist.

In Old Virginia.

Part Three.

THE deer might well be called the emblem of peace in the South, as it came into the game list soon after the beginning of the calm that followed the great storm of the 60s. The negroes scattered, the plantations wrecked, the young men dead or discouraged, and the old men impoverished, it was soon the acre instead of the thousand that was cultivated, and much land that had been in a high state of cultivation before the war was given over to the field pine, scrub timber and sedge grass. Then the timid deer that in the days of peace and luxurious plenty had been hunted to the verge of extermination, and driven to the inaccessible swamps, ventured forth and found a goodly land, from their point of view, with few to molest or make afraid, and proceeded to possess it.

So favorable have the conditions been in the matter of range, climate, etc., that notwithstanding the fact that hunting the deer has steadily increased for the past fifteen or twenty years, the sportsmen declare that each year sees an increase in their number in old Virginia. One not familiar with the present conditions existing there finds it hard to believe this statement, and finds it difficult to reconcile with his preconceived ideas regarding the oldest and most highly developed State in the Union, as Virginians invariably insist their State to be.

The fact is that the sporting blood of the old Dominion lay dormant for many years after the late unpleasantness, while the old men learned to starve patiently and use their crutches gracefully; and the surviving young men essayed the novel experience of earning their bread by the sweat of their brows.

My hostess informed me one evening that she had arranged a deer hunt for me, through the kind courtesy of an old friend of the family, Col. Greg, and we must be up with the lark the following morning in order that I might reach the rendezvous in time. The boy came in early next morning to make my fire.

In response to my query as to the weather, present and prospective, he replied: "Hit cl'ar, suh, cl'ar; an' a big fros'. Won't nothin' stop a deah if ole houn' git affah him dis mawnin'." Going down after another armful of wood, he returned in great excitement to say that Col. Greg's man had just passed by on his way to a neighboring plantation, to notify some of the Colonel's friends of the hunt that they participate, and had left word that he would return soon to accompany us.

This information soon reached headquarters and resulted in general orders thus disseminated by Millie (the maid): "Aunt Ellen, Mis' Lady say as how you bettah git up an' git 'bout dat brexfus, or how dey all goin' git of' to de huntin'." This at the top of her voice, as negroes always transmit orders.

Aunt Ellen (the cook): "You, Govnah, you git 'long down to de wood pile, an' tell dem triflin' niggers to tote me in some wood des as sudden as dey kin 'fore I take an' 'tar dey haid off. Dat I got to git Mis' Lady's brexfus, and de odder gemmans too, dey gwine huntin'."

Governor's voice, keyed to its highest pitch, is soon heard piping all hands at the wood pile, and after much shouting back and forth among the boys the axe begins to ring out its merry song of the cord.

You may classify speech as the baser metal, the sixteen to one, as it were; but when it comes to inaugurating the initial step to breakfast on an old Virginia plantation it is the coin current of the realm, and freely used, as just shown, would accomplish more in five minutes than the much-lauded golden silence could do in a year.

By the time we had finished breakfast and I had donned my "top clothing" the horses were at the old-fashioned stile, or horse block, or upping block, as it is variously called, in front of the house, and there my hostess, who had sacrificed her morning nap on the altar of hospitality, came to see me off and wish me success. It was to be a "drive," and the hunters were to be distributed on various stands where the deer were most likely to run when jumped by the dogs. Col. Greg, a famous driver, with his well-trained dogs, was master of ceremonies, and had appointed the several stands, giving me, as I afterward learned, the best position. The six-mile ride through "brake and 'brae" on a good horse was a most delightful beginning, in reality, to the day's sport, in anticipation. The foliage hung thick on much of the timber in the lowlands along the water courses, and colors—from old gold to fiery red—ran riot over all. A heavy frost had fallen, and crisped the clay surface of the road till it rang to the echo under the shod hoofs of our eager horses; and on the high land, where the sun was coquetting with it, was a sheen of diamonds more gorgeous than ever graced the diadem of earthly monarch.

Eager enthusiasm was the prevailing condition with all. Hunters, horses, hounds and even the negro messengers sent to direct us to our positions, and running at our several stirrups, were filled with the excitement of the chase. Some of us were lacking in experience, but there was a full quota of enthusiasm.

My conductor was an old dorky, well informed regarding the habits of the deer. He exclaimed to me, "Dat dey mos'ly did dey pickin' in de night time, an' endurin' of de day just lay 'roun' in de sedge grass and briar patch, and clos' thicket, jus' like ole haar."

He gave me much more information on this and other subjects, talking all the time, when not out of breath, being apparently of the opinion that it was his duty to entertain me. He wound up by admitting in a confidential manner that he "wa'n't a reel Vurginy niggah, but was bornd an' raised in Nawth K'liny, but dat nobody didn't know it 'ceptin' dem as was educated, like you, sah, an' dem I just tell 'bout it, 'cause dey fin' out everything de dem to know. My ole woman say as how folks kin look at me an' tell I ain't reel Vurginy stock, but I tell her dat jus' 'cause she is educated herself. She kin read—my woman kin read 'ritin', suh, an' figger like a rattlesnake; she kin figger de whole crap out 'fore I kin git hit gathered an' sold, an' she kin figger whole passel moh den I kin git fo' hit too. She is sho educated a heap, I tell you, suh."

Touching my horse with the off spur, I struck a gait

that caused the old man to quit wasting his breath in talk and concentrate his entire energy on keeping up, and before he could recover sufficient breath to resume his discourse we reached my stand.

It was on a flat about 50yds. wide, with rising ground on each side; one slope covered with corn in shock and the other heavily timbered.

My man placed me at the edge of the timber, facing the opposite slope, and told me that the drive was from down the valley to my right, and that was the direction I was to watch and listen for the dogs.

There was a fence across the flat a few rods away on my left, and I asked the old man what the deer would do when he reached it. His reply was: "Sail over it just like a bud, suh, 'less you dun fill him full of buck-shot wid dat fin' gun, suh." He then lifted his old hat in a respectful manner and turned back to lead my horse back in the timber out of sight, telling me he would be within sound of call if I wanted him.

Slipping buckshot shells into my gun, and setting it against a tree within reach, I seated myself comfortably on a moss-covered root and instituted a search through my pockets for the only needed accessories to perfect comfort. I had found my pipe and set it between my teeth, had my tobacco pouch in my hand, and was in the act of drawing my match safe from an upper pocket, when there was a crash in the thicket to my right. The pipe and tobacco were recovered later on after a long search, but the match safe remains among the "things that were" to this good day. I had thought it possible that close contact with a fine wild buck, rampant, might produce buck ague in even as old a campaigner as I, but to start every muscle in my anatomy and throw away my valuables on so slight a foundation as a sound was rather extreme. Fortunately my self-control was sufficient to prevent my investigating the noise with buckshot, and in a moment the cause of the crash in the thicket appeared in the person of Col. Greg, the master of the hunt. He was mounted on a big iron-grav horse, and rode forward to where I stood as soon as he discovered my presence.

Courteously ignoring the very evident fact that I was laboring under the excitement of a nervous shock, he introduced himself to me, and commended me on being on the qui vive. "Have you been here long?" he asked.

"No; not over ten minutes," I replied.

"Ah, I am sorry. A fine buck ran your stand not more than fifteen or twenty minutes ago, and my purpose in riding over was to see why you had not paid your respects to him. Come with me 'here a few steps and I will show you where he passed."

We found his tracks not over thirty steps from my position—so close that I might almost have knocked him over with a rock had I been in time. My regret was deep and sincere, but it was a case of spilled milk—cream in fact—and no amount of regret could avail.

The Colonel told me that the dogs had jumped the deer while some distance away, and had run him right by where he sat on his horse with his gun in hand, but seeing that he was running for my stand he had refrained from shooting him, in order that I might enjoy the privilege. A rare and beautiful exhibition of unselfish consideration was this, and that it failed in effect was all owing to my tardiness. We sat down to await the return of the dogs, as the Colonel assured me that they would not run more than six or eight miles before turning back under the guidance of old Lee, who had been trained to quit a chase after the stands were all passed, and seldom failed to bring the pack back for a fresh start after passing the point where the hunters were stationed, unless they should be pushing the deer very closely. While we waited and smoked the Colonel told me of the remarkable experience of a friend of his, a physician, on the same stand we were occupying, that occurred the season before, when he and several neighbors hunted regularly. This is the story in his own words, as well as I remember it:

"We hunted at least once, and often twice, each week the season through. Every one of us had several chances excepting the Doctor; his luck never varied, and was always the very hardest kind. We did everything possible to get him a shot, changing his stand each time, and invariably putting him in the most favorable position. But he was a veritable Jonah.

"Deer jumped in line with his stand again and again, but they would cross to other routes never before taken by them, or do some other unusual and unexpected thing; in fact, we finally agreed that one would certainly turn and run over the dogs if pressed hard and headed for his stand.

"The Doctor alternately swore and laughed at his hard luck, but utterly refused to give up. He vowed that he would keep on until he got a deer if he had to put in every day of his life for the next ten years on a deer stand.

"Every time we met for a drive the Doctor was on hand, and at the end of the season he had not seen a live deer.

"The next autumn he rode over to my place several days before the opening of the hunting season to inquire about the date of the first hunt, and he was on hand as usual when it came off. Declining the choice of stands, he was assigned the stand you are on to-day, and I was on the next from him, just over that little rise of ground beyond the cornfield.

"We had waited but a short time, when we heard the dogs coming in full cry. They were running in our direction, and the Doctor, being a confirmed 'hoodoo,' I thought I was to open the season with the first deer to bag. Standing at ready, and listening to the music of the dogs, I waited for the expected appearance of the deer within range. They seemed headed right, and were coming fast my way until the dogs were near enough for me to distinguish their individual voices, and then, just as my expectation had all but reached the point of assurance, they swung off to the left and made straight for the Doctor's stand in full and eager cry. Under any other circumstances I should have felt greatly disappointed, but as it was my unlucky friend, the Doctor, who was to gain by my loss, I was glad that it was so. On they went, straight up the stretch that you see leading to this point, and I waited in a much greater state of excitement for the report of his big old ro-bore than I would have felt had the deer run on by my stand,

I was just wondering what would happen to prevent the Jonah from getting his deer, when bang! bang! his big gun roared with a regular broadside. A moment later and I heard his old rebel yell of exultation, louder than the report of anything less than a gun on wheels, and I quickly replied with a similar shout of honest congratulation, and started in a run for the old fellow's stand to be the first to witness his supreme delight.

"The distance was about one-quarter of a mile over rough ground, and I don't strip light for a sprinter, but it was little more than ten minutes after I heard his shout till I reached his stand here.

"Instead of turning handsprings or trying to stand on his head in pure delight, as I expected, the Doctor was standing out there in the open about 50ft. from where we sat—and such an attitude of dejection as he had assumed I had never in my life seen before.

"You got him, Doctor, didn't you?" I shouted, as I ran up out of breath.

"It was nearly a minute before he answered my eager question; and then, with his eyes still fixed on the ground, as when first I saw him, he replied, 'Yes, I got him—temporarily.'

"I looked all around, but could see no deer. 'Where is he?' I finally said.

"Without moving so much as his eyes, he replied very deliberately: 'I don't know just about where the infernal thing is now, sir.'

"He stood with his arms hanging straight down; there was no sign of his gun anywhere, and I really began to feel very uneasy about him, fearing that he had suffered some serious injury from the bursting of his gun or other accident. In order to get time to collect my wits and think what was best to do, I stepped over here to this tree and set down my gun and walked back to where the Doctor stood, still in the same position. He turned his head round as I came up, looked at me a moment, and then proceeded to explain the puzzle to me in this wise:

"Colonel, if you never before saw an all-round, egregious, unmitigated, star spangled, stub and twist, rebounding locks, choke-bored, old, four-ply ass, just look at me; take a good look, a good, long, satisfying look, for I am the only one there is, an original package, and put up one in each box,' his voice rising as he rolled out this string of self-vituperation, and ending in a shout. 'Yes, look at me,' he continued. 'You think I'm crazy, don't you? Well, I ain't. I'm only just a post-graduate, first honor fool, pure and simple; and I will give my professional services for one year to any athletic individual that will diligently kick me for ten minutes; I will, honestly.'

"I begged him to control himself, and explain the cause of his excitement, which he finally proceeded to do to this effect:

"When I heard the dogs coming in our direction I supposed of course the deer would run your stand, but proceeded to prepare for the unexpected, examining my shells and getting in position. When the deer changed his course, as shown by the dogs, and made for my stand, I was well nigh overcome with surprise and delight. I saw him when he rounded that point 300 or 400yds. below the thicket, and a more beautiful sight never greeted my eyes. He was a noble buck, and was going at a gait that was fast leaving the dogs, which seemed already more than half-mile behind and were apparently bothered by his sudden turn from the line he had been running toward your stand.

"When not more than 25yds. from me, I stepped out, threw up my hand and spoke sharply, just as you had instructed me to do if ever a deer should come my way, and as he tried to stop himself with two or three short buck-jumps I poured in my right barrel, and as he stumbled and faltered, to make assurance doubly sure, followed it at once with the left, and had the exquisite pleasure of seeing him pitch in a heap just there—indicating the place on the ground at which I had found him gazing—give one slight quiver and then stretch out, apparently stone dead.

"Then it was that I proceeded to send forth that idiotic yell that nearly split my throat. No words can express the delight I felt at having finally succeeded in bagging a deer, and the finest one I had ever seen at that.

"Running up to him, I walked around to view him from all sides, stooped down and felt the firmness of his magnificent antlers. Then noticing that he had fallen with the fatal wounds exposed, proceeded to count and professionally diagnose them. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven buckshot wounds, any one of three of which, I argued, would have been instantaneously fatal. Then noticing a faint quiver of the eyes, I stepped back and scuffed my feet in the dry leaves to see if he could show any signs of life. A faint tremor passed through his body, which I concluded to be the relaxing of the muscles immediately preceding "rigor mortis."

"Just then the dogs came in sight, and I again raised my voice in an exultant yell, glad even to have the dogs witness my triumph. They all broke into full cry when they heard my shout, and came sweeping up on the trail of the deer. Hearing a noise near, I turned just in time to see my dead deer scramble to his feet and make off at a rate of speed that utterly defied the swiftest dog in the pack.

"It's the cold truth, Colonel, just as I tell you; and in two minutes dogs and deer had run clear out of sight, and hearing, and I will bet a horse to a hen that that dead deer can run across the State of Virginia and half-across Tennessee without stopping for so much as a drop of water."

"But why in the name of common sense didn't you shoot him again when he jumped up, Doctor?" I asked.

"Why didn't I?" he almost shouted. "I thought that matter sufficiently explained by what I said to you when you first came up, sir. I didn't shoot him again because there was no one by to tell me that any fool with sense enough to bell a buzzard ought to know better than to stand around in the field when hunting so full of admiration for himself that he could not reload his gun. My gun was not loaded, sir; and furthermore my shells were carefully buttoned up in an inside coat pocket.

"You will observe that I tore most of the buttons off or buttonholes out of my coat, trying to get my shells after it was too late; but the deer was out of sight before I ever touched one."

The Rainbow Country.

We tarried several days at the cabin, exploring the lake shores and the surrounding country.

The lake itself is a great basin of limpid spring water, on which we never tired of floating. So translucent is it that the bottom may be seen through 25 or 30 ft. of water. Rugged mountains, clothed with unbroken green, rise all about it, and are duplicated in its marvelous reflections. The shores are rocky, in places great ledges and cliffs rising perpendicularly from the water; and a number of picturesque, circular islands have rims of white boulders placed so evenly that one is reminded of country flower beds bordered with pebbles. The whole bed of the lake is strewn with great rocks, some of enormous size, which in places rise above the surface or lay in wait for the unwary canoeist just below.

It was startling as the canoe passed swiftly along to suddenly see the loom of a great dark mass, apparently shooting up from the shadowy depths, like some great submarine monster darting upon its prey. At one place where the water is very deep the lake is dotted with many of these rocks, looking at a distance like a fleet of boats at anchor. Some jut several feet above the surface, while others expose a tip no larger than a dinner plate, but under water they are of huge proportions. There is an old dam at the outlet, built some forty years ago, but now pretty well rotted out. Standing on it and looking back up the lake, a magnificent view was presented.

The silver waters stretched away before us, dotted with rock rimmed islands, and guarded by the eternal mountains. Here and there on their rugged slopes great ledges and cliffs of bare granite, old and gray with the storms of centuries, showed among the green of the endless forests, and clumps of great pines rose black and grim above their lesser brethren. To the eastward, towering above the intervening ridges, Katahdin, the abode of Pomola, and the home of the thunder and the lightning, rose in solitary grandeur into the blue Katahdin, from whose granite brow we had first beheld the gleaming water, in whose rainbow depths the mountain's mighty bulk was now mirrored.

Below the dam was a pool, 6 or 8 ft. deep, but so clear and colorless that every grain of sand on the bottom was seen as distinctly as through crystal.

We found that it was useless to fish except just at daylight or at sundown. In that clear element the trout could be lured to the surface at no other time.

We had some excellent fishing in two small ponds known as First and Second Rainbow Deadwater, which are expansions, or, in Down East parlance, "bulges," of Rainbow Stream. To reach them we carried the canoes around the dam and down stream to a point where there was water enough to float them, for the outlet is but a small brook, and unnavigable.

The outlet of the second deadwater was completely filled with a dense, tangled mass of dead timber and driftwood.

One night we fished till it was so dark we could not see our flies, but struck at the splash made by the trout. They had been rising well since sundown, taking the Parmachenee-belle and red-ibis, but as the twilight deepened we changed our casts to white-miller and coachman. William and Nick had returned to camp early, but Harry and I continued to cast. The fish ranged from $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. in weight, and were full of fight and vigor. It was the best fishing we had had, and when we had enough for supper and breakfast and finally unjointed our rods the night was upon us. It was commencing to rain, and no moon or stars pierced the dark canopy of the sky. The mountains were jet black walls, but there was a dim glow on the water. We found the landing, and leaving one canoe and the rods behind, plunged into the dense gloom of the woods. We could only follow the narrow trail by feeling the way with our feet and by watching an occasional rift in the foliage overhead. Jean carried his canoe, and I the trout, sagging heavily on the end of the stringer. I fell twice, and Jean said afterward that he was on his knees half the time.

So we blundered on over bogs and through mud holes till we could proceed no further. We seemed to be in a sort of pocket, from which there was no egress, and it was evident that we were off the carry. Dennis left us to find the right path, and we stood waiting in the black, silent woods. Bits of phosphorescent wood made strange luminous spots at our feet, but otherwise the land was given over to darkness and silence. After a while we heard a hoot from the direction of the camp, and knew that Nick and William were anxiously awaiting us. Then a light appeared, dodging among the trees, and Dennis came, finding his way back to us with an improvised torch of birch bark. We found ourselves in a narrow space between two large fallen trees and confronted by a perpendicular ledge, breast high, over which they lay. We lifted the canoe and Dennis took it on his head, while Jean went ahead with the torch. We found our way back to the dam, and saw across the lake a fire on the shore, which was Nick's beacon to guide us to the camp. Owls were hooting on the mountains, and as we paddled over Jean answered them, bringing a chorus of responses from every direction, the calls echoing weirdly back and forth across the water. The owls by night and the loons during the day kept the echoes awakened.

There were several pairs of the latter on the lake, and their wild laughter mingled with the screams of the gulls that circled on tireless wings above them. Both species raise their young on these northern waters; we once found a loon's nest on Lobster Lake. One day we became suddenly aware that a pair of gulls were much disturbed by our presence. With shrill cries they followed the canoes, now dipping down close over our heads, then rising high in the air, only to return again. Some one remarked that they acted like birds whose nest is approached, but we were far out from shore. At that moment their excitement increased, and with louder screams they flew closer than before. Then, looking about, we saw the cause of their solicitude, for swimming ahead of us, making frantic endeavors to escape, were two young ones not long out of their shells. They could not fly, but how they could swim.

The little ones made no sound, but their heads were in constant motion, as they looked from side to side for the danger of which their parents were warning them, and their webbed feet were propelling them at a prodigious rate. As long as we attended to our own affairs

they swam in a straight course, but when we pursued them they proved that if they could not fly they could dodge as well as swim. Paddle as hard as we could, it was all we could do to overtake them, and just as we thought they were in our grasp they would dodge to one side and the canoe would shoot by. Before we could turn they would have a good gain on the tangent; but finally one was captured and tenderly passed from hand to hand till all had seen him. The old birds screamed louder than ever, and the chick pecked at our finger, but had not strength to hurt. He was a forlorn-looking object, with a big head and bill, and a small body covered with down. His wings were nothing but pin feathers, but the legs seemed muscular and strong. We returned him carefully to the water, uninjured except as to his feelings, and he swam swiftly away, the old ones coming down to him to see if he was all right after his thrilling adventure.

We were on our way to a small beaver pond that lay back in the woods. The industrious rodents had a dam across the brook that drains it into the lake, and two of their houses lifted their domes above the water. Their cuttings were everywhere; one poplar 18 in. in diameter had been felled, and another fully as large was cut partly through. Caribou tracks were plentiful around the boggy shore.

Leaving this pond, we climbed over a hardwood ridge, marking our path by breaking twigs from the bushes as we went to another pond, one of the Debsconeag chain. The ridge was covered with immense boulders, and the trail led through narrow passages and defiles between them. They only stopped at the shore of the pond, and climbing to the top of one whose base was washed by the waves, we looked out from the arching foliage above us at a picture of utter solitude. The pond, one of Nature's gems, in a setting of mountains covered with waving green, lay dimpling and flashing in the sunlight. On the ring-hand shore was a little white sand beach, and there stood a good-sized buck looking out over the water. The wavelets lapped against the rocks and a breath of wind stirred the leaves; but except for these soothing sounds silence reigned supreme. It was a scene, all too rare nowadays, of Nature pure and undefiled; uncontaminated by so-called improvements, and restful to the soul as well as to the body and the mind.

Such are the places I like to seek out on my excursions—the out-of-the-way nooks, whose hidden beauties have a charm all their own—and whether it be Chesuncook Pond, black and sullen under a frowning sky, or this one of the Debsconeag, with its sun-kissed waters reflecting the blue above, Nature is never disappointing. There is always something to study and think of in her varying moods, and she gives us what loss of wealth or position can never take away, but which remains a constant pleasure, treasured in memory while life lasts.

On our trips up and down the lake we used to stop at a great spring in a grove of shaggy old cedar trees. It was 10 ft. in diameter and of marvelous purity. Cold as ice, it welled up sparkling and clear between the roots of the big trees, a fountain for the wild dwellers of the wilderness. Further up the hillside were some old-growth spruces that furnished us some excellent gum, and beneath them stood a bark lean-to, where some hunter, overtaken by night, had slept.

In that northern land, though the days may be hot, it is cool after sundown, and one night there was quite a heavy frost, though the month was August. Many of the more tender weeds were black and dead in the morning. The guides spent one day blazing out a trail to Nahmakanta Lake and clearing it of brush, that we might lose no time on the carry. It was well they did so, for the path was very blind, and the old spots nearly obliterated. As it was, they followed a line of spots that took them four miles out of their way, and proved to one of old Louis' trap lines.

Our last day at Rainbow was a peaceful Sabbath. We spent it quietly about the camp, but as the sun sank low in the west we drifted out on the lake in the big canoe. The calm sky above and the peaceful lake below both were tinted with rainbow hues that changed and blended and faded, as the golden ball sank behind the mountains. Then from behind Katahdin the full moon rose serenely into the sky, and her pale beams shed a soft, mysterious light over sleeping lake and silent forest.

The faint tinkle of the outlet purling over its pebbles, the distant hoot of an owl, the splash of a leaping trout, alone broke in upon the witchery of the night; and these sounds, far from being false notes in the harmony, only added to the charm of the place and time. Once there came a distant crash, far away in the woods, and after it the silence seemed more intense. Some tree back on the mountain side had been added to the fallen timber, to lie and decay where it fell.

So ended our sojourn in the Rainbow Country. The following morning we carried to the first deadwater, paddled through it and the second, and made another carry to the third, where we surprised a buck at his breakfast.

Then commenced the long three-mile portage over the trail the guides had blazed out. After getting up the ridge, the country became more level, but the mountain sloped up on our right. We seemed to be traveling in the old bed of a stream. After a mile or more we began to descend, going down through a narrow, steep defile, where great mossy rocks walled in each side. We kept on, going down through woods of old growth—pines, spruces, hemlocks and yellow birches—whose huge trunks seemed as ancient and enduring as the old gray rocks from whose crevices they sprang. We had dinner by a cold spring and then took up the trail again, till we struck a logging road that took us out to Mahmakanta.

At the junction of Bear Brook and Pollywog Stream there are two graves beside the carry. A rough stone found on the spot marks them, and there for over forty years the men have slept since the day when they were drowned.

ROBERTS and I. DEMING.
Drowned May 2, 1856.

Such is the simple inscription scratched on the stone, an on Pollywog Stream are the graves of seventeen other men, who went down to death in the raging waters of spring freshets while engaged in the hazardous work of the lumber drives. Two stones from the forest and a rude post carved with their names show where they lie.

Pollywog Pond lies high up on Ansuntabunt Mountain,

"It was very hard for me to control myself, the whole thing was so very ridiculous; but I valued the Doctor's friendship very highly, and it was evidently too serious a matter with him to be laughed off.

"Where is your gun, Doctor?" I finally asked. "I don't know," was the reply. "I remember taking it by the muzzle and looking around for something to break it over, and not finding anything convenient I threw it away, threw it as far as I could, and don't remember in which direction it was."

"Well," said I, turning aside to hide the laughter I could no longer control, "come and I will help you find it."

"No, thank you, Colonel," said he; "I appreciate your kindness, but I don't want the gun. Anybody that does is welcome to it, if they know enough to use it, I don't, and I'm done hunting. This is the last time you need trouble to count in the prize fool when getting up your hunts."

"He kept his word too, and I have his gun now at my house, where I carried it after I found it nearly soft, from where he threw it from him in his rage."

The Colonel had paused occasionally during the telling of the story to sound his horn for the guidance of the returning dogs. Finally they straggled in travel-stained and exhausted, and were pronounced unfit for further active service without a good long rest.

By well-known horn signals the hunters were gathered in and informed that the hunt for that day was about over. Thereupon one of them suggested that, as we were nearly all going the same direction home, we might accomplish something with a line drive.

The Colonel explained to me that a line drive was simply forming the entire company in a line 25 yds. apart and riding across the country abreast, with the hope of jumping deer.

Quite a number fell in line for the drive, making a line nearly half-mile long. The Colonel, with his dogs, was in the center, and I was on his right; on his left rode a little wiry fellow, on a mule, carrying a big 10-bore shotgun.

We had ridden two or three miles without starting anything larger than rabbits, when the dogs in passing through a brush and brier thicket ran right on a fine buck, and before he could get a good start were all around him on every side.

He was not more than 50 ft. from the little man on the mule, and none of the others were near enough for a shot without endangering the dogs. It was a great surprise to all, as, confused by the dogs, he came sailing out in tremendous buck-jumps. But the small gentleman's mule, to judge from his actions, was the most genuinely astonished of all.

Before his rider could bring his 10-bore gun to bear on the deer, the mule began to imitate its jumps, apparently determined to see it and go it several better. I have seen mules do almost everything except what was expected of them, but never before, nor since, have I seen one jump and buck as did that ambitious enthusiast, which looked like he would like to bet his last he-haw that he could outjump any buck in Virginia. The hunter was game, and stuck to the mule, trying to control him until, finding that his efforts were accomplishing nothing, he dropped the bridle and took a snap shot at the deer, but without effect.

The mule's performance up to the time that the big gun, loaded with 4 to 5 drs. of black powder, was fired between his ears, was but preliminary, judging from what then occurred. He seemed to take leave of terra firma for a while and take the role of aerial contortionist, and finally, when an ordinary horseman would have been dizzy, sick and half-dead, he dropped down to the ground long enough to get a good brace for his feet, and shot his little rider into the air to such a height that I felt sure the fall must dash out his life.

All of this had happened very suddenly, and the big buck was still jumping among the dogs, while the nearest hunters had but turned to ride down on him.

And now I was treated to an exhibition of the staying qualities of Virginia sporting blood. The little hunter, thrown from his mule, was still hanging to his gun, and while in mid-air, so to speak, he fired, whether voluntarily or involuntarily I don't know, and tumbled the buck among the dogs as dead as ever the Hector of the translations; but it was a half-hour before he revived sufficiently to realize the fact.

LEWIS HOPKINS.

The Linnean Society of New York.

REGULAR meetings of the Society will be held in the American Museum of Natural History on Tuesday evenings, Feb. 14 and 28, at 8 o'clock.

Feb. 14.—Jonathan Dwight, Jr. "The Plumages and Moults of a Few Local Species of Our Birds."

Feb. 14.—By members. "The Warblers of North America." Exhibition of specimens, with discussion of distribution, habits, etc., of magnolia, cerulean, chestnut-sided, bay-breasted, black-poll and blackburnian warblers.

Feb. 28.—J. L. Workman. "An Exploration for Extinct Reptiles in the Rocky Mountain Plateau." Illustrated by lantern slides.

Feb. 28.—By members. "The Warblers of North America." Exhibition of specimens, with discussion of distribution, habits, etc., of yellow-throated, sycamore, Grace's, black-throated gray, golden-cheeked, black-throated green, Townsend's and hermit warblers.

WALTER W. GRANGER, Sec'y.

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY.

The Passenger Pigeon.

BALTIMORE, Md., Feb. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Noting your editorial in this week's issue, "The Wild Pigeon," will you kindly say why you call it "passenger pigeon"? It seems to me that other birds are as much passengers from one district to another district as were the pigeons referred to, and why you should call them passengers I would like you to explain. I can bear witness to their nesting in large numbers in Virginia when I was a boy—long time ago—but I also know that a species of bird—long bill—woodcock, snipe and rail were as much or muchly passengers as were the pigeon. Won't you please turn on the light as to "passenger pigeon," and oblige

E. S. YOUNG.

which rises from Mahmakanta, and its outlet is Pollywog Stream, which leaps down the mountain through a savage gorge. It is a wild, rocky stream and a dangerous channel through which to drive logs, but the lumberman's life is a constant struggle with the forces of Nature. We found old Louis at Mahmakanta, and while our guides returned to Rainbow for the rest of our luggage he took us up the mountain to the pond. A high dam holds the water back, and the gorge which forms the channel of the stream falls away from it so abruptly that the force of the restrained flood is enormous. Louis said he never could get men to go on the dam till the water was shut off, it is so dangerous. On the mountain side is another lonely grave.

Ansuntabunt, as seen from Nahmakanta, is covered with forest two-thirds of the way up, and then rises in great naked cliffs. Its name means, in the Indian tongue, "a mountain on a mountain," and it has that appearance. Pollywog Stream goes leaping down the mountain, a series of alternate falls and pools. We clambered down the ledges, pausing at the pools to cast a fly, and at picturesque points to photograph the wild beauty of the cascades.

We slept in the tent again that night, and made ourselves comfortable with a grand camp-fire of old pine stumps, for it was the coldest night we had. And now, as we have seen the Rainbow Country, and have departed from it, leaving it to its solitude and silence, we will say "good-bye" on the shore of Nahmakanta.

The story of the remainder of our journey, and of our dangerous adventure in the gale on Pamedomcook, has already been told. As I write, the maples about the house are tinted with the gorgeous colors of October, and every gust of wind sends a shower of gold and crimson to the ground. Far away I know that the mountains of Mahnagwanegwasebem are brilliant with the same varied hues, and that the colors splash and float in the silver water that laves the feet of the great hills. Now it is indeed the Rainbow Country, and the black growth intensifies by contrast the gorgeousness of the desidious trees. And the trout, also with the rainbow spots upon their sides, are awaiting our coming at some future day, and the little cabin stands deserted and alone in the clearing.

W. A. BROOKS.

"F. & S."

It is a gloomy, unprofitable winter day, with human companionship scarce and favorite books at a premium. At such a time my hand turns naturally to three little scrap books filled with sketches of nature and outdoor sport. The clippings are mostly from *FOREST AND STREAM*; wherefore the books are labeled on the back F. & S., with the numbers 1, 2 and 3. There was pleasant entertainment in clipping the best things from bulky stacks of the paper, to have them more conveniently at hand; in hunting up illustrations from among the work of amateur photographers in the same columns, and in other places where suitable pictures have abounded in these days of the universal camera and half-tone; and in fitting the picture to the story or description, and the whole to the waiting pages. And there is great satisfaction, of a dull day or a dismal evening, in joining one or another of these gifted nature lovers in camp, or hunt, or boat, or in some woodland, or waterside ramble, merely to see and hear. Here are stories true to fact, and others true at least to nature, poems redolent of outdoors, naturalists' observations, practical counsel in the arts of sport, glimpses of it in application, and a general celebration of the joys to be captured with gun and rod.

These books were made up years ago, when some of *FOREST AND STREAM*'s present valuable correspondents had written less, if anything, for its columns. Many good things had to be preserved in other form because of being on both sides of the leaf, with no duplicate copy to clip from; but the three little volumes hold a great store of charming reading, and they are not for sale, and hardly to be lent. The reader who can conveniently keep and handle the complete file will find some advantage in it; but if the pick of it is good enough for him the old reliable scrap book plan will show its good points, and there is the pleasure of working it up. If you use a book not intended for such service, half or two-thirds of the leaves will need to be cut out. If you are extra nice, you will cut off from the edges of the clippings the "rule," the line printed between columns. A streak of mucilage drawn along either edge of the paper fastens it, and does not wrinkle the leaf. It is easily applied without daubing anything by laying the clipping on the cover of a book, face down, with its edge along the edge of the cover. It is part of the fun to make the work reasonably neat and shipshape.

No contributor fills more space in these scrap books of mine, and none could deserve more, than Rowland E. Robinson. Among his little essays, unsigned, but unmistakable, are what I take to be his earliest contributions to the paper, such as the brief series entitled "Hunting Without a Gun." Here is his longer sketch with the same title, describing the writer's pursuit of his borrowed boat, and full of reminiscence and observation; and in similar vein, "Cleaning the Old Gun." Here are our Danvis friends, figuring in "The Hunting of the Wolf," and "Sam Lovel's Thanksgiving," and less familiar characters in the sad but artistic tale of "The Gray Pine." Story and essay, long or short, show how much a man can see in nature who has the eyes to see, and in memory and fancy when the bodily sight has, alas, deserted him. To this calamity Mr. Robinson alludes in a characteristic tone of philosophic resignation in one of the selections here preserved, "Voices of the Seasons," a touching speculation as to how far one without sight may judge the progress of the year by bird voices and other outdoor sounds. No one has better caught the spirit of the seasons. How finely is one of them epitomized in his prose poem on the muskrat and his house. Surely the reader will like to see these lines again:

"In the still, sunny days between the nights of its unseen building, the blue spikes of the pickerel weed and the white trinities of the arrowhead yet bloom beside it. Then in the golden and scarlet brightness of autumn the departing wood drake rests on the roof to preen his plumage, and later the dusky duck swims on its watery lawn. Above it the wild geese harrow the low, cold arch

of the sky; the last fleet of sere leaves drift past it in the bleak wind, and then ice and snow draw the veil of the long winter twilight over the muskrats' homes and haunts."

One of the books ends with a scrap of hunter's gospel from the lips of Sam Lovel. The reader sniffs the very aroma of the forest:

"It comes nat'ral for me to run in the woods. 'F I do get more game to show for it 'n' some does, I get suthin' besides 't I can't show. The air o' the woods tastes good to me, for 't haint b'en breathed by nothin' but wild creeturs. 'S 'n ole feller said 'at useter git up airly down in Rhode Islan' where my folks come from, I luffer breathe it 'fore common folks has. The smell o' the woods smells good to me, dead leaves 'n' spruce boughs, 'n' rotten wood; 'n' it don't hurt it none if it's spiced up a leetle bit with skunk an' mink an' weasel an' fox p'fumery."

This paper offered the natural field for Mr. Robinson's genius, and it would have been a serious matter to its readers if he and they had not somehow met.

Here, of course, are samples of Nessmuk, among them "A Chatty Letter" on some hunting experience in Michigan, and an extract from "Woodcraft" touching upon the same ground; also canoeing notes and glances into the deer runways in Pennsylvania and the Adirondacks. They fairly represent the mixture of amusing adventure, practical wrinkles and fine sportsman sentiment to which Sears' sprightly style gave such an inimitable charm. Listen to his protest against the game hog—I am sure the old man would be glad to have it again laid before us:

"My sporting friends, will you heed a little logic from the standpoint of fifty years' experience? You work eleven months in the twelve at desk or bench. All through the year you are looking to an outing; a chance to get away for one, two or three weeks' vacation. You know and I know and we all know that you need it and deserve it. But why, in the name of all sense and reason, should you boast of 'bags' and 'baskets'? About how much, on an average, do you require of animal food, say, in twenty-four hours? If you kill more, why and wherefore? The man who brags to me of 'bags' and 'baskets' just tempts me to 'shoot him on the spot.'"

Here is a copy of the fine bronze tablet which in one way perpetuates Nessmuk's memory. Facing it is James Whitcomb Riley's memorial sonnet, and elsewhere Robinson's more poetic prose tribute, written a year after the veteran's death.

I was lucky enough to clip two of the contributions of Robert T. Morris. Would there were more. "Watching the Brant Grow Big" is ideal material for a sportsman's journal. There is nothing better in the books. Take this glimpse from the bayside blind:

"From out the west a merry flying rabble appears, buffeting the winds, caring naught for the cold. A rabble of warm birds that on even line head down the bay with hurrying wings and outstretched necks, chanting as they go, and in good company. * * * To-night, when all is still in the cabin, you may hear those voices of the morning when no birds are near. When you are at home in the city a strange weird music will come as you sit before the grate fire in the twilight. The chimney winds have caught the cadence of the voices of the brant, and looking into the gloom of the room you will see again the moving wings that float adown the ceiling."

Just beyond comes "The Autocrat of the Eddy," in which clever prose and verse preserve some of the delightful things that the angler sees and does. More power to the elbow of Dr. Morris. Long may he wave the fly-rod, the double-barrel and the pen.

Robert B. Roosevelt is another who here celebrates the attractions of the Great South Bay. He wrote charmingly of fishing and bay bird shooting years before the Rough "Riders" footed it up to Santiago and made Teddy a bigger man than his uncle. And among the briefer bits is still another, "My First Wild Goose," by Bay Ridge, that takes one to the same favorite waters. "Shinnecock Lighthouse loomed up cold and gray way down over the rough water of the bay, and as we were looking that way we spied two geese slowly forging up against the wind, low down, close to the surface." There is a picture calculated to stay with the reader, as it doubtless did with the writer.

T. S. Van Dyke was writing oftener in the days when these sketches were clipped, and he got into one of the scrapbooks, to its enrichment. Here is his account of "Lassoing the Grizzly," that unique style of California sport, and here are his reminiscences of the duck hunters' heaven at Senachwine Lake, where the big birds came only too thick and fast. No writer has a surer place in American sportsmen's literature than Van Dyke.

My shears and mucilage captured some of Wilnot Townsend's short but sweet recollections of the woods and waters, and a couple of Paul Pastnor's. Seneca is here with "Leaves from a Log Book," interesting to me partly because I too had boated on the waters where the log book found its material. On another page a friend of his and mine tells about Seneca's traits and his outings, which bore fruit in "Canoe and Camp Cookery." I harvested also certain of Kelpie's camp-fire sketches, and some of the brightest "flickerings" from that other "Camp-Fire" into which the jokers tossed their merry memories and inventions from time to time. Orin Belknap tells with "ghoulish glee" how "In Territorial Days" he circumvented a flock of geese in the gloaming, and in another "Chapter of Hunting History" how, after killing some deer, he bent the deadly old Sharps by an accident, far from gunsmiths, and was disconsolate until he found he could straighten it at the ranch by his own gumption.

There was darky dialect in *FOREST AND STREAM* before Major Mather's, and here are a couple of clever bits by The General, namely, "Uncle Isiah on the Hammerless," and "A Story of 1864." Brother Hough of "Chicago and the West" (and East and North and South) dropped into it in an unguarded moment, and the result fills out very pleasantly between some longer selections. He had not then given the clipper so many chances as he now has, and his only other representative in these collections is one of the "Singing Mouse Stories," the one containing the fine "Atlantis" poem. If Brother Hough were not so much absorbed in purveying the serious information which the public necessarily yearns for, and could oftener give flight to his genius, he would be more clippable, if less useful.

Fishermen's yarns, of course, have place here. Among them are the remarkable narrations of A. W.'s "Chance

Acquaintance," with special reference to pickerel, and Fred Mather's story of "Cooking a Trout in Camp." The redoubtable Major was not then running the yarn mill on so full time as in later years, but one suspected from a mere sample what he could do if he tried. Wayway-anda in "What Luck?" points out beautifully the things that the angler catches without rod or line, and elsewhere discourses more practically of black bass fishing. I could not forego such a complete little bit as "Kellup's Trout," by Jefferson Scribb, and I would not have missed "The Last Trout," by the champion of all the trout story tellers, "Adirondack" Murray. In this he is at his best, as again in a rhapsody on "Outdoor Life," in which he salutes the fraternity:

"Mild-mannered and light-hearted wanderers, boys with smooth or wrinkled faces, gray-haired some of us, but boys still, thank God, canoers, campers, yachtsmen, our fires are lighted on a thousand shores, and our evening song floats over a thousand lakes and island-studded rivers. We are a family of nature's saints. Our spirits have been touched and softened by the sweet grace of nature. We have been indoctrinated in the truths that shine out of stars, and which the blue heavens declare at noon and night. * * * All hail! ye healthy-bodied, healthy-minded, kindly-hearted, gentle-mannered saints of flood and field, of hill and river, of oar and sail, of deck and camp. Your smiling faces rise before me in thousands, and your voices, in happy talk, in joke and song, come from afar and stir the silence around me into laughter. Joke, laugh and rest on, ye thrifty vagabonds and gentle loafers; into each hour you are storing the honey of health, on which, in future days of toil and strain, your strength shall feed and fill itself with vigor."

Writers for sportsmen are not usually so happy in verse as in prose, but I found some such poems worthy of their company. A few satirize the trout fisher who comes home with purchased fish or none. In one Nessmuk relates his tribulations with an uncatchable big one. Two or three from the Atlanta Constitution sing the praise of "Fall Time in Georgia" like this:

Fall time in Georgia
Comes but onct a year;
Ketch the possum by the tail,
Or ketch him by the ear!
But ketch him,
O, ketch him,
An' 'crost the griddle stretch him;
Be certain that you fetch him,
For it's only onct a year!

Or this:

O, the meller, yellor autumn, or the fall, or what you please,
When the gold is in your pocket and is growin' on the trees!
An' you hear the partridge whistle, an' you hear the rifle ring,
An' the doves they come a-tumblin' as you take 'em on the wing.
Let 'em run!
Get your gun,
An' you'll fetch 'em every one!
It's fall time in Georgia,
An' the boys are havin' fun!

Bret Harte's "Grizzly" follows Van Dyke's article above mentioned. One of the books is introduced with some good lines from McGaffey's "Poems of Gun and Rod," including these:

And leaps my blood again, as one by one
The old days rise, while nature's Circe-strain,
That lures men on mid sun and wind and rain,
Comes back to me o'er harps of tangled grass,
And sets me dreaming of the rod and gun.

Then comes a ringing poem by Maurice Thompson:

Ho! for the marshes, green with spring,
Where the bitterns croak and the plover pipe;
Where the gaunt old heron spreads his wing
Above the haunt of the rail and snipe.
For my gun is clean and my rod's in trim,
And the old wild longing is roused in me.
Ho! for the bass pools cool and dim!
Ho! for the swales of the Kankakee!

Next appears the one lapse into poetry which Mr. Robinson has attributed to Sam Lovel, and which to be sure has the Lovelian twang, as where he says:

When the wild goose arer is a-shooting from the cold,
'Tain't the time o' year 'at a hunter grows old;
When the crickets creaks slow an' the nights grows cold.

The selections here mentioned are chinked in with many minor bits almost as good, each with its own claim of literary charm, or fidelity to nature, or essential interest of subject, or wholesome humor, to justify its preservation. It is rather aggravating when other men sneak off and do our hunting and fishing for us while we are "chained to business," but we may forgive them and even thank them when they tell us about it so well.

BRISTOL HILL.

Stupidity of the Ruffed Grouse.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Many of your readers have perhaps heard that a whole covey of grouse can be shot out of a tree by each time selecting the lowest bird. But this bird's stupidity while on the ground was proved to be no less surprising by Thomas Newton, who lives two miles from Central City, W. Va. He discovered five of these birds under a cedar tree eating the berries that had fallen. At the time there was a few inches depth of snow, but the ground was quite bare under the tree. He shot five of them successively with a rifle at 50yds. distant. He took "rest" to make sure, aiming with perfect deliberation. When one would be in the throes of death the others would exhibit excitement very similar to that of domestic fowls over a decapitated companion.

N. D. ELTING.

Lynx in Essex County, New York.

ELIZABETHTOWN, N. Y., Jan. 31.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A large Canada lynx was shot and killed within two miles of this village at 1 o'clock P. M. to-day. The animal was shot by Robert Hays, near the residence of A. L. and E. G. Jenner in the town of Lewis.

GEORGE L. BROWN.

The Ascent of the Grand Teton.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Jan. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In my letter to FOREST AND STREAM published in the issue of Nov. 19, 1898, I presented evidence which showed conclusively the falsity of many portions of the affidavit of Thomas Cooper, concerning his ascent of the Grand Teton in 1877. There were yet in his artfully prepared affidavit other material allegations, which every member of the United States Geological Survey in that field of work in that year (1877) knows to be false; but the proof of their falsity was not then in my possession. This final evidence I am now enabled to present.

Mr. Cooper, in that affidavit, swears that he and his two companions found the circular inclosure of rocks on the northwest slope of the mountain, where he (I quote) "left a can containing a slip of paper which bore our names," and that he read an aneroid which showed the elevation, etc. If Mr. Cooper left a can there in 1877, it is pertinent to inquire why the can was not found by Mr. A. D. Wilson, of the United States Geological Survey, who went up the mountain in August, 1878, and who was the first person to follow Mr. Cooper to that point, and who carefully searched for some evidence of a former ascent. His failure to discover the can is now accounted for in the fact that no can had been left in the inclosure. Mr. Cooper's memory, seemingly, is not always faithful to the truth. We may note as a fact, which throws doubt upon the truth of his affidavit, that not one word of his remarkable statements was heard by any member of the United States Geological Survey until after the death of the three principal actors named, Hayden, Stevenson and Bechler—the death of Mr. Bechler having occurred about three years ago. With all possibility of contradiction by either of these three men removed, and with Peter Pollock, the cook, in obscurity, there was, to all outward seeming, no one who could disprove any affidavit Mr. Cooper might be induced to sign, relative to the acts of the climbing party. But

"The best laid schemes of mice and men
Gang aft a-gley."

There is one man still living who has been forgotten by Mr. Owen and Mr. Cooper. That man is Mr. S. J. Kubel, now the chief engraver of the United States Geological Survey—a man of high character and perfect reliability, and whose word will be disputed by no one.

It was Mr. Kubel, and not Louis McKean, as stated by Cooper, who went up the Teton with Pollock and Cooper in 1877. Mr. Henry Gannett, Chief Geographer of the United States Geological Survey, writes me:

"Mr. Kubel is a very cautious man," and because of his cautiousness he has been averse to adding his testimony on any point involved in this controversy to that already furnished, until such time as he might prepare, in all its details, a full record of that expedition up the Teton from his diary of that year, which he says he has mislaid. But the assault on the character of his old comrade, Capt. Stevenson, contained in an affidavit which he knows is untrue in every essential statement relating to the climbing of the Teton in 1877, and including the statement that Cooper had any authority over Bechler, has led him to respond to my inquiry; and while he reserves the right to add additional corroborative details when he recovers his diary, he shows that Mr. Cooper did not state the truth in his affidavit. He says that they found no slab inclosure on the mountain; that they had no can; and he is positive that Mr. Cooper had no aneroid. In all these particulars he flatly contradicts Mr. Cooper. His letter will be found below.

It is evident that Mr. Cooper did not prepare his own affidavit. He may be catalogued as a man who generally speaks the truth, and is therefore regarded as honest; but the world abounds with just such men, who, having convinced themselves that a certain thing ought to be true, do not think it wrong to originate and manufacture, or to join with others in originating and manufacturing, additional evidence, for the purpose of convincing others.

Lord Macaulay says that when Charles the First was charged with having broken his coronation oath, the defense was that he kept his marriage vow. When charged with surrendering his people to the merciless cruelties of hard-hearted prelates, the defense was that he took his little son on his knee and kissed him. When charged with having violated the articles of the "Petition of Right," after promising to observe them, his defense was that he was accustomed to hear prayers at 6 o'clock in the morning.

The defense of Mr. Cooper, as presented, is equally irrelevant and frivolous. When charged with having falsely sworn to a libelous statement, defaming the character of Mr. Stevenson, who is dead, the defense is that he is respected as a citizen of Cheyenne; and his friends claim that this respectability is of a quality and essence so super-eminent and notable that it bars out all positive proof which has been or may be produced in a specific case to show that his affidavit is not true.

Rev. Frank S. Spalding, rector of St. Paul's Church, of Erie, Pa., accompanied Mr. Owen to the summit of the Teton. It will not be denied that his judgment on this question is entitled to as much respect as that of Mr. Owen, and I have frequently been asked what was his opinion. Mr. Spalding has taken no part in this controversy. He wrote me on Jan. 18 that he believes that I reached the summit, because I say that I did, and because the difficulties of the ascent were not great enough to have prevented any good climber from having successfully scaled the peak.

In a former letter Mr. Spalding wrote me that on a wagon ride from Market Lake to the Teton Valley, in August last, Mr. Cooper told him that in making his ascent in 1877 he approached the peak from the west side, but that he found the slab inclosure on the northeast side, and that it was not the inclosure found by Stevenson and myself. This statement of Mr. Cooper to Mr. Spalding does not accord with that in his affidavit, wherein he says he found the inclosure on the northwest slope.

Thus it will be seen that the little that is incidentally and inconsequentially true in Mr. Cooper's affidavit is so nearly eclipsed that which is not true that the true is hardly discernible.

Gov. Richards thinks that I have not fairly construed

his statement relating to the question whether Beaver Dick (Richard Leigh) was or was not one of our ascending party. He says: "I did not assert that he was. I have always understood that Stevenson and Langford constituted the party who made the ascent at that time."

I still think that the language of Gov. Richards' statement in FOREST AND STREAM of Nov. 5 justifies my interpretation of it, viz., that he thought that Beaver Dick was one of the ascending party. Otherwise it has no force in Mr. Owen's argument. Gov. Richards, in his affidavit, says that my Scribner article was submitted to Beaver Dick, and was read, etc. In that article I say that our ascending party numbered fourteen persons. Gov. Richards also says that Beaver Dick stated, "after reading said article * * * that he was one of the party, and knew just how far up the mountain said Langford and Stevenson had gone."

I think that this language implies that Beaver Dick was one of the fourteen who tried to scale the Teton; but as Gov. Richards did not intend to make such a statement, I now readily accept his disclaimer; but with it must fall Mr. Owen's argument that Beaver Dick was in a position to know "just how far up the mountain said Langford and Stevenson had gone."

Gov. Richards will bear in mind that I have never questioned his integrity. As I wrote in my former letter, I have entire confidence in his truthfulness and honorable intentions. I have equal confidence in the truthfulness of Beaver Dick, and I therefore feel sure that if Gov. Richards ever had an interview with Beaver Dick such as he describes, then he certainly misunderstood what Beaver Dick said to him. So believing, but with the purpose of more fully assuring myself upon this point, I wrote to Beaver Dick, asking him to state the facts. His letter in reply is given herewith. It breathes the very soul of truth, frankness and blunt straightforward honesty.

It will be seen that Gov. Richards' memory of events which took place twenty-four years ago and Beaver Dick's written diary for that year (1874) are not in accord. Beaver Dick states that his diary shows that he saw but three persons (whom he names) in the mountains during the summer of 1874, and that he was on his ranch, which is on the west side of the Teton range, until July 2, on which day he started for Eagle Rock Bridge (a full day's journey), where he remained, making purchases, until July 4 at noon, when he started for home, arriving there July 5. The point on Salt River where Gov. Richards had his interview with some person is seventy-five miles "as the crow flies" southeast from Eagle Rock Bridge.

Beaver Dick's diary and statements in his letter furnish the best of documentary evidence that it was some person other than Beaver Dick with whom Gov. Richards had his interview "on or about June 30, 1874, on Salt River."

I do not seek, as said by Gov. Richards, to "impeach this witness," but the testimony of the witness that he did not make the statement imputed to him must be received. There is no reflection on Gov. Richards' integrity in the fact that after the lapse of twenty-four years he does not recall the exact details of an event of which he perhaps made no memorandum at the time they occurred.

NATHANIEL P. LANGFORD.

Letter of S. J. Kubel.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR, United States Geological Survey, Washington, D. C., Jan. 18.—Mr. N. P. Langford, St. Paul, Minn. Dear Sir: I am in receipt of yours of the 10th inst., in the matter of Mr. Cooper's statement concerning the ascent of the Grand Teton in 1877.

Speaking from memory and reserving the right to add to these notes in case I should find my diary of that trip, which just now is mislaid, I will say:

1. That Mr. Bechler was in charge of the surveying party.
2. Tom Cooper, Pete Pollock (cook) and myself ascended the mountain—not Cooper, Pollock and McKean, as stated in Cooper's affidavit.
3. We found no slab inclosure.
4. We left no can; we brought none to the mountain.
5. I never saw Cooper have an aneroid, and am positive that he had none on the Grand Teton. Very respectfully,
S. J. KUBEL, Chief Engraver.

Beaver Dick to N. P. Langford.

WILFORD, Idaho, Dec. 27, 1898.—To N. P. Langford. My dear Mr. Langford: Yours of Dec. 12 to hand and contents noted. I was very glad to hear from you, but sorry to read about the trouble concerning the Tetons. I will answer your questions truthfully, as I cannot do anything else. I was camped at our old camp grounds in Jackson's Meadows when Mr. Owen and party got to the top of the Grand Teton, and as I see in publications that Gov. Richards states that I told him I was one of the party that scaled the Teton in 1872, what I have to state is, to the best of my knowledge I never saw Gov. Richards in my life, let alone speak to him, and there are scores of people in the past seventeen or eighteen years who have asked me questions about climbing the Grand Teton, and I solemnly swear here that I never told any man, woman or child that I was one of the climbing party. What I always told when questioned was the truth. I was sent on a side trip, with Shep Medary as my assistant, to see if we could get to the Middle Fall River pass from our present then camp without having to cut too much fallen timber out of our way, as there had been a large fire two years before. I was gone three days, and when we got back the Teton had been climbed, and I congratulated the Captain and Gov. Langford, as we called him, for getting to the top, as I had told them frequently I did not think any one get there without artificial means. My reasons for saying this were that I had been to within half a mile of the Saddle several times hunting sheep, and from where I was it looked too steep for climbing, but I was glad when every one told me the Teton had been mastered, against my predictions.

If Gov. Richards ever did see me and talk with me, which I have no recollection of (and my memory and faculties are as good as in 1872, although I am nearly three score and ten, lacking one year from Jan. 9 next), he must have misunderstood me. But I have no recollection of him. There are scores of people who, if they see this statement, will know my statement is correct, as to

me being one of the climbing party, for I was not and never told any person that I was, for I and Shep Medary were some fifty or sixty miles north of our then camp, on duty, that day the Grand Teton was climbed.

I have looked over my diary for 1874. I find the only persons I saw or met in the mountains in that year were William Burns and his wife and John Reynolds. They had crossed from the South Fork of Snake River, the Teton Mountains south, and come into the Teton Basin. They were trapping. This was June 23, 1874. On July 2 I went down to Eagle Rock Bridge, to the Anderson Bros., to buy some ammunition for my son Dick and to get a pair of gum boots for Bill Burns. I left Eagle Rock on July 4 at noon and got to camp on the 5th. I went hunting with Burns the next day to get meat for camp, and on the 7th he and his wife started for the Yellowstone River. So I cannot see how I could tell Mr. Richards what he says I did. It may be he has forgotten the year, for I cannot believe that he told a willful falsehood.

As I said above, my memory and faculties and my nerves are very good for a man of my age, sixty-nine Jan. 9 next. You can see from my writing that my nerves are in fair shape. I have had to wear spectacles for the past six years. My homestead is thirty miles from the Grand Teton. We can see it and all the Teton range from here, and it is a grand sight.

RICHARD LEIGH,
or better known as Beaver Dick.

Natural History.

The Service Berry.

THE service tree which bears the service berry about which Col. Fred Mather inquires, is very common in West Virginia. When I saw his question in FOREST AND STREAM I felt like a boy in school who has been missing everything and hears a question he can answer. My hand has been in the air ever since, figuratively speaking, until I just have to blurt out an answer.

We do not say service. If we did our superiors in wood lore would think we were putting on too many "blossoming frills." We conform to the good strong language of our neighboring neighborhood and speak of the "sarvis berry," and as it not infrequently occurs, come nearer in this homely manner to the Latin name for this tree. The name service is a corruption of *Sorbus*, for the tree was common in Italy and deserved a name. They called the fruit *Sorbum*. In southern Europe, I have heard somewhere, the cultivated tree bears a fruit as large as the pear. To classify it, the wild service is the *Pyrus torminalis*. To the genus *Pyrus* belongs both the apple and pear. But away with Latin, which you have to look up in a book. Except for purposes of identification, it is both useless and irritating. Besides, if the truth were known some of our high flung Latin terms would fare badly in polite society. Just let us expose that rank impostor *Pyrus torminalis*. It means simply, "A five-celled fruit which is good for the bellyache." Let us eschew Latin and try to give the subject that touch of nature which is the main end of FOREST AND STREAM literature, the mere reading of which conjures thoughts of the woods like the scent of smoke in the clothes you wore camping last summer. The sarvis is the first tree to bloom in the spring. The bush or tree with its white blossoms dots the sides of our mountains and ridges, and the old folks say it is time to sow oats, just as they say a month later when the dogwood gets white that it is time to plant corn. The Indians planted corn when the black walnut leaves were as big as squirrel ears.

Then the small boy locates the trees, which have a way of hiding at other times. For of all berries that grow, tame or wild, the sarvis is the best to eat. Sometimes a tree will have fruit as large as cherries, but generally it is about the size of a pea. We were about to say a ball in .32 cal. pistol cartridge, but what an outrage that would be to botanists. Strange to say, this delicious berry has never proved to be worth cooking or preserving. About June 1, at my home, or a month later, in the mountains back of us the berries are ripe. Then the young ones, and old ones too, for that matter, form parties, take an axe, and go to the trees they have marked when the bloom was on. The trees are tall and slender, and the boughs are brash. It is hardly conceivable to those unacquainted with the facts that a tree found loaded with berries looking greatly like a cherry tree is cut down in order that the berries may be eaten. But that is the way sarvises have been eaten for a hundred years, and no one thinks anything of destroying for one crop a tree that has been growing for many years. Well may the tree hide its slender forms in the thickness of the forest!

It is a little singular that Col. Mather should have asked about the sarvis in an article under the head of fishing, he knowing nothing about the tree. Every fisherman here has associated the tree with fishing. Black bass have been known to eat the berries that fell in the water. The tree is at its best hanging over a mountain stream. The fruit has an opportunity to get the sunlight that it needs to become sweet and palatable, and the fisherman stops and pulls down the boughs until he has a "mess of sarvises."

By the way, sarvis is good Virginia language for the word service in its other meanings. Where is the man who first taught children that bears cannot climb a small tree, and caused the little ones to plan, when in the woods, how they will climb a sapling in orthodox style when the long expected bear comes along? He is hereby informed that a bear would climb a greasy pole for a mouthful of sarvises. There is no sarvis tree too tall and slim for a bear to climb and bend down, or break the boughs, in eating the fruit. I have seen good sized trees literally torn to pieces by bears until it looked like lightning had been at work on them.

Two friends of mine once had the good fortune to see a bear in a sarvis tree near the bank of a trout stream. They heard the branches breaking, and about the time they located the animal well and were wondering why they had left their guns at camp, the bear saw them and

fell out of the tree bodily in his haste and astonishment, and left, nor stood upon the order of his going.

ANDREW PRICE.

MARLINTON, W. VA.

"Them Berries."

A letter from a correspondent in Rensselaer, N. Y., who does not wish his name given, says: "About them red berries with a hole in there ends that you wrote a piece about I can tell you is juniper berries cause they grow on juniper bushes but I allers heerd they was pizon to eat but was good to make gin with. Theys not many now about the harrowgate spring as all the brush has been cleared off and theys a brick-yard there, but some of them berries is still found down in Teller's woods and up back of the Denison Farm. I aint seen none for over twenty year but they must be there. Charley Melius showed me your piece and I remembered you when I was a little boy and you gave me a fish line and a lot of bait when I had fell off the dock and lost mine. If I can find some of them berries next year will send some."

Here is a case of things cast upon the water and returning after many days. There is no recollection of the donation of a fish line and a stock of worms some fifty years ago, still it might have happened, and then passed into that oblivion where most of the things we did in the past have gone. Our memories are so crowded with events of the past that they overflow, and at middle age much is lost. What remains is a melange of sense and nonsense. Of a schoolmate who is now a learned judge, his name always recalls his boyish remark, "It's too bad that we've got to take off our clothes at night and put them on in the morning." As a boy I thought this funny; to-day it indicates the philosopher in embryo. My grandfather died at ninety-eight years old, and longed for death to come, so that he would not have to put on his shoes in the morning; that was all that life meant to him. But as usual I've run off the track.

The juniper berry is not a soft berry; it is not red, but has a bluish cast. I know it well. It is round and smaller than the berry that I wrote of, and is not edible. That it is used to give gin its peculiar flavor is almost too well known to refer to, and my old friend A. R. Fuller, who kept the Meacham Lake House, in the northern part of the Adirondacks, told of an old duffer who went to a druggist in Malone and said: "I want to get some juniper berries to make my gin a little more ginny." This is a hint to those who like the flavor of the juniper. But the "cedar berries" of my boyhood were not juniper berries, no man could eat the hard things, while my berries were soft, crimson, pulpy and sweet.

Here is something near the solution; Mr. John Preston True writes from Boston as follows: "In the woods about one and one-half miles south of the village of Bethel, Maine (Oxford county), will be found a low shrub, squat, like a small hemlock, without a top, which a fat bear—or an editor—has sat on. The foliage is hemlocky, on the end of the twigs are salmon-colored berries just as you describe them in FOREST AND STREAM, with the stone exposed. As I recall them, however, the berries are much smaller than your quotation—say two-thirds smaller. We boys called it ground hemlock; imagined it to be the Indian poison, and shunned it accordingly. As you are still flourishing, it is clear we were wrong. How do they taste?"

Dr. H. H. Montgomery, Pitcairn, Pa., sets me right on the service berry, which as the "shad blow" has been before my eyes since boyhood, but I hope to be dingswizzled if I ever saw any berries on it. He says: "Your letter in FOREST AND STREAM of Jan. 21, in which you ask 'but what is the service berry?' carries me back more years than I care to count to my boyhood days, when from the city I went out to the old homestead on the banks of Crooked Creek to spend my vacation. I happened to be there once in the early spring, and on the hills which line both banks of the stream were every here and there a tree, some hardly more than a small sapling, others 30 to 40 ft. or more in height, and 1 ft. perhaps in diameter, and all literally covered with white blossoms, standing out conspicuously among all the other forest trees upon which the leaves had scarcely begun to shoot.

"Then I have been there in late June and early July, and the white blossomed trees would be covered with a red or purplish red berry about the size of a large currant or small cherry. Those berries, Colonel, were and are the service berry you are in doubt about, commonly called the June berry—the *Amelanchier canadensis* of Torrey and Gray, and the *Pyrus botryapium* of Linnæus.

"For twenty-five years there has not come one spring that I have not longed for a mess or twenty messes of June berries or 'sarvis berries,' as they were often called, and some of these rare June days—may be this year, may be next year—I am going back to the banks of old Crooked Creek. I am going to climb the biggest sarvis berry tree I can find, and I am going to fill my tank with a berry before which the raspberry or strawberry or almost any old berry fades into insignificance, and then I am going to slide gracefully down the tree and go down below to a 'fishing hole' I know of to a riffle. There I will catch some crabs, and with their tails bait a hook, a good big hook, tied to a good stout 'seagrass' line, and the line fastened to a long cane pole, and I am going to catch some bass in the hole, five great big whoppers, and one of them is going to get away from me after jaggng me with his dorsal spine, meanwhile almost breaking my heart for fear he will get away.

"Then I am going to eat a lot more berries and lie down in the shade of a big rock I know of, and try to imagine I am only twelve years old, and that this is one day when I did eat the berries and did catch the fish almost as long as my arm, and didn't want a thing more in this wide world except more berries and the fish that got away.

"Now, Colonel, I thought that a man who knows so much about so many things ought by rights to know 'service berries' also, and that is my excuse."

No excuse needed, Doctor. I asked for information and it came. It comes again further on, but this note recalls a nursery rhyme about a fellow who was "born in the woods and scared by an owl." So much for common names; if we boys had once found the berry we would have called it "shad berry," as we only knew the

tree as the "shad blow," coming with the first shad, but I want to be kicked, I feel contempt for myself. And, before this, to me unknown berry, "the raspberry or strawberry or almost any old berry fades into insignificance." I cry "peccavi," having gone through the woods thinking my eyes and ears were wide open. I saw but never heard the shad blow.

As a scholarly angler, Dr. Montgomery has met Izaak Walton's quotation from Dr. Bottler, who said: "Doubtless God could have made a better berry than the strawberry, but doubtless God never did." Next summer, when he gorges upon his beloved "sarvis" berry, I hope he will bear the quotation in mind.

This berry question will stir up others to write about it. While others tell what the service berry is, none mention its edible qualities except Dr. Montgomery, whose enthusiasm in placing it above all other berries puts it in a new light. Let us cultivate them, put them on the market, as has been done with other berries. Fifty years ago there were no cultivated berries, our limited supply was from pickers of wild fruit. With the exception of the huckleberry, there are no wild berries that come to New York. If not "chained to business" next June, I will look for the "service berry" and eat it with the notes of Dr. Montgomery singing a thrush-like melody as they glide down my esophagus.

As a full and complete answer to my many descriptions of berries, from the "cedar berry" of boyhood, which has never been met since, to an exhaustive treatise on that and others which I imagine might be the "service berry," the following from my comrade, Frank Robinson, late U. S. N., now of Philadelphia, is so complete and exhaustive that I give it in full.

"Col. Fred Mather: With some hesitation I attempt to answer your question propounded in the issue Jan. 21 of FOREST AND STREAM, thinking that you would be flooded with answers, any one of which would fill the bill. And then, if every one who knew thought the same, you would not be enlightened. I am influenced also by the fact that your experience in regard to two of the berries is very like my own.

"The bush that you describe as growing in a ravine near Greenbush, that bore berries that John Atwood called 'cedar berries,' is *Taxus canadensis*, American yew—popular name, ground hemlock—and is a variety of the European yew, *Taxus baccata*. Your description of the berry is excellent, as I remember it, for I have not seen it since I was a boy in Maine, and I am now over sixty-two years of age. I have never found over two or three individual specimens of it, and have been roaming the woods with my eyes open all my life when opportunity offered. The difference in manner of growth between the European, Irish and the American yews is very striking; the two former growing upright, one with a thick trunk, the other, the Irish, making a narrow column; while the American variety grows low and spreading, the bush itself being somewhat cup-shaped and depressed in the center like the berry. It was common report among us boys that the berries were poisonous, and I never tasted them until one day, when watching the movements of a red squirrel, I saw him go into the bush and eat the berries, which exploded the question of any poisonous properties, and thereafter I ate them. The Botanies do not describe it as rare, still, like you, I have found it so.

"In regard to the other berries mentioned in the article, I think I can set you right. The common and popular names of plants and berries are just as confusing as those of fish and animals, the same name being applied to widely different things in different localities, sometimes not very far remote either, and the only remedy is the one you have frequently insisted on in regard to fish, and that is to learn the scientific name and call it by that, and educated people will know what is referred to, and others will in time pick up something of it.

"Referring to the wintergreen berry, also known as checkerberry, teaberry, boxberry and ivory plum, the last probably from the ivory whiteness of its substance, the botanical name is *Gaultheria procumbens*, named for a Dr. Gaulther, of Quebec, over 150 years ago. The specific name *procumbens* alludes to its creeping habit of propagating by underground runners; the foliage yields the well-known oil of wintergreen. There is a western variety that grows as a spreading shrub. It belongs botanically to the Heath family, of which the European heather and the huckleberries are familiar specimens.

"The service berry is not either the squaw berry or the bunch berry, as you infer. Botanically, it is the *Amelanchier canadensis*, and is common everywhere, at least through southern Canada, the Eastern and Middle States. There are several varieties, but they run together, so that botanists are inclined to regard them as forms of one. The variations run from shrubs to small trees with slight distinction in the foliage, but the berries of all are nearly identical. It belongs to that great botanical family known as the rose family, of which the queen of flowers is the type, and is closer related to the apples and pears, so much so that *Amelanchier* stocks have been used for dwarfing the pear by grafting on it; as in dwarfing the pear by grafting on the quince. I have used them for this purpose myself. It flowers in spring, producing in June (and therefore in some localities called June berry), a berry-like purplish fruit in shape something like a rose hip— $\frac{3}{8}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ in. in diameter—edible, sweet and sometimes very pleasant flavored. The popular name of the European species in its home in Savoy means service berry, and the name was probably attached to our American species by the early Canadian settlers and has stuck. It is called in some parts of New England wild pear, and in others shad bush, from the fact of its flowering about the time the shad come up the rivers. As the white beach is accounted the best material for making carpenters' planes, so the tree form of the *Amelanchier*, which is the variety usually called the wild pear (never, I think, over 3 or $3\frac{1}{2}$ in. in diameter) is held in high esteem among mechanics for chisel handles.

"The squaw berry 'with two eyes' is botanically the *Mitchella repens*, the only species, and was named for a Dr. J. Mitchell, who corresponded from Virginia with Linnæus. I have found it growing sparingly and scatteringly everywhere from New England to Pennsylvania and New Jersey, never abundantly but once, and that was last summer, near the center of Camden county, N. J., in the town of Clementon, where in low shady woods

the ground was covered with it and red with the berries, and boy-like I filled my pockets with them. It belongs botanically to the madder family, of which the *Cephalanthus* or buttonbush may be familiar to you, though none but a botanist would detect any resemblance between the two.

"Lastly comes the bunchberry; this, like the American yew, I haven't seen since I was a boy in Maine, where in certain localities it was quite plentiful—notably about decaying white pine stumps of large size, where the ground would be covered with it. It is botanically *Cornus canadensis*, dwarf cornell-bunchberry. The *Cornus florida*, flowering dogwood, with which you are no doubt familiar, and which blooms about the time for planting Indian corn, and forms such snowy masses of bloom in the landscape before many of the trees have gotten their foliage, is a near relative; and while there appears to be a wide and mighty difference between the humble bunchberry and the stately dogwood, still, if the blossoms of each are examined, you will see the same petal-like involucre to each and the fruit is not dissimilar, and each have the same hard seeds, though the bunch berry has the most pulpy and edible fruit. The stems of the bunchberry spring from running underground shoots and are surmounted on the top with a whorl of four to six oval leaves, on top which in spring appears the cluster of blossoms, with the petal-like involucre underneath, spoken of above.

"In reviewing this, it looks as if I had used a good many words to answer a few simple questions, and reminds me of what the emaciated Irishman told the doctor who was about to apply to his body an immense mustard plaster, 'It seems to me there's a dale of mustard for a little mate'; but if you are able to glean out the little meat there is in it, I shall feel repaid as rendering some small compensation for the vast amount of practical information I have received from your interesting articles in FOREST AND STREAM. And generally when a man wants to know about anything enough to ask, he wants to know all about it, which I have tried to tell."

Comrade Robinson has shown that the squaw berry and the bunch berry are not other names for the service berry; and these botanists find resemblances where we, who consider each plant as an independent growth, never would. They aver that the little edible bunchberry is closely related to the flowering dogwood. I have eaten thousands of bunchberries, but the seeds of the dogwood are too hard to eat. I know the wild rose and have tasted the berries, or haws, but never cared to eat them. I can believe that I have seen the service berry, but it is possible that it never tempted me to eat it. The "shad blow" I know very well, but if it has an edible berry, I never stuck a tooth in one, and so the "service berry" grows on the shad bush! "It's never too late to learn."

An old correspondent of FOREST AND STREAM, Arefar, of California, writes me that the "ground hemlock" which grew my "cedar berries" is closely allied to the English yew, from which the famous bows of the English archers were made. After describing the service berry, as Comrade Frank Robinson has so exhaustively done, he says: "We also have a Pacific Coast variety, *Amelanchier alnifolia*, which reaches its greatest perfection along the rich bottom lands of the Columbia River. Its berries are an important item of food with our Western Indians, who gather them, reduce them to a paste, and dry them for winter."

FRED MATHER.

Sarvis Berries and Buffalo Ribs.

BROWNING, Mont., Jan. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It seems hard to believe that there should be any one who does not know what sarvis berries are. To us who live up in the Northwest they are as well known as oats, or corn, or potatoes, and in many sections of the country are in their season a good deal more abundant. Another name for them is saskatoon or sascatum berries, no doubt the name for the berry in some Indian tongue.

The genus to which the plant belongs is widely distributed through the north temperate zone. It is found in eastern and western America—as far south on the Pacific Coast as southern California—in Japan and central China, in Asia Minor, the Caucasus and Southern Africa, but is not found in the great northern region of southern Asia, to which it might naturally have extended. In western America it grows over an immense territory. At the north it is found in the valley of the Yukon River in latitude 62 degrees 45 minutes, and it extends south over nearly all the mountain ranges of western America, ranging eastward through the Saskatchewan Valley and Manitoba to the western shores of Lake Superior and to the northern peninsula of Michigan.

You have given us the Latin name and the botanical relations of this fruit, and I should like to tell you something about its relations, its usefulness to man and beast in the country where it grows. Like many of our cultivated fruit belonging to the same botanical group, the sarvis tree bears a plentiful crop only every alternate year. Besides that, sometimes a very dry spring or a late snap of severe cold will ruin the crop in a year, which, according to all calculation, should have been one of plenty. When either of these things happen, the animals that depend for food in part on the sarvis berries have to go hungry.

Many tribes of Indians collect these berries in great quantities, storing them in sacks woven from grass or from cedar bark, or in parfleches made of the skins of animals. When the berries are ripe the women go out in great parties to gather them, and spreading robes, blankets or sheets under the trees, beat the branches, and the ripe fruit, falling on the blankets below, is gathered up and afterward spread out to dry in the sun. In the winter the dried berries are boiled with dried meat or by themselves, and form an important part of the Indian's diet. In some tribes the berries are regarded as sacred, and must be used in all feasts which accompany religious ceremonial of any sort. These berries are delicious when fresh, but not nearly so good after they have been dried and stewed in the ordinary way. At the same time they have a distinctive flavor of their own, of which one becomes very fond.

I can remember nothing more delicious than fat buffalo ribs and dried sarvis berries, as eaten among Indians of the Northwestern plains, unless it be fat buffalo ribs and dried corn, as eaten among Indians of the South-eastern plains. But it must always be remembered that in

those times, and in those places, one had the appetite which goes with youth, hard work and an outdoor life.

For nearly a hundred years service berries have been a pretty important item in the food of the Hudson's Bay employees in the far Northwest, and when Captains Lewis and Clarke crossed the Rocky Mountains in 1803-1806 they were able on the waters of the upper Missouri to piece out their slender fare with the sarvis berries, which grew in great profusion along their route. The fruit is sweet and delicious, and many travelers throughout northwestern America have told of its usefulness. More than one party of explorers and prospectors have lived on service berries when all else failed them.

If the Indians eat plenty of sarvis berries, the bears eat a great many more, and all through the berry season they lounge about the patches of sarvis trees gorging themselves with the delicious fruit, and becoming fat and lazy. Sometimes a party of Indian women will find themselves gathering berries where a bear has been or still is, and when such a discovery is made there is a swift retreat by the women to safer quarters. The bears, of course, pull down the branches of the trees which they can reach to get at the berries, and the smaller black and brown bears climb the stouter trees. The larger bears, however, ride down the trees by their weight, resting the breast on the stem with one foreleg on either side, and in a grove of trees where berries have been abundant one may find many trees that have been bent down in this way.

Many of the smaller mammals also eat these berries; among them to some extent the coyote, and of course all the various rats, mice and squirrels—tree or ground dwelling—which are so abundant in the country where the sarvis berry grows. The birds feast on them too, robins, gray jays, Clark's crow, magpies, and a hundred others. On the whole, there is scarcely a plant that I can think of growing along the flanks of the mountain which furnishes food for so large and so varied a mammalian population as the sarvis berry. Yo.

The Service on Cape Ann.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your correspondent H., in his article on the service berry, or *Amelanchier*, mentions a dwarf variety. He writes: "One dwarf form found on high lands is only 3 to 4 ft. in height, with quite small berries."

I do not know where H. gets his knowledge of a dwarf variety. I have before me the "Flora of Essex County, Massachusetts," by John Robinson. While treating the *Amelanchier* he remarks: "Tracy speaks of a curious variety at Norman's Woe, Gloucester, which fruits when only 3 ft. high."

This is the only book knowledge I am able to find in regard to a dwarf form. I have found on the hills around Gloucester a dwarf form which fruits when the plants are not over 8 in. in height. The fact is, the plants are all heights, from the tree down to the very lowest bushes. It seems to be the evolution of a dwarf from a standard variety. A few years ago I sent samples of the dwarf variety to Mr. John Robinson, who has charge of the Peabody Academy of Science, Salem, Mass. Mr. Robinson sent some of the plants to Cambridge for the Arboretum. Professor Sargent saw them, and wrote me for particulars. I understand that he expected to rearrange *Amelanchier* for the botanical works. If he did so it is unknown to me.

The fruit of the dwarf varieties is not materially different from that of the standard. Both the dwarf and standard varieties bear large and small berries.

The *Amelanchier* grows in great abundance in the swamps and on the hills of Cape Ann. The fruit on the hills is usually wormy or blighted, while in the swamps it is excellent.

I wrote up this shrub and sent the manuscript with a photograph of the plants in bloom to Garden and Forest several years ago. I enclosed postage, but the manuscript never returned, nor did I hear from it at the time or since. The publication has suspended I believe.

I will quote a few lines from my lost manuscript to explain the peculiar growth of the dwarf variety.

"It did not take me long to discover that I had several interesting problems to solve. Instead of two varieties, a dwarf and a standard, I found varieties all heights between the two. It was the evolution of a dwarf variety from a standard with no missing links. Another curious phase, the shrub in the process of evolution spread over a greater area. A standard variety consisted of several stems from one crown, while a variety a little below the standard sprung from a number of crowns and consequently occupied more ground. The extreme dwarf variety sprung from numerous crowns, which spread over not less than one square rod. The shrub showed one other peculiarity. The evolution of a dwarf variety had produced a marked change in the blooming season. The extreme dwarf variety was fully ten days later than the standard in flowering." HERMIT.

Replies to Mr. Mather's service berry question have been sent by Von W., of New Hampshire; E. H. A., of Connecticut; Nemo, of Pennsylvania, and others; and one correspondent writes that the berry is cultivated.

About Trees.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Friend Coahoma requests me to explain the growth of trees. I do not think there is much left for me to say after his excellent description of the growth of a tree.

There is no growth upward of the trunk of a tree for a very good reason, namely, the cells of the old wood do not redivide, therefore must stand where first formed.

There is an upward and outward growth to all trees, but it takes place at the extreme ends of branches by the division of cells. Cells divide when the material of which they are formed is mucilaginous. As growth progresses the lower cells become hard and woody and do not divide. The trunk of a tree can increase in growth in diameter, but not in height. It is a disputed question whether the roots of trees are able to raise the whole fabric. The cavities at the base of many trees are supposed to show that the roots have forced the trunk out of the ground. I do not think this is the fact. I believe the roots grow upward on the trunk just as the limbs do. If we bear in mind that all growth is by division of cells we cannot go wrong in our conclusions. HERMIT.

Podgers' Commentaries.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In reading over your number of Jan. 14, I was very much interested in the article by your valued correspondent, S. N. Rhoades, on the subject of skunks. It is not often we see any defense of that odoriferous animal; in fact, he has few friends, and after reading the article in question, in which the character of his skunkship appears in rather a better light, I am encouraged to say a few words in his favor myself, malodorous as the subject may be, and as surprising as it would probably be to him to find that he had at least two friends willing to give him credit for what virtues he may possess.

We will pass over a few little delinquencies that truth compels us to admit are not creditable to him, such as his epicurean taste for chickens; but the fox, the coon and the weasel have the same failing, so we will not lay that as an exclusive sin at his doors.

In my boyhood days we used to set slip-noose traps, a bent-down sapling supplying the elevating power, and when the villain was so suspended his odoriferous protests were telegraphed to the nearest neighbors "on the wings of the wind," and called forth sundry indignant remarks from old ladies whose sense of smell was still keen, such as "them ere pesky boys have got another skunk up in the orchard, drat 'em." No boy had the courage to bury the enemy with the honors of war, and the result was that the nearest neighbors had in self-defense to hire old Nigger Ned to do the job at the not extravagant fee of 10 cents and a drink of old whiskey three days from the still.

In subsequent days I have met casually with this dealer in "perfumes," but not on social terms; in fact, there has always been a distant coolness and a mutual agreement that no intimacy was desired, this resulting in each of us giving his undivided attention to his own business.

As to the question of his omitting the opportunity to express his parting compliments if bereft of vitality suddenly, my experience, though limited, does not bear out the statement. A friend and myself on one occasion were encamped at the outlet of Lake Edwards, Canada. We had given a whole day to the erection of a very swell affair, as we were intending a prolonged stay, and at great labor had cut and "toted" about a cord of wood; and after a trout supper and the ever-present pipe, we were glad to seek our cots.

About midnight I was awakened by a pat pat of light footsteps around the tent and an occasional scratching on the canvas. My friend was a sound sleeper and was snoring away oblivious to all such small noises until I awoke him, saying, "John, what the deuce is that scratching?" He yawned and finally pulled aside the curtain of the tent and looked out. It was bright moonlight; but seeing nothing, he turned in again. As soon as all was still the scratching was renewed. John sprang out of bed again, saying: "Dash my buttons if I don't stop that little game, whatever it is." And picking up the double-barrel he stepped outside. A few moments later, bang went one barrel of the gun. "Hello! what is it?" I asked. Before he could answer the atmosphere saved him the trouble. Great Scott! It came in chunks; you could cut it with a knife. It was simply overpowering—suffocating. No mortal man could stand it. Hastily donning our clothes, we broke for a position to windward, and wore the time out until morning sitting on a fallen log.

When daylight came we discussed the question of what was to be done. Should we make a united effort and bury the skunk? By stuffing our noses we succeeded in doing it. We forgot that the ground was saturated. No relief was had. It was as bad as ever, and the result was that we had to break camp and move over across the lake; and even then days elapsed before, with all our airing of the clothes and tent, we succeeded in getting rid of that most diabolical and lasting quality of the vile odor. Any perfume manufacturer that could give such staying qualities to his perfumery would make his fortune. It is said that a grain of musk will give forth its odor for a thousand years. I don't believe the author of the statement could make it from personal experience, but I will bet him that alongside of that little animal's manufacture musk would be nowhere.

A subsequent experience down in Texas was more favorable to the character of the amateur Lubin. Several of us were living in a cabin quite a distance from any other dwelling, when one evening, after dinner, as we sat smoking on the steps, one of these aroma dispensers made his appearance quite near us. One of the boys ran into the house for his gun. I intercepted him, saying: "Don't shoot the little cuss, or we can't live in the house." We went indoors and watched him. He snuffed around for a time, and I threw him a piece of bread, which he immediately ate; and then he retired under the house, where he seemed to have taken up his abode. How to get rid of him without his leaving his compliments was the question. We finally decided that the least of the two evils was not to molest him. The result was that he grew very tame and came up on the steps for his bread, and finally was so tame that he would take bread from the hand. He seemed to know the hour of meal time as well as we, and was always on hand.

We were particularly careful not to make any offensive demonstration calculated to irritate his sensitive nature, and our friendly relations continued for several months and until we left. The moral of it all is that it is policy for man to restrain his proclivities for the immediate destruction of that against which he has natural prejudices, until he has ascertained what good there may be in it. Any hasty action may result in waking up the wrong passenger.

As a general thing, I do not recommend this little animal as a household pet, despite my last experience of his amiability; for his tail might get accidentally trod on, when he would be likely to express his views in a very unpleasant manner; but I would advise that in case of accidental meeting a strictly armed neutrality should be preferred; for I do not think the dealer in perfumery would be the aggressor. We often meet with the counterpart of this specimen of natural history in beings with two legs. They are not infrequent, and we give them a wide berth. As the result of my experience, I give my preference as an associate to the species with four legs. They are the least offensive of the two varieties.

PODGERS.

Birds that Hunt and are Hunted.

AMONG the flood of bird books that have made their appearance within recent years, one of the most striking is that entitled "Birds that Hunt and are Hunted," published by the Doubleday and McClure Company. Under this broad title are included descriptions with brief life histories of about 170 birds of prey, game birds, wild-fowl and other water birds, the whole illustrated by many plates in colors, which first appeared in a Western magazine. There are nearly fifty of these plates of varying degrees of excellence, but many of them capital representations of the birds, and all are sufficiently close to nature in their colors to enable the reader without difficulty to identify the species. These are evidently photographs of stuffed birds; and in many cases they are poorly stuffed. But there are others which are so excellent that it would be hard to find a point at which they could be criticised.

"Birds that Hunt and are Hunted" is by Neltje Blanchan, the author of "Bird Neighbors," to which it is a companion volume. Beginning with the grebes and loons, it follows through the gulls, petrels, cormorants and ducks, the herons, ibises, storks, cranes, rails and their allies, the shore birds, gallinaceous game birds and pigeons, to and through the birds of prey, the whole book including more than 350 large pages. Each order of birds is characterized in general terms, the different species under it are named and described, and from one to half a dozen pages given to its life history.

The book is written from the same view point as its predecessor, "that of a bird lover who believes that personal friendly acquaintance with the live birds as distinguished from the technical study of the anatomy of dead ones must be general before the people will care enough about them to reinforce the law with unrestrained mercy. To really know the birds in their home life, how marvellously clever they are, and how positively dependent agriculture is upon their ministrations, cannot but increase our respect for them to such a point that willful injury becomes impossible."

This is surely a good point of view to have, and it must be said that the author succeeded in making interesting the birds written about. The style is pleasing and the facts on the whole accurate and taken from the best sources. Much space is given to the game birds, and of these the portraits are among the best in the book, though the frontispiece—the passenger pigeon—and the herons are also especially good. The figure of the prairie sharp-tailed grouse is rather notable for its excellence.

Of the bittern the author writes, "Come upon the hermit suddenly and it seems paralyzed by fright. When danger actually threatens, up go the long head feathers, leaving the neck bare and making the bird look formidable indeed. The plumage is ruffled, the wings are extended, and if the adversary comes too near a violent slap from the strong wing and a thrust from a very sharp beak makes him wish his zeal for bird lore had been tempered with discretion. A little water spaniel was actually stabbed to death as a result of its master's inquisitiveness."

"During the day the bittern, being extremely timid, keeps well hidden in the marshes, but it is not a nocturnal bird by any means, however it likes to migrate by night. To some it appears sluggish and indolent as it stands motionless for hours, but it is simply intelligently waiting for frogs, lizards, snakes, large winged insects, meadow mice, etc., to come within striking distance, when, quick as thought, the prey is transfixed. A slow meditative step also gives an impression of indolence, but the bittern is often only treading mollusks out of the mud with his toes."

"In the air the bittern still moves slowly and with a tropical languor laps its large broad wings, and trails its legs behind, to act as a rudder as it flies close above the tops of the sedges. When a longer journey than from one part of the marsh to another must be made, the solitary traveler mounts high by describing circles, and secure under the cover of darkness, makes bold and long excursions. It is only in the nesting season that we find these birds in couples. Then neither one is either far away from the rude grassy nest that holds from three to five pale olive buff eggs hidden among the sedges on the ground in a marsh. There are those who assert that young bitterns are good food."

We fancy that all who have ever eaten young bitterns, or old ones either, aver that they are good food, and in old times was not the bittern regarded as a game bird?

A few of the statements in the volume—such as the intimation that the black skimmer uses its bill to open mollusks—are hardly borne out by any observations known to us, and one curious reference to a bird standing on a "distended branch" is not very clear, but the book deserves high praise and should do good.

The "Osprey."

THE Osprey, well known to our ornithological readers, has changed hands, and moved from New York to Washington. It is now published by the Osprey Publishing Company, of that city, and is edited by Drs. Elliot Coues and Theo. Gill, with Mr. Walter Adams Johnson, the former editor, as associate editor, and Mr. L. A. Fuertes as art editor. An editorial in the October number—the first printed after its change of locality—says: "The Osprey being a migratory bird has flown southward from New York to Washington this autumn, and taken up its winter quarters in a new locality, of which it proposes to become a permanent resident. The moulting process has proven somewhat severe and protracted this season, and the appearance of the bird in its new plumes has consequently been delayed. We beg indulgence for any traces of pin feathering which may be discovered in this issue, feeling confident that the renewal of plumage will be perfected next month."

While this apology was required for the number in which it appeared, the succeeding issues—for November and December—are a great improvement, and indicate that only a little time is needed for the magazine to regain its old high standing of excellence as to typography and presswork. That the quality of the matter contained in it is good is guaranteed by the names on its editorial board.

Some Florida Birds.

Barn Owls or "White Owls."

Early in April of last year the captain of the steamer Roseada, plying on the Kissimmee River, reported the discovery of a white owl's nest, which was in a hole of a leaning dead cabbage palm, overhanging the river. Twice a week on his trip up and down he watched the growth of the birds, until he considered them old enough to move. He then transferred them from the nest to a box, under serious protests from the parent birds. The birds proved to be specimens of the barn owl, and great was the surprise to see the three owls of three different sizes and evidently considerable difference in their ages. From inquiry it is learned that these birds, after hatching the first egg, lay another, whose hatching is left to be done by the young bird while it feathers, thus explaining why the birds in the different stages of development were found in the same nest, and explaining too the responsibility that the oldest bird seemed to have over the younger ones—much as an older child watches over the younger ones of a family.

The oldest owl was almost matured—in full feather—its large black eyes, almost human in expression, being well set off by the snow white face. The plumage on the back was a golden brown, the rest of the body streaked with white. The second bird in size was an ashy dull white; he was covered with down—the down on his face giving him a vicious expression—entirely different from the oldest bird. The baby of the nest was scarcely half the size of the oldest bird, had a sharp, narrow and long face, with a weakened, monkey-like expression, but he was snow white, looking like a ball of wool. He cuddled under the larger birds, and at feeding time was the most ravenous eater of the crowd. All day long these three wise little owls quietly sat, making no sound except when approached, when a sharp snapping of their beaks announced that they wished no intruders. To turn them out of their box in daytime meant a quick return to it. They were turned out one day for a visitor to admire, and the box removed, when they quietly sought refuge under the folds of her dress skirt. At night they were in their element when turned loose; they walked around, flopped their wings, would come up and take food from the hand, and drink water from a spoon placed between their beaks with as much ease as a person possibly could. After eating to their satisfaction, they would return to the box, and there sit for an hour, peering out, swaying their bodies backward and forward, as if rocking themselves to sleep.

The pleasure and the study derived from observing these young owls scarcely compensated for the sorrow caused around the old palm tree. For several trips, as the Roseada passed up and down the river, the old owls followed the boat, darting at it and crying for the loss of their young, their mournful tones coming to the crew on the still nights like some haunting spirit.

MINNIE MOORE-WILLSON.

FLORIDA.

More about Skunks.

I READ with much interest the article on the skunk. I have had just a bit of experience with skunks myself, beginning at the time when I was a very small youth, and mistook one of the playful little beasts for my pet kitten in the dusk of a summer evening, until at the present writing, when the aroma hangs thickly about the house owing to the efforts of an unsophisticated hired man to kill a skunk in the woodshed.

A short time since I had the good fortune to visit a skunk farm in this State, that promises to bring a good sum of money to the owner. No odor did I detect, and the little animals ran about the proprietor's feet like so many cats. Without any hesitation he would reach into an old box or barrel full of leaves or straw and drag forth some choice specimen to exhibit to me, while I stood near experiencing the sensations of a man smoking a cigar in a powder mill. He told me that skunks were a very easy crop to raise; only needed plenty of food, offal from nearby slaughter houses, and a few hollow logs, old barrels or boxes with plenty of straw for nests. Then his flock consisted of skunks of all the sorts of markings known to the tribe, but he was confident that he could, by careful breeding, produce only pure black animals.

In this locality the bite of the skunk is considered as poisonous as the bite of a snake. I know of only one instance that resulted seriously, and that was the case of a trapper in one of the nearby towns, who was bitten on one hand by a skunk he had captured in a trap. Although several remedies were tried, the injured member began to swell and caused him great pain, which continued for some weeks, and finally ceasing, and the wound healed. His hand is, however, badly crippled, as he has lost the use of two fingers. Local doctors called the trouble blood poisoning pure and simple, caused by a deposit of foul matter on the teeth of the animal and which was left in the wound when it was inflicted. As the skunk is fond of carrion and other decayed animal matter, the deposit that would naturally accumulate on the teeth would poison the wound that otherwise would be free from dangerous consequences.

Do skunks have any cry? Old trappers with whom I have talked aver that they have a peculiar whistle. But in my long acquaintance with the skunk I have always found him as dumb as an oyster and a creature to be smelled, not heard.

KENEWELL.

VERMONT.

The Seaboard Air Line.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Those who can be shareholders and receive the good dividends are to be congratulated, and it is of interest to outsiders to know there is such a line, heavily traveled and affording safe passage from "down East." Are there many that leave the line? On a steamer to Liverpool in September last, the second day at sea I saw a vireo, high-hole and sparrowhawk seeking rest about the ship and rigging; they were very tired; and I was told others had been seen. In their condition, life seemed likely to be very short. There was no storm to drive them from the line.

J. QUAY.

City-Bred Woods Birds.

COMMENTING ON Mr. Chas. Hallock's notes on this topic in our issue of Jan. 31, Mr. L. H. Smith, of Strathroy, Ont., writes to Mr. Hallock:

"I was very much interested reading your paper. This feature of our birds changing their habits according to surrounding circumstances is a very interesting study, and one which perhaps we who are lovers of birds and nature do not follow up as closely as we should.

"Do not some of our naturalists in their extreme denunciations of my little feathered brother countryman the English sparrow make a mistake when they accuse him of depopulating our towns and suburbs of our native birds? Poor Jack! I know he has sins; but he was the feathered companion of my childhood in the old country. What a triumph of Nimrodian ambition it was to outwit a cock sparrow! I am, so far as I know, about the only true friend he has on this continent. And my report to the Department of Agriculture, Washington, some years ago was the only favorable one out of hundreds that were sent in.

"My practical study for many years of our birds has led me to believe that they change their habits if the surrounding circumstances are such that it is well for them to do so. The purple martin was not a city bird before there were any cities; it is now. The grackle is common on my lawn; forty years ago he was never seen there. The oriole swings his pendent nest in an elm at my front door, and chippy is in partnership with the English sparrow as scavengers at my back doorstep.

"That noisy rascal the bluejay in that 'baseball suit' of his screams defiance at all the vocal powers of the other inhabitants of my orchard. A saucy yet lovable rascal.

"All our native birds are about my town in summer as they always used to be, and the Baltimore oriole is more so. The grackle has taken up town life during the last five years. The little bluebird is scarcer than in years gone by. Not driven away though by the 'pestiferous' English sparrow, but by the decimation he suffered a few years ago from severe weather. He is gaining steadily, and I hope to live to see him as plentiful as he ever was. He is such a gentle little fellow. I can no more imagine spring in our northern country without the bluebird than I can summer without the swallow.

"I am always pleased to see anything from your pen."

Crow Roosts.

KANSAS, Jan. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I notice a request from Mr. W. Stone in one of your late papers for information about crow roosts. From Pennsylvania to Kansas is a long way, but the Kansas crow must be represented.

There is an enormous crow roost on the farm of Leonard King on North Big Creek in Liberty township, near Burlington, Kansas. Two or three thousand hang around the roost from about 2 o'clock in the afternoon till dark; and at about sundown the main body comes in in countless numbers and fills the trees for acres. Early in the morning they scatter in all directions very quietly, and I am satisfied that some of them go twenty miles or more to feed, although many remain in the vicinity all day. Mr. King says that the roost has been one of the features of his farm for a good many years.

W. J. DIXON.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. Witmar Stone wished for information regarding crow roosts. Five years ago last autumn I noticed a large gathering of crows in a grove of hemlock and pine on a mountain in an adjoining town a few miles from where I reside. Every afternoon at about 3 o'clock members of the band could be seen winging their way to the grove from every direction, and the place was a perfect bedlam until the last straggler arrived. Early in the morning the band, without a sound, would leave for their feeding grounds, to return again as night approached. Every year the "crow camp meeting," as the neighbors call the gathering, goes in session about Sept. 1 and continues until cold weather forces the crows to start on their southward flight. On the day of their departure the noise of the company is kept up unceasingly until early in the afternoon, when in scattered bands of a dozen or more individuals they set forth on their journey, and by evening the last crow has left the grove. I should say that somewhere from 500 to 800 crows gather in the grove each fall.

S. O. BRUSH.

2 MILFORD, Vermont.

Monkey, Man and Hog.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Feb. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* An old hunter once told me that there are only two large mammals whose eyes will not shine by reflected light, namely, man and hog.

Now, is this true? And if it be true, what are we to infer? The naturalists tell us that we are descended from monkeys, because we have rudimentary tails, which show that, ages past, we had bona fide tails and used them. This evidence is considered sufficiently conclusive without even a fossil connecting link.

But the non-shining quality of the human eye is not a mere survival of some function long since played out. We have it still in prime working order, if a negative quality can be said to work. And we share this attribute, they say, with only one mammal in all creation—the hog!

I have often suspected a certain kinship in nature as regarded certain individuals, and this kinship crops out most noticeably in camp life. Doubtless you have observed similar relationships and have thought thoughts about them more or less audibly; for instance, on a very cold morning, when it was the other fellow's turn to crawl out and rustle for a breakfast, and you couldn't rouse him with a pair of boots.

But the annoying thing about this non-shining business is that it seems to be a universal attribute of pigs and humanity, and of nothing else. Cannot some of your readers discover another mammal whose eyes won't shine from a jack-light—no trifling mole, but some fairly decent animal, to which we could cousin-up without total

loss of self-respect? It is comforting, sometimes, to believe in the Darwinian theory as applied to other people. You can say that So-and-So is reverting back to the monkey type, while you, of course, have been cleansed from such relationship by æons of respectability. But to confess that you and your own bunkie are still first cousins, if not own brothers, to so repulsive a creature as—don't mention it—can we not rid ourselves of this embarrassment before the naturalists get wind of the item? They would simply revel in it.

HORACE KEPHART.

Caribou Heads.

SCRANTON, Pa., Feb. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your illustration of Mr. Chas. F. Riardon's thirty-nine point caribou is excellent and the head undoubtedly a good one. In referring to my diary, as it was kept while hunting on the White Hills of Newfoundland during the fall of 1897, I find the record of a fifty-four point caribou brought into camp by Mr. E. G. Asmus on Sept. 19 of that year. This great head, in company with nine others ranging as to points from 25 to 54, are now occupying places in private houses, and the largest may be seen in the home of Mr. E. G. Asmus, of West Hoboken, N. J. I consider this to be the finest head in the United States. Can any one report anything better?

A. B. BLAIR.

Stray Carrier Pigeon.

MR. LEONARD HULIT writes that a chocolate and white homing pigeon is held by Mr. H. A. Sieghertner, of Asbury Park, N. J., awaiting owner's claim. When first seen the bird was being pursued by a pigeon hawk, and darted behind a window screen to evade its enemy. It has a gold leg band bearing No. 246, date 1895.

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of fishing and hunting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in *FOREST AND STREAM*.

March 2-15.—National Sportsmen's Association Exposition, New York.

The Megantic Dinner.

THE annual dinner of the Megantic Fish and Game Corporation is an event which receives a wealth of anticipation from scores of New England sportsmen. The experience of years gone by has taught them the real merit of these occasions in the line of genial companionship, and the extension of plans for that which every sportsman holds close to his heart, namely, the successful propagation and better protection of game and fish. As the years have rolled away these events have come to be looked upon as a time of general reconciliation among those who hold different opinions as to the best policy to pursue for the cause, and it has become quite the fashion to clear away all misunderstandings as to what should be the open and close time on game and fish, and to close the ranks for united effort. The Brunswick Hotel, in Boston, was the place, and Saturday evening, Feb. 4, the time selected for the Megantic's twelfth annual. I have had the good fortune to attend these dinners without a break for the last nine years, but have never met so many notable sportsmen or witnessed so much enthusiasm as at this event. The magnificent banquet hall was handsomely decorated with moose, deer and caribou heads, bear and fox skins, and birds. Daggett's orchestra and Bob Hyde's colored troubadours kept the room ringing with good music, and the members and guests found time to join in with all the popular songs and negro ballads. The chief speakers of the evening were Caspar Whitney, of New York; La Fayette G. Blair, of Boston, and the Hon. L. T. Carleton, chairman of the Maine Fish and Game Commission, and Mr. Myron Whitney sang the parody on the "Three Fishers."

Mr. W. A. McLeod, president, reported that the club membership of 300 was complete, and spoke enthusiastically of the fine condition of the club house, camps, boats and trails. Robert Phillips, as superintendent, and Mr. Durell, as steward, have been re-engaged, and the supplies for the coming season are all ready in place. Owing to the advance in price on lumber a large timber tract owned by the club had become very valuable, and financially speaking the club is in a position to pay its entire indebtedness, including bonds, and will then have a few hundred dollars to spare. Members occasionally wander away to other parts of Maine, but always return to better appreciate the comforts and good qualities of the club preserve. Mr. McLeod spoke of the antagonism the club had met with years ago, and how it had happily all passed away, and closed his remarks with an eloquent tribute to the management of the late war, which was sufficient to bring the company to its feet in a frantic burst of cheers for the Nation's President.

Mr. Caspar Whitney held the close attention of all present by his interesting story of musk-ox and caribou hunting in the great Northwest barren grounds.

An air of expectancy pervaded the hall regarding the presence of Chairman Carleton, of the Maine Commission. There has been a lot of newspaper talk about the radical changes which the Commission proposed to recommend to the Maine Legislature regarding game and fish laws, and all present were anxious to learn the facts. Mr. Carleton spoke as follows: "I am pleased to see the zeal exhibited by Megantic Club members to protect their game. The people of my State are no longer suspicious of you, and are glad to welcome you at all times. You have set a good example for the rest of the State. The Maine Fish and Game Commission are not responsible for all petitions and bills introduced about fish and game. The Commission has not yet introduced a single bill. Next week, however, we will introduce a bill which will become a law. This bill has the approval of the Maine State Fish and Game Association. It is proposed to give the courts discretion regarding the violation of the moose law, making penalty a fine or im-

prisonment, instead of imprisonment only. Other changes are a six years' close time on caribou, which are fast disappearing. Regarding deer, we propose to change the open season from Oct. 1 to Dec. 15, instead of Jan. 1, as now. In eight counties of the State it is proposed to give permission to take one deer for food purposes during the month of September, on the payment of a \$6 fee by non-residents and \$4 by natives. There has been much criticism about this act, but the Commission is satisfied that it is for the best interest of all concerned. The chief reason for it is our want of funds, and we believe that no more deer will be killed than now. Many of the September camping parties have Winchester rifles for fishing rods, and the slaughter has been large. Our best guides favor the measure, and will see that it is not abused. Thirteen thousand deer were killed last year, and yet there were never so many of the animals as now. We also propose that visiting sportsmen shall be allowed to send home a limited amount of game and fish by paying a nominal sum for a shipping tag, thereby not being compelled to accompany it, as now. We want your support in these matters, which I assure you have been carefully thought out for the very best interests of the State."

Mr. Carleton was very eloquent and received a hearty round of applause.

Mr. L. G. Blair was the last speaker of the evening, and at midnight the twelfth annual banquet of the Megantic Club had gone to join its fellows of the past.

W. R. SCOTT.

Adirondack Hounding.

Editor Forest and Stream:

You published a letter in October last, in which I lamented the sentiment in favor of hounding, which is not losing ground to any appreciable extent among the hotel keepers and guides of the Adirondacks. Adirondack papers have printed the article, with comments to the effect that I didn't know what I was talking about. I wish I had been wrong, and that the guides and hotel keepers were more alive to their own interests than I gave them credit for being.

The Adirondack Guides' Association cheerfully passed a resolution in favor of thirty days of hounding the other day, and State Senator Chahoon, who is on the Senate Committee of Game and Fish, pops up serenely with a bill advocating hounding for a few days—thirty odd. Just enough, that is, to make the breeding of hounds and training them in the deep snow of winter a business worth the while of some of these same guides. In the played-out districts about the Saranac and Fulton Chain of lakes the hotel keepers want hounding allowed, so that their guests won't have to go so far after game. Elsewhere the hunters could get along without the dogs.

If I were not so entirely selfish in the matter, I should say, let them float for deer from July to September, and thereafter allow hounding so long as a paying customer could be found to stay on the runways. A month for the training of dogs during deep snow time would be convenient, but not necessary. But I wish to go to the Adirondacks still-hunting for deer once in a while, and I would find it as difficult to advocate so wide open a policy as I would to advocate any length of hounding season, no matter how brief, for the simple reason that a day's hounding invites wholesale violations to keep the hounds hard and in training.

I wrote to the Senate Committee, of which Hon. Mr. Chahoon is chairman, about the deer matter. The Hon. Elton R. Brown, of the Thirty-fifth District, replied:

"ALBANY, N. Y., Feb. 1.—Mr. Raymond S. Spears, Esq., New York City. Dear Sir: I think the Senate Committee will agree with you on the deer question. I am wholly of your opinion. Very truly yours,
"ELTON R. BROWN."

That makes things look better. Nevertheless, the guides and hotel keepers have my compliments. In their way they stand unrivaled. But this must not be construed to mean the woodsmen proper—the farmers, storekeepers, blacksmiths and the run of men who go hunting, not to make a living, but to enjoy themselves. The real woodsmen are seldom heard from in the press, but they outnumber the guides three to one, and in northern Herkimer county I believe four-fifths of the genuine woodsmen favor the present law of non-hounding.

RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

NEW YORK CITY, Feb. 4.

Boston and Maine.

BOSTON, Feb. 4.—Messrs. Bradley, Mann and Steadman are back from Mr. Bradley's hunting preserve at Stono, S. C. Quail were very plenty, and all wanted were taken. Duck and snipe shooting was also fairly good. They shot deer as soon as they were wanted, and kept the table supplied with venison. But the most exciting hunting was that of wild boar; a good many of these animals are still to be found in that part of the South; they are fierce, and even dangerous to hunt, and have to be followed through interminable thickets, swamps and briar patches.

It is pleasing to be able to state that the hunter's license measure was virtually killed before the Committee on Fisheries and Game in the Maine Legislature on Wednesday, the vote of the committee being to refer the measure to the next Legislature, that body not convening again till 1901. The proposition to leave the enforcement of the game laws to the county attorneys and sheriffs was also killed before the same committee, by a vote that it is "inexpedient to legislate" on such a matter. This effectually disposes of these two propositions, unless the schemers introduce bills of the same nature in either house, which they threaten to do. There still remains the proposition to allow hunters to shoot deer in September, for food purposes, by paying \$6 a head for the privilege. But it is very certain that this measure also will meet with something of the same fate as the others, though Commissioner Carleton has advocated it. The feeling now is that the game and fish laws of Maine are better left about as they are, with the possible exception that it would be well to open the last half of September to the hunting of deer, and to take off the open season the last fifteen days of December. Boston sportsmen are pretty generally in favor of the shorten-

ing of the open season on deer the last part of December, as it is certain that the snows are often deep at that time, and that it is then that the snowshoe and crust hunters often get in some of their worst work. The opening of the last half of September would give law-abiding sportsmen a chance to combine a little fishing with shooting in that State.

Feb. 6.—The annual dinner of the Megantic Fish and Game Association, Saturday evening, was a pronounced success. Two hundred men assembled at Hotel Brunswick, and everything was cheerful and bright from start to finish. The speaking was done chiefly by President W. A. McLeod, L. T. Carleton, chairman of the Maine Fish and Game Commission, and Mr. Caspar Whitney. Mr. Carleton, who is greatly in earnest about the future of big game in Maine, spoke somewhat in defense of the reforms he has urged in the Maine code of game laws, claiming that these reforms must come sooner or later, though probably laid on the shelf for the present session of the Legislature. Though defeated in his efforts this time, he will continue to labor none the less earnestly for the good of big game in Maine, and hence for the good of sportsmen in general. His remarks were greeted with applause. He created a very favorable impression, and several prominent sportsmen were heard to agree that they should like to follow in line with a fish and game protector—one who has done so much already, one who has the good of the cause so much at heart—were he advocating anything less obnoxious and hurtful than any system of licensing hunters. Mr. Carleton seems to earnestly believe that the only way to raise the much-needed funds to pay for big game protection is through some sort of special tax on hunters. Failing in this matter, he is for most careful and conservative legislation.

SPECIAL.

Game Interests around Rochester.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Feb. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Monroe Sportsmen's Association, which was organized in the winter of 1890-91 for the purpose of stocking the woods and waters of Monroe and adjoining counties with game and fish, took action to-day that is probably unprecedented in the history of such societies. Owing to the decrease of many of the leading spirits in its organization, the Association has not been active for several years, and it is questionable if it would ever again have held a meeting had it not been for the discovery that the sum of \$270 was deposited to its credit in a savings bank by the late Frank B. Bishop, as treasurer. The surviving members thought that the money might as well be appropriated toward the purposes of the club, and a meeting was held to-day at the office of Vice-President Fanning, where it was duly determined to draw the funds and divide them evenly between the Mitchell Preserve Association and the Genesee Valley Fish and Bird Protective and Propagating Association.

The following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That this Association regrets the action taken by the Board of Supervisors of Monroe county in calling for the repeal of the State law that prohibits fishing with nets within a mile of shore in Lake Ontario.

Resolved, That the good effect of the present law in protecting spawning grounds is so apparent to us as anglers that we would regard its repeal as disastrous to the great question of restocking Lake Ontario with food fish.

Resolved, That the secretary furnish a copy of these resolutions to each Member of Assembly from Monroe county.

It is understood that the associations above named that are to disburse the windfall will bring in quail and other birds to be liberated in this vicinity.

The Mitchell Preserve Association has several thousand acres of good ground under lease, and if it can keep market shooters out of its covers, ought to make a satisfactory showing. I am in hope that they will lay out some of the money to stock their fields with pinnated grouse, for the prairie chicken ought to have a chance in his native land. With his experience in wintering Western blizzards, the bird would be in no great danger from the cold, and he might escape other enemies long enough to become acclimated and perhaps secure a permanent footing in western New York. The experiment would be interesting and not expensive.

E. REDMOND.

The Lacey Game Bill.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I read with much interest Mr. W. G. Van Name's earnest and courteous communication on the Lacey bill in FOREST AND STREAM of Feb. 4.

There are some points which I presented in the previous letter to which he refers, which I think he passes over with less consideration than they deserve.

For the sake of the argument let us assume that the Lacey bill is passed, and that the Government is ready to go on with its beneficent work in "the propagation, distribution, transportation, introduction and restoration of game birds and other wild birds useful to man." These are "wild birds."

Now, will Mr. Van Name be so good as to state where the commission is to obtain the necessary wild birds? Nothing but an absolute, practical explanation on this point will serve the purpose, for if the advocates of the bill do not know where the supply is to come from, who then does know? If Mr. Van Name or anyone else can give this question a definite answer, I will freely admit I am in error, inasmuch as I do not think that a supply is possible, and if there is no stock to draw upon, the commission in this respect must be therefore inoperative and a failure.

The State rights in the matter of its own domestic affairs are supreme. This was settled absolutely in respect to the Connecticut case, passed upon by the Supreme Court, and frequently referred to as authoritative and conclusive on this point. Without the permission of a State, Congress could not turn loose any birds in its covers, nor could it take wild birds out of a State which had a law prohibiting such taking. In short, Congress could not propagate, distribute, introduce nor restore game birds in any State without the permission of such State.

The interstate commerce law, to which Mr. Van Name refers, is not applicable to the case in question, since it only applies to commerce between the States, a distinctly

different matter from the ownership and sovereign control of the game birds within its limits.

If Mr. Van Name will explain how the game birds are to be obtained, it will be next in order to consider what to do with them, but without the game birds all other considerations are idle in this connection.

L. A. CHILDRESS.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Way Down in Egypt Land.

CHICAGO, Ill., Feb. 4.—A personal letter from State Game Warden Harry Loveday reaches me from Kenton, Ill., which I take to be in that part of the State known as Egypt. Mr. Loveday is trying to see what he can do in the way of leading sportsmen out of bondage in that country. Evidently he is making trouble for the market-hunters, and he deserves the well wishing of all the decent sportsmen in the country. He writes:

"I have commenced suit in fifty-six cases in this county for violations of the game law. The class I find here are the worst of all, trappers and shippers to St. Louis market. Some 2,232 birds are represented in these cases. You can have an idea of how these rascals are exterminating the game when you know that this number of birds were in transit in two days! Every package of butter and eggs from the town of Parrish in those two days turned out to be quail and rabbits. This county escaped last year for the reason that I did not have time to attend to it myself, and the cases left in the hands of the State's attorney were not prosecuted. I have just got through with Washington county. Only five cases, four are convicted, but one got away and went out of the State."

Inquiries.

A gentleman at Caldwell, Kans., asks me for the address of some persons who are selling thoroughbred stag hounds. I must refer him to the advertising columns of FOREST AND STREAM.

A gentleman of St. Paul, Minn., asks for the addresses of reliable Chicago firms who sell nets and seines. Once more I must refer him to the advertising columns of the paper.

Mr. John J. Huddart, of Denver, Colo., writes: "Can you inform me where I can purchase some smartweed seed for sowing around the edges of our lakes for duck feed?" I would refer Mr. Huddart to that thoroughgoing sportsman, Mr. W. A. Wheatley, of Memphis, Tenn., who has been prominent in stocking the famous Wapanoca preserve. I think Mr. Wheatley can give him the information.

New Illinois Laws.

The usual grist of new game law bills is now on hand at the Illinois Legislature. There is no so-called sportsman's measure this year as yet so far as I am able to learn, but Warden Loveday has introduced a bill framed on lines which he thinks will be desirable. A salary for the State warden and a shooting license to raise protective funds seem to be conspicuous features. No bill is passed until it is signed. According to Warden Loveday, nothing can be done to stop the cold storage of game. Comment is idle at this stage of operations, but I must sadly admit that it seems useless to hope that Illinois will stop spring shooting or stop the storage of game, or come into line with the main features of the bill adopted at the Interstate Wardens' convention, to which excellent measure attention has been so frequently called heretofore.

The "Plank" in Tennessee.

Mr. W. R. Sims, of Memphis, Tenn., writes me that he hopes during the present session of his State Legislature to get a bill passed stopping the sale of game in his county, and in the whole State if possible. He says: "In this way you strike at the very root of the evil." There is no doubt of the truth of this last statement, but Mr. Sims is in error in thinking that we have such a law in Illinois. If he will write to Mr. C. E. Whelan, Madison, Wis., the latter will send him a copy of the interstate bill, which may be of benefit.

E. HOUGH.

1200 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

North Carolina Game.

HAMILTON, N. C., Feb. 4.—I left the village a few afternoons ago after 3 o'clock and found six coveys before 6 o'clock P. M. I bagged ten birds. Two were very large coveys, one the largest I ever saw. All were within two miles of the village.

OLD LEGGINGS.

Mr. J. L. Kearney sends us a copy of the New Berne, N. C., Journal, which reports: "The present season has been a splendid one for sportsmen in this section of North Carolina. Bears have been plentiful, and it is estimated at least fifty carcasses have been brought to this city, besides a number of hides taken from these animals. Deer have also been shot very frequently, while the feathered tribe have furnished plenty of the finest shooting. A few days ago two hunters brought in 105 partridges besides other birds in a hunt of less than two days."

The Sportsmen's Show.

NEW YORK, Jan. 31.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We take pleasure in advising you that the Sportsmen's Show, under the auspices of the National Sportsmen's Association, has been extended three days, making the dates March 2 to 15, Sunday excepted, at Madison Square Garden, New York.

The programme of the water carnival to be given in connection with the exposition is now ready, and will be sent on application by Secretary J. A. H. Dressel, 280 Broadway, Room 184, New York.

SPORTSMEN'S ASSOCIATION.

New Hampshire.

THE Bartlett bill to establish a new game and fish code for New Hampshire failed to pass the House. The feature of the measure was to make the landowner the sole possessor of the game.

The Hip Rest and Quail Weights.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., Jan. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I saw a lot of stuff in the Times-Union the other day about quail, and among other things was this: "We of the South wonder why our tourists do not adopt the habit of shooting from the hip. For work with quail it is far superior, and after a little practice comes as naturally and far more easily than the shoulder shot." All of which may do for the marines; but a cart load of Southern testimony could not convince me that any good shot ever used his gun in such an unsportsmanlike manner.

I have shot with nearly as many men as Fred Mather has fished with, and I have never met with more than one instance of a bird being killed in that way. When in my teens I was out with some other chaps, and an unfortunate woodcock got up before one of them and frightened him so badly that his gun "went off half-cocked," and to his utter surprise the bird fell dead. His gun just happened to be pointed in that direction; but he did not recommend the others to adopt that style.

Another writer. I think in FOREST AND STREAM, says the Virginia quail are the largest in this country, and here is another case where a very large amount of very strong proof would be required to convince me. I have weighed two or three cock quail here in Florida, and they were exactly 50z. I have shot a great many New Jersey and Long Island quail, and my belief is that they weigh about 80z. I know that one of them was a breakfast for me, while two of them will hardly do the business here.

Will some of your correspondents through the country be good enough to go into the quail weighing business and settle this matter. I can't see why the birds in Virginia should be larger than anywhere else in the South, and I can't see why a man should hold his gun on his hip to shoot unless he is too lazy to raise it to its proper place at his shoulder. DIDYMS.

Ring-Necked Pheasants.

MR. EUGENE TERRY, of Tompkins county, N. Y., says of his experience in raising ring-necked pheasants:

"I have raised these birds at my place for two summers. They will not become broody in confinement, but are prolific layers, one of my hens during the months of May, June and early July of last year laying more than fifty eggs, most of which proved fertile. I set these eggs under bantam hens, and the period of incubation is about twenty-four days. One of the peculiarities of these birds is, that while they are apparently content in captivity, yet turn them loose and they become wild in a single day.

"This, however, is a feature which makes them doubly valuable as game birds. They are never found in a heavily timbered country, but like a locality that is partly cleared and partly wooded; so it will be seen that the surroundings here are well adapted to introduce them successfully. They never tree when being pursued, and fly very strong and alight with their feet moving. Thus it will be seen that they are abundantly able to take care of themselves with the pot-hunter."

The Currituck Ducking.

WATER LILY, N. C., Feb. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The shooting at Currituck this season has been better than for many seasons past, and to-day the Sound is filled with canvasbacks and redheads. The food has been abundant and of the right kind, owing to our having had no salt water running over the beach in the fall.

There is a bill before the Legislature now for a sunrise law. That means that no one will be allowed to leave the landing until the sun rises, nor to shoot after the sun goes down. With such a law I think we may expect good shooting for many years to come. We now shoot only four days in the week, Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday. As a positive proof that rest days are of the greatest importance, on Monday and Thursday we kill more than twice as many fowl as on Tuesday and Friday.

We are heartily in sympathy with the laws protecting song birds, and I shall do all in my power to get such a law for North Carolina. Quail have been unusually abundant along the seaboard, and even now one can make a very good bag. MORE ANON.

Jackson's Hole Game.

JACKSON, Wyo., Jan. 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream.* I am pleased to report to you that 8,000 elk and an increase in the number of deer are now wintering on Little Gros Sante Hills; some 400 head of mountain sheep, mostly ewes and lambs, are wintering on the Big Gros Sante. The winter is mild and open and there is no danger of loss to the game.

You will note that very few elk came out of the park this winter.

The people of this locality meet in mass Thursday next to discuss park extension. W. L. SIMPSON.

DR. S. T. DAVIS, of Pennsylvania, in a trip to the Jackson's Hole country of Wyoming last season, secured "four bull elk, one blacktail buck, one cinnamon bear, one black bear, two antelope, and one very large mountain lion, besides small game and fish. This was my second visit to the Hole, and we found game very plentiful."

Spring Shooting—Sale of Game.

WATERTOWN, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Write your Assemblyman, your Senator, and the Governor; bury them with postal cards and letters; let them know you want these things stopped. The other fellows are working the men who only see the dollar, the market shooter and the game dealer. Write every week during the session. If every sportsman in the State of New York will do this, our representatives in the Legislature will not dare refuse us. W. H. TALLETT.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing and hunting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

Fishing Up and Down the Potomac.

A LITTLE south of Arsenal Point, Washington, where the Eastern Branch joins the Potomac, and on the opposite side of the river, is the long and wide embouchure of Four-Mile Run.

The outer lip on the north is Robb's Point, on the south, Daingerfield's, nearly two miles away, and a line drawn between the two marks the boundary of the District waters; inside is Virginia.

Easy of access, by boat, or steam, or electricity, and at high tide a beautiful sheet of water, it has been popular as a fishing resort at least ever since there was a Washington; maybe long before. As with all streams which empty into the Potomac, its mouth is growing shallow, and at very low tide, when the grass and moss in the late summer are well up, it is difficult to get a boat over the mud out to deep water.

Formerly, when the water was deeper, the grasses less rank, and the rockfish more plenty, it was a noted place for their capture. One of Washington's original fly fishermen, Coalgate, left frequent marginal notes in his angling books of records which he made there. To-day they are seldom taken, except the small ones which swarm with the perch at times in the shadows beneath the great arches of the railroad bridge, over which once towered the aqueduct of the canal to Alexandria. When the canal was abandoned the aqueduct was blown up with dynamite to make room for a double track for the railroad, which suffered many disastrous wrecks here in its early history.

But if the rockfish are no more, there are still plenty of other fish, in spite of mud and weeds and nets. Nets are set and dragged here almost the year round, and there are always two or three house-boats to be seen at anchor in the cove, or high and dry on the gravelly beach. The Virginia line runs from point to point of the headlands, and so the cove itself is outside the jurisdiction of the District. Fyke nets are set all about the cove, and on summer nights they are not always confined to Virginia waters. Seines are being dragged now, not only on the shores of the cove, but opposite in the mouth of the Eastern Branch, and it is said 2,500lbs. of black bass, some above 5lbs., and some, alas! hardly so many ounces, have been sold in the markets of Washington in the past month.

All through the early spring, to late summer, a boat drags a miniature trawl net around the edges of these and the neighboring shores for crayfish, to be sold in the Washington market for 90 cents to \$1.50 a hundred, to be used partly for soups and partly to eke out lobster and shrimp salads; and there is no estimating the damage such a machine does in destroying the spawn beds of the sunfish, the bass and the perches. The latter we can not locate, but we know of whole colonies of the former, whose pretty bowls of washed gravel, over which they keep such jealous ward, were stirred and broken by this engine of destruction, and which the fish deserted. They should be as rigorously regulated as to close season as any other net, if the fish are to be saved.

The fyke nets used take mostly small fish, and in most of them the mesh is ridiculously close. When regulating legislation was first directed against the shrinking of the mesh, a 2in. mesh was intended to mean between the knots, but was speedily interpreted to signify its length when stretched, which brought an inch mesh within the license of a 2in. law.

During a freshet last spring some of these fyke nets were torn loose, and three were found on a neighboring beach; these the writer measured, and found the meshes of the pockets, and of part of the wings, only 1½in. diagonally across the mesh when stretched, or little more than ½in. square, or between the knots. This is close enough to hold anything above the size of a minnow, and setting one for an experiment to demonstrate what they would catch, several thousand yearling sunfish were taken at a single tide, which could be of no possible use save as fertilizer, and not worth the trouble of taking from the net for that. Ours were carefully removed and given a good home in a pool, which it was desired to stock.

These nets are hidden under water and inspected at night. There seems no way to secure efficient regulation save by increasing the police fund and amending the laws, with greater restrictions, neither of which events is probable. License might accomplish something. Registry and accountability will shut out poachers, for each regular will then join the authorities, and none so good to watch a net as a netter.

The middle ground of the bay, or swash channel, has many of the long-eared sunfish, but they are hard to locate in deep water. They affect colonies, and even when once found it is hard to recognize the exact spot again at a different stage of the tide.

At Robb's Point, on the north side of the cove, the grassy spit at low tide, with northerly or westerly winds, is a famous spot for white perch, and when the May fly is up one may anchor in the grass, and casting out with a white miller, or any light fly, tied to No. 12 hook, take perch till nearly midnight.

The north shore of the bay for half its length inward is well filled with the sunperch, and in the earlier spring, when the water is clear, their spawn beds may be distinctly seen dotted all about with the parent fish, like savage little torpedo boats, hovering over, ready to ram any intruder, from a fly to a carp.

They stay in the same neighborhood, apparently, throughout the year, and will take the fly till well after dark; with sunlight, scarlet ibis to a 12 hook has proved the best killer in our experience, though any color we have tried will take same, if the tackle is light enough. With a 2½oz. to a 4½oz. rod, and hooks 12 to 14 of almost any color, though blue is the worst, will get many a pleasant hour here in the early dusk. The Parmachenee Belle, or Miller, will take them a little better than even the Ibis as dark approaches, but as a rule they quit when the black settles down, just as the perch are getting most

lively. Occasionally a sunfish will take a fly, and sometimes even a minnow, as late as 11 o'clock, but any after dark are usually reckoned as accidental. But in the earlier part of the evening a hundred to the rod is not an uncommon catch for an evening, and doubles are frequently made.

They are vicious as any game fish, both at the snap and after; if they were heavier and retained their characteristics the bass and trout would need look to their laurels as sport promoters. Their broad side and strong fins give them the effect with light tackle of weighing twice their ounces, and one can no more stop their first rush with a 2½oz. rod than he can that of a tarpon with a billiard cue. And when they come to be eaten, they hold their own with any panfish in the opinion of many ichthyophagists. Twenty odd years ago, Maurice Thompson, writing of the sport of angling for small fish, said: "The killing of goggle-eyes and sun-perch is an art worth some pains to acquire. No 'slouch' can ever succeed in bringing one of these little fellows to land in good style. * * * When once you have properly begun fishing for panfish you are sure to get enthusiastically fond of the sport. It will grow on you day by day, till every other piscatorial pastime is crowded out of your mind. The babble of perch brooks will follow you to your business and enliven the tedious dryness of office labor, and the singing of the wind in the leaves of the great plane trees will stay in your ears for days and days after you have put by your rod for the season."

The man who has hunted and can still hunt large game may affect to consider quail shooting trivial sport, yet it will continue to afford delight to many men who can get no better, and who indeed desire no better. So to one who is fortunate enough to be able to reach salmon, or tarpon, or seabass the taking of sunfish of 4 or 50z. seems a puerile sport, and yet that man is to be envied who has learned to love the little fishes.

The summer sun is hot. The tar is bubbling from between the Beligan blocks and the asphalt sinks like warmed wax under your heel. The city walls shut out the feeble breeze, and even the English sparrows are panting in the shade of the bushes and have lost their pert and cheery chirp. Work is over, but there is no comfort inside the walls; no comfort in walking the hot pavements; no comfort in riding till dewfall in the crowded cars.

But thirteen minutes away is a little skiff and open water, and a good spring, and shade, if you want it, with real damp ground and genuine moss; and if the temperature is not quite frigid, you can breathe, and few are the evenings indeed when the breezes don't blow; and the track of the steamers is a mile away on the Maryland shore, and at the most you only catch their lazy swell long after they are out of sight, or hear the excursion bands, softened by the distance into sweetness; and you get the transformation scenes of gorgeous sunsets that are often worth the price of admission; and the moon comes out—sometimes—and the stars one by one, and then by regiments, and the man who does not love all this has no music in his soul, and we have been told what he is fit for. If he wanted fish only the law would prevent his using dynamite.

Rock in your little boat, fill your lungs with the air before it is tainted by touching the city, play with toy tackle and catch a basket of toy fish with the same tactics and skill your friend boasts he uses on his big ones, once a year, and when you go in to-night and he jollies you about your catch, tell him what you saw and ask him if it wasn't better than to spend the evening in the hot room, or hotter street, with no escape from hearing him tell once more about "the greatest catch I ever made."

HENRY TALBOTT.

The Tourilli Club.

At the tenth annual meeting of the Tourilli Fish and Game Club, of Quebec, Secretary George Van Felson presented a very interesting and complete report, covering the proceedings of the past year and giving many statistics of interest to the members. The club has a most successful year, and its financial position is exceedingly satisfactory. Its limits are more extensive than those controlled by any other similar club in Canada, and it owns real estate to the value of \$16,000. During the year several lakes hitherto untenanted were successfully stocked with trout. A new species of trout has been discovered on the club waters which runs up to 4½lbs. in weight and is the most beautiful and gamy of the Salmo family. A specimen has been sent to the Smithsonian Institution and has awakened a great deal of interest amongst scientists. It is generally supposed to be the very rare and much coveted *Salmo marstoni*. At the request of the Hon. Commissioner of Lands and Forests an oil painting of the fish and a mounted specimen will be forwarded to the Sportsmen's Exhibition to be held in New York next March.

The election of officers resulted as follows:
Patron—His Excellency the Governor-General.
President—Commodore J. U. Gregory, Quebec.
Vice-President—Archibald Laurie, Esq., Quebec.
Secretary and Assistant Superintendent—Capt. George Van Felson.
Treasurer and Superintendent—E. A. Panet, Esq., St. Raymond.

Committee—Glen Ford McKinney, New York; Frank Cunningham, New York; Ed. Van Ingen, New York; G. M. Fairchild, Quebec; J. A. McSloy, St. Catharines, Ont.; Graham H. Harris, Chicago, Ill.; W. F. J. McCormick, Philadelphia.

The club's lease from the Government has been renewed for another ten years, and they are applying for the exclusive hunting privileges on their territory.

Springvale Fish and Game Club.

SPRINGVALE, Me., Jan. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I send you copy of by-laws of Springdale Fish and Game Club, recently organized for the promotion of our fish and game interests. We have been trying for some years to stock lakes near by with salmon, and last fall, in spawning season, some large ones were killed; hence the organization of this club. We intend if possible to stop this slaughter of fish, especially in closed season. A. J. MCGIBSON.

The Quebec Game Laws.

A DEPUTATION of the Fish and Game Protection Society of the Province of Quebec last week waited on Hon. S. N. Parent, Commissioner of Crown Lands, Forests and Fisheries, to suggest some alterations to the game laws, which in the opinion of the society are necessary for the better protection of fish and game. The society's representatives were President Finnie; the secretary, Mr. W. Cleghorn; Dr. F. W. Campbell, and Messrs. W. L. Maltby, G. Boulter, E. Wanklyn, W. Parker, Meredith, and Jos. Riendeau, Provincial Game and Fisheries Inspector.

There are nine main provisions which the society wishes to see incorporated in the bill which Hon. Mr. Parent has on hand: The close season extended to cover sheldrake loons and gulls, which may be shot throughout the year at present, and the forbidding of the slaughter of insectivorous birds at any time; in both these cases it is claimed that the law is taken advantage of to carry on poaching under its shelter. A somewhat similar objection is made to issuing graded licenses of from \$1.50 up to \$20, and it is urged that a uniform license to carry a gun should be issued. The fourth demand is for the protection of raccoons, and the fifth that the taking out of a gun license should be made universal, but without charge to residents of the Province. The number of partridges has shown serious diminution during the last two years, and the deputation suggests that the sale of these birds should be suspended for three years, but not the shooting. In view of the increased depredations of wolves in the province, the deputation suggests that a bounty of \$2 per head should be offered for their slaughter in organized counties. The export of trout and game fish except salmon is to be forbidden, but sportsmen are to be allowed to take 40lbs. of their catch out of the Province. Lastly, it is asked that the use of any kind of net in the inland lakes and ponds should be entirely prohibited.

Among those who attended the conference was Mr. Chas. Stewart Davison, of New York, whose interest in securing a wise system of administration for the salmon rivers of the Province has been demonstrated by his careful study of conditions and his recommendations based upon such study. Mr. Davison sends us the subjoined letter, which has been sent by him to Commissioner Parent:

JAN. 30.—Hon. S. N. Parent, Commissioner of Lands, Forests and Fisheries, Quebec, Canada—My dear sir: I take the first opportunity after my return from Quebec to write, both thanking you for your many courtesies during my visit, and also—if you will permit me so to do—to compliment you upon the firm and enlightened policy which it is evident the Province, under your guidance, purposes adopting in relation to fish and game, and more particularly in relation to the preservation of salmon.

All the attendant facts in relation to this asset of the Province I feel are already so well within your grasp that there is nothing I can add which would tend to further illumine your mind upon the subject, and yet I cannot refrain from briefly recapitulating those leading arguments which bear so directly upon the advisability of rigidly restricting netting in the estuaries. The rivers of the Province are the storehouse, the breeding ground, the natural hatcheries. From the time the salmon approach the mouth of a river, pursuing the natural instinct of the fish, until the time when they return from the rivers to the sea, they should be scrupulously guarded, exactly as a farmer protects his breeding ewes or the productive cows of his flock of sheep or herd of cattle.

To allow the placing of a net in an estuary is for the Province to accept at the mouth of the river perhaps \$50 as the purchase price from it of that which twenty miles further up the same river, at an expense of some thousands of dollars per annum, it must attempt to put back by means of an artificial hatchery.

If the netter in a river's mouth will pay the full annual expense to the Government of supporting a hatchery further up the river, he will be then returning to the Government the real value of his netting privilege.

The whole question is simply the question of "protecting" fish in the same way that one would, as I have stated, conduct a stock farm of cattle, sheep, horses or any other domestic animals.

A netting privilege in an estuary means in fact the placing of at least two (sometimes five or more) nets stretching out into the narrowing waters from the shore, so that their ends (even if they are not opposite each other) will overlap any straight line which can be drawn down the channel.

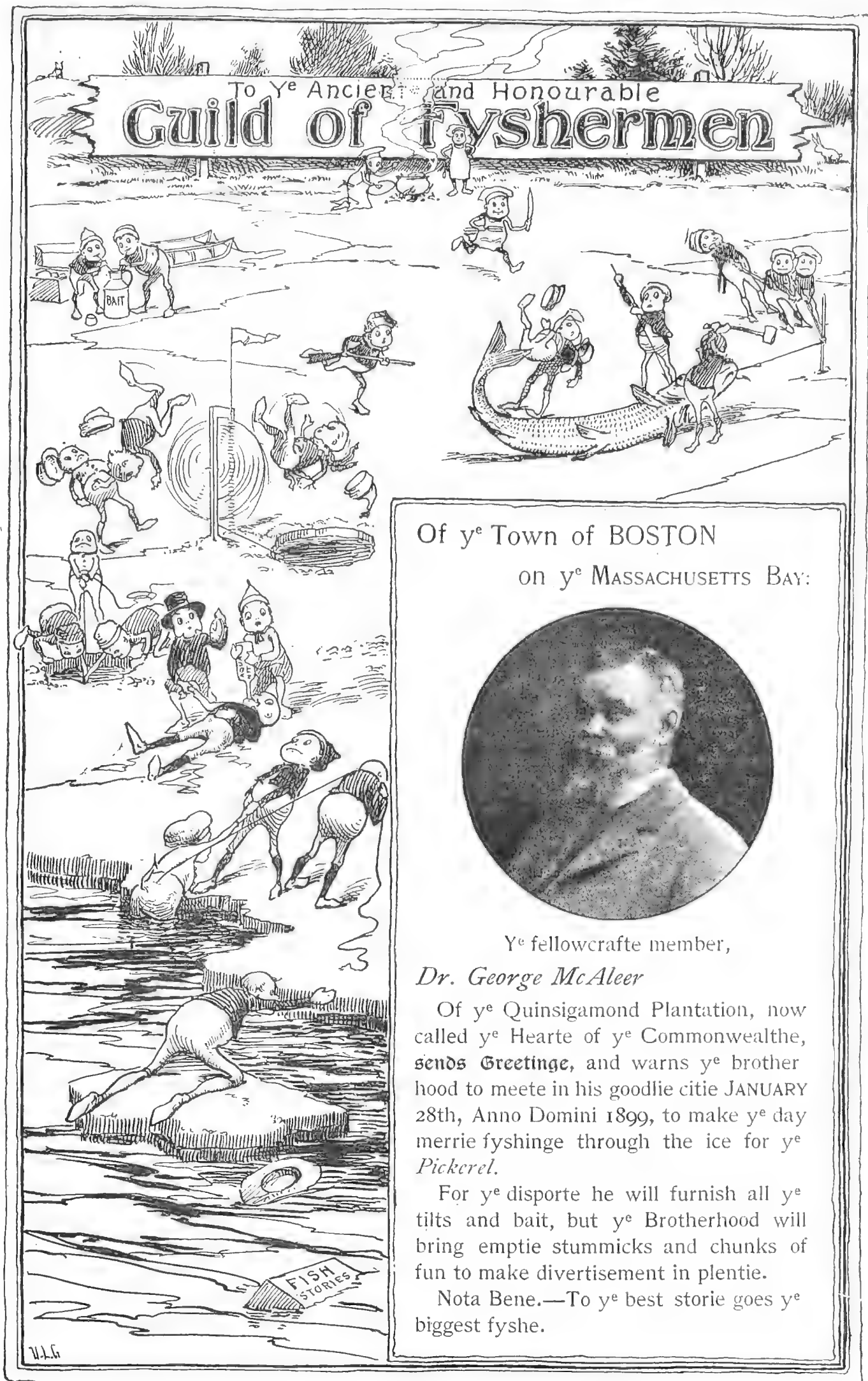
This means that the great majority of the breeding fish of that particular river must be taken on their way to the spawning grounds; and the principle which you have adopted in the bill which you have prepared—a basic line within which, on either side of the estuary, no net shall be set—is absolutely the only way to prevent the barring of the channel to an approaching fish.

Salmon naturally, almost, one might say necessarily follow the stream or current (especially when the tide is out).

The barring of the channel can only be prevented by a sufficient reserved space on each side of the estuary.

This matter of estuary netting is, as I ventured to point out to you, the subject to-day of the same struggle in England which you are so happily solving for the Province of Quebec. In England they have to contend against ancient private grants from the Crown no longer subject to strict regulation by the fisheries commissioners. But in the Province of Quebec, as is pointed out in one of the appendices to your annual report, a much more fortunate state of affairs exists in this respect. The Province itself still owns the absolute right to and the control of the estuaries, and no prescriptive rights exist to prevail against the benefit of the many, the good of the people at large, while merely subserving the selfish interest of the very few.

I venture to remind you in this connection of the argument which was advanced at the meeting held on the 24th instant: that people at some of the rivers were beginning to think they had prescriptive rights because for many years they had had licenses. It is against the future prevailing of this "counsel of evil" that it becomes



Of y^e Town of BOSTON

on y^e MASSACHUSETTS Bay:



Y^e fellowcrafte member,

Dr. George McAleer

Of y^e Quinsigamond Plantation, now called y^e Hearte of y^e Commonwealthe, sends Greetinge, and warns y^e brother hood to meete in his goodlie citie JANUARY 28th, Anno Domini 1899, to make y^e day merrie fyshinge through the ice for y^e Pickrel.

For y^e disporte he will furnish all y^e tilts and bait, but y^e Brotherhood will bring emptie stummicks and chunks of fun to make divertisement in plentie.

Nota Bene.—To y^e best storie goes y^e biggest fyshe.

DR. GEORGE MCALEER'S INVITATION CARD.

the more important to now enact the provision which you have put into the statute, so that hereafter, while in special cases where it may be desirable for other reasons licenses may be permitted, nevertheless no one will be able to claim that he enjoys such license as a matter of right, but in each instance it will be matter of special favor, and be liable to be revoked or extinguished whenever it becomes demonstrated that the supply of fish is injuriously affected in the particular instance by its existence.

If, as I have said to you before, it were the fact that salmon which were bred in rivers, say along the Labrador coast or in the Arctic, would indiscriminately enter your rivers, then nature's general storehouse might be called upon to keep all the rivers stocked. But as is so well known, each river in the Province is compelled by natural laws to be substantially its own storehouse, and one by one as the rivers are exhausted they definitely cease to be salmon rivers until restocked and protected.

As was said in one of the discussions before you, there are to-day in the Province (including all rivers from Niagara Falls to Blanc Sablon on the north, and to New Brunswick on the south) at least 200 rivers which were once productive salmon rivers, and could be made so again every one of them, and leased at several hundred dollars apiece a year, which nevertheless to-day are (from this point of view) worthless. Let us see what this would mean to the Province.

Let us suppose that these rivers were to-day, as they once were, well stocked with salmon. Some of them have been in the past and would be again remarkably, even enormously, productive, and would lease for large sums. Others, smaller rivers, or in which the fish-run of smaller sizes, would not lease at such high figures. But an average rental of \$500 would not be an extravagant but a very modest figure to assume. This would mean to the Province primarily \$100,000. Let us now consider what it would mean further. It would mean 200 more angling parties each year in the Province. It is fair to assume that from two to twenty men (on the average say four) would be permanently employed on every river, their average wages (including nourishment) could not be placed at less than \$400 per annum. This would mean an

item of \$320,000 in wages. Again, 200 parties of anglers either building houses or fitting out with tents, camp outfits, food (for three weeks or more each year), and obtaining, as they do, because of cheaper prices, flies, reels, leaders, lines, rods and other paraphernalia in Quebec and Montreal, assuming that each party did not average more than three persons, and they did not expend more than \$200 apiece (which I know to be a very low figure), would mean an additional \$120,000 spent in the Province.

Their railroad and steamboat or wagon transportation and the employment of attendants while on the rivers adds still further items to the accruing benefits from their presence.

But another and still more important point arises, and I do not hesitate to bring it to your attention somewhat at length, for the reason that it has not as yet been mentioned.

The constant traversing of your forests and visiting of your rivers by persons from the United States who visit the Province of Quebec to angle for salmon. This means a continual inspection of your natural resources in timber, pulp wood, water powers, by numerous persons belonging to the class of those who invest in manufacturing enterprises. Is it to be doubted that any device by which the Province of Quebec could cause a number of American business men to annually visit and inspect her timber limits and water powers would tend directly to the exploitation and development of the natural resources of the country.

The salmon anglers of the United States are largely men of affairs seeking rest and recreation—off on their vacations. The question for the Province to decide from this point of view is:

"Will the Province take such steps as will induce these people to spend their vacations in the Province of Quebec, or does the Province prefer to have them go to Maine, Scotland or Norway?"

Permit me also to recall to your attention a further suggestion which was made to you. The Province in issuing angling licenses should bear in mind that there should be in every angling license the reservation of the whole of some designated tributary of the river (to be selected by your Department after a sufficient examination

to insure the fact that it contained appropriate spawning beds, and was utilized for this purpose by the salmon) to serve as a natural storehouse or hatchery for that river. Such reserved waters should be included within the lease and the angler should be compelled to guard and protect them as well as the rest of the river, but he should be forbidden, under a round penalty, and prevented from angling therein or from unnecessarily disturbing their waters. Were a lessee to angle in such reserved space it would be the best proof that the Province should not accept him as a lessee of any river. But I feel sure that in this matter the Province could rely on the entire co-operation of the lessees, and that such a restriction being directly for the benefit of all would be welcomed by each.

You will remember that I made certain sketches showing the method of applying "the 500yd. limit rule" to the mouth of a river, and ventured to suggest the insertion of a provision in the section providing for such maps, which I believe met your approval. After the preparation by your civil engineers of an official map, showing the mouth of the river, it should be submitted to you that in accordance with the provisions of the act you might definitely mark thereon (A) the limits of the tidal estuary; (B) the limits of the 500yd. space on each side; (C) the limits of the first netting license on each side of the mouth of the river. These maps, when so approved or legalized by yourself, would be filed with your Department, a copy thereof being obtainable by any person interested on payment of a reasonable fee. Such official maps would serve to definitely prevent interminable wrangling on the application of the law to the particular river, and on the question of whether a particular net was legal or illegal. Without such precaution the beneficial provision of the statute must almost necessarily be lost. With such official maps on the other hand the decision of the fishery overseer or the magistrate becomes simple and accurate in each instance, and also no injustice could be done to any party concerned. As indicating further the application of this suggestion, I beg to enclose you herewith some sketches of possible conditions at the mouths of rivers. You will observe that the method adopted covers the debatable question of "high tide" and "low tide," and would be efficient under all circumstances. The mouth of a river at "low tide" is often well to one side, and might not seem to be its mouth at "high tide," and for this reason the use of the word "mouth" in the first paragraph of the article supplemented by the provision that you shall determine for each river the "limits of the tidal estuary" is a happy solution of what might otherwise be a different matter. I trust that no change in the statute as you have worded it in this respect will be permitted.

I have left untouched, as you will see, the further question of benefit to the Province from the increased protection of the fish. There are, however, certain primary facts which can be confidently alleged. The netters, if forbidden to net in the mouths of the rivers, will, within three years, be taking at least twice as many salmon in the coast nets as they are now taking in the rivers. The suicidal policy of netting the river itself is what keeps down the entire catch. I do not suppose that there are in the Province to-day 250 individuals who make in money \$100 apiece a year by netting salmon at the mouths of rivers. Of course, a few individuals make larger sums of money, but I repeat that not 250 people make each \$100 in money from netted salmon. But it is beyond a peradventure that with proper protection of the estuaries a very large number of the coastwise inhabitants would maintain successful coast nets and catch more fish, all without substantial detriment to the continued supply of fish.

Again, the sale of salmon as a commercial product would increase very greatly. As I ventured last August to recommend to your Department, there should be regulation of the sale and purchase of salmon. Licenses to deal in salmon should be granted to responsible persons only, and be conditioned upon their buying only from legal sources of supply. This would make the holders of licenses the active subagents of the Government to suppress illegal dealers. In their turn the owners of duly licensed nets would become the subagents of the Government to suppress illegal netters, and with your overseers and magistrates aiding the Government in its endeavors, a complete system would without material expense come into existence.

In conclusion I would apologize for infringing upon your time to the extent which I have in this lengthy communication, were it not that I fully appreciate, from the time which you so willingly gave to the subject during my visit to Quebec, and from the interest which you have so constantly displayed, that you bear the real importance and the true merits of the matter clearly in mind.

I remain with great respect your obedient servant,
CHAS. STEWART DAVISON.

Preserved Trout and Hen Roosts.

Your correspondent, Lexden, seems to think that catching trout out of a preserved stream is on a par with robbing hen roosts. It's different. At least, it may be different. This proves it: A person who would not dream of robbing hen roosts under any circumstances will catch trout in forbidden waters under some circumstances, such, for instance, as those narrated by the correspondent about whom Lexden writes. The two things are different. ARGONAUT.

District of Columbia Association

The second annual meeting of the Game and Fish Protective Association of the District of Columbia was held on Monday, Feb. 6. Interesting remarks were made by distinguished gentlemen, and statements rendered of the condition of the association and the excellent work that it has accomplished.

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, \$4 per year, \$2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iv.

Pennsylvania Fishing Interests.

THE Pennsylvania Fish Protective Association has elected officers for 1899 as follows: President, Dr. Bushrod W. James; Vice-Presidents, Howard A. Chase, Wm. P. Thompson, Wm. H. Burkhardt; Corresponding Secretary, J. P. Collins; Recording Secretary, M. G. Sellers; Treasurer, S. E. Landis. Executive Committee: Jacob Dowler, Wm. E. Meehan, Edward A. Selliez, Chas. Zimmerling, Wm. S. Hergesheimer, John Moore, George T. Stokes, Joseph B. Van Dusen, Jr., and Edwin Hagert. Trustee (three years), Collins W. Walton.

Secretary Sellers writes us a newsy letter regarding the work of the association and allied organizations. He says:

Legislative matters really commenced on Nov. 23, when a conference was held at Harrisburg between the Fish, Game, Forest and Health Boards, the Pennsylvania Fish Protective Association and the State Sportsmen's Association to consider that subject. After a full interchange of opinions it was the sense of the meeting that a committee of one from these respective bodies should convene on Dec. 10 for the purpose of adjusting the protective features of these several interests. This meeting was held in Harrisburg, a full attendance being present as follows:

Dr. J. T. Rothrock, representing the Forestry Commission.

J. H. Warden, representing the Game Commission.

Wm. E. Meehan, representing the Fish Commission.

Dr. Benjamin Lee, representing the Health Board.

Hon. Frank G. Harris, representing the Legislative Committee of the State Sportsmen's Association.

M. G. Sellers, representing the Legislative Committee of the Pennsylvania Fish Protective Association.

The outcome of this and a subsequent conference, held Jan. 2, was the bill enclosed, covering stream pollution, though as reprinted in small type first section is not included as in type-written copy, and it is a question if it can be retained legally, though we have strong hope of doing so.

Another bill was drafted making constables of townships and boroughs ex-officio fire, game and fish wardens, prescribing their power and duties, fixing their fees as wardens, and prescribing their punishment for failure to perform their duties.

The fish bill (general bill) is about drafted complete and will be introduced this week; it is strongly drawn, and the number of sections is greatly reduced; two of the features are of course a 6in. trout limit and 9in. bass limit; it will provide a warden system also, and there are other radical changes from former bills.

The deficiency bill, to reimburse subscribers to the fund to maintain the hatcheries and to pay outstanding accounts, calls for a sum of \$21,000, and has already been favorably reported by the Senate Committee, and indications are that it will pass House and Senate.

The several hatcheries have full quotas of trout fry, and the output will exceed that of last year. At the Allentown station more eggs were taken than last year, and the surplus stock we are sending to proper persons having retaining ponds and troughs for rearing to relieve the crowded condition of the limited trough capacity at that station.

The Legislative Committee of the association has been appointed as follows: Howard A. Chase, Henry A. Ingram, M. G. Sellers, B. L. Douredoure and Wm. P. Thompson.

What might perhaps gladden the angling fraternity most is a hitherto impossible (so considered) effort to preserve to the angling public the many desirable waters suitable to trout, and which from the constantly increasing tendency to leasing have gradually lessened. To correct this has been my whole aim, and I think I have hit a plan; in fact, have a bill drafted with that purpose in view, and will forward it at time of presenting. I also provide in this bill the creating of nurseries for fry planting all over the State, by giving such waters in control of Fish Commission, compensation being provided for, and to prohibit all fishing on such by-streams. I could give you volumes on this subject but for time.

M. G. SELLERS.

The bill referred to by Mr. Sellers provides:

Section 1. Be it enacted, etc., that the State Board of Health shall be and is hereby authorized to examine into the water supplied to municipalities of this Commonwealth and used for domestic purposes, for the purpose of ascertaining whether said water is pure, wholesome, and free from substances prejudicial to the public health.

Sec. 2. Should it be ascertained that the water supplied, as aforesaid, contains matter prejudicial to public health, the said Board is hereby authorized and directed to make such investigation as will ascertain the causes of such pollution, and thereupon take measures for the removal and abatement of said causes, so that the water supplied as aforesaid may be made, and remain, pure and wholesome.

Other sections prescribe modes of procedure to enforce these provisions, and make the penalty not to exceed \$500 fine and three months' imprisonment. The portion of the drafted copy which was omitted was an entirely reasonable prohibition:

That it shall be unlawful to put the carcass of any animal, or any spoiled meat or fish, or any putrid animal substance, or garbage, or sawdust, or the contents of any privy vault, or any manure, or any liquid containing in suspension or solution any substance rendering such liquid dangerous or deleterious to the health, or unfit for domestic use, upon the bank of or into any pond, lake, river, stream, canal, or other water course within this State, which is or shall at the time be used for the supply of water to the public, or shall be tributary to any body of water from which a public water supply shall be taken. Provided, that this act shall not be so construed as to prohibit the sewerage system of any municipal corporation, or the cultivation and use of the soil in the ordinary methods of husbandry, excepting the use of human excrement as manure, or boating, bathing or fishing, or so as to prevent the operation and drainage of coal or ore mines.

Range of the Cero or Kingfish.

BOSTON.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Can any reader of FOREST AND STREAM inform me whether the cero or kingfish, *Scomberomorus cavalla* (I think I have this right), found in Florida waters, off Jupiter, Biscayne Bay and Key West, are found in other localities, and where? Are they ever taken with the rod? I have caught them in Florida by trolling just along the edge of the Gulf Stream from a point off Jupiter Inlet to Fowey Rock Light, and Ameri-

can Shoal Light, near Key West, but have heard nothing of their being caught elsewhere. They are great fish, and I think a gamy one, judging from the way they leap in striking.

Can you inform me of the fishing and gunning along the Gulf Coast of Alabama and Mississippi, and the best point to locate for a month's stay.

READER.

[The kingfish, cavalla, cero, or sierra, by all of which names it is known, ranges in the Atlantic from Africa and Brazil north to Cape Cod; it is very common on the Florida coast; immense catches are made off Palm Beach and at Key West. For a Mississippi headquarters Bay St. Louis or Biloxi might well be selected. Good quail, snipe and duck shooting will be found in the surrounding country, and the fishing is excellent. Oyster sloops may be chartered for excursions to the Chantelour Islands.]

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

Feb. 8-11.—Milwaukee, Wis.—Bench show for the benefit of the Wisconsin training school for nurses. E. J. Meisenheimer, Sec'y.

Feb. 21-24.—New York.—Westminster Kennel Club's twenty-third annual show. Jas. Mortimer, Sec'y and Supt.

March 7-10.—Grand Rapids, Mich.—Butterfly Association's bench show. Miss Grace H. Griswold, Sec'y.

March 14-17.—St. Louis, Mo.—St. Louis Kennel Club's show.

March 21-24.—Chicago.—Mascotah Kennel Club's show.

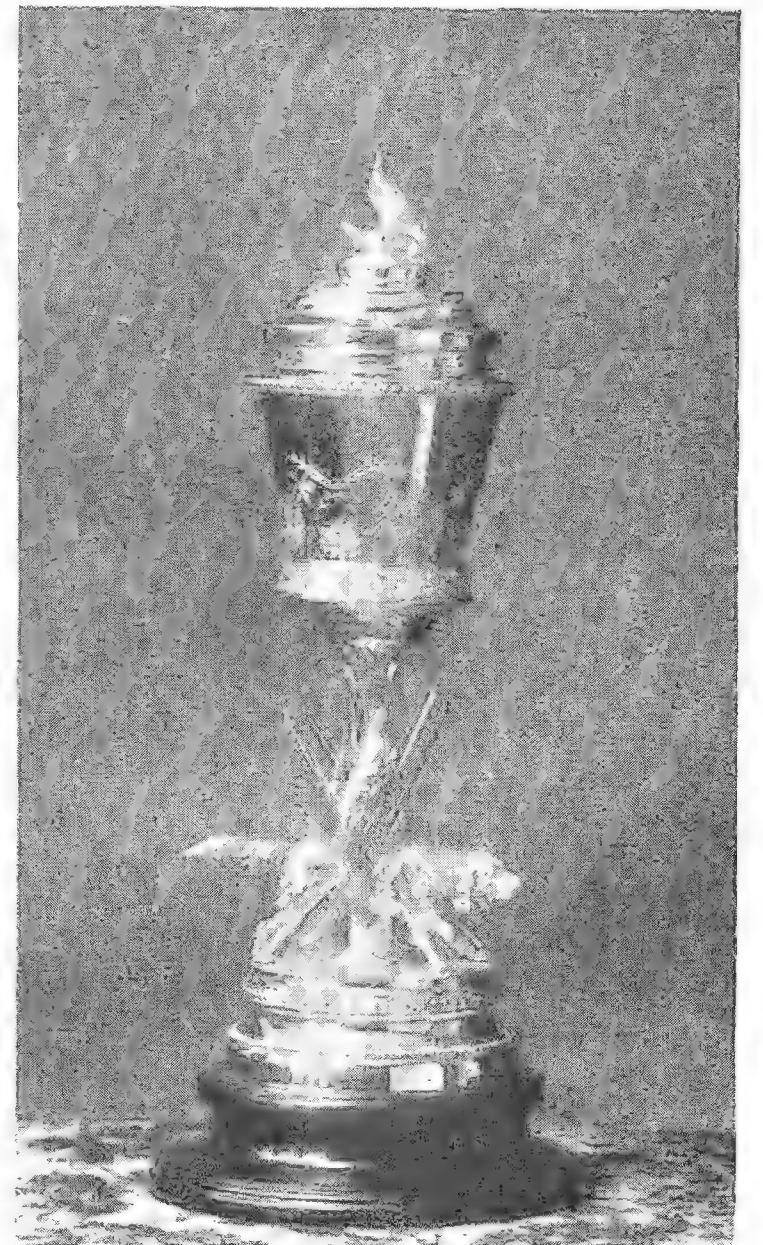
April 4-7.—Boston, Mass.—New England Kennel Club's bench show. James Mortimer, Manager.

Nov. 22-24.—New York.—American Pet Dog Club's show. S. C. Hodge, Supt.

International Field Trial Cup.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I send you to-day a photograph of the very handsome cup donated to the club by Mr. Thomas Johnson, which has just arrived from Winnipeg. The cup was to go to the winner of the All-Age Stake at the late trials, and



Mr. Geo. Kime's English setter dog Noble Chieftain was the lucky dog. Mr. Johnson was unanimously elected an honorary member, in recognition of and as a slight return for his generous support of the club since its start in 1889.

WM. B. WELLS, Hon. Sec'y I. F. T. C.

Shipwrecked Dogs in Port.

THE steamship Aragonia, of the Red Star Line, which arrived yesterday from Antwerp, had aboard two passengers not on the passenger list and not manifested. They were two fox-terriers which were taken off the wrecked and abandoned steamship Gallina, in latitude 50 degrees 21 minutes, longitude 24 degrees 59 minutes. The crew of the Gallina was rescued and taken, part of it into Liverpool by the steamship Kanawha, and part into Bristol by the steamship Charing Cross. The dogs were turned over to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.—New York Times, Jan. 21.

Irish Terrier Club of America.

At the coming show of the N. E. K. C. at Boston, the Dare Devil Stakes will be decided. Besides, the club offers the following specials: \$5 cup for the best brace American-bred Irish terrier pups, bred and owned by the exhibitor; \$5 cup for the best dog or bitch, American-bred, in puppy classes; \$5 cup for the best dog or bitch, American-bred, in novice classes; \$5 cup for the best dog or bitch, American-bred, in limit classes; \$5 cup for the best dog, American-bred, in open class; \$5 cup for the best bitch, American-bred, in open class; \$5 cup for the best Irish terrier in show, American-bred, uncropped.

O. W. DONNEX, Sec'y.

Points and Flushes.

Those who will turn to Answers to Correspondents will find several queries from parties who wish to purchase dogs. The answers thereto will explain our inability to give the information so much sought by the inquirer and of such material value to breeders.

Ripsey.

BALTIMORE, Feb. 2.—Ripsey is grand. I had his counterpart in my old dog Bob fifty years ago. Oh, how the picture takes me back to my early years.

E. S. YOUNG.

Yachting.

As the yachting journal of America, the FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of communication between the maker of yachtsmen's supplies and the yachting public. Its value for advertising has been demonstrated by patrons who have employed its columns continuously for years.

It seems, as we conjectured at the outset, that the Dominion has proved a very hard nut to crack, and that thus far no method of barring her on fair technical grounds has been discovered. The revised conditions for the Seawanhaka cup match of 1899, as just published, make no allusion whatever to her, and if they bar the type at all it is indirectly and in a roundabout way. If a designer is skilful enough to cut down Dominion's over-all length by 3 ft. 4 in. and to bring the gunwales together at the fore end with a "fair" sweep within a total angle of 70 degrees, he is apparently at liberty to divide the bottom of the hull at will; at least up to the water, if not to the full extent of Dominion.

Whatever the indirect penalty on the Dominion type, the changes hit directly at another type, which was produced by and fully developed by the Seawanhaka cup races. This is the scow type, introduced by Mr. Huntington in Question, the 15-footer of 1895, followed by Willada, Hope, Skate, Kenen and Akabo. The different varieties of square bows developed in these boats are all prohibited under the restrictions of Article IX., and a decided change of model will be necessary to adapt this division of the scow type to the future races for the cup. The particular type which is directly recognized by the revised conditions is that originated by Mr. Duggan in Glencairn I., perfected in Glencairn II. and Speculator, and adopted by Mr. Crane in Seawanhaka, Cicada and Challenger.

As far as practical results go, this type is in no way nearer to the wholesome yacht than Dominion is, and as a racing machine it is decidedly inferior in speed, and also in seaworthiness, as tested up to the present time.

The problem of producing anything better than an extreme racing machine is just as far from a solution as it was a year ago, nor has it been advanced by the recent change of the Quincy Y. C. conditions in the same direction as the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. The newly revised conditions of the Quincy Y. C. challenge cup contain the following restriction: "No point of any cross section of a yacht shall be lower than its center." While this does effectually bar the double-hull boat, it fails entirely in the main object of promoting a desirable type of racing machine, which is all that can be asked in these cup matches. Under this restriction, a man may build any sort of misshapen box, with no semblance of a yacht and no good quality to recommend her except speed obtained by a palpable evasion of the letter and spirit of the measurement rule. At the same time, he is forbidden to build a freak of somewhat different form, but of decided superiority in speed and other qualities.

If it is fair and legitimate for a designer to abandon all conventional yacht forms with déadrise great or little, and to build a box with a perfectly flat bottom, there is no sound scientific reason why he should not put in a hollow of 1, 2, 3 or even more inches if he gains speed thereby. Even admitting that his rights stop at the water and that a yacht with a hollow showing above water should be barred as of a different type, it is obviously most unreasonable and unjust to penalize the one particular detail of what may be called "negative deadrise," while recognizing the legitimacy of all kinds of freak forms.

The attempts thus far made to bar the Dominion type, as in these two instances, merely go to prove that the yacht clubs are not able to handle this important question in a scientific manner, but are forced to resort to superficial restrictions which can accomplish no permanent good.

Yacht Designing.—XXIII.

BY W. P. STEPHENS.

(Continued from page 77, Jan. 28.)

The illustrations accompanying this article are copyrighted by the Keuffel & Esser Co., New York, to whom we are indebted for their use.

CONVENTIONAL measurements, according to some fixed standard such as the foot or meter, are made in two ways, directly, to the exact size of the standard; or indirectly, to some smaller (or larger) absolute size, but with all divisions in proportion to the original. For the former purpose, which is that of the builder rather than the designer, the familiar 2 ft. rule is used in America and Great Britain; a tool that hardly needs an illustration or a detailed description. On it the standard unit, 1 ft., is divided into twelve equal parts, each called an inch. The inch is commonly subdivided into sixteen parts, or on one edge of the rule into eights and on another into sixteenths. In surveying, general engineering work, and in the racing measurements of yachts, the foot is divided into ten instead of twelve parts, each having no other name than tenth, and these in turn are also decimally divided into hundredths. Convenient as it is in many ways, the decimal division is not used in yacht building, the inch being preferred, through long use, to the tenth. In France and the other European countries the metrical system of weights and measures is exclusively

used, the unit of length being the meter, nominally one-tenth millionth part of the quarter of the earth's circumference. The standard meter is equivalent to 3.28 ft. and to 39.37 in. Its subdivisions, all, of course, decimal, are the decimeter, 0.3937 in.; the centimeter, 0.3937 in.; and the millimeter, 0.03937 in. In French and German designs the scale is always a portion of a meter.

The rule or measure, as already stated, is an instrument for actual construction, full size; but the work of the designer is necessarily done on a very much smaller scale, from one-twelfth to one-forty-eighth size. What is called a *scale* is a miniature copy of the common carpenter's rule; reduced to one-eighth, one-twelfth, one-twenty-fourth full size, etc. Scales or miniature rules are used in all branches of the draftsman's work, and they vary greatly in size, divisions and other details. Where it is necessary, through lack of space, to make a drawing to some reduced size, of course retaining all the proportions of the original object, the simplest form of scale is that found on the common carpenter's rule. If the eighths of an inch, as marked on the rule, be assumed to represent each 1 in., then twelve of them, covering 1 1/2 in. on the rule, will represent 1 ft.; and the scale will be 1 1/2 in. to the foot. If we take the other edge of the rule, with its division into sixteenths, each sixteenth will represent 1/2 in. For any ordinary plotting to scale on the bench, this impromptu scale is very convenient.

For regular use on the drawing board, special scales are made, the unit, representing the foot, being divided into ten or twelve equal parts, and these in turn being subdivided into more minute spaces, according to the accuracy required by the particular work in hand. For marine drafting the smallest subdivision is seldom less than 1/48 in., a distance representing 1/4 in. on a scale of 1 in. to the foot; 1/12 in. divided by 4. The smallest scale of feet and inches is that of 1/8 in. to the foot, in which the subdivisions representing inches (1/96 in.) are marked. The scales in common use are: 4, 3, 2, 1 1/2, 1, 3/4, 1/2, 3/8, 1/4 and 1/8 in. to the foot. These scales, divided duodecimally to represent inches and their fractions, are used in

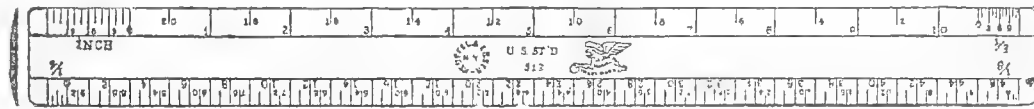


Fig. 54—Open-divided Scale.

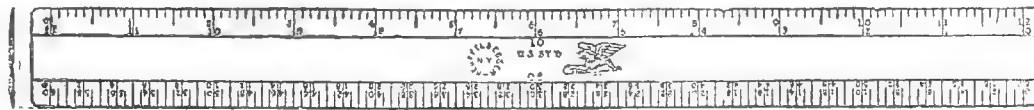


Fig. 55—Full-divided Scale or Chain Scale.

laying off and measuring designs, and for all work that goes to the builder. For many purposes of calculation, the decimal scales are used, the scale of 100 parts to the inch corresponding with that of 1 in. to the foot; the scale of 40 parts to the inch corresponding with the 1/4 in. scale, etc. The usual decimal divisions are 10, 20, 30, 40, 50, 60, 80 and 100 parts to the inch.

The varieties of form, material, construction and methods of division in scales are so numerous that it is difficult to classify them according to any system. The first division which suggests itself is that of *straight scales*, intended for measuring straight lines, and *curved scales*, as they may be called, for measuring angles, the common name being *protractor*. These two varieties may be further subdivided into *plain scales* and *plotting scales*. In the *plain scale* the division may be made at any convenient place on some flat surface; the scale being used by applying the *dividers* or a straight strip of paper to it and setting or marking the desired distance; the *dividers* or paper being then applied to the drawing, and the distance set off; or the process is reversed, some distance on the drawing being taken off with the *dividers*, which are then applied to the scale, giving the measure of the distance. A very familiar instance of the *plain scale* is found in the Coast Survey charts, on which are printed, in a corner or near the margin, a scale of statute miles, a scale of nautical miles, and a scale of kilometers. The *protractor* is also represented on the chart by one or more *compass roses*, divided into points and sometimes into degrees as well.

The *plotting scale* is not only entirely separate from the drawing, but all the divisions appear on the edge, so that the scale may be used by applying directly to any part of the chart or drawing and marking or measuring the desired distance. The *plain scales* were much more used formerly than at the present time, when a larger demand and more perfect machines for graduation have improved the quality and lessened the cost of single wood or metal scales; so that a number of *plotting scales* are used, in place of one or two *plain scales*. Certain forms of the *plain scale*, such as *Gunter's scale* and the *sector*, are still used in navigation, chart making and trigonometrical calculations, but not in ordinary drafting. For all ordinary plotting and measuring, the separate *plotting scale* is far more convenient, but there is one form of *plain scale* which is still used. No kind of drawing paper or cloth is free from contraction and expansion from atmospheric causes, and where extreme accuracy is essential the scale of the drawing is constructed directly on the paper, thus altering in size with the lines themselves. In printed drawings of any kind, charts, yacht designs, etc., such a *plain scale* is always useful, as the paper must be wetted in the printing and through this or other causes the printed lines may differ very much from the original drawing.

Still another important difference in scales is in the methods of division or graduation, of which there are three:

Simple { open divided,
 full divided.

Diagonal.

Vernier.

In *simply-divided* scales a line, either the edge of the scale if a *plotting scale*, or at some convenient place if a *plain scale*, is divided into a number of equal parts. In the *diagonal scale*, which is of necessity a *plain scale*, to be used only through the medium of the *dividers*, the subdivision is carried much further by means of diagonal lines. In the *vernier*, the main scale is accompanied by an auxiliary one, by means of which very minute measurements may be made.

Taking first the *simply-divided* scales, they may be in turn divided into two kinds, called *open divided* and *full divided*, or *chain scales*. On the *open divided* scale, Fig. 54, the unit, as 1 in. or 1/4 in., is laid off a certain number of times, according to the length of the scale; but only one of the end divisions is subdivided to represent the inches and fractions. On the *full divided* scale, Fig. 55, each unit for the full length of the edge is subdivided. The architect's scales, as they are sometimes called, of inches or parts of an inch to the foot, with duodecimal divisions, are usually *open divided*; while the *engineer's scales*, of so many parts to the inch, decimally divided, are usually *full divided*.

Scales are made in several forms and of different materials, steel, German silver, ivory, boxwood and cardboard, not to mention some of the commoner woods. The steel scales are largely used by machinists at the lathe and bench, being accurate and durable; they are not convenient for the draftsman, except that a standard steel rule of 2 ft. or more in length is a great convenience in laying off the main lines of a drawing and establishing accurately the principal points. German silver makes a light and durable scale, but the surface is trying to the eyes, and the smaller divisions are hard to read. At the same time it is well adapted for very accurate measurements, as a fine needle may be slipped down the smallest division of the scale until it touches the paper. Ivory was once highly esteemed for scales, but there is no excuse to-day for putting money into this material, as, being given to warping and twisting, it is less durable than other less costly materials. The plain boxwood scale is quite as good as ivory in practical use, and costs only one-fourth the price; but a still better scale is made of boxwood faced with a white substance, which shows the back lines in bold contrast. These scales, introduced not many years since, but now generally sold, are as good as any that can be had. A cheap scale, costing about 20 cents each for an 18 in. length, is printed on cardboard, usually full divided, and to be had in all the standard divisions of the architects and engineers' scales. It is

light, easily read, and the divisions are accurate, being carefully cut out on the stone from which the scale is printed; but its accuracy in another direction is not to be implicitly relied on, as the cardboard will shrink more or less after printing, so that the total length of the scale varies a little from the absolute standard of a good wooden scale. In many cases this is a matter of small importance, the error of the scale is no greater than the shrinkage of the drawing paper after the first lines are plotted; but on the whole it is more satisfactory to have a full set of scales of the wood and composition mentioned.

The Canada Cup.

The Hamilton yachtsmen promise to take an active part in the defense of the Canada cup, as three 35-footers are building there. One is for a syndicate including Messrs. F. E. Walker, Wm. Burnside, R. C. Chilman and F. Carpenter, the yacht being built by Robinson and Burnside. Another is for a joint stock syndicate, the shares being \$50 each, Messrs. Fearnside and Johnston being at the head.

On the other side of the Lake the Rochester Y. C. has formed a syndicate, and the following committee has been appointed: Com. A. G. Wright, Vice-Com. Norman E. Compton, J. G. Averill, Frank T. Christie, J. E. Burroughs, T. B. Pritchard, James S. Watson, Fred S. Rogers, James S. Graham, Arthur T. Hogan, J. R. White, Frank S. Peer, E. N. Walbridge, Buell Mills and Albert E. Vogt.

Messrs. Watson and Sibley have each subscribed \$1,000 toward the yacht. A stock company will be formed, the shares being \$10 each.

The following is from the Chicago Herald:

Great secrecy is manifested in the construction of a yacht on a little island in the Calumet River, near the east bank at Ninety-third street. Two armed guards were the only tenants of the island yesterday, the workmen having laid off because of the cold weather.

A 25 by 60 ft. frame structure, within which the model was hidden, was locked, and a request to be permitted to look at the boat met with a peremptory refusal. The watchmen claimed not to know the names of the proprietors of the miniature shipyard, nor to what use the craft under surveillance would be put when completed.

From another source the information was obtained that a yacht was being built on racing lines, presumably to compete in the Canadian cup races.

The plot of land upon which operations are being so secretly conducted is a disused stretch of sand and shrubbery known as Hausler's Island. Its selection was doubtless the result of the seclusion it offered. Now that its use is made known, knowledge of the mysterious yacht may soon follow.

The Lake papers are still busy with the complaints from Toledo, which we mentioned last week.

On Jan. 31 Mr. C. H. Crane delivered the second of his lectures on yacht designing before the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. On Friday, Feb. 10, Mr. Dwight L. Elmen-dorf will give a lecture on the late war, illustrated by stereopticon views of the battle of San Juan, the destruction of Cervera's fleet, etc., from photos made by the lecturer. Com. Rouse has appointed Herbert L. Satter-lee as fleet captain and Eugene S. Willard as signal officer.

Wayward, cutter, has been sold by D. S. Ellsworth to Chas. Smithers, who will alter her to a schooner.

The First Voyage of Zulu.*

It was a foggy and dismal afternoon in early May when the writer and his friends gathered on the pier at Cobourg and proceeded to get ready for sea; so damp and chilly that there was some little wavering about the expediency of putting to sea so late in the day. But we had already postponed the start from day to day for one cause or another, and were anxious to be off, and as to the lateness of the hour we had no intention of running very far, but merely wished to get off so as to have crew and stores aboard to take advantage of the first favorable opportunity. So accordingly about 5 P. M. Zulu slid out between the piers and soon dropped them in the mist astern. The wind was light from the west, almost dead ahead, and we made a long board out into the lake, finally coming about with the expectation of picking up the Gull Light, which, in the course of another half-hour, we did; and coming about again for another board off shore we soon lost sight of it to leeward. Another couple of tacks and we were abreast of Port Hope, and the wind being still light and adverse, and daylight beginning to fail, we ran into the harbor to wait for better times and to purchase some necessary supplies which had been forgotten. A comfortable hot supper was soon ready, and then we had some music, vocal and instrumental, and finally turned in with good hopes of a favorable run on the morrow.

It blew fresh during the night, but still from the west, and as we could hear from our berth, there was a nasty sea running, so we lay quiet until within an hour or less of daylight; and then, finding the wind going down, with some prospect of a shift, we cast off our lines, and under easy sail slid out again between the piers.

The next two hours were trying ones for the crew, who had not yet got their sea legs, the yacht jumping and kicking in a sharp, high sea, with only enough wind to steady her; but we managed to head pretty well up to our course, and gradually drew away from Port Hope Light until, as day broke, we had left seven or eight miles behind us. The wind freshened again, and we had a long, tedious beat to windward, with high clay cliffs alongside of us for some ten miles or more, but at last the cliffs broke up and we caught sight of the lighthouse at Newcastle, and the crew being by this time pretty well churned up as to their insides, we ran in for a half-hour's stroll ashore.

Out again at 10 A. M., wind still west, but sea going down and much longer and easier; so we took a long stretch out into the lake in hopes of getting a favoring start, and sure enough, about noon a gleam of pale sunshine came through the leaden clouds, and the wind suddenly chopped round to south-west. Slingsing round on the port tack, we found we could nearly lay our course again, and soon ran up close to Oshawa. Wind heading round again as we closed with the land, so we again tacked and stood out into the lake, with a gradually lightening breeze, until we finally lay almost becalmed six or seven miles out from Whitby, but not for very long. A bright streak appeared along the northern horizon, presaging wind from that quarter, and presently it came, gently at first, but gradually strengthening and freeing, until we were not only able to lay our course, but to head inside of it, and then to start sheets a little, and bowling along past Frenchman's Bay in smooth water, we brought up under a weather shore at Port Union at 6 P. M., and sent a man ashore in the dinghy for the day's papers, warning him not be long, as our course to Toronto lay close under the towering cliffs of Scarboro', and we did not want to be knocked down by an offshore puff in the dark.

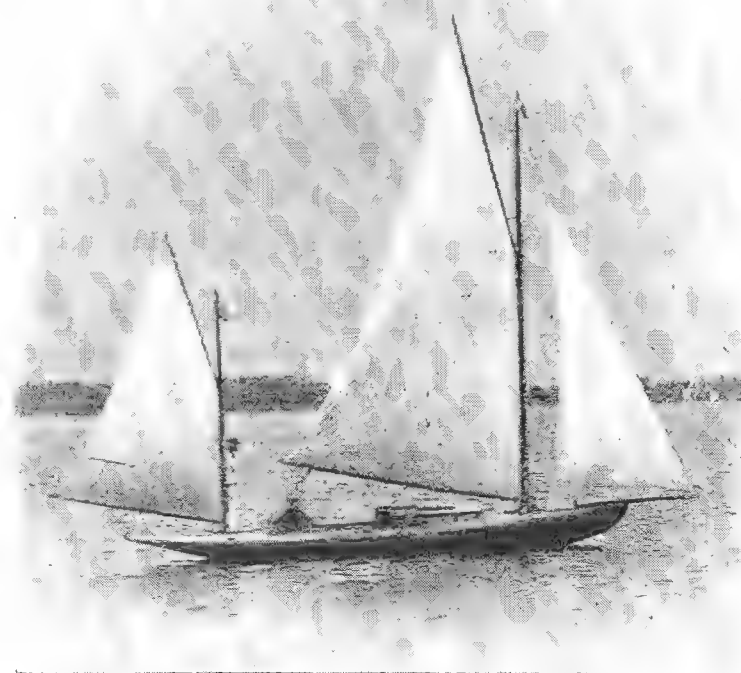
Off again in fifteen minutes with the north wind piping up now in good earnest, and the skipper had to interrupt the preparations for supper by calling for a double reef in the mainsail. This was quickly got in, and then commenced a very lively race along shore, with furious puffs coming out of each ravine in the bluffs. The water boiling and seething along the lee scuppers, and the little 8ft. dinghy fairly "standing on her hindlegs," as our ship's doctor put it. We were making, according to actual timing, eight miles an hour, and this is no bad speed for a boat of 19ft. waterline, and altogether too fast for the dinghy; but the painter held, and in a marvelously short time the bluffs began to give way to the wooded slopes of Victoria Park, and these again to low land, dotted with houses, and now beginning to twinkle with electric lights; and before we knew what we were about we had run up abreast of the red light at the Eastern Gap of Toronto Harbor. So quickly, in fact, that the skipper refused to believe in it, and stood on westward for a mile or more, until the great revolving eye of Gibraltar Point warned him that he had passed the entrance. Putting about we went back again, and beating through between the piers, were soon inside the bay, and in a few minutes more had secured a fine berth for the night at the town club house of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club. We had intended standing over to Port Dalhousie, but the lowering of both barometer and thermometer promising a dead run onto an (to us) unknown lee shore in a dark night, and freezing temperature, induced the skipper to make a port for the night; he had been at the tiller since 2:30 A. M. almost without intermission, so perhaps the decision was pardonable, although, as afterward turned out, four or five hours' sailing would have put us twenty-four hours ahead.

The skipper turned out at 6:30 next morning, and found a lowering gray sky with a piping northeast wind, which was sending quite a sea rolling up the lake. It was so bitterly cold that no one was anxious to face flying spray, and all hands went below for another hour, but we finally got under way toward 8 o'clock, and ran out through the Western Gap and on past Gibraltar Point with a fresh breeze on the port beam, but no sooner had we made a good offing than the breeze began to die away, and about ten miles out we at last lay becalmed, and to make matters worse, rolling about in the remains of the last night's swell. A calm in midsummer with a blazing sun and a clear sky is a thing to be expected from time to time, but a calm in the beginning of May with a gloomy overcast sky and a low barometer, and with curious, uncanny looking clouds drifting up from the north and west, seemed to presage something, and we found out afterward that on Lake Erie, only fifty or sixty miles from us, but 30ft. higher, there was very nasty weather indeed, with cold

rain and sleet. But for us, we wallowed about on a gently heaving, oily looking surface from noon until sundown and from sundown till nearly dark, and then the sky commenced to clear from the north and west, and stars began to twinkle and sparkle, and a streak of silvery moonlight appeared on our port bow, and best of all, there came a gentle air on the starboard beam, and the uneasy heaving and rolling gave way to a rhythmic bowing.

The dinghy's painter stretched out, and a little wrinkling appeared under its bows, then the air became a light breeze, and the light breeze a fresh one, hauling round to the starboard quarter, and by 10 P. M. we were bowling along with the spinnaker set and Port Dalhousie and the lights of St. Catharines were winking and twinkling at us over the bowsprit, while those of Toronto were gradually dropping into the lake astern. So numerous were the lights ahead that we had some difficulty in picking up the right ones, but as we got close under the land the St. Catharines lights dropped out of sight and the lookout easily made out the double light of the harbor, and all too soon (for the air had grown milder and the sailing was most enjoyable) we slid in between the piers and into the moonlit basin of the Welland Canal.

The skipper acknowledges to being a lazy man, but when he once gets going under favorable conditions he likes to keep going, and the conditions on this particular night were eminently favorable for the passage of the canal, and the day having been such a tedious one, and the run only thirty miles in all, it seemed a pity to lose the time tied up alongside a pier, so he proceeded up to the canal office and obtained the necessary pass, and Zulu was towed into the first lock, and the great gates swung to behind her. Then came a rush of mighty water as the valves in the upper gate were opened and in another minute we were slowly rising, rising out of the



ZULU.

Designed and built by H. K. Wicksteed.

dark lock pit into the glare of the electric lights. Then the upper gates swung apart, and with a long, light tow line and a man at the end of it, Zulu glided out onto the next level and into the lock above. Again and again the process was repeated, and meantime day broke, and then the sun came up in a cloudless sky, and still Zulu kept rising higher and higher and penetrating further and further inland. The crew showed signs of weariness and insubordination, and were presently sent below for a nap, while a canal tramp was brought into service on the end of the tow line. Passing St. Catharines, we reached about 9 o'clock the foot of the Niagara escarpment, and now the locks came thick and fast, and as we rose higher, ever higher, we had a magnificent view over the level country we had just traversed, and the blue plain of Lake Ontario beyond, stretching away beyond to the horizon. By noon we had cleared the twenty-sixth and last lock, and floated on the level of Lake Erie, 330ft. above Ontario, and the crew heaved a sigh of relief in content, and feeling their sore and blistered hands, vowed they did not want any more canaling.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

The America Cup.

THE following interview with Mr. C. Oliver Iselin, the manager of the Cup defense, by Mr. W. E. Robinson, of the Boston Globe, is reliable, and so far as it goes more important than the numerous unverified reports in daily circulation:

C. Oliver Iselin, managing owner of Defender and of the new defender now building by the Herreshoffs, paid one of his flying visits to Bristol on Jan. 31, arriving from Providence on the 12:19 train, and leaving on the 3:50. His visit was for a look at the recently cast lead keel of the new boat as well as to see how the work in general was progressing.

To inquiring newspaper men he was as chary as ever of giving any information as to the dimensions or construction of the new boat, although to the Globe's yachting man, who was his seat-mate on the return trip to Providence, he talked with considerable freedom on matters that did not touch the vital features of the latest Herreshoff design.

Asked directly for the material of which the new boat was being built, Mr. Iselin declined firmly but politely to give information on that or on similar points.

"I put my refusal," he said, "solely on the ground that I do not think it best to tell the people on the other side of the water just what we are doing. We know very little as yet of what their boat is to be, and there is no reason why we should give them any advantage by telling our plans."

"But several things already are known about the new boat, and have been made public."

"Very true," replied Mr. Iselin, "but there are many other things that are not known, as well as many published things that are evidently guesses. Whether the public believes the published statements I cannot say, but if I should give information it would at once acquire an official character, and be accepted as correct. No, I think it best not to give any information."

"Not even as to material?"

"No, not even that."

"Yet the material will be known as it reaches the works and as the construction of the boat progresses, will it not?"

"Probably," was Mr. Iselin's reply, "but by that time we expect that Shamrock will be so far along that the knowledge will not matter so far as any effect on her construction goes. Dimensions? I shall never give the dimensions of the new boat for publication with exactness any more than I did those of Defender. I have no doubt you newspaper men will get them sufficiently close for all non-technical purposes, but I hold that exact dimensions, provided you get a fast boat, give an opponent too much of an advantage to improve in any boat that may subsequently be built."

"You expect a decided improvement in the new boat?"

"Yes, we do, but Defender is a hard boat to beat. Very few people really knew how fast she was in 1895, and she ought to be as fast as ever now that she has been put in good condition."

"You have definitely decided on skipper and crew?"

"Yes; Capt. Charlie Barr will sail the new boat, and will have a crew of fifty men from Deer Isle, Me., under him. They already have been engaged. About half of them were of Defender's crew, and so will be familiar with their work at the start."

"The skipper for Defender has not been selected, nor the crew, but we shall find some good man to sail her. Our present intention is to man her with a Norwegian crew, picked from the best men among the yacht sailors of that nationality, and let the two crews stack up against each other and see which is the smarter."

"Yes, the racing of the boats against each other will be of great use in getting the new boat into proper trim. Practice sailing alone never will get a boat into such good shape as close racing. Vigilant was a great help to Defender in 1895 in that line."

"Is it a fair presumption that a steel boom and a steel gaff will be in favor in '98 as in '95?" was asked.

"Yes, they are still in favor. Defender's steel boom was very stiff and strong, and her steel gaff was carried in all her later racing. It was not until we found that the gaff could be depended upon that we made the steel boom, but both did excellent service."

"A steel mast is a different thing. I do not know that any experiments looking to the practicability of a steel mast have been made."

"How about sails, Mr. Iselin?"

"I hope that we shall have better sails than ever before in a cup contest. The Englishmen have rather beaten us heretofore on sails, in looks anyway, but this time I believe we can match them. The great trouble with our sails previously has been the uneven stretching of the duck, due undoubtedly to something in the weaving. Now, however, we believe we have something that, with improvement in both yarn and weaving, will do away with much of the previous trouble."

"The duck has been woven specially for us, and the sails themselves will be made by the Herreshoffs in their new loft on Burnside street."

"How did you find matters at the works?"

"Everything is going smoothly. That lead keel is a fine casting. How much lead in it? Now that is forbidden ground, or whether it is more or less than in Defender's. Given the power and sail plan of a man's boat, and you come pretty close to the boat herself. I had rather know a man's sail plan than anything else about his boat."

"American experience has shown that the boat that can carry the most canvas, and carry it properly, usually wins. We started out with a 100ft. boom on Defender. Then when we found Valkyrie III. had one 105ft. in length we gave Defender one to match it, believing that she was powerful enough to carry it. Her racing proved the correctness of our belief."

"The new boat's model? Oh, that question is in the same class as those about material, but I expect that Herreshoff will give us a good reaching boat, better even than Defender or Vigilant. You know we get plenty of reaching on the triangular courses, and a boat needs to be fast there as elsewhere."

Speaking of Valkyrie III. as a possible "trial horse" for Shamrock, Mr. Iselin expressed the hope that Sir Thomas Lipton might have her or some other fast boat to race against before crossing the Atlantic, both for "tuning up" and to see how fast a boat the Shamrock really would turn out to be.

Mr. Iselin had no opinion to express as to the probable outcome of the Cup races, but there is no question but that he is as much in earnest in keeping the Cup on this side as he was in 1895, and that he and the yachtsmen who are interested with him in Cup defense will leave nothing undone that can contribute to success.

The name of the new boat will not be decided upon until the return of Com. J. Pierpont Morgan from Europe.

In the meantime the work on the new boat is being pushed at the Herreshoff Works. The top of the lead keel is being smoothed and fitted for the placing of the bronze keel plate, while the steel frames are being bent and made ready for setting up as soon as keel, stem and sternposts shall have been put in place.

Not long ago the Globe said on what was presumably good authority that W. K. Vanderbilt was bearing the expense of fitting out and repairing Defender. The information was not correct. Mr. Vanderbilt and ex-Com. E. D. Morgan, owners of Defender with Mr. Iselin, have turned the boat over to Mr. Iselin and Com. J. Pierpont Morgan to use as they please. These last named men are the only ones financially interested in the new boat.

Although Mr. Iselin, in talking about the new boat, declined to give detailed facts and figures, there is no reason to change the opinion already expressed as to

* The lines of Zulu were published in the FOREST AND STREAM of Dec. 10, 1898.

what she will prove to be when many more things are known about her than at present.

The Globe already has outlined her as a more powerful and lightly constructed boat than Defender, with such modifications in the latter's model as would make the new boat faster in reaching and down the wind with spinnaker set, while at the same time losing none of Defender's "wind-jamming" qualities. An "improved Defender," with certainly no smaller sail plan, and probably as large a one as can be made to stay in place.

Oregon pine mast, spruce topmast and bowsprit and steel gaff and boom can now also be added, with working sails of an improved weave of cotton duck and the latest ideas in silk and linen for the light sails.

Since Mr. Iselin declines to affirm or deny the truth of the many stories as to bronze or other plating which have come out since the Globe said nickel steel, the information on which the last named material was predicted is apparently as good as ever.

The Seawanhaka Cup.

THE Seawanhaka international challenge cup for small yachts remains in the custody of the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., of Montreal, Canada, the last match therefor having been won by Dominion against Challenger at Montreal in August last.

The Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. has challenged for a match in the season of 1899, and the challenge has been accepted for the 20ft. class, Seawanhaka measurement; the match will be sailed on the waters of Lake St. Louis, near Montreal, at a date hereafter to be announced.

The Seawanhaka Club in this third effort to regain the cup earnestly invites from other yacht clubs of the United States the co-operation which for the last four seasons has been so generously given, and therefore proposes to hold open trial races for the purpose of selecting its representative yacht on July 8, 10 and 11, 1899.

For the information of any who may be interested in the subject, and especially for the guidance of those who may contemplate making entries in the trial races, the race committee announces the following general conditions governing the cup, which are extracts from the declaration of trust executed by the Seawanhaka Club, and the following general regulations for the control of the match, which have been agreed upon with the challenged club.

[These conditions are the same as previously published in connection with former matches.]

General Regulations Governing the Match for 1899, Between the Representative Yachts of the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., of Montreal, Holder of the Cup, and the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C., of New York, Challenger.

The challenging and challenged clubs desire, as far as possible under the existing measurement rule, to prevent the extreme development of the more objectionable features of form, evident in yachts heretofore constructed with reference to competitions for the challenge cup, and to this end have agreed upon certain restrictions, embodied in Article IX., following, to which attention is specially directed.

Article I.—The courses shall consist of a triangular course and a course to windward and leeward and return. Each leg of the triangular course shall be one and one-third nautical miles in length, and shall be sailed over three times, making a total of twelve miles. The course to windward and leeward and return shall be two nautical miles to each leg, and shall be sailed over three times, making a total of twelve miles.

Article II.—The start shall be a one-gun flying start, with a preparatory signal.

Article III.—The races shall be sailed without time allowance.

Article IV.—Yachts must not exceed 20ft. racing length (S. C. Y. C. measurement).

The formula for determining racing length under the S. C. Y. C. rules is as follows:

$$\frac{L.W.L. + \sqrt{\text{Sail Area}}}{2} = \text{Racing Length.}$$

Article V.—A yacht's draft of hull or keel shall not exceed 5ft., and with the centerboard down shall not exceed 6ft. Draft shall be determined when yachts are in trim for measurement. Centerboards shall be so constructed that they can be wholly housed without leaving any projection below the hull or keel.

Article VI.—Yachts shall be measured without crew on board, but instead thereof a dead weight of 450 lbs. shall be carried amidships, approximately at the center of buoyancy, during measurement. The total actual weight of the crew, including all clothes, personal apparel and belongings worn by them or carried on board during any race, shall not exceed 600lbs.

Article VII.—Shifting ballast shall not be allowed. (Weighted centerboards shall be considered as fixed ballast.)

Article VIII.—No outrigger or other mechanical device for carrying live ballast outboard shall be allowed.

Article IX.—The overall length must not exceed 32ft. 6in. The deck plan must show a fair curve from transom to stem, and the sides of the deck or gunwales must meet together at the stem, which must be on the longitudinal center line of the vessel. The angle between the gunwales and longitudinal center line of the vessel at the stem must not exceed 35 degrees.

Article X.—The factor of sail area, used in determining racing length, shall be ascertained by adding to the actual area of the mainsail, computed from its exact dimensions, the area of the fore triangle. The hoist of the mainsail, when measured, shall be plainly marked on the mast, and its outer points on the boom and gaff or other spars used to set the sail, and the sail shall not be set beyond these limiting points. The fore triangle shall be determined by the following factors: (1) The perpendicular shall be the perpendicular distance between the deck and a point on the forestay, above which the jib shall not be hoisted. (2) The base shall be the distance between the forward side of the mast at the deck and the point of intersection of the forestay with the bowsprit or hull.

Any jib, when set, must not extend beyond the upper and forward points above defined.

Sails shall be limited to mainsail, jibs and spinnaker.

The total area of the mainsail and fore triangle shall not exceed 500 sq. ft. The area of the mainsail alone shall not exceed 80 per cent. of the total area. The area of the spinnaker, measured as a triangle, whose base is the length of the spinnaker boom measured from its out end, when set, to the center of the mast, and whose perpendicular is the distance from the deck at the foreside of the mast to the spinnaker halyard block, shall not exceed twice the area of the fore triangle.

Article XI.—The spinnaker boom, when used in carrying sail, shall not be lashed to the bowsprit or stemhead.

Article XII.—The helmsman or helmsmen and crew shall be amateurs, and the total number of persons on board shall be limited to four. The helmsman may be changed at will, and as often as may be desired in any race, provided that such helmsmen shall have been named in writing, as required by the provisions of Article X. of the Declaration of Trust.

The trial races for the election of a challenger will be held at Oyster Bay, July 8, 10 and 11, 1899, under the same conditions as in former years.

Special Conditions.

(1) The yacht selected to represent the club shall be the one which, in the judgment of the race committee, shall be the best adapted therefor, and not necessarily the winner of a majority of the trial races. The committee will exclude from competition any yacht possessing peculiar or "freak" features, which in its judgment are objectionable and unfair. Additional races may be ordered by the committee between such contestants as they may select.

(2) The owner of each yacht entering for the trial races must on or before July 6, 1899, furnish to the secretary of the committee the racing measurement of his yacht, certified by the measurer of the Seawanhaka Club.

(3) Each yacht must carry a racing number, fastened securely on both sides of the mainsail.

(4) In the event of any race being postponed or ordered resailed, it will be sailed at as early a date as may be practicable.

Entries.

All entries for the trial races must be made by the clubs to which the owners of the respective yachts entered belong. Clubs intending to make entries are requested to notify the secretary of the race committee, and will be furnished with printed or written blanks, upon or in accordance with which entries must be made, and at the request and upon the responsibility of any club entering a yacht to compete in the trial races, all the privileges of the club house at Oyster Bay will be extended to the owners and amateur crew of the yacht so entered during the period occupied by the said races, upon the same terms as to members of the club.

Race committee:

CHARLES W. WETMORE, Chairman,
30 Broad Street, New York.
WALTER C. KERR,
26 Cortlandt Street, New York.
CLINTON H. CRANE,
Exchange Court Building, New York.
JOHNSTON DEFOREST,
7 North Washington Square, New York.
CHARLES A. SHERMAN, Secretary,
64 Leonard Street, New York.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Mr. H. C. Wintringham has designed a c. b. schooner for E. A. Morrison, which will be built by Joseph Thomas & Sons, Baltimore. She will be 70ft. over all, 48ft. l.w.l., 16ft. 8in. beam, and 7ft. draft of hull. She will be christened Lucille.

The Riverside Y. C. held its annual meeting on Feb. 3 at the Arena, New York, with Com. Tyson in the chair. The following officers were elected: Com., Geo. G. Tyson; Vice-Com., I. A. Hopper; Rear-Com., Charles T. Pierce; Treas., C. F. Buxton; Sec'y, John G. Porter; Meas., E. Frank Lockwood; Trustees for term ending Feb., 1902, O. R. Houghton, George Lowther; Trustees for one year, Frederick Beltz, W. J. L. Davids; Regatta Committee, Edward Binney, George B. Clark, W. A. Huffington; Membership Committee, Robert Rutter, W. J. Worrell, I. H. McKenna; Entertainment Committee, J. Arthur Oatwell, H. F. Whitmore, W. I. Sanger; Chaplains, the Rev. George C. Houghton, D. D.; the Rev. Rufus S. Putney, the Rev. Charles W. Boylston; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. H. H. Tyson, Jr.; Delegates to Sound Y. R. A., C. T. Pierce and Edward Binney. A proposal to lower the dues was not adopted. Messrs. Pierce, Binney and Jones were appointed a special committee to charter a steamer to follow the America Cup races next fall. Mr. Pierce was also delegated to report on the subject of a town club for yachtsmen. The club has a membership of 175.

The Corinthian Y. C., of San Francisco, held its annual meeting on Jan. 25, electing the following officers: Com., Carl Westerfeld; Vice-Com., W. H. Toepke; Port Captain, J. H. Keefe; Directors, T. L. Miller, C. L. Barrett, E. F. Sagar, and A. I. Lyons; Regatta Committee, J. H. Hopps, T. J. Kavanaugh and Douglas Erskine. The club has a membership of 168, with a fleet of thirty-three sloops, nine yawls, one schooner and five launches.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The address label on the wrapper shows the date of the close of the term for which the subscription is paid. The receipt of the paper with such dated address label constitutes the subscriber's receipt for money sent to us.

Subscribers are asked to note on the wrapper the date of expiration of subscription; and to remit promptly for renewal, that delays may be avoided.

For prospectus and advertising rates see page iii.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

The Spalding St. Lawrence Boat Co. is building a keel sloop of 36ft. over all, 25ft. l.w.l., 9ft. beam, from designs by C. H. Crane. She will be double-skin, with mahogany outside. Messrs. C. H. and H. M. Crane will race her on the Sound next summer.

The annual meeting of the New York Yacht Racing Association was announced for Feb. 1, but was not held, as no quorum was present.

Alcedo II., steam yacht, G. W. C. Drexel, sailed last week from Philadelphia for Savannah, where Mr. and Mrs. Drexel, Miss Clementine Irick, Mr. Livingstone L. Biddle, Mr. Craig Biddle, Mr. Francis William Rawle and Dr. C. M. Merrill, of Jacksonville, will join her for a cruise to Porto Rico and other West Indian ports.

May, steam yacht, Com. Alex. Van Rensselaer, Cor. Y. C. of Philadelphia, will sail about Feb. 15 on a cruise to the West Indies.

Coronet, schr., F. S. Pearson, sailed from Santiago for Kingston on Jan. 24. After her return to New York she will refit for a cruise to Greenland and Iceland.

Narwhal, steam yacht, No. 1 of the name, has been sold by C. H. Osgood to Edgar Harding, of Boston, who will change her name.

The Gravesend Bay Y. C. held its annual meeting on Feb. 1 at the club house, Bath Beach, with Com. Sherwood in the chair. The following officers were elected: Com., Robert H. Sherwood; Vice-Com., Edward P. Morse; Rear-Com., W. C. Bolton; Meas., Richard W. Rummel; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. George G. Cochran; Prest., Cornelius Furgueson, Jr.; Vice-Prests., George B. Waters, Thomas Cleary; Treas., Henry W. Pfalzgraf; Cor. Sec'y, James W. Wakelee; Trustees, Dr. John E. De Mund, Dr. John A. Voorhees, James E. Bale, N. C. Corey, R. Hudson Riley, Thomas J. Hamilton, William G. Morrissey, William J. Berg, Frederick Petze, Gilbert Nelson, Albert Van Brunt Voorhees and Mortimer Van Brunt.

The magnificent American steam yacht Nahma, 1,806 tons, belonging to Mr. Robert Goelet, New York, left Gourock this forenoon for Gibraltar. The Nahma is now under the command of Capt. George Harvey, who was for two years master of the American steam yacht Andria (Mr. John E. Brooks). His crew consists of about seventy, all told. The first, second and third officers and seamen are all English, while the engineers, stewards and firemen are all Scotsmen. On the passage to the Rock the Nahma will not be driven at her full speed—sixteen and three-quarter knots—but at twelve knots an hour, at which rate, should she get favorable weather, she will reach Gibraltar by Thursday. The designer of the vessel, Mr. G. L. Watson, went down the Firth to-day in her as far as Largs, where he was landed. The Nahma will complete her fitting out at Gibraltar, and will be joined there toward the end of next month by Mr. and Mrs. Goelet and party, after which she will make an extended cruise in the Mediterranean, returning to the Clyde next July.—New York Herald, European Edition, Jan. 21.

The 1899 catalogue of C. P. Willard & Co., yacht, launch and engine builders, of Chicago, lists a very extensive line of steam engines and boilers, naphtha engines, yachts, launches, etc. The catalogue is fully illustrated.

Canoeing.

W. C. A. Midwinter Meeting.

[The secretary of the W. C. A. has prepared the appended report of the midwinter meet of that body, to which is added the general address to the members advocating the embodiment of the W. C. A. into the wider and older organization, the A. C. A., but with the reservation of provision for a Western division of the A. C. A.]

MILWAUKEE, Wis., Jan. 25.—The Western Canoe Association, Office of Secretary-Treasurer: Greeting to Members: On the 21st of this month the executive committee of this association held its regular midwinter meeting in Milwaukee, in pursuance to the call issued by the secretary and arrangements made at the special meeting of the committee held at Chicago last November.

There were present all members of the committee excepting two, several other association members; the commodore and the vice-commodore of the Central Division of the American Canoe Association. The usual informal open meeting and discussion were held previous to the business meeting of the committee, and all open matters of interest to the association were talked over, after which the committee went into executive session.

The secretary-treasurer's report showed that the association was now in position to pay its indebtedness of record, and he was instructed to do so. The returns from the circular letter sent out last November, setting forth the proposed movement of this association to join the American Canoe Association, were most gratifying, and left to your committee but one course to pursue. Every person heard from, except one, voted in favor of this move, and in accordance with this almost unanimous sentiment the following resolution was adopted:

"Resolved, That the secretary is hereby instructed to make application for membership to the American Canoe Association on behalf of our association, and such membership be made to constitute a Western Division of the A. C. A. And said division to include as its territory the States of Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa and Minnesota. And that our secretary-treasurer is authorized to hold in trust all money received from members for this purpose."

In view of the above action it was voted to omit the publication of the "Year Book" and to abandon the summer W. C. A. meet.

Three changes in officers were made pending the final

IN NEW JERSEY.

South Side Gun Club.

Newark, N. J., Jan. 28.—The target shoot of the South Side Gun Club resulted as shown by the scores below. The three-men team race was as follows: Feigenspan 20, Dukcs 18, Dawson 17; total 57.

Terrill 18, Smith 17, Babbage 16; total 51.	
Events:	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10
Dawson	4 7 6 7 8 3 6 6 4 8
Feigenspan	6 6 8 9 9 5 9 5 7 ..
Day	6 5 6 6 .. 4
Terrill	9 6 8 10 8 9 6
W. H. Smith	5 9 7 9 8 7
Dukes	7 8 9 8 9 7
Babbage 4
Gardner 5 4 3

Trap at Lyndhurst.

Lyndhurst, N. J., Jan. 31.—The match between Messrs. Dunkerly and Heflich was under unfavorable weather conditions, a light snow falling. There was little wind. The birds were a good lot. A match was shot between Messrs. Lee and Wolf, 10 birds, \$5 a side, the latter winning. A sweepstake also was shot. The scores:

T Dunkerly	2*212211221201121212021—22
H M Heflich	222220012222*22202222021—19
Match, 10 birds, \$5 a side:	
H Wolf	100210222—7 C T Lee
Ties:	
H Wolf	22212 C T Lee
Sweep, 10 birds, \$5:	
Morley	1222211011—9 Lee
Wolf	20*12222—8

Bergen County Handicap.

Berry's Creek, N. J., Feb. 1.—The Bergen county handicap, first contest, took place to-day at Berry's Creek, Dunkerly's grounds. The conditions were 25 live birds, \$10 entrance, birds included, three moneys. The scores made were as follows:

F W Moffett, 27	2212210102222222222222—22
H M Heflich, 29	222212222202022221012222—22
J H Mitchell, 26	2221212222022*12222222—21
C T Lee, 28	12222212211*022011202210—20
A Bunn, 27	012022222012221012*11222—20
H Wolf, 28	211222022220220002212202—19
T W Morley, 32	2222*2222222121020001002—18
T Dunkerly, 30	201012120002112202021w

Tie for cup, 5 birds:
Moffett, 27

Annie Oakley Against Good Birds.

Singac, Feb. 2.—Miss Oakley undertook to kill 40 out of 50 of Bunn's birds, and succeeded in gathering 37. But she should have had one more at least, as the dog drove one out about a yard and it came back and dropped dead. Miss Oakley was balked on five occasions, the trap puller being unable to hear her call "Pull" on account of the distance from her and her light voice. She had two sisters, and along with the five mentioned above she lost the 7th, which seems to me to be her weak spot in shooting. The birds were a good, fair lot, and with a little wind they would have been as good and fast as ever trapped anywhere. Miss Oakley hit every bird she shot at, but she did not seem to center her birds as she usually does. She remarked to the writer of this after the shoot that if any one thought it was such an easy matter to kill 40 out of 50 of such birds as Bunn furnished to-day he could get \$50 of her money any day. The weather was fine—no wind. There was a very large crowd. There was a 10-bird sweep, \$5, and a 7-bird, \$3. Jim Smith was referee. W. Dutcher scorer.

The very fast birds were the 4th, 10th, 12th, 13th, 20th, 33th, 43d, 44th, 48th and 49th.

The scores:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1899, by Forest and Stream Pub. Co.	
2 1 2 3 1 2 4 2 5 3 5 1 5 4 3 3 2 4 2 1 1 2 3 5 4	
Miss Oakley	1 * 0 2 2 1 0 2 2 * 1 2 * 1 1 2 0 2 2 2 1 1 1 1 1—19
2 4 2 5 2 1 4 2 1 4 1 1 1 3 5 4 2 5 5 8 1 3 1 2 1	
→ →	
0 2 1 1 2 0 1 1 1 0 2 0 0 2 1 1 2 2 2 1 0 2 0 2 1—18	

Sweepstakes:	10 birds, \$5.	7 birds, \$3.
Oakley, 27	2002110121—7	
Hull, 28	2120211222—9	
Bunn, 29	0211121222—9	29. 1111202—6
Klutze, 26	11120*1102—7	28. *102221—5
Connors, 26	1110122122—9	
James, 26	*12121210—7	27. *111102—5
Kanouse	27. 0220001—3	
Jacobus	27. 20021*1—4	

East Side Gun Club.

Newark, N. J., Feb. 2.—The light was poor and the targets were thrown fast and low at the East Side Gun Club's shoot to-day. Feigenspan was shooting a new gun, which seemed to impair his usual good form.

Events:	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10
Targets:	10 10 10 15 15 15 15 15 25
F Perment	6 2 5 9
C W Feigenspan	5 5 6 7 .. 7 4 8 10 18
T H Richards	3 6 8 12 13 10 12 9 9 ..
G P Fairmont	8 3 12 13 8 12 13 11 18
L H Schortemeier	8 12 12 9 10 9 9 16
Johnnie Jones	6
Philip Schork	10

Hackensack River Gun Club.

Hoboken, N. J., Feb. 3.—The scores made at the Hackensack River Gun Club shoot on its grounds at Heflich's Hotel to-day are as follows. No. 1 was really two events; the first, at 10 birds, was the postponed January club shoot, and the second, 10 birds, was the February club shoot. No. 2 was a sweepstake race.

Wm. Hexamer won the club's medal for '98, he having the highest average in both live-bird and clay-bird events for that year:

No. 1, 20 birds.	No. 2, 5 birds.
Wm. Hexamer	2221120*01220220022—14
H Kramer	2*11*12101012112022—15
H Stuhler	122*21212w
H M Heflich	1211102*2221102121—17
L F Kleber	1*0202112*1000100101—10
P Smith	2112202011w
H Hexamer	10*00—1

Greenville Gun Club.

Kell's Point, Jersey City, Feb. 1.—All the events were at 10 targets. No. 8 was at 5 pairs. The club will hold its next shoot on Monday, Feb. 13. The scores are as follows:

Events:	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
Lembeck	6 8 7 8 6 7 5 5
Dodds	8 5 7 6 8 7
Schneider	4 3 6 8 9 3 8 3
Steurer	5 2 7 7 6 7 1 0
Apgar	6 6 8 8 7 8
De Long	8 8 8 8 6 8 8 ..
Hughes	3 4 7 4
Pearsall	5 3 4 4 2
Collins 8

Belvidere Gun Club.

Belvidere, N. J., Feb. 4.—The second shoot of the Belvidere Gun Club at targets was held on Jan. 27, on the club grounds. The bad weather lessened the attendance. The scores were: Smith 23, H. Heffee 6, H. Searles 22, W. Smith 18, C. Rosebery 26, J. Keffer 11, J. Beers 7, Ousley 12, P. Eilenberg 4.

The scores at the fourth regular shoot at targets on Feb. 4 were as follows:
W. Rainer 29, L. Smith 19, H. Heffee 20, H. Brink 23, W. Smith 9,

G. Lattemann 29, P. Hess 9, H. Bordman 8, J. Bordman 7, F. Buckmeyer 5, Tiffany 4.

G. LATTEMAN, JR.

Trap at Yardville.

Yardville, N. J., Feb. 1.—The 25 live-bird race, shot on C. Zwirlein's grounds, Yardville, N. J., had fifteen entries, and was well contested. Zwirlein captured first money on a score of 21. Money, Warford and Cubberly divided second on 23 kills, while J. R. Hull, Widman and Stotts divided third on 22. The conditions were 25 live birds, \$10 entrance, birds extra at 25 cents. A \$2 miss-and-out was shot before the main event, in which Miss Oakley and Messrs. Money, Elliott, Hull, Koegel, Budd, Warford, Cubberly and Zwirlein participated, Elliott and Koegel dividing on the 6th round. The score:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1899, by Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

2 1 2 2 1 2 2 1 3 2 4 4 1 5 3 4 3 4 3 5 3 2 3 3 1	
→ →	
2 2 2 * 1 1 2 2 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 2 2 1 2 * 2—23	
1 2 5 2 1 2 4 1 5 4 4 5 2 3 1 1 8 3 2 1 2 4 1 2	
← ←	
2 * 1 2 1 1 1 1 1 2 2 * 1 2 * 2 1 2 * 2 2 2 2 2 2—21	
1 1 4 4 2 5 5 1 4 5 1 2 2 5 3 3 3 3 4 4 5 1 1 4	
← ←	
2 1 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 * 1 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 * * * 1 2—21	
5 5 1 4 2 5 2 3 2 4 4 5 4 5 3 1 2 3 2 1 5 1 4 3	
→ →	
* * 1 2 2 * 2 1 2 1 2 * 2 * 2 1 1 * 1 * 1 1 2 1—15	
4 5 1 5 2 5 1 1 2 4 4 5 2 3 5 3 5 2 1 4 2 5 1 5 1	
← ←	
1 1 * 1 1 1 * 2 1 1 2 1 * 1 2 * 2 * 2 1 2 * 1 2 2—18	
2 1 5 1 1 2 3 2 3 4 4 3 4 5 4 2 5 2 3 5 5 4 5 2 5	
← ←	
1 2 2 2 2 2 2 * 1 2 2 * 1 1 1 * * 1 1 2 2 1 2 2—21	
2 2 2 5 3 3 2 4 5 5 5 3 5 3 5 4 5 2 5 1 3 5 5 2 3	
← ←	
1 2 1 1 2 1 1 1 1 1 2 * 1 * * 2 1 1 2 2 2 1 1 2 2—22	
3 1 5 2 4 1 4 5 4 3 3 4 1 5 4 5 5 2 3 5 1 1 2	
← ←	
2 1 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 1 * 2 1 * 1 2 2 1 2 2 1 1 1 1—23	
2 4 2 3 2 5 4 4 2 3 8 1 1 1 4 1 3 1 1 3 5 2 2 2 1	
← ←	
1 1 1 2 2 1 2 2 2 1 2 1 * 2 2 2 2 1 1 1 2 2 1 2 2—23	
5 3 2 4 4 3 3 4 5 3 3 5 5 4 2 4 5 1 5 4 3 1 4 4 3	
← ←	
1 * 2 2 2 * 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 * 2 * 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—21	
5 3 3 1 3 5 4 1 5 5 4 1 4 8 2 3 3 3 2 5 3 4 1 1 5	
← ←	
1 1 1 1 1 * 1 1 2 2 * 1 2 1 * 2 1 * 1 1 2 2 * 2 2—20	
1 1 2 1 2 5 5 4 1 4 3 4 4 4 3 2 5 2 4 4 4 4 5 2	
← ←	
* * 2 * 2 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 1 * 1 1 2 2 1 1 1 2 2—21	
2 2 2 2 2 5 2 5 4 5 5 3 3 2 5 4 1 1 1 4 2 3 5 2	
← ←	
2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 * 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2—24	
5 2 3 3 5 1 5 4 5 5 5 1 3 5 4 2 5 1 5 3 1 3 4 2 5	
← ←	
2 2 2 1 2 * 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 * 1 1 1 1 * 22	
3 5 2 5 5 2 5 3 4 2 5 5 1 5 5 5 4 4 5 1 2 3 3 1 5	
→ →	
1 2 2 2 1 * 2 1 1 1 2 2 1 2 2 2 1 1 1 1 2 * * 2 1—22	

Capt. A. W. Money Defeats J. Rothacker.

Yardville, N. J.—Capt. Money has apparently quite recovered from the attack of grip that has been bothering him all the winter. He is back "in his usual good form" again. On Friday last, Feb. 3, he shot a match at Zwirlein's grounds, Yardville, N. J., with John Rothacker, of Philadelphia. The Captain was conceding Rothacker 4yds., standing at 30yds. to Rothacker's 26. The conditions were 100 pigeons per man. Capt. Money started off in a manner that was calculated to break anybody's heart. He ran his first 50 straight, then slipping up on his 51st bird. He lost another bird in the 80th round, his score at the end of the 90th round standing 88 out of 90. Then his gun went back on him. He was shooting his Greener, the crossbolt of which gave out when he had fired at his 90th pigeon. He had great difficulty in opening the gun after each successive shot, the worry causing him to lose two more birds out his last 10. A curious feature was the fact that when he had fired at and killed his 100th bird in the match, the gun closed absolutely and refused to be opened. It had done its work, and did not relax its grip until J. P. Deneffeler got to work on it on Saturday morning. The full scores of the match were: Money 96, Rothacker 85. Capt. Money's "50 straight" and his score of 96 out of 100 are both new records for Zwirlein's grounds. He shot his usual load of 50grs. of E. C. and 1½oz. of 7s in Trap shells. Rothacker shot 3½drs. of Schultze, 1½oz. of shot in a Leader shell. The match commenced at 1:32 and ended at 3:53. Capt. Money won the toss and elected to go to the score. The scores, flights, traps, etc., are given below:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1899, by Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

4 5 2 5 5 1 4 1 4 1 5 4 3 2 4 3 5 5 3 3 2 4 5	
→ →	
2 2 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 2 2—25	
4 3 3 5 1 3 4 5 4 3 3 4 1 3 4 1 2 4 5 3 1 3 3 4	
← ←	
2 1 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 1 2 1 2 1 1 2 2 2—25	
5 5 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 4 5 3 1 3 1 1 5 3 1 3 3 2 5	
← ←	
* 1 2 1 2 2 1 1 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 1 1 1 2 2 2—24	
2 3 1 2 4 4 1 1 5 4 1 3 1 3 3 3 1 3 3 3 1 1 4 3 2	
→ →	
2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 * 1 2 2 1 1 * 1 2 1 1 2 * 1 2—22-96	
5 5 4 1 5 2 3 3 1 5 5 2 1 5 1 3 3 5 2 4 5 3 3 3 4	
← ←	
2 * 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 * 2 * 1 9 1 * 2 2 2 2 2—20	
5 5 4 1 3 3 4 1 3 2 5 4 1 5 3 5 2 3 1 4 1 5 2	
← ←	
1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 * 2 2 2 2—24	
3 1 5 2 1 1 2 3 3 4 3 4 5 2 5 1 3 1 1 1 3 2 3	
← ←	
* 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 1 1 2 2 2 2 * 1 1 2 0 2 2—21	
4 5 3 2 4 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 1 5 5 4 3 3 5 2 2 2 5	
→ →	
2 2 1 2 2 1 1 1 * * 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 * 2 1 * 1 2 * 2—20-5	

New Jersey Championship.

Lyndhurst, N. J., Feb. 4.—There was a fine attendance at Tom Morley's shoot, the main event of which was the E. C. cup contest for the championship of New Jersey, between Mr. Morley and Capt. A. W. Money, the former winning by the excellent score of 47. There was a large crowd in attendance. The day was dark, and therefore there was a bad light for target shooting. The background too, made up of trees, an old barn and other bits of festooning around the outskirts, made difficult shooting, particularly as the targets flew at a merry speed and at numerous angles of rare intricacy. Mr. Morley's score is remarkably good. It is doubtful if any one could excel it under the same conditions. Capt. Money's score is really good under the circumstances, as will be more clearly perceived by comparing it with the scores of some of those of the good class men, made in the sweepstakes. Mr. Lewis Harrison was referee. The scores:

The E. C. cup contest:	
T W Morley	01111 11111 11111 11111 11111—24
A W Money	11111 11011 11011 11111 11011—23
	10101 01111 10111 11111 11111—21-44

The sweepstakes:	
Events:	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
L Harrison	9 8 12 11 10 13 7 11 22
T W Morley	12 10 12 12 15 12 11 11 20
Capt Money	13 12 12 11 11 12 11 13 18
H Money	12 13 11 11 14 15 11 21
Banks	13 10 12 12 8 12 13 13 21
Martin	13 10 13 16
Sinnoek	11 8 11 11 16

Eastern and Western Shooters.

CHICAGO, Jan. 28.—Editor Forest and Stream: I read in the columns of the FOREST AND STREAM, under date of Jan. 14, an item under the caption of "Eastern and Western Shooters," which makes reference to sectionalism, etc., in connection with the Grand American Handicap, and have also read several letters published in a Chicago journal giving views of writers on the subject of money divisions, some with an acrimonious spirit.

I believe in the broad-gauge principle or plan, which shows enlightenment, and can safely say, I think, that there is no sectionalism in the shooting fraternity of the United States of America, be it North, East, South or West, and there should be none.

That there is raspy feeling now and then, evidenced by an Eastern sportsman as against the Westerner generally, I think no one can deny, when they read the letter of the Portland man recently published in the Chicago journal aforementioned; also, one from Franklin, Pa. These two gentlemen took occasion, I believe, to tell the Westerner to "play in his own yard," if they didn't like the appearance of other yards, at the same time intimating that, finding himself broke in the East, the spring roads would be good and he could walk home.

This was doubtless all in good part or intended as a joke, but nevertheless evidences a little feeling.

I have never had the good fortune to attend the Grand American Handicap, but hope to this year; still I have read much of the published matter relating to it. It came to my knowledge through the shooters who attended in 1897 and 1898, and who will doubtless recollect that their Eastern brethren had something to say, and not altogether kindly, about a team race between the East and West, which was the first talk that in any particular squinted at the existence of sectional feeling.

Again, in 1898 at least a dozen gentlemen from New York and Pennsylvania sought and urged an individual contest between an Eastern and Western gentleman, in various ways displaying a seeming ambition to "do" the Westerner or make him feel uncomfortable.

While I have not been in the division of the moneys in the Grand American Handicap events, I am none the less greatly pleased that the matter is permanently settled, at least for this year's event, with a Westerner on the handicap committee, and with perfect satisfaction to the majority of the shooters of the country, I believe.

The nonsense accredited to the Times-Herald, of Chicago, and deplored by the FOREST AND STREAM, is not chargeable to any one but a local reporter, whose knowledge of shooting matters is not a pride to himself or any one else. He is at least a learner, however, and if in his writings a little inclined to encourage sectionalism it is, I am informed, because of a training for which he thanks the sporting and athletic interests of the East.

It is pleasing to know that the increased number of moneys decided upon by the Interstate Association was not demanded alone by the West, but by the North, East, South and West alike. The demand for class shooting was due entirely to the efforts of one gentleman, and he an Easterner, though he failed to present petitions probably.

The system of high guns as decided upon is satisfactory, and while it is true that, whether the 23s get into the money or not depends on how many shooters shall be able to kill 25 and 24, the possibilities of the 22s and 23s are certainly good, and the least said by any of the papers or anybody else the better is liable to be the attendance at the Grand American Handicap of 1899, at least from a distance.

The Times-Herald has endeavored to encourage shooting and other clean sports, and is ever ready to give space and kindly notes from time to time; and while its reporters have, perforce, written of matters on which they were not fully advised, as on football, baseball and golf, they were honest as to intention, and their work is appreciated by sportsmen generally who read the paper. Even some sporting papers publish reports of the Times-Herald, which are received through the press-clipping bureau.

Let us have nothing but union of action and harmony of thought, each and every one working together unselfishly, understandingly, without prejudice, and with honest endeavor to further the shooting interest, which is the greatest civilized sport afforded us near our homes.

It is always necessary for some one to lend aid in the management of shooting clubs, arranging for tournaments, managing shoots, etc., who are the hustlers and get little but glory out of it. It is always easy to find fault with the acts of others, but now that we are started right, let every shooter feel it obligatory on his part to put his shoulder to the wheel and assist in making the Grand American Handicap of 1899 the greatest success of the shooting fraternity of the United States since the birth of the Grand American Handicap.

From my observation, and from information received through inquiry, I am fully convinced that the Western attendance to the Grand American Handicap will reach close on to the hundred, mark, and make their presence known by their gentlemanly conduct and good shooting.

A. C. PATERSON.

[While Mr. Paterson's letter purports to be from a broad-gauge standpoint, it has a decidedly provincial tone in some specific points, and a few contradictions. As evidence of a "raspy feeling" of an Eastern sportsman against the West generally, he cites vaguely a letter of a sportsman of Portland, Me., "also one from Franklin, Pa." which sum up two Eastern sportsmen, and who took occasion to tell the Westerner to "play in his own yard" if they didn't like

ON LONG ISLAND.

Thursday of this week is the date fixed upon for the contest between Dr. E. S. Carroll and Mr. E. C. Burkhardt, at Audubon Park, Buffalo, N. Y., for the Clinton Bidwell challenge trophy.

Interstate Association Rules.

The rules of the Interstate Association governing target and live-bird shooting are as follows:

Targets.

RULE 1.—REFEREE AND JUDGES.

Two judges and a referee, or a referee alone, shall be selected by the management or by the contestants in a match, whose decision shall be final.

RULE 2.—DUTIES OF THE REFEREE AND JUDGES.

The judges and referee, or the referee, if acting alone, shall see that the traps are properly set at the beginning of the match and kept in order to the finish. They, or he, shall endeavor to make the flight of the targets conform to the height and direction indicated in Rule 7. They, or he, shall test any trap upon application of a contestant at any time during the match by having a trial target thrown from that trap. They, or he, may at any time, and must do so when so requested by a contestant, select one or more cartridges from those of a shooter at the score and publicly test the same for proper loading. If the cartridge or cartridges are found to be loaded in violation of Rule 11 the shooter shall suffer the penalty imposed by the said rule.

RULE 3.—SCORING.

Section 1. A scorer shall be appointed by the management or by the contestants in a match, and his score thereof shall be the official one. All scores shall be plainly kept, a lost target being indicated by a cipher and a broken target by the figure 1.

Section 2. Whenever possible the score shall be kept on a blackboard, and in plain view of the shooters at the score; and the score thereon shall then be the official score. The score kept on paper for use in the cashier's department shall at all times be made to conform with the score on the blackboard.

RULE 4.—PULLER.

A puller shall be appointed by the management or by the contestants in a match, whose duty it shall be to pull or spring the traps the instant the shooter calls "Pull"; he shall be placed in such a position that he has an unobstructed view of the shooter at the score. Where the pulling is to be done according to an indicator for unknown traps, the puller shall be placed in such a position that the shooter at the score shall have no means of ascertaining by the puller's actions which trap will be sprung.

RULE 5.—PULLING THE TRAPS.

Section 1. The traps may be pulled from right to left or from left to right, as may be decided by the management.

Section 2. If the shooting is from known traps—that is, if a shooter knows which trap shall be sprung for him—he may refuse a target thrown from any other trap, but if he fires the result shall be a "no target," whether broken or missed.

Section 3. If the trap is sprung before or at any noticeable interval after a shooter has called "Pull," he can accept or refuse such target, but if he fires the result shall be scored.

Section 4. In any contest where the shooting is from unknown traps, the parties thereto may select some person who shall be placed by the management in such a position that he is able to see that the traps are sprung in accordance with the number designated by the indicator.

Section 5. When the shooting is from unknown traps, if the puller does not pull in accordance with the numbers designated by the indicator, or by dice (if used), or by any other method ordered by the management, he shall be removed and another substituted. Every target thrown from a trap thus wrongly pulled shall be a "no target," whether broken or lost.

RULE 6.—ARRANGEMENT OF TRAPS.

All matches shall be shot from three or from five traps, and all traps shall be set level and in a segment of a circle or in a straight line. When the traps are set in a segment of a circle, the radius of that circle shall be 16yds. In all cases the shooter's mark shall not be a less distance from each trap than that designated in Rule 9. The traps shall be not less than 3yds. nor more than 5yds. apart. The traps shall be numbered from left to right; that is, No. 1 shall be first trap on the left, and No. 2 the next trap to the right of it, and so on.

RULE 7.—ADJUSTING TRAPS.

Section 1. All traps must be adjusted to throw targets a distance not less than 40yds. nor more than 60yds. If any trap be found to be too weak to throw targets the required distance, a new trap or new spring that will do so must be substituted.

Section 2. The trap shall be so adjusted that the elevation of the target in its flight at a distance of 10yds. from the trap shall be not more than 12ft. nor less than 6ft.

Section 3. When shooting at known angles, the direction of the flight of the targets from each trap shall be: If only three traps are used, No. 1 shall throw a left-quartering target; No. 2 shall throw a straightaway target; No. 3 shall throw a right-quartering target. The angles of Nos. 1 and 3 shall be the same as those prescribed for Nos. 2 and 4, where five traps are used. If five traps are used, No. 1 trap shall throw a right-quartering target; No. 2 shall throw a left-quartering target; No. 3 shall throw a straightaway target; No. 4 shall throw a right-quartering target; No. 5 shall throw a left-quartering target. Traps Nos. 1 and 5 shall be adjusted to throw the targets so that their line of flight shall cross that of the straightaway target at a point not less than 10yds. nor more than 20yds. from No. 3. No. 2 shall be adjusted to throw targets so that their line of flight shall cross the line of targets thrown from No. 1 at a point not less than 5yds. nor more than 10yds. from No. 1. No. 4 shall be adjusted to throw targets so that their line of flight shall cross the line of targets thrown from No. 5 at a point not less than 5yds. nor more than 10yds. from No. 5.

Section 4.—After the traps have been adjusted to throw targets at the above angles, if the target for any reason shall take an entirely different course, it shall be declared a "no target," provided the shooter does not fire at it; but if he fires, the result must be scored. By an "entirely different course" is to be understood as follows: If the target ought to be a left-quarter, and it has any left-quartering tendency, it shall be considered a fair target; if the target ought to be a right-quarter, and it has any right-quartering tendency, it shall be considered a fair target; a straightaway may vary 45 degrees on each side of its correct flight. If, in the opinion of the referee, the target has taken "an entirely different course," that is to say, if it has gone outside of the above limits, he shall allow the shooter, provided he has not fired, another target from the same trap, if the shooting is from known traps; if from unknown traps, the shooter shall be given another target from a trap designated in the manner set forth in Rule 17, Section 3, when a target breaks in the trap when the shooting is under "expert rules."

RULE 8.—SCREENS.

Pits or screens, or both, may be used to hide the traps and trappers, but the screen should not be higher than is actually necessary to protect the trappers.

RULE 9.—THE RISE.

In single target shooting the rise shall be 16yds. for all guns. In double target shooting the rise shall be 14yds. for all guns.

RULE 10.—CALIBER AND WEIGHT OF GUN.

No gun of any caliber larger than a 10-bore shall be used. Weight of gun unlimited.

RULE 11.—LOADS.

The charge of powder is unlimited. The charge of shot shall not exceed 1½oz., any standard measure, struck. Any shooter using a larger quantity of shot shall forfeit his entrance money and right in the match. If, however, the management is of the opinion that the shooter has not willfully violated this rule, it may return to him his entrance money, provided it obtain the unanimous consent of all the contestants.

RULE 12.—LOADING GUNS.

No cartridges shall be placed in the gun until the shooter has taken his place at the score. In single target shooting only one cartridge shall be placed in the gun. All cartridges must be removed from the gun before the shooter leaves the score, and the shooter shall open his gun before turning away from the score. The penalty for violation of this rule shall be at the discretion of the referee, who, after warning the shooter, may, if the violation is persisted in, declare him to have forfeited his entrance fee and rights in the match.

RULE 13.—POSITION OF THE GUN.

Any the shooter may adopt.

RULE 14.—SINGLE TARGET SHOOTING.

If two targets are sprung at the same time, and the contestant does not shoot, he shall be allowed another target; but if he fires, the result shall be scored.

RULE 15.—DOUBLE TARGET SHOOTING.

Section 1. The traps shall be set to throw targets as provided in Rule 7, Sections 1, 2 and 3. Both traps must be pulled simultaneously; if in the opinion of the referee there is an appreciable interval between the springing of the two traps, and if the contestant does not fire, he shall be allowed another pair; but if he fires the result shall be scored. Each contestant shall shoot at three or five pairs consecutively before retiring. If three traps are used the first pair shall be thrown from Nos. 1 and 2; the second from Nos. 2 and 3; the third from Nos. 1 and 3; the fourth from Nos. 1 and 2; the fifth from Nos. 2 and 3. If five traps are used the first pair shall be thrown from Nos. 2 and 3; the second from Nos. 3 and 4; the third from Nos. 2 and 4; the fourth from Nos. 2 and 3; the fifth from Nos. 3 and 4.

Section 2. If only one target be thrown, it shall be declared "no target," whether broken or missed.

Section 3. If one target be a fair one and the other an imperfect target, it shall be declared "no targets," but if the shooter fires at an imperfect target, or targets, the result shall be scored.

Section 4. If a target be lost owing to any defect in the gun or load, causing a misfire, or if the shooter is interfered with or balked, or there is any other similar reason why it shall be done, the referee shall allow another pair.

Section 5. If both targets are broken by one barrel, it shall be declared "no targets." If the shooter fires both barrels intentionally at one target, it shall be scored "lost targets," but if the second barrel be fired simultaneously with the first barrel it shall be declared "no targets," provided the referee is satisfied that the second barrel was accidentally discharged.

Section 6. If the second target be lost through the safety bolt "jarring back," that target shall be declared a "lost target."

(By "jarring back" of the safety is meant that action of the safety bolt sometimes produced by the discharge of the first cartridge, the safety bolt going back to safe and rendering it impossible to fire the second cartridge without a readjustment of the safety bolt.)

RULE 16.—RAPID-FIRING SYSTEM.

When the rapid-firing system is used, there shall be a screen before each trap, on which shall appear the number of the trap, commencing from No. 1 on the left to No. 3 or 5 on the right, and each shooter shall stand at the score opposite the trap from which the target is to be thrown for him to shoot at. After he has shot at his first target he shall pass to the next score on his right and so continue until he reaches the end of the score, when he shall return to the score opposite No. 1 and continue as before until he has finished shooting. Where three traps are used four men shall be called to the score at the same time; the first three men on the score sheet shall face respectively Nos. 1, 2 and 3 traps; the fourth man shall take his stand in rear of No. 1 man, stepping up to the No. 1 score as soon as it is vacated. The fourth man is called the "pivot man."

(N. B.—As soon as the "pivot man" has taken No. 1's place, the man who has shot from No. 3 score shall walk up to No. 1 score and become the "pivot man" for the time being.)

Where five traps are used, the first five men on the score sheet face respectively Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 traps; No. 6 man is the "pivot man." The procedure with five traps is similar to that with three traps. Squads of five men instead of six may be formed; in such cases the five men shall stand in their respective positions and shall shoot as follows: In 10-target events, 2 targets at each position before moving to the next; in 15-target events, 3 targets before moving; in 20-target events, 4 targets before moving; in 25-target events, 5 targets before moving.

RULE 17.—KNOWN TRAPS AND KNOWN ANGLES.

Section 1. When the shooting is at known traps and known angles, the traps shall be adjusted to throw targets as provided in Rule 7. The method of shooting off events at this style of shooting shall be the same as that set forth in Rule 16.

KNOWN TRAPS AND UNKNOWN ANGLES.

Section 2. When the shooting is at known traps, unknown angles, the shooter shall know which trap is to be sprung for him, but shall not know which angle the target is to be thrown at from that trap. Referees shall see to it that the trappers change the flight of the targets frequently. At unknown angles, any target that is thrown behind the line of the screen may be refused by the shooter, and he shall be allowed another target; but if he fires the result shall be scored. The method of shooting off events at this style of shooting shall be the same as that set forth in Rule 16.

EXPERT RULES, RAPID FIRE.

Section 3. The traps shall be set to throw targets as provided in Rule 7. The shooters shall take their stands at the score in the manner prescribed for rapid firing in Rule 16. An indicator shall be used to decide the order in which the traps are to be pulled. When five traps are used, the shooter standing in front of No. 1 trap shall shoot at a target thrown from any of the five traps. The shooter in front of No. 2 shall shoot at a target thrown from any of the four remaining traps. The shooter in front of No. 3 shall shoot at a target thrown from any of the three remaining traps. The shooter in front of No. 4 shall shoot at a target thrown from either of the two remaining traps; while the shooter in front of No. 5 shall have the remaining trap pulled for him. As soon as No. 5 has shot, the "pivot man" shall shoot from No. 1 score at a target thrown as prescribed for the man in front of No. 1 and so on. When a target is broken by the trap, or there is a balk, and the shooter does not accept the target, he shall be awarded another target, the indicator being changed and a new combination designated. If the balk occurs when No. 1 is shooting, the procedure is the same as if there had been no balk. If it occurs when the man in front of No. 2 is shooting, the puller shall pull that trap whose number appears first in the new combination, provided it be not the number of the trap pulled for No. 1 man. If the balk occurs when the man in front of No. 3 is shooting, the puller shall pull the trap whose number appears first in the new combination, provided always that he does not pull either of the two traps already pulled for the men in front of Nos. 1 and 2. If the balk occurs when the man in front of No. 4 is shooting, the puller shall pull either of the two remaining traps according to the order in which the numbers of these two traps appear in the new combination. If the balk occurs when the man in front of No. 5 is shooting, the same trap shall be pulled, the man in front of No. 5 always knowing his trap. If at any time the shooter fires at an imperfect target the result shall be scored. As soon as all five traps have been pulled a new combination shall be designated by the indicator. When three traps are used the procedure is modified accordingly and is similar to that described above.

(Note.—In explanation of the above, suppose No. 1 has shot at a target from No. 2 trap, and No. 2 at a target from No. 5 trap, and a balk occurs when No. 3 is shooting. Say the combination was 2, 5, 4, 3, 1, and suppose the new one is 1, 2, 5, 4, 3. No. 3 will get No. 1 trap, No. 4 will get No. 4 trap and No. 5 will get No. 3 trap, unless another balk occurs and another combination is brought into play. The combination is always changed as soon as the shooter at No. 5 has fired.)

EXPERT RULES, ONE MAN UP.

Section 4. The traps shall be set to throw targets as provided in Rule 7. The shooter shall take his position at the score in front of No. 3 trap. The puller shall pull the traps as directed in Section 3 of this Rule (Rule 17), precisely as if six men were at the score. In the case of imperfect targets or balks the puller shall pull the traps as ordered in Section 3 of this rule, where it relates to balks, each man at the score firing at a target thrown from each of the five traps before retiring, and always knowing his last trap. If a shooter fires at an imperfect target the result shall be scored. When three traps are used the shooter stands in front of No. 2 trap and shoots at 3 targets before retiring. In all other respects the procedure is similar to that for five traps.

EXPERT RULES—UNKNOWN TRAPS AND ANGLES.

Section 5. The traps shall throw targets at unknown angles within the limits prescribed in Rule 7, and in Section 2 of this rule (Rule 17). The procedure, if the shooting be rapid fire, shall be the same as ordered in Section 3 of this rule (Rule 17). If the shooting be one man up, the traps shall be pulled as ordered in Section 4 of this rule (Rule 17). If a shooter accepts an imperfect target, the result shall be scored. Where three traps are used the procedure is similar to that for five traps.

REVERSED ORDER.

Section 6. The trap shall be adjusted to throw targets as provided in Rule 7. The man in front of No. 1 trap shall shoot at a target thrown from No. 5; the man in front of No. 2 shall shoot at a target thrown from No. 4; the man in front of No. 3 shall shoot at a target thrown from No. 3; the man in front of No. 4 shall shoot at a target thrown from No. 2, and the man in front of No. 5 shall shoot at a target thrown from No. 1. If the shooter fires at an imperfect target the result shall be scored.

(N. B.—Sometimes, to make the shooting a little harder, it has

been found advisable to adjust Nos. 2, 3 and 4 traps to throw targets at unknown angles, and this system is strongly recommended.)

RULE 18.—CLASS SHOOTING.

All shooting shall be class shooting unless otherwise stated. (Class shooting provides that all shooters tied for first place shall receive their pro rata share of first money; all those tied for second place shall receive their pro rata share of second money, and so in all other places, third, etc.)

Any shooter in a tie for either of the moneys may withdraw his pro rata share of that money, unless the programme prescribes that all ties shall be shot off.

RULE 19.—BROKEN TARGETS.

A target to be scored to the shooter must have a perceptible piece broken from it while in the air. A "dusted" target shall not be scored to the shooter. No target can be retrieved for shot marks. If a target be broken by a trap the shooter shall be allowed another target, but if he fires the result shall be scored.

RULE 20.—ALLOWING ANOTHER TARGET.

Section 1. The shooter shall be allowed another target for any of the following reasons: 1. For a target broken by the trap. 2. For any defect in the gun or load causing a misfire. [The failure to cock the gun or properly adjust the "safety" is considered to be the result of the shooter's own carelessness, and shall not be considered as a defect in the gun or load; a target lost under these conditions shall be scored "lost."] 3. If the contestant is interfered with, or balked, or there is any other similar reason why it should be done, the referee may allow another target.

(N. B.—The "jarring back" of the safety is not considered a defect of the gun.)

Section 2. When the shooting is at known traps, the shooter shall have another target from the same trap; but if the shooting is at unknown traps he shall be allowed a target from some trap, as provided in Rule 17, Sections 3, 4 and 5.

RULE 21.—LOST TARGETS.

Targets shall be scored "lost" for any of the following reasons: If the shooter fails to load or cock his gun, or to properly adjust its "safety," or pulls the wrong trigger.

RULE 22.—MISFIRE.

When a cartridge placed in either the right or left barrel apparently fails to explode when the trigger is pulled, the shooter must on no account open his gun, but shall hand it to the referee, whose duty it shall be to try both triggers without previously opening the gun to cock it. If the cartridge be then exploded the shooter shall be awarded a "lost" target, but if the referee shall find that the proper trigger has been pulled, and that the cartridge has failed to explode through no fault of the shooter, he shall allow another target, as provided in Rule 20, Section 2. Any shooter who shall open his gun after a misfire, instead of handing it unopened to the referee for his inspection, shall be awarded a "lost" target.

RULE 23.—FAILURE TO EXTRACT IN A REPEATING SHOTGUN.

In double target shooting, or in events where "both barrels" are allowed, when a shell cannot be extracted from the chamber of a repeating shotgun for either of the following reasons, the shooter shall be allowed another target: 1. When the brass head of the shell pulls away from the paper, leaving the empty shell in the chamber and preventing the loading of the gun from the magazine. 2. When the extractor, although apparently in good order, passes the shell and leaves it in the chamber, preventing the loading of the gun from the magazine. In either of the above cases the referee shall allow another target, as if there had been a misfire. The shooter must, however, immediately upon the failure to extract and without attempting again to remove the empty shell from the chamber, hand his gun to the referee for his inspection. (The failure to comply with this provision shall be treated as a violation of Rule 22, and shall be penalized as such.) Nothing in this rule shall be construed as empowering a referee to ward another target for either of the following reasons. 1. When the shell, although extracted from the chamber, has not been ejected from the gun. 2. When the feeding of a cartridge from the magazine has been blocked by the use of a shell too long for the chamber of the gun. 3. When the referee is satisfied that the shooter is using reloaded ammunition. In all such cases the referee must decide that it is the shooter's fault, and the result of the shot shall be scored.

RULE 24.—ANNOUNCING THE SCORE.

Section 1. The result of each shot shall be announced plainly, and it shall be called back by the scorer each time. The call for a broken target shall be "Dead"; for a lost target the call shall be "Lost."

Section 2. When two judges and a referee are serving, one of the judges shall announce the result of each shot distinctly, the scorer answering him accordingly each time. If the other judge disagrees with the decision of the judge calling, he shall make his protest at once, before another shot is fired, and the referee shall then give his decision, which shall be final. In case of another target being thrown before the referee's decision has been made, the target so thrown shall be a "no target," whether broken or lost.

Section 3. At the close of each shooter's score the result of it must be announced. If claimed to be wrong, the error, if any, must be corrected at once.

RULE 25.—TIE SHOOTING.

Section 1. All ties shall be shot off at the original distance, and as soon after the match as practicable, at the following number of targets:

(a) Ties on Single Targets.—In single target matches of 25 targets or less, on three traps at 3 targets, and on five traps at 5 targets; in matches of less than 50 targets and more than 25 targets, on three traps at 6 targets, and on five traps at 10 targets; in matches of over 50 targets, on three traps at 15 targets, and on five traps at 25 targets.

(b) Ties on Double Targets.—In double target matches of 10 pairs or less, ties shall be shot off at 3 pairs; in matches of more than 10 pairs, at 5 pairs. Unless otherwise stated by the management and so understood prior to the commencement of the match, the targets in the shoot-off shall be thrown as provided in Rule 15.

(c) Ties in Handicap Events.—All ties for trophies shall be shot off at 25 targets per man. In 100-target events each contestant in the tie shall receive in the shoot-off one-fourth his original handicap allowance and no more. In 50-target events, one-half. In 25-target events, ties shall be shot off under the original conditions. Thus, suppose in a 100-target event A received 11 extra targets, in the shoot-off he could only receive 2, as the odd targets could not be divided, and so on.

RULE 26.—SHOOTING OUT OF TURN.

When a shooter fires out of turn, the target so fired at shall be a "no target," whether broken or missed. When two shooters fire simultaneously at the same target that target shall be declared a "no target," whether broken or missed.

RULE 27.—SHOOTER AT THE SCORE.

In all contests the shooter must be at the score within three minutes after his name is called to shoot, or he forfeits his right in the match.

RULE 28.—FORBIDDEN SHOOTING.

No shooting will be permitted on the shooting grounds other than at the score. If there be no inclosure, no shooting shall be permitted within 10yds. of the score without the consent of the management.

RULE 29.—RIGHT TO REFUSE ENTRANCE.

The management may refuse to accept the entrance of any shooter guilty of ungentlemanly conduct, or who "drops for place."

Special Rules for Shooting under the Sergeant System, or with any Form of Magazine Trap.

RULE 1.

Section 1. The trap shall be set in a pit, properly screened, and the shooting scores laid out in a segment of a circle with a radius of 16yds. The scores shall be 3 or 5yds. apart, and numbered from No. 1 on the left to No. 5 on the right.

Section 2. Where three traps are arranged on the Sergeant system, they shall be placed 1½yds. apart behind a suitable screen. Under the Sergeant system no shooter should know which trap is to be pulled for him.

RULE 2.

The trap or traps shall be set to throw targets a distance of

not less than 40yds. or more than 60yds., so that the elevation of the target in its flight at a distance of 10yds. from the trap shall not be less than 6ft. or more than 12ft. from the ground.

RULE 3.

If for any reason, after the trap or traps have been properly adjusted, the target should not fly the proper height or distance, it shall be considered a fair target—provided it flies high enough and far enough, in the opinion of the referee, to offer a fair shot to the contestant.

RULE 4.

To insure targets being thrown the same distance, three or more pegs should be placed in a semi-circle in front of the trap or traps, at a distance of 50yds. therefrom. If, in the opinion of the referee, the targets are being thrown more than 10yds. beyond or more than 10yds. short of these pegs, the referee shall instruct the trapper to be more careful.

RULE 5.

In rapid-fire shooting, squads of five men may be formed. Contestants may shoot in rotation, from one to five, and each one may shoot at 2 targets in a 10, 3 in a 15, 4 in a 20, and 5 in a 25-target event, and then all shall move up one position. In this way each contestant shall shoot at an equal number of targets from each of the different positions.

[Other points are covered by previous rules on target shooting.]

Live Birds.

RULE 1.—REFEREE.

A referee shall be appointed by the contestants in a match, or by the management, whose decision shall be final.

RULE 2.—DUTIES OF REFEREE.

The referee shall see that the traps are properly set at the beginning of the match and kept in order to the finish, and that they are kept properly filled. He may at any time, and must, when so requested by a contestant, select one or more cartridges from those of a shooter at the score, and publicly test the same for proper loading. If the cartridge or cartridges be found to be improperly loaded, the shooter shall suffer the penalty provided in Rule 18.

RULE 3.—SCORER.

A scorer shall be appointed by the contestants in a match, or by the management, whose score shall be the official one. All scores shall be plainly kept, and the scoring of a lost bird shall be indicated with a cipher, and of a dead bird by the figure 1 if one barrel only is used, or by the figure 2 if both barrels are used.

RULE 4.—PULLER.

Section 1. A puller shall be appointed by the contestants in a match or by the management, and he shall be placed at least 6ft. behind the shooter's score. It shall be the puller's duty to pull the traps instantly after the shooter has called "Pull." He shall use a trap pulling indicator, or other device that may be furnished by the management for that purpose, and he shall pull the trap so indicated. He shall also use his best endeavors to conceal from a shooter at the score the trap that is to be pulled for him. The contestants in a match may appoint a judge, who shall be entitled to see that the puller pulls the traps as indicated. Should the puller not pull in accordance with the indicator he shall be removed and another puller substituted.

Section 2. All traps must be filled before the shooter calls "Pull." Should a trap be left unfilled, and should one of the contestants fire at a bird from one of the other traps, and kill it, such bird shall be declared a "no bird," but if he miss it it shall be declared a "lost bird."

Section 3. If more than one bird be liberated when shooting at single birds, the shooter may call "no bird," but if he shoots the result shall be scored. Both barrels must be fired at the same bird if the second barrel is required.

Section 4. The shooter, when he is at his score ready to shoot, shall give the caution, "Are you ready?" to the puller, who shall answer back, "Ready." The shooter shall then call "Pull" clearly and distinctly. Should the trap be pulled without the proper word being given, or should it not be pulled promptly after the word has been given, the shooter may accept the bird or not, but if he fires the result must be scored.

Section 5. The puller shall not pull the trap until the trapper and the dog (if one be used for retrieving dead birds) are back in their places, even should the shooter call "Pull."

RULE 5.—ARRANGEMENT OF TRAPS.

All matches shall be shot from five ground traps, placed 5yds. apart, in the segment of a circle. The radius of the circle shall be 30yds., and the central point of that circle shall be the 30yds. score (or mark). All other scores of a less distance shall be measured from this point along an imaginary line drawn directly toward No. 3 trap; for distances greater than 30yds. the imaginary line above mentioned shall be continued behind the 30yds. score, and the distances marked off on it. The traps shall be numbered from left to right, No. 1 being the trap on the extreme left and No. 5 the trap on the extreme right.

(Note.—A ground trap is one that lies flat with the surface of the ground when open, and gives the bird its natural flight when starting.)

RULE 6.—THE RISE.

In all events, unless otherwise stated, the rise shall be: 30yds. for 10-bore guns; 28yds. for 12-bore guns; 26yds. for 14 and 16-bore guns; 25yds. for 20-bore guns.

RULE 7.—BOUNDARY.

Section 1. The boundary for both single and double bird shooting shall be a segment of a circle, 50yds. in diameter, and a dead line. The circle shall be drawn from the center trap, it shall terminate where it joins the dead line on each side of the shooter's score. The dead line, unless otherwise provided for by the management, shall be a line drawn at a distance of 33yds. from the center trap, and at right angles to a line drawn from the shooter's score to the center trap.

Section 2. When a boundary is marked by stakes set in the ground or by flags, or by any other method not showing a continuous segment of a circle, the boundary shall be considered to be imaginary straight lines drawn from each of such stakes or flags to the one nearest it on either side.

Section 3. Should any portion of the bird be on the line or touching it, such bird shall be declared a "dead bird" and shall be scored as such. (This section does not apply where the boundary line is marked by a fence or strip of wire netting.) A bird once over the fence or outside the wire netting is a "lost bird."

Section 4. When the boundary line is marked by a fence or wire netting, a bird shall be scored a "lost bird" when it reaches the top of that fence or wire netting and perches on it. (It shall not be necessary for the bird to close its wings after reaching the top of such fence and perching on it before being declared a "lost bird.") A bird once over the boundary is a "lost bird."

RULE 8.—BIRDS REFUSING TO FLY.

Section 1. When a bird refuses to fly on the trap being pulled, such artificial means as may be provided by the management for that purpose may be used to start it, by direction of the referee. A bird hit with a missile or held by the trap shall be declared a "no bird" by the referee. The shooter may declare a bird that refuses to fly when the trap is pulled a "no bird."

Section 2. A bird that has been "on the wing" cannot be called a "no bird" by the shooter, but he may fire at it on the ground with the intention of making it a "no bird." If the bird so fired at is gathered within bounds, it shall be declared a "no bird," but if it escapes after being fired at, it shall be declared a "lost bird." (A referee should always, in doubtful cases, inform the shooter whether the bird has been "on the wing" or not.)

Section 3. It shall be the referee's duty at all times to call "no bird" when, in his opinion, such bird is incapable of proper flight, whether it has been "on the wing" or not. He shall also call all birds that walk in 1yd. from the trap toward the shooter's score "no bird," whether they have been "on the wing" or not. All birds called "no birds" by the referee shall not be charged against the shooter.

RULE 9.—GATHERING BIRDS.

A bird to be scored dead must be gathered within bounds before another bird is shot at, and within two minutes' time after it has touched the ground, by a dog or by the shooter, or by any person appointed by the shooter for that purpose. No extraneous means shall be used in gathering the bird, and only one person shall be allowed to gather any bird. If the gatherer cannot locate the bird he may be directed to its location by the referee or some person whom the referee shall appoint for that purpose. Where a dog is used for retrieving birds, if the dog cannot locate the bird the time limit shall not be considered to have commenced until the referee has directed the handler of the

dog to call the dog in. Then, as soon as the dog has returned to his handler, the shooter or some person designated by him shall go to gather the bird, and the time limit of two minutes shall commence from the time the dog returned to its handler. In case of a dog "pointing," the referee shall have power to send a man to gather the bird, and to extend the time limit.

RULE 10.—BIRDS KILLED ON THE GROUNDS.

A bird killed on the ground with a first barrel is a "no bird." A bird may be killed on the ground with the second barrel, if the first barrel is fired while the bird is on the wing. If a bird is shot at on the ground with the first barrel, he may use his second barrel, but such bird, if gathered, is a "no bird"; if lost it is a "lost bird."

RULE 11.—MUTILATING BIRDS.

No mutilation of birds shall be allowed. If it is proved to the referee that any contestant or agent of his has violated this rule or is a party to such violation the referee shall declare all the rights of such contestant in the match to be forfeited.

RULE 12.—OUT OF BOUNDS.

A bird once out of bounds is a "lost bird." Should, however, the boundary be marked by a fence and a bird escape through any opening in that fence, it shall be a "no bird," if in the opinion of the referee it could not have flown over. The word "opening" shall be taken to mean any opening, whether permanent or otherwise.

RULE 13.—BIRDS SHOT AT BY ANOTHER PERSON.

If a bird that has been shot at by a shooter shall be shot at by another man before it has been out of bounds, the referee shall decide whether, in his opinion such shooting has deprived the man at the score of a bird that might have been scored as a "dead bird"; if he is of such opinion it shall be declared "no bird," and the shooter shall be allowed another bird; if he is not of such opinion, it shall be declared a "lost bird."

RULE 14.—SHOOTING FROM A SCORE OTHER THAN THE PROPER ONE.

If any shooter shoots at a distance nearer than his proper score, the bird, if killed is a "no bird," but if lost it is a "lost bird." But if the shooter should shoot at any distance exceeding his proper score, the bird if missed shall be a "lost bird"; if killed it shall be a "dead bird"; but should the shooter, by direction of the referee or scorer, shoot at any distance greater than his proper score, the bird if killed shall be a "dead bird," but if lost a "no bird."

RULE 15.—SIMULTANEOUS DISCHARGE OF BOTH BARRELS.

If, in shooting at a bird, both barrels should be simultaneously discharged, it shall be called a "no bird," whether killed or missed. [It should be understood that the word "simultaneous" covers the case in which the discharge of one barrel "jars off" the other barrel.]

RULE 16.—SHOOTING OUT OF TURN.

Should a shooter shoot out of turn, the result of the shot shall be scored, provided he has otherwise complied with the rules governing the match. A referee may, whenever he deems it advisable for the purpose of saving time, call up any shooter to the score, whether it be such shooter's turn to shoot or not.

RULE 17.—POSITION OF THE GUN.

Any the shooter may adopt.

RULE 18.—LOADS.

The charge of powder shall be unlimited. The charge of shot shall not exceed 1½oz., any standard measure, struck. Any shooter using a larger quantity of shot shall forfeit his entrance money and rights in the match. If, however, the management is of the opinion that the shooter has not willfully violated this rule, it may return to him his entrance money, provided it obtain the unanimous consent of all the contestants.

RULE 19.—CALIBER AND WEIGHT OF GUN.

No gun of larger caliber than a 10-bore shall be used. Weight of gun unlimited.

RULE 20.—LOADING GUNS.

Cartridges must not be placed in the gun until after the shooter is at the score. Cartridges must be removed from the gun before the shooter leaves the score. If any shooter, after being warned by the referee, shall continue to violate this rule, the referee is empowered to declare all such shooter's rights in the match to be forfeited.

RULE 21.—LEAVING THE SCORE.

Section 1. A shooter having fired his first barrel and left the score cannot return to the score to fire his second barrel.

Section 2. A shooter having fired his first barrel, and having opened his gun, cannot close his gun again for the purpose of firing his second barrel.

RULE 22.—GUN NOT COCKED.

If the gun is not cocked or the safety not properly adjusted and the bird escapes, it shall be scored a "lost bird."

RULE 23.—MISFIRES.

Section 1. Whenever a cartridge misfires or apparently misfires, the shooter must on no account open his gun, but shall hand it to the referee for his inspection, and it shall be the referee's duty to try both triggers without having previously opened the gun for the purpose of cocking it. Should the cartridge which the shooter says has misfired be exploded, the bird shall be declared a "lost bird." If a shooter opens his gun before handing it to the referee, the bird shall be declared a "lost bird."

Section 2. Misfires with Right Barrel.—If the shooter's gun misfires with the right barrel, and he does not fire the second barrel, he shall be allowed another bird. But if the shooter's gun misfires with the first barrel and he uses the second barrel and misses the bird such bird must be scored a "lost bird," but if the bird be killed with the second barrel while on the wing, it shall be scored a "dead bird."

Section 3. If a misfire occurs with the second barrel, the shooter shall have another bird, using a full charge of powder only in the first barrel. He must, however, put the gun to his shoulder and discharge the blank cartridge in the direction of the bird, and the bird must be on the wing when such blank cartridge is discharged.

RULE 24.—FAILURE TO EXTRACT IN A REPEATING SHOTGUN.

When a shell cannot be extracted from the chamber of a repeating shotgun for either of the following reasons, the shooter shall be allowed another bird, as provided in Section 3 of Rule 23: 1. When the brass head of the shell pulls away from the paper, preventing the reloading of the chamber from the magazine. 2. When the extractor, although in apparently good condition, fails to extract the empty shell from the chamber.

(N. B.—Nothing in this rule shall be construed as empowering the referee to allow another bird if he is satisfied that the shooter is using reloaded ammunition.)

RULE 25.—SHOOTER AT THE SCORE.

In all contests the shooter must be at the score within three minutes after his name has been called for him to shoot or he forfeits his rights in the match.

RULE 26.—BALK.

If a shooter is distinctly balked or interfered with by any opponent or a spectator, or by the trapper, whether by accident or design, or if there be any other similar reason why it should be done, the referee may allow him another bird, but the "balk" should be very palpable to be allowed by the referee.

RULE 27.—ANNOUNCING SCORE.

The referee shall announce the result of each shot distinctly, and it shall be called back by the scorer. At the close of each shooter's score the result must be announced, and if claimed to be wrong, the error, if any, must be corrected at once.

RULE 28.—TIE SHOOTING.

All ties shall be shot off at the original distance and as soon after the close of the match as practicable, at the following number of birds: In matches of 10 birds or less, at 3 birds; in matches of 11 to 25 birds, inclusive, at 5 birds; in matches of 26 to 50 birds, inclusive, at 10 birds; in matches of 51 to 100 birds, inclusive, at 25 birds. If in a series of matches the result be a tie, such ties shall be shot off at the original number of birds.

RULE 29.—CLASS SHOOTING.

All shooting shall be class shooting unless otherwise stated. (Class shooting provides that all shooters tied for first place shall

receive their pro rata share of first money; all shooters tied for second place shall receive their pro rata share of second money; all those tied for third place, etc.) Any shooter in a tie for either of the moneys may withdraw his pro rata share of that money unless the programme prescribes that all ties shall be shot off.

RULE 30.—BIRDS RETRIEVED BY DOGS.

When a dog is used to retrieve dead birds, the bird shall be scored a "dead bird" when the dog has had it in his mouth; if a man retrieves, the bird shall be scored a "dead bird" when he has had it in his hands.

RULE 31.—DOGS ESCAPING FROM HANDLER.

Should a dog that is being used for retrieving escape from the handler, or be let go before the shooter has opened his gun or called "Dog," and the bird escapes from within the boundary, the shooter may have another bird, provided the referee is of the opinion that the bird would have been gathered within the time limit if the dog had not been so released or escaped from its handler.

RULE 32.—SHOOTER TO CALL MAN OR DOG.

The shooter after firing must call "Man" or "Dog"; should he fail to do so, the opening of his gun shall be considered as a signal by the handler to let the dog go.

RULE 33.—BIRD LOST THROUGH NEGLIGENCE OF SHOOTER.

If the shooter advances to the mark and orders the trap to be pulled and does not shoot at the bird, or his gun is not properly loaded, or does not go off owing to his own negligence, the bird must be scored as a "lost bird."

RULE 34.—SHOOTER'S FEET AT THE SCORE.

The shooter's feet shall be behind his shooting mark until after his gun is discharged.

RULE 35.—ENDANGERING PERSON OR PROPERTY.

If a bird shall fly so that to shoot at it would endanger any person or property, it shall not be shot at, and the referee shall allow another bird.

RULE 36.—FORBIDDEN SHOOTING.

No shooting shall be permitted within the inclosure other than at the score; and in case there is no inclosure, no shooting shall be permitted within 200yds. of the score, except by those at the score, without the consent of the management.

RULE 37.—UNFINISHED MATCHES.

In case of darkness or unfavorable conditions of weather putting a stop to a match before it has been finished, such match shall be carried over to some date within two weeks of the date of the match, to be mutually agreed upon by the parties to the match. Should the parties to the match fail to agree upon date, the referee shall name date and hour for continuing the match. Such date and hour to be within the prescribed limits. Either of the parties failing to appear on the date and at the hour set, shall be adjudged loser of the match and shall forfeit all his rights in the same.

RULE 38.—MAKING CLAIMS UNDER THE RULES.

All claims under the rules must be made before the succeeding shot has been fired.

The Handicap Committee.

NEW YORK, Feb. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Interstate Association has appointed the following committee to award handicaps for the Grand American Handicap of 1899, which takes place at Elkwood Park, N. J., April 11-13 next: Jacob Pentz, Bernard Waters, New York city; Will K. Park, Philadelphia, Pa.; W. R. Hobart, Newark, N. J.; Hon. T. A. Marshall, Keithsburg, Ill.; T. A. Divine, Memphis, Tenn.; Elmer E. Shaner, Pittsburg, Pa. The committee will meet at the Astor House, New York city, on Thursday, April 6, two days after the closing of entries.

EDWARD BANKS,
Secretary-Treasurer.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications.

C. E. S., Schenectady, N. Y.—For cocker spaniels address New-castle Kennels, Brookline, Mass.

H. A., New York.—Can you inform us where we can purchase bull pups? Ans. See reply to G. E. T., Baltimore.

R. R., Wallingford, Conn.—In respect to the address of breeders of Great Danes see answer to similar query in this department.

C. A. D., Welch, W. Va.—Please furnish me with the address of breeders of bull terriers. Ans. See answer to G. E. T., Baltimore.

Sinnaker.—Mr. Chas. Hallock writes: "I don't know what a sinnaker bear is, unless it is negro for cinnamon. But the Hyde county bears are jet black in prime coat." Can any reader give us the meaning of the word "sinnaker" as applied to bears in North Carolina?

C. A., Atlanta.—The rules governing the Grand American Handicap will be published in *FOREST AND STREAM* next week. The programme will not be ready before March 1. We have no knowledge of any arrangement for reduced rates with the railroads. Address, Mr. Edward Banks, Secretary-Treasurer, Interstate Association, 318 Broadway, New York.

Flying Fish.—Can you inform me as to the maximum size which flying fish attain? I have a pair of wings which I cut from a fish which flew on board ship in which I was a passenger. They measured on the fish full 17in., tip to tip, and the fish almost exactly the same length. Is this large or only ordinary? Ans. The Atlantic flying fish in West Indian waters attains a length of nearly a foot, and a breadth between wing tips of 11in. The California species attains a length of 16in. to 17in.

G. E. T., Baltimore, Md.—Will you give me the address of several parties who have high-bred beagles for sale? Ans. We regret that we cannot give you definite information on the subject. When breeders neglect to keep us informed in respect to the stock they have for sale, we are without the necessary information concerning it.

Aquarium.—It has been suggested that you will be able to decide some points as below outlined, and would be obliged if you would answer same in your next issue:

First is, that there are more varieties of fish off New York (meaning possibly within a radius of fifty miles) than there are off the city of Naples, Italy.

Second is, that there are 100 more varieties lower class fish in the Naples aquarium than there are in the New York Aquarium.

Third is, that there are more varieties in the Bay of Naples of fish not here than there are varieties here of fish not there. Ans. The first proposition must be answered in the negative. By the term "off New York" we understand that marine fishes are to be considered. The number of kinds of marine fishes recorded from Long Island and the adjacent waters is 200. Naples, according to the most recent catalogue by Dr. Carus, has 310 species of fishes. The fish fauna of the Mediterranean is marvelously rich, and the Bay of Naples is merely an arm of the Mediterranean.

The second statement is correct if by "lower class fish" be intended the shellfish, crustaceans, starfish and their allies, sponges, corals, and numerous other animals without backbone, which inhabit the Bay of Naples, and may be found in the catalogue of the Naples aquarium. The New York Aquarium has published no catalogue, and its collections are not labeled, but it does not contain a large number of kinds of the lower forms of marine life as compared with the aquarium at Naples.

The third proposition is true—the Bay of Naples contains a far greater variety of fishes than the whole coast of Long Island and adjacent waters, and there are comparatively few kinds that are common to the two contrasted regions.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

THE Osgood Folding Boat Co., of Battle Creek, Michigan, whose advertisement is found in another column, were one of the first concerns in the country to make folding boats, and the product of their factory has been found on many waters. The rapid and wide extension of this business is a remarkable feature of the use of canoes in this country, where the canvas boat now threads all the waters on which the birch canoe of the savage used to pass.—*Adv.*

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO.

TERMS, \$4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. }
SIX MONTHS, \$2. }

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1899.

{ VOL. LII.—No. 7.
{ No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, \$4 per year, \$2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iv.

The Forest and Stream Platform Plank.

"The sale of game should be forbidden at all seasons."
—FOREST AND STREAM, Feb. 3, 1894.

This digression up the Kansas was undertaken by Lisa to form new connections with the Indians, to trade and take game, in all which he succeeded to his expectations. During this trip I witnessed, for the first time in my life, with painful sensations the wide and wanton destruction of game merely to procure skins; and so much disgusted was I, on seeing the buffalo carcasses strewn over the ground in a half-putrified state, that my reluctance to fulfill my engagements was so much increased as to occasion me to reflect seriously on absconding from the party. —John D. Hunter, "Manners and Customs of Several Indian Tribes Located west of the Mississippi." Philadelphia, 1823.

THE BIRDS AND THE STORM.

THE great storm of last Sunday and Monday was the fiercest and coldest with which the Atlantic States have been afflicted since that of 1888. It was terrific both in its force and volume. For a week previous the thermometer dallied near the zero point, and there were a few snowstorms, thought to be so at the time at least, but which, compared with the blizzard of Sunday and Monday, were mere mild weather disturbances. The blizzard raged steadily for hours, and gradually conquered all the efforts of the world of commerce to prevail against it. The heavy snowfall, driven with stinging force before the gale, seemed to fly parallel with the earth's surface where there were no obstacles in its course; in other places it swirled about swiftly in fantastic eddies, chased up the sides of high buildings, or settled into deep drifts wherever the wind would let it rest. With it came untold hardship and suffering to men on sea and land. Great ships came in with such cloaks of ice that their lines and appearance were more those of an iceberg than of a graceful, shapely craft designed by man. The traffic of the great railroads was either partially or wholly suspended. The commerce of New York for a time was little short of complete inaction. The food and fuel supply was seriously cut off for a time, which brought want to the doors of the great class of workers whose means permit them to live only from day to day. Truckmen and many others dependent on traffic for their employment could not work, though willing to do so. In consequence the charity organizations were overwhelmed with applications from the needy; and sadder still, many, who could not adequately protect themselves from the fury of the storm, perished. And doubtless, too, there was relatively the same amount of suffering everywhere within the area of the storm. It could not be otherwise with such fierce gales and steady snowfall and deadly cold in earth and air. Humanity, however, set its forces in action to relieve the distress of the suffering and needy.

But in the woods and fields, exposed to all the inclemency of the storm, are the game birds. To them a certain degree of cold is endurable and they can also withstand the pangs of hunger to a certain degree; but, as with man, there is a limit to their endurance. In such a storm, shelter and a food supply are essential to their existence. In ordinary winter weather they can care for themselves. The struggle for existence has many more serious problems for them than it has for mankind. To them, now, one practical act of assistance is worth all the theorizing in the world. He who, with some old rails or limbs of trees, hay, brush, or rubbish, makes a good tight lean-to or any kind of snug-harbor within which they can find shelter, and therein leaves some corn, oats, wheat, buckwheat, or other grain for food, is more of a real game protector than are all the others who can do some practical good, but who do not do it. Sportsmen in the city, who have favorite nooks and corners wherein they are wont to seek the quail and ruffed grouse in proper season, have farmer friends who would be glad

for a small consideration to put some food in the haunts of the birds, the aforesaid nooks and corners, and thereby aid in their preservation as much as lies within the powers of man. The practical game preserver at this season is far ahead of the theoretical one. A sheaf of grain is worth a whole haystack of talk.

This suffering of the game birds is not confined to any locality. From Texas and Louisiana and Florida on the south, to the Canadian boundary on the north, the same conditions prevail, the same suffering is inevitable and the same loss probable. The only encouraging fact in connection with the heavy snowfall is that, in most localities, the snow was light and powdery instead of being wet and heavy, as was the case in the memorable blizzard of 1888. On the other hand, the furious wind which blew for days pounded and packed the drifts into masses more or less cohesive, through which the birds can make their way to the surface, if at all, only with difficulty, slowly and by continued effort. Even after they have freed themselves from their prison, the danger of starvation must yet be faced.

Sportsmen have therefore every reason to fear a very great diminution in the country's supply of quail next season. This is likely to be much greater in the South than in the North, for the Southern birds know little of cold or snow such as they have experienced this season. They are much less hardy than our Northern birds, and succumb much more easily to rigors of climate to which they are unaccustomed.

WINTER.

WHEN the fire of youth has burned out and the ashes of age lie in a gray drift on the smoldering embers, one shivers instinctively at the name of winter. In imagination we already see the dreary desolation of the earth, stripped of its mantle of greenness and bloom and ripe fruitage, ready to don the white robe for dreamless sleep.

Gradually the change comes, the glory of autumn passes away, the brown leaves drift and waver to the earth, the summer birds fly southward to lands of perennial leaf and blossom, and leave to us but the memory of song in a desolate silent land, when the brooks must sing only to themselves under crystal roofs, and you only know they are singing by the beads of elastic pearl that round and lengthen and break into many beads as they slip along the braided current.

There are only the moaning of the wind among the hills and the rustle of withered leaves along the dun earth. A week ago it was full of life—now there is only desolation and death, yet so imperceptibly have these come that we know not when the other ceased, and we are not appalled. Then comes the miracle of snow, the gray sky blossoms into a white shower of celestial petals, that bloom again on withered stem and bough and shrub until the gray and tawny world is transformed to universal purity, and behold another miracle. Where there was no life are now abundant signs of it, the silent record of many things. Mouse, weasel and squirrel, hare, skunk and fox have written the plain story of their nightly wanderings; red-poll, bunting, crow and grouse have embroidered the history of their alighting and their terrestrial journeying on the same white page. And lo, the jay of many voices proclaims his presence, the chickadee lisps his brief song, the nuthatch blows his reedy clarinet, a white flock of snow buntings drift by with a creaking twitter like the sound of floating ice, a crow sounds his raucous trumpet, the ruffed grouse thunders his swift departure in a shower of dislodged snow, the woodpecker drums a merry tattoo, a fox barks huskily among the rugged defiles of the hills, and far away is sounded the answering challenge of a hound, and under the stars the screech owl's quavering call is heard and the storm-boding, sonorous warning of his solemn big brother of the double crest, punctuated by the resonant crack of frost-strained trees.

What beauty that lies hidden under summer leaves is revealed now in the graceful tracery of pearl enameled branch and twig, on gray trunks embossed with moss and lichen, on bent stems of tawny grass and frond of withered fern, how the uncouth ruggedness of common things is clothed and beautified by the charitable mantle of the snow, what curves and shadows in the immaculate folds.

By day and by night, in sunlight and in moonlight, a

dome of purest azure, now pale, now dark, canopies a world of purest white and purest shadow, or earth and sky are blurred in the wild grandeur of a winter storm. Surely the beauty of the world lives even amid the death of winter—it is not death, but beautiful sleep, broken at times by spasms of terrified dreams, followed by profounder sleep.

SKYLARKS.

MR. EDMUND ORGILL, of Tennessee, whom many of the field sportsmen of the eighties will remember as the owner of Orgill's Rush, has an ambition to introduce into his part of the Union the English skylark. His home is in the western part of the State, so convenient to Mississippi that "it's all one"; and the presumption is that the birds would thrive there. Can Mr. Alex. Starbuck or other member of the Cuvier Club tell us what became of the skylarks imported some years ago by German-American citizens of that city? and can Mr. Horace Kephart, of St. Louis, give information about the birds put out there?

SNAP SHOTS.

The bird belongs to a past age, and it is a trifle late in the day to discuss its name. Those who prefer the designation of "passenger pigeon" might make out a good case by citing the fathers and quoting from the dead languages. Audubon, Wilson, Nuttall, Coues and others describe the bird under the name of "passenger pigeon;" and as we have said, it was this name Audubon gave to his charming portrait of the species; although he does say that it was in his day more commonly called "wild pigeon." The scientific name in the books is *Ectopistes migratorius*, and in this nomenclature is embodied a recognition of the passenger characteristics of the bird rather than of its wild nature. *Ectopistes* is from the Greek *ἐκτοπιστής* (ektopestes), "a wanderer" or "passenger;" from *ἐκτοπιζω*, "I wander," "change place;" from *ἐκ*, "out of," and *τόπος*, "place," "out of place." Surely there is "passenger" enough here.

The Latin of the name, *migratorius*, "migratory," repeats the suggestion of passing, wandering; and taking the entire designation, then, it may be said that the use of the term "passenger pigeon" is abundantly justified. Thus as to the authorities. But despite all the writers and all the books, they to whom the bird is a memory—a memory linked with the old days and ways of tender recollection—will remember it and call it by the name they had for it then; and whether this be wild or passenger matters little.

Governor Roosevelt has signed the Dutton bill, which repeals absolutely the law providing a bounty for illegal nets in inland waters. The fault with the law was that the bounties offered were not judiciously graded; they were on such scale as to encourage dishonesty and as to make possible the mulcting of the State treasury. If the scale of rewards originally proposed by Mr. Henry Loftie, of Syracuse, had been adhered to, the purpose of the bounty law might have been attained and its abuses avoided. The public-spirited citizens who have been fighting the netters and fish-pirates of the lakes of central New York will not permit this outcome of the bounty law of 1898 to be the ending of the struggle. If nets can be legislated against, they can be suppressed, and a way will yet be found to take them out of the waters and keep them out.

The attention of Pennsylvania sportsmen is invited to a bill introduced into the Senate (File of the Senate 61) by Mr. Hardenburgh, of Wayne county, and favorably reported from committee by Mr. Scott, of Luzerne county, to permit the sale of grouse, quail and woodcock, and to permit their shipment out of the State, both being now forbidden by law. By a change of the squirrel season to open Sept. 1, a time when game birds are young, it makes their killing easy, and destroys the system of an uniform game season for all species, a system which in Pennsylvania, as elsewhere, is wisest and most satisfactory in its workings. It is gratifying to note, too, that the Board of Game Commissioners is alive to the retrograde nature of the measure and is opposing it. The Board should have the prompt and active co-operation of all citizens of the State who are interested in game preservation.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Off on a Malanga in Samoa.

HOSPITALITY is one of the primitive virtues of savage life. That means that in Samoa it becomes a fixed ceremony, for the Samoan Islander lives in a rigid casing of rules and regulations fixed and unchangeable. Samoan hospitality is not only a duty, with regulations binding on host and guest, it is a function, a form, a ceremony. From the welcoming of the coming to the speeding of the parting guest there is a complexity of speeches to be spoken, gifts to be presented, things to be done. It never is different from one village to the next; having seen the performance in one place, one has seen what it will be in all. This is known in the Samoan speech as a "malanga." It is classed as one of the pleasures of island life. That the pleasure is not entirely unadulterated appears in one verb of the language; the word means to go away. It is applied to one who runs away to the bush when he sees a pleasure party approaching. This is evidence of the fact that hospitality may be irksome, and that duties may be dodged even in savagery.

Sooner or later in a residence in Samoa one is impelled to go on a malanga. Either the unchanging dullness of Apia calls in loud tones for a change of scene, or there is a movement of the common feeling that because you are uncomfortable in one set of surroundings you will find less discomfort in another set, or else some Samoan town has sent a pressing invitation. Whatever may be the reason, the malanga is determined on.

The first thing to do is to send on word ahead that the malanga will start on a certain day; this to give the hosts time to make preparations for the entertainment of the coming guests. A provision of food in savage superfluity is as much a part of all Samoan ceremonies as are the speeches.

The transportation department of Samoan life is the rowboat for distances large or small. It is astonishing to contemplate the smallness of the boats in which people gaily undertake long voyages in Samoan waters; actual sea trips in the ocean itself in a 30ft. rowboat are common. There is no danger, there is a minimum of comfort in such craft. Into such a boat must be crowded a crew of four, at least as many of the after-guard in the stern sheets, a cargo of kegs of beef and tins of biscuit and such bulky provision of gifts and rations. With these the boat is crowded, it appears quite the reverse of safe for a trip out on the unsheltered waters of the Pacific.

Local conditions of the wind determine the time of making the start. If the destination lies down to the westward, the start is made in the morning after 8 o'clock, when the trade wind has set in for the day, and it is possible to hoist a rag of sail and voyage without toil. If the destination lies eastward, the trip begins by night, for in the trade-wind season the nights are calm and there is nothing to retard the boat when the rowers bend their backs to the oars for mile after mile of sea.

Take the case of a malanga to the town of Falefa, which well serve as an example of all such trips. The town has invited its white friends to pay a visit. There is some motive, of course, but what that is will not appear until it is slyly developed in the course of the visit. The town has determined that its white friends shall be its guests; it has all been settled in town council, which has also established the share of each of the people in the event. Some one of the chiefs brings the invitation, either written or by word of mouth. Commonly it is both, for the Samoan dearly loves to write a letter, and the only way of finding out the meaning of a Samoan letter is to ask the bearer what the writer meant to say. By such means the invitation is conveyed. It is accepted for some indeterminate date in the future; it is not considered good form to apprise the bearer of the exact day on which the guests may be expected. That is to be delivered by your own messenger to the town, preceding you by a few days. Those who are wise in the way in which time is ordered for the Samoans time the malangas so as to arrive on Tuesdays whenever it is possible, it being desirable to avoid spending Sunday as the guests of a town, and as Friday and Saturday are wholly used by the islanders in preparing food for Sunday, they are more content if they have no other duties to bother them.

In this case, the trip being to windward, the start is made from Vaiala by night. The Samoan crew are decorated in honor of the event, their hair has been freshly limed and oiled with the fragrance of the "moso'oi," the ylang-ylang. Every man wears a necklace of the red fruit of the pandanus, with a string of sweet-scented leaves. Each has stuck in his hair or over his ear a flower, either the flaming hibiscus or the gold and white of the frangipanni. In their degree the rowers are a part of the pleasure party, and the people to whom the visit is addressed have no idea of anything servile in the relation. Therefore they decorate themselves and the boat; they have a supply of necklaces for the after-guard. Failing such a supply, one or another of the crew plucks off his own necklace and offers it; it may be fairly dripping with the surplus oil which glistens on his bare back and breast, but one gets used to such trifles in the islands.

When the moon is well up and the tide is right, the boat is carried down to the beach and set afloat. The boat captain takes a last tally of the cargo as it is being stowed, for it would be a fatal error to leave anything behind on parting from the vicinity of shops where things may be bought. With a triumphant song the oarsmen begin to row and the boat is off. There are two or three miles of still water; the coral reef a mile off shore has made a still lagoon. But as it is shallow with sand and with gardens of coral, care is needed in steering. Along the shore gleam the lights of a string of Samoan towns, and the villagers, attracted by the boat songs, draw down to the beaches to see what boat it is that is going by, if close enough to shout out in question as to the destination. Gradually the water is found to be deeper, the watching of the channel becomes less taxing, there is not so much coral in the way. After rounding the point on which glisten the lights of the German plantation, the swell of the ocean begins to be felt, and close to a mountain cape the boat passes out from the lagoon into the long course of the rolling waves of the sea. There are

several miles ahead of the course with not a danger of reefs to look out for, and the boys settle down to a long sweep of the oars which develops good speed. The singing continues, old songs of the race, songs of the last war or of the next to come, hymns of the new religion; it is all one to a Samoan crew, so long as they are singing something. After two hours of this progress, easy progress if one is a seasoned sailor, and not affected by the epidemic malady of the sea, the crew begin to look out seaward as though seeking to find some place or thing in the waste of waters. There is a dangerous reef off shore somewhere near by, the "Fale aitu," or House of the Gods, and until that has been sighted there is need of care. It is not easy to find it in the dark, for it is in deep water and breaks only at intervals; still the sea is so tumultuous about it that no mere boat could live. When this has been safely passed, Saluafata is near by, and there must be search for the channel between its reefs. Thence onward for the two or three miles yet remaining the way lies in still waters within the reef, past Saluafata town, out in the sands, which jut out from Lufilufi, the old rebel capital, where the tomb of Tama-see stands boldly forth glistening white in the moonlight, past Faleapuna and around a point to the bay on which Falefa is built.

The destination is reached in the middle of the cool and calm Samoan night, the town sleeps, every house shows the dim glimmer of the lamp which keeps the evil spirits away, and without which no Samoan can sleep in peace. The boys drive the bow of the boat into the glistening sand of the beach, with a loud hoot merging out of the last notes of their rowing song. A Samoan community is used to being aroused by such shouts at any hour of the night. The sleepers awake and come down to the sand to welcome the newcomers. This party being expected, there has been some one left on watch, and the chiefs have gathered in the great guest house as soon as the boat has been sighted at the corner of Faleapuna point. The common people of the crowd upon the shore lead the visitors to the guest house, where a fire is burning briskly, a source of light with no heat. The white people come into the house at its front, the crew bring up the cargo of the boat and stow it and themselves behind the central posts in the inferior station.

On entering, the taupou, the village maiden, stands ready to greet her guests with the foreign handshake, which has almost wholly displaced the salutation of nose laid to nose of earlier and strictly native custom. At one end of the house sit the chiefs of the town, speechless and somewhat solemn in their assumption of dignity. The newly arrived visitors find mats spread for them at the other end of the house and follow the example of their entertainers in sitting cross-legged in silence. The house is decorated for the occasion, a tasteful use is made of simple materials. At every side-post is a single leaf. The collection transforms the house into a bower; that is the advantage of having cocoanuts; one leaf is a large affair when used for decoration. The central posts and the beams overhead are wreathed in ropes of flowers and fragrance. It is not everywhere that one could count on such a reception when coming into a town with shouts and hoots at 2 in the morning. Samoans look upon it as quite in the proper order of things.

There has been a wait; the people are probably glad to see the visitors, but as yet no word of welcome has been said. The wait is governed by rigid courtesy; it is a style of honor—the longer the wait the greater the honor is displayed. But it is broken by a soft voice from the other end of the house. The bright flickering light from the coconut leaflets blazing in the fire pot shows that one of the party is speaking. The fly flapper which he hangs over his shoulder shows him to be orator of the town, whose duty it is to make the speeches which are the greatest factor in Samoan life. His soft undertone is part of his art; he delicately conveys thereby the impression that he is overcome by the high rank of those whom he addresses. His speech is a routine performance, a reiteration of the names of the guests, a repetition of the names of the chiefs of Falefa, a most fulsome expression of the solemn joy and the delight and the pleasure and the happiness and the glee and the gladness with which each chief sees the visitors before him. There are four chiefs in the town, and there are four in the visiting party; that means that there are just sixteen repetitions of this statement of their complicated joy. One of the guests is an American tourist who knows no word of Samoan. He is keen to know what all this talk is about; he is the only one who can awaken interest over a Samoan formal speech. He has been instructed in the etiquette of the occasion, and he listens intently to catch the words "Malo tele," for he has been told that in speaking of "the great government" America is being complimented, and he is very prompt to say "malie," which is the proper acknowledgment of the compliment. Then, at the end of this speech, is another long wait, and the orator of the visiting party tells how glad each one of the visitors is to see each one of the chiefs. That means another set of sixteen paragraphs of long compliment, and the chiefs take their turn in murmuring "malie" when their names are mentioned. Then the town orator has his innings again. Falefa is desperately poor, according to his statement; it is altogether a worthless outfit, and they are bowed down with shame that they are so unworthy of such a high visit, and that they are not able to provide proper entertainment; but they have managed to scrape together a little kava for our drink. A huge root of the dried pepper bush is then laid on the mats in front of the visitors. The other orator enters on an equally long and complicated speech, and offers the kava which the visitors have brought. With many speeches and the employment of some two hours of the night, the bowl of kava has been mixed and the drinks have gone the rounds, the chiefs say a sudden good night, and there is a chance to sleep. Short of a seizure of illness, there is no way of abbreviating all this ceremony.

With the break of day the taupou is at hand to pilot the way to the pool for a bath, for sharp on sunrise the ceremonies begin. The chiefs arrive with their orator for the morning bowl of kava, and an hour is occupied in that function and the slight collation of baked bananas and cold baked fish which the kava ceremony is expected to include. Shortly after this the morning meal is carried in and the village maid eats with her guests. This meal is only for the purpose of supporting life; there is

as nearly an absence of ceremony as it is possible for the formal Samoan to attain.

In the afternoon comes the great ceremony of the visit. The chiefs and rulers of the town call. Like New England women, they bring their work; every one has a hank of fibers of coconut husk, which he industriously plait into sennit. There are more speeches back and forth; all the speeches of the night are repeated and amplified; they take time to include every possible detail. It is not at all uncommon to take anywhere from one to four hours over the purely formal part of the speeches, formulas repeated over and over again and banded back and forth between the orators of the two parties. Then there is more kava, with its set of speeches. By this time the space about the house has filled up with the people of no rank, who may not enter the house, but who have the freedom of the town green, absolute freedom and rigid regard for fixed rank going hand in hand. While the cup of kava is being served a procession moves across the green and up to the guest house, each person carrying food. It is thrown down on the grass in plain sight and the town complains once more of its poverty and its inability to care for its guests as they should be cared for. One of the crew goes to the heap of food and makes a careful count of each article, which he reports to the orator of the malanga. He makes a speech of thanks, in which he enumerates the exact number of pigs, of fowl, of fish, of every single item which has been presented. Then he recounts the extreme poverty of the great government of America, how it suffers for want of the very necessities of life, and is filled with shame at its inability to honor Falefa as it deserves, but there is a keg of beef and there is a tin of hard tack, which is a feeble offering. Then there is another speech—Samoan life is altogether vocal with oratory—and the chiefs get up and go. The orator of the malanga now stands in front of the house and shouts to the world the full tale of the food presented and proclaims that the visitors will eat. At night there is another drinking of kava, and that is followed by a siva, the native concerted dancing of the taupou and 'aualuma, maid of the village and train of her attendant girls. At the end of the dancing, which may last for hours, there is more work for the orators. The malanga makes a present to the taupou, a bolt of calico, a dozen bottles of scent, an assortment of gaudy trifles. The village maid has her orator, the old woman who is her duenna, pipe out a formal reply.

Such is the skeleton outline of the first day of the visit. The others are a repetition of the same elements, talk, food and dance. The malanga is expected to stay three days; to leave before that time is a disrespect to the town and can be excused only by urgent business announced beforehand, so that there shall be no mistake; to prolong the stay is equally improper, and the only excuse is a dangerous gale, which would make sailing unsafe. The presents to be given by the malanga are such as custom has decreed for the white people; to give less would be niggardly, to add to the collection would be to no purpose. The cost of such a trip to a party up to half a dozen amounts to about \$30, covering all expenses of boat and presents.

LLEWELLA PIERCE CHURCHILL.

In Old Virginia.

Part Four.

Fox hunting has become very popular of late years among the residents of the Old Dominion. More correctly speaking, it has been revived. You can find devotees of this sport in almost every county, and many packs of very good dogs are kept. The owners of many dogs can give you the pedigree of their packs as glibly as they can their own; and a Virginian without a pedigree concealed about his person, and set with a hair trigger that will enfilade from "Ego" to Lord Something-or-other down through the F. F. Vs., don't exist.

My observation led me to conclude that to the real genuinely enthusiastic fox hunters there was no other sport. Other so-called sport did not rise above the class of pastimes with them. Real sport was running a fox with good dogs, with any kind of mount that could carry a saddle and go, a good horse to be preferred.

They do not ride to hounds a-la the British aristocracy, taking all obstacles and hurting something or somebody every run, but in a wild, irregular, take-short-cuts-and-dodge-around-obstacles sort of way that is to them the acme of human sport. It is not that they do not ride well, for the Virginians are the best of horsemen, but it is owing to the terribly rough and broken country, and the fact that breaking a good horse's back, even occasionally, is an extravagance that but few can afford to indulge, that they pursue the sport with some degree of caution and moderation. I had never lived in a section of the country where fox hunting was one of the sports, and had always looked upon the fox as a member of the "varmint" tribe, to be summarily disposed of by a load of shot whenever the opportunity offered. This fact caused me to be guilty of a breach of sporting etiquette that all but lost me the good opinion of my hostess on one occasion. We were strolling through the woods one afternoon, for the air and exercise, and had carried a gun, thinking it possible that "Jeff Davis," the dog that had an ancestor with a nose, might tree us a squirrel, when in the distance we heard a pack of hounds in full cry.

They were coming in our general direction, and my companion said they were running a fox. I suggested that we walk out toward an opening in the woods in the direction they seemed heading. To this she agreed, and hurried along with much more enthusiastic haste than the occasion seemed to me to warrant. Arrived at a good point of observation, I slipped out the light shells from my gun, replacing them by some loaded with heavy shot that I happened to have, remarking that I would proceed to stop "sly reynard" if he came our way.

She looked at me in surprise for a moment and then said: "You don't mean you would shoot the fox should he come this way, do you?"

"Why, certainly," I replied.

Looking at me a moment, as though doubting either my seriousness or sanity, she turned back toward the woods, requesting me to follow. Somewhat puzzled, but desiring to be accommodating, I followed obediently, trusting that an explanation would soon be forthcoming.

We had walked some distance in silence, when she turned and asked: "You did not really intend to shoot that fox if the dogs had run it by us, did you?"

Having made it the practice of my life never to lie to a lady—when sure of not being believed—I answered:

"I most assuredly did, unless the brute ran so near that he could be killed with a club, and thus save a cartridge."

"Well," said she, "you are my guest, and therefore I feel in a measure responsible for your personal safety, and I now beg of you, as a special favor, that you never indulge your inclination to shoot a fox that is being run in this country; for as certain as you do the hunters will set their dogs on you and ride you down with as little compunction as they would the most desperate criminal. They would certainly do it, I pledge you my word."

She was perfectly serious, and afterward led me to believe that she was perfectly correct in her ideas as to the probable fate that would befall the man who so outraged the proprieties of the fox hunting code.

My inclination to shoot a running fox never got beyond perfect and complete control while sojourning in Virginia. We all have our preferences in the matter of sports. One pursuit will afford to one man the greatest pleasure and recreation, while it will rank very low in the estimation of another, and yet both may be enthusiastic and orthodox sportsmen. The best sport to one man is quail shooting, when the cover is brown and the air brisk. To another it is duck shooting, when the blind is well placed and the flight good. To yet another it is the big game in its almost inaccessible haunts, while many men say that the rod alone yields perfect sport. I have yet to find any of them that are without their devotees and champions. Personally, with the exception of the so-called sport of prize-fighting and live-bird shoots, I think them all good; but my fondness for fox hunting, like the taste for olives, is acquired.

Talking with Virginia fox hunters soon taught me that to them it was indeed the sport par excellence. They compared it with no other recreation, claiming that it would not admit of comparisons. They lived in the hunting season, and only dragged along in weary "ennui" the remainder of the year. To them the cry of the full pack, the clear call of the horn, and the yell of the eager hunter, is not merely music, it is a ravishment of every sense; a wild, delicious, nerve-thrilling, overpowering intoxication. You may think you have heard enthusiastic sportsmen of the realistic school thrillingly recount experiences; but you have not, is the position and broad assertion of this deponent, unless you have sat in the charmed circle composed of Virginia fox hunters in full cry on old, erstwhile hot trails.

They are a little slow on the start, but they warm up steadily, and the finish is hot, red hot. They invariably generalize on dogs, horses, characteristic foxes and different covers; interspersing this with anecdotes and reminiscences as a starter. Then some one is reminded of some especially glorious run, and starts in to tell about it. There is no great excitement at the outset. The narrator sits comfortably tipped back in his chair, with his cigar going smoothly, while his auditors are disposed about him in the various attitudes that afford the most ease and comfort to their various anatomies, and all seem calm as a May morning.

But after the preliminaries are disposed of, and the hunt is well on, the chair comes down on all four feet, listless eyes begin to glow, every muscle in the narrator's body begins a suppressed play, and the whole scene changes. Every one of his auditors shift their positions, and change expression, and there is a general livening up. But it is when he finally reaches the point in his story where, half out of his chair, and wholly absorbed, he is saying: "I did not make position two seconds ahead of him, although he had been five miles to my three. As I jumped the creek at the foot of the hill—11ft. from bank to bank there, as you know, boys—the mare was neck and neck with him, he having crossed 25yds. below. As straight as a gun-barrel from tip to tip, he ran as though but three minutes, instead of three hours, had passed since we had harked off! And old Blue; gentlemen, that glorious old hound was soyds. ahead of the pack and running as true as a die.

"The other fellows came pounding up as we flew down the grassy bottom that stretches clear for nearly a mile, and every time they split the atmosphere with their yells old Blue and my mare fairly left the ground and took to the air. It was the run of their lives, and nothing like it has ever been seen.

"Old Blue was stretched out about 12ft. long, and seemed flying just a few inches above the ground, with the tip of his nose almost in the brush. The mare never lost a foot of ground, and was running hot in his tracks.

"I knew I ought to pull aside and encourage the pack, but I wouldn't have the weight of my hand on the little mare's bit then for the finest plantation in the State of Virginia. It would have broken her heart to be pulled in that run, for she had put her whole pedigree in it, and was as fresh as paint, in spite of the miles she had scattered behind her that morning. Oh! it was our day, boys, old Blue, the mare and I, and we lived life to the hilt down that stretch!

"The pack and the other fellows were just simply not in it, and we didn't care if they ran it out or not.

"We didn't gain an inch on the fox for the first quarter after crossing the creek, although the old dog was putting in every ounce that was in him, and had never been outrun in the open since he was old enough to run a trail.

"That was a fox, gentlemen; a runner and a stayer; the best that ever wore fur. If it was the last cent of money I ever expected to see, I would give a thousand dollars an acre for a thousand acres stocked with his breed. He was the only one out of one hundred that kept his whole hide three seconds on a fair level run with old Blue.

"It was nearly half across the stretch when the old dog first touched him, and then he slid from under him three times and gained a length every time. If you will believe me, gentlemen, I thought he would actually run clean away from Blue, I honestly did, and was trying to raise another notch in the mare's speed to run him down myself, when the grand old dog made a terrific leap and landed fast, and over they went, fox and dog, end over end, for 25ft., and brought up with old Blue safe up, pinning down the fox by the throat, and the little mare jumped over them both, lighting clear 10ft. beyond."

The finish generally finds the narrator on his feet, with the audience in various positions indicating intense excitement and absorbed interest, and the close is marked by a general return to positions of comfort and a resumption of free respiration.

Listening to a discussion of horses that had become inordinately fond of the sport of fox hunting, I heard the well-authenticated story of a mare, owned by a gentleman in the neighborhood, that had developed such a fondness for hunting that she became almost worthless on account of her extreme sporting tendencies. In every run she was absolutely beyond control from the start until the fox was killed. No bit could hold her, and no obstacle could cause her to quit the chase. When the dogs were gathered or a horn sounded within hearing of her stable in the early morning, she could not be persuaded nor compelled to eat a mouthful until after the hunt was over, and go she would with or without a rider. She had several times broken her halter and kicked off boards enough to get out of the stable when the dogs ran near by, and once free she was invariably "in at the death."

While being saddled to carry her master to his devotions one Sabbath morning, the dogs of a neighbor came by in full cry after a fox that they had jumped when released for a little exercise, and throwing the negro, who tried to restrain her, fully 15ft., she jumped two high fences, took her place close up to the pack, and was found three hours later by friends of her master fully ten miles distant from home, watching the pack worry the remains of the fox, which they had caught and killed.

Her master was finally compelled to send her to a section of the country where fox hunting was not considered in the list of sports, but her memory was certainly kept green, as he never spoke of her except as one loved and lost, but not to be forgotten.

And so man, horse and dog, the greatest and best of the animal kingdom, united their testimony as to the high place that fox hunting should occupy in the realms of sport; but they only succeeded in convincing the side of my intellect subservient to a consensus of expert testimony. My sporting blood failed to respond to the music of the horn, accompanied by the grand chorus of the pack, and other sports, all others, I might say, ranked above that of the chase of the fox.

The change in my sentiments regarding this sport was both unexpected and sudden; but the immediate result indicated that the conversion was genuine and thorough. Rising early one morning, I got down stairs just as the sun was sending his first rays through the thick trees in long, slender bars of gold, on the lawn in front of the house. It was a morning that would cause the heart of an ingrate to fill with silent thanksgiving to the Allwise giver of all the beautiful and good. Standing in the wide, old-fashioned front door, I drank in deep draughts of the ozone-laden air, while my eyes reveled in the beauty of the frost-whitened grass and brilliant-hued foliage. Picking up a target rifle that stood near the door, I stepped out, intending to fire a shot at the first target to offer. Millie was sweeping off the front walk, but was doing so in a perfunctory, preoccupied manner that indicated other and weightier matters engaging her mind. As I approached her she turned and with suppressed excitement gasped out:

"Good mawnin', suh. Don't you heah de dogs? Dey runnin' a fox, an' comin' dis way."

Another devotee of this half-baked sport, I thought, as I strolled on down the walk to the gate that led from the large yard out into the grove in front. I had heard the dogs running something, but had not felt interest enough even to speculate on what the quarry might be, and did not find my interest deepening very fast, although it was evident from the sound that the chase was rapidly approaching us. Turning to glance back at the girl, I found that she had abandoned her sweeping, and, mounted upon a rustic seat, was looking in the most excited manner for the first appearance of the approaching dogs. Having heard that even the negroes showed great excitement over and interest in fox hunting, and that many of them knew all of the dogs that were kept in that part of the country, I called to Millie and asked her if she could see the dogs and tell whose pack it was.

"I can't see um yit, suh," was the reply, "but I know dey is Cap'n Brackett's dogs by dey voices. I've heah dem run offen, suh."

I then heard shouts and loud talk down toward the stable, mingled with the overseer's rush order for his horse, with a sulphurous condition annexed at its non-observance, and realized that somebody had warm sporting blood, even if mine was steadily flowing at normal. Just then a window was hastily raised at the house, and my hostess called to me: "That is a fox the hounds are running, and if you will hurry down and make a boy saddle you a horse you can have a glorious run; don't wait; hurry on at once."

I thanked her, but assured her that as I was not very fond of fox hunting, I would just wait until after breakfast, and then, if the fox was still running around close to the house and convenient to the roads or open country, I would take a hand in the chase. Meanwhile the dogs were steadily drawing nearer and coming in a straight line up through the grove and toward the house. I concluded to try to get a good view of the whole affair as they ran by, and see if it would quicken my sporting blood in the least. Standing in an open space outside the gate, I watched for the first appearance of the fox or pack over a slight rise in the ground several hundred yards distant. The whole forest was ringing with the chorus, and the first surprise was that for the first time I could think of it as it had so often been described to me by over-enthusiasts, as music. It was music, grand and glorious, I thought; and just then a dark shadow slid over the hill and down the gentle slope toward where I was standing, followed—not by "a pack of hounds," as I had mentally concluded—but by "a glorious aggregation of fleet-footed quadruped sportsmen, all singing together the grandest burst of music that ever was heard, while the sun played in golden waves on their brown, black and tan muscle-teeming bodies.

I felt right then that something had been radically wrong with my ideas about fox hunting, and that they were about to be wholly and permanently revolutionized. On they came, in a straight course, that would bring them within 100ft. of where I stood, and the sight grew in beauty, while the music grew in volume and

sweetness. The chase had evidently lasted some time, and both pursued and pursuers were well spent, but the old fox was running gamely, with his brush straight to lee, while the dogs were holding their own in a beautifully compact mass, and the skeptic that had been in front of the gate gave thanks for the grand spectacle and doubted no more its title to sport. Instinctively moving out nearer the point approached by the fox, I was gradually working up excitement that was not anticipated, and therefore not controlled. I finally came to within a few feet of the fox, who did not swerve a foot from his straight course, but ran by me as though his weightier contest waged with his enemies in the rear prevented his noticing any side issues. Then, finding myself so near the fox, and the grand pack laboring so hard in the rear, my new-found enthusiasm burst all bounds, and with a yell that nearly split my throat and caused the fox to jump 2ft. high, I started in on foot to run him down or perish in the attempt. I was fairly beside myself with excitement, and ran as I never had before. I was conscious of a perfect roar of yells from the negroes, who had all run out to see the fox go by, and were now kindly encouraging me, but had the course been Broadway, N. Y., I would have run it just the same in my wild, headlong enthusiasm. No audience could have abashed, no obstacle (not insurmountable) could have stayed me. The many years that I had lived without appreciating the glorious excitement incident to this sport must be atoned for, and my new-found privileges must be immediately enjoyed to the limit.

I had earned a reputation as a sprinter in days gone by, and had a record or two, but nothing ever done in that line was worth mentioning, compared with the run I made in fast company that morning. I thought more than once that I had the fox in the first 100yds., and would probably have closed with him in a rough and tumble if his exhaustion had been sufficient to permit of my actually overtaking him. Straight down through the woods we went, the tired fox leading the wildly excited, newly converted, unduly sanguine enthusiast a close second; the tired dogs third, and the hunters—I remember with gratitude—not in sight. I do not know how far I ran, but when exhaustion compelled me to spare the fox to the tender mercies of the dogs, it took me nearly an hour to work my way back to the house, counting the time that I lay against an old log (that I had run up on after the jump was all out of me, and come to grief over), getting my breath.

I kept the course that we had come for some distance on the return trip, until exhausted by numerous climbs over obstacles that I had probably cleared at a bound while laboring under the excitement of the chase, and then turned out toward the open woods, taking the shortest route to the house. I did not walk very fast on the return trip, and candor compels me to admit that, for once in my life, I was in no great hurry to come into the presence of my hostess. I even felt some diffidence in meeting the servants. Nearing the house, my first greeting was from my solemn young friend "Governor."

"Did you ketch de ole fox, suh," he called out in the most excited manner, and seemed much disappointed when he found I had not. "Ben" was at the woodpile and paused in his work long enough to pay me a very sincere compliment on my "runnin'," which, he assured me, "he sho" was proud to see."

Aunt Ellen came to the door to see me pass by, and her deprecatory smile was the most humiliating yet encountered.

My hostess was sitting on the porch when I strolled around the house, attempting a nonchalant air. One glance at her laughing eyes and preternaturally solemn face was enough to convince me that honest confession was my best course. "Well," said I, "if I had taken your advice and waited for a mount I should probably have stayed in the chase longer, but had less exercise."

"You surely did not let the fox get away, did you?" she asked.

"Most emphatically, I did not 'let the fox get away.' On the contrary, I did everything short of killing myself to prevent his doing so."

"Has this moderate indulgence in the sport changed or modified your views any regarding fox hunting?" she innocently inquired.

"If you will allow me to sit down here on the steps and recover sufficiently from the effects of my so-called moderate indulgence to be able to express myself intelligibly, I promise you that I will, so far as cold words can do so, candidly tell you what I think now of the grand and glorious sport, the sport that excels all other sports as the noonday sun excels the gloom of night, the sport par excellence—fox hunting."

"Good!" she cried, springing to her feet. "You are now orthodox, and we will adopt you as a Knight of the Old Dominion. Sit down and enjoy your well-earned rest while I go and order breakfast served."

I have not "back-slidden" in the faith, but since that morning I try to curb my impatience until a horse is ready when a fox hunt is on, and so far have always succeeded.

LEWIS HOPKINS.

Yukon Notes.

Happenings in December—First Sledding Experience.

OUR shipwreck in the ice jam killed our chance of getting through to Dawson. At first Mac and I could not bring ourselves to believe the gloomy certainty, and we made a start, sledding our supplies down river. While waiting for the river to close we had constructed a sled of spruce, with birch runners, and the Colorado miners had given us another very strong one built of oak and iron shod. With the two sleds, each loaded with a couple of hundred pounds of bedding and supplies, we set out Nov. 22 for the island where our lost boats had stranded. We expected to cover the distance, which was a little more than six miles, in about three hours, but very soon we realized that we should not be able to do it. The sleds had an annoying habit of upsetting every few minutes, and they pulled so hard that we were soon in a profuse perspiration, despite a temperature of 26 below zero.

The first part of our route lay over an Indian trapping trail, which we had chosen as being smoother than the piled up surface of the river. We saw where a wolf had gotten into one of the traps and pulled out the first leap

he made. Later we came on a gray fox crouching close to the ground at the extremity of the chain. The fox was a beautiful creature, with a wealth of deep, soft, fluffy fur of the finest quality.

I felt sorry for the poor animal. It looked more like a pet than the wild creature it was, for it did not show its teeth or snap at us, and the expression of its eyes was mild rather than cunning.

After a time the trail swung further inland, and we left it and lowered our sleds to the ice of the river. Here our real difficulties began. As far as the eye could reach there was not a bit of level surface, and the scene resembled as much as anything the masses of fallen rock one sees at the foot of a slide when covered with a light fall of snow. Moreover, the component ice cakes were bristling with knobs and jagged projections, as a result of their method of freezing while carried along by the rapid current, and even in detail there were no smooth places. Our feet had not been toughened for this kind of walking, and were soon covered with bruises. If we could have worn boots or shoes it would not have been so bad; but the weather was too cold for anything but moccasins.

Our home-made sled soon developed signs of weakness, and before we had covered half the distance to the island one of the runners gave way, and the sled was a wreck. We made up a pack of between 75 and 100 lbs. of its load, and leaving the remainder where it was, continued our journey. It was after dark when we at last reached the island, and we realized more fully than ever the uselessness of attempting to get our supplies through to Dawson. Though only 185 miles away by the shortest route, the windings of a feasible trail made the actual distance to Dawson very much greater. Going and returning, we figured we should have to travel 1,600 miles to get the outfit through, and the condition of the ice made traveling so slow that we should be all winter at the job. With no better protection against the rigors of an arctic climate than a tent, it would go bad with us in case of sickness. Then, too, we were worn out physically and mentally as a result of our previous sleepless struggle against time, and it was a question whether our health would stand such a severe additional tax. Mac and I had gone stale, to use the term applied to athletes who have overtrained. Instead of going at things with snap and vigor, we plodded along listlessly, doing our duty as we saw it, but without a particle of pleasure or satisfaction in the task. We were as stupid and stolid as the worn-out horses back on the Skagway trail.

That night in camp we talked the matter over again, and came to the conclusion that it wasn't any use bucking up against the stone wall of destiny any more. The time required to make the trip was a hopelessly conclusive argument against the sledding proposition. The hardships alone would not have deterred us.

An Inventory of Supplies.

Later we took an inventory of our supplies, weighing each separate article on a spring balance. The weights were afterward confirmed by the platform scales at Fort Selkirk. The result was another knock-down blow, for we found that we had considerably less than half the food we had purchased a little more than three months previously. The supplies given the Colorado miners had made a serious inroad in our scanty stock, but even including these more than half our supplies had vanished.

We had lost nothing on our trip down the Yukon, and the shortage had its origin back on the Skagway trail.

A part of the shrinkage could be accounted for by the fact that on the last half of the trail our personal supplies had been drawn upon for the requirements of the five men who then formed the party; but despite all the allowances we could make for this, and allowing for what we had eaten en route, there was a shortage of fully 20 per cent. from the estimate furnished by the men who made the division.

I am satisfied that Mac and I got all we were entitled to in the division at Summit Lake. The shortage was no doubt largely due to supplies lost or stolen from caches on the horse trail, or at the time of disembarkation from the steamer.

We had been given a wrong estimate, however, made partly by guesswork, and it was a cruel blow to find the food did not exist.

Reducing the situation to its simplest terms, we found our supplies would not last the winter out. When spring came we would have no food and should be unable to accomplish anything. Here was another of the disastrous climaxes that the haste and precipitation of the trail had brought us to.

It would be a tedious waste of space to recount all the plans discussed or the various expedients adopted in the month that followed. It would also be superfluous to describe events of a business nature which influenced our final decision. In the end we sold out our remaining supplies and left for the coast. Mac is back in the Yukon, and I came within an ace of being there too, but that's another story.

Notes from our Diary.

While figuring the thing out we decided to build a cabin. There was no mineral in the neighborhood, and we needed some occupation. Winter is no time for prospecting. It is a good time for staking wildcat claims to take out and sell credulous investors, but no self-respecting man soils his fingers with that kind of thing. After selecting a site on the mainland, we began sledding our outfit to it. We had a day or two of very mild weather, and on Nov. 24 the thermometer rose to zero. When we awoke on the following day, however, it had fallen to minus 45. The snow was then about 18 in. deep on a level, and very light and powdery. On the 26th it was 49 below zero. We had moved our tent to the mainland and pitched it in a very thick growth of small spruces, with boughs reaching all the way down to the ground. The tent had no fly, but we covered the roof with extra pieces of canvas, taken from the boats, and banked up the snow on the sides and part way up the roof. Inside there was a course of logs around the bottom, and the roof was supported by a series of poles resting on crooked sticks.

Nov. 27 the thermometer registered 50 below zero. Owing to the absence of sunlight, the middle of the day was not much warmer than morning and evening. This makes the cold more absolute than in places fur-

ther south, where it warms up in the middle of the day. We were on an east and west stretch of the river and never saw the sun. Instead we had sun-dogs and northern lights and the aurora borealis. If it had been mid-summer, we should have had twenty-two hours of sunlight, and light enough to sight a rifle at any hour of the twenty-four. Some of the miners paint the roofs of their tents black, so that they can sleep during the time of the midnight sun.

As Mac was tying up the flaps of the tent the evening of the 27th, he called to me: "If you're too hot in there, old fellow, you'd better come out here. There's a delicious breeze blowing on the front porch."

Sunday, Nov. 28, the thermometer registered 50 below zero at 12 noon by our time. We had our watches set so that daylight came at about 10 o'clock and dark at four. For the first time in three months we observed the day and did no work. We had some strychnine out for wolves and foxes, but no animals had been near it in the night. I made a snowshoe trip of a few miles inland, but saw no tracks except those of carnivora. My notebook mentions the fact that the snow had almost entirely disappeared from the ground inside the tent, and that we were very comfortable; in fact, too warm when the stove was under good headway.

Monday, Nov. 29, the thermometer stood 54 below. This day was remarkable for two events. We laid the foundation of our cabin and met the first dog team out from Dawson. There were six dogs, attending strictly to business and looking neither to right or left, and three men. The men were clad in fur parkies, and the frost from their breaths had made a rim of ice around the openings of their fur hoods that nearly hid their faces. They mentioned the fact that the thermometer in their possession had registered 65 below zero the night before, and said there would be a big exodus from Dawson as soon as a little snow fell to fill up some of the cracks in the ice. Food, they added, couldn't be had for love or money, and there was bound to be a lot of starvation and suffering before the winter was over. An interesting fact we noted was that these men followed the trail of Lingard and Dartois with all its windings. With judgment they might have shortened the distance 20 per cent.

No snow fell from Nov. 23 to Dec. 2, and trails made several weeks before the 23d had not filled up. The average snowfall was very light, and in the early part of the winter there was no wind. Before the river closed it steamed like a boiling caldron for days. A dense cloud of vapor hung over the river valley and the blue sky was blotted out. This vapor at times made it very difficult to locate rapids, the sound of which was plainly audible. It collected on the trees till the somber spruce forests were white and hoary. It was not until Dec. 31, 1897, when a warm chinook wind came along and blew them free, that the trees resumed their normal dark color. The contrast was striking after nearly two months of glistening frost. We seemed transported to a new country.

Our water hole had been cut in a place where none of the jammed ice had collected. This new ice, which had formed in eleven days, was now 18 in. thick. Water taken from the hole and thrown upon the surrounding ice crackled and snapped like a brisk fire, only louder. Strangely enough, the trees did not make the pistol-shot reports characteristic of cold days in our Eastern forests. The frost in them caused them to snap to a certain extent, it is true, but the noise was more subdued and less frequent than in Maine. For one thing, the trees are smaller, though there are some 16 in. spruces on the islands. The real reason for the difference, however, I think lies in the fact that in the Yukon the frost is practically continuous during the winter, and there is not the alternate thawing and freezing process that takes place in milder climates. The trees were frozen hard as rocks, and one had to be very careful in cutting green wood, or he would lose a good part of the bit of the axe.

Nov. 30 our thermometer recorded 55 below zero. We had compared this thermometer with a very fine instrument, from which Mr. Pitts took official readings, and found that it tallied very closely. We saw a magpie and several ravens. An ordinary hairy woodpecker had been noted a few days before. The other day an agricultural paper stated that severe winters have the effect of killing off the woodpeckers. This may be true, but as far as my observation goes there are few hardier birds.

Weather Conditions.

Dec. 1 was the coldest day of the winter of 1897-98 on the Yukon. Our thermometer registered 57 below zero. Mr. Pitts' registered minus 55, though I believe his reading was taken several hours later in the morning than ours. Other thermometers registered 10 or 12 degrees colder. The winter was unusually mild, though anything below 50 is considered very cold, even for the Yukon. The lowest temperature recorded by Mr. Pitts in four years was 92 below, and that only lasted for a few hours. Sixty-three below had been the coldest the previous winter.

From 20 to 30 below is about the average winter cold. Once in a while the thermometer touches zero, but this is unusual. Sometimes, in years of exceptional mildness, the thermometer goes above the freezing point, as the result of a long-continued south wind. The last day of December, 1897, and first day of January following such a chinook wind raised the temperature to about 36 above zero, and the present writer has seen an even more remarkable warm spell.

Mr. Pitts stated that summer may properly be said to begin June 1.

Cabbages and such vegetables are then set out. Winter sets in on Sept. 25. It is then blustery and cold and a marked sharp change has taken place. The thermometer is apt to fall below zero within a week of that date. Frost is likely to form any night during the summer. July 26 and 27, '96, the ground froze hard, badly frosting potatoes which did not happen to be covered. Mr. Pitts blankets his potatoes cold nights as a rule. He has sheets of drilling all ready to be run out on a pole framework over the beds. Turnips are much more hardy and are a sure crop without this care. All vegetables have to be irrigated at Selkirk.

About the first of December a severe cold snap is generally counted upon. Fortunately, however, the early winter is not apt to be very windy. In January and Feb-

ruary occur periodical wind storms which make traveling disagreeable and dangerous. Naturally more deaths by freezing are recorded in such weather than at other times. The worst thing about the Yukon is not the cold, but the darkness. The cold is healthful and invigorating and can be easily endured by men who know how to take care of themselves. The short, dull, sunless days are, however, very depressing.

Building the Cabin.

Several persons we had talked with had told us we would have a hard time building our cabin in midwinter. They were united in saying that our chief difficulties would be to procure moss for chinking the walls and earth for covering the roof. The Colorado miners gave us a good point, suggesting the use of dry logs only in the construction. Dead logs are much warmer than green because they contain less frost.

We had selected a site for the cabin at no great distance from a place where there were a number of dead spruce trees uprooted by spring freshets of the Yukon. Many of these trees were supported clear of the ground and were dry and seasoned instead of rotten and soggy, as they would have been if they had been on the ground. They were of fair size, averaging 8 or 10 in. at the butt. Some of them would make a couple of logs, though all were knotty and the grain often had a spiral twist similar to white cedar. It was next to impossible to get a nice clear piece, and Mac was several days finding a 5 ft. section he could split into plank for our door.

Mac secured the logs and I built the cabin. The logs were from 13 to 16 ft. in length, and the cabin was about 11 by 13 ft. on the inside. It took us two weeks to build the cabin and furnish it. It was a day's job for Mac to secure five or six logs and sled them. In all we used nearly sixty logs.

We began by clearing away the snow and leveling off the ground as well as we could with pick, shovel and axe. Next two large logs were laid front and back, and for the sides logs 3 or 4 in. smaller in diameter were selected. These latter were cut so that the ends would rest snugly against the front and back logs. This completed the first course of the cabin, which was not notched or fastened in any way. In the second course round notches were cut at each end of the front and back logs directly over the side logs of a depth that would bring the bottom of the notch flush with the top of the side log. The side logs of the new course were then rolled into these notches and back hewed so that they lay snugly against the lower side logs. When a good fit had been secured the logs were rolled back out of the way and a layer of moss laid the entire length of the side. After which they were rolled back into the position they were to occupy permanently and their ends round notched to receive new front and back logs. The principle of this method of construction lies in furnishing a bed for each log as it is required, and it saves any notching of the new log before it is in place. One can also do a better and quicker job laying the moss this way than chinking afterwards.

Greatly to our relief we met with no serious difficulty in securing the moss. The Colorado miners had told us that in Dawson they had to build fires to thaw it out. This may have been due to the swampy location of the Klondike metropolis, for in our locality the moss was not frozen except in the immediate neighborhood of trees or roots which came close to the surface and which attracted moisture from the ground below. I dug enough moss from the space inside our cabin to chink the walls a height of 5 ft., and a few sled loads more secured near by satisfied our requirements. The loose snow was shaken from the moss and the harder portions were pounded flat with a hatchet.

The Problem of the Roof.

The problem of the roof was by no means so easy of solution. To make a good warm roof earth seemed an absolute necessity. No one ever thinks of any other kind of roof in that country. As in the West, the rainfall in summer is very light, and roofs with enough earth on them rarely wet through. Further up the river there is a deposit of volcanic ash that shows in the faces of cut banks as a white band. In the neighborhood of Five Finger Rapids this ash deposit is at least a foot thick. It is so dry that it does not freeze in winter, and, being very close to the surface, it is easily excavated. We knew that this had been used for covering the roofs of houses and for filling in the space between double walls of small logs. We were not able, however, to locate the strata in our neighborhood. We could, of course, have thawed out earth by burning after the manner of working deep claims, but the process seemed too slow and laborious. Finally we hit upon the plan of carrying the same construction used for the walls up into the roof. The cabin was intended for winter use only, and it made little difference whether the roof was waterproof or not. The main thing was to have it tight and warm. At a height of about 5 ft. I began building in toward the center, and as soon as there was good head room inside I laid the logs nearly on a level. The result was a roof shaped like an inverted U, something on the principle of a railway coach. It was tightly chinked and proved thoroughly satisfactory except for the fact that the snow melted and leaked through a little in the immediate neighborhood of the stovepipe.

The roof had a considerable slant to the back, and if necessary we could have thrown a tent over it to keep out the water.

Furnishing the Cabin with Axe and Auger.

The chief article of our furniture was a bed. This was made after a receipt taken from FOREST AND STREAM, and a very good bed it proved.

Four logs were notched and jointed at the corners, the two end ones projecting several inches higher than the sides. The resultant framework measured about 5 by 7 ft. in size.

A canvas bag 5 by 7 ft. was made and loosely filled with the soft ends of the spruce boughs. Two 1½ in. poles were run through the bag lengthwise at the sides. The poles were then attached to the framework of the bed by cleats which held them as far apart as the canvas would permit and kept the canvas tightly stretched. A third pole down the center was required to keep the two-

occupants of the bed from rolling together. When completed it was more of a double cot affair than a double bed, but it enabled us to sleep in the same sleeping bag, which was much warmer than if we had slept singly.

This was the only bed Mac and I had while in the Yukon, and no one ever appreciated a luxury more. We wondered how we had ever managed to sleep on frozen ground, and for several weeks the bed furnished a stock topic of conversation.

Our stovepipe was too short to reach up through the roof of the cabin, and to get connection with the outer air we set the stove up on a wooden stand and added a copper can to the top of the pipe.

The table was made of 2in. saplings. Holes were bored with an inch auger and the pieces fitted in and joined. The top was covered with canvas tightly stretched and tacked. We would have made chairs on the same principle if we had needed them, but we had some boat stools along and other articles which served for seats and did not bother to make any. The door was made of three planks 5ft. long nailed together with cross pieces. Mac made a wooden latch and wooden hinges, which proved strong and serviceable.

Film for Windows.

We had no window, but could easily have made one by cleaning up some of the photographic plates or film we had with us.

In two instances we had the pleasure of adding to the comfort of ladies by giving them film for glazing cabin windows. Four miles up the valley was a little 8x10 log cabin in which were living a newspaper correspondent and his wife, who was not yet out of her teens. This young lady, who was a New Orleans girl, had frozen her feet early in the winter, but a little incident like that didn't spoil her good spirits, and she was bright and jolly and the best of company. Fortunately amputation was not required, but at the time we left she still was obliged to depend upon crutches for getting around.

At Five Finger Rapids we found a Mr. and Mrs. Craft, who had left a prosperous restaurant in Chicago to go through to Dawson and cater for the gold magnates. The jammed river stopped them 300 miles from their destination, and Mrs. Craft was heartily sick of the enterprise and cursed the day she ever left her dear Chicago. The couple were living in a hole in the ground which was roofed over with a tent. Admittance was gained by a rude ladder. It was too cold for the woman to go out for any length of time and she had no diversion whatever. Her nearest woman neighbor was at the Little Salmon, forty miles away. Mr. Craft had just completed a cabin, and they expected to move in a few days. If she only had a window there so that she could look out and see what was going on in the outside world Mrs. Craft thought she could manage to exist till spring. We gave her a strip of film 5ft. long, and there never was a more delighted woman.

Some ingenious persons made windows from old bottles, setting every other one upside down and chinking between with moss.

Speculation at Dawson.

Speaking of windows recalls the high prices paid at Dawson for glazed sashes. Ordinary 2 cent candles for use in the mines brought \$1.25 apiece, and kerosene oil was \$25 a gallon and only to be had at that price as a favor. The saloons had a practical monopoly of it, and toward springtime they ran out of oil and had to burn candles. As a result of the high prices for artificial light the price for glass went up. If a man had no window in his cabin he would have to burn some kind of a light part of the time during the day. A window was a real economy at almost any price.

Frank Slavin, the ex-pugilist, told me that early in the season he paid \$70 for an eight light sash, and before he reached his cabin he was offered \$100 for it. At Sheep Camp, on the way out, we met a Brooklyn man by the name of Behrens, who had just come out from Dawson. He had bought three building lots in Sheep Camp and was putting up a hotel. He said that he landed in Dawson late in the summer with 2 cents in his pocket, which was worse than nothing in a country where two bits, or a quarter, is the smallest change, and within three weeks he had cleared \$1,700 speculating in supplies.

Here is a sample of his method of doing business. He found a man who had just come down river with three small sashes of window glass in his boat. Each sash had four panes of 7x9 glass. He asked the man what he would take for them. The man said that he did not care to sell, that he wanted the windows for his own use. Behrens jollied him a little and ended by offering \$50 in gold for the sashes. The man did not know prevailing conditions in Dawson and thought that he could afford to do without them at that price. A day or two afterwards Behrens sold the sashes for \$300.

There was a good demand for vinegar, lime juice and other anti-scorbutics prompted by the danger of scurvy. Behrens found a man who had a half pint bottle of concentrated vinegar. It was put up on the principle of root beer extracts and guaranteed to make twenty gallons of vinegar when mixed with water. Behrens bought in the concentrated form and paid 50 cents, and he sold on the diluted basis at a dollar a gallon and received \$20. This transaction netted him 4,000 per cent. profit. There are few gold mines that can beat that. Unfortunately for Behrens, his season of speculation soon came to an end with the closing of the river.

J. B. BURNHAM.

How to Skin an Eel.

In endeavoring to do my turn, in giving a little information here and there, that may come handy some time, I beg you to publish this:

The eel is a creature not very pleasant to handle, and not "everybody" knows how to skin him. The first thing to do is to catch your eel, then lay him on his back and cut half-way through the neck, say 1½ in. below the tip of the mouth. Then rip open the belly and clean it out. Then bend the head toward the back and get hold of the "backbone" and flesh together, with a knife and with the other hand pull on the head, and the skin will come off as easily as pulling off your glove.

W. T.

Natural History.

Flying Squirrels as Pets.

IN May, 1897, while walking in the woods with a friend, we found a hollow birch stub, which we pushed against, more in curiosity than in expectation of finding anything in it. Out flew a female flying squirrel, and four baby ones, which I thought must be about a month old, tumbled after her and started in all directions. We were fortunate enough to catch all the little ones, and putting them in a handkerchief we secured the ends with an elastic band, and I put the little parcel in my pocket.

It was a good while before we reached home, and I expected to find all the squirrels ready for a taxidermist, but on opening the handkerchief they were apparently all right. Then came the problem of how to feed them. We took a glass fountain-pen filler and fed them warm milk, and by their third meal they had learned to stretch out their little paws, clutch the glass and hold on until their hunger was satisfied.

They grew very fast, but did not get their full growth until we had had them about eight months. We fed them on acorns, nuts and yellow corn, and they always drank milk, refusing water on all but very rare occasions, when they let their desire for it be known by chirping loudly and persistently until we gave it to them.

We tried all sorts of foods on them, and found them very fastidious. They would eat a little sweet apple with great relish, but always refused any sour ones. They were fond of parsley, but that was about the only green thing they cared for, with the exception of pansy flowers and apple-tree twigs. The latter they would devour with great avidity, bark, leaves and everything but the inside wood, which they left as clean and white as a toothpick.

In their wild state they must consume a great deal of animal food. This is a fact which the natural histories tell us. We tried various things, and found that they had a distinct choice in meats as well as in vegetables. They liked nearly all moths, although the few which are unfortunate enough to emit an unpleasant odor they sniffed



FLYING SQUIRRELS.

at and left. They would make a lightning-like spring at a moth, seize him so the dust from the wings would not trouble their breathing apparatus, and then bite off the head; then the body followed, and soon only the wings and a few legs remained.

They refused crickets, but delighted in grasshoppers, preferring the kind "with a plentiful supply of molasses," as Mr. Gibson speaks of them. They were very careful to hold these dainties so that the long legs would not kick, and the head was eaten first, as in the case of moths. Occasionally they would catch and decapitate a fly, but it never seemed that they wanted to eat it. Flies simply exasperated them, and they killed them as we would—to get rid of them. They like sugar, and crunch it like children. Chestnuts they only eat when starved to it, and while they eat a few walnuts, they like better than anything else besides acorns, filberts and pecans.

There were three males and one female. The latter was the largest and best developed of the four, and by far the handsomest.

As it neared spring, we wondered if the little lady would reward us by adding to our stock of squirrels, but everybody said it was unheard of for flying squirrels to breed in captivity, so my surprise can be imagined when, on March 25, 1898, I found in the cage the little lady cuddling three little pink things, for all the world like baby mice. We did not dare leave them in the cage at the mercy of the other three, so she and her family were moved into a large box and placed in the house. We tried to coax her to eat, trying all sorts of delicacies on her, which had never before failed to please; but her pride in those red mites was funny.

Suddenly she got up and came to us as usual, and let us pet her, and then began a funny sight. All the four had shown a great fondness for a closet in which hung some of my old clothes, and she took up the little things, one at a time, patting them and folding them up into little parcels, and moved them into the pocket of a pair of trousers. We gave her cotton, of which she made a bed, and she seemed quite contented there. The little fellows did not get their eyes open until they were twenty-five days old, and were not fully covered with fur until even later. When the weather became warmer we made her a small cage, and placed it on the piazza beside the large cage. She had shown uneasiness for some time, and seemed to crave something she could not get, and one morning we discovered that she had gnawed a small hole

in her cage and was gone. She had stopped on the piazza to eat half a nut and to pick and partly eat some pansy flowers, of which she was always fond. We waited as long as we dared for her to come, for we thought she would return to her babies, and then we began to feed them as we had the older ones.

In several days we found her remains some distance from the house, where a neighbor's cat had killed her. The little ones grew very fast, and did not seem to miss the mother.

We had considered the others tame, but these were as tame as little kittens would have been under the circumstances. In early June we took the older ones into the woods and left them where we had found them the year before, thinking the younger ones all we could manage. We had neglected to pet the big ones in our care of the little ones, and expected they would be glad of their liberty, but found that, on the contrary, they were quite loath to go. The little ones we took with us to the seashore in June and kept them there until October, and they seemed none the worse for their summer outing. They were not quite as large as the older ones were, but perfectly developed and much handsomer. They are also better tempered, and while we keep them generally in their cage, we occasionally give them the run of the house. Of course, they have comparatively little opportunity to use their so-called wings in the house, the highest jump they can manage being from the top of a door. They sail out into the middle of the room and light with a little thud. Their persistence when once an idea gets into their little heads is funny, and their bump of locality is wonderful. I have seen them try to go through a curtained doorway, and finding the curtain carefully pinned, jump down and run around through three rooms to reach the opposite side of that curtain. If they see anything they want, no matter how many times we take them down, they climb up again and again until they reach the desired article. A vase of carnations furnishes them unending delight, and unless we shut the vase away from them they pick the flowers from the stem as neatly as if cut with a pair of scissors, and pull them in pieces to get the honey at the base of the petals.

I have repeatedly seen them jump perpendicularly from the floor to a door knob, and sit there with hardly an

effort to keep their balance. No article of furniture is too smooth for their feet. They can climb anything that is round, no matter how highly polished. They show their wild nature by collecting all the nuts—bits of toast even—and corn they can find, and hiding them in different places. They dig in the fringe of rugs as if in pine needles and tuck in their food, patting it down in a very cunning way. The other day I took several volumes of the Encyclopedia from the bookcase, and found ranged behind the books in neat little rows about a dozen small, black acorns, and a large piece of toast which one of the little rogues had stolen from the breakfast table. When we are at meals they come and taste all of our food, and if we have any cereal with cream they eat quite a quantity. Their curiosity is very strong, and sometimes they suffer for it.

One day one burned his paws on the coffee pot, and another singed her whiskers over a lamp, the shade of which she persisted in climbing. On the whole, however, they have been very free from accidents, and they have certainly been the most satisfactory pets we ever had. It is difficult to say whether they are affectionate to human beings or not. I have had all of them remain on my person just as long as I would maintain an upright position, either walking about or standing still, and they seemed fond of me; but when I sat down they would scatter, running back occasionally, but not stopping long, although they can almost surely be induced to return by one's "squeaking" with the lips in imitation of their sound, or scratching one's clothing. They never bite unless very much angered, but their claws, however small and innocent looking, are capable of inflicting quite a painful scratch. However, they do not scratch intentionally; but in jumping from some object to one's person are not always particular whether they light in his face or on his clothing. I have always kept them in a wire cage about 3ft. long and 2ft. wide by 2ft. high, made of wire netting of about the 8in. mesh. This is always kept out of doors, regardless of the weather, although during storms of rain or snow it is always well covered. Sometimes they have taken up their abode in a long gingham bag, partly full of cotton batting, which they always shred up into small balls. We had often to clean out the bag, for in a few days, from being partly full, it would be so full that heads and tails hung out at the top and at the bottom too, where they had made an opening to serve as another door, for they carried nuts and acorns to bed

and slucked them there, mixing the shells with their cotton. We would never have thought of giving them a bag for a bed if they had not appropriated a large duck bag which I needed for my soiled collars and cuffs. They refused to leave it unless compelled, and seemed to think the starched linen comfortable enough. That bag would be the first place they sought when they were allowed in the house, and if left to themselves they were soon asleep in it.

Some of the collar corners did not present so good an appearance after their sojourn there, for they will nibble a little, although they do much less damage than might be expected.

They had much sport with a dry, yellow birch stub, dry and rotten to the core, which I put into their cage last winter. This was soon burrowed into, making little cavities on all sides, which they now began to occupy singly, although they had always slept together before. By spring there was nothing left of the stump but a mere shell, as they had tunneled it in all directions, and when we attempted to remove it from the cage it fell in pieces. This year they are occupying an old Fedora hat, which lies flat on the cage floor and is full of cotton.

Their mode of ingress and egress is through the top, in which they have gnawed several large holes. As is probably well known, these animals are by habit nocturnal, consequently unless a special effort is made it is hard to arouse one during the day, while during the evening they are so lively that we always leave them in the cage, unless we are quite sure no stranger will come in. Even when we are alone they are a good deal of care after dark, and we consider the cage safest for them. I believe they remain awake about all night, as they can be heard gnawing nuts at almost any hour.

While the little fellows are very timid, and the slightest motion of the hand or a sudden noise will startle them for a second, they have become so accustomed to the noises about the house that practically the only one which causes them more than a second's fear is the broom.

That they do hate cordially, as did the older ones before them. In this litter are two females and one male, and we are looking forward with interest to the rearing of two rival families in the spring. This time we hope the little ladies may not shirk their duties, for we must have lost the most interesting part of their babyhood in not seeing the mother teach them to jump, and do the thousand and one pretty things which they had to learn by themselves. I have given our experience, which has proved a great pleasure to us, and I would dearly like to know if some one else has not studied flying squirrels too, so that we could compare notes. C. C. H.

Birds in London.

We are accustomed to think of great cities as wholly given over to the arts of civilization, and as quite lacking in anything pertaining to untouched nature. Nothing can be more artificial than the conventionally shaped beds of bright flowers which adorn our parks, and even the grass and the trees are trimmed and tended until they become quite unlike the real thing. Of all cities on the globe London is the vastest, and yet now a book has been written on wild "Birds in London," and a most interesting volume it is. Mr. W. H. Hudson is the author, and his volume of more than 300 pages is beautifully brought out by the Longmans.

Mr. Hudson is a naturalist, who sees what goes on about him, and better yet, who is able to tell his readers, in common language, "understood of the people," what it is that he sees. We might imagine that a horde of sparrows would be the only feathered inhabitants of this great city, but the truth is very different. To say nothing of the smaller creatures that require a little space to live their lives, we find existing in London the carrion crow, a bird closely allied to our own common crow; rooks, wood pigeons, blackbirds, thrushes and English robins, with herons and many other species. Then in the parks there are the dabchick, a sort of grebe; the moor hen, a gallinule, and gulls, besides many varieties of domestic and introduced birds. Even wild geese have been seen in winter. Besides these, during the migration, there are many birds in London that the common eye never sees. "At this mutable season a person who elects to spend his nights on the roof, with rugs and an umbrella to keep out cold and wet, may be rewarded by hearing far-off shrill delicate noises of straggling sandpipers or other shore birds on passage, or the mysterious cry of the lapwing 'wailing his way from cloud to cloud.' All these rare sights and sounds are for the various patient watchers and listeners; nevertheless they are the only 'authentic tidings' the Londoner receives of that great and wonderful wave of life which travels southward over half the globe in advance of winter."

Many most interesting facts are set forth by Mr. Hudson in his interesting volume. For example, he tells us that the carrion crow is in the balance in London, neither increasing nor decreasing. While many of them feed along the shores of the Thames at low water, picking up food left by the tide, many others feed on scraps of food which are the waste of London tables. In the southwest district of London crows may be seen sitting like domestic doves on the roofs and chimneys of the tall houses. But little seems to be known in England concerning the extraordinary intelligence of the crow in captivity, a subject which is familiar enough on this side of the water.

One of the birds which has recently invaded London is the wood pigeon, or ring dove. "Twenty years ago," says Mr. Hudson, "the wood pigeon was almost unknown in London, the very few birds that existed being confined to the woods on the borders of the metropolis and to some of the old private parks. * * * But from 1883, when a single pair nested in Buckingham Palace Gardens, wood pigeons have increased and spread from year to year, until the present time, when there is not any park with large old trees or with trees of a moderate size where these birds are not annual breeders. As the park trees no longer afford them sufficient accommodation, they have gone to other smaller areas, and to many squares and gardens, private and public. Thus in Soho Square no fewer than six pairs had nests last summer. It was very pleasant, a friend told me, to look out of his window on an April morning, and see two milk-white eggs, bright as gems, in the sunlight lying in the frail nest in a plane tree not many yards away." Not only this, but the wood pigeons have spread through the heart of the

busiest districts of London, where they build their nests and rear their young in the large trees. Here they perch on the chimneys and on the statues, and walk about on the pavements looking for food.

Besides his remarks on the birds occurring in London and on their ways of life and the particular sections that certain species inhabit, Mr. Hudson treats also of protection of birds in the London parks. For he declares this to be a book with a purpose—the pointing out among other things of the extreme pleasure that the city dweller takes in seeing and hearing wild birds, and the consequent value of bird life. He notices that many species commonly resident throughout the year in London have quite died out, enumerating among the larger kinds the raven, magpie, peregrine, falcon and kestrel, as have also a number of smaller species, and that some birds still residing there are reduced in numbers and confined to one or to very few spots; that while many other resident species have greatly decreased in numbers, two small birds, the sparrow and the starling, have increased, while some species have recently come into London from the outside. Also during the migrating season many birds temporarily get into London; some of these, which are summer visitors, having regularly bred there up to within a few years. Thus the bird population of London is



WOOD PIGEON ON THE SHAKESPEARE STATUE.

constantly undergoing changes, many species decreasing, while some are increasing. Mr. Hudson urges that wild birds should be encouraged to make their homes in the parks, that they should be protected from injury by any sort of enemies, and that, so far as the birds are concerned, the cat is a tremendous nuisance. The author estimates by his own observation that the entire cat population of London does not fall far short of three-quarters of a million. All of these cats are by nature hunters, perhaps one hundred thousand of them are starving as well. It is not extraordinary then that these animals are a tremendous check on any increase in bird population.

Much more might be said of this extremely interesting book, which shows so well how much of nature is to be seen even in the most unlikely places, provided only the observer has eyes to see those things which are hidden from so many others.

The book is illustrated with seventeen full page plates, and almost as many illustrations in the text, which add much to its interest. In all that pertains to its manufacture it is worthy of the firm who are its publishers.

Of the species which have established colonies in London during recent years, the wood pigeon, or ring dove, is the most important, being the largest in size and the most numerous; and it is also remarkable on account of its beauty, melody, and tameness. Indeed, the presence of this bird and its abundance is a compensation for some of our losses suffered in recent years. It has for many of us, albeit in a less degree than the carrion crow, somewhat of glamor, producing in such a place as Kensington Gardens an illusion of wild nature; and watching it suddenly spring aloft, with loud flap of wings, to soar circling on high and descend in a graceful curve to its tree again, and listening to the beautiful sound of its human-like plaint, which may be heard not only in summer, but on any mild day in winter, one is apt to lose sight of the increasingly artificial aspect of things; to forget the havoc that has been wrought, until the surviving trees—the decayed giant about whose roots the cruel, hungry, glittering axe ever flits and plays like a hawk-moth in the summer twilight—no longer seem conscious of their doom.

Twenty years ago the wood pigeon was almost unknown in London, the very few birds that existed being confined to woods on the borders of the metropolis and to some of the old private parks except two or three pairs that bred in the group of fir trees on the north side of Kensington Gardens, and one pair in St. James' Park. Tree-felling caused these birds to abandon the parks some time during the seventies. But from 1883, when a single pair nested in Buckingham Palace Gardens, wood pigeons have increased and spread from year to year until the present time, when there is not any park with large old trees, or with trees of a moderate size, where these birds are not annual breeders. As the park trees no

longer afford them sufficient accommodation, they have gone to the other smaller areas, and to many squares and gardens, private and public.

Even in the heart of the smoky, roaring city they build their nests and rear their young on any large tree. To other spaces, where there are no suitable trees, they are daily visitors; and lately I have been amused to see them come in small flocks to the coal deposits of the Great Western Railway at Westbourne Park. What attraction this busy black place, vexed with rumbling, puffing and shrieking noises, can have for them I cannot guess. These doves, when disturbed, invariably fly to a terrace of houses close by and perch on the chimney-pots, a newly acquired habit. In Leicester Square I have seen as many as a dozen to twenty birds at a time, leisurely moving about on the asphalted walk in search of crumbs of bread. It is not unusual to see one bird perched in a pretty attitude on the head of Shakespeare's statue in the middle of the square, the most commanding position. I never admired that marble until I thus saw it occupied by the pretty dove-colored quest, with white collar, iridescent neck and orange bill; since then I have thought highly of it, and am grateful to Baron Albert Grant for his gift to London. I heartily wish that the birds would make use in the same way of many other statues with which our public places are furnished, if not adorned.

So numerous are the wood pigeons at the end of summer in their favorite parks that it is easy for any person, by throwing a few handfuls of grain, to attract as many as twenty or thirty of them to his feet. Their tameness is wonderful, and they are delightful to look at, although so stout of figure. Considering their enormous appetites, their portliness seems only natural. But a full habit does not detract from their beauty; they remind us of some of our dearest lady friends, who in spite of their two score or more summers, and largeness where the maiden is slim, have somehow retained loveliness and grace. We have seen that the London wood pigeon, like the London crow, occasionally alights on buildings. One bird comes to a ledge of a house front opposite my window, and walks up and down there. We may expect that other changes in the birds' habits will come about in time, if the present rate of increase should continue.

The Passenger Pigeon.

NEW YORK, Feb. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of the 11th, under the head of "Snap Shots," you speak of the passenger pigeon, and surmise that the name may have come from the irregularity of its migrations. These statements are so at variance with my own experience that I venture to write you.

When a boy, in the late forties, I spent most of the time on my grandfather's country seat at Manhattanville, on the North River. I spent all my leisure in fishing and shooting. There was good bass and weak fishing in the river, and many quail and woodcock on the hills along the North and Harlem rivers.

The wild pigeon, known only by that name, flew south on both sides of the North River by the thousands in the fall, and in lesser number flew north in the spring.

These migrations occurred with the utmost regularity. The first easterly storm after Sept. 1, clearing up with a strong northwest wind, was as surely followed by a flight of wild pigeons as the sun was to rise. During such storms I have passed many a sleepless night watching to catch the first change of wind, and when it veered northwest daybreak found me on the river bank watching for the flight that never failed. Ah! how my heart jumped as flock after flock of wild pigeons came flying over Fort Washington like small clouds. I have shot a great many of them, but alas, like the buffalo, they are almost exterminated. F. N. LAWRENCE.

KALAMAZOO, Mich., Feb. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your article "The Wild Pigeon" reminds me I can throw some light on them by an incident happening to me four years ago, when out for turkeys in a large swamp twenty miles west of this city.

This piece of inaccessible swamp is nearly thirty miles long by one to five wide, wooded in parts heavily, on high spots, and thick with undergrowth.

I was in a fence corner adjoining a cornfield before daylight; my companion was in a corn shank. At just daylight, as we were expectantly looking for the turkeys that didn't come, a pair of bluerock pigeons flew from the swamp. The cock lighted on a shrub, and the dove on the ground within 10 ft. of me. I would not have shot this beautiful bird for any price, and was most fearful my companion might not have the sentiment I had; but he did not shoot. As they cooed to each other, this beautiful pair of an almost lost race, how sweet the sound. Over me swept memories of my boyhood days when they nested near here, and the great clouds that passed morning and night to and from their Ohio feeding grounds. The old musket I so fondly cherished in those days, the best shooter in Michigan, about 12 lbs. weight, more or less, was again before me. How inferior the pleasure I got with my 12-bore hammerless. Those days—care free, plenty of game, poor gun. These days—no game, good gun, too busy to hunt. Shoot those birds? I would as soon have shot my companion. They were a ray of sunshine through the leaden clouds.

Well, I'll put up my topsail and say what I started to say, that I recently heard direct from Venezuela, S. A., that the wild pigeons in great quantities were in the heavy forests of that country. G. H. W.

Field Columbian Museum.

THE annual report of the Director to the Board of Trustees for the year ending Sept. 30, 1898, contains much that is interesting. The story told is one of continual progress, of steady and systematic scientific work, of increasing collections, and a larger exhibition of material to the public view than ever before. The lecture course carried on from October to April covered a whole field of interesting subjects.

The year has been bountiful in accessions to the treasures of the museum by purchase, by collection and by gifts. The expeditions made by the different curators have covered a wide territory, that of Mr. Elliot to the Olympian Mountains, and of Mr. Dorsey to the North-

west and Southwest, having yielded results of great interest.

The Field Columbian Museum is doing a great work, the importance of which is continually increasing. This handsome and beautifully illustrated report gives an interesting account of it.

A Rabbit Frightened to Death.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In Mr. Fred Mather's article of last week he mentions the fact of rabbits dying from fright. My period of experience has been but a drop in a bucket as compared with Mr. Mather's. However, upon two occasions I have known rabbits to die of fright. And while walking through the fields with a friend, armed with an old musket, he had shot at a hawk and was reloading as we walked along. I had in my pocket a paper bag of shot. The powder was rammed home, and while fishing for the shot to expedite matters he fitted on the cap. At that moment a rabbit started out of a patch of high grass and briers in front of us. Jack raised the old musket, and not waiting for the shot, which I held in my hand, took a snap shot at about 20yds., and the rabbit rolled over. We thought, of course, the wadding had been aimed, balled and struck the rabbit in the back of the neck. That was not possible, for we found the pieces of newspaper which comprised the wadding laying about near where we stood.

CHAS. G. BLANDFORD.

A Big Snake Killed in Manila.

From the Manila American Soldier.

In posting his relief the other morning, Corp. Walker came upon a large snake of the constrictor species in front of the officers' quarters on Calle de Palacio. Surprise was mutual. No command was given, but the relief squad was instantaneously deployed as skirmishers and then scarcely in time to avoid the vicious strokes of Br'er Snake, who would strike at a distance of 6 and 8 ft. However, these islands are ours, and the enemy went where the good snakes go. On being measured, the snake was found to be 9 ft. 7 in. long and 10 in. around in the largest part, with fangs like a panther.

Game Bag and Gun.

Red Letter Days.

II.—Grouse Shooting.

"It's the unexpected that happens!"

Who can adequately describe that queen of sport, to be got in the mountain wilds and healthy moor of the British Isles—grouse shooting? It is at the disposal of the favored few, those who have inherited this not common kind of territory from their forefathers, or those who can rent such lands from the poor, and not proud, landlords from well filled purses. The more therefore do you appreciate, when you get it, the autumnal shoot, commencing the 20th of August on the grouse moor.

The party, limited in numbers, consists of none but keen and skilled sportsmen, able to rough it in mountain hut, or on mountain side or moor.

Red, Irish or Gordon setters (pointers are not suitable) must be carefully selected, for strength and training, able, if possible, to beat the mountain from morn till eve. Failing which a waiting batch of setters have, as a rule, to be produced at midday to relieve those unfitted for a whole day's work.

How refreshing the morning bath in cool mountain stream! How enjoyable the early breakfast, and the chat with the keeper, as to the prospects of sport, the number of birds and their strength in the different packs, and as to the modus operandi of the day. Then the start. You climb the mountain with springy step, without the aid of Alpine stock, or without that hideous modern invention—the funicular. How clear the air—the sanitation is perfect. How picturesque the view from each succeeding vantage point the higher you climb—if not fit and fresh in physical training the longer you pause, "merely to admire the view," the higher you climb. Beneath, at your feet, lies a vast belt of green, seen through clefts in rain clouds, spreading low along the pasture lands, above and around lies a broad waste of purple heather, interspersed with yellow gorse. At last the highest point of highest mount is reached.

At this point we divide our force, two guns and two keepers, with batch of setters in each party. From this point each party takes the route previously decided upon, each gun, right or left, as decided. Onwards we move in solemn silence. It is a picture to watch the setters "quartering" the ground, brushing the dewdrops from the heather as they move cautiously to "get the wind" of the ground in front. At first they may be somewhat wild, but soon they settle down to steady work. A whistle sounds to attract their attention, and a wave of the hand points to the required direction of the beat. A perfect picture, too, to watch them in their approach to game. One setter backing the other, as, with extended head and neck, the least scent is floated toward them over the thick heather. How cautiously they move, step by step! It is a study of animal life! The gunners, too, eagerly follow every move. Suddenly up goes nose and head of the leading setter. Something is at fault. A cast is made by both dogs without wave of hand or sound of mouth. This is evidently a running single bird, an old cock grouse—not a settled down pack. Soon fresh scent is found, succeeded by the careful following up, with quickened pace, by dogs and men, and soon there is the well-known sound of the old cock as he rises from ambush, almost out of shot. No. 12 choke-bore, No. 5 shot, "normal powder," the gun held straight and the work is done. The first grouse of the season. The finest specimen of game that flies comes down with a "thud," and is picked up by the keeper. No noise or excitement on the part of men or dogs, the latter remaining at the "down charge," waiting the order for the forward movement.

This goes on, varied by the coming upon a pack of grouse instead of a single bird, from time to time, until

the general meet for lunch at the spot previously decided on, near cool spring, or on bank of mountain stream. Here a delightful half-hour for refreshment is spent, with the comparing of notes as to the extent of the bag, etc. The afternoon shoot, with perhaps a change of setters, is similar to that of the forenoon.

The general gathering in the evening is a happy event. Landlord and tenants meet, as they should, on the best of terms. Host and guests meet for the evening meal and to talk over the doings of the day. Every detail of the day's sport is a topic of conversation. Plans for to-morrow are made before turning in to sleep the sleep of the weary.

It was my good fortune in my early youth to be one of the party at the yearly shoot on a certain mountain property in the south of Ireland, rejoicing in the poetic name Tourinegrana. My education, therefore, in the knowledge and practice of gunning had not been quite neglected. Duty, however, that stern disciplinarian, required my presence in distant lands; grouse and grouse shooting therefore were to me things of the past, out of sight, though not out of mind, till the whirligig of time, with many a change and chance, brought me back to scenes of my youth. Again I had a "bid" to form one of the party of four on the ancestral property, with grouse in prospect. The 20th of August the time. Again there was the preparation for the start. The usual drive on Irish car to the distant mountain, far from the busy haunts of men; again there was the usual forecast of the total bag, as well as of the result of the skill of each individual of the party.

All save myself being skilled gunners, each with an enviable record of his own in making a bag, I alone remained silent. I was quite "out of the betting." I had no record except of big game in forest or on prairie to boast of. My hand had surely "lost its cunning" in small game shooting.

However, "here we are"! This is the old familiar mountain! Here are the old familiar faces of keepers and tenants! This man marked where fell my first—wounded—grouse. That man had shown me where to find my first woodcock. Another had taught me how to slip greyhounds on the wild mountain hares.

All welcome their old master, returned from distant lands. All look upon me with sympathy, as having lost so much sport owing to absence from the yearly shoot, and in consequence as being an individual who "could not hit a haystack."

Next morning there were the usual preparations for the start. Then the mountain climb. How pure the air. It is nectar! How delightful the feeling of freedom! There to shake off the cares of life in this work-a-day world! Here to feel once more "at home"! Yet not quite "at home" with these new surroundings. Irish setters, Irish keepers, with a keen and skilled gunner at one's elbow, ready, even without any jealous shooting, to "wipe your eye" on your even "miss." But, "what's this"? The setters at a steady set! It's surely an old cock grouse, not a running bird. He gets up within range with notes of alarm, to warn his comrades far and near, and quite sufficient to alarm and upset the nervous system of any novice. How well he flew round to my side; no doubt as to whose bird; I cut him down, to my surprise, with an inward feeling of "that's not too bad," and an outward feeling, amongst all, "The foreigner has been keeping his eye in somewhere." "This, however, may be a fluke."

We move on. Soon there's another steady set, then the usual working up to the supreme moment of the "rise and fall" of grouse. This time we're in a pack of grouse. Again I'm in luck, the birds fly round to my side. I account for "right and left" shots. My "pal" gets but one bird. So far there is a "balance credit" to my account. This success—or luck—goes on till lunch, when we compare notes with all gunners. To my joy, I, the "dark horse," the "wanderer from the fold," top the score; I am congratulated on all sides.

This, however, is but a temporary success. After lunch we move on. This sort of thing cannot long continue. All are now "on their metal." My "balance credit" must be cut down, and yet we had not gone far before I observe a bit of ground, which, in my feeble judgment, the dogs had not quartered. I walk it up, when, lo! an outlying old cock grouse tries to "sneak off" without any warning notes. I quickly cut short his concern; he falls to the ground with a "thud"; I reload, with a look of serene indifference, but with indescribable joy at heart. This is followed by a series of successes, with the result that, at the evening gathering and comparing of notes, I "take the palm," and am looked upon as "the hero of the hour." I may add that on the following day my hand and eye are again "in"—fortune again smiles—and on the return to "the settlements"—to the house and home of the landlord—I, "the alien," "the foreigner," have "scored," and have thus unexpectedly and unaccountably added to my stock of "red letter days."

Truly, "'Tis the unexpected that happens."

MIC-MAC.

FREDERICTON.

Another Remarkable Shot.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. Peter Flint's story, "Shots that Happened So," in Feb. 4 number reminded me of a remarkable shot, which probably never happened with any other person. Two days before I started on my hunt with Gen. Brooke, described a few weeks ago in these columns, I went out on a good tracking snow to replenish the larder. I started up Beaver Creek early in the morning, where I was generally sure of finding deer on the early tracking snows. After going about three miles, I found the trail of eight deer, made the day before. Following rapidly for an hour, I found where they had taken up their abode for some time along the side of the mountain, judging from their beds in the snow, and the territory over which they had pawed the snow for feed. Circling around their feeding ground, I soon found their trail, which had been made that morning, leading toward the creek. I kept on at a good gait, until I found the trail getting fresh, then slowed up and followed cautiously where they had been feeding.

The trail finally led across the creek, where I found I was only a very few minutes behind them.

Moving but a few steps up the creek, I saw a part of

one body through some alder bushes. The next report was that of the .45-90. I could see the deer make one jump, and it was out of sight. They knew not where the disturbance came from; one came dashing out past me and stopped at short range. I shot, and it was out of sight after making a few jumps. By this time another one, which had run away some distance, came back straight toward me, and stopped at a good distance, with its breast directly toward me. I fired at it and it never moved. I fired again, and it just did the same thing as before. I "pumped" for the third cartridge, and it wasn't there; the magazine was empty. Taking a cartridge out of my belt I shoved it into the barrel just as the deer disappeared in the woods. Just let me pause here to say that such moments as that when the hunter stands alone in the wild evergreen woods with no one nearer than several miles, the ground well covered with snow and the beautiful gray-coated deer scurrying here and there over the white surface, now in sight and then gone into the friendly shelter of the woods, are moments of supreme delight, which linger long and fondly in the memory, and are pleasant to recall.

Finding they had all deserted me, I went first where I had shot at the first one, and found it a few yards from where I had shot it. I dressed it and went after the one I had shot at short range, and found it near by. Then I went where the last one had stood while I shot at it. There I found great quantities of hair on the snow, which suggested to me that I had shot close enough to shave the hair off without doing it any injury, since it had not moved when I shot. I started on its trail and followed but a short distance till the tracks of another one joined it. The two traveled together for half a mile, then separated. There was no way of distinguishing between the tracks of the two deer. One went directly toward home, and, of course, I followed it, for it was getting well along in the evening. Finding it going into a dense growth of spruce along the edge of some old beaver dams, and winding about in an aimless sort of way, I kept a sharp lookout and saw it standing about 75yds. away, where it had been lying down. I took a quick shot, believing it had seen me, and saw it run, then stagger and fall. On coming to it I found my shot had gone through its heart.

Then it was that I discovered the remarkable shot—the shot that "happened" so.

It was the deer I had been shooting at. The hide was cut open on the back from the top of the shoulders to the rump, fully 2 ft. in length, as clean as could have been done with a knife; not a shred of the hide remaining uncut, and the flesh had not a scratch, and there was no blood drawn. The skin had spread open fully 6 in. on the back, leaving that much of it bare of skin. Of course I felt grateful at being thus fortunate in finding and killing it after learning of its condition. This was the queerest shot of my experience, and what seems so strange to me is that it stood still while getting such a "ripping up the back."

EMERSON CARNEY.

MORGANTOWN, W. VA.

The Lacey Game Bird Bill.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It occurs to me that gentlemen who believe game birds cannot be propagated under human supervision, and therefore that measures like the Lacey bill, now before Congress, are useless, would do well to study a little the history of other parts of the world beside their own miserable little corner.

In everything pertaining to bird-shooting for purely sporting purposes, the people of the United States, however much they may think they know, are comparatively in their infancy. Splendid sport with the birds is entirely consistent with the highest state of cultivation and quite dense population, if the thing is considered worth while. The farming regions of New England and New York, where there is a very high per cent. of the acreage under cultivation, might yield birds in thousands where there now are scarcely any. If you ride from Washington in any direction into Maryland or Virginia, in the spring, you are amazed to see the countless thousands of young domestic poultry. They crowd the mother instinct of the hen very hard in this region, and often give one broad-breasted old clucker thirty-five or forty chickens to hover and rear. I believe it would be easy, in time, to have the country swarm with game birds to nearly the same degree. People do not shoot the chickens they see on a country road. If there was anything like a similar common consent about partridges and quail (the "pheasants" and "partridges" of Virginia), the first great point would be secured.

But the thing I started to say was that in England, where they have forgotten more about game birds than we shall know for a hundred years yet, as well as about how to live your life and have some fun in it, the restocking of covers with birds is a recognized, common, perfectly successful industry. If you will pick up at random a copy of the London Field, or any English sporting paper, you will find column after column of advertisements like these:

THE PLAS CLOUGH GAME FARM, NEAR Denbigh, North Wales, Proprietor, Alfred Jones.—Pheasant eggs booked, fresh and fertile, guaranteed 90 per cent., but not only to guarantee the fertility, but produce strong, healthy, and easy to rear chicks. I have excellent stock of fine healthy birds, and every bird fresh; no old stock. Thirty-five years' experience in breeding and rearing thousands of birds. The old dark ringless breed, 100 pens; a new cross, 150 pens. 100 cocks of cross for sale for pens, and some hens; also wild duck eggs.

PHEASANTS FOR SHOOTING! PHEASANTS for stock!—Large quantity of this and last season's pheasants for sale, cheap, supplied in large or small quantities.—Darvill, The Game Farm, Chartridge, near Chesham, Bucks.

10,000 BRACE HUNGARIAN PARTRIDGES, from October to March; 1,000 Elliott versicolor, reeves, pheasants and foreign waterfowl.—William Jamrach, Stoke Newington, London.

PHEASANTS' EGGS.—ORDERS NOW BOOKED for the coming season. Warranted fresh laid from the

pheasantries; lowest prices on application.—Mansel Lewis, Stradey Castle, Llanelly, Carmarthenshire.

THE "MARKOVER" GAME FARM, STONEY Green Hall, Great Missenden, Bucks.—Capt. A. E. Williams has six hundred very fine one-year-old hen pheasants (first cross with black-necked Hungarians) to sell for stock.—Telegrams "Markover," Great Missenden.

PHEASANTS' EGGS (ORDERS NOW booked).—Capt. Freeman, Manor House, Beckford Tewkesbury, continues to guarantee eggs from his patent pens, which are moved twice weekly. Not only 90 per cent. fertile, but to produce as easily reared poults as the best wild eggs do; highest testimonials on application. Full-wing pheasants for sale.

Those who think that because we have never done the thing we never can do it will doubtless oppose the Lacey bill, and all similar attempts to make our silent covers thrill with whirring wings. Many people, for generations to come, will doubtless look upon anything connected with sport as tomfoolery, unworthy the consideration of grown men. Such people do not read FOREST AND STREAM, and what is therein said will have no direct effect upon them. But to any one who knows aught of game and shooting in other lands than our own the argument that game birds cannot be artificially introduced, on the same general principle as fish are introduced, will have no weight. There are plenty of French-Canadians in Quebec who curse the Government fish hatcheries, and who believe they are the cause of the diminished fish supply. An old man in Tadousac once said to me: "W'en I was leetle boy, de feesh hatchery was no here. De saumons was plenty more as dey is now. Den we all net, we all spear, we all sweep de pools ind de seine. Plenty saumons! Now we can no net, no spear, no sweep de pool. De dam hatchery come and spoil all de feeshin'."

It is on such logical grounds as these that some people would oppose the fostering of game birds.

FREDERIC IRLAND.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

A Question of Survival.

My mail to-day brings me a letter from "J. F." of Beloit, Wis., who brings up in course of his comments on an article published in another paper the question of the survival of the sports with rod and gun. That is to say, the writer whom he criticises seems to think that such a question exists, though in reality there is no question at all as to the survival of these sports. They will endure so long as the wind blows, and the water runs, and the sky is blue and inviting, and so long as man is man. A good many fellows try to make us think sometimes that human nature is not human nature, but none the less old human nature keeps right on doing business. The correspondent in question goes on to remark:

"In looking over an old 'Advance,' a Congregational paper, of the date of Aug. 27, 1896, I find an article entitled 'A Word for Vacation.' The writer, a W. G. Gannett, says: 'Fishing and shooting for fun will be among the total abstinences of the twentieth century.' Again he says: 'Think what latent barbarism lies implied in the careless question: "Do you enjoy fishing?"' Meanwhile, in this vacation, as you take the struggling trout from the brook or the dog lays the wounded bird at your feet, let the question drift in: 'Am I enjoying myself?'"

"Is Mr. Gannett a pot hunter? He does not go fishing for sport. Does he go fishing to get a big string or doesn't he go at all? Does Mr. Gannett think that we, who go hunting and fishing, go simply because we desire to spill blood; because we are brutes? Long live the sport of fishing and hunting, and last, but by no means least, the FOREST AND STREAM. And let me ask if Mr. Gannett ever took a 2½ or 3lb. black bass on a 9oz. rod, with 75 or 80ft. of line out?"

Singing Mouse No. 8.

Mr. J. L. Davison, of Lockport, N. Y., has discovered yet another singing mouse, to be added to the FOREST AND STREAM gallery. Under date of Jan. 28 he writes me, "I presume you are an authority on the singing mouse subject. I have just read your note about mouse No. 7 in this week's issue. It would have been No. 8 had I not been delayed in reporting the following incident:

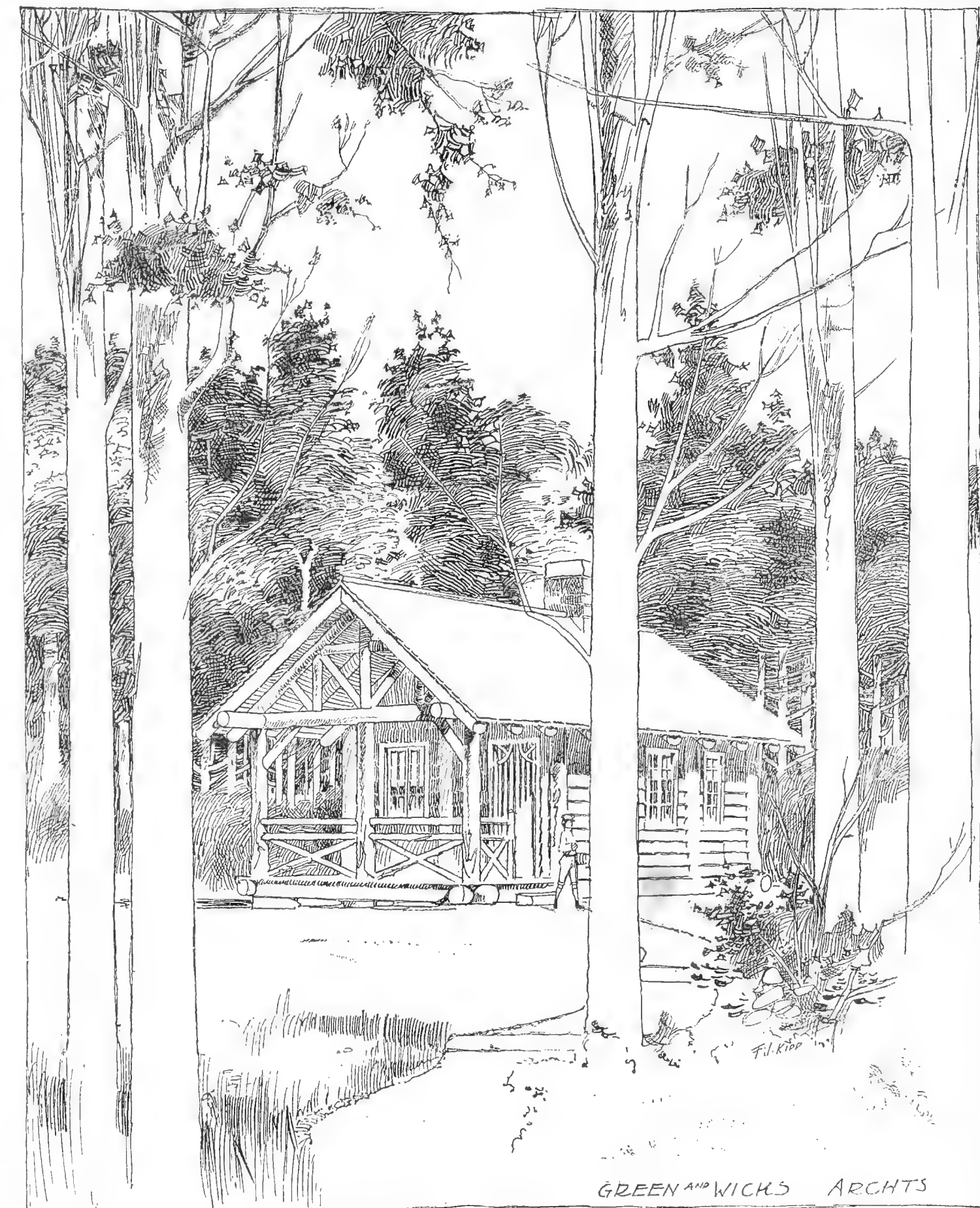
"Recently, while visiting my son in Buffalo, he told me of a singing mouse he heard in the Delaware Avenue Methodist Church one evening during the summer. He was sitting opposite a heat radiator in the floor of the aisle, from which came the singing, and it could be heard all through the services, excepting when the organ was being played and choir singing. His wife was one of the choir, and when he told her that he had never heard such singing as he had that evening, she supposed that he was complimenting her, little thinking that it could be construed to a different meaning, and still less, that the singing was of that dreadful thing, a mouse."

Singing Mouse No. 9.

Mr. B. E. King, of Saginaw, Mich., is still later with a singing mouse story. Under date of Feb. 1 he writes me as below regarding the ninth and tenth instances of a singing mouse which has come to my personal knowledge. When I wrote my book, "The Singing Mouse Stories," I had known of but two instances of this quaint little animal, and I did not know there were so many in the world as we have been hearing about since that time. FOREST AND STREAM is a great developer in the fields of natural history. Mr. King goes on to say:

"Something over a year ago I had occasion to make some purchases one evening at a small corner grocery near my residence, and while being waited upon I was attracted by singing similar to that of a canary, that seemed to come from back of the goods on one of the shelves. On closer inspection we discovered it was produced inside the wall, between the studdings. The young man tending the store and I listened to it for some ten or fifteen minutes, when it stopped. I waited and listened quite a while longer, hoping to hear more, but was disappointed."

"I have inquired a number of times since at the store,



GREEN AND WICKS ARCHTS

but they tell me they never heard anything like it before or since. The tones were very clear, soft and sweet, and most pleasing to hear."

Singing Mouse No. 10.

"On going home that evening," continues Mr. King, "I mentioned having heard a singing mouse to my wife, and she told me of one her mother often spoke about that used to come out sometimes evenings and sing on one of the dressers in a bedroom at her old home in Utica, N. Y."

"This was a very small, little mouse, and he would sit up on his hindquarters and sing very sweetly after eating his fill of dainties placed there for him; but he soon disappeared, no doubt a victim to the enterprise of the family cat."

Footwear and Mackinaw Clothes.

I have been relating something of the trials of my friend, Mr. McChesney, in trying to get himself and friends a few pairs of leather-topped rubbers for snowshoeing. I sent him a letter from a gentleman out in Eau Claire, Wis., who said the leather top was an Eau Claire invention, and could be obtained there. I have yet another letter on this same head from Dr. W. M. Waterman, of Chicago, who writes: "The best rubber shoe with leather laced top, with roll edges, etc., I have obtained from Phelps, Dodge & Palmer, a wholesale house in Chicago. These are lighter than the Gold Seal rubbers. I must call and relate my trip after deer and moose in Minnesota."

Meantime I continue to hear wails from Mr. McChesney, who says that he has sent to St. Paul for his rubber shoes. He has seen some other rubber shoes which he thinks will fill the bill, and is out after duplicates of that pattern. More than this, Mr. McChesney is in trouble about some Mackinaw clothes. He writes me very feelingly as below:

"There is another item of woods rig that I wish you would get for me, or put me in the way of getting, and that is a Mackinaw suit, jacket and trousers. You know the rig well enough, but we cannot get them here. Last year I had quite a correspondence with the Peerless Manufacturing Company, of Detroit. They sent samples of goods, but none were suitable for a hunting rig, as I had no desire to put on mourning, neither did it seem proper to dress as the bounding zebra or wear colors that outdo the rainbow. A couple of years ago a friend secured for himself in Alpena, Mich., a jacket of light snuff color. It did have some red spots, but they were not large or bright enough to spoil it as a shooting coat. You know as well as anyone what colors in brown or gray would be suitable, and if you can have a suit of proper shade sent me, I will wear it in memory of you. Coat 40 breast measure; pantaloons not less than 33 waist and about 33 leg, inseam, or over. This you may guess is not

my normal size, but is an estimate of growth caused by sufficient layers of shirts. My ordinary old clothes are all right in ordinary weather, but sometimes, as you know, one wants many layers of non-conducting substance over him, and a jacket over all. I want to try the Mackinaw if proper colors can be had. Jack Monroe had a good gray color last spring. I nearly said good suit, but it had really passed its prime."

In regard to wool clothing for winter wear, it is good advice to get it big and get it with a belt. I shall never forget the trouble experienced by Mr. McChesney out in the Blackfoot country. He had brought along an old pair of trousers, which he thought would serve his purpose admirably, but which he found so small that he could only get two or three of his heavy shirts inside of them. His other shirts he had to wear hanging down outside his trousers. I have some very interesting photographs of him so clad, of which I will sell copies at reasonable rates. We had to send out to Kalispell, Mont., to get Mr. McChesney the Mackinaw suit he wanted. I could not find the right color here in Chicago, and I do not wish to offend my friend's aesthetic taste. But now, is it not strange that some of our sporting goods dealers do not take hold of and handle these very two articles over which we have been having so much discussion, Mackinaw clothing and snowshoe rubbers? These are goods sold mostly in the pine woods and mountain countries. I fancy a dealer might do some trade through the advertising columns of FOREST AND STREAM if he should offer these very useful articles for winter outdoor wear. If Mr. McChesney does not get outfitted by next Fourth of July in these particulars, I shall be very much troubled, but will keep on trying.

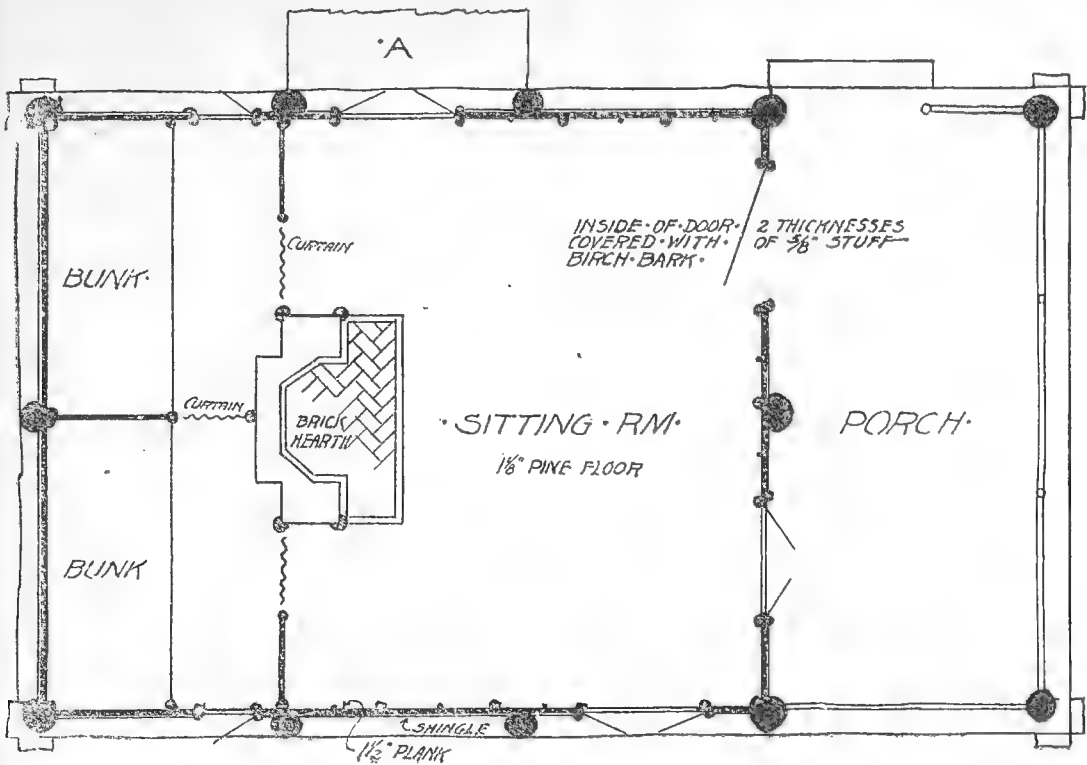
E. HOUGH.

A Woods Sleeping Cabin.

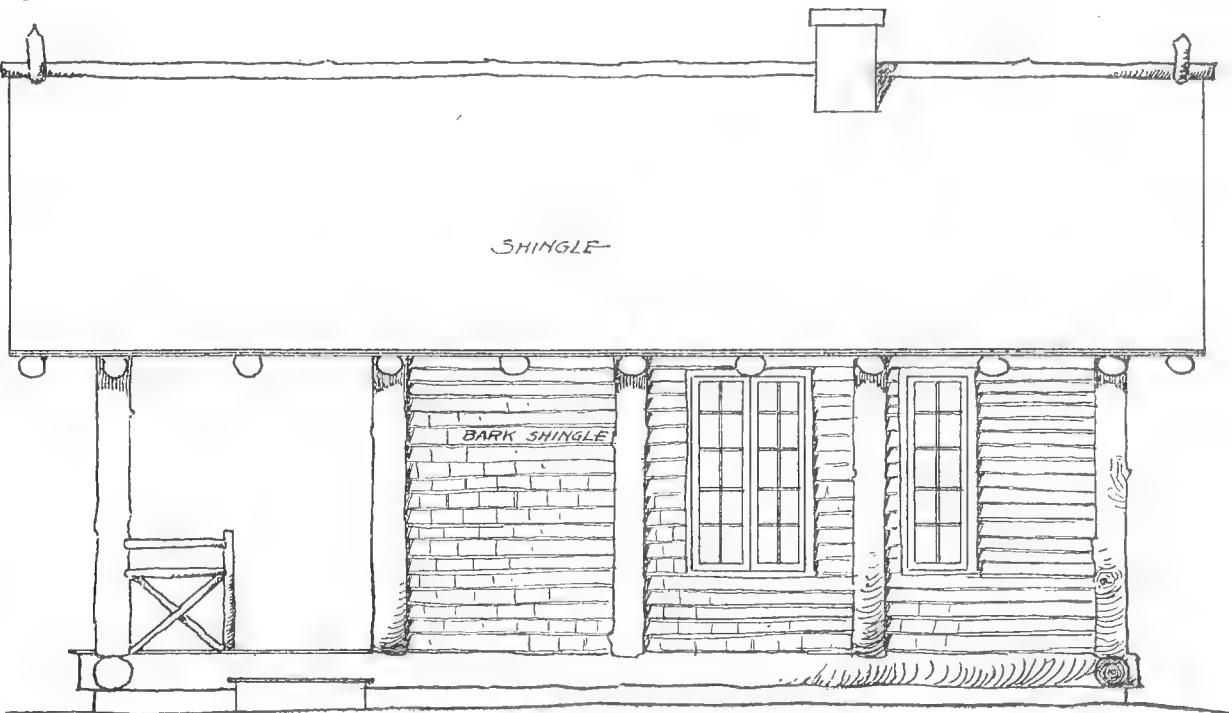
This structure is one of a group of three similar ones erected in the Adirondack Mountains, and forming a summer camp. The central building is used for dining room and kitchen. The wing buildings, similar to the drawing shown, are placed at either end and separated each from the other a small distance. The outer buildings may be easily joined to the dining room building by a small connecting passage. The dining room and kitchen building we will illustrate in later editions of our journal.

The building here shown may be used as an independent lodge or connection with some club house. If not large enough the bunk space and sitting room space may be proportionately increased in length.

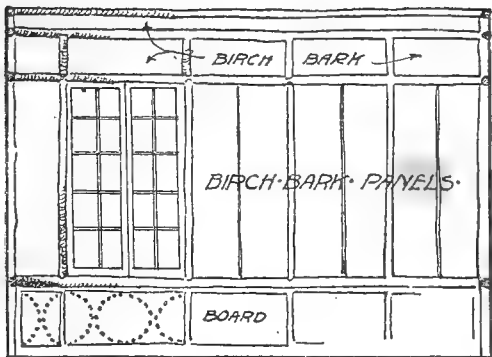
The frame is made of logs, put together in the usual simple fashion, the spaces between the logs filled in with 1½ in. thick planks. The planks are toe-nailed to the sill or plate pieces, or other timbers, and covered with



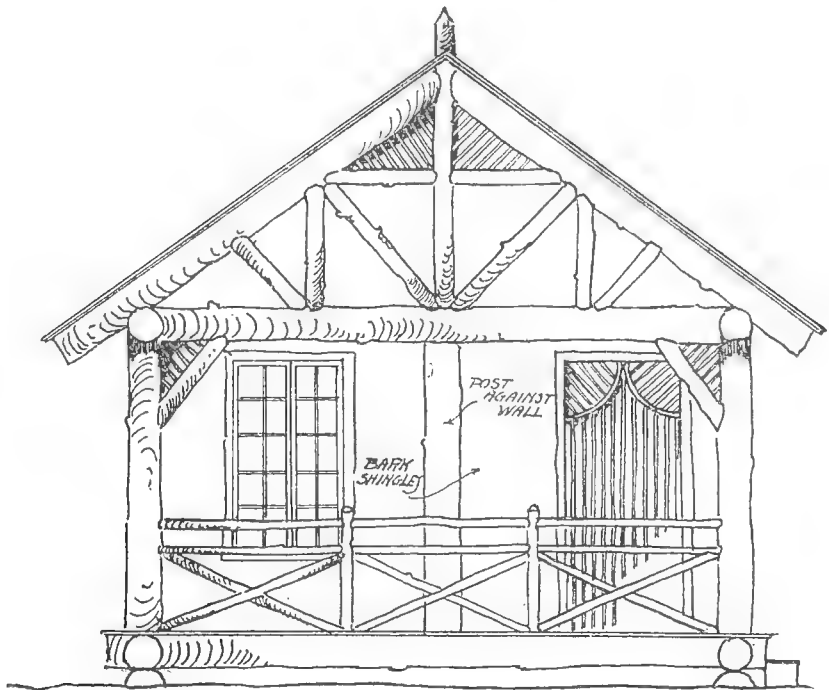
•PLAN•



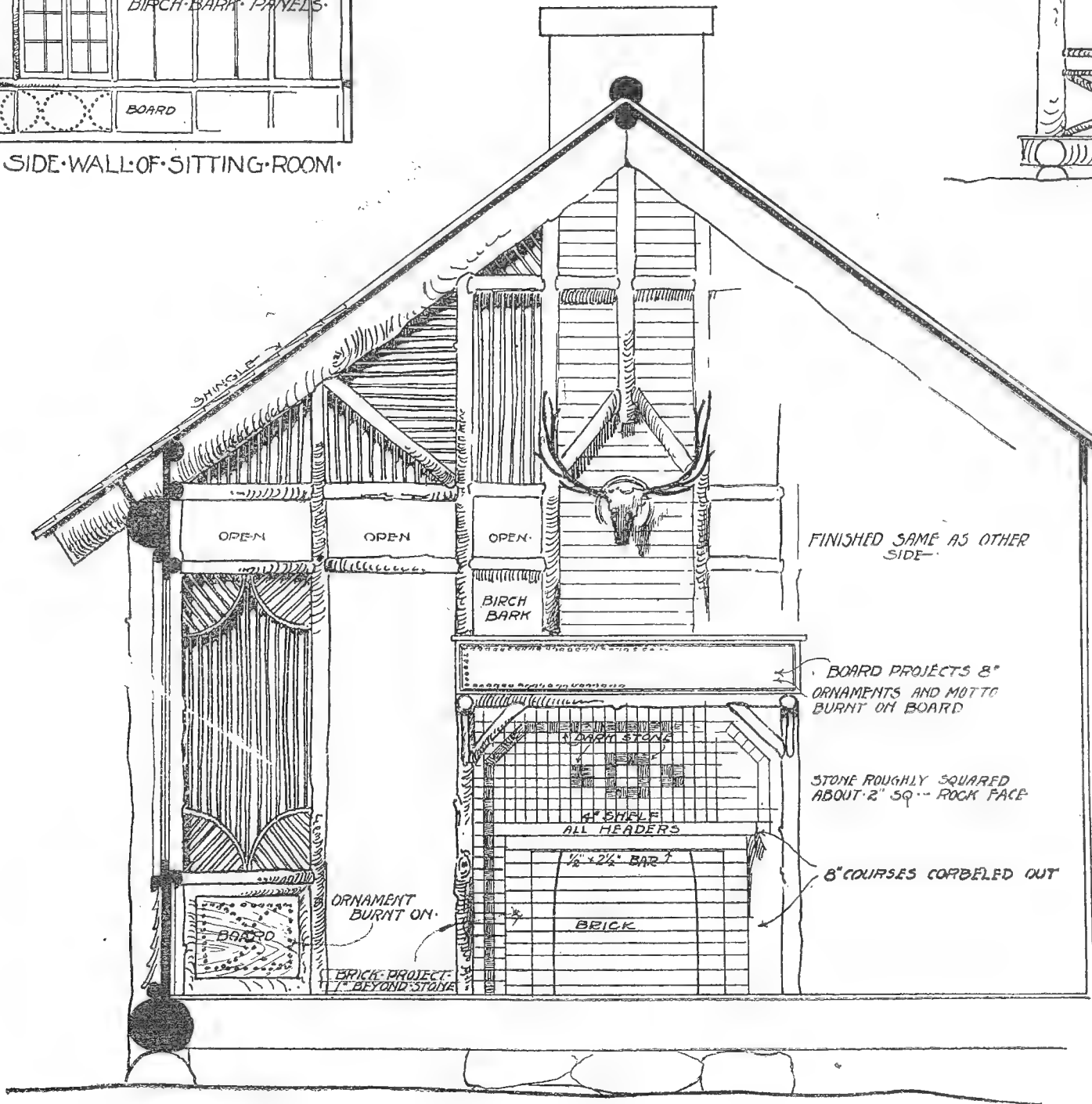
•SIDE ELEVATION•



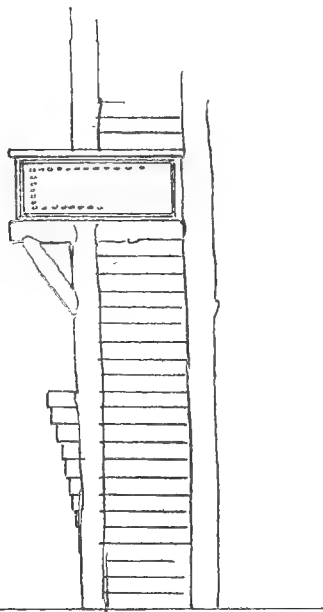
•SIDE WALL OF SITTING ROOM•



•END ELEVATION•



•SECTION•



•SIDE OF MANTEL•

bark shingles taken from spruce trees. Shaved shingles, however, may take the place of the bark shingles, and are much more lasting. The bark, however, gives the camp a much more rustic appearance.

The rafters and floor timbers are made of small logs. the floor is laid of any 7/8 in. matched stuff. The roof boards are 7/8 in. thick and 4 in. wide, spaced to match the shingles, the shingles being laid 5 in. to the weather.

The window frames are fitted with a swinging variety of sash, hinged and held closed with hooks and staples, and open with a wooden bar.

The interior has the plank walls, covered with white birch bark, put on in panels, with rustic work over the joints. The base to the room is made of a wide inch board, with burnt or charred ornaments, made with a wood-burning instrument recently devised for this purpose. This ornament perhaps will be omitted by the usual woodsman.

The fireplace is made of common brick. If a stove is used it may be connected to the chimney above the fire opening. The rustic screen at each side of the fireplace, and the rustic work forming panels, make good work and amusement for rainy days.

The timber showing on the outside of the cabin, such as sills, posts, plates and porch work, is left with the bark on, while the rustic work on the interior is peeled.

The sleeping spaces back of the fireplace may be fitted with beds or bunks. In this case the bunks are made of small saplings placed lengthwise of the bunk and covered with layers of hemlock boughs, put on in such a manner that the butt ends come next to the saplings; thus they do not stick into the sleeper's back, but make a soft, springy bed.

Such a camp as this, well fitted out, will be found to contain a vast amount of comfort. The boughs on the bunks, a kit of tin dishes, cooking pans, etc., any

camper knows about—and the comforts too; they are many; no one appreciates them as does a lover of nature.

The material for such a camp need not cost more than \$75; the work probably \$125 more. The ideal way to construct such a lodge is for the campers to do it themselves; but if they are not so disposed a couple of carpenters will be able to put it together for the sum stated. The fireplace too may be laid up by the carpenters, although a mason might do it a little more quickly, and a trifle better. The camp illustrated was built entirely by the owners, and they report great sport in carrying out the work. The first season they built the sleeping cabin; the second season the dining and cooking cabin, and next season they are to construct a duplicate sleeping cabin. They state they never found so much interest before in any project undertaken.

WM. S. WICKS.

BUFFALO N. Y.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing and hunting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in **FOREST AND STREAM**.

Winter Fishing near New York City.

BY FRED MATHER.

WE were crossing Fulton Ferry to that part of New York City which for the past year has been officially known as "The Borough of Brooklyn," although before the consolidation it prided itself on being a city in its own right, the second in size in the State, and the fourth in the United States, with an area of some thirty-two square miles and a water front of nine miles. This is mentioned because there are thousands of "New Yorkers" who have heard of Brooklyn and know that across the East River there is a place of that name where people actually live, and a place where New Yorkers may have to be buried at some future time, for the great metropolis no longer permits interments on Manhattan Island. Perhaps some such somber thoughts were chasing each other under my scalp lock, or there might have been a speculation as to the length of time which the great bridge overhead would stand before the disintegrating forces which are present in the rocks and mountains, as well as the little works of man, find the weakest link in that great chain, and—

"Good evening, Colonel, been fishing lately?" And there was a break in all speculations as to the capacities of the great Brooklyn cemeteries, aided by the Fresh Pond crematory, and the possible life of the great "Brooklyn Bridge," as it is called. It took a moment to get from the realms of imagination to actual life on a ferryboat, just as one awakens from a dream and has to pull his wits together to fit into the new conditions. After a fraction of a second, of more or less duration, the questioner was recognized as an enthusiastic reader of **FOREST AND STREAM**, whose acquaintance I made when some years ago I offered my first vote in Brooklyn, when, as an "inspector," he took my name and wanted to know if I ever wrote for **FOREST AND STREAM**, and we were friends from that time. He lived on the same street in Brooklyn, and in that city neighbors are neighbors. When his card said, "P. C. Macevoy, 139 Linden street," and he told me that he had read "our paper" for years there was a bond of friendship formed at once.

The year had grown old and had but a few weeks of life left, as we met on the ferry, and I replied: "No; have not wet a line since August, when the trout season closed."

"Do you never fish for salt-water fish in the winter?"

"No; during the summer I take in a little bluefishing, either trolling or, better yet, chumming for them with rod and reel, and perhaps a day or two with the weakfish, or 'squeteague,' as they are known to the eastward; but tell me what fishing can be had now?"

Mr. Macevoy looked at the bridge for inspiration, then down at the Statue of Liberty for information, and slowly answered: "There is more good winter fishing for workingmen, like myself, who can't spend weeks in the wilds of the Adirondacks, or in Maine, about New York Harbor than can be found anywhere north of Cape Hatteras. Of course, you know that such summer visitors to our shores as the weakfish, porgy, sheepshead, and some others, go south before winter sets in, but we have other fishes which never appear in our bays and harbors until cold weather comes, and so there is good fishing near New York the year round, when the weather allows a fisherman to live on the bays."

"Now that you speak of it, I remember to have seen fishermen coming and going to the Long Island trains with short rods and that peculiar square hand-basket about 16 in. long, with a partition in the middle and covers hinged to the partition. The city salt-water angler may be known by this peculiar basket, which he often paints green. Is there any written or unwritten law which compels the salt-water angler to carry that particular form of basket, or to paint it green, if he uses paint upon it?"

Mr. Macevoy glanced at the ice in the ferry slip and at the deck-hand who came to attend to the gates, but seemed to find no inspiration in either. The question was in the nature of a conundrum. As we stepped ashore to take our different surface cars, for one reaches his home nearer than mine, he replied: "Perhaps it's a matter of fashion; I've never given thought to the subject before. I own such a basket, and it is painted green; no doubt it was a more or less following of a fashion. You know that there are fashions in costumes for bicycling, golf-playing and other sports; why not for fishing?"

Here was another conundrum; it was solved by saying: "What you say is true regarding costumes for various sports, but the salt-water angler has no distinctive costume; he merely carries a distinctive basket, and that's what worries me."

As Macevoy dodged off the ferry bridge I heard some disjointed remarks, broken by the roar of trucks and elevated trains, about trout-fishers wearing corduroy and carrying a creel suspended from a shoulder, and we parted.

Then came memories of tomcods taken along the docks and of the "flounder trains" which run up the Harlem Railroad every winter and carry hundreds of men up the East River and Long Island Sound every morning, especially on Sundays, when the workingman has his only chance to fish without loss of time. The fact that the codfish which seeks deep water in summer comes to our harbors in winter loomed up next, and it did seem as if an ardent angler who was not hopelessly addicted to fly-fishing might find a modified kind of sport near New York City in winter.

The fact that steamers went down to the "fishing banks," some miles outside of Sandy Hook, was well known, but nothing would tempt me to go on one of them because of a stomach which abhors the rolling of a ship and expresses that abhorrence in a painful manner. I had seen boys taking tomcods from the wharves on Long Island harbors and from the docks of New York City with clam bait, but never thought of com-

peting with them for the prizes, and as I had not engaged in flounder fishing before that very much compressed fish, whose name is a synonym for flatness, goes into its annual winter mud, I had given no thought to winter fishing, although I knew in a feeble way that some fishing was going on, without taking interest enough in it to investigate what it amounted to either for sport or food. Perhaps it was regarded merely as a way of getting food which to me was more easily got in Fulton Market.

All this was a year old and partly forgotten, or at least laid on memory's shelf for back numbers, where we rarely dust off the cobwebs and look on what is below, when in came Dr. Grover, young, handsome and fresh, not too fresh, but just fresh enough. Said he: "This will be a mild night for December, there is a gentle south wind, and a party of us propose to go to the iron pier at Coney Island and fish for codfish, and you will go with us."

"But, Doctor, I have no suitable tackle, hook, line nor sinker, not to mention bait, and am unprepared."

The Doctor merely said: "You have placed yourself in my hands for treatment, and I prescribe a moonlight trip to Coney's Isle to-night in my company, and all the ingredients of a codfishing outfit will be found at the pier. You may order your trolley car at 7 P. M."

What I don't like about doctors is their autocratic way of telling you what you must eat and drink, beside swallowing such drugs as it may suit their fancy to order you to swallow, whether you relish 'em or not; yet we have got into such a habit of obeying them that when my street car came to the door I stepped into it as meek as a lamb, without protest. There had been no order about chest protectors, heavy coats and "Arctic" overshoes, but they went with the outfit.

There was the Judge, a jolly young fellow about my age, with a fund of anecdote and a flavor of Madeira about him which was emphasized by one large shoe where the gout had pinched. The Senator was slim and disposed to argument, while the Merchant was jolly and laughed at everything, but ten minutes later could not tell what the joke was. That was the party—which the Judge, in a paraphrase of some old prayer, said when we ate our midnight lunch:

"Here's to us, the four of us,
Thank the Lord, there's no more of us."

The man at the pier was a kind soul; he furnished us with tackle for two hours' use and charged no more than Mills or Conroy would have done if we had bought it outright, and as for clams, he generously let us have them at the small price per clam that daylight dealers had the audacity to charge for a dozen, and we were happy.

A soft south wind and a rising moon, rippling waves sobbing against the piers and the lights of the ocean steamers coming and going, as well as the moonlight on the sails of coasting vessels to the westward of us, made a picture to be remembered. It was one of those beauty pictures which we of the woods and waters retain on memory's tintype after the years have fled. The plunks of the prosaic sinkers and the baiting of hook with the unpoetic clam are forgotten, but the memory of that beautiful night remains indelibly imprinted on the super-sensitive film of memory and will remain there while that memory is a living thing.

The tide was coming in, and the lines were all out. The stout Merchant pulled in and shouted: "I've got a fish!" He landed it on the pier, but, alas! it was a toadfish, known to the scientific duffers as *Batrachus tau*, and it flopped around regardless of the efforts of its lawful owner, the Merchant, to take his hardware from its mouth. In fact, it closed its jaws on his finger, causing him to say things which were utterly irrelevant, until we wondered what he was declaiming about.

The Senator moved that a resolution be adopted whereby all toadfish should be forbidden to bite the fingers of gentlemen who were fishing for codfish and were not in any way encouraging the attentions of toadfish or interfering with their business. This was carried unanimously.

The Doctor urged the amputation of the finger and the liberation of the fish, but finally yielded to my suggestion to amputate the fish and liberate the finger. A clamshell in the Doctor's hand opened the jaw of the fish and then the Merchant opened his. He said: "Meine freunde; we are hier gesebled dieses nacht to catch the codfish which is hier, aber nit, and only the needless toadfish comt hereon. I move dat de box of beer be obened."

Then the Senator landed a codfish of full 3 lbs. weight and declared that it had fought well. My line had been out without an intimation of a bite for nearly half an hour. Of course, the crabs had skinned it, but I was so interested in a story that the Judge was telling that I forgot the fishing.

Said he: Some winters ago I was fishing for tomcods off the pier at Far Rockaway, where few people go in winter, although crowds fish there for snappers, as young bluefish are called, in the fall, when I had a vigorous bite, and of course expected a big fish of the kind, for I knew that 2 lbs. was the limit of the tomcod; but you know how the heart of an angler increases its beats when he believes that he has a big fish on which may prove to be bigger than any of its kind that has been caught. I reeled in slowly, for the rod was bending to nearly its limit, although there was but little struggle at the end of the line. Everybody stopped fishing and gathered to see the prize or to give advice. Gradually the reel took in the line, until we saw a dark body near the surface—a moment more and a big boot full of mud—

"Ha! ha! Dot vas ein goot fish, Chudge; und vot dit you do mit dot poot?"

"Well," said the Judge, "I landed it fairly, and do you know I fished faithfully at that place for two weeks and never caught the mate to that boot, so I left it there, thinking it might be of use to some one-legged man."

As the tide began to turn, the fish were well on the feed, and we made some good catches of cod of 3 to 4 lbs. weight. It was past midnight when we neared home, and after leaving the cars the Merchant and I walked on together, and when we parted he remarked: "It's besser ven I haf elefen oder nine pounds codfish caught dan ven der Chudge ein olt boot hat gefangen. Wot you tink?"

"Yes, I think so too; good night."

District of Columbia Association.

From the Washington Evening Star, Feb. 7.

THE annual meeting of the Game and Fish Protective Association took place last evening in the officers' quarters at the Washington Light Infantry Armory, and was largely attended. Captain Robley D. Evans, president of the association, was in the chair.

After the regular routine had been disposed of the chair called for reports from committees. Game Warden Sylvester presented his annual report. He spoke of the good work accomplished in the past by the association, and referred to its excellent reputation. From a local standpoint, the said, the new fish law had been generally respected, and the game laws have been enforced, except where evidence has been carried in cold storage, which is not accessible under existing circumstances. He referred at length to the improved conditions in the fishing, which were largely due to the efforts of the association. He dealt with the efforts and success of the association in preventing the sale of game killed out of season. Warden Sylvester thought the association should inaugurate an interchange of information with the authorities of neighboring States, to the end of preventing the illegal shooting of game. He thought it inconsistent that the reed bird, the pest of the rice fields of the South, should receive such great protection, while the ducks were neglected. He said a policy of education by giving information had been pursued in securing respect for our game and fish laws. Protection of the game, he said, is as important to the dealer as it is to the hunter and consumer. If game must be had at all times the time will come when it will be exhausted.

Pollution of Potomac.

Chairman Henry Talbot, of the Committee on Pollution of the Potomac River, read an interesting paper covering recent investigations. Selfishness, he said, had polluted the rivers, and it is only by an appeal to selfishness that the harm may be remedied. When New Hampshire awoke to the fact that summer visitors to the State brought from \$5,000,000 to \$8,000,000, and each one wanted to catch at least one trout, the pollution was stopped, more stringent fish and game laws were enacted, and all over the State fish hatcheries were established.

"Where ignorance is bliss," Chairman Talbot said, "the polluter may well ask, 'what's the use of telling him?' The answer is easy. The use of a smallpox placard on an infected house. We go about our daily routine, and if somebody says 'typhoid' it is with rather a feeling of pride that we point to statistics to show that Washington is well up at the head of the list of cities in the United States in its cases of typhoid and kindred diseases. Only half a dozen towns are ahead of the capital city."

"And when our scientific experts trace the source of these diseases directly to the pollution of the Potomac, it is always asked, 'Why don't you filter?' It never seems to occur to any one to ask the more rational question, 'Why don't you stop polluting?' The poisons which do the greater hurt are organic, or result from their decomposition. These wastes, whether of the field or domestic establishments, pulp mill or tannery, are all not only valuable, but indispensable for the renewal of exhausted soils, and their waste alone is in the nature of the crime of prodigality, without taking into account the trespass, indeed the outrage, upon the rights of those upon whom they turn this refuse."

"This might be dried, drowned and filtered, buried, burned or scattered on the fields, and be harmless. Thrown in the water the sin is hidden, but it is a threat against the health and lives of thousands of fellow citizens, to say nothing of the fish."

He said the year had shown progress everywhere in the matter of pollution. It was of interest to the association to know that the big pulp mill at Cumberland would shortly be removed.

The Incomparable Potomac.

"There is no stream in the world to compare with the Potomac as a home for bass," he said. "With romantic scenery, surpassed by none for beauty, a climate exactly suited to this noblest of game fish, a volume of water that assures him against extermination, out of reach of the lamprey or other enemy, save man. Keep but his habitat pure and supply him with food, and anglers will come from every direction to cast a line for Potomac bass, which, with Potomac shad, will stand always for the best."

"The amount of money expended by anglers is usually underestimated, but a little inquiry among our own members demonstrates the fact that for those who love the sport few spend less than \$50 a year, and from that to \$300, to fish nowhere save in the Potomac."

"Make the river what it should be, and revenue from a few pulp mills to the residents will be a trifle to the moneys which wandering anglers will scatter up and down its banks."

Mr. Talbot devoted some time to a discussion of the bills pending in Congress relative to filtration. If filtration is to be the remedy, he argued that it would be well to provide at public expense a filter for every community and every hamlet along its banks below the sources of danger.

Chairman Hunter's Report.

Mr. Joseph H. Hunter, chairman of the Committee on Fish, presented a verbal report. He rehearsed what the association did last year in seining the canal, and pointed out the excellent fishing which prevailed up the river last spring. It was his opinion the seining of the canal yearly did a great amount of good. This year, because of lack of funds, seining was omitted. He hoped next year it would not be. In reply to a question, he said it cost in the neighborhood of \$300 to do the work.

Dr. Theodore S. Palmer, Assistant Chief of the Biological Survey, Department of Agriculture, upon invitation, delivered an address. He took for his theme wild ducks, and spoke at length of the merciless slaughter that was going on, which was rapidly exterminating them. There were sixty-two species of wildfowl, he said, forty-one of which were wild ducks, sixteen geese and five swan. Thirty-one of these were to be found in the waters of the District, twenty-seven being wild ducks, three geese and

one swan. He exhibited maps showing the closed and open seasons for game in the different States. The danger to ducks is that the laws only protect them in those States where they breed. Our open season in the District, he said, is too long. The markets here are open to the gunners of other States when the law in those States is up and the season closed. The spring shooting about Washington, at least, should be curtailed.

The secretary and treasurer having referred to the depleted condition of the treasury, a motion was made after the regular reports had been read to increase the dues. Such a motion had been made at a previous meeting, and came up as unfinished business. There was not a dissenting vote against the motion, and the dues of the association hereafter will be \$2 per annum. The wish was expressed during the discussion that every member of the association promptly remit his dues. There is considerable work on hand and funds are needed.

The nominating committee presented the nominations for the officers of the association during the year, and, having been presented, these were voted upon, with the following result:

Robley D. Evans, President; James F. Hood, Vice-President; Dr. W. P. Young, Secretary-Treasurer, and Richard Sylvester, Warden, together with an Executive Committee consisting of Walter S. Harban, Chairman; Frank B. Curtis, Jas. M. Green, Joseph H. Hunter, Charles H. Laird, Harrison Dingman, Jesse Middleton, Frederick B. McGuire, Rudolph Kauffmann, George L. Nicholson, Isaac W. Sharpe, Henry Talbot, Gabriel Edmonston, Dr. Charles H. Miller and Col. Wright Rives.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST

Japanese Fly-Fishing.

CHICAGO, Ill., Feb. 2.—In the issue of *FOREST AND STREAM* for May 24, 1898, I printed what I have always thought the most interesting piece of sporting news I ever came across in my work for the *FOREST AND STREAM*. This was a description of the unique fly-fishing method practiced by a Chicago man by the name of Edward Taylor, with whom I fished on the Prairie River of Wisconsin. This method was so utterly at variance with all the centuries-old canons of fly-fishing, albeit so extremely successful, that it seemed like absolute heresy to offer it. Perhaps some of the readers of the paper considered the matter sensational or unauthentic. It was neither, but far inside the facts. Rather to my surprise, the story was passed by without much comment, possibly because readers did not like to change so suddenly their cherished traditions on fly-fishing. The method mentioned was not the old doctrine of "long and light," but the absurd one of "short and heavy" fishing with the fly. By this means Mr. Taylor always takes more large fish than the best practitioners of the old ways of fishing, as I was well satisfied to say after what I saw of his work. A few persons since then have written me asking for fuller information about the matter, which I have tried to give from time to time, as I thought the matter a most curious discovery.

The *FOREST AND STREAM* story, oddly enough, found its most interested readers far to the west of here, across the Pacific Ocean in the Land of the Chrysanthemum, as perhaps I indicated in my mention last week of the visit of Mr. J. O. Averill, an American gentleman living at Yokohama, Japan, and now in this country on a visit. At the time of his call at this office, Mr. Averill (I trust he will forgive me for making known his name openly in this way; I do it for sake of the *FOREST AND STREAM* readers, who will want to know him) promised to write me an account of the Japanese way of fishing, which he found very similar to that which he had seen described in the story in *FOREST AND STREAM* last May. True to his word, Mr. Averill has been so kind as to do this, and I shall offer below, with his permission, the text of what I consider one of the most remarkable communications on novel sporting methods that it has ever been my fortune to see. I am sure that the *FOREST AND STREAM* family will see, this time, that the news from Wisconsin was authentic and accurate, as well as singular, and I know they will be surprised and delighted as much as I am myself at noting this curious and interesting confirmation which comes for it all the way from the far-off Island of Japan. The theory which Mr. Averill advances as to the appearance of the insect while in motion is one so simple and probable that it is odd that no one has ever yet advanced it, yet no one seems to have reflected that the wings of an insect while in motion do not look like a stationary chip or block, but like a filmy and indefinite haze, similar to the effect created by the blades of an electric fan. I have said that Mr. Taylor always cut off more than two-thirds the hackle from his fly. The Japanese fisher is yet bolder and yet nearer to the truth in his methods. The fly which Mr. Averill sends me is of very thin hackle, the beards standing out all around the shank, and not up and down stiffly as our American fly-tyers make them. The hook itself is very odd, bent down at the curve at almost a right angle, and coming up with the effect of an angular, center-draught sproat, as though some ignorant artisan had tried to imitate the sproat. Yet the Japanese angler was not clumsy or ignorant. He knew his wishes, and his hook artistically fills them. Mr. Averill in his personal letters says, "The hook is a terror for this snatching or 'snagging.' It seems to dart right into the fish as the quick little Jap snaps at him as he rises. It is quick, sharp work with these wary trout, for they do not suck the fly in, and give you a show, but just make a snap and are off."

But I am constrained to pause in the pleasant task of comment on these matters, and submit Mr. Averill's fine communication in full, it being too good for a word to be lost. He deserves, and will have, the thanks of many anglers for his news letter from the Occident, though I fear he leaves some of our old notions on fly-fishing a bit disfigured. He writes as below:

New York, Jan. 23.—I have for some time wished to write you in regard to your new or "Taylor-made" method of fly-fishing for trout. Business and other "chains" have, however, delayed me until this time. First, I want to say that I think you have given the public the first intimation of a very important point in fly-fishing. I know what a conservative party the fly-fishers are in many ways; but I am surprised at the small interest apparently manifested in the method you have

brought to light. Perhaps my own feeling as to its importance is caused by the fact that the Taylor method is, as nearly as I can make it out, a perfect confirmation of and agreement with the ancient and general Japanese mode of fly-fishing. The Japanese are old hands at the art of fly-fishing, and as those who know them are aware, very deft and skillful in the use of their hands. They have no close seasons; most of their streams are therefore fished practically every day in the year by men who depend for their livelihood largely on their catch with the fly.

Many, if not most, of their trout streams are as clear as crystal; and this, in connection with the constant education of their trout by uninterrupted fishing, make their fish extremely shy and wary; and should be almost enough to prove that whatever method they successfully employ under the difficult conditions existing is a good and worthy method.

Now I shall proceed to try to describe their method, and in doing so shall doubtless ramble and be rather lengthy, so prepare yourself and use your discretion as to cutting and curtailing.

I shall begin by saying that three of us—all old residents of Japan—finding feathered game greatly reduced by its constant pursuit in the small radius of twenty-five miles in which we foreigners are allowed the use of the gun near the "treaty ports," were led to go in for trout fishing.

We had often, in the country districts, eaten trout in Japan; had occasionally seen a Japanese fisher take one; but had been led to believe that they could not often be caught on the artificial fly. Many fishermen, some English and some American, of varying degrees of skill, had tried in their own way to catch trout with the fly; but reported, almost to a man, that it could not be done; and that the Japanese depended on nets for their main supply. Not deterred by these reports, we began a careful investigation and found that, while netting and trapping are, I am sorry to say, much used, still a very large part of the catch was made by the artificial fly. Thus encouraged, we ventured on a trial. By some traveling we discovered a stream which, after a rain, grew quite discolored and offered conditions apparently favorable to taking trout in the regular method as practiced in England and America.

One of our trio is an Englishman and a very fair fly-fisher, having fished with good results, as compared to those fishing at the same time as himself, in the streams of England, Scotland and Wales. He soon began, in discolored water after rain, to take a few fish in the regular wet-fly style of fishing. But to his surprise, and on occasion after occasion, he found that after he had "whipped a pool" in the most approved style without result, his Japanese attendant would step on the same rock he had left and take, in the Japanese style, several good fish from the water he had gone over. This occurred not once, but always. The unvarying result of this competition of varying methods led me, who am a novice at fly-fishing, to suspend my practice at the regular method, and holding myself open to conviction, to study and practice the Japanese style. I followed and carefully watched the Japanese fishermen; and shall try to give you, from my observation and carefully made notes, a description and I hope an explanation of their method.

First as to tackle: The Japanese fisher selects from a grove of growing bamboo a dry shoot of the straightest and lightest growth, trims the leaves and gets a rod of about 10 to 13 ft. with a top tapering to the fineness of a small cord, and just as impossible to break at the end by bending as it would be to break a fishing line by simply bending it. This rod is fitted to a lower joint of bamboo about 6 to 8 ft. long, chosen so that the upper joint fits snugly into the hollow end of the lower piece. This gives a rod of say 16 to 18 ft., weighing about 7 to 9 oz. The rod is stiff to within a short distance of the top, where it is as pliable as a light whip. To the upper end of the rod is attached a light line, usually of about three horsehairs, or an equal thickness of silk, some 12 to 15 ft. long; to this is tied the thinnest of gut leaders about 5 ft. long; and to this a fastened the single fly. Both gut and line are light and delicate. The flies are always plain hackles, and only two shades are used, grayish yellow and reddish brown. The bodies vary greatly, and at the individual caprice of the tyer, who is expert at fly-tying, and can usually sit by the brookside and tie a fly in a very few minutes.

The Japanese fly has very few bristles or hackles, and these are tied to stand perpendicularly to the shank of the hook, not drooping as ours do. The appearance of the Japanese fly is something as here shown as compared to ours.

The method of casting is to stand at the brookside or in the brook, and cast up and across directly at the hole, rock or ripple where the fisher, who knows every likely lurking spot, thinks the trout is lying. The cast is made by a quick, strong motion of the wrist and forearm, the rod not going back beyond the perpendicular and sharply brought down and forward to almost the horizontal; a slight twist of the wrist prevents snapping the fly off. This cast shoots the line, with the fly at the end, straight out across the water. As the fly drops the tip is slightly raised so that the fly, and the fly alone, alights on the stream literally as quietly as the often talked of "thistle-down." At once the fly touches the water the tip of the rod is agitated quickly, but slightly and gradually elevated, the fly making a series of little jumps and struggles, so lifelike as often to be taken by the onlooker for a live insect. Only a few feet of water are covered and then the fly is quickly picked off with another cast to nearly the same spot. The fly is never allowed to sink under water, but is kept on the surface and in almost constant motion. The cast is repeated again and again at well-known or likely places, and seems to me to resemble closely Mr. Taylor's "teasing," as described by you.

It is difficult to describe in words the operation of the fly, and probably only an actual witnessing of it can fully convey the true style and the lifelike look of the struggling insect. Its leaps are very short, and it probably never moves above an inch at a time, and usually much less. This slight struggling motion is difficult if not impossible to convey to the fly with our rods, owing to their "whipiness" and pliability, extending, as it does, from tip to butt. The length of our trout rod also prevents the cast extending above 20 to 25 ft., as the rod

must be lifted so that no line is in the water; but with the Japanese tools a cast of 30 to about 40 ft. can be successfully made.

This roughly outlines the method. It cannot be mastered at the first effort, but requires much practice and patience, as all good methods do.

I may say that after watching the successful Japanese fishers and then faithfully practicing, I have arrived at a degree of skill which (while far short, as is natural, of the long-practiced and really professional Japanese fishers) enables me to catch not only more fish, but larger fish than my friend who used the wet-fly method.

Careful study and comparison of results have now led all of us to adopt the Japanese method, at least for the clear water and middle hours of the fishing day.

We have noticed that the Japanese fly-fisher takes most of his fish between the hours of 9 and 4:30, and he almost invariably rolls up his line as it grows dusk. This seems to agree with the dry-fly fishing, which is reported as successful, largely, if not entirely, in the "middle hours."

I think the Japanese method is superior even to the dry-fly style, and for the following reasons: On a bright day in clear water even a single link of the finest gut floating and turning in the moving stream is clearly visible to the fisherman's skilled eye, and its shadow on the white sand of the brook's bottom often resembles the size and contortions of a sea serpent. It seems probable the trout's eye is at least as sharp and quick as the human eye. The line and gut must usually pass over the feeding fish in dry-fly-casting, while in the Japanese style the fly only touches the water and the line and gut are often (always when possible) pointing in a straight line from the fish into the air, and visible practically only in cross section and behind the fly; while the shadow of the line in the air is infinitely less than lying upon the surface surrounded by globules of the water, which increase the size of shadow.

As to the wet or drowned fly method, I can only say that in the clear water in which we fish the few fingerlings which, among the wary inhabitants of these constantly fished waters, are found to take the wet fly are too small and too few to make it worth practicing. As yet the smallest English midges on the finest of dry-fly gut have failed to deceive the feeding fish in our clear water. They pick out the invisible (to us) floating gnat within an inch of our flies, but except for a very occasional impressive fingerling, leave our daintiest lures severely alone. Still, we feel that in water a bit discolored and late in the day there may be chances for the wet or dry fly; but when we can, by what seems to us the most skillful and delicate of work in the clearest weather and water, take the largest fish the stream produces by our other methods even in really skillful hands fail, we Japanese method, while, when tried at the same time, all feel we have a method at least worthy of careful thought and practice.

I could give instances without number of trials of the methods side by side. One of the most marked was witnessed by our party of three. Our English friend carefully whipped a fine pool without a rise. After he finished I, who am as yet but a duffer, stepped to the bank, cast some dozen times over the best part of the pool, rose, struck and landed the largest trout we have yet caught in our stream. This is but one of numerous cases, and is mentioned, I suppose, largely from vanity—still it helps to support my arguments for the new method.

Now having sketched the method, I must go into some theoretical considerations.

First as to flies: I was surprised and delighted to find an old favorite, the "brown hackle," also the favorite of the Japanese. (By the way, I remember good old Cotton says when you are in doubt as to what fly to use, to fish with a dun hackle until you catch a trout, then cut him open, see what flies he has been eating and tie accordingly. Why not continue to use the good hackle to catch other trout?) But I digress. I only wish to show what all know, the standard and long known killing qualities of the hackle.

Thinking of this almost universal fly and watching the Japanese use it in their lifelike way, I was led to compare its looks with the natural insect while flying; and I think if anyone will look at a lightly feathered hackle and then at the appearance of an ordinary river fly in motion, the great similarity will be apparent. A fly while flying does not look to me like Fig. 1, but like Fig. 2; the wings do not appear as clear outlines, but as a gauzy haze on all sides of the body.

I should much like to see a photograph of an insect in rapid flight, or with wings in rapid motion, and one of a well made hackle, tied as I have indicated the Japanese tie their flies. I hope some time to make these photos. This theory of the fly in motion is my own, and I have never heard or seen it. The Japanese do not seem to know of it; but both they and their foreign fellow fishers use the hackle.

I submit this theory for consideration. If the theory of the flying insect is correct, it is easy to see why the two shades (yellowish gray and reddish brown) will practically cover about all insects likely to be taken by trout. Watch the river insects while flying, and the gauzy halo of their buzzing wings will almost always fall into the two shades mentioned. (A most interesting article on the color sense in trout's eyes in the *London Field* occurs to me here, but is too lengthy to go into.) If this wing theory is correct the bodies only need change to represent about all the needful flies. The Japanese fish the year round with these two shades, for what I claim as the wing effect of the insect in flight, and their method evidently represents the fly alive and struggling to get off the water, using his wings to the utmost.

The theory that the hackle represents the buzzing wings of an insect may be held to be true only while the insect is on the surface or above it; but who can say that the trout can tell, from his position, just where water ends and air begins; and may he not misjudge a bit or take even the submerged hackle for a buzzing, winged insect? I find one can theorize endlessly on this subject, and if anyone knows positively about such things, I trust to be enlightened.

Please do not think I attempt to make light of the success of either wet or dry-fly methods. The drowned insect in a faint light, in discolored water, or to the voracious trout of a wild or little fished stream, is no doubt an

attractive lure, while the beautiful English imitations of flies (some with their fish-scale wings, so real as to be practically indistinguishable from the true article) must, if dissociated from a line and gut, deceive any trout; still I think this new method, or rather this old one, is worthy of careful consideration.

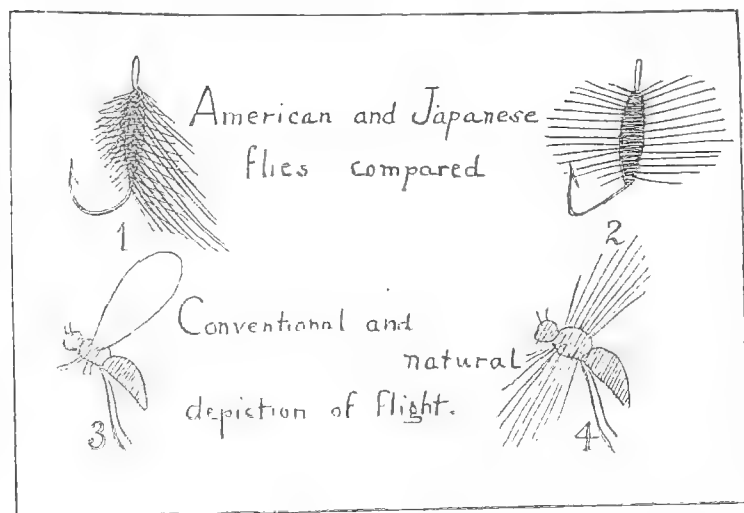
Numerous points in favor of the Japanese method suggest themselves to me.

The absence of disturbance in the water by gut or line seems a very important thing, at least we know it is in our crystal streams.

The struggling motion of the fly seems as if it must tease a trout which is supposed to be a bit "touchy" and combative. Mr. Taylor thinks he "teases them out"; and I have seen a Japanese fisher tease out a fish which I believe to be one he had actually touched at an early cast, and after a dozen more casts finally land him. In watching an expert Japanese I have been almost irresistibly tempted to seize a stone and kill the teasing struggling fly. I have had frequent experience of fish coming out after dozens of casts had been made in the same spot.

I find that I have not mentioned that important point, the strike. This, in the Japanese style, is sharp and very quick; but what I wish to claim is that the line being always taut enables the strike to be given most quickly, while the motion being down stream and the rod invariably below the fish puts the fisher in the best position to hit a fish rising, as I think they do, from down stream up at the fly, which is losing ground at about the speed of the current. This is a point which the fisher in this style must carefully practice, viz.: to have his fly always going down stream, or but slightly across, and not to have its speed much if any above that of the current. It must struggle to escape, but continue to be swept down stream.

I wish also to submit a few theories and guesses at concealment in fishing. I have seen, and doubtless all anglers have, a wary trout dart frightened from a pool even when approached from behind a huge rock, and with the sun directly in front of the fisher, so that almost no shadow could touch the pool even from the extended rod. In such a position I have had a startled trout dart to within a few inches of my feet at the first slight movement of my rod in the air, showing that he observed the least motion, but was unaware of the direction of the maker; on the contrary I have, within a few minutes, taken three fair fish in succession from a rock in mid-stream, on each occasion floundering across the stream to the shore to land my fish and having my shadow as well as that of my rod go right across the pool.



These things seem rather contradictory, but I have a theory which brings them somewhat nearer to agreement than at first seems likely.

I have noticed, by experimenting on gold fish in a globe, that the first sudden motion alarms the fish greatly and they dart quickly about; the next motion of the same kind alarms fewer fish, and finally, if the same motion is kept up, the fish gradually cease to notice it at all; lying quiet. Now if the motion be changed, say from a quick movement of the hand to a sharp tap on the globe, the same process is again gone through with. I have tried this trout in a pool. On a hot, still day, with the water like glass, I have carefully worked my way close above a fine pool, in the "still deeps" of which were lying some twenty or thirty trout of all sizes. The first cast startled every fish, and a few of the very largest left the pool. The next cast alarmed the fish less, and finally all ceased to move as my fly lit on the surface. It was a hot, still day, with not a fish feeding, all lying in the deeps; the water below me was as clear as air. I stood perfectly still in plain view of the fish, which I could see perfectly clearly, and kept on casting; finally a fingerling grew interested in my fly, followed it once or twice and at last made a shy snap at it.

I detail this at such length because I think it bears on the subject of concealment and "teasing." While perfect concealment is undoubtedly the best of all modes to throw the wary trout off his guard, he is so very quick and cunning that it is very difficult to get into a position of complete concealment.

Now, while I have little doubt as to the teasing nature of a bold trout, I think that, aside from his combativeness, he gets used to a frequently repeated movement of a not too violent nature, and that a fisher standing perfectly still (of course, taking all possible pains as to sun and shadows, background, etc.), can by a series of casts made with as little motion of the arm and rod as possible, and each movement as nearly as possible alike, accustom a trout to the movement—interest him in it, and if his fly is well worked and has a lively natural look, at last tempt him out.

Probably the largest and most knowing fish often run away, but I have several times found they only sank well out of sight under some cavernous rock and were at last tempted out to take the fly within 15 to 25 ft. of the fisherman.

I have spun out a length of yarn which will, I fear, exceed even your ideas when you told me to write you at length, but you know the enthusiasm of a brother of the angle, and will be lenient, or cut as you see fit.

I wish the season of my short stay in this country was such as would permit me to have a day with you on our home waters, where we could practice a bit together, and give me a chance to test our "snagging," as we call it, be-

side your skillful work in the orthodox mode; but that day must be postponed for a while. It shall come though one of these days.

I must add in closing that while using the Japanese method of casting, their length of rod, line and leader, with the single fly, I have put line guides and reel seat on my long Japanese rod, and thus take the advantage of the many delights and benefits of using the reel as in the usual method of fishing.

I feel that I have imperfectly explained this method and should be glad to answer any questions which may occur to you on reading my letter, to the best of my, as yet, rather imperfect knowledge; but I must say that my success, the great similarity between the Japanese and the Taylor style, together with the unvarying good results observed in the practice of these modes of fishing, give me great confidence that the method which I should like to call "snagging" (in imitation of a devoted brother of the angle and dear friend) has points worthy of the best thought of our thoughtful fraternity.

J. O. AVERILL.

Asks for Trout Waters.

Mr. J. F. Stickel, of Helena, Mont., writes me the following letter about Michigan and Wisconsin trout waters, and the proper flies to use in that district:

"I am not a regular subscriber of FOREST AND STREAM, but I buy it nearly every week at a newstand here, and greatly enjoy your department. I return to Chicago in March, and it is my plan to spend several weeks next season on some good trout water in Wisconsin or Michigan. Will you please advise me of the names of any good trout streams you may know of in the territory named, together with dates as to best fishing them, that is, are they early or late streams?"

"I have never caught a trout in Wisconsin, and am making up my fly order by Mrs. Marbury's 'Favorite Flies.' Will these carry me through: plain, leadwing and royal coachman, professor, grizzly king, Seth Green, black gnat, yellow May, red, black, brown, yellow and gray hackles, cowdung, Montreal, with a few silver Dr., R. Ibis, W. Miller, March brown on the side. If you know of any certain fly which is especially taking on particular streams would consider myself greatly indebted to you for such information."

I do not blame Mr. Stickel for enjoying my department. It is an awfully good thing! He ought to read FOREST AND STREAM not part of the time, but all of the time, and then he would not need to ask me where to go fishing. If he will go to Baldwin, Michigan south peninsula, any time in June, he will be near any one of a half-dozen good trout streams, to which he can get local direction. Later in the season is better for the rainbow trout in that district. He may take fish up to 3 or 4 lbs., rainbow trout. I presume, however, that the Au Sable River, reached at Grayling, Mich., is the best trout stream of the State. This is the once famous grayling water. It is now becoming almost equally famous as a stream for rainbow trout. I presume Mr. Stickel could not do better than to visit it.

As to Wisconsin, I would recommend the Prairie River, via Merrill, Wis., late May or early June. For flies on the Prairie River I would advise Seth Green, coachman, cowdung, brown hackle. For Michigan the same selection would do, and I should add professor, queen of the waters, and leave out the Seth Green. All the other flies are nice, but with those I have named I would not be afraid to go out either in Michigan or Wisconsin. I would not wish, however, to be drowned in a trout stream with a red ibis or a silver doctor fly fastened in my hat.

Mr. D. G. Henry, of Grand Rapids, Mich., deputy warden and president of the Game Fish and Dog Protective Association, writes me an interesting letter, which I beg leave to quote in full. I have not yet received the old fish net which he mentions, but expect soon to add it to my other trophies, and shall value it very much. Mr. Henry's schedule of weights and measurements of brook trout is something very well worth cutting out and pasting in the fly book. He writes as follows:

"I send you to-day the fish net I promised you. This net was taken with some others out of the Pere Marquette Lake in December last by myself, and the fishermen arrested and served thirty days each in jail—two of them. This net is hand-made, as you can see, and was used by a class of men that give the department more trouble than any other of our northern fishermen. They think we are oppressing them. They serve their term in jail, make more nets and go at it again. They are learning slowly to obey the laws of the State."

"I also send you a scale of lengths and weights of brook trout, as compiled by me. I based my conclusion on weighing several fish taken from different waters, such fish of the same length, and then striking an average. They don't vary as much as one would suppose, and I find them a great deal more uniform in weight than I had supposed before I commenced the test. This scale is for the square-tailed brook trout taken from the northern waters of Michigan, and this is about as near as I can get to the weights of the different lengths of trout:

Length.	Weight.
7in.....	2½oz.
8in.....	4 oz.
9in.....	5 oz.
10in.....	7 oz.
11in.....	9 oz.
12in.....	11 oz.
13in.....	14 oz.
14in.....	16 oz.
15in.....	20 oz.
16in.....	24 oz.

E. HOUGH.

Maine Legislation.

BOSTON, Feb. 13.—Generally the attempts at special legislation on fish and game matters in Maine are quietly being given the cold shoulder by the Committee on Fisheries and Game at Augusta. Several petitions for special privileges to take fish from certain lakes and ponds in winter time have been quietly put on the list marked "leave to withdraw." It seems that a sensible committee has the initiatory features in charge there this winter. Commissioner Carleton still believes that the \$6 September special license deer shooting measure will be

tacked on to the bill the commission is to propose, but it comes from pretty reliable sources that the measure will meet with extreme opposition. The measure to prevent hunting partridges with dogs at all times was killed before the committee last week. The proposition of certain farmers to be permitted to kill partridges in close season, when found budding on their apple trees, never got further than a ridiculously small petition sent timidly to Augusta by a member who doubtless never presented it. A gentleman just from Augusta tells me that the proposition to reimburse certain backwoods farmers for damage to crops by deer is likely to be laughed down before it gets through the committee room.

SPECIAL.

Hints for 1899 Trouting.

EDMUNDSTON, N. B., Feb. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Many inquiries are made of me as to the trout fishing in this vicinity, and probably there are many of your readers who would like to know of a good place to come for an outing, where good sport can be had in trouting, where health reigns, scenery is grand, with bright, clear, cool water, lakes, rivers and streams filled with trout.

I will just briefly describe one of the many routes that can be taken by the tourist.

Fourteen miles up the Madawaska River, with a carry of four miles over a good wood-road, Beardsley Pond is reached. Running down the outlet, which is a small brook, just large enough for canoeing, half a day is needed to reach the main stream (which is a beauty); down this two miles Squatook Lake is reached. This lake is nine miles long, three-quarters of a mile wide. Parties if so minded can stay all summer here and have good sport every day. The outlet of this lake is fourteen miles to the west. In places on this river the water runs quick, making a ride very exciting to the novice. In the spring months there is very fine fishing all the way. A log jam bars the river, where a carry of 100 yds. is made.

Sugar Loaf is now the lake we enter, so named from a mountain of this shape which overhangs the lake, and from the top of which a fine view is obtained, well worth the labor of the climb. The lake is three miles long by a half mile in width. A week or more can be very pleasantly passed here.

One mile of river and a lake of four miles is passed, with trout all along; one mile of river and a large stream enters from the right. If we go up this half a mile this stream forks; the left is Eagle. Half a day's poling to Eagle Lake, three miles long, half wide. There is only one place on this lake where trout can be taken.

Horton Lake, on the right fork, is more difficult of getting to. It takes three days of hard work to reach the desired spot, but there is the best of fishing all the way, and the lake is filled with large trout. This lake is almost new to the sportsmen. There is not a party once in five years to visit this great trout lake.

But we will start from the main forks down a large, easy-flowing river, the scene constantly changing as we wind round the many crooked turns of the nine miles of its length. At the mouths of brooks trout can be taken. Tuladi Lakes, ten miles, do not amount to much as fishing lakes, but with a guide who knows where brooks are plenty of trout and good fishing may be had. I was here with a gentleman from New Haven a few years ago. At the mouth of a breakwater about 3 ft. we saw hundreds of monster trout. We thought there were enough to load a car. Some of them looked to be 3 ft. long. Tuladi River, the outlet of these lakes, is a rapid piece of water of four miles, and all through the month of June there is good fishing.

Lake Temiscouata, the basin of all these waters, which here empties about midway of the lake, is thirty miles long by one and a half wide. I have been with parties thirty days at a time and had excellent sport every day. Mr. Joseph B. Townsend, a lawyer of note from Philadelphia, took this lake for his recreation for six annual trips of from twenty to thirty days each, never leaving it nor desiring any better water for sport than he found here; and he knew what good fishing was, as when he first came here it was his thirty-eighth annual fishing trip. He pronounced the fishing better than the Moosehead or Rangeley, even in their palmiest days.

Down the lake we go, taking fish all the way, to the mouth of the River Madawaska, down which it is eight miles to our starting point. This makes nearly one hundred miles, all down stream, through nature's wilderness.

There are many lakes in this country quite easy of access where the artificial fly has yet to be cast for the first time. I expect to see many new faces here this season, and hope they will not all be like the most excellent gentleman previously mentioned. When he was praising up our fishing I asked him if he would tell his friends about it when he got home. "Ah, no; when I find a good place like this it's a secret. No one knows it from me. Let them find out for themselves."

S. J. RAYMOND.

Frogs and Friendship in New Jersey.

PATERSON, N. J., Feb. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I noticed a libel on New Jersey in your last issue, and hasten to correct it. Mr. Mather, on the authority of somebody in Plainfield, declares that there is no such place as Friendship in New Jersey. I know of two such places, one in Burlington county and the other in Cumberland county, the latter not far from Bridgeton. As to the raising of frogs there for the market, I had heard of such a thing, and when I saw Mr. Mather's insinuation that we have neither Friendship nor frogs in New Jersey, I wrote to Warden Harry R. Dare, of Bridgeton, for information. I have just received the following reply:

"I reply to your letter of the 2d, I would say in regard to the frog pond that instead of at Friendship it is nearer Carmel, but in the same township. I have seen the pond many times, and understand that the owners have sold between \$500 and \$600 worth of frogs from it. We have a number of smaller ponds in this vicinity, where they are experimenting with frogs. The ponds are enclosed with fine wire at present, as the frogs are buried. I shall let you know later on of the success."

CHAS. A. SHRINER.

New York Fish Commission.

The fourth annual report of the Commissioners of Fisheries, Game and Forests has just been issued in preliminary form. From it we take the following:

Superintendent of State Hatcheries James F. Annin reports:

The work for the year closing Sept. 30 has been highly satisfactory, and in importance and value exceeds that of any previous year. The new hatchery at Constantia, on Oneida Lake, in Oswego county, was completed, equipped and all ready for work April 1. The commission named it the Oneida Hatchery. A special appropriation of \$6,000 for acquiring a suitable site, building and equipping of a fresh-water fish food hatchery, was passed by the Legislature of 1897. The work was finished within the amount of the appropriation, and it is a first-class hatchery in every respect. Pike-perch, yellow perch, ciscoes and whitefish are among the fish that will be hatched there the first year. The pike and the perch are hatched in the spring, ciscoes and whitefish in the fall and winter.

The hatchery has the capacity for handling 125,000,000 eggs of the spring-spawning fish, and again in the fall and winter of 35,000,000 eggs of the fall or winter-spawning fish, such as whitefish and ciscoes.

It is the intention to build ponds for black bass in connection with this hatchery, where the bass can deposit their eggs naturally, and the young bass be collected and distributed. Comparatively few people know that black bass have never been hatched artificially like trout, mascalonge, pike, perch, shad, whitefish, etc. The nearest approach has been to confine a limited number of bass in one or two artificial ponds so constructed that after the eggs were hatched and the young old enough, the adult bass were taken or driven out of the ponds and the young collected and fed until they could be distributed. I trust some one will have the time and patience to continue experimenting in the line of artificial bass hatching, as I believe it can and will yet be done. Then, and not until then, will it be possible to supply a sufficient quantity of black bass to meet all the requisitions made by our citizens. The shortening of the legal or open season for catching bass cannot but help to increase the number of these fish.

In the past, all of the bass distributed by this commission, and the same is true of other State commissions, have been obtained by netting where bass were numerous. This has always resulted in strong opposition from the people living in the vicinity where the netting was done. On this account the distribution of the small-mouth black bass has been discontinued, but the distribution of the large-mouth black bass, incorrectly called Oswego bass, was continued from near Clayton, same as in years past. The young bass were obtained from a marshy creek entering the St. Lawrence. The past year's distribution was 116,450, larger than the previous ten years' output.

The Adirondack Hatchery near Saranac Inn, in Franklin county, has been entirely remodeled and enlarged. Six and eight iron pipes have been laid from the hatchery (a distance of about 2,000ft.) to a point at the bottom of Little Clear Lake, where the water is 50ft. deep and the temperature stands at 42 degrees, and varies only 4 degrees summer and winter. This furnishes the hatchery with an entire system of rearing ponds with an abundance of the very best pure water, making it one of the most valuable hatcheries in the State. Now, it is possible to raise thousands of trout there to eight, ten and fifteen months old before planting them in the streams and ponds of the northern portion of the State.

In addition to the trout hatching, glass hatching jars sufficient for hatching 10,000,000 brook trout eggs have been supplied and put in complete running order.

The location of the Adirondack Hatchery as a distributing point is unsurpassed by any point in the Adirondacks. The surrounding four counties contain hundreds of the very best trout lakes, ponds and streams that are now almost barren of trout. Where fingerling and yearling trout have been planted in this section in the past two years, from some of our other hatcheries, most flattering and enthusiastic reports as to the fishing are at hand.

In 1896 the Legislature appropriated \$5,000 to buy and improve what was called the McKay pond and springs, in the town of Caledonia, Livingston county. This pond furnished power for a saw and grist mill, and after the owners had used the water as they saw fit, it furnished the supply for the Caledonia State Hatchery, located about one-half mile below the mills.

Soon after the commission came into possession of the property, we commenced the cleaning of the springs, and the removing of everything in the vicinity that in any way might prove detrimental in the future. For over seventy years all kinds of foul matter had been collecting in and around these springs. The accumulation varied in depth from 1 to 4ft. All of this had to be removed down to the hard gravelly bottom, over at least an acre and one-half. This process developed quite a large additional amount of water. All of the springs are now clean, and a wall or dike constructed about them to prevent their again filling up. This insures to the hatchery a sure supply of pure water.

At the Cold Spring Hatchery, on Long Island, new ponds have been built, so that the water supply can be fully utilized, and the greatest number of fish possible turned out. With these additional ponds, and the necessary grading that has been done upon the grounds, it makes this plant one of the most attractive in the State.

Another very gratifying fact in regard to this hatchery is, that it has on hand for distribution more fingerlings and yearlings than the total production of the hatchery for three previous years.

At the Beaverkill Hatchery, in Sullivan county, the water supply always becomes so warm in the summer that it is impossible to rear fingerlings, and all the spring's hatch of fry must be taken away by the first or middle of May, on account of the water warming up so very fast at the beginning of hot weather.

Locating a small spring on the hills about 1,200ft. from the hatchery, and finding that it was feasible to pipe the water to the hatchery, a contract was made with the owner of the spring, the commission to collect the water and conduct it to the hatchery for one year without charge, and if at the end of the year the commission wished to continue using the water they could

lease the spring and the right to convey the water to the hatchery for a term of forty-five years for \$100, which would be in full for all rights during said term.

The work of conducting this water to the hatchery was all done early in December, and considering the small amount of water otherwise obtainable, the supply has certainly been worth double the cost, and I recommend that the commission lease the spring.

About 5,000 fingerling trout were reared at this hatchery since the above spring water supply was obtained.

Other springs, situated from 2,000 to 5,000ft. from the hatchery, that will furnish considerable more pure water, can be leased if desired.

The necessary repairs and the improved water supply for each of the hatcheries has had the most careful attention. All of the hatcheries are full to their greatest capacity. New and improved methods are being introduced, and it may be said without exaggeration that the hatcheries of New York State are superior to any of the kind in this or any other country.

The policy adopted by the commission, of planting larger and older fish in addition to fry, is meeting the approbation of the fishing fraternity. From the numerous reports received in regard to the fishing in streams and lakes, where fingerlings or yearlings have been planted, it is satisfactorily shown that the work should be continued, as the results fully warrant the additional expense.

Reports have been received regarding streams and lakes stocked within the last two years with fingerling and yearling brown and rainbow trout (waters that never before contained these varieties), that during the past fishing season specimens varying in weight from 1/2 to 1 1/2 lbs. have been taken. From all over the State come encouraging reports of better fishing. The commission has done more in the way of restocking the streams in the past two years than was ever done before.

An actual count is always made of the fingerlings and yearlings sent out by your commission. Ten thousand fingerlings or 8,000 yearlings make a large carload. Three and fifty thousand fingerlings (thirty-five carloads) have been sent out by your commission inside of three months, and 40,000 yearlings (five carloads) will be ready for distribution next spring.

It is pleasing to know that the fish commissions of other States have commenced the planting of fingerlings and yearlings.

With the continued efforts to have our hatcheries increase their output of fingerlings and yearlings comes the question of expense. Two of the principal items entering into the cost of producing this sized fish is the food and the time taken to prepare it. Recent experiments with new food lead me to believe that the cost of production can be materially reduced.

Experiments in the mode of hatching and rearing young of some varieties of fish previously considered impossible to raise have been successful. I refer to the hatching and rearing in confinement of the red-throat trout. About 100,000 fingerlings of this variety are now at the Caledonia and Pleasant Valley hatcheries. The eggs were taken from the adult fish confined in the hatchery ponds.

We have also been successful in hatching mascalonge eggs by the glass-jar method, and the rearing of the young fry to the length of 4 and 4 1/2 in. in three months.

It has also been found by actual work and experiment that our inland lakes can furnish whitefish eggs in sufficient numbers for the restocking of Lake Ontario and inland waters with this valuable food fish. Over 20,000,000 of whitefish were hatched and planted during the past year, and the supply of eggs was obtained from inland waters of the State.

Previous to the fall of 1896, all of the whitefish eggs hatched by New York State Fish Commissions were obtained from Lakes Ontario and Michigan, in November and December of each year, but on account of storms and scarcity of fish in recent years the number obtained was always very uncertain, and the expenses were sure to be heavy. It is seldom that storms of sufficient strength occur to interfere with our work of collecting eggs on our inland lakes; so that we can now always calculate on obtaining whitefish eggs at a reasonable expense, and as the fishing grounds are within two or three hours from the hatcheries, there is but slight loss in transportation, whereas by the old method it was often a month after the eggs were taken before they arrived at our hatcheries. At present it would be almost impossible to collect under the most favorable circumstances 5,000,000 whitefish eggs at the east end of Lake Ontario. Formerly this was the best spawning ground for whitefish in the lake.

For the past five years plants of whitefish fry have been made by the commission in Lake Ontario, from Charlotte west to Lewiston, and the past summer the fishing off the Niagara county shore has been better than it has been before in thirty years. I state this upon the most reliable information. The fishermen in that section all unite in saying, that if the plants can be continued in a liberal manner the old-time fishing can be restored.

A few years ago the United States Fish Commission and some of the States bordering on the Great Lakes erected large and extensive whitefish hatcheries, some single plants having a capacity for handling 200,000,000 eggs. To-day part of them are running about half their capacity, and others are closed. All of this is due to the great falling off in the whitefish catch. Ten or fifteen years ago some of the best authorities in the country predicted that unless the whitefish were protected at once they would soon be exterminated.

This matter was deemed of such importance that meetings were called by people interested in the subject, and the matter was thoroughly discussed, and the States bordering on the Great Lakes were asked to provide a close season, and to restrict the size of the mesh of the nets the fishermen were using, but on account of the opposition by the fishermen little was accomplished.

Two years ago Michigan passed a law making a close season on whitefish and lake trout during the greater part of their spawning season. These facts demonstrate the necessity for better protection of the comparatively few whitefish that still remain in our State waters.

We have found whitefish in abundance in Hemlock Lake this season, weighing from 3 to 10 lbs. each. A small plant of whitefish was made in one of our northern inland lakes in 1894-5. This fall we found that these whitefish had attained an average weight of 1 1/2 lbs. each, and that they were abundant.

In my report of a year ago, mention was made of the satisfactory results attending the breeding of the Mongolian or ring-necked pheasants, carried on in connection with the Pleasant Valley Hatchery, near Bath, Steuben county.

The past year the work has been continued as far as the limited space on the grounds would permit. Having no special appropriation for this work, it has not been pushed as far as recent results would warrant. From a dozen birds in the spring of 1897, the flock has increased to 180 fine, healthy birds at the present time. This fully warrants the commission asking for an appropriation to carry on the work. It does not come directly under the Hatchery Department, but the work has been directed by Commissioner Babcock, chairman of the committee having charge of that branch of the work.

For the past year the pheasantry has been one of the great attractions for the numerous visitors to the Pleasant Valley Hatchery grounds.

The mascalonge hatching is carried on at Bemus Point, on Chautauqua Lake. It was here that these fish were first hatched artificially by the old Fish Commission of the State of New York.

Hatching mascalonge eggs has always been done in boxes with a double wire screen top and bottom, and arranged in the lake. The State owns a storehouse at the point conveniently located, in which all the bulky appliances for carrying on the work are stored. This building is also the headquarters of the men during the hatching season, which lasts about six weeks.

Until the past season it had been considered impossible to successfully hatch mascalonge eggs in any way except in the boxes mentioned. A lack of water at the proper elevation permitted of our operating only a few of the glass jars, but they demonstrated what could be done. The experiment was highly successful, and it is perfectly safe to say that with a hatching house properly equipped the annual output of fry can be doubled. This is important, as the growing scarcity of mascalonge in the St. Lawrence River has been apparent for some time.

Your commission is the only Fish Commission (the Wisconsin Commission excepted) that makes provision for the artificial propagation of mascalonge.

Experiments in rearing the fry in confinement were also made during the past season. The fry were hatched on the 19th day of May and placed in a small artificial pond. They were removed from the pond on the 19th day of August, having attained the length of 4 and 4 1/2 in. We could not keep them in the pond longer, as, owing to dry weather, the water supply failed on the date last above mentioned.

The fishing in Chautauqua Lake for mascalonge and black bass cannot be excelled in any other lake of our State. This is entirely due to the disposition of the part of the inhabitants in the vicinity of the lake to abide strictly by the game and fish laws, and to the liberal planting of young mascalonge in the lake by your commission.

In the last report of your commission it was suggested to the members of the Legislature that they pass a bill giving the Fish Commission power to stop all fishing on small streams where they think the situation demands it, for a period of from three to five years. I think it essential that the commission have the power to stop fishing entirely in the small brooks tributary to the Adirondack lakes or streams. These small brooks rarely contain a trout over 5 in. in length. As soon as the trout reach that size, they always drop down out of the brook and into the larger waters below. These small brooks are the nurseries, and my observation is that all through the Adirondacks you will find plenty of people that are continually fishing these brooks for small trout. Not one of their catch is of the legal size, but no one will make a complaint against them. In many cases the proprietor of a hotel, or a boarding house, keeps one or two boys, or a man, continually at work fishing the brooks so that his table may be supplied with so-called brook trout.

In planting young trout from the hatcheries, especially in the spring or fall, it is desirable that they should be planted in these nursery brooks, and our attendants are always instructed to have them planted in such brooks when possible; but when these fish are caught out before they have had a chance to reproduce, or to attain legal size, it will be slow work for our hatcheries to restock such waters as the Fulton Chain of Lakes, Cranberry Lake, with its many tributaries, and the many lakes in other sections in the Adirondacks. When it is possible to stop fishing at all times on these small brooks, then can we expect the quickest and best returns for our labor of stocking.

I cannot help referring to the fish car, the property of the State, and the very important part it has taken in transporting the product of the hatcheries. During the year it has made forty-six trips with fish, each time loaded with from 100 to 125 cans. It would be impossible to deliver our yearly increased output without this car.

Your commission thought it advisable to erect a building for the protection of this car from the elements. Consent was obtained from the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad Company to erect such a building on their property in Caledonia. They kindly laid the necessary track into the car house, so that now when the car is not in use it has proper protection and care.

In this connection I wish to call attention to the liberal and continuous courtesies extended to the commission by the railroads of the State in hauling free the State fish car, with the necessary crew in charge, and transporting fish and fish eggs with attendant, and returning the empty cans free in the baggage cars of their lines.

The following is a record of the distribution from each hatchery, and the total summary of all for the year ending Sept. 30, 1898:

Adirondack.—508,060 brook trout; 147,140 brown trout; 23,000 rainbow trout; 130,000 lake trout; 3,250,000 brook trout.

Beaverkill.—774,875 brook trout; 86,700 brown trout.

Caledonia.—365,112 brook trout; 367,268 brown trout; 45,125 rainbow trout; 368,786 lake trout; 1,000 red-throat trout; 18,300,000 whitefish; 65,000 fresh-water shrimp.

Clayton.—15,000,000 ciscoes; 5,800,000 whitefish; 115,100 large-mouth black bass.

Chautauqua Lake.—2,650,000 mascalonge.

Oneida.—50 pickerel; 17,550,472 pike-perch; 1,350 small and large-mouth black bass; 2,562,800 yellow perch.

Cold Spring.—466,000 brook trout; 93,835 brown trout; 44,485 rainbow trout; 48,000,000 tom cods; 48,000,000 smelt; 6,550,000 lobsters; 1,214,800 shad.

Catskill.—1,500,000 herrings; 3,882,600 shad; donated to State waters by the United States Fish Commission, 5,800,000 shad.

Fulton Chain.—790,750 brook trout; 55,000 brown trout; 199,000 lake trout; 1,500,000 frostfish.

Pleasant Valley.—295,250 brook trout; 120,800 brown trout; 75,400 rainbow trout; 29,000 lake trout.

Sacandaga.—858,000 brook trout; 90,000 brown trout; 187,000 lake trout; 1,035,000 frostfish.

Total summary of fish planted from Oct. 1, 1897, to Oct. 1, 1898:

Brook trout—3,964,500 fry; 72,785 fingerlings; 20,762 yearlings and older; total, 4,058,047.

Brown trout—857,000 fry; 34,640 fingerlings; 69,103 yearlings and older; total, 960,743.

Rainbow trout—119,000 fry; 33,500 fingerlings; 35,760 yearlings and older; total, 188,260.

Lake trout—762,000 fry; 133,725 fingerlings; 18,786 yearlings; total, 914,511.

Pike perch—17,550,250 fry; 222 yearlings and adults; total, 17,550,472.

116,450 bass; 2,562,800 yellow perch; 1,000 red-throat trout; fingerlings; 50 pickerel; 1,500,000 herrings; 6,550,000 lobsters; 48,000,000 tom cods; 48,000,000 smelt; 15,000,000 ciscoes; 5,785,000 frostfish; 2,650,000 mascalonge; 24,100,000 whitefish; 10,897,400 shad; 65,000 shrimp; total, 188,899,733.

Report of Chief Protector.

Maj. J. Warren Pond, Chief Protector, reports:

The following devices, which were being illegally used for catching fish, have been captured and destroyed:

56 seines, 971 fyke nets, 320 trap nets, 584 gill nets, 221 squat nets, 2 pound nets, 17 dip nets, 65 tip ups, 13 spears, 457 set lines; total number of devices destroyed, 2,706; valued at \$29,515.

Three hundred and sixty-nine persons were prosecuted during the year for violating the fisheries, game and forest laws. Of this number 335 were convicted, 30 discharged, and 4 held to grand jury. The total amount of fines, penalties and costs imposed by the courts in these cases was \$10,827.49, of which \$8,480.94 has been collected by the department and deposited in accordance with law, and an aggregate penalty of 735 days' imprisonment has been imposed.

I think this is an excellent showing, and I confidently assert that all statements, from whatever source they proceed, that the fisheries, game and forest laws are everywhere disregarded and violated, are reckless statements of persons who have no knowledge of the subject. Doubtless, violations have occurred which have not come to the knowledge of the department. This is inevitable, owing to the fact that it is impossible to cover the whole State with the limited number of protectors that we are allowed by law. But it is certain that the number of these cases is not so great as some would make it appear. Several reports of violations of the deer hounding law have reached me, every one of which has been carefully investigated and found to be based upon evidence so flimsy as to discredit the report.

In some localities of the State there is a manifest unfriendliness to the laws for the protection of fish and game, so much so that it is impossible to secure convictions in the local courts. In several cases an acquittal or a disagreement of the jury has resulted from the plea of the defendant's counsel that the protector or the complainant was out for "blood money," meaning his share of the fine if conviction is had.

In one of the courts in Greater New York a person arraigned under section 78 of the fisheries, game and forest law for shooting song birds was discharged on the ground that section 1493 of the charter of that city supersedes the fisheries, game and forest laws. For the same reason moneys collected as fines for violations of the fisheries, game and forest laws have been turned over to the city comptroller instead of to this department.

This will necessitate a civil action to obtain an opinion of the higher court as to the true meaning of the law.

The St. Lawrence River Park.

Pursuant to the provisions of chapter 273, laws of 1897, this commission has purchased several points on the River St. Lawrence to be used by the public for the purpose of recreation, camping, fishing, etc. The tracts purchased and prices paid therefor are as follows:

Burnham's Point, near Cape Vincent, \$500; Cedar Point, between Cape Vincent and Clayton, \$1,400; Canoe Point, on Eel Bay, \$4,200; Watterson's Point, on Canadian side of Well's Island, \$700; Mary Island, opposite Alexandria Bay, \$5,000; Kring's Point, near entrance to Goose Bay, \$2,300; one-half of Cedar Island, near Chipewa Bay, \$3,000; one-half of Lotus Island, nine miles below Ogdensburg, \$4,500; De Wolf Point, on Lake of the Isles, \$500.

These islands and shore points are well located, easy of access and in every way suitable for public park purposes. This commission has contracted with a responsible person for the construction of docks for steamers and row boats, wherever necessary. These grounds have been cleared of fallen timber, underbrush, loose stones, etc.

Suggestions and Recommendations.

We recommend that there be a close season of one month for whitefish during their spawning season. With the work being done by the commissioners in stocking lakes and the close season of one month, while spawning, we feel confident that this most valuable fish can be restored to the Great Lakes and made plentiful in several of the smaller ones throughout the State.

The commissioners having made a successful start in rearing game birds, have gone as far as their very limited means would permit, and would recommend that an appropriation be granted for the construction of suitable enclosures and the further continuance of the work. With the birds on hand and a small appropriation, 500 Mongolian pheasants could be reared and distributed this year.

We recommend that the law of 1898, which provided a bounty for the seizure and destruction of illegal devices

for the taking of fish be amended by the reduction of the bounties, and a safeguard against a repetition of the frauds that were practiced during the past year.

We recommend that an appropriation of \$2,000 be made for the care and maintenance of the lands recently purchased on the St. Lawrence River.

Massachusetts and Maine.

BOSTON, Feb. 11.—The feature of the week in Massachusetts fish and game circles is the introduction into the Legislature, now in session, of a bill to prevent, by a very stringent law, all fishing and shooting on Sunday. Under the common law such action is an offense, but nothing is ever done toward enforcing the law, and farmers and country residents complain that their lands and woods are overrun by gunners on Sunday. The proposed law not only provides a penalty, but makes its enforcement obligatory. But the bill will not go through without opposition. There are members of both branches of the Legislature who have indulged in Sunday shooting and fishing on many occasions, and would like to do so again.

On the other hand, the Maine Legislature has a proposition now before it to repeal the clause in the game laws making it an offense to hunt on Sunday—to repeal the clause so far as the back towns are concerned, but leave it in force in the larger or inhabited towns. In that State there is no clause in the game and fish laws against fishing on Sunday. Now the Maine law says that it is wicked to shoot on Sunday, but not fish.

Capt. Fred C. Barker, of Bemis and the Birches, is back from a short vacation trip to Cuba. He went for a much-needed rest, in connection with looking at "our new possessions." He says that he would not give up the Maine woods and waters for the whole island. He will go ahead and add to the attractions of his places on Mooselucmaguntic, and have them ready for the rod and line sportsmen, as soon as the telegraph announces that the ice is out.

SPECIAL.

Connecticut Shad Fishery.

THE Connecticut Fish and Game Commissioners give this graphic showing of the results of shad culture; and as was said in the report printed in our last issue, future years promise to show an increase yet more abundant:

SHAD CAUGHT IN THE CONNECTICUT RIVER FROM 1890 TO 1898, INCLUSIVE.

Years.	Number.
1890	34,318
1891	22,462
1892	18,965
1893	41,253
1894	31,145
1895	62,597
1896	57,318
1897	73,367
1898	93,450

The Fruits of Protection.

MANCHESTER, N. H.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I see by report from our Legislature now in session, there is notice of a bill to repeal all fish and game laws, abolish the commission, and throw away all the good work that has been done in New Hampshire. I know there has been a great deal of good done to keep up the supply of fish and protect the game. I know of trout streams that have been stocked for years, and have given good results, where there would not be any fish if they had not been stocked. It is a pleasure to follow up a stream you have put fry into later and see the little fellows dart for cover, or show themselves in some clear pool. The protection and stocking of lakes and streams have been the means of bringing thousands of dollars to our State from summer boarders, and those that like to fish and hunt. But we have a class that will kill the goose now sitting for the tasteless and worthless meat of the mother goose, rather than have the dozen of fat young geese in the fall. Such is human nature. We need more protection instead of less, and will hope the law may be made better instead of worse.

OLD ONE.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

Feb. 8-11.—Milwaukee, Wis.—Bench show for the benefit of the Wisconsin training school for nurses. E. J. Meisenheimer, Sec'y.

Feb. 21-24.—New York.—Westminster Kennel Club's twenty-third annual show. Jas. Mortimer, Sec'y and Supt.

March 7-10.—Grand Rapids, Mich.—Butterfly Association's bench show. Miss Grace H. Griswold, Sec'y.

March 14-17.—St. Louis, Mo.—St. Louis Kennel Club's show.

March 21-24.—Chicago.—Mascoutah Kennel Club's show.

April 4-7.—Boston, Mass.—New England Kennel Club's bench show. James Mortimer, Manager.

Nov. 22-24.—New York.—American Pet Dog Club's show. S. C. Hodge, Supt.

The Binghamton Show.

BINGHAMTON, N. Y., Feb. 9.—I am sorry to inform you that owing to shortness of time we were unable to make the necessary arrangements to hold bench show, and it is therefore declared off.

A. P. Fish, Sec'y Binghamton Show.

Irish Setter Club Meeting.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Feb. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The annual meeting of the Irish Setter Club of America will be held in the Madison Square Garden, New York, on February 22, at 11:30 A. M., during the W. K. C. Show. GEO. H. THOMSON, Sec'y, 278 City Hall.

The index for Volume LI. of FOREST AND STREAM, which appears with this issue, will be found in all mailed copies, and will be furnished to others without charge. Those who desire to bind their volumes may save themselves and us some trouble by taking pains that their index is not lost, as it may well be, since it is not stitched in with the number in which it is inserted.

Trap-Shooting.

Fixtures.

Feb. 13 and 22.—Newark, N. J.—On Lincoln's and Washington's birthdays respectively, on Smith's grounds, Foundry street and Ferry street, a 15 live-bird event each day; open sweepstakes also; class shooting.

Feb. 15-16.—Reading, Pa.—Live-bird tournament of the Reading Shooting Association. Geo. G. Ritter, Manager, Reading.

Feb. 15.—Bergen County Handicap, third contest, 15 live birds, open to all, \$10 entrance, birds included, at Helfrich's Hackensack Bridge grounds.

March 1.—Brooklyn, L. I.—Monthly shoot of the Brooklyn Gun Club. John Wright, Manager.

Feb. 21-22.—Garden City, L. I.—Amateur championship contest under the auspices of the Carteret Gun Club.

Feb. 22.—Fremont, Neb.—All-day shoot of the Fremont Gun Club; targets and live birds.

Feb. 22.—Rochester, N. Y.—Live-bird and target shoot of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club.

Feb. 22.—Lebanon, Pa.—Keystone Gun Club, of Lebanon, Pa., all-day live-bird and target tournament; open to all. A. E. Smith, Captain.

Feb. 22.—Altoona, Pa.—Target tournament of the Altoona Rod and Gun Club. G. G. Zeth, Sec'y.

Feb. 22.—New Haven, Conn.—New Haven Gun Club's tournament; \$20 added money. J. B. Savage, Sec'y.

Feb. 22.—Worcester, Mass.—Tournament of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club; targets. A. W. Walls, Sec'y.

Feb. 22.—Lebanon, Pa.—Keystone Gun Club's live-bird and target tournament.

Feb. 22.—Dexter Park, Brooklyn.—All-day open shoot at live birds. H. S. Lippack, Manager.

Feb. 28.—Lyndhurst, N. J.—Live-bird tournament of the Brooklyn Gun Club. John Wright, Manager.

March 1.—White Plains, N. Y.—Fifteen live-bird handicap, \$10 entrance, birds included. E. G. Horton, Manager, White Plains.

March 2-11.—Madison Square Garden.—Tournament in connection with Sportsmen's Exposition. Address, Sportsmen's Exposition, 280 Broadway, New York.

April 4-5.—Chambersburg, Pa.—Chambersburg Gun Club's spring live-bird and target tournament; open to all. J. M. Runk, Captain.

April 6-8.—Utica, N. Y.—Fulford's handicap at live birds. E. D. Fulford, Manager.

April 11-13.—Elkwood Park, Long Branch, N. J.—The Interstate Association's seventh annual Grand American Handicap tournament.

April 18-20.—Lincoln, Neb.—The Lincoln Gun Club's second annual interstate tournament; targets and live birds; \$500 added. Geo. L. Carter, Sec'y.

April 18-21.—Baltimore, Md.—Prospect Park Shooting Association's tournament; \$500 added. Stanley Baker, Sec'y.

April 25-28.—Baltimore, Md.—Tournament of Baltimore Shooting Association; targets and live birds; money added. Geo. L. Harrison, Sec'y.

May 2-5.—Lincoln, Neb.—Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association's twenty-third annual tournament, under the auspices of the Capital City Gun Club; six amateur and four open events each day; targets and live birds. R. M. Welch, Sec'y.

May 9-13.—Peoria, Ill.—Illinois State Sportsmen's Association's tournament. C. F. Simmons, Sec'y.

May 16-19.—Erie, Pa.—Ninth annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Reed Hurst Gun Club. F. W. Bacon, Sec'y.

May 16-20.—St. Louis, Mo.—Tournament of the Missouri State Fish and Game Protective Association. H. B. Collins, Sec'y.

May 23-25.—Algona, Ia.—Tournament of the Iowa State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game. John G. Smith, Pres.

May 24-25.—Greenwood, S. C.—Annual live-bird tournament of the Greenwood Gun Club; 25-bird Southern Handicap. R. G. McCants, Sec'y.

May 30.—Canajoharie, N. Y.—All-day target shoot at Canajoharie, N. Y. Charles Weeks, Sec'y.

May 30-June 2.—Erie, Pa.—Ninth annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Reed Hurst Gun Club. Frank W. Bacon, Sec'y.

June 6-9.—Sioux City, Pa.—Fifth annual amateur tournament of the Soo Gun Club. E. R. Chapman, Sec'y.

June 7-9.—Columbus, O.—Tournament of the Ohio Trap-Shooters' League, under the auspices of the Sherman Rod and Gun Club. J. C. Porterfield, Sec'y, O. T. S. L.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The programme of the shooting tournament, to be given at Fremont, Neb., on Feb. 22 and 23, has nine events for the first day, eight of which are target events, alternately 10 and 15 targets, 50 cents and \$1.50 entrance respectively, except the eighth, which is \$1. The ninth is at 10 live birds, \$2.50 entrance; three moneys. There are three moneys in the 10-target events; four in the 15-target events. The programme of the second day provides live-bird shooting exclusively. There are four events, 8, 10, 15 and 10 live birds, the entrances of which are \$2, \$2.50, \$5 and \$2.50. The 15-bird event has four moneys; the others three. A handicap in all live-bird events will be given, from 25 to 32yds. The management invites all to come early and stay all day; plenty to eat; the management will do all in its power to make the meeting a success. The tournament will be held on the fair grounds. The competition begins at 9:30. Ship your guns and shells to Mr. C. C. Beveridge, Fremont, Neb.

A brief note from Mr. C. C. Beveridge (Dominie), who is now in Fremont, Neb., informs us that the thermometer was 35 degrees below zero on Feb. 8. He mentioned it as a calm, uneventful state of affairs, but if he could have witnessed the kettle full of cold and snow and wind which the weather clerk mixed up and then sifted over this section, he would have thought that 35 below zero was a mere ginger snap. The Dominie has been shooting some live birds recently, and it may be that as he shoots in Nebraska he looks out of the corners of his eyes toward Elkwood. He will return to New York about April 1, where he will find a warm welcome in the old circle.

The terrific blizzard which set in Sunday and raged all day Monday spoiled many of the shoots which were fixed for Feb. 13, Lincoln's Birthday. All last week, the thermometer in the north coquetted with the zero point, with some fitful snowstorms on different days, but the daddy storm came in at the finish, and broke all the records of many years. The hero who ventured forth on Monday to shoot targets was greater than he who taketh a city.

Owing to the blizzard which raged on Feb. 13, the date fixed for the championship of New Jersey contest, of which the E. C. cup is emblematic, Messrs. T. W. Morley and Harold Money, the principals, agreed to a postponement to Feb. 25. The match will be shot at Lyndhurst, N. J., as previously arranged, and there will be the same target and live-bird programme as that fixed for Feb. 13.

On Feb. 17 the Handicap Medal Contest, open to all residents of Chicago, will be contested for in the first shoot of the series, which will be held on the first and third Fridays of each month, commencing at 1 o'clock P. M., on John Watson's grounds, Burnside Crossing, Ill.

Owing to the exceedingly cold weather, there were but two members of the Owl's Head Gun Club present at their weekly shoot at Dexter Park, L. I., on Feb. 10, namely, Mr. J. S. Remsen and J. H. Hallock. In one 10-bird event Mr. Remsen killed 8; Mr. Hallock, 6. In another, Mr. Hallock killed 9, Mr. Remsen 8. Mr. Edward Banks and J. P. Milliken were visitors. The former scored 22 out of 25 live birds with one or two dead out of bounds.

Mr. E. C. Burkhardt defeated Dr. E. S. Carroll in the contest for the Clinton Bidwell trophy on Saturday last by the score of 20 to 19. The former lost three dead out; the latter two. The next contest for this trophy will be between Messrs. E. C. Burkhardt and C. S. Burkhardt, on Feb. 22, at Audubon Park, beginning at 2 P. M.

The Oceanic Rod and Gun Club and the Hudson Gun Club will shoot their second match of their series on the grounds of the latter club on March 13. The Oceanic won the first match on an extremely narrow margin, therefore the presumption is that the Hudson Club will bestir itself and give the Oceanic a race such as it never had before.

There were six members present at the shoot of the Rochester Gun Club last week, Wednesday, notwithstanding the cold temperature, high wind and flying snow. In an event at live birds, Glover and McCord killed 10 straight. If they can do that in the Grand American Handicap, and add fifteen more to it, they will be in a good position.

Under date of Feb. 10, Mr. E. G. Horton, 100 Railroad avenue, White Plains, N. Y., writes us that Miss Annie Oakley will enter the handicap at White Plains on March 1. He adds: "Everything looks rosy. Several, during the past week, have promised to enter in this shoot, and I feel assured of a pleasant and successful shoot."

There seems to be some misapprehension concerning the weight of guns and bores allowable in competition in the Grand American Handicap. Mr. Edward Banks, secretary-treasurer of the Interstate Association, sets forth the matter clearly in a letter published this week in our trap columns.

Owing to the numerous shoots about the end of the month, Mr. John Wright, manager of the Brooklyn Gun Club, has decided to postpone the club's live-bird shoot till after the Sportsmen's show, in March.

The Jeannette Gun Club will hold its regular shoot on the grounds of the Columbia Fishing Club, Eltingville, S. I., on Friday of this week.

On Feb. 22 there will be an open all-day shoot at live birds at Dexter Park, Brooklyn, L. I. H. S. Lippack, manager.

Mr. E. S. Rice, Western agent of the Hazard and Dupont Powder Co's, was a visitor in New York last week.

Mr. Chas. Schmelter, of Kansas City, was in evidence about Sportsman's Row, Broadway, New York, last week.

BERNARD WATERS.

Confabulations of the Cadi.—XVI.

THE programme for the day had a total of ten events, varying from 15 to 20 targets, excepting one, a team race at 25 targets. Any team whose members were bona fide members of the clubs which they were representing was eligible to competition in the team event.

In practice, in reference to the foregoing, bona fide is commonly accepted in Egypt as implying that the members of the teams lived somewhere in the same section of country wherein their clubs have their domicile, and that if they were not really members they were at least acquainted with some of the members. In organizing a team of good shooting abilities, it is thus at times in Egypt deemed quite necessary to construe the matter of eligibility quite liberally. If a team happens to be organized of members and non-members, it is many times, in Egypt, kindly winked at, unless the team should in an ungracious moment happen to win.

Notwithstanding that many matters of detail concerning the conduct of the shoot were put off until the last moment, it opened merrily. Moke, who was acting as squad hustler and referee, had about a dozen things on his mind, and though he forgot two or three every moment, he forthwith replaced them by remembering two or three others, or had them forced on his attention by the shooters who were anxious to begin the competition. He bustled about, starting with great determination to settle one matter, then changing his mind before he had accomplished anything, so that most of the time he was industriously making beginnings and nothing more. It at length came to the point where all unfinished business had to be abandoned, and the merry contest formally begun.

Moke held the score sheet in his hand, and in a loud voice cried out, "Squad No. 1 shoots. Pachyderm McGinty, No. 1. Theophrastus Rooney, No. 2. Euclid Jones, No. 3. Crocodile Dennis, No. 4. Praxitiles Bummer, No. 5. Some Pumpkins, No. 6. Are you all ready?"

Every man was in his place, excepting Some Pumpkins. Moke flew here and there, from one group to another, shouting "Some Pumpkins!" He hurriedly asked if any one knew Some Pumpkins or had seen Some Pumpkins. At length he approached a manufacturer's agent who was showing the mechanism of a gun to a small, hypnotized gentleman with a matted yellow beard.

"As I was remarking about the phenomenal killing powers and the everlasting durability of this gun," said the agent, "I only desire that you will look over this record which I happen to have with—"

"Some Pumpkins! Pumpkins! Does anybody know Some Pumpkins?" exclaimed Moke, in despairing query, as he drew near.

"Some Pumpkins? Why, I'm Some Pumpkins," replied the yellow-bearded gentleman. "Who wants me?"

"Why in the Moses don't you answer your name when you are called? You are delaying this shoot. Get your gun, quick, and go to the score! And next time, Punk, when you are called, answer."

"Pumpkins isn't my name," said the bearded gentleman, somewhat nettled. "I'm Mummy the Kid, from the Libyan country."

"Then who's Pumpkins?"

"I'm Pumpkins," replied Mummy. "That's my nom de fusil. I adopted it this morning for the first time and forgot all about it till you came here this moment."

"This is dog-gasted rot," retorted Moke. "Why in the name of common sense do you not use your own name? You are bright enough to recognize it, and it is a better name too."

"I'm just as good as any one else," replied Mummy, "and I have noticed that it seems to carry a distinction as being something out of the ordinary when one feebly tries to conceal one's identity at a shoot by an assumed name. I like to shoot incog."

"Men who use a shooting name do so in most instances because as a business reason they do not care to have published where they are during business hours—but, Mummy, you seem to do it out of a silly vanity. You are No. 6, and if you do not get there in a hurry your name in about two minutes will be Mud."

Moke returned hurriedly to the squad, which was murmuring with discontent. "Play ball!" he exclaimed, in the voice of authority.

McGinty immediately put his gun to his shoulder, stood in a natural position, yet with faculties intensely alert, called "Pull" in a natural and distinct tone of voice, and broke the target with such ease and quickness that it seemed to be a most trifling feat, requiring no effort in its accomplishment. Whether he hit or missed, he maintained the same equable composure, neither

voice nor manner changing at any fluctuation of success, as is becoming to him who aspires to be a class man. He who stops to express regrets, or register anathema, or explain how it all happened, it not concentrating his energies to the best purpose in a contest of skill with the gun.

Moke was keenly alert, and promptly called out "Dead." Rooney, at No. 2, the moment No. 1 had fired, put his gun to his shoulder, humped up his back in a most misshapen manner, half-twisted his body, bent his knees at a knee-sprung angle and thereupon there issued from him a roar not unlike the hoarse bellow of a bull, frightened and angry when caught and doubled up amidship on the horns of a fierce rival. He simply had in his own way bellowed "Pull!" He caught a straightaway, hit it full and ground it up so fine that, excepting a thimblefull of dust, it was snuffed out instantly from sight.

"Lost!" said Moke, in a sing-song voice.

"What!" said Rooney. "Where are your eyes, man? I snuffed that target out!"

"Lost target!" said Moke, without the least perturbation.

The whole squad stood aghast. At length McGinty found his voice, and declared that the target was broken. Jones, Dennis, Bummer and Pumpkins loudly supported him. Still Moke declared that it was a lost target.

"Why, it's contrary to the fact, the rules, and common sense," hotly declared Rooney.

"The facts are governed by the rules, and the rules are in a way governed by the facts," replied Moke, "but as to common sense I, as referee, cannot admit for a moment that there is any which is left out of the rules. I will have you understand that I am deciding this matter strictly according to the rules, and to settle the matter once for all I will read you the rule governing it," saying which Moke pulled from his pocket a folder and read as follows: "A target to be scored 'broken' must have a perceptible piece broken from it while in the air. A 'dusted' target is not a broken target! Now, did any of you gentlemen see a piece broken from that target in the air?"

There was no piece, they all declared, but the fact that it was snuffed out of sight in midair was sufficient evidence that it was broken.

"If it was, snuffed out of sight, then how could you see it?" Moke retorted. "The rule is mandatory, for it states that to be scored broken a perceptible piece must be broken from it while it is in the air. I can only decide by the rules, gentlemen, and under them it is a lost target."

"Where the law ends, equity begins," said a famous moose hunter from Bitter Creek, who had been listening attentively to the debate.

"The law hasn't ended in this case," retorted Moke. "It has only just begun. Play ball."

No. 3 twisted himself sidewise, reached his left hand out nearly to the muzzle of his gun, and his right foot far back as it could be extended. He was very successful in breaking straight-away targets, but right and left-quarterers were frequently missed. He shot and missed.

No. 4, who was Crocodile Dennis, stood very erect, with his head thrown far back in statuesque pose, so far back of the center of gravity that he had to exercise great care that the mere calling "Pull" did not throw his gun out of alignment.

Bummer, who was at No. 5, held his gun well below the elbow, threw it hurriedly to his shoulder after the target was well on its way, and snapped at it without the slightest attempt at aiming, with the result that he made some very pretty shots and some equally pretty misses.

Mummy the Kid, alias Some Pumpkins, was the pivot man. He had a 10-bore, in which he shot 4drs. of black powder, and every shot that he fired could easily be distinguished from all the others.

At the end of the 15 shots the score stood McGinty 14, Rooney 13, and all the others 11. Moke, who was itching to shoot, and had his mind much more on it than on the managing, here asked McGinty to referee the next squad, who obligingly consented. Moke hurriedly got his gun and shells, and told one of the shooters who was already in the squad that he had been transferred to the last squad, and the shoot then went on. Moke broke 15, and was the only man with a straight score up to that time. He had intended to resume the management of the shoot as soon as his squad finished, but his mind was on that straight score, and he watched the score sheet after every shot to see how the scores stood. When a shooter missed, Moke smiled with pleasure. When one was shooting with such skill that a straight score seemed imminent, he looked dark. However, two men in the last squad broke 15 straight, and the three divided. Moke was exceedingly irritated at this, for he had expected to take first money all alone, and although he was shooting for fun, as became a good amateur, he was not entirely oblivious to the value of money or the getting as well as the losing of it.

Moke entered afterward in every event, and thereafter was a most inefficient manager. In the second event there were three moneys. There were two 15s, four 14s, no 13s and four 12s. If no one of the 14s missed a bird the 12s would be in the money. Mummy the Kid, who had 13 to his credit when the last round began, was the last man to shoot, and if he broke the target, all was well with the 12s. But Mummy apparently didn't care much whether he broke or missed. He missed, and took third money all alone, and the 12s got nothing.

Then there were angry protests and accusations of dropping for place made against him, and many more angry threats of putting up of guns and of going home if Some Pumpkins was not forthwith ejected from the grounds for good and all. The latter was a small man; so at length Moke took him by the collar and said to him, "Vile creature, avant; you have dropped for place, and I must fire you!" He forced him to take his gun in one hand and his ammunition box in the other, and then walked him urgently toward the entrance, near which they met two new arrivals, Reddy the Shoemaker and Sir J. Augustus Smith, of Smithtown-on-Hudson. They gazed with amazement at the sight of Moke with a firm grip on the back of Mummy's collar, walking him out.

"What's the matter with my old friend Mummy?" exclaimed Reddy.

"He took a drop too much," Moke replied.

"Intoxicated," remarked Reddy to Smith, as they hurried on. He was a pious man, was Reddy, and he made sundry remarks about the depravity of a man who would put that in his mouth which would steal his brains away, but nevertheless left his friend in distress to his own shifts. He told the incident to his friends and his friends' friends, with the result that Mummy had a reputation as a hard drinker from that day ever afterward in the section round about where Reddy lived, and the reputation of a hardened rascal elsewhere; all of which came from an ability to do better and oftener that which the others could only do awkwardly betimes.

The Cadi, who was acting as cashier, had taken in some good sums of money, but had kept his accounts very loosely, having trusted to memory. Owing to the difficulty in making change, con-

sequent to the lack of foresight or negligence in starting business with an empty till, he had small unsettled accounts with every shooter, ranging in sums from dimes to dollars, which he owed or which were owed to him. He remembered each item clearly at first; but as they began to increase in number and variety, there was some confusion in his mind, which later increased into total uncertainty concerning them. Some of the shooters entered for targets only, but there was nothing in his book which distinguished those who entered so from those who entered the sweepstakes. He also was so intent on exchanges of greetings and bon mots with distinguished shooters whom he knew, or to whom he was introduced, that the other shooters could not make their entries so promptly as they wished to; so that, aside from the mere taking in of the money and the writing down of the names, he knew as little of the details of the cash department as did any man on the grounds. The shooting was delayed now and then on this account early in the day, but later, when some men wanted their winnings so that they would have the funds to re-enter; when others again wanted the change which was due them, or asked what a straight score paid in the last event or who was in for targets only, the cash department was chaotic.

There was then a long delay in readjusting, as a court of inquiry was necessary as to who was in for targets only, and who had paid and who had not, etc., all of which was just so much loss to the club; for, when the traps stop throwing targets, there is no revenue coming in. While, on the other hand, the expenses of running the tournament go on just the same.

And the traps, too, were working badly, and there were many delays fixing wires and springs, which should have been mended and adjusted a day or two at least before the tournament began. From a merry start the tournament evolved into an irritating, unpleasant affair, with more or less of open discontent and indignant denunciation of the management, and declarations of an intent to stay away from its shoots in the future.

In the third event the scores were all mixed up, the error apparently being caused by the boy who was acting as scorer having skipped a target, thereby marking down to No. 1 a target lost by No. 2. Thus, the error being perpetuated, each shooter's score was partly his own and partly that of some one of the others. Some scathing rebukes were given the boy for his stupidity, but he boldly made the defence that there were always two or three shooters on each side of him, bending over his shoulders with their noses within a few inches of the score sheet, scanning it and talking so volubly and withal so loudly that he could not hear Moke half the time when he called "lost" or "dead," and that Moke himself was the most frequent offender in his anxiety to see with whom he was tied, or whether he was lucky in getting into a place alone. Moke promptly retorted by telling the boy that he was star-gazing most of the time when he was not listening to the conversations of those about him—all of which was not extremely edifying to those who wished to shoot in a peaceful and orderly manner.

Thereafter, all the shooters lost confidence in the scorer and the scoring, and were captious and contentious. A few who were not over scrupulous presumed on the lack of confidence, and regardless of the facts boldly made claims that their scores were short of a target or two, which claims were not infrequently allowed.

The team race, however, revived interest and infused new activity into the competition. The home club, which was expected to give this event a strong support, had no entry. There was, however, great rivalry between two sections of Egypt, each of which sent teams.

The team of the Bedouin Gun Club had great fame in its own town. The members walked about with expanded chests and a hauteur almost austere in its rigor, for they came from a section of Egypt which had a fame throughout the civilized world for the surpassing excellence and abundance of the mammoth, golden, be-warted squashes which it produced. This, with a large tent, made of fancy-colored, wide-striped awning material, in which they stored their belongings and rested between times when not shooting, they deemed sufficient warrant for an exhibition of all the airs and graces which justly appertain to so much greatness.

Some yards away was the tent of the Libyan Gun Club, many of whose members were old and warm friends of the members of the Egyptian Gun Club. They had shot together in their club shoots, and were supposed to have a clannish tie of friendship, inasmuch as they lived in the same locality. Crocodile Dennis was the captain of the Bedouins; Euclid Jones filled the like office for the Libyans. After the target race was finished, the score showed that the Libyans were the victors by twenty-five targets. The Bedouins made an effort to appear amiable, but the surface indications could not conceal the underlying ugliness of their feelings. They held furtive conferences every few minutes, and the wise and serious nods exchanged indicated that they were all agreed about something.

The Libyans felt a certain pride in their victory, and, wishing to round it out by a show of confidence, they instructed Jones to inform Dennis that they would be pleased to give his team a return match any time that he desired it.

"A return match!" said Dennis, with an affectation of great surprise. "We haven't had any match at all yet."

"You know better, Dennis," rejoined Jones. "We have just shot a match, and we will shoot you another if you care for it."

"Do you call this rotten, put-up-job kind of a thing a match? We are no fools! We know when we are getting the worst of it! When we shoot a match again, we want to shoot with honest people; with gentlemen and sportsmen such as we have in our section. Go to," and Dennis looked angry and warm.

"Why, you fairly astonish me," replied Jones. "I don't know what you mean. Explain yourself?"

"What did you fellows put our team up in a squad by itself for? Yes, what for? Do you think we are infants? Do you think that we don't know that our team, in a squad by itself, had all the hard targets, while you fellows in a squad by yourselves had all easy ones? The angles were all easy, and the targets didn't fly half as far. Any one with half an eye could see it. Shoot another match? Oh, yes, we will—I don't think!"

"You are entirely and egregiously mistaken, Crocodile. It was as fair a race as ever was shot. If we can't win a match fairly we don't care to win at all. Come, let us get the two teams together and talk it over."

"Not as long as my name's Dennis. We have had enough of this deal," saying which he turned contemptuously on his heel and joined his fellows.

In a few minutes the camp of the Bedouins was struck, and they marched forth haughtily, guns and grips in hand, en route to the land of mammoth squashes. The other shooters looked on in puzzled wonderment, and later in talking it over some were quite convinced that the Bedouins were shamefully used, while others maintained that they had absolutely no ground for grievance. When the Bedouins returned to their own section, they told their story with a great deal of elaboration. Their friends told it to other friends, till, what with the natural embellishments which

come with local repetition and the significance attached by local pride, the story as it at last came to be conventionally told was based on the ground that so great was the skill of the Bedouins and so exalted their station, that they excited the most intense envy and hatred, and but for their intrepid bearing they never would have returned home with their lives. Thereafter at home they enjoyed great fame as being invincible in skill and unequalled as diplomats, and it all grew from a grievance existing in imagination.

When the hour came for an intermission to partake of lunch, there was no lunch. Moke thought the Cadi would look after the arrangements for it, and the Cadi had the same touching confidence in the zeal of Moke. When they compared notes, both being more or less responsible for the negligence, they concurred in that it was the business of some of the other members, as they themselves were already overworked with other matters.

There were loud complaints and some unpleasant remarks from the shooters, some of whom had eaten light breakfasts, some none at all, and those who had eaten were quite as ready to eat again; for, be it known, there is no more appetizing work than shooting at a tournament. There is a great deal of physical exertion, and an immeasurable mental strain, so much so that at the end of the day most of the shooters are as weary as if they had been literally sawing wood.

By the omission of the lunch, there was a sullenness in the atmosphere, for, beside the actual deprivation of it, there was a feeling that there was a certain amount of discourtesy shown them in such neglectful treatment.

Several of the most expert amateurs were gathering in the money, which was discouraging to the amateurs who were losing. Seeing that they had no chance to win, many of the latter put up their guns and either looked on or took their belongings and departed.

Moke was heartily weary of his office, as he well might be, with everything running at sixes and sevens. Some of the shooters who noted his apparent inefficiency were presuming on it. Molossus Sphynx in particular was repeatedly offensive. There was a tree in the background with shadows about it, and every time that a target went toward that tree Molossus would strenuously insist that the target was broken, if the referee declared it lost. He would contend that a piece dropped downward against the shadowy background, and that it was as plain as day to any one watching it intently, as any referee of proper ability would watch it. Then he would appeal most frankly to the other shooters, some of whom would declare that they never saw any piece, while one or two would declare that they thought they saw a piece, while again one other, who thought that no shooter should lose what was due him, most sympathetically declared that he saw a piece fall precisely as Molossus claimed. In this manner the latter was undeservedly in the money three times, by the mere force of gall and brassy insistence, supplemented by the indecision of the referee; and the latter was in hot water all the time.

When the day was ended, the Cadi and Moke were weary. Each had made his task unnecessarily difficult, and more or less of a failure by negligence, indecision and error. The Cadi, on looking over his cash, found that he was several dollars short, and his accounts were in such a mixed and imperfect state that he could not trace the loss; in fact, he could not trace any of the day's doings, so far as they concerned the cash accounts. He explained this to Moke, who cocked his eye on him suspiciously, but made no comment.

"I am glad that the programme calls for live birds to-morrow," remarked Moke. "Some of our boldest amateurs, in matters of debate, quit before the programme was half over."

"I told you a long time ago," replied the Cadi, "that if you bar the experts—that is, the 90 per cent. men or better—the next most skillful class will then be the experts, and that the relative conditions of the competition will then remain unchanged. If you will note the practical workings of a competition where there are a mixed lot of shooters in it, you will find that the stronger shooters are the most persistent, whether they win or lose, and that the weaker shooters never shoot more than a certain percentage of the programme, whether the money is won by the experts or the semi-experts. It is natural that, as men of sense, they should not shoot more than they can afford to shoot. But whatever class you bar in an effort to mend the interests of other classes, you will find that,

"Great fleas have little fleas upon their backs to bite 'em,

And little fleas have lesser fleas, and so ad infinitum.

And the great fleas themselves, in turn, have greater fleas to go on;

While these again have greater still, and greater still, and so on."

BERNARD WATERS.

Monte Carlo.

From the London Field of Jan. 28.

The Grande Poule d'Essai.

FRIDAY, Jan. 20.—The series of big shoots could not possibly have opened under fairer auspices than it did this morning, for, while there was a nice breeze, the air was very mild, and great was the company. As will be seen from the appended returns, there were 103 competitors, this being four more than last year, which was itself a "record," and the English element was well represented, though several of those who shot last season, including Lord Lovat, Capt. Shelley, Mr. S. Hewitt, Mr. W. M. Clarke, Mr. R. Sneyd, Mr. Kennedy, Mr. Marsden Cobb and Mr. H. W. Gilbey, were absent. It is gratifying to know that, if most of the English shot execrably, only two killing 4 birds, one of these two, who had never fired a gun at Monte Carlo, secured the first place after a display of coolness and clean shooting which no veteran could have bettered. The birds were remarkably good, which fact, combined with the assisting breeze, may account for the poor figure cut by all the other English, though the birds were not better or the breeze stronger for them than for the competitors of other nationalities. The consequence was that the contest was over somewhat earlier than usual. No fewer than thirty missed, in the first round, twenty-three in the second, twenty in the third, and ten in the fourth, so that eighty-three of the competitors had to retire thus early, and of the twenty left in nine were Italians. The next two rounds eliminated six more, including Signor Benvenuti, who won the Grand Prix in 1895, and if M. Lostanges was the only failure in the next round, the eighth disposed of five others, including Mr. Vernon Barker. When the latter went out, Mr. Bashford was left the sole representative of England, and he, like M. R. Gourgaud, Count Pfeil, M. Demonts, and Signor Marconcini, kept on killing up to the end of the eleventh round. The twelfth put a different aspect on affairs, for the three last-named all missed, and after M. Gourgaud and Mr. Bashford had both killed their twelfth birds they agreed to an equal division of first and second moneys, though they had to shoot off for the medal. This afforded a very sensational finish, for M. R. Gourgaud, who shot first, had his bird apparently safe with his second barrel; but when the dog went to gather it he made a bad shot, and instead of taking it in his mouth just grazed the feathers, and this gave the bird sufficient force to flutter over the boundary. Mr. Bashford, who is a man of slight build, but with a wiry appearance and a complete command of his nerves, then went up to the mark and grassed his bird as unconcernedly as if he had been shooting in a pool at Hendon, where he is often to be seen. He is a farmer at Barrow Hedges, Carshalton, and has shot frequently at the Union Club, Liverpool, and other places. He was deservedly congratulated upon his initial victory, and it is an improvement, so far as the English are concerned, upon last year, when Mr. Curling, the subsequent winner of the Grand Prix, could not do

better than divide third and fourth moneys, Signor Briasco, who on Friday did not get beyond his second bird, being first. Scores:

Grand Poule d'Essai of £80 and a gold medal, added to a sweepstakes of £4 each; second received £20 and 25 per cent. of the entries; third £12 and 20 per cent.; fourth £8 and 15 per cent.; 26 meters; 103 subs.	
Mr J Bashford (Baker), Sch. (divided £306 and won gold medal).....	111111111111—13
M R Gourgaud (Guyot), M. (divided £306).....	111111111110—12
Count Pfeil (Bolton), German (divided third and fourth of £162).....	111111111110—11
M J Demonts (Purdey), E. C. (ditto).....	111111111110—11
Signor Marconcini (Greener), Walsrode (ditto).....	111111111110—11
Signor Maino.....	111111111110—10
Signor Crespi.....	111111111110—9
Signor Galetti.....	111111111110—8
M Dussaussoy.....	111111111110—7
Mr V Barker.....	111111111110—7
Signor Fadini.....	111111111110—7
Signor Miola.....	111111111110—7
Signor Torri.....	111111111110—7
M Lostanges.....	111111111110—6
Señor Drago.....	111111111110—5
Signor Benvenuti.....	111111111110—5
M de Tavernost.....	111111111110—4
Signor Della Torre.....	111111111110—4
M Ginot.....	111111111110—4
M Macé.....	111111111110—4

The Prix d'Ouverture.

Saturday, Jan. 21.—Another beautiful day—though the sun was not very powerful and the breeze rather strong—favored the second of the big shoots. Some idea of the high quality of the birds may be gathered from the fact that five out of the first six shot at were missed, while in the first round no fewer than forty-five succumbed out of 117. This left seventy-two in the competition, and twenty-eight of these were beaten by their second bird; in fact, only twenty-three remained in at the close of the fourth round. Such good shots as Mr. Bashford (yesterday's winner, who was put out by a puzzling bird in the third round), Signor Guidicini, Mr. Curling, M. Journu, M. Drevon, and M. Moncorgé had all been disposed of, and the twenty-three left in comprised six Englishmen, these being Mr. Witting, who, like Mr. Bashford, had never shot at Monte Carlo until this season; Mr. Roberts, Mr. W. Blake, Mr. Harding Cox, Mr. Robinson and Col. Boswell-Preston, of whom the three last named all failed in the fifth round, which was remarkable for the excellence of its birds, eleven of twenty-three shooters being unable to kill. Mr. Blake was one of the two who missed their sixth birds, and with Mr. Roberts failing in the seventh round, Mr. Witting alone remained to do battle for England against three Italians, two Frenchmen and a Belgian. The last named, M. Lonhienne, was beaten by his eighth bird, and the end was soon reached, for three of the six others missed their ninth birds, and eventually divided fourth money, while M. Verdaveine was put out by a very twisting bird in the tenth round, and had to be content with third prize. Mr. Witting and Signor Tiapi both killed their next two birds in capital style, and the latter was then anxious to divide, but Mr. Witting would not listen to this, and the situation was just the same as in the Poule d'Essai the previous day, for the foreigner shot first and missed what seemed an easy bird, so that Mr. Witting had only to do as Mr. Bashford had done—which he did. He thus annexed the whole of the specie attaching to first place, as well as the medal, and thus two of the English division reached the money-getting stage of these contests, while it is very satisfactory that the first prize should in each case have been won by novices, so far as Monte Carlo is concerned, just as the Grand Prix went last year to Mr. Curling, who had never shot here before. Scores:

Prix d'Ouverture of £120 and a gold medal, added to a sweepstakes of £4 each; second £30 and 25 per cent. of the entries; third £20 and 20 per cent.; fourth £10 and 15 per cent.; 26½ meters; 117 subs.	
Mr Witting (Boswell), Sch. (first of £224 and medal).....	111111111111—12
Signor Tiapi (Scott), Walsrode (second of £147).....	111111111110—11
M Verdaveine (Purdey), J. C. (third of £113).....	111111111110—9
M J Demonts (Purdey), E. C. (divided fourth of £80).....	111111111110—8
Signor Oliva (Greener), W. C. (ditto).....	111111111110—8
Signor Nocca (mixed make), Walsrode (ditto).....	111111111110—8
M Lonhienne.....	111111111110—7
Signor Briasco.....	111111111110—6
Mr Roberts.....	111111111110—6
Signor Isacco.....	111111111110—6
Signor Galetti.....	111111111110—5
Mr W Blake.....	111111111110—5
Signor Bigliani.....	111111111110—4
Mr Harding Cox.....	111111111110—4
M Faure.....	111111111110—4
Signor Fadini.....	111111111110—4
Signor Filippi.....	111111111110—4
Mr Baker, Jr.....	111111111110—4
Mr Robinson.....	111111111110—4
Signor Miola.....	111111111110—4
Signor Castoldi.....	111111111110—4
Signor Casapicola.....	111111111110—4
Col Boswell-Preston.....	111111111110—4

The Grand Prix du Casino.

Monday, Jan. 23.—The contest for the twenty-eighth anniversary of the Grand Prix du Casino, which was first shot for in 1872, and won by an American, Mr. Lorillard, commenced this morning at 11:30 A. M.; but, with such a large number of shooters, it would be very desirable if an earlier start were made, for it is a matter of chance whether the competition can be concluded in the two days allotted to it, and an adjournment is a very serious matter, owing to the other fixtures, which have already been arranged. It may be taken for granted that pigeon shooting tends to preserve health; for, of the winners of the Grand Prix whose names are given below (twenty-five in number, if allowance be made for the fact that Capt. Aubrey Patton won twice and Signor Guidicini three times), there is not one that has died, to the best of our belief. Still, at any rate, out of the twenty-seven previous winners, eleven (taking into account Signor Guidicini's treble victory) were among the 124 competitors, there being 157 on the board, these being Mr. Cholmondeley Pennell, Mr. Hopwood, Mr. Roberts and Mr. Curling, as representing England; M. Journu, France; and Signor Guidicini, Signor Benvenuti, Signor G. Grasselli, and Count Salina, Italy. Speaking of nationalities, it is very difficult to ascertain to what country some of the shooters belong, for the assumed names are many of them very fanciful, and give no clue to the nationality of the bearer. We do not think, however, that we shall be far from the mark in saying that there were about fifty-two Italians, twenty-eight English, twenty-five French, eight Belgians, five Germans, and three Spanish, while Austria and Hungary had only three representatives, among the absentees being two previous winners in Count Trautmansdorff, who has not missed a year since he won in 1892, and Count Casimir Zichy, Count Gajoli, who won in 1891, was also absent, as was M. de Dordodot, one of the two Belgian victors. Still there was not much to complain of with 124 competitors against 139 last year, and the only question was whether the birds would be up to the very high standard of a twelve-month ago. This they certainly were not, though still above the average; for, while some were very easy, others were practically impossible to kill. The element of luck willed it that the Englishmen should be the principal sufferers, and in the earlier stages Mr. Harding Cox, who appeared to be in capital form, was a marked instance of this. With one exception, his birds came from the extreme right-hand trap, and were all "teasers," and his sixth, apparently well shot, just fell dead beyond the boundary; while as the contest neared its close Mr. Roberts was beaten by two birds of the impossible order, the same holding true of Messrs. Witting, Curling, Barker and Bashford, all of whom had been shooting very steadily. The weather was fine when the shooting began, and the light very good, and only thirty-six failed to kill in the first round, there being a run of 15 kills in the middle of it. But in the second round no fewer than forty-seven failed; and at the close of the third—only three were shot—it was found that forty had accounted for all three birds, while fifty-nine others had killed two out of the three. The forty who had not missed comprised ten Englishmen—Mr. H. Barker, Capt. Stuart, Mr. Cholmondeley Pennell, Mr. Liebert, Mr. Hall, Mr. Beresford, Lord Savile, Mr. Roberts, Mr. Witting, and Mr. Bashford; and the two last named, both newcomers to Monte Carlo, had shot so well that there seemed good reason to hope that they would stay on. There had been so little betting beforehand that it was difficult to say who was favorite; but it would not have been possible to get more than 10 to 1 about Mr. Bashford or Mr. Witting at the close of the day.

Tuesday, Jan. 24.—The morning opened wet and rather windy, and it seemed as if we were in for a bad day, but there was one of those transformations so frequent in this climate, and, if the sun did not shine with its accustomed brilliancy, the rain ceased

and the wind dropped, so that the prospect of a finish being reached before dark was not very bright, especially as the stewards, with fatuous ignorance, called up those who had already missed twice, though it was practically certain that they could not win. Some little time was lost in this way, and it was long before the ranks were cleared to any appreciable extent; and at the end of the fifth round there were nineteen who had killed all their birds, among those who by this time were hopelessly out of the contest being Signor Guidicini and Count Salina, who had missed three of their pigeons. The sixth round extinguished the chances of Mr. Harding Cox, as explained above, while two previous winners of the Grand Prix had cruel luck, Mr. Curling and Mr. Cholmondeley-Pennell's birds both dropping dead into the sea; whereas, upon the other hand, Count O'Brien, who has been shooting very well, was much favored by a bird that did not look like being gathered by the dog. Signor G. Grasselli, another winner of the Grand Prix, was beaten by a twisting bird in this round; and the birds used while it was in progress were generally good, as twenty-one of the fifty-seven shooters missed, leaving at the end only thirteen who had killed six. In the next round out of these thirteen no fewer than five were beaten. To begin with, Mr. Liebert, whose bird did not look to be a very difficult one; Signor Fadini, Signor Lanfranchi, Signor Lucero and M. Eze, who had all four been shooting well for Italy, were among the zeros, though in the case of the two last named their birds dropped just over the boundary. Mr. Roberts too succumbed to a very fast bird, and when the round closed there were left in eight who had killed all their birds, these being M. Moncorgé, Mr. Baker, Mr. Bashford, M. Doris, Count O'Brien, Herr Hans Marsch, M. Bloff and Signor Maino. In the eighth round there was some very fine shooting, Signor Marconcini and Herr Hans Marsch being very effective with their second barrels, while Mr. Bashford was very quick with a bird from the left trap; Signor Maino was, on the other hand, decidedly lucky in having his bird gathered, for it was very nearly over the boundary. The birds were unquestionably good in this round, as little more than half of them were killed, but the only one of the eight who had killed seven that missed was Count O'Brien, who could not have had a more difficult bird. In the ninth round, Mr. Barker, who led off, and shot with great steadiness, had an easy bird from the first trap; but Mr. Blake, who, after having missed his second bird, had been shooting well, let go what seemed to be a very fair chance; but M. Doris and M. Moncorgé gained great applause by the effective way in which they killed their birds from the second trap. Mr. Bashford made a quick kill with his first barrel, and M. Drevon and M. Journu were both shooting so well that those who backed their getting into the ties had, as the result showed, reason on their sides. M. Bloff was the only one of the seven who had killed eight that missed in this round, but he had a very fast bird that he let go clean away.

The tenth round saw a great alteration in the state of affairs, for if Mr. Barker killed smartly from the middle trap with his first barrel, three of the six others, M. Doris, Mr. Bashford and Herr Hans Marsch, failed. The latter missed a very easy bird, but Mr. Bashford seemed not to have got his gun fairly up when a fast bird from the right-hand trap flew straightaway. With M. Moncorgé and Signor Maino both killing in very effective style, they were the only others who had killed all their birds, and it was not fated that either the Italian or the Englishman should last any further, for in the eleventh round Mr. Barker could make no impression upon a very fast bird, while Signor Maino let go one from the left trap, whereas M. Moncorgé had little trouble in disposing of his. The position was much simplified at this stage, for while M. Moncorgé had killed all his eleven birds, seven others—Mr. Barker, Count O'Brien, M. Bloff, M. Drevon, M. Journu, Signor Fadini and Signor Maino—had killed ten out of eleven. It followed that if M. Moncorgé missed his twelfth bird, and the others killed, the whole prize would go into chancery, and there would be a tie among eight. It is easy therefore to understand with what impatience the twelfth round was awaited, especially as the light was at the time beginning to fade, and it became a question whether the end could be reached. The first shot was a miss, Mr. Barker extinguishing the last chance of the English by losing a bird from the fourth trap; but M. Journu and Count O'Brien both killed in workmanlike style. Then M. Moncorgé, who is a small man of rather slight build, stepped up, and favored by an easy bird from the center trap, killed his twelfth, and thus, after having twice been second, secured the Grand Prix. It was a most popular victory, for M. Moncorgé has been shooting at Monte Carlo and elsewhere for many years, and is a very unassuming sort of man. There remained just enough light to get through the ties for second, third and fourth prizes, as of the six who had killed eleven, Count O'Brien and Signor Fadini missed in the first round, while M. Bloff was beaten in the second, the three others—M. Journu, M. Drevon and Signor Maino—then dividing in equal proportions.

It cannot be said that the English did so well as had been expected of them, for Mr. Barker could not get nearer than eighth; but Messrs. Curling, Witting and Bashford shot well, and it is much to Mr. Curling's credit that he should have made such a good show, as he was penalized two meters for his success last year—a success which was certainly not the fluke that the hypercritical would have one believe, for Mr. Curling's general shooting at Monte Carlo bears analysis, and has been most consistent. This leads to the consideration of the question as to the policy of penalizing previous winners of the Grand Prix, seeing what an uncertain thing pigeon shooting is, and it may be argued that if a man is good enough or lucky enough to win the grand prize twice or more, no true sportsman would grudge him his good fortune. There may have been some reason for this restriction when the number of competitors was limited and the average skill much lower; but it seems hard to handicap the veterans like Signor Guidicini, Mr. Cholmondeley Pennell and Mr. Hopwood so severely. But this arises, like many other matters which need alteration, from the system, or rather lack of system, which distinguishes the work of the international committee, which is supposed to manage affairs, but merely serves to make confusion worse confounded. There is such a babel of tongues at the committee meetings that little can be understood of what is said, and the handicapping is a farce, no fixed principle being adhered to. If the performances of an Englishman are being discussed, it is said that, although he has never won anything at Monte Carlo, he is a noted shot in England, so he must be heavily handicapped; whereas, if a Frenchman has made a name in Paris, but has never won at Monte Carlo, he must be let off lightly. There is, moreover, only one Englishman on the committee, as against two or three Frenchmen and Italians. Mr. Harding Cox was the English representative last year during the International Week, and whatever distance he might propose for any of his compatriots, whose form he was quite competent to gauge, was increased by one if not two meters, the consequence being that he was between the devil and the deep sea, being unjustly blamed for harsh handicapping of the English, until at last in despair he rose in the middle of a meeting, and took leave of his colleagues. It is not for a moment to be supposed that any one member of the committee is actuated by any but the highest and most sportsmanlike motives. The fact is, they are each and all gentlemen of position in their respective countries, carefully selected for personal integrity, knowledge and experience of the services required of them; but it is method that is lacking.

Grand Prix du Casino, £800, added to a sweepstakes of £8 each; second received £160 and 25 per cent. of the entries; third, £80 and 25 per cent.; fourth, £40 and 15 per cent.; three pigeons at 26 meters, nine at 27; the winner last year to stand back 2 meters, other winners 1 meter, three misses to put out; 124 subs.

M. Moncorgé (Purdey), E. C., (first prize of £817 and piece of plate), F.....	111111111111—12
M Journu (Purdey), Fr., F.....	101111111111—11
M Drevon (Purdey), Fr., F.....	111111111111—11
Signor Maino (Gathoye), E. C., I.....	111111111101—11
Count O'Brien, S.....	111111110111—11
M Bloff, F.....	111111110111—11
Signor Fadini, I.....	111111101111—11
Mr Barker, Jr, E.....	111111111110—10
M Doris, F.....	111111111010—10
Signor Simonetta, I.....	101111111110—10
Hon R Beresford, E.....	111011111110—9
Mr Bashford, E.....	111111111100—9
Herr Hans Marsch, G.....	111111111100—9
M Macé, F.....	111011111100—9
Signor Verri, I.....	111011111100—8
Signor Castoldi, I.....	111011111100—8
Signor Asti, I.....	111110111100—8
Mr Hall, E.....	111011111100—8
Signor Marconcini, I.....	111110111000—7
M Bac, F.....	101111111100—7
Signor Quierolo, I.....	111111111000—7
Mr Liebert, E.....	111111101000—7
Mr Blake, E.....	101111111000—7
Signor Benvenuti, I.....	111110100000—6
M Sibrick, A.H.....	111011100000—6
Mr Roberts, E.....	111111100000—6
Signor Oliva, I.....	111011100000—6
Signor Paganini, I.....	110111100000—6
Mr Witting, E.....	111110100000—6

Signor Crespi, I.	10111110	— 6
Mr. Poutz, E.	10111110	— 6
Signor Lanfranchi, I.	11111100	— 6
Signor Riva, I.	10111110	— 6
Mr. L. Henry, E.	0111110	— 5
Signor Eze, I.	1111010	— 5
Signor Casapicola, I.	1101110	— 5
M. Ides van Hooibrouck, B.	1011110	— 5
Mr. Lake, E.	0111110	— 5
Signor Perez, I.	1111010	— 5
Sir John Willoughby, E.	1011110	— 5
Mr. Cholmondeley Pennell, E.	1111100	— 5
Capt. Stewart, E.	1111100	— 5
Signor Torri, I.	1111100	— 5
Mr. Harding Cox, E.	1101110	— 4
Prince Belgiojoso, I.	1101110	— 4
Count de Robiano, B.	1111100	— 4
M. Brasseur, F.	1011110	— 4
Signor G. Grasselli, I.	1101110	— 4
M. de Maulde, F.	1110110	— 4
Signor Della Torre, I.	1101110	— 4
M. J. Demonts, F.	1111110	— 4
Mr. Osborne, G.	1111110	— 4
Signor Berselli, I.	1110110	— 4
Signor Pellicolo, I.	1101110	— 4
M. de Montpeller, F.	1101110	— 4
Mr. Jan Fourth, E.	1101110	— 4
Mr. Curling, E.	1110110	— 4
Baron de Mooyland, B.	1110110	— 4
F. signifiés French, E. English, I. Italian, B. Belgian, S. Spanish, G. German, A.-H. Austria-Hungarian, R. Russian, U. S. A. American.		

Killed three birds: Marquis de Soragna, M. Lonhienne, M. Poizat, M. Paccard, Signor Riva, Count Piel, Mr. Hopwood, Signor Calari, M. Lostanges, Signor Tiapi, Signor Briasco, Count Dukelman, Signor Gheris, Signor Bighani, Count Filippini, M. Thome, Signor R. Luro, Signor Mangione, Signor Grandi, Jr., M. Verdaveine, M. Issaef, Baron de Mesius, Col. Boswall-Preston, Lord Savile, M. Gourlay, Count du Taillis, Signor J. Grasselli, Mr. Robinson, Mr. Watson.

Killed two birds: Nocca, Guidicini, Salina, A. Ginot, Sani, R. Gourgaud, Vernon Barker, Boswall-Preston, Robinson, De Amcaga, Rogers, Pestile.

Killed one bird: Col. Nixey, de Pape, E. Cremer, Miola, Langhendons, Count Voss, Cramer, Galetti, Ker, Marino, Myring, de Tavernost, Calvaleri, Haydon, Meville, Nicolai, Yardley.

Missed first two or all three birds: Lion, Erskine, Count Esterhazy, Faure, Isacco, Grandi, De Hardegger, Marolli, Pareto.

Ties for second, third and fourth prizes:

M. Journu, divided second, third and fourth of £924.	11-2
M. Drévon, ditto	11-2
Signor Maino, ditto	11-2
M. Bloff	10-1
Count O'Brien	0
Signor Fadini	0

Winners of the Grand Prix since its foundation:

1872, Mr. Lorillard, United States.
1873, Mr. J. Jee, V. C., C. B., English.
1874, Sir W. Call, Bart., English.
1875, Capt. Aubrey Patten, English.
1876, Capt. Aubrey Patton, English.
1877, Mr. W. Arundell Yeo, English.
1878, Mr. Chol. Pennell, English.
1879, Mr. E. R. G. Hopwood, English.
1880, Count M. Esterhazy, Austrian-Hungarian.
1881, M. G. Camauer, Belgian.
1882, Count de St. Quentin, French.
1883, Mr. J. Roberts, English.
1884, Count de Caserta, Italian.
1885, M. L. de Dorlodot, Belgian.
1886, Signor Guidicini, Italian.
1887, Count Salma, Italian.
1888, Mr. C. Seaton, English.
1889, Mr. V. Dicks, English.
1890, Signor Guidicini, Italian.
1891, Count Gajoli, Italian.
1892, Count Trauttmansdorff, Austrian-Hungarian.
1893, Signor Guidicini, Italian.
1894, Count Zichy, Austrian-Hungarian.
1895, Signor Benvenuti, Italian.
1896, M. Journu, French.
1897, Signor G. Grasselli, Italian.
1898, Mr. Curling, English.
1899, M. Moncorgé, French.

Trap at Eltingville.

ELTINGVILLE, S. I., Feb. 10.—Several members of the Jeannette Gun Club and the Columbia Fishing Club arranged a number of live-bird matches, which were decided on the grounds of the Columbia Fishing Club, at Eltingville, S. I., to-day in a strong northeast wind. The ground was covered with about a half-foot of snow. The temperature was 12 degrees below zero. The birds were a good lot. "Johnnie Jones" was the scorer. H. P. Fessenenden was referee.

P. S.—The regular club shoot of the Jeannette Gun Club will be held on the same grounds next Friday, Feb. 17.

H. Pape, 28	221201011*120*222*202*21*	—16
J. Hamhorst, 28	*2121202*21*2222*02011212—18	
F. Foehebnach, 25	2202002100210201122021200—15	
Kid Peters, 25	0222222011222*0202202220—18	
W. P. Rottman, 25	0210202201102221100212021—17	
In the above race W. P. Rottman was shooting against Foehebnach, and Kid Peters also was shooting against Foehebnach.		
Team race:		
C. Meyer, 28	1022221202122210220121202—20	
H. Nobel, 25	120212100200200200120021—13—33	
N. Brunje, 28	2022010022220222222221—20	
Capt. Debacher, 28	2*122202122220020222221—20—40	
Five-bird sweep, all 25yds.:		
Hainhorst	11111—5	Brunnie 12121—5
Wellbrock	21020—3	Nobel 02212—4
K. Peters	21220—4	Bolking 21011—4
Meyer	22210—4	Rottman 20011—3
Lott	02102—3	Pape 11001—3
Debacher	11011—4	

John F. Weiler Gun Club.

ALLENTOWN, Pa., Feb. 7.—Following were the scores made to-day:

First event:		
O. E. Engleman	100011000000110010000101—8	
H. T. Erdman	010000010100100101110100—10	
F. Saeger	000001010101110000110001—10	
S. Weiler	100110111111110101010—18	
J. Gabriel	000000110100010101000011—9	
M. Brey	1001011111111011101011—19	
Second event:		
W. Desh	1101000100111101011001100—13	
O. Acker	000010100110000110001100—9	
C. Kramlich	011011100111111101111—20	
M. Brey	01011111011110111010011—18	
F. Saeger	10011000101101010101010—12	
S. Weiler	1111111101110101010101—20	
Third event, live birds:		
J. Weiler	10111010—5	J. Gabriel 11011110—6
D. Stubbs	11110111—7	A. Garren 11111011—7
S. Weiler	11111111—8	O. Griesemer 10110111—6
M. Pleiss	1111011—8	M. Brey 11111111—8
Buraw	1111011—7	O. Engelman 10100110—4
Fourth event, sparrow match, 25yds. rise:		
J. Weiler	111	D. Stubbs 111
C. F. KRAMLICH, Fin. Sec'y.		

Red Dragon Canoe Club.

WISSINOMING, Pa., Feb. 4.—The club 25-target event of the Red Dragon Canoe Club, at Wissinoming, Pa., resulted as follows:

Engle	1111110111101111110111—22
Fenimore	1111011111101101111111—22
Park	1110111111110011111111—21
Gross	1110111111111000111011—21
Rogers	01100101101101000101001—13
Hemingway	1101010111111101011011—19
Zimmie	111010010010101010000110—12
Krammer	01101110011100000001110—12
Scott	0100001001001100110100100—9

ON LONG ISLAND.

New Utrecht Gun Club.

Woodlawn, L. I., Feb. 4.—A stiff northwest wind made good shooting impossible this afternoon. Gaughen still retains the challenge plate.

Club shoot, 25 birds:		
D. Deacon, 4.	11111011110010110101101101	—21
W. Johnson, 3.	110100011001101011101111	—20
J. Gaughen, 4.	11001111011001100101101110	—19
G. E. Nostrand, 5.	110101110101100111010101010	—19
P. E. George, 3.	0110100111011010100101111	—18
F. Rasch, 6.	11011001000011101111011001010	—18
F. A. Thompson, 4.	10111000111000101011000011	—15
E. G. Frost, 10.	010111101000010010010000100100001	—13
C. C. Fleet, 10.	110100010100001001010010w	—9
H. L. O'Brien, 8.	00000w	—0

Brush gun shoot, 25 birds:		
J. Gaughen, 3.	1101111101010111001110111	—21
E. Rasch, 5.	01110001001111010111100000	—16
W. Johnson, 2.	01101100111001110111110	—15
P. E. George, 2.	01111111010010001001101	—16
D. Deacon, 4.	01001111101100011101000	—14
F. A. Thompson, 4.	1001101111000101000001011	—12
E. G. Frost, 10.	011101001000001011000001	—9
C. C. Fleet, 10.	1001110000100001010001001	—9

Events:	1 2 3	Events:	1 2 3
Targets:	10 15 10	Targets:	10 15 10
George	9 9 ..	Gaughen	9 8
Nostrand	8 ..	Deacon	8 5
Rasch	5 7 4	Fleet	7 6
Johnson	4 .. 7	O'Brien	6 ..
Thompson	5 9 3	Frost	5 7

Challenge plate, 20 singles and 5 pairs: Gaughen 19, Rasch 11. Jan. 23.—Good birds and Toplit's shooting were the features of the bi-monthly meeting of the New Utrecht Gun Club. The New Utrecht handicap is a 5-bird event, and entitles the member having the most wins during 1899 a free entry, with all expenses paid, in the Grand American Handicap for 1900. The quarterly shoot is a 5-bird event and all stand at 25yds. Handicaps range from scratch to 3 points. Each bird killed counts as one point, and the member having the most points at the end of each quarter receives a merchandise prize, value \$25.

Events:	1 2 3 4 5 6	Events:	1 2 3 4 5 6
Birds:	10 * 5 5 5 5	Birds:	10 * 5 5 5 5
Nostrand	10 ..	Thompson	7 1 5 .. 3 5
Frost	8 .. 4 3 ..	Toplit	6 7 4 5 4 3
Hegeman	8 0 .. 4 ..	Otis	2 5 2 3 4
Gaughen	7 6 5 5 ..		

* Miss-and-out.
No. 1 was the club shoot; No. 2, 500-shell shoot; No. 3, New Utrecht handicap; No. 4, merchandise prize shoot; Nos. 5 and 6, sweeps.
E. G. Frost, Sec'y.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Bergen County Handicap.

Feb. 8.—This contest of the series of the Bergen county handicap was shot at Midland Park, William Alcott's grounds, to-day. There were eleven competitors. A consignment of birds failed to arrive, so that it was necessary to confine the contest to the number of birds available. The number of birds for each man was reduced to 20. The weather was very cold and snowy. The shooting was done in an open field. The wind was strong in the early part of the race, but was intermittent afterward, changing in direction from 10 to 1 o'clock. The birds were good, but the weather made many sitters. Moffett and Morley retired on 4 misses, with the privilege of continuing if there was a chance to win. They continued, but the referee called the match when darkness supervened. The latter two will finish at the next shoot, on Feb. 15. The scores:

Reid, 27	2220*22202222222222—17
Van Noort, 26	0011222012122222110—16
H. Harms, 29	02112121212102210110—16
H. M. Hefflich, 29	210112212111020122*—16
Fletcher, 26	2022222021122202210—16
Feigenspan, 27	02222112022221111*2—18
Moffett, 28	00022*22122011
Lee, 28	12220122102111010120—15
Wolf, 28	222222212222220202—17
Wright, 29	22*00221122212201000—13
Morley, 31	20*02012212120

Hackensack River Club.

FEB. 7.—The weather was cold and there was snow at the Hackensack Bridge grounds to-day. The wind was about 1 o'clock. The birds were a good lot. The scores made were as follows:

Harris	12112211212222112212102—24
Outwater	222122*2221222211*223222—23
Hefflich	2112222221222122022222*2—23

WESTERN TRAPS.

Paterson—Hicks.

CHICAGO, Ill., Feb. 11.—On last Wednesday, one of the first of the very cold days we have had this week, Mr. A. C. Paterson and Mr. T. P. Hicks met in their second competition for the Chicago trophy, for which Mr. Paterson's challenge had been accepted. The trustees placed both men at 31yds., and gave Mr. Hicks 3 birds, Mr. Paterson having no bird allowance. The weather was stinging and the birds were very healthy. Both men accordingly made very low scores, Mr. Hicks defeating his antagonist by one bird. Score:

Hicks, 31, 3	000102121221210211001101220—19
Paterson, 31	20020201212121212201002—18

Saginaw—Bay City.

On Feb. 5 a good contest occurred between teams from Saginaw, W. S., and Bay City, Mich. Each team had thirteen men, and the visitors were so unlucky as to lose to Saginaw by a narrow margin of 5 birds. Warden Ed. Carpenter was high man, breaking 24 out of the 25 targets. Total, Saginaw team, 231; Bay City team, 226. A return race will be shot at Bay City, Feb. 19. These team shoots are social affairs, with nothing up but the suppers.

Visitors.

Among the several visiting sportsmen who have blown in with the cold wave at Chicago during the past week were Rolla Heikes, now for the Remington and the U. M. C.; Charlie Budd, for the Parker Gun and the U. M. C.; S. A. Tucker, of the Parker Gun; Colonel Courtney, of the Remington Gun, and Fred Quimby, of the Schultz and E. C. Powder. Purely amateur was the visit to this city of Mr. Elmer E. Bliss, of Saginaw, Mich., one of the best shots of this State. Mr. Bliss witnessed with interest the curves of John Watson's birds, but did not tarry beyond one day, for he was on his way to the far-off lands of Arizona and California, where he will spend three months in a region less frigid than this.

Indianapolis.

From a letter just at hand from Mr. H. T. Hearsey, secretary of the Limited Gun Club, of Indianapolis, I would infer that Pop Heikes has been making a tour. Mr. Hearsey says:

"The Limited Gun Club and its members were favored with a call from Mr. Rolla O. Heikes last Thursday. Mr. Heikes showed his Remington gun and U. M. C. shells off to good advantage. Twenty-five fast-flying and select pigeons were trapped, and Mr. Heikes succeeded in killing all of the twenty-five. The birds were a fast lot, and the exhibition was received with cheers by all the members of the club.

"Several target races were engaged in during the day, and Messrs. Beck, Cooper and Tripp assisted Mr. Heikes in making several straight races.

"Our worthy friend and former tournament manager, Mr. Jno. M. Lilly, was unable to shoot on account of a sprained wrist, but his stentorian voice was very much in evidence. In the evening Mr. Heikes was entertained by the club at the Grand Hotel.

"Feb. 22 Mr. Geo. C. Beck and Dr. O. F. Britton will shoot for the Grand Hotel trophy, and the Gun Club will also have a very interesting shoot on that day, several match races having already been arranged."

E. Hough.
1200 Boyce Building, Chicago, Ill.

Interstate Association Rules.

NEW YORK, Feb. 11.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: There seems to be some misunderstanding in regard to the new trap-shooting rules for both live birds and targets which have been issued by the Interstate Association.

These rules are offered by the Interstate Association to the general public with a view to having them adopted universally. They are a thoroughly up to date set of rules, and although they may contain some defects are at present the most perfect set of rules extant.

The misunderstanding referred to above relates more especially to the rule governing caliber and weight of gun. The live-bird rule on this point says:

"No gun of a larger caliber than 10 bore shall be used. Weight of gun unlimited."

This rule, of course, will not be in force in the Grand American Handicap. The Interstate Association's rule in regard to the Grand American being that no gun larger than a 12 bore can be used, and that the weight of the gun is limited to 8lbs. This point will be fully covered in the programme of the Grand American Handicap, that will be printed shortly.

Manager Shaner, in drawing up the rules for the Grand American Handicap, has carefully noted all points where special rules are required for the running of the event. I wish, therefore, that you would call the attention of your readers to the fact that in the Grand American Handicap no gun larger than a 12 bore will be allowed, and that all guns are limited to 8lbs. in weight.

EDWARD BANKS, Sec'y-Treas.

Trap at Burnside, La.

BURNSIDE, La., Feb. 6.—Herewith are the scores of a little live-bird shoot. Mr. Norvin Harris, of Hurstbourn Farm, Ky., and Tom Devine, of Memphis, were present. We expected Mr. Arthur du Bray and Irby Bennett, but neither could come. The birds were a corking good lot of fresh-caught country birds, and a stiff wind blew from the score, that made the shooting very hard to even such good shots as Harris and Devine. The boundary is only a 30yds. one, and a great many birds fell outside, only a few yards out. I wish you could have been with us. Mr. Harris did fine work in the cup match. Some of his kills were beautiful. He had hard luck on his first four birds, then he settled down and did some very steady shooting. His judgment on fast birds was excellent.

Mr. Devine was handicapped, I think, by shooting a 16-gauge gun. With such strong big birds and such a wind the little gun could not be expected to do the execution that the 12-gauge guns did. The birds in the cup race were all blue in color, and they left the traps like a flash. Mr. Harris shot a new Parker with U. M. C. Trap shells and 3½ drams of Du Pont. Devine shot a 16-gauge Greener, 3 drams of Du Pont in Leader shells, and 1oz. of No. 7. Bringier shot a Colt. 3 drams Du Pont in Leader's shells. Miles shot a trap Winchester, 48 grains Schultze in Leader shells.

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
Harris, 30	*12122*120—7	00222—3	1122
Devine, 26	0121220211—8	11101—4	2111
Bringier, 27	1122*02111—8	01010—2	0
Miles, 29	*1222*2222—8	12100—3	20

No. 1, 10 birds; No. 2, 5 birds; No. 3, miss and out.

Cup race, 25 birds.	
Harris, 30	0010112122122222212222—22
Devine, 26	01121*21112101*112012202*—18
Bringier, 27	1202*2201*2*222*12120222—17
Miles, 29	11*20201222111*02222*2220—18



From the London Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News.

Yachting.

As the yachting journal of America, the *FOREST AND STREAM* is the recognized medium of communication between the maker of yachtsmen's supplies and the yachting public. Its value for advertising has been demonstrated by patrons who have employed its columns continuously for years.

New York Y. C.

THE annual meeting of the New York Y. C. was held on Feb. 9, with Vice-Com. Ledyard in the chair,

N.; Almeric H. Paget, Miln P. Palmer, William S. Spaulding, John T. Spaulding, Charles H. White, David B. Gilbert, Thomas B. Fisher, Frank L. St. John, John R. Adams, Whitney Warren, Charles D. Wetmore, Capt. William M. Folger, U. S. N.; Clayton Mayo, Clarence S. Day, Lieut. William P. White, U. S. N.; Walter Watson, Jr.; J. Berry Underhill, Paymaster Reah Frazer, U. S. N.; Oliver W. Buckingham, Lewis Nixon, Frederick H. Lee, Juan M. Ceballos, Randolph Hurry, William F. Stafford, Gustav E. Kissel, B. F. O'Connor, Charles Pryer, T. O'Connor Sloane, Paymaster William W. Galt, U. S. N.; George C. Pease, and J. E. Martin, Jr.; Commander Charles C. Cornwell, U. S. N.

Gasolene Engine and Launches.

BY F. K. GRAIN.

I.

IN the following articles it is not proposed to attempt to enter into minute details of the theory of motors, boats and other parts, but rather to give the average owner or would-be purchaser a clear, general idea of the subject, together with instructions and wrinkles derived from personal experience covering a period of some fifteen years.

All technical terms have been dropped as far as possible. Although there are, as will be noted later on, other motors of note, they are each in a class by themselves, and these papers are therefore confined to the internal combustion or gasolene motor, it being the most common type, and without question the one that in the near future is destined to supplant all engines for launches having the power exerted on a piston.

MOTORS.—The internal combustion motor, or what is better known as the gasolene engine, is fast becoming very popular with launch owners. The up-to-date motors cannot be set on fire or exploded by the most ignorant handling, and are all very economical in consumption of fuel.

TYPES.—These motors are divided into two classes, viz., those having an impulse of the piston by the expanding gas every second revolution, and known as the *Otto* or *four cycle*, and those having an impulse every revolution, known as the *Day* or *two cycle* motor.

Each of these types has, among makers and users, its claimants for superiority, but personally the writer after equal experience in the use of both cannot see that in either economy or ease of handling, durability or simplicity, there is any choice.

FOUR CYCLE.—We will first take up the four cycle system. In these motors the first downward stroke of the piston acting as an air pump draws into the cylinder a charge of gas, then on the return or up stroke it is compressed in the top of cylinder, or what is known as the clearance space, to about three to five atmospheres, or 45 to 75 lbs. pressure, and just before reaching the upper end of stroke ignited by means of either a red-hot tube or an electric spark, when the gas expands and drives the piston down. Just before reaching the end of the downward stroke the exhaust port is opened, allowing the burnt gases to escape. The exhaust port then remains open during the next up stroke in order that the pressure of the rising piston will entirely clear the cylinder of all remaining gases, the exhaust port now closes and the piston descends, drawing in a new charge of gas.

With these motors the firing device, pumps, valves, etc., are all worked from a time shaft by means of gear wheels on the main shaft, thus imparting a full working stroke to these parts only on every other revolution of the motor. In order to impart a steady motion to the motor during the idle stroke, the fly-wheel requires to be of great weight and diameter.

TWO CYCLE.—The two cycle or Day motor obtains an impulse of the piston each revolution. All motors of this type now in successful use have what is known as a compression crank pit, that is to say, the part of the motor forming the lower frame crank chamber and main bearing is an air-tight chamber, opening into the cylinder on top; therefore when the piston is on its up stroke a charge of gas is drawn into this chamber through a self-acting valve; then, on the piston descending, the gas is slightly compressed, being thereby forced through a port opened by the ascending piston and ignited at the proper time. The exhaust gases are expelled through an exhaust port opened by the piston near the end of its stroke. In order to cleanse the cylinder of all burnt gas, the inlet is generally timed to open a little before the closing of the exhaust port in order that the fresh gas will expel the burnt gas.

These motors are claimed to be wasteful on account of a part of the unused gas escaping with the exhausted gas, this we will discuss later on.

This motor requires less fly-wheel, owing to its getting an impulse of the piston each revolution, and run with less vibration than the four cycle motor.

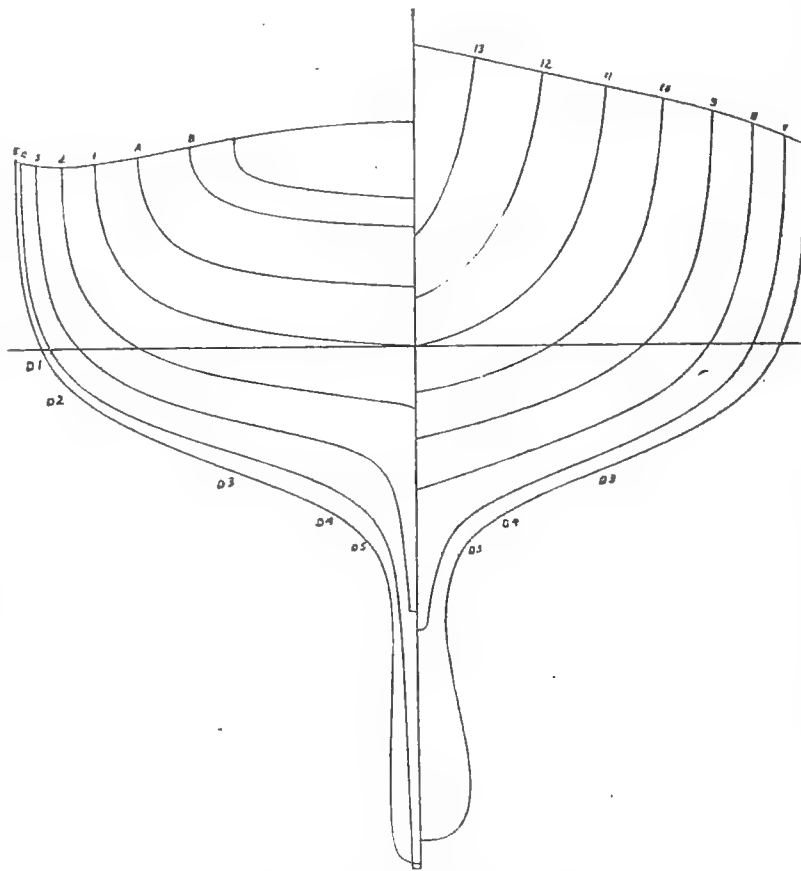
IGNITION.—There are three methods of igniting the gas in the cylinder, by a hot tube, electric spark, and what are known as self-igniters.

HOT TUBES.—The hot tube ignition is by means of a hollow tube with a closed end, projecting into the top of cylinder. A small flame from a gasolene torch, kept constantly burning, is projected into this tube, heating it sufficiently to ignite the charge when compressed. This method of ignition has been almost entirely superseded in marine motors by the electric igniters. The difficulties with the hot tube are liability of the lamp blowing out, the time required to heat up the tube at the start (five to ten minutes), and as the tubes burn out they have to be renewed; last, but not least, it is very difficult to time the exact moment of ignition, as any variation in length, thickness or in the composition of the metal from which the tubes are made will cause any particular tube taken from the same lot to fire either in advance or later than the one previously in use. It also requires considerable gasolene to heat the tube. The advantages of the hot tube are that it is not so complicated as the electric battery, and if the tube is not burnt out and the torch kept going is sure to work.

ELECTRIC SPARK.—The electric igniter is in use by nine-tenths of the present gasolene motors, and is fast being

brought to a state of perfection that a few years ago was thought to be impossible. Although there are no two motor builders using the same designed device as a sparker, they are all made on two principles. The first is what is known as a *wipe spark*; this is an electrode projecting into the cylinder; the usual way is to make a flexible end something like a flat spring attached to or a part of a rocker shaft, with an arm, dog or toothed wheel running through a stuffing box gland or removable bearing into the cylinder, so that when motion is imparted to this shaft it will cause the two parts to come together and then separate with a wiping motion, the spark being made at the time of separation. These parts are usually made so that the working part is free to charge from the entire iron work. The other, which is usually called the electrode, has a direct connected wire and is insulated by means of mica rings or washers, so that it gets no current from the motor. This method has the advantage of making a very large and strong spark, but owing to the constant wear of the sparking surface requires a great deal of attention to keep it in time. It is not adapted to motors of very high speed, as increase of speed diminishes the volume of spark, consequently those using this system of sparking, although being good, easy and sure starters, are apt to fail or skip impulses when speeded up.

The next mode of sparking is made by having an electrode as on the preceding device, but in place of the wiping motion there is a small arm or rocker shaft which touches the electrode and is then separated by the quick action of a spring; it is like the action of a hammer dropped lightly on the head of a nail, and then lifted off quickly; for this reason it is generally called the *hammer sparker*. The disadvantage of this is that the spark is small, and although very economical, it requires more battery power than the wipe spark in order to always keep it up to its full capacity. It has the advantages, however, of requiring very little, if any, adjustment, and makes the same volume of spark at all speeds.



BODY PLAN OF KNOCKABOUT.

SELF-IGNITERS.—The self-igniters are a means of igniting the gas by the heat generated in the motor. They consist mainly of a certain metal projection in the cylinder, made from some composition that is heated by the burning gases, and which retains sufficient heat to ignite the charges from stroke to stroke.

None of these igniters will work until after the motor has been at work a sufficient time to get thoroughly heated, therefore it is necessary to have other means to start the motor. There are a number on the market, but we have not as yet seen any that we could recommend as being either reliable or advantageous.

GAS GENERATORS.—The ways of generating gas from gasolene for use in motors are numerous, but the two mostly in use are: First, the vaporizers, which, although made in many different forms, are to all practical purposes the same.

VAPORIZERS.—The general principle is a small vessel, some only the size of an egg, having a self-acting valve which, on the engine making suction, opens, allowing a charge of air to enter, and at the same time a small quantity of gasolene through another opening. The air vaporizes the gasolene and it is then drawn into the cylinder or compression chamber of the motor, as the case may be. On some there is a fixed amount of gasolene used, and in order to make the right mixture the air inlet is gauged by means of an air valve; in others the air supply is fixed, and the gasolene gauged. We think the latter by far the best and most economical. The above generators or vaporizers are fast superseding all others, as they are compact, free from danger, will use almost any grade of gasolene, and are not so sensitive to atmospheric changes.

CARBURETORS.—Carburetors were among the first gas making devices used on gasolene motors, and are still in use by a number of builders. They consist of a tank of varying size, having in some cases a dome on top, from which the gas is drawn to the motor. The generation of the gas is produced by having a pipe through which the air is drawn, projecting below the surface of the level of the gasolene; thus when the air is drawn from the dome above the gasolene a partial vacuum is formed, causing the air to come in through the air pipe, and rising up through the gasolene, thereby charging the air with the vapor. As the vapor thus produced is not exactly of the right quality, it in most cases has to be

diluted more or less by admitting more air through an adjustable air cock, either directly into the engine or between it and the carburetor.

This generator is cumbersome, requires cleaning, owing to deposits of thick oils, and in most cases will only use successfully special grades of gasolene. Unless there is an intermediate valve between the carburetor and the motor it is liable to explode or get on fire through a fire back from the motor, which is caused by something getting under the seat of the inlet valve, or through defects in design and construction.

PUMP GENERATOR.—There is still another generating system used on a few motors, though it has been discarded to a great extent; but which, if it were possible to overcome its defects, would make an ideal method of feeding gasolene. It consists of a small plunger pump, worked from a rocker shaft or by other means, which throws or injects a small spray or drop of gasolene directly into the inlet port of the motor. The quantity of gasolene is regulated in most cases by a very clever means, which varies the stroke of the pump plunger at the will of the operator, thereby governing the amount of gasolene as required. This plan has the advantages of simplicity, safety and also that the gasolene tanks can be placed in any position, not having to depend on gravitation to secure the flow of oil. As for vaporizers or carburetors, which require a gravity feed, unfortunately all pumps, owing to various causes, especially in the small sizes, will at times *over* or *under pump*, in other words they fail to supply a uniform amount, which is fatal to the successful working of the motor.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Fast Cruising Knockabout.

THE yacht here illustrated through the courtesy of the designer, Mr. W. B. Stearns, of the Marblehead Yacht Yard, is built to the dimensions and scantling of the Boston Knockabout Association, and is fully fitted for cruising; at the same time she will be raced in the handicap knockabout class at Marblehead. This class has been very successful during the past two seasons under the patronage of the Corinthian and the Burgess yacht clubs, and although the yachts which race in it represent a decidedly less extreme development of racing features than the raceabout, and are much nearer to the original idea on which the knockabout class was founded, they are at the same time very smart little craft for their length. Not only do they furnish good racing under the limitations of the class, but they are quite fast. The yacht is building for Messrs. E. I. and W. L. Cropley, of Marblehead. Her dimensions and elements are:

Length—	
Over all	33ft.
L.W.L.	21ft.
Beam—	
Extreme	7ft. 8in.
L.W.L.	7ft. 2in.
Draft	5ft.
Freeboard, least	1ft. 9in.
Girth, midship section	14ft.
Displacement	6,700lbs.
Ballast, lead keel	3,600lbs.
Midship section, area	9.5 sq. ft.
Lateral plane, area	52.9 sq. ft.
L.W.L. plane, area	111 sq. ft.
Block coefficient	0.14 sq. ft.
Prismatic coefficient	0.50 sq. ft.
Sail area—	
Knockabout rig	500 sq. ft.
Raceabout rig	600 sq. ft.

The sail and interior plans will appear next week.

The Question of Overhangs.

THE following interesting letter from Mr. Linton Hope appeared in a recent issue of *The Field*. Mr. Hope has summed up the matter very fairly, and we quite agree with him as to the great value of overhangs in any vessel except where they are severely taxed, as by over-all measurement:

I trust you will pardon me for reopening the discussion on the value of overhangs for seaworthiness; but the following facts may help to convert some of the adherents of the old type to the use of moderate overhangs:

I think it may be taken for granted that sea-going smacks are built under the three following conditions:

- (1) The most seaworthy vessel that can be built for the price.
- (2) The easiest vessel to work with a small crew in bad weather.
- (3) The fastest type that will combine the first two conditions.

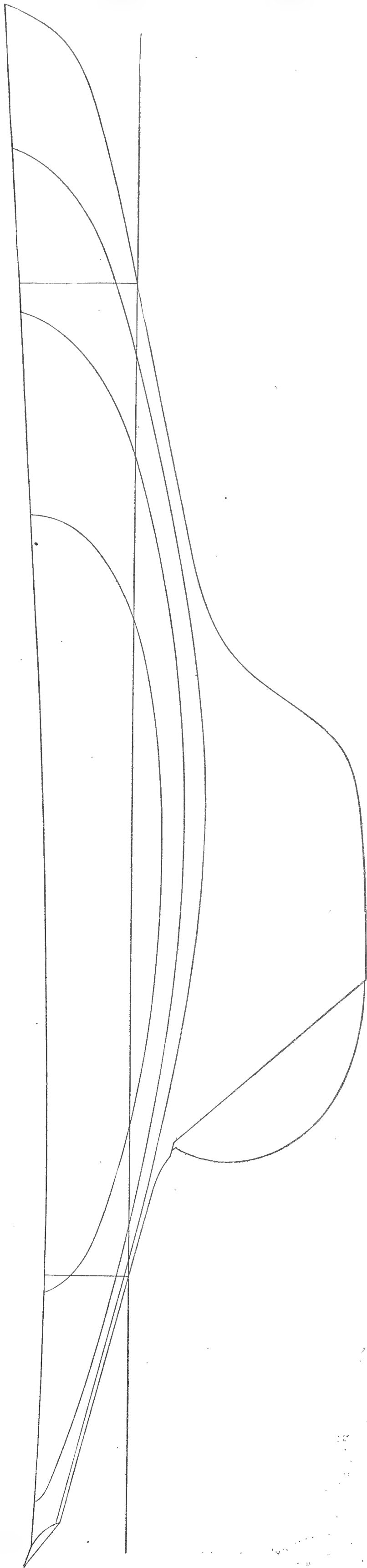
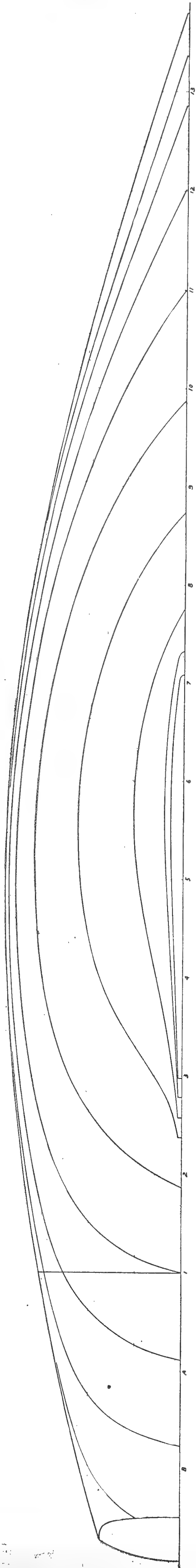
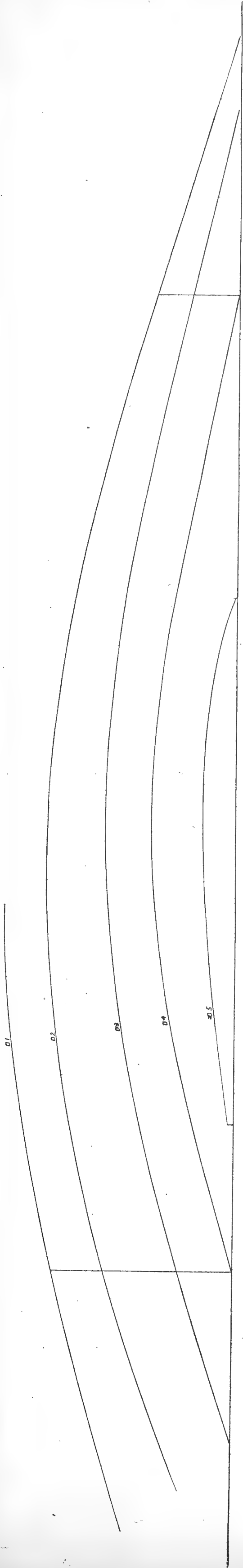
These three requirements, I take it, are exactly those of a cruising yacht, so the type suitable for one should suit the other to a great extent.

Every one will probably admit that the fisherman is the most conservative of all that conservative race, the British sailor, and that there must be a very strong reason for him to change the type of craft in which he has been brought up; so, when smacks are being built with considerable overhang in various parts of the country, there must be some very strong reason for such an innovation.

The first smack I saw with a modern spoon bow and long counter was cruising about the Solent a couple of years ago, having been let as a yacht for the summer, and at the time I thought she was merely a yacht which was used occasionally for fishing, as many are.

Since then I have seen several large North Sea smacks in Ramsgate of the same type, and a second and larger one in the Solent last year, from Brixham, I believe. All these vessels were highly spoken of by their crews as able sea boats, and much handier and faster than the old type, with straight stems and short, steep counters.

Within the last few weeks I received an order from a well-known smack-owner and builder in South Wales for a ketch smack of twenty tons register for long line fishing. He ordered a boat with a spoon bow and plenty of overhang, as a Brixham smack of this type had lately come to that part of the coast, and was a far better boat than the local straight-stemmed smacks, and always first in with her catch, spoiling the market for the slower



KNOCKABOUT, DESIGNED AND BUILT FOR MESSRS. E. I. & W. L. CROPLEY, BY W. B. STEARNS, 1899.

boats, besides being a better sea boat and easier to handle, owing to her greater deck room and shorter bowsprit.

I have designed a somewhat similar vessel to the *Blonde*, fourteen tons (illustrated in the last edition of "Yacht Architecture"), but with slightly hollower garboards and more beam in proportion, and more forward overhang. The following are some of the dimensions: Length over all, 58.4ft.; waterline, 41.5ft.; beam, 13.5ft.; and draft, 7.5ft. She is about thirty-five tons Thames measurement, and twenty tons register.

It is surely fairly conclusive, when a smack owner says he must have a spoon bow, that it is something more than just following the fashion; and he is probably far better able to judge as to the best sea-going type than most yachtsmen, who do not, as a rule, keep the sea during the winter, as a smack has to do.

I may also remind your readers that one of the first yachts with an overhanging bow was designed by one of the largest smack owners in England, and raced by him with such success that she fairly swept the ten-ton class. I refer to *Buttercup*, designed and built by Mr. Robert Hewett, the commodore of the Royal Corinthian Y. C.

This gentleman has also had a thirty-ton T. M. cruiser, designed by me, of very similar type to the smack described above, but with the hollow profile forward under water, now in use in both cruisers and racers, and less beam, and more depth in proportion to length. So far as my own personal experience goes in small cruisers, I have no hesitation in saying that there is no comparison between a boat with fair overhangs and one with a straight stem, when it comes to really heavy seas. With a properly canvased boat of the modern type you can drown out a boat of the old style of twice the size. In saying this, I am going upon actual passages I have made in boats of both sorts.

One of my first cruisers was the *Haze*, a big displacement boat of 20ft. over all, 7ft. 9in. beam, and about four and one-half tons displacement, with two and a quarter tons of lead, one and a quarter tons being on the keel. (See "Yacht and Boat Sailing," last edition.) She was a better sea boat than any of the other small cruisers I met, and fairly fast, and on one occasion made a passage from Shoreham to the Thames in very heavy weather. But she was nowhere as a sea boat with my last cruiser, *Induna*—a boat one-fourth her displacement, 26ft. over all, only 5ft. 6in. beam, and 2ft. 8in. draft, with 15cwt. of lead on her keel. She was easily driven with 260 sq. ft. sail area, while *Haze* was badly under canvased with 500 sq. ft. *Induna* was 19ft. waterline, while *Haze* was 20ft. as altered 1887; but *Induna* could have drowned *Haze* in a sea. I took her round the South Foreland in the teeth of a hard southwester into Dover, when it was so bad that a lot of yachts of twenty to thirty tons would not leave the Downs, and even big craft of sixty and eighty tons were running back into Dover under headsails rather than go round Dungeness.

Though the seas were heavy, breaking over the bows of a sea-going brigantine of some 300 or 400 tons, which was close to me, half way up her fore course, *Induna* made capital weather of it, standing off from Deal to the South Sand Head Lightship in the worst of the sea; then, staying as easily as if she were in the Thames, she fetched well to windward of the Foreland, and beat the brigantine half a mile dead to windward in the one tack, having started dead to leeward, and crossed her bows, and when I came about again under the land near Dover she was nearly out of sight in the big sea.

It is said by many that the modern boat with no forefoot will not heave to, but on this and many other occasions (when I have been single-handed) I have her to for some time, the sea about as bad as it could well be for such a small boat; but she lay perfectly quiet, slightly head reaching, under a scrap of foresail with sheets flat amidships, and a three-reefed mainsail with the sheet eased off a bit. Most of the time I was astride of the stem passing preventer lashings on the roller foresail, as the tack was chafed, and even in that sea she never put her head fairly under, though, of course, seas broke constantly all over me.

In conclusion, I can only say that if I were going to build a cruiser to-morrow, for a hard-weather craft to keep the sea, I would give her a cutaway fore-foot and a good overhang, so as to have a roomy, dry deck, and a boat that would always keep on top of the seas and not go in up to her mast, nearly smashing her bowsprit every time she takes a dive.

LINTON HOPE.

The First Voyage of Zulu.—II.

WE were still a long way from Lake Erie, but luck was with us, and a pleasant breeze sprang up from the north. So we rigged out the spinnaker boom and got the sail on her, and glided along comfortably for many a mile, bothered only by the numerous bridges, which obstinately refused to swing until we were close up to them, and then, just as we lowered away, we would see a man run out from a little cabin and turn a crank, and then slowly the bridge would swing aside and *Zulu* would squeeze through, with a foot or two to spare. The breeze came fresher and fresher, until it began to blow a brisk summer gale, and in one of these anxious moments, when it seemed as if a crash were unavoidable, the spinnaker halyards were let go by the run, the boom dropped into the water and broke short off against the shrouds—a bad business, but the only mishap which marred the trip. The spinnaker being useless, and the mainsail too heavy for such lively work among the bridges, we had recourse to the mizen for the remainder of the run, and found it, as I have before, a wonderfully good sail for running in strong winds. Being nearly in the center of the boat amidship, there is little tendency to luff into it unless the tiller is put down, and the steersman's view is entirely unobstructed; and when the tiller is put down the boat flies into the wind like a top almost in her own length.

After a short stop in Welland we again got under way, and after seven or eight miles more sailing we suddenly rounded a sharp bend, and close ahead of us was the village of Port Colborne, and out between the piers we could just catch a glimpse of Lake Erie itself.

It was 6 o'clock by the time we got through the guard lock, and every one, from skipper to cabin boy, was thoroughly tired out with our thirty-six-hour run. So, though

the night was fine, we tied up, and after a hearty meal turned in early and never woke until 7 A. M. next day. After a run up to the telegraph office, we at once got sail on her, and with a light air in our faces, stood out of the canal on the final ninety-mile stretch of our voyage. Once fairly outside the air became a light breeze, and by 10 o'clock the breeze had freshened to a gale and needed a double-reefed mainsail, and yet *Zulu* was logging off a good seven miles per hour, with sheets well started to port. The sea began to get up as we came abreast of the Mohawk Light, and increased so fast that we hauled up a little so as to keep the weather shore until we could see what was going to come; but toward 3 o'clock in the afternoon it began to take off a little, and the course was laid for Long Point, distant about twenty miles. The gale subsided almost as quickly as it had risen, and by 6 o'clock we were becalmed, with barely steerage way, and Long Point Light still five miles away. With sundown came a light air from the north, and the spinnaker boom was fished and got out to starboard, and as the waves rose at 9 o'clock, we glided past the great revolving light and were soon in the track of the Buffalo fleet. Two of our hands turned in, while the third remained on deck to keep a lookout. Several steamers passed us at a good distance, and finally a pair of eyes, red and green, appeared bearing directly down upon us from the east.



ZULU.

Designed and Built by H. K. Wicksteed, 1898.

The hand showed a light on the quarter, and the big steamer shifted her helm and slid by astern, but so close that we could hear the breathing and thumping of the engines. Meanwhile the breeze had freshened and a big swell was rolling up from the northeast and increasing every moment. Sail was reduced to whole mainsail, and being clear of the track of commerce now the watch was sent below and the skipper was left alone with the night. That was a glorious midnight sail, the boat reeling and swaying along on the broad-backed swell, with the main boom swung away off to starboard, the moon glowing large and red on the edge of a fog bank to the southeast, and the lights of Erie showing ahead, first as a dull glow reflected from the sky, and then as a glow with one or two bright points showing, and finally as a myriad of needle points of bright light as we lifted them higher and higher.

Meanwhile, fresher and fresher came the wind, until the mainsail became almost too much for the boat; but the lights were close ahead now, and the mast was of tough spruce, and the backstays of $\frac{1}{4}$ in. steel wire, and the skipper concluded to hang on till the last moment. The watch was called on deck again, and as Presque Isle Light swung out from the rest on the starboard beam a bright lookout was kept for the gas buoy at the entrance to the channel. The lookout picked it out by its motion a good half mile away, no bad feat for a new hand among the bewildering maze of electric lights, and squaring away round it, we raced off before the wind for the pier head amid a roaring of wind and waves. In a few moments the great stone tower was far up over the crosstrees, and in another minute *Zulu* was running quietly in between the piers. Ten minutes more and we were in the smooth water of the harbor and hunting for a berth. The moon hung low over the land now, leaving all the ships in shadow, and a red light, kindly and thoughtfully hung out to guide us at the club house, was regarded with suspicion and distrust, but we found a berth at last, and just as day began to break we turned in for a well-earned sleep into the cozy cabin, well pleased that we had accomplished the trip without mishap, except as before mentioned.

With the exception of the exasperating and protracted calm off Toronto, we had been moving steadily along, and had tested the boat in all weather and on all points of sailing, and I think the main regret of the whole ship's company was that we had not further to go—that is, on the lake. Every one was satisfied with the amount of canaling.

Next day, or rather the same day, after it had developed a little and the crew turned out after a sleep, was Sunday, and we had barely time to get things in order before the owner appeared on shore, and we formally turned the ship over to him. A little later we got sail on her and made a trial spin around the bay. Still blowing hard from the northeast and *Zulu* under mizen, stay-sail and close-reefed mainsail, had all she could manage, but we continued to keep ahead of a big schooner-rigged fishing boat which was tossing about under full sail, with a dozen men on her weather gunwale, and were well

pleased with the boat's speed and weatherliness, though she seemed to be at her best in light air.

The afternoon was enjoyably spent about the club house and the city. Erie boasts quite a fine yacht club, with quite a number of boats and a goodly number of sailors of the proper stamp. Unfortunately, the boats, although quite numerous, are somewhat ill-assorted as to size, making regular racing of a satisfactory kind very difficult; but the club is young, and as it grows older and settles on the type best suited to the locality, the old boats will be discarded and a more uniform lot will take their places.

Except in the matter of coal, smoke and dust the site is almost an ideal one, with a harbor similar to but larger than that of Toronto, and affording plenty of room for racing inside with the small fry, while making an excellent base for short cruises about the lake. At all events, the crew of the *Zulu* were much pleased with the place and with the yachtsmen, and it was with regret that they parted with their kind host and boarded the train for Buffalo, Niagara Falls and home.

HENRY K. WICKSTEED.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The annual meeting of the Royal Kennebecasis Yacht Club of St. John, N. B., was held on Feb. 7, the following officers being elected: Com., Edgar H. Fairweather; Vice-Com., Fred. S. Heans; Rear-Com., Howard Holder; Sec'y, F. Herbert J. Ruel; Treas., Robert Jardine; Measurers, C. F. Langan, William Holder; Executive Committee, George B. Hegan, Arthur Kirkpatrick, J. N. Sutherland, G. E. Holder and A. P. Macintyre; Sailing Committee, W. G. Stratton, P. Sinclair, A. McArthur, Sydney L. Kerr, E. Harrington and Lewis Munroe. The Secretary's report showed that the last season, the fifth of its existence, had been the most prosperous in the history of the club. The membership has doubled during the year, while the fleet has increased in number from twenty-two to thirty-three. The racing season proved very successful, several handsome cups and a silver shield being presented to the club by members and by interested citizens, while the annual cruise some 100 miles up the River St. John, and lasting ten days, drew out twenty-five of the fleet. During the year the club petitioned Her Majesty, the Queen, for the privilege of using the prefix "Royal," which petition Her Majesty was graciously pleased to grant. The outlook for the coming season is most encouraging to all lovers of this greatest of all sports, and before its close it is probable that both in membership and in fleet St. John will possess a club even more than at present worthy of representing one of the great winter ports of the Dominion of Canada.

One of the recent additions to the extensive series of technical catechisms published by J. J. Weber, Leipsic, is the *Illustrated Catechism of Rowing and Sailing Sport*, by Otto Gusti. This little work, which is in German, covers in compact form the kindred sports, the portion on rowing treating of boats, the stroke, the crew, training, racing, rowing, cruises, etc. The second portion of the book deals with sailing, treating briefly of the design and lines, types, the yacht and her gear, cruising, navigation, etc. A special chapter is devoted to ice yachts. The book is well written and quite modern in its ideas, and it is well adapted to the wants of the tyro and the young amateur. It is illustrated by numerous diagrams and a chart of the German and Austrian rivers, with the locations of the different rowing and sailing clubs plotted.

Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co., New York, announce a new book on Naval Architecture, devoted to the laying off of iron, steel and composite vessels, by Thos. H. Watson, lecturer on naval architecture at the Durham College of Science, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

Canoeing.

War Canoes at the Meet.

THE Northern Division men are at work this winter training for war canoe races at the A. C. A. meet, the Toronto, Kingston, Brockville and Ottawa clubs being interested. It is probable that the Central, Eastern and Atlantic divisions will be represented by crews from Rochester, Boston, Auburndale, New York and Trenton. The new Western Division is looking for an active season and a return of the old-time interest in canoeing; a war canoe crew from this division at the general meet would make matters still more exciting. One firm of Canadian builders reports orders for seven 30ft. war canoes and a larger inquiry for canoes of all kinds, sailing and paddling, than is usual at this time of year.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

FLORIDA.

Personally Conducted Tour via Pennsylvania Railroad.

THE Pennsylvania Railroad Company's third tour of the present season to Jacksonville, allowing two weeks in Florida, will leave New York and Philadelphia by special train of Pullman Palace Cars Tuesday, Feb. 21. Excursion tickets, including railway transportation, Pullman accommodations (one berth), and meals en route in both directions while traveling on the special train, will be sold at the following rates: New York, \$50.00; Philadelphia, \$48.00; Canandaigua, \$52.85; Erie, \$54.85; Wilkes-Barre, \$50.35; Pittsburgh, \$53.00; and at proportionate rates from other points.

For tickets, itineraries, and full information, apply to ticket agents; Tourist Agent, 1196 Broadway, New York; 789 Broad street, Newark, N. J.; or address Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.

Mr. W. J. Cummins, of Bishop Auckland, England, maker of superior salmon and trout rods, flies, reels, lines, etc., writes us that he will be glad to send his catalogue to any of our fishing friends who may wish to receive one. He adds: "I have been an advertiser in your journal for some time, and intend to continue so, and have now an increasing trade with your readers." Mr. Cummins' advertisement is found on another page of *FOREST AND STREAM*.

With the appearance of the index of each volume of *FOREST AND STREAM*, many subscribers wish to bind up the volume, and look about for a competent binder. Attention is called to the advertisement in another column of Mr. Chas. F. Brockel, of Danbury, Conn., bookbinder, who invites correspondence on this subject. *Adv.*

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO.

TERMS, \$4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY.
SIX MONTHS, \$2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1899.

VOL. LII.—No. 8.
No. 846 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

To the man who goes out simply for the purpose of filling the bag, a blank day is a blank day, and his visage and demeanor show it; but to the observant naturalist-sportsman an empty bag at the end of a long and tiring day will be no criterion as to his feeling, for he may tramp home with heart far lighter than his bag even, and record an entry in his diary or memory which will be reverted to in after years with much pleasure.

HENRY SHARP.

THE ELK IN CANADA.

MUCH interest has been excited by the report made last month of the killing in the Province of Quebec of a wapiti, the great elk of Canada. This species has been extinct in the East so far as known for many years, though formerly abundant along the Atlantic Coast, at least from Virginia to Canada. One of the last localities where it existed was in the rough mountains of Pennsylvania, but for many years there has been no evidence of its occurrence in the East further than the occasional finding of some of its bones or a decayed antler or two. It is said that there is no authentic record of the occurrence of the elk in eastern Canada for the last thirty years.

Up to about 1875 there were believed to be a few elk left in the dense forests of Michigan, and still later they inhabited the Roseau Swamp in Canada, near the borders of Minnesota. These survivors were probably long since exterminated, and the elk is now confined to the Rocky Mountain region and westward. On the other hand, in many preserves in the wilder portions of New Hampshire, New York and elsewhere the Western elk have been reintroduced and have done remarkably well.

The elk recently reported to have been killed in the Province of Quebec was taken on the Casupscull River, a branch of the Metapedia, not very far from the head of the Bay of Chaleurs. It is said to be a true elk, and its skin has been sent to a Boston taxidermist to be mounted, and the specimen will be shown at the sportsmen's exhibition in New York next month.

Confirming this capture is the statement by Count H. de Puyjalon, of the Department of Lands, Forests and Fisheries, Quebec, who, in his report on the region of western Quebec, published in 1896, states that on more than one occasion he has found unmistakable elk tracks in that country. Moreover, in a private letter to FOREST AND STREAM on the same subject he says: "I may add that I saw, though from a long distance, the two wapiti (*Cervus canadensis*) whose tracks I then followed. There can be no doubt with reference to the species of these two animals. Both unquestionably were the great Canadian stag." He adds: "Moreover, that animal formerly existed in large numbers in our western country, and it seems to be possible to admit that the exceptional climatic condition enjoyed by those regions since 1890 may have contributed to bring back a certain number of great stags to their original habitat." Of the occurrence of the elk said to have been killed on the Casupscull River the Count de Puyjalon has no personal knowledge. "Nevertheless," he writes, "I may say that in our sparsely inhabited country, covered with almost continuous forests, some kinds of animals may sometimes be found very far from their usual habitat, without its being possible to explain in a very rational manner the causes of a dispersion as unusual as it is unexpected."

The matter here brought up will be keenly scrutinized by naturalists. The locality of this capture is within the original range of the elk, but one from which it has long been believed to be exterminated. Only two explanations of its occurrence are possible. Either it is a reintroduced animal, or it is a survivor of the ancient herd which roamed the Province of Quebec. It is hardly to be imagined that this last is true; for if the elk had been living in the Province of Quebec for thirty years without their presence being known they would by this time have become numerous, and among the many hunters who each season travel through these forests some would have seen and reported them long ago.

On general principles, it would seem much more likely that the particular specimen in question was an estray from some preserve or park, possibly in New Hampshire, possibly in New York. It is true that the distance from any such known park to the waters of the Metapedia is great; but, on the other hand, elk are known to wander far. It is well understood that in these great preserves of the northern United States trees are constantly falling on the fences and breaking them down,

and nothing is more likely than that from time to time elk escape through breaches made in this and other ways.

While it is conceivable that elk may still exist in Quebec, it is highly improbable, and naturalists will demand evidence of a positive character before accepting this statement.

We recall a few years ago the report current for a long time in the Adirondacks that a caribou or an elk had been killed there a few years before. A careful investigation of the facts by the FOREST AND STREAM showed that instead of being an elk or a caribou, the specimen in question was a European red deer, which had been killed there a few years before. A careful in the Adirondacks. It was reported two or three years ago that a number of red deer had been turned out on the Island of Anticosti by M. Menier. It is possible that one or more of these may have in some manner escaped.

THE BIRD OF WASHINGTON.

No American who ever lived has been so honored as Washington in lofty monument, in statuary of marble and bronze, and in the bestowal of his name upon State and city and county and town. From the time when Washington took command of the American army down to this present moment the name has been first in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen; and they have used it for all manner of purposes—Washington Masonic lodges, volunteer fire companies, schools and colleges, prize cattle, baseball clubs, steamboats, militia companies, lozenges, negro slaves, and brands of flour, and Washingtonian societies of reformed drunkards. Considering this proclivity, then, it was not surprising that when the naturalist Audubon, while voyaging on the upper Mississippi, beheld in the distance a bird of majestic flight, then first seen by him, and thought to be new to science, he should have chosen for it the name of Washington. This first bird he did not succeed in capturing, but in after years, in Kentucky, the longing he had cherished was gratified by the capture of a specimen, which he describes in the first volume of the Ornithological Biography. Of the name and the impulse which prompted him to bestow it, he records:

The name which I have chosen for this new species of eagle, the Bird of Washington, may, by some, be considered as preposterous and unfit; but, as it is indisputably the noblest bird of its genus that has yet been discovered in the United States, I trust I shall be allowed to honor it with the name of one yet nobler, who was the saviour of his country, and whose name will ever be dear to it. To those who may be curious to know my reasons, I can only say, that, as the new world gave me birth and liberty, the great man who insured its independence is next my heart. He had a nobility of mind, and a generosity of soul, such as are seldom possessed. He was brave, so is the eagle; like it, too, he was the terror of his foes; and his fame, extending from pole to pole, resembles the majestic soarings of the mightiest of the feathered tribe. If America has reason to be proud of her Washington, so has she to be proud of her Great Eagle.

And what was this noble "Bird of Washington," named in honor of "one yet nobler?" Modern authorities make it the young of the white-headed sea eagle, or bald eagle; and if we turn to Coues, we find the "Bird of Washington"—for all its high-sounding name, and as if in flouting of Audubon's patriotic enthusiasm—summarily characterized as "piscivorous, a piratical parasite of the osprey, otherwise notorious as the emblem of the republic." Alas! for this age of iconoclasm and irreverence.

GETTING AWAY FROM IT.

In a crowded New York street car the other day a doctor and a restaurant cook got into a quarrel because the doctor thought the cook ought to move a bundle to make room for a woman to sit down; and in the affray which ensued the doctor drew a revolver and shot the cook. When we consider the nervous strain to which city people are subjected in the congested street car traffic which makes up so much of their daily experience, the marvel is not that this doctor shot the cook, but that personal conflicts are not of everyday occurrence. That people permit themselves to be shoved and pushed and wrenched and squeezed and jammed and gouged and poked and walked on and twisted and compressed and pulled out and doubled up and bent back and sat upon, and with it all utter no protest, manifest no resentment, take not the law into their own hands, but meekly turn the other cheek, this is both a tribute to the inherent and

all-triumphant amiability of the average man and woman, and an indication of a rule of conduct based upon a philosophy learned by experience, which teaches that it is after all wiser to endure in silence, to bite the lip in self-repression, to crowd down and stifle the impulse to assert one's rights, and so to suffer and see others suffer without protest or resentment. For in ninety-nine cases out of one hundred, if one permits himself to digress from this rule of conduct he surely flies from ills he has to those he knows not of, nor ever dreamed of, until he finds himself the center of a street car scrimmage. If under all circumstances it is utterly impossible to keep one's temper, the wise man at least makes effort not to betray that his temper and he have parted company. This is the rule of conduct deliberately adopted by people who want to get to their business in the morning and to their homes at night in a tolerably equable state of mind.

And one consideration, which is potent and comforting with those who are so favored as to benefit by it, is that some of these blessed days, when the trout are rising and the birds are singing by the brooks, there will be a getting away from it all. For in the midst of "the push" there comes to one visions of green fields and flowing streams, and the quiet and content and peace of nature; and in fancy beholding such scenes, in fond anticipation promising for himself a fishing trip, he may well forget the annoyance of the present in the contemplation of the future. There is no theory nor speculation about this. The fishing one has had and the fishing he looks forward to are not of the past and of the future only, but of the present as well.

Some people wonder why men are anglers, and what there can be in the catching of trout or bass, that your fisherman should be so bent on going fishing. Well, one explanation is that a fishing trip means getting away from the turmoil and vexation of the street cars.

SNAP SHOTS.

From many parts of the country comes word of the effect of the great storm upon the game birds. The most astonishing phenomenon of the storm was its severity in the far South. The residents of the northern part of Florida were treated to the sight of a snow-covered landscape, something which tens of thousands had never seen before. Judge R. C. Long, writing from Tallahassee, reports that the mercury on the Sunday night of the blizzard went down to 2 degrees below zero, this being a record of 9 degrees lower than ever before known; but while fruit and vegetables were wiped out, the supply of quail, snipe and lesser scaup ducks, Judge Long reports, is abundant, and a goodly number of winter shooters are finding the sport all that it could be, snowstorm or no snowstorm.

A correspondent writing from Rockingham, N. C., reports that the birds were not badly injured in that vicinity, while Mr. Chas. Hallock sends us from Fayetteville, in the same State, a story of universal slaughter perpetrated by the people when they found the game at their mercy. "The poor, starving and freezing birds," he writes, "robins, doves, larks, sparrows, woodpeckers—anything that flies or is able to fly—count as game; twenty to fifty robins make a common bag. Battues of twenty to thirty guns go dove shooting and bag seventeen to thirty apiece, the doves congregating at feeding places when snow buries everything else, and here falling easy victims to the gun."

From Charlestown, N. H., Von W. sends a record of mercury below the freezing point steadily from Jan. 24 to Feb. 17, and often below zero in the morning, with consequent hardship for the feathered woodfolk. "Many of us feel sore at heart," writes a Danvers, Mass., correspondent, "over the prospect that most of our quail have been killed by cold, hunger or suffocation. Some seem to think the birds will pull through all right, as the high wind drifted the snow. Some places it is 10 ft. deep and others only a few inches, and we have considerable high feed, such as bayberries, that makes a good winter food for the quail." We shall look for further reports of the effects of the great storm on the game.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Vacation on a Way-Back Farm.

I.

SUMMER came suddenly upon us from a cool spring, and the heat was enervating. I went to my office one morning and sat at my desk by the open window, too listless to work upon the architectural drawing before me. Above the desk was a rosewood case with glass doors, through which I could see my favorite guns. I love a gun as a small girl loves her doll; and I sat and looked, and longed to get out of the city to the broad country, where I could wander at will through woods and meadows with gun or fishpole. I opened the pile of letters on the desk. The bottom one was from a farmer in western Maine. When I was a boy, which wasn't many years ago, I spent a happy summer with this farmer, and we have exchanged occasional letters ever since. His family then consisted of himself, his wife, two well-grown girls and a small boy. The letter ended with:

"Susan, which is my eldest girl, has moved with her family clear over to Mattawaumkeag, and we ain't seen nothing of her for nigh two years, and don't hear often. Elmiry has got her a man, and was married last December. She lives over to Oxbow. Almon, he is big as any man now, and does most of the work around the farm; but we is mighty lonesome. 'Pears to me there ain't nothing to hinder your coming down and making us a visit. You come, anyhow. I am goin' down to the village next Friday, and I shall look for you on the morning train."

Why not go? I guess I will go. This is Thursday. I'll take to-night's boat to Portland, and the 5 o'clock train up the road, and the old fellow won't be disappointed, after all. To decide was to act. I wiped and put away my drawing instruments, closed my desk, and took down my new small-caliber rifle. From a drawer in the bookcase I took a long list of things necessary to convenience and comfort on hunting trips. I made this list a little at a time during many years. I am quite likely to go off on unexpected gunning and fishing trips, and by referring to this list I can select just what is necessary to any especial occasion, and not find, on my arrival, that I am desperately in need of something forgotten.

II.

The next morning found me on the train traveling northwest from Portland. With great peace and good will I watched the passing woods, streams and pastures, rich in the light and shade of a sunny summer morning. Four or five hours at good speed, with few stops, took me to a certain little railway station beside a little village clustered upon the high, sandy bank of a river. A delighted man was my farmer. Merrily we mounted his wagon and rattled away. For a mile or so the road runs along a sandy valley beside the river. Houses are scattered along, some with maple trees in front, some beside clusters of red or silver birches. Then commences a four-mile climb, up, continually up, over a roadbed of rolling stones and pebbles washed by every freshet. Not a human habitation the whole way. The great trees meet overhead. The hills slope sharply up on one side, down on the other. The horse has all he can do to haul the wagon, and the farmer and I walk beside. Finally we leave the woods for a level space, containing a great farm. We stop at the house to leave the mail and to exchange hearty greetings. Then onward and into the woods again, and upward. A long, hard climb, and the road turns around a hill. The woods cease, and there before us is a small upland valley, clear of trees, a knoll in the middle with a collection of low, scattered, farm buildings on it, and hills, mostly wood-covered, rising all around. Their only break is where the road runs in. Down a little slope we rattle, cross the brook, go a little further and cross it again, and then, looking up, we see the house, barn, woodshed and pig house, all apparently gathered close together.

The farmer's wife was at the door to meet us, but the boy was too shy, and was waiting in the barn for me to make first advances. Many are the delightful, natural country people I have lived with, but none so retired, quaint and old-fashioned as these. There is no neighbor for nearly two miles. From there to the next neighbor is four miles. A caller during the year is a rarity. The farmer's wife is about sixty years old and never has been further than twelve miles from this house, where she was born. Forty-seven years ago, when the farmer was twenty-one years of age, he "went up to Bostino" and now remembers every incident of that remarkable adventure.

Think of a boy fourteen years old, man grown, who never rode on a railroad, never heard of an electric car, never ate nor heard of oysters, lobsters, ice cream, chocolate, or tropical fruits, and can't imagine the sea, a tall building, or a theater. Do you say, "What an ignoramus?" Not a bit of it. There never was a more agreeable companion than he. He wasn't much of a talker, and for a week never said much but "Yes" or "No." But what he didn't know about all out-doors was hardly worth knowing. Always good-natured, always quiet, never tired, we tramped the forest and fields, fished, hunted, camped and sketched together. After making his acquaintance at the barn I asked him to go to the house with me to help me carry my trunk to my room; but my secret motive was to make him forget self-consciousness in curiosity to see my things. I thought his tongue would be loosened by questions; but therein I was mistaken. He sat and looked with evident interest; heard my explanations about a jointed fishpole, artificial flies and rubber worms; handled my rifle with deference; smelled my Java coffee and looked amused at the filter coffee-pot, but never opened his mouth.

Meantime the sun had gone behind the clouds, and I proposed that we try to catch some trout for supper. We moved a portion of the woodpile and dug him some worms—he said "No" to my offer of a rubber one—then went to the meadow southwest of the house, where a number of deep, bubbling springs gave rise to a brook. The brook appeared but a thread among the stubble, but was mysteriously wide and deep, for it had cut beneath

the sod on each side. Here were abundance of greedy trout. Trout are light or dark in color, according to whether they live in sunshine or shadow, and dark trout are the most beautiful fish in the world. Their backs are a very dark, rich brown-black; their sides a trifle lighter, with many brilliant, jewel-like spots of bright red, surrounded by yellow and light blue; the brown background shades to tawny yellow below and then blends into flashing silver on the belly. All trout are very shy and suspicious, and if the ground shakes, or they see the fisherman, or a moving shadow, or the bait is out of season, or looks suspicious, Mr. Trout coolly and persistently refuses to become acquainted with Mr. Fisherman.

We walked quietly and softly to the meadow, where we separated by a few hundred feet and approached the last roof. to the brook on all fours, taking up and putting down hand and knee with utmost caution. I felt again, as in boyhood, the intoxicating, wild instincts of the hunter. The gentle breeze blew in my face, and brought to my nostrils the sweet smell of the peppermint and spearmint, which trailed its stems in the water. Lying on my stomach, I used my utmost skill to fool the wary beauties, and was rewarded by occasional struggles with strong and desperate fish, trying to escape, or to rub off the hook, or break the slender line or pole. Out of the corner of my eye I could see that Almon, with equal skill and a real bait, an alder pole and a stout line, was putting two fish into his old burlap bag for one that went into my creel. When I hooked a fish I had more fun with it than he had with his, for my fish had a chance to escape and cripple my fishing apparatus too, and I had to put my skill against the fish's to see who should be victor. Which would you prefer, more fun or more fish? Why not combine both by putting a live bait on my hook? There was no other reason than that when we went fishing together we caught all that the family could eat, and that was enough. We fished down the stream to the road, where alders overhung little waterfalls, dark and quiet pools, and babbling runs, with bright pebbles and moss-covered boulders. I watched to see if Almon would jerk his fish out and tangle his line and dangle his fish on the bushes overhead, and get mad and use country swear words. Not he. A little motion of the wrist and a slight lifting of the pole sufficed.

When, toward evening, we returned to the house, the setting sun was sending long bars of light through the cloud banks. We set three chairs on the grass by the back porch, and while Almon called the hens I put a pan of trout in the left-hand chair, an empty pan in the right chair, and sat in the middle one, with a board on my knees. Around us were three cats, five dogs and a hundred or more hens. Every time a fish head was thrown there was a wild rush from all sides converging on the bait. The dogs and cats reached it first, hens flying, scratching and chucking on top of them in a rough and tumble scramble. The hens always finally secured the morsel, generally by picking it out of a dog's mouth. The dogs and cats were persevering, and contested as gamely for the fiftieth morsel as for the first. I called the largest cat and gave her a morsel from my hand. Instantly the cat was the center of a struggling mass of hens three deep on top of her. The cat rolled on her back and scratched for dear life, and the hens made a fearful racket. A hen which had been standing by dashed in and got the fish head and ran away, followed by a string of others. She had to fly to the house top to get a chance to eat it. We watched her swallow it whole, after many gulps and gasps, and then we went in.

The large, dim kitchen was a most delightful room at night. In the middle of one side was a great open fireplace, where a glowing bed of coals lighted the pots and pans set on them, or hanging by hooks or chains from a long crane. Beside the fireplace were the iron doors of a brick oven. The ceiling was but a couple of feet above the head, dark with age and smoke, and hung around the fireplace with strings of onions and dried apples. A long table stood in the middle of the room, set for supper. Opposite the fireplace an alcove between two large corner cupboards showed two doors leading to the family sleeping rooms. The two ends of the room had two windows each, and between the windows of one end was the sink. Here the fish were washed and rolled in corn meal, and soon we had the pleasure of seeing them curl and brown in boiling salt pork fat. Most of the good odor went up the chimney. We gathered at the table. A small lamp in its middle lit the white cloth, and left the rest of the room vague and shadowy. The dish of trout passed from hand to hand. We helped ourselves from a milk pan heaped high with young string beans and peas, crowned by a great lump of melting butter. Corn bread, tea and milk went with them. Then a great, steaming bean pot was brought from the brick oven, the lid removed, a long handled spoon stuck in, and I was helped to the most delicious Indian pudding I ever tasted; soft, jelly-like, wheyey, rich and satisfying.

After supper three of us sat before the fire and two of us talked. The farmer's wife was doing the dishes at the sink. The farmer sat at my right with his feet on a stool, head bent forward, and grizzily beard reaching down his vest. Almon sat on an uncomfortable chair at the left, heels on the top round, bent forward, with hands clasped around his knees. The farmer smoked his clay pipe and watched the fire, and talked at it to me, and mostly asked questions. The farmer's wife soon joined us. We put a fresh stick on the coals and watched the ever-changing flames, and talked of the years gone by. The farmer told stories of his boyhood. I supposed the region was then one of bears and wolves and wild-cats, but he told me that it was then well dotted with farms. The companions of his boyhood had died or moved away; their children had gone to manufacturing towns, and the farm lands had merged into his or gone into the hands of the great landed proprietor who lived next down the road. The farmer's wife soon fell asleep in her chair, and I took the hint that these people usually retire and rise with the sun.

III.

My bed was a great four-poster in the clean-smelling spare room at the other end of the house. How delicious was the feeling of that crisp, firm, corn-husk mattress under the smooth sheet. Once in the night I was awak-

ened by the rush of barking dogs past my window, the sound growing fainter in the distance and finally dying away down the road. I spoke of it in the morning while I was watching Almon and his father milking in the barn.

"Might hev be'n a fox, or a coon, or mebbe somethin' bigger," said the farmer. "One year we was mighty pestered with some critter that kept ketchin' our hens an' clawin' the cats. My wife got so scared that she didn't dare venter outside the door nights. Finally we ketched him in a steel trap, an' what do you think it was?" I guessed a lynx. "Nope, it was a whoppin' big, black, stray tomcat, an' he fit so we smashed the trap tryin' to kill him. The curis' thing is, whar he come from. They ain't nobody within twenty miles ever had such a cat." I had my private suspicions that he didn't always know cats from "somethin' bigger."

A horn sounded from the house. "Breakfast," said the farmer. We turned the cattle out into the lane, whose low stone walls, overhung by raspberry bushes, and shaded on one side by overhanging boughs of apple trees, directed them to the forest-girt pasture that occupied the hill slopes on all sides except toward the road. Milk pails in hand, we repaired to the house. An enormous pewter coffee-pot stood by my plate.

"I b'lieve you said you wanted to make your own coffee," said the housewife.

"I think I have an improvement on the old method," I replied, and brought my nickel apparatus. While all stood watching, the coffee was put in the filter, set in the pot, boiling water was poured in the strainer and upon the coffee, and the apparatus assembled air-tight.

"I guess you are mighty fond of coffee," said the farmer.

"I guess so too," I replied, and smiled at the recollection of the great yellow package the farmer had brought from the village and exhibited to his wife with the remark: "How much do you suppose I giv' fer that?" She looked it all over, read all the printing, hefted it, and guessed. Said he: "Fifteen cents, and this spoonholder throwed into the bargain." "Let's have that kind right along," said she, "and mebbe we'll get some dishes." "Then if you don't need the dishes," said I, "you can sell them to Elmiry and have the coffee for nothing."

While we were eating breakfast the farmer said: "That remark o' yourn yistiddy about sellin' Elmiry the dishes an' havin' the coffee for nothin' 'minds me of the way Hi Robinson got somethin' fer nothin' out er the store-keeper at the village. You 'member Hi, don't you? He's kinder slow spoken, 'n' some folks calls him foolish. One day I was settin' in the store a spell, with a lot more, an' in comes Hi. He goes up to Lish, who keeps the store, an' takes an egg out o' his pocket an' says: 'How'll yer swap?' 'Oh, I d'n' kno's I want to swap fer one egg,' says Lish, 'what do you want for it?' 'A darnin' needle,' 'Well, I'll swap with you,' says Lish, an' took the egg and giv' him ther darnin' needle. Hi stood 'round a while, an' then he says, drawlin' like, 'Say, ain't yer goin' ter treat?' 'Treat? On one darnin' needle?' says Lish, 'not much.' 'Feller 'cross the way will,' says Hi. Lish grinned. 'All right,' says he, jest ter humor him, 'what'll yer have?' 'Cider 'n' aig,' says Hi. That tickled the rest on us, but Lish brought the cider, an' broke ther egg into it—Hi's own egg—an' Hi see it was a double yelker. Hi took up ther glass an' looked at ther egg some time. Then he says, says he: 'Say, hadn't yer better gimme 'nother darnin' needle?'"

IV.

Stories and breakfast ended, I took the rifle from its rest above the mantel shelf and followed the road toward the next neighbor's. The clouds were high and fleecy, the sun in full splendor, but for summer time not very hot. In that altitude the heat is never very intense. Going down the knoll toward the first bridge presented the picture of the yellow road cut in the turf, winding, and undulating, full of light and shade and color, softened by bordering vegetation, and disappearing in shadow. A gentle breeze brought sweet country odors. All about, birds, trees, grass and flowers. I walked softly, drinking enjoyment. The woods approached, and their dim recesses seemed black by contrast. What is that dim form? It may be the next neighbor's red setter dog. So vague were the outlines that I stopped to await a motion. There was no motion. I opened the rifle and snapped the breech down. At the click the shadowy form became a fox on the gallop to circle past me. The fox kept steadily to his path, and a bullet from the rifle began a cross path. The two paths and the two bodies, the big soft one and the little hard one, instantly intersected, and I held a harmless fox in my arms and stroked his soft fur. Shall I go back to the house with him? No; I will put him in a tree out of the way of harm.

The forest path lured on. Patches of sunlight moved on the forest floor, golden bright, lighting green moss and checkerberry plant, brown twigs, dark red and russet leaves. Vistas in half-light showed between the tree trunks. Red squirrels chirred, occasional gray ones ran along nearby boughs, deer had left frequent evidences. The lives of all were safe; the rifle was not for them during this season. The road led on and on, with delight at every step. Finally, like sighting a telescope, straight down the dark road was a bright picture of a large white farmhouse, with outbuildings attached, a garden, a woodpile, and a great protecting tree. From the upper windows of the house everything the sight could reach belonged to this proprietor: hills and valleys, forest, field, stream and meadow. Truly, he could say, "Monarch of all I survey."

I found him seated at the grindstone in the shadow of the barn, sharpening a scythe. He reached for my rifle and looked it all over critically. "That's a mighty pretty gun. It's about the size and heft of my grandsir's pea-rifle, only it's got a smaller hole. Seems to me 'tain't much more 'n a toy. You calc'latin' to shoot any b'ars with it?"

"No, I guess not. I haven't lost any bears. I brought it along more for company than for game. The game law is on' now, you know."

"Game law? Humph! Ain't nobody around here to touch you if you shoot anything you want. Ther's plenty of deers around, 'n' pa'tridges is thick 's hens up in the parsters. Help yourself."

"I shot a fox coming down here."

"Did you, now? With that little gun?"

"That little gun has more business to it than you think. With a soft pointed bullet and high pressure powder you could make beef of one of your cows at 50 yds. first shot. But I'm looking for woodchucks this morning. Got any chucks hereabouts?"

"Chucks enough to fill the barn right out in that field beyond the orchard."

To the field I went at once. It reminded me of a stifened sea or a rolling prairie. From the highest ridge I could see the whole of it at once, about half a mile wide by a mile long. Yellow and brown stubble shone in the sun. Scattered apple trees dotted one end. Woods bordered all around. A trickling stream sparkled and disappeared amid long grass and tufts of bushes. Within range of the rifle I counted fourteen black dots, each with a red patch in front. There are the holes, anyway. Now for the chucks.

I stretched out at full length on the side of the ridge away from most of the holes and waited. The sun warmed my back and the breeze cooled one side of my face. Rising heat-waves made the air shimmer, and distant objects seemed to waver. In the blue distance above the woods rose the outlines of distant hills. There patches of bare rock shimmered like gray steel were outlined by shade lines of deepest purple. Clumps of small trees presented soft forms of yellow-green. Old trunks of dead birches made vertical lines of white. A long time passed in the enjoyment of nature. Solitude, quiet, peaceful, and richly beautiful, brought to the imagination romance and vaguely drifting stories. I rested my head on my outstretched arm and luxuriated in the beautiful pictures that, without effort, formed and changed, and passed before the mind's eye, an involuntary nature's drama. From my reverie I fell to watching the ants that were investigating the Gulliver who lay over their tiny nests. Their little feet and antennæ tickled my bare skin, and I started to rise, and then I recollected why I was there. Probably that motion had sent every woodchuck head back into its hole. No, there sat three chucks upright, each on his earth-patch. Several holes were gray with heads, and I knew just how all the noses were working and smelling for a scent of the intruder. After a while I rolled a green apple down the opposite side of the ridge. The smallest chuck ran for it at once and sat up in plain view and ate it. More chucks appeared. Any one of them was an easy shot, but I decided to give them a fair chance for their lives. I selected one which I judged to a fat young female, and waved my hand on high. Instantly every chuck ran for his hole. Most of them halted at the entrance and turned their heads around in my direction and waited to see if they were pursued. I whistled and in they dived, turned around, and almost immediately stuck their heads out to look and sniff. I guessed my youngster to be 75 yds. distant, took out the long-distance cartridge and quietly substituted a soft-nosed, short-range one, raised the rifle sight two notches, took a careful bead on the center of the forehead and gently pressed the trigger. Every head but that one disappeared at the report. That one stayed just where it was. I didn't need to go get it, for it would certainly wait for me, so I gently put another cartridge in place and kept quiet. In a few minutes another hole became gray. A change in the rifle sight, another report like the crack of a child's whip, and the hole remained gray. A much longer wait, and then another substitution of a gray spot for a black one. Another crack, and one more chuck became mine. Three chucks and an 8lb. rifle were enough to lug on a warm day, so I went from hole to hole and drew out the limp occupants by the ears. I called with my burden at the great farmhouse. They were having dinner, and I gladly accepted an urgent invitation to "set up to the table."

Master and mistress, farm hands and maids, all put their knees beneath the same broad board. The jests were merry and personal, and the beans, boiled pork, cucumbers, "white cake," "sweet cake" and pie, as good as they smelled. Cheese and cider, after the meal, were passed as we tilted back in our chairs for the noonday rest. The afternoon was spent in the hay field. The men took turns in pitching on and raking after, while I trod the load. In the shadow of a haystack was a jug of cider wrapped in a wet cloth. We all took care not to let it get lonesome.

In the cool of the late afternoon I started home with two of the woodchucks, and gathered the fox on the way. The dogs spied me from afar, and the game had to be put in a tree to keep it whole, while I shouted for the dogs to be called home and shut up before I could go on. The setting sun was richly coloring the clouds beyond the house as I toiled up the knoll with my burden, and supper and rest were pleasant prospects.

V.

No church bells broke the stillness of the next morning. Neither did any crack of the rifle, or cast of fly or bait. But we did desecrate the early Sabbath morning by preparing the game. Seated on a couple of great peeled hemlock logs, Almon dressed the fat young woodchuck for roasting, and tacked the skins on the wood house door, while I deprived the fox of his robe. The hens recognized no Sunday, and were as amusingly frantic for morsels of meat and fat as they had been before for fish cleanings. The hen house, in front of us, gray and weatherworn, was a most interesting example of how twisted and rickety a hen house can be and yet stand. The farmer came and sat on a log, and whittled for the sake of doing something.

"I kinder think we'll hev company this arnoon. The stoorkeeper seed ye when ye come, an' he's prob'ly told ev'rybody 'round that there's that same city feller up here, an' some on 'em 'll be up to see you."

Sure enough, dinner was hardly done when the dogs set up a chorus and rushed away down the road. We all went to the door and peered down the road after them. Soon a team emerged from the woods and rattled down the road to the accompaniment of flying gravel and barking dogs, boomed across the bridges, and crawled slowly up the knoll. "Kin you make out who it is?" said the farmer to Almon. "Link Belknap," said Almon. Now I knew that Link lived fully ten miles away, and I appreciated this kindness in coming so far to see me, and concluded that I would treat him to the best cigar he

ever smoked. By this time the wagon came into view again, and I saw there were Link, his wife, two daughters and a man I didn't know. They drove up to the door and proceeded to climb out. "How-y-er," said the farmer. "How-y-er," said Link, and that was all the greeting that passed between them. They seemed drawn within themselves, like a quiet tortoise drawn within his shell because of something unusual in the vicinity. The women greeted the farmer's wife in the same shy way, but smilingly. I tried to make up for the apparent lack of cordiality, but I knew enough not say much at first. The horse was hitched in the shade, and we all repaired to "the settin' room," not by invitation, but seemingly by instinct. The "settin' room" was a great room taking the whole width of the house between the kitchen and my room, and here all drew chairs against the walls, and sat stiffly in the embarrassment of strange surroundings. The women seemed able to find a little something to say, and I tried city talk on the men, to draw them out, but soon found they preferred crops, the weather, farm work and things they knew about. Another chorus from the dogs announced Lish, the storekeeper, and his "wimmin' folks." We now made quite a party, and pretty well filled the wall space; but when another ferocious outburst and another "Whoa" brought a man, his wife and baby, the men just naturally stayed out of doors, and left the women to keep house. We drifted along to the orchard gate, and sat on the wall and the bars, and smoked my cigars, and heard about everybody's business, while I wondered what to do about all those women who had come so far, some of them from sheer friendliness, some of them for the ride, and the rest out of curiosity, to see a strange "city feller." What would you do in a case like that? The problem finally solved itself, and the wild strawberry patch in the afternoon shade of the woods knows the story of the city man's attempt to look unconscious under covert observation.

All hands stayed to supper, although one and all made a show of protesting, for politeness' sake. The piece de resistance was a baked stuffed woodchuck garnished with water cress. Cold beans and brown bread, "white cake," "dried apple sweet cake," pie, preserved plums, cherry jam, and the ever-present stewed leaves called tea were consumed in wholesale quantities. All the women felt it their duty to compliment the hostess on her "white cake"—known to city people as hot saleratus biscuit—and pan after pan of light, fluffy, red-hot cakes disappeared into dyspeptic stomachs. The correct way was to put a lump of butter on quarter of a biscuit, stuff it all into the mouth, fill any remaining space in the mouth with tea, and swallow both at once. Supper produced good cheer and heartiness and loosened all tongues. One after the other, in a string, the three teams rattled away, after cordial invitations to visit each family.

"Well," said I when we were again by ourselves in the cozy kitchen, "this has been a red-letter day for you."

"Yes," said the farmer, "I've gin away a good many meals in my life, an' I never make no 'count of it. I like to see folks around, an' I hope there'll be some come every Sunday. I ain't goin' to let you go home before winter." I smiled in the darkness for a long time.

VI.

The next day broke dark and cloudy. At breakfast I got permission for Almon to accompany me to Rattlesnake Pond, and he was so pleased he opened his mouth several times to speak, but thought better of it. We got a couple of gunnybags from the attic, to carry a spare flannel shirt apiece, lunch, bait and fish lines, hung them over the shoulders and tied them around the waist to keep them in place, and gun in hand, we went across the pasture and took an old trail through the woods. Up hill and down dale, over crags and through glades we hurried. An hour and a half of fast traveling brought us to a beaten road. We followed it a good many miles, and then took to the woods again. Another couple of miles, and we came suddenly to the shore of a large pond. It was long and wide. Rocky, wood-covered promontories extended out into it, cutting it into bays, and adding to the delight of exploration by continually offering new points of view. In most places the woods grew to the water's edge. Where we were was a grassy beach. We crossed a ridge and saw a fence running far out into the water, and a cow trying to wade around it. That meant a house near by. We sought the house, and gained it after a dispute with the dog.

The owner was willing that we should take his boat, and between us we lugged it to the water. Almon had never been in a boat, so we tied the guns by long ropes to the thwarts, so as not to lose them if we upset. Almon cut a fish pole, while I put mine together. Then we went along shore with a stick apiece and whacked a few dozen frogs on the heads, for bait for the 2ft. long pickerel we were looking for. Incidentally we secured a pretty, black turtle with bright yellow spots on its back. Then we pushed off and I paddled gently along the lily pads while Almon trolled. The water was placid, the air was quiet, the boat glided noiselessly. The peace of gentle Arcady brooded over all. Two-foot pickerel, or any other pickerel, didn't seem to want our acquaintance. I turned the boat's prow out into the pond, and started slowly across. Suddenly a peculiar wha-hoo-hoo-oo seemed to waver in the air all over the water. Almon caught my eye questioningly. Pretty soon we heard it again, but couldn't locate it, for it seemed to be all over the pond at once. "What do you think it is," I asked, "a bear or a panther?"

"Ha, ha, that's the time you got fooled. It's a loon. Watch the bays near shore for a black speck. That's about all that shows; he swims so deep in the water. We will try him with the rifle, and you will see he will dive at the flash, and be safe under water before the bullet gets to him."

Just then a sounding splash was heard, and Almon's pole was jerked from his careless hand and rushed away up the pond like an arrow from a bow. Away we went after it as fast as I could paddle, and after many trials caught it. Some monster at the end of the line pulled and struggled with tremendous strength, and darted hither and thither with such speed that the taut line cut the water with the sheer noise scissors make running through cambric. The boat rocked and pitched, and Almon pulled and pulled and held on for dear life, and the thing tried to dive and down it went in spite of his efforts until the stout pole bent half a circle, and the point was under

water. Suddenly the strain relaxed and Almon's strength threw high in air the biggest pickerel I ever saw. It seemed as if he went above the tree tops before he turned and came down. He fell flat on his side with a resounding splash that threw the spray in every direction, and we picked him up stunned and limp. Didn't we gloat over that prize?

I laid down the paddle and we both set to fishing in earnest. Pretty soon I had a fish on that made the reel sing, and I played him until he was tired, and then lifted him in to keep the first one company. He was a big fish, but he looked like a baby alongside of the other one. We caught one more, and not another bite could we get. Even the loons had stopped hallooing to us. So we went where the water sloped sharply down a bank, with pond lilies growing in a neighboring shallow. There we put on smaller hooks and baited them with worms, with a sinker just above, and caught perch, small bass, and sun-fish about as fast as we could pull them in. A mink ran along the shore near by. A flock of partridges came to the water and drank without seeming to mind us in the least. Pretty soon a hedgehog looked out at us and tried to catch a breeze from our direction. "Try your gun on him," said I. "Too far," said Almon. So the rifle sent its message and he joined the party.

Then we went ashore and built a fire, and broiled some fish, and ate our hard-boiled eggs, cheese, fish and gingerbread. Robins, bluebirds, yellow birds and a scarlet tanager watched us from above. Squirrels and a woodpecker were tamer and showed a desire to be friendly. We took our luxurious ease and watched our wild acquaintances, and looked out over the pond now rippling in an afternoon breeze, gray and blue-gray from cloud reflections and brown in quiet places. Then we fished again. Pretty soon we saw a very large bird flying on the water with wings flapping it at every stroke, tail and legs dragging as if held from below. "There's your loon," said I, "trying to rise with his head to the wind. He is so heavy for his wing size that he has hard work to get out of the water, and if he were in a very small pond with high trees all around he would be obliged to stay there, as if he were in a trap." The loon, free above the water, circled the pond twice to get above the tree tops, long neck outstretched and wings going like a blur. "That loon comes here to feed, and the chances are that he goes to some nearby pond to sleep, and that reminds me that, with the distance we have to go, we better be starting for home." I looked at my watch and it was 4:30.

We hurried the boat ashore and tied it where we had been told, divided the fish, hedgehog and chipmunks between us, and found we had a pretty good load apiece. We could not go home at the speed we had come, and darkness and imminent prospect of rain overtook us on the beaten road. We had difficulty in finding the path into the forest, and greater difficulty to keep the path, which wasn't much of a path in the daytime. After a time we concluded we were lost. I had a few matches, and we lighted one. No sign of a path. "Well, my boy, I guess we better find the nearest place and camp." But Almon was afraid his parents would worry, and thought we better push on a little while longer. When only one match was left we saw a blazed tree, which Almon recognized, and from which he thought he could go home. On and on we stumbled, with frequent falls in inky darkness, which I dreaded for my gun's sake. Yet the poor gun would be about as badly off if we camped and rain came on. So we kept pushing ahead, Almon leading, until I ran into the roots of an upturned tree, which struck me at once in knees, stomach and head. That struck me as a familiar bump, and I spent my last match to look at it. Yes, I knew that tree, and we were going wrong, for the fallen trunk ought to point nearly home. On we went again with hopes renewed, and soon we reached the pasture. I know that one of us at least felt like singing.

Down the pasture slope we went, with lights in the windows in full view, and cool breeze feeling good to the face, for we were bathed in perspiration from hard traveling and extra shirts on. What's that odor? That's the very odor that has haunted me for years. I have a curious knack of never forgetting a smell, and the remembrance of odors, like other recollections, occasionally comes to mind. This particular smell was apparently a recollection of childhood, and had come to memory many times, and bothered me a good deal, for, try as I would, I could neither associate it with subject nor place. It was only a delightful, fugitive trick of memory. Now here it was in reality. I started on a run for the house, and it grew constantly stronger, richer and more alluring. I threw open the porch door, and without stopping to greet the anxious inmates, "What's that smell?" I asked. The room was fragrant with it, but it was strongest in one direction, and I traced it right up to the brick oven, where a thin steam came through the crack at the top of the door. "What are you baking?" I queried. "Cake pudding," said the farmer's wife. Instantly a flood of recollections came over me, and I remembered that delicious dish I had had once, and only once, in my life, and never could recollect where. Supper was a delight, not only because of hunger, but because of that dessert of the queerest, richest sticky paste of a pudding, eaten with cream, that ever a mortal put into his watering mouth. Like the Indian pudding, it was baked in a closely covered pot. Why it is so good I can not tell, for it is made of common scraps of cake, gingerbread, "white cake," butter and molasses. What else the farmer's wife alone knows, and it is her secret of manipulation that makes it what it is, unique, delicious, and what it is.

VII.

Well, I wish I could tell of all the pleasant incidents of the weeks at this charming old-fashioned farm. I would like to tell the story of how Almon and I fell over a sleeping bear, and the way Almon told the adventure afterward, for the fright loosened his tongue, and he thereafter forgot his bashfulness. But stories and vacations must come to an end some time, and the day finally came when I was to return to the city. Our next neighbor, who was going to the village, offered to take me, and at the appointed time drove up to the house. We put the trunk aboard, while all stood around to say good-by and have the last handshake.

"Now you be sure to come down this fall, when pa'tridges is good," said the farmer.

"Indeed I will try to," said I.

"Tell your father to come down," he called, as I was getting into the wagon.

"Tell your mother to come down," called his wife as I rode away.

"Say, bring your woman down," he called as loud as he could when I was getting far off.

Then, as we rolled over the bridges, Almon came running after as if he or I had forgotten something. "Good-by, come soon," he called at the strength of his lungs. And I stood up in the wagon, and making a trumpet of my hands, at the full strength of my lungs I called back, "I will."

CHAS. WINTHROP SAWYER.

Yukon Notes.

The Seamy Side of the Klondike.

Old man McNeally, who has been to every mining excitement of consequence in the last fifty years, and who came to the Klondike direct from Bulwayo, South Africa, was very much amused at the ideas some of the Klondikers had of finding gold. Where a place had real merit, he said, perhaps 200 men out of 20,000 found gold. The remaining 19,800 found nothing but experience as far as mining is concerned. Mr. Casey, who followed gold rushes as a business and is a town site promoter, corroborated the remark and stated that at Randburg, in Southern California, the town lots sold for more money than the mines ever produced. The Klondike is undoubtedly a remarkable gold strike, but it has been boomed far above its merits in certain respects. Most of the men who went in in 1896 did surprisingly well. Many who went in in 1897 were equally lucky, but of those who went in in 1898 *new to the country* the number of successful men is hardly worth consideration.

In the winter of 1896-1897 there were probably a thousand men on the Yukon. The winter of 1897-1898 there were approximately 5,500, of whom the great majority had come from Seattle and Pacific coast towns. The present winter there are upwards of 40,000.

There has been little or nothing to warrant the last rush. All the profitable mining and business enterprises had been taken up before these men came. They were nothing more than a sacrifice offered up to the transportation companies and the mining claim swindlers, who hold up their hands in holy horror at the suggestion of working themselves the valuable properties they offer for investment. Certain of the transportation companies have a heavy charge to answer for. Corporations have no souls to lose, but I can fancy that individual members of these companies may some time or other be visited by a nightmare of the Frozen North and given a realizing sense of the ruin their cupidity has caused. Bony arms from famine stricken bodies will point at them and human forms rotted with scurvy will make the accusing gesture. They will see poor Madison, who lost both legs and arms by freezing, and in his despair refused nourishment to his maimed body and died. And perhaps they will know something of the grief of helpless women and children pining for their loved ones, wrecking their lives far away, where

"In the desolate regions of Death, in the vastness
Of the grim and implacable North, in the fastness
Of want and the skeleton spectre of Cold,
Sits the Ice King."

There certainly will be some retribution for the men who persistently catch up every false rumor of gold that they would not themselves credit for an instant, and alluringly advertise the news, with the sole object of increasing the revenues of their steamships or railroads or trading companies. They are careful not to make the statements on their own authority, but they see to it that the reports gain circulation. In several instances we saw reports of gold strikes started by men who hoped to swindle a few outsiders in a modest way by selling claims. These reports were caught up by the agents of transportation companies and the press and heralded as gospel news of pristine purity. The number of dollars to the pan taken out was definitely stated, and the new creek was declared a bonanza. The result would be a certain number of unsophisticated gold seekers enticed to the spot and stripped of their money, and in the end of food, strength, courage and belief in God or man.

In some instances claims were salted with gold purchased from successful returning miners. I have a particular case in mind, where I was personally approached and asked to boom a property that was known to be barren. Claims were to be sold cheap, and an important Government official was to get 50 per cent. of the profits for giving the tip to newcomers who asked his advice. Any other man can tell such stories from his own experience. To give a more extended field of operations, the Copper River country was boomed by some of the same men who exploited the Klondike. There hadn't been any gold found there at the time and there hasn't been any found since. Yet thousands of men, by garbled and fictitious reports, were induced to prospect that country, and a percentage have left their bones from Valdes Glacier to the Tanana.

The Yukon is a dangerous country only in a relative sense. The crime of the promoters lies in inducing unfitted men to go there and holding out impossible prizes before them. Men who go in as I did for the experience and as a rest from business, without any particular necessity for succeeding more than governs a man in the outside world, and who like a rough life, will not find it a bad country. One should not put much faith in the mining, however. The letter which follows shows how an old miner regards the Klondike. I do not give the name of the man who wrote it, because I have not his permission to do so, but he is one of that rare breed of exploring prospectors who spend their lives in the roughest and least known countries—a man who knows "the world's white roof tree," and whose eyes have gazed on silent crags and abysmal gorges with only the screaming eagle for company.

In 1866 he crossed the Arctic timber belt, 2,000 miles, taking four years to the trip. He traded and prospected in Northern British Columbia. On the Athabasca he met three Montana miners, one of whom was Dancing Bill, and spent some time prospecting with them. He discovered the Onineca Mining District 600 miles north

of Kamloops, which was the most prosperous camp of its time. Recently he turned up at Cook's Inlet. In the summer of '97 he was in the Klondike. Writing from Dawson, Nov. 17, 1897, he says:

"I have not been able to get hold of anything I thought would pay. My best chance was what they call a lay here; in other countries it would be a lease. The other day I had to throw it up. Seventy-five per cent. of the lays don't pay. There are thirty-five or forty good claims here; balance are common; hardly wages.

"When I got here everything was located that was worth anything. Everything is staked—brooks, creeks, ravines, gulches and hills—all in speculation. All expect to sell next spring, when the Cheechakoes (Hudson Bay Chinook for tenderfeet) get in.

"Grub is starvation prices: Flour, \$75 per sack (50lbs.) to-day; bacon, \$1.25 per pound."

[No orders were accepted for provisions at stores in Dawson, according to Mr. Baker, of the A. C. Company, after Sept. 13, as goods were not received up river. Previous orders were filled in part only, though later some orders were filled from caches belonging to the traders.]

"I think I can live till June if I don't freeze to death. Thieves so plenty you have to sit down on your grub to keep them from stealing it, and, friend, it is the worst mining camp I ever got into, and God knows if I ever get out of this I will try never to get into another like it.

"Seventy-five per cent. of the old-timers are praying to get out of the country. I have not made any money and don't expect to. If I can raise one sack of flour next July I will try to pole up the river to a country where there is something to eat. All the talk here is of grub."

Why is it that the transportation companies do not publish such letters? They get them often enough.

J. B. BURNHAM.

Just About a Boy.—XVII.

"THIS here's whut yeh call sage brush, is it?" inquired the boy, as he climbed up in the wagon seat with one of the highly scented shrubs in his hand and turned it over and over, inspecting every branch and leaf. "Seems 's 'ough it'd ought to grow bigger'n that if it was goin' to grow 't all, but I reckon they's a reason why it don't if a feller juss know'd it."

"Well," I replied, "you notice that this ground is very hard, and that water is pretty scarce—two conditions that have helped to produce this knotty, gnarly little excuse for a tree. I have seen them further west where they grew 6 or 8 ft. high in the creek bottoms near water. Take it up in the foothills this side of the main range, where the soil is fairly good and the water is plenty, there you will see it grow to a good-sized bush."

"Hain't much water here 't any time o' year, I sh'd judge, juss fr'm th' looks o' things, is they?"

"No, not very much. You see, this country is bad lands—that is Pine Ridge off yonder where you can see that chain of hills with the evergreens on. Over here is the South Fork of the Cheyenne River, where it runs around the south edge of the Black Hills, or, rather, between the hills and the bad lands.

"This is a curious country up here, you notice. The line of formation is as clear between the hills and the bad lands as though they were miles apart. Here the water is loaded with alkali—across the Cheyenne River it is good. There is no grass nor rocks here to speak of and across the river both are plenty. Here it is bad lands; there it is mountains and fairly good soil."

"That's kind o' curious, ain't it? What makes it that way?"

"It is the formation, that is all—just a geological freak. The bad lands are a sedimentary formation and the hills are an upheaval. The probabilities are that what we see in the present Black Hills country is nothing more nor less than the tops of a half-buried mountain range, and that the country we are traveling over now is the bottom of some ancient lake that—"

"Whoa! gimme th' shotgun!"

The boy grabbed the gun and tumbled out of the wagon in a reckless way that endangered himself and the whole outfit, but, boylike, landed on his feet and ready for business. Walking back and to one side of the road a few paces, he flushed a pair of pintail grouse, both of which came tumbling down as the gun cracked twice in quick succession.

"What kind o' prairie chickens d' yeh call them?" he asked, as he climbed back and inspected his birds. "I never saw no chickens like them down 'long th' river at home."

"No, I guess you never did. Those birds are pintail grouse, and the prairie chicken is a different grouse altogether. This one lives up here along the streams, and only comes up in the high country to nest. You should have left them both alone, as they are probably a pair that are nesting around here some place."

"That's so," said the boy. "Fact is, I never thought nothin' 'bout it when I shot 'em. I juss seen a new kind o' bird 'n' took 'em in. Reckon I'll haff to r'member 'bout sich things after this too—less'n we're short o' meat er somp'n."

All day long we drove over the clay hills and along the sage brush flats, crossing the Cheyenne River without accident in time to go into camp on the north bank, where a little clump of cottonwood trees made us feel as if we had friends near by instead of being just a wandering outfit all alone in the wilderness, and an Indian wilderness at that, for we were not so very many miles from the spot where old Sitting Bull got the long call for the happy hunting grounds in after years.

We would soon be in among the Black Hills now, and the boy kept up a rapid fire of questioning that got me busy finding answers for.

"Say, gee!" he remarked, as he put the kettle on containing the two grouse, with the idea of producing one of his camp stews—made from any kind of game that came handy, seasoned with vegetables and a bit of pork. "Say, I'm juss hankerin' fer a crack at a elk er deer er bear—don't care much which, but I want to git a shot at somp'n big. This here ole .45-70 o' mine 's juss gittin' rusty fr somp'n to do. Here we been out two weeks

'bout 'n' we hain't seen nothin' bigger'n a coyote, 'ceptin' them two antelope down 'n th' sand hills, 'n' yeh wouldn't let me shoot at them."

"Look here, son, I told you why you shouldn't shoot antelope, or deer either, for that matter, in the spring, didn't I? Now here you are getting bloodthirsty again, and you don't stop to consider that we have plenty to eat, and that big game in the spring is the last thing any white man wants to eat anyhow. Now, you just keep your ammunition until we run out of grub or some Sioux wants our hair for his own personal decoration; then you may blaze away to your heart's content. Otherwise, don't get foolish and do things that you might regret."

"I guess they's a heap more sense 'n they is poetry in that, too," said the boy, good naturedly. "I ought to know better, 'n' I do know better, too, 'n to kill things 'n th' spring, but I reckon a feller gits sort o' forgetful like, sometimes, 'n' juss wants to kill everything he sees juss cos he can. Course, bears 'n' kiotes don't count, 'n' 'f ever I run 'crost a bear I'm goin' to shoot 'n' keep a shootin' tull I git him er haff to run."

"You had better give any bear that you meet in this part of the country the right of way unless you've things all your own way," I answered. "They grow pretty big up here, and they have a nasty habit of clawing people all to pieces after you shoot them full of holes. They have a way of living long enough to damage a man pretty considerably after they are shot through the heart."

"We'll," said the youngster, reflectively, chewing a straw as he looked into the blaze, "they's one thing sure; if I see a bear 'n' kin git a good stiddy shot at his ole head I'm goin' to crack away, 'n' I bet he won't feel much like eatin' me up after one of these ole .45-70s o' mine goes through him 'tween his year 'n' his eye."

"You had better put it a little further back, for a bear's brain is mostly behind his ears and pretty low down. Aim low and well back and you have a chance to break his neck and to brain-shoot him, in which case he would probably be through with the troubles of this mundane sphere."

"Huh! Gittin' funny, ain't yeh, on this here bear talk."

"Oh, no; just giving a rank young tenderfoot a few pointers, that's all. I think, however, that you will not need many pointers on what to do if you meet one of these bears that run through this country—you'll be mostly running."

"Oh, I dunno! Course I ain't goin' to take no fool chances with a big bear; but if one of them gives me a haff a show I'll juss everlastin'ly lambaste him full o' holes er quit shootin'—that's a sure thing."

"Better let him get away if he will, my boy. They're mighty unhandy to have around the house."

"We'll see," he answered, reluctant to give up, and I thought perhaps he'd better be taken care of while we were up there for fear he would do something he would regret if he met a big bear. However, my fears were groundless, for he was with big Ike Ward when he met his bear, and Ike did all the killing, while the boy stood by and took a big dose of experience that might be called bear cure.

"How long 'll it be 'fore we git into real mount'ins?" he asked, as he rolled up in his blanket and waited for sleep.

"About to-morrow or next day, I guess—depends on the trail we take. If we go up Skull Creek we ought to camp about Kara Creek or at the foot of Inyan Kara Mountain day after to-morrow night; I should think."

"Inyan Kara? Whut kind o' a name's that?"

"Sioux. Means a mountain inside of a mountain. Now let's go to sleep. I'm dog tired."

"Aw right." EL COMANCHO

Natural History.

The Crow as a Nest Robber.

GLEN ELLYN, Ill., Feb. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Although I disclaim all intentions of wilfully condemning an already much prejudiced and perhaps beneficial species, yet, in reviewing the case as presented under the above heading in your issue of Nov. 5, 1898, I—from my own experience—cannot but sympathize with the position taken by its author, Kenewah.

The question of the crow's usefulness occasionally comes to the front, and with much diversity of opinion pro and con. There are many who still hold views similar to mine concerning the destructive habits of corvus. On the other hand, those who have given the subject an exhaustive study, and are better placed perhaps for conducting an examination of this kind, make a far more conservative estimate with regard to the true economic status of this much-despised "black brigand of the woods." In other words, we find that the crow's bad habits are in a great measure counterbalanced by the good service he renders in the destruction of noxious insects. This appears to be particularly true of certain sections in the New England States, and to a greater or less degree doubtless over the bird's entire range. And here is the phase of the question which has given rise to much speculation: We know that the crow is a pilferer, and perhaps realize that during certain seasons he may be a friend to the farmer, but do we know equally well that his bad turns are fully offset in all cases by his better and less known habits?

That the crow's habits vary in different localities is quite apparent, at least to me. Here in Du Page county, Ill., I do not know that he has shown a marked preference for the sprouting corn. Neither do I know that the farmers of this section resort to the customary devices to drive them from their fields, although considerable corn is raised yearly in this county, while crows are very numerous. Unfortunately little examination of the stomach contents has been made, but, as the crows seem to work a good deal in the meadows, they doubtless devour quantities of field insects, together with occasional meadow rodents. A staple article of diet here, and of which it is known that great quantities are eaten, is the crawfish. This is attested to by the numerous remains of these crustaceans which are

found on every hand; besides, crows are often seen feeding on them. But the crow's worst habit here is his persistent robbing of the nests of that much-valued bird the pinnated grouse. For the past eight years I have found abundant evidence against him in this respect, and almost every year find many egg shells scattered about and showing plainly the work of the crow, while on more than one occasion I have actually observed the offender carrying off the egg in his bill.

Several countrymen hereabouts have also complained of the crow in this particular, and on one farm not far from this village they were reported to have destroyed three sittings of "chicken's eggs" the past spring. The nesting cover for the grouse in this locality is rather scanty, and with the crows, minks, weasels and numerous hunters, the future outlook for their preservation seems altogether discouraging. The crow, in my estimation, far outnumbers all other evils combined. That all crows are equally addicted to this bad habit I really cannot say, but probably not, though from what we know of their habits in general it is questionable whether a favorable opportunity with a much-coveted meal like this would pass unnoticed, and when robbery is once begun, the nest is never deserted until the very last egg is gone. However, in the case of the robbing and killing of very young birds, nestlings and young of domestic poultry, individuality may cut some figure. This may be described as an acquired taste. An acquaintance of mine engaged in the poultry business and living close beside a piece of woodland tenanted by crows tells me that this is true. A crow one season robbed him of six young chickens and seven ducklings—the same identical crow whose nest, containing a brood of young,

hold a conclave. There would be anywhere from 5,000 to 10,000 of them, all of them cawing away at a great rate, when suddenly, as if by a concerted signal, every one of them would stop. Then one would apparently make his remarks, extending over possibly a quarter of a minute, after which they would go to work, all of them, discussing what he had to say. This will occur three or four times in the course of a half an hour. Then the birds, as if by some concerted signal, would start off in a certain direction. Some years ago we had a very cold winter there, and in this same woods I found hundreds of dead crows. The neighbors around the woods told me that they would find large numbers of them entirely blind that had not yet died. The crows had apparently had their eyes frozen so that the pupils cracked open, and they could not see; but they were not otherwise injured. I might say, however, that I never personally examined them to find whether the eye had been cracked in this way or not. Certain it was, there was a great mortality in the flock."

This same observation on crows becoming blind during exceptionally cold weather is also mentioned by Mr. Frank L. Burns, in Bulletin No. 5 of the Wilson Ornithological Chapter of the Agassiz Association, "The American Crow" (see page 11), as occurring during the winter of 1894 in Chester county, Pa. For a more detailed account of the economic habits and life history of the American crow the reader is referred to this bulletin, also to the exhaustive treatise prepared by Prof. Walter B. Barrow, and assisted by Mr. E. A. Schwarz, comprising what is known as Bulletin No. 6, U. S. Department of Agriculture, Division of Ornithology and Mammalogy, as well as to the very able paper of Mr. E. H. For-

A Four-Footed Architect.

WE were taking a winter walk along the bank of a frozen Connecticut stream, when my companion stopped and pointed inquiringly toward a dome-shaped mound of leaves rising perhaps 3ft. above the surface of the ice. "Oh," I said, "that's a muskrat lodge; let's go over and have a look at it." It was about 30ft. from the shore, at a point where the river was shallow and sluggish, and looked precisely like a heap of dead leaves, such as gardeners rake up on the lawn in the autumn. In reality, however, the leaves were not loose, but were cemented together with ice, and formed a substantial circular wall to the cozy little chamber inside. The foundation of the dwelling was on the bed of the river, about 1ft. below the ice, and the entrance was under the water. Had we broken through the walls, we should have found that they were still further strengthened by many dead sticks laid horizontally amongst the leaves. Inside we should have seen a small room with a leafy, shelf-like bed, built a few inches above the surface of the water, which formed the floor of the apartment. Here the furry owners slept in daytime, diving into the water at dusk, when they generally set out in search of food.

My friend and I now began to look for the opening in the ice through which the muskrats must come on their way to breakfast. We soon found it close to the bank, and from it a trail led up a little hill, through a hole in a stone wall into a corn field beyond. Here the trail divided, and the tracks of the little animals led out in every direction. Most of the corn had been carted away in the autumn, but many ears had been dropped or overlooked, and for these the muskrats evidently made nightly visits to the field.

Muskrats live chiefly on a vegetable diet, and have been known to raid barns in search of apples, turnips, corn and other farm produce. They are not very strict vegetarians, however, as their fondness for fresh-water mussels is well known, and the gnawed shells of these bivalves may be found along the banks of almost any stream where muskrats abound.

In appearance a muskrat is dark brown on the back and light brown, shading to gray, underneath. Each paw is armed with five substantial claws, suitable for making burrows in the banks of streams, where most of these rodents live in the summer, and many of them all the year round. The forelegs are short and the paws small, but the hindlegs, those chiefly used in swimming and diving, are provided with large, slightly webbed feet, set on at an angle and pointing outward. The tail is flat and knifelike, with the edges at top and bottom, and is covered thinly with coarse black hairs. It is nearly as long as the body. The head is ratlike, with a small, sharp nose and black, beady eyes. The front teeth are long and chisel-shaped; there are also grinding teeth at the back of the mouth. The ears, though in reality quite large, are so completely hidden in the thick fur that they cannot be seen without a special search being made for them.

The fur of the muskrat, though not high-priced, is handsome, and is often made up into garments either in the natural color or dyed to imitate a more expensive article.

ERNEST HAROLD BAYNES.

Two Ways of Killing Rattlesnakes.

THE following was related to me by Mr. Howard E. Case, of 92 Wall street, New York, who formerly owned a ranch in Texas:

We always killed a rattlesnake at sight on the range. We even went out of our way to kill him because of his destructiveness to sheep. Not that a rattler pursues them with murderous intent—nothing of the sort. He isn't a bad fellow in his way, no fighter except in self-defense, and always gives warning of his presence, so that you may take the other side; but when he is run down by a flock of sheep, and their sharp hoofs cut through his mottled hide, it is to be expected that he will strike back. When he does strike it is always on the under side of the jaw. If we see a sheep apart by itself, its under jaw so swollen that it cannot eat, we know what is the matter, and treat it accordingly.

"What is the treatment?" we ask.

"We take a leaf of the Spanish bayonet, which has a point like a needle, and thrust it into the jaw. A milk-white fluid exudes, and when this has all been discharged the animal recovers quickly."

As I was saying, we always kill the rattler on principle, but we never waste powder on him. Every ranchman in Texas carries a "quirt," a whip with an iron handle about 2ft. long, and a leathern lash about twice that length, and ending in three thongs. There is a loop attached to the handle, through which the wrist is thrust.

On seeing or hearing a snake, I would slide from Kintana—who hated the varmints as badly as I did, often discovering them where I failed, and who would remain perfectly still while I killed them.

The reptile on seeing me, of course, threw himself into his coil. I approached until within striking distance, whip in hand, and with a blow of the lash never failed to disable them, by breaking their backs. Then it was an easy matter to put my heel on their heads and grind them into the dust.

I remember one combat I had with a rattler, in which a different weapon was used. We were loafing along one moonlit night—Kintana and I—when we both heard the familiar rattle coming from a bunch of chaparrarrieta bushes, near the trail. The sound proclaimed it an old settler. I at once dismounted, but could see nothing, the moon having gone behind a cloud. I could hear the snake, however, and cutting a long switch from the bushes, went at it by the sound, and we had quite a battle in the darkness. By and by the moon came out, and then I quickly dispatched it. It proved a whopper, 6ft. long, with twelve rattles.

In my long, lonely rides over the prairie visiting the stations, I often had ocular evidence that another rattlesnake killer was abroad. More than once I came upon a circle of leaves of the prickly pear, or cactus, as it is called in the East, and in the center of it a dead rattler, often with the needle-like spines sticking in his body. For a long time I could not imagine what built this wall around the snake, evidently when it was asleep; but



THE MUSKRAT'S LODGE.

Photographed by Ernest Harold Baynes.

was near at hand. Others of his tribe associated with the poultry on the best of terms and apparently without any evil intentions. The robber and his progeny were destroyed, after which no losses from crows were suffered.

On May 21, 1897, I detected a crow in the act of carrying off a young robin, with the old birds in close pursuit. This is the only case of a robbery of this kind actually coming under my observation, though others since have been reported to me. Of several of our native birds whose eggs I have personally known to have been taken by the crow, the following may be mentioned: Loon, king rail, bittern, and (a rather remarkable incident to me at least) the entire settling of a pair of red-shouldered hawks, the shells of their eggs being afterward found on the ground beneath the tree, with punctures which clearly showed the crow's work. Previous to that I had observed that the crows harassed the hawks somewhat, but it never occurred to me that they really had designs upon their eggs.

This list might be materially increased by the addition of names of other of our wild birds whose eggs were known to have been broken and robbed under suspicious circumstances, but the evidence in their case is not quite as conclusive as in that of the foregoing. Crows must have greatly increased in numbers within this county during the past forty years, judging from the observations of William Le Baron, M.D., who, writing from Geneva, Kane county, Ill., a few miles west of here, under date of Dec. 12, 1854 (see Illinois Agricultural Report, 1855, p. 559), and speaking of other birds then scarce, but now common, has this to say of the subject of our sketch:

"The crow, which is so common and troublesome in the New England States, is rare at the West. It is only occasionally that we see them, and then only in small companies of less than a dozen." Now, it is not uncommon to see 100 of them together at a time; in fact, this is of almost daily occurrence during the winter months, as they flock to the northwest of here about the middle of each afternoon to a roost, as I am informed by Mr. R. P. Sharpless, of Chicago, a few miles east of Elgin. Of these winter roosts of the crow my correspondent, Mr. Sharpless, has given several interesting facts, from which I take the liberty of quoting the following in his letter to me under date of Dec. 9, 1898, viz.:

"For a number of years I lived down in Pennsylvania and found several crow roosts there, some of them of immense size. The birds in Bucks county, Pa., had a habit which I never saw anywhere else. They would gather in a large woods about two or three miles east of Doylestown, the county seat, and would apparently

bush, in Bulletin No. 4, series of 1896, of the Massachusetts crop report, all of which seem to draw the conclusion that the crow's usefulness in various ways is fully equal to, if not more than a counterbalance for, those qualities which are notoriously bad.

Inasmuch as a final decision has not been reached concerning the true value of these birds, would it not do to devote still more time to the nest-robbing side of the question? A chemical analysis of the stomach contents would perhaps give the best results, yet even this might be held as untrustworthy in view of the rapid digestion and assimilation known to take place with the crow.

How then shall we finally dispose of this much-vexed question? Perhaps some of our friends associated with the biological work of the United States Department of Agriculture can show us the way.

BENJ. T. GAULT.

Louisiana Winter Rail.

JEFFERSON ISLAND, La., Feb. 14.—I mail you to-day a Virginia rail, killed here by me this A. M. The whole country here is frozen up and about 2in. of snow. Thermometer yesterday at 7 A. M. 4 degrees. The rail was feeding in an open ditch near a cherokee hedge, with ice everywhere. This effectually tells where the rail birds go.

ROBT. C. LOWRY.

[The rails go south in winter like the other birds. We have seen them feeding among the reeds of North Carolina when the country was all frozen up. If the freeze lasts long, however, they move on to warmer climes.]

Wyoming Vermin Bounties.

MORGANTOWN, W. Va., Feb. 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The last issue of the Grand Encampment Herald, of Grand Encampment, Wyoming, gives these figures, which may interest your readers: "During the past two years the State of Wyoming paid bounty on 13,326 coyotes, 4,281 wolves, of which number 3,493 were gray wolves, 19 black wolves, and 769 wolf pups. The total number of predatory wild animals on which bounty was paid during the two years just closed was 21,888."

I hope many of FOREST AND STREAM readers enjoyed the third part of "In Old Virginia" in Feb. 11 issue as much as I did. Never did I laugh so much at the reading of anything as that of the doctor and his buck. Such mirth provoking narratives add years to our lives.

EMERSON CARNEY.

at last I found out by happening along when it was being done. And what do you think it was? You would not guess till doomsday, so I'll tell you. It was a bird—one with as much brains and "horse sense" as some humans, I think. What in Texas we call a "road-runner," a bird with long, stilt-like legs, long wings, long beak and dun-colored plumage, that I've seen keep the trail ahead of my horse for miles, never once taking wing; hence the name "road-runner." For some reason the bird is the mortal enemy of the rattlesnake, and in its long journeys over the prairies keeps a wary lookout for its foe. I once had an opportunity, as before remarked, of seeing what it does on discovering him. Behind a little clump of sage bushes I heard the low, querulous note made by the bird when alarmed, and dismounting I crept up and peeped over. Sure enough, a road-runner had just discovered a rattler asleep in the sun, and was circling around it with drooping wings and neck distended. After a while it ran off a few yards to a prickly pear bush and quickly returned with a leaf covered with its needle-like spines, which it laid on the circle, and then continued the process until it had built a broad wall of spines around the snake. Then it flew over and let a leaf fall on the snake's back, which sprang up, only to impale itself on the spines. For several minutes it writhed and thrashed about, the road-runner meantime looking impassively on, until at last, stung to madness, it struck its fangs into its own body and died of its own venom.

CHARLES B. TODD.

[Mr. Todd sends us a letter written to him by Mr. Case, in which Mr. Case says: "The killing of a rattlesnake by a road-runner, as described by you, was witnessed by me during the year 1877, while driving sheep in Mexico, between the towns of Lampasas and New Laredo."]

Reason and Instinct.

SOME recent articles in *FOREST AND STREAM* under this heading and also of "Animal Intelligence" have moved me to "speak out in meetin'" and tell some yarns which bear on all these subjects. Without going to the dictionaries for definitions, I, very egotistically, prefer to give my own, just as though the subject was entirely new; even at the risk of being classed with those who are said to "rush in where angels fear to tread." Yet if a fellow has not the courage to do this there would be no chance for the other fellow to whack him, and what would Donnybrook Fair amount to without a fight? Man loves fight, the Peace Society to the contrary notwithstanding, and nevertheless, "It needs no ghost to come from the grave to tell us this," we see it all around, from the boyish snowballing to the desire for actual combat, either in war or in the prize-ring. When we are denied these outlets for our pugnacity we just sit down and challenge the other fellow to controvert our opinions in some publication. Here we always win, we being umpire as well as contestant, and that is satisfactory.

With this as a preface the ball is opened. Reason requires thought, and to think is the prerogative of intelligence, and there you are. There are plants so sensitive that they close their flowers at the slightest touch; the so-called "lower" forms of animal life, the sea-anemone, clam and oyster, will quickly shut up if touched, just as a man will shut his eye if it is touched or threatened, the instinct of preservation does it, because reason could not get there on schedule time, if it ever did. The young bee comes from the hive, circles about to get the bearings of its home, and goes to find honey and store it up for a winter of which it can know nothing. If it comes out early in the spring it works about three months and dies with its wings worn to tatters in providing food for a later brood, which will winter on the honey. That's instinct.

Instinct in Man.

Reasoning men do the same thing; I know hundreds of them who are to-day working to amass honey, for what? Heirs who will "blow it in" for what the father would never have spent a cent for, or to be wasted in litigation; they want their boys to begin where they left off; one in a thousand does it. That is instinct in the form of egotism. "My boy shall not grub as I have done," and he will not. Yet why shouldn't he? This question is an American one, and not calculated for the longitude of Europe and entailed estates.

Nine times out of ten the inheritance of large amounts of money wrecks a young man who might be well equipped for the battle of life but for this handicap; it thwarts nature's law of the survival of the fittest; he may have been fitted for the fight, but saw no reason for entering it when all that the battle offered was his alreadiness. Such cases are too common to cite instances. Why should a squirrel labor to gather nuts when his father has laid up a great store? The incentive to labor is necessity, and few men would work if this were not so. With the few who would it is the instinct of the bee; they must be busy; they cannot lie on the bank and sleep with a fish-line tied to a toe and await results. Those of our race who can do this are the happiest of all men. They have no ambition beyond the day, there is no nervous strain when stocks go up or down, and they are content.

Will you say that they enjoy a mere animal existence and have not reasoning powers, because they are ignorant of books and the stock quotations of Wall Street? Not a bit of it. Your Maine, Adirondack or Western guide seldom sees a newspaper and is content to live outside of our bustling civilization and can tell you the reason why he knows that a buck and two does crossed the trail within a few hours. His mind has had different training from yours and you are surprised at his knowledge. He can explain these things in your own tongue. Let us see how our friends who cannot speak, even if they sometimes try to articulate, communicate with each other.

How Dogs Communicate.

Shakespeare, who had a knowledge of the minds of men far beyond that of any writer before him, or since, said, "Winter's Tale," act v., sc. ii.:

"There was speech in their dumbness, language in their very gesture."

If those who deny reasoning powers to the dog can be pinned to Whately's proposition that "instinct is a

blind tendency to some mode of action, independent of any consideration on the part of the agent, of the end to which the action leads," then we have them where we want them, and having them there, let us "soc et tu 'em."

The man who denies reason to the dog has never trained or studied a dog; he has never seen the long-legged, big-kneed, awkward, slouching pup develop into the handsome, graceful, brainy hunting dog; he has never seen the pup that "cut his lucky" for the home headquarters at the first bark of a gun change to the dog that wagged his steering gear loose and threatened entire dismemberment of his spine in the excess of his delight at the sight of a shooting coat or gun; he has never seen the fool pup that would "set" nothing but a bone quarter in accurate lines against the wind and then, if working with the wind, go 100 yds. or more ahead and quarter toward his handler in order to get the wind; he has never seen the same flabby pup so develop in his knowledge of birds that he could, and would, with scarce a word from his master, hunt all of the likely places for birds, picking them "by instinct" (I don't think) with as perfect accuracy as does his master by the exercise of his reasoning power; he has never looked into the reproachful eye of a disgusted dog that has been holding a bunch of birds for him that he allowed to depart in peace because of the game law. To be sure, I never did own a dog that was properly impressed with the importance of the game laws, nor that was disposed to observe the same, but if this tendency to ignore the game and fish laws was made a *prima facie* case against the possession of "reasoning power," an immense number of our so-called sportsmen would have to prove an alibi or be left with nothing but instinct with which to furnish their mental garret.

No man who has worked dogs in the field can believe that the fine points of finding and retrieving game by the bird dog are but "blind tendencies to some mode of action, independent of any consideration," on the part of the dog, "of the end to which the action leads." He knows that the dog works it out in his brain.

A ravine filled with a tangle of grapevines, blackberry briars and other wild growth ran back of my garden. In the garden was a low trellis, about 1 ft. high, over which trailed a thick growth of dewberry vines, the running blackberry. Each year a rabbit came and reared her young in the garden, nibbled the cabbage and turnips a little, and I had great fun in watching the family at play, chasing each other and having a grand romp when my terrier Joker was in the house; and there was never a cat allowed on my place. Joker also had his fun with the rabbits at times, and they seemed to like it, for they felt secure in their briery strongholds. Knowing that he could not catch one, I let him go it. One day I watched him a long time, up and down the rows of corn, among the tomato vines, jumping in the air occasionally to see better, and yelping with excitement. He stopped, looked at the vines where possibly he saw or smelt the game, and trotted off to the hatchery and I followed. He hunted around, asked to have the door opened and found the foreman's dog Rush asleep in the workshop. Joker pulled his ears, danced about, trotted off and looked back with a bark and a "wig-wag" until Rush understood, arose, stretched and followed Joker into the garden; thus reinforced, they dug under the dewberry trellis and drove the rabbits from one cover to another. Knowing that they could not hurt the bunnies, I let the dogs have their fun and exercise. Did Joker ask Rush to follow him, and did Rush understand? I think so.

In the early 50's I was in the lead mines at Potosi, in the southwest corner of Wisconsin. My partner, Charley Guyon, was at the windlass and I was in the shaft with pick and shovel. I heard a dog barking, and soon Guyon called out: "Come up; there's a fool dog here acting queerly and I can't drive him off." I got into the bucket and went up. The dog was a small one of that short-haired, no particular breed called a "fice" by the French Canadians, of whom Guyon was one. The dog turned his attention to me, barked at my face, pulled my trousers, went a few steps away, barked and "wig-wagged." "Charley," said I, "this dog wants us to follow him; he's got a rabbit in a hole or there's trouble somewhere."

"No," he answered, "that's a fool fice that belongs to a man named Johnson, over in British Hollow; he was here yesterday when it was your turn in the shaft, and he's chopping off west there, somewhere."

All this time the dog kept pleading with us to follow him, and I told Guyon: "That dog wants us to go with him, and I'm going." We went, the dog in the lead occasionally turning back to see if we were following, and expressing approval with his tail. A tramp of about a mile brought us to a clearing, and there was Johnson, pinned under a fallen tree, with a broken leg and internal injuries from which he died a week later. Did that dog reason that his master needed the help which only men could give, and did he come to ask us to give that help? Instances like these could be multiplied ad infinitum.

Memory in Fishes.

While the possession of memory does not necessarily imply reason, it is a quality that may be transmitted, especially that of fear, which becomes caution in the young. Fishes are near the bottom round of the ladder in animal life and intelligence, as we regard it. They have not the sensitiveness of some reptiles and do not compare with the frog in nervous organization, yet they have a brain, which must be of use in selecting food and avoiding danger.

I made an assertion to the effect that a fish that had been hooked might transmit caution to its progeny—*FOREST AND STREAM*, April 9, 1898—and this statement was followed by columns of argument by Col. E. P. Alexander, "Hermit," "Coahoma" and "Von W." Having stirred up the fight I sat like the red-headed boy on the rafters, and enjoyed the scrap, but never "took sides." Let's see.

Col. Alexander says: "The fish pricked with the hook rarely seems to mind it. He is ready to bite again in five minutes. He has no clear conception of man and his works, or that he has escaped a great danger."

It is true that a hook causes a fish but little pain, and that if it escapes easily it will often bite again. But it is not the hook that the fish dreads so much as the pro-

longed struggle while held fast, and if it breaks away in sight of the landing net it has learned something; a few repetitions of this will be so impressed upon it that it will be cautious, and mental qualities may be transmitted as well physical ones. In proof of this, let's take the trout in different streams. Most anglers have found trout waters far away where the trout were so innocent as to vie with each other in their haste to take anything like a fly, and where angling seemed merely trout murder, no excitement; no wondering if the cast would bring a rise. The result was sure. Fear and discretion were unknown to the fish.

Then take the trout of Castalia Springs, O., of Caledonia Creek, N. Y., and of some Long Island waters, and note the difference. Unless the fly is about right in size and color and is presented in an attractive manner on the proper day, or time of day, the angler might as well reel up, for hardly a yearling will notice his cast. On Caledonia Creek, some fourteen miles south of Rochester, a man might fish a week with the large flies used in the Adirondacks and not get a rise. The stream has been whipped for over a century by the best of fly-fishers, and all the rash trout have been caught out, and only the cautious ones left to transmit their caution. That's heredity.

There seems to be no other hypothesis to account for the wariness of trout in well-fished streams except the experience of ancestors handed down in the quality of fear. It may not be reason in the case of trout; call it instinct, if you will; but the thing is there, as thousands of fly-fishers will attest. The "instinct" which teaches all wild animals to shun man and his lures does not exist in the trout, which live where man seldom comes; they welcome his artificial flies with open mouths at first; but, twenty generations later, they are more cautious, if man has persistently sought their capture. If their forebears did not reason they had memory, and memory presupposes thought.

What the Birds Think.

Col. Alexander says: "For every wounded bird which survives and has further progeny there are hundreds unhurt to whom the explosion of a gun was, after all, only a harmless sound, and one which in certain circumstances they will easily come to disregard entirely. Birds and fish do not know what death is, nor do they figure out that missing ones are dead. The whole conception assumes for all animals reasoning powers which thousands of more conclusive phenomena show that they do not possess."

Perhaps fish may not know what death is, but a bird has a higher intelligence, and when it sees its companions stricken down and perhaps feels the stinging shot, it is not for man to say that it draws no conclusions from the flash and sound of the gun, and the glimpse of a man behind it. Once the Indian could kill birds and animals with his arrow and they knew the range of its power and kept just out of it. Then the white man came with his musket, good for 75 yds. with ball or 20 with shot, and the wild creatures became wilder, and now the sight or scent of a man a mile off alarms some of them. Is this an instinct implanted in the first deer or is it the education of the species through heredity?

My young wood ducks, hatched in confinement, feared man, dogs, cats and hawks, but would betray no fear of a cow, sheep or horse. This looks to me like an inherited trait from ancestors which had learned to fear man and was probably instinctive in the young.

Crows communicate with each other, as their various notes show; let one give the "look-out" call from a tree while others are feeding on the ground, and see the result. A crow not only knows the language of its kindred, but it also knows all the talk of the woods. A squirrel may rustle leaves or give its cheepee call and the crow pays no attention; but let little bushy-tail begin to cough and bark at something which he regards as an intrusion and the crow takes a position where he can observe operations with safety to himself. Let some blackbirds have an owl at bay in a bush, in daylight, and the crow knows their language and is wise enough to keep out of that scrapping match, for he has known blackbirds to persecute a poor crow for just taking a few eggs, when there was no evidence that one egg belonged to the persecutors.

The crow is a wise fellow. He has lived in his native land, where the hand of every boy and man has been against him, and where the so-called game birds have been killed off. Crow is not a marketable bird; men are said to have eaten it, but "not to hanker after it," but if the bird was edible and considered "game" he would not be exterminated in settled places as the grouse has been—he knows more than the grouse.

Unless when driven by hunger in winter to feed in barnyards let the man go forth to shoot the crow. He would not get one in a month, unless by accident. It has been shown that the crow can count up to five when that number of men have gone into a blind and only four have come out, and the bait was in range of the last man's gun. The crow knew that there was a man missing.

Let the deer-stalker follow his game with the wind in his face until he is near to it and then hear the alarm note of the crow; he then knows that his game is alert, as the deer knows crow talk and is off. This looks like reason on the part of the deer.

How the Rat Adapts itself to Changes.

Let's take a look at our unwelcome guest, the rat. Does he reason? I'm sure he does. Laying aside the more or less probable yarns about his getting molasses from a jug with his tail and other stories, here are some facts: Modern builders and householders have fought the rat and tried to deprive him of food and shelter in the land where he was born and where he may consider that he has some rights to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. They have put obstructions in the way of the rat that might have discouraged our feeble native black fellow, who was driven to the wilderness years ago by the formidable brown or "Norway" rat, which is now a resident in every land where ships go. He is the "fit-test," and he "fit" all other rats out of business. He is sagacious and can reason; a living example of physical courage and brain power. He knows no instinctive rou-

tine life, such as a bee leads, and rats rise superior to their environment at any time when the environment proves to be a misfit.

The brown rat, like the old sailor, has adapted himself to steel ships and is at home in them, but it is in the cities that he gets in his fine work on gas fittings, lead pipes, cement floors and brick drains. He chews cement floors in the weakest places and he taps leap pipes for water. "Sewer rats" have achieved a reputation on parallel lines with sanitary plumbing, and under the New York end of the great Brooklyn Bridge rats are earning a frigid living in the cold-storage warehouses and sharpening their teeth on frozen fish and game where a man's breath will turn to snow on a summer's day. He is enough of a philosopher to take life as he finds it; he is a genuine "man of the world."

As the burglar keeps abreast of the safe-maker, so the intelligent rat steps to the march of civilization and cold storage. This is not "instinct," it is the result of thought, and thought implies reason.

Another Dog Reasons.

A dog is moved by instinct to withdraw his foot from a coal of fire, and does it before he can think of it; a man does the same. A man reasons that a pole across a stream may break and let him down; an elephant plants one foot to test a bridge, reasoning that it may not bear his weight. The dog, in its highest form, the most intelligent of all animals except man, reasons out a whole lot of things which he cannot explain and which only those who love and make companions of dogs ever have an idea of. Bungo, an intelligent cur which I had on my farm in western New York to keep down rats, skunks and other vermin, always wanted to go on fox hunts with my hounds, but was not wanted because he was liable to head off a fox. He was shut in the barn and the two hounds were taken. It was winter and Mort. Locke and I were going to the Mendon Ponds, south of Rochester, some ten miles away. Mort. was at my house with his hounds, and I piled a lot of straw in the wagon, put the hounds in, and off we went.

At the ponds we stabled the horses and put out the hounds. About two hours afterward Bungo came to me, crouching and begging not to be punished. He was a short-haired dog, but was wet with perspiration. This was what I learned: Four hours after we started he was let out of the barn; he went a mile east to the village of Honeoye Falls, to Mort's house. Then on two miles south to the "Parker Boys," men sixty to seventy years old who hunted with us sometimes, but we had gone north from my place.

The dog had gone a mile east and two miles south, to my usual haunts when fox-hunting. He cared nothing for the sport, but may have been jealous of the hounds and wanted to be near his master. "Frank Forester" said: "Man is the God of the dog," and Bungo was jealous and wanted to be the sole pet. Three years before he had gone to Mendon Ponds with the hounds. I believe he reasoned it out in this way: "Master is running foxes; he has not stopped at Mort. Locke's and has not been at the houses of the Parker brothers; perhaps he's over at the ponds, where he went before, and I'll try it."

He reached us in two hours less time than the horses made and traveled six more miles, doubling the first three. The dog thought it all out, and if there is any difference between thought and reason it is too subtle for my comprehension.

As I understand instinct it is independent of thought. The horse which lifts a latch to let him into a gate or a pasture has figured it all out in his brain, without a blue print, and that is reason. When an animal flinches from physical pain that is instinct, and there you are; but when my dog has thought, "My master is not at this place, where he often goes, nor at another, perhaps he may be where he went three years ago, because he had foxhounds with him," and then follows this line until he finds me, there is no "instinct" in it.

"Von W." covers the ground of the fear of man by animals, based on their experience and the transmission of that experience to their young, and this is what all observers have seen. The late Dr. Romaine proved to the satisfaction of many, myself included, that the mind of a dog differs from that of man simply in degree and not in kind. The power of speech and thereby the transmission of intelligence of an abstruse or abstract nature gives man the power to argue questions and explain his individual views, and he uses it to its full capacity. The dog, having no speech, cannot hand down legends of his race nor of his personal experience. His acquired knowledge dies with him.

The ability of dogs, cats and horses to return to their old homes from long distances and across a country unknown to them may be termed instinct. In the case of the homing pigeon it is memory, for they often get lost if they lose their bearings; still with all these animals there is a mental process which may not be far from reason. Perhaps it may be that subtle "sense of direction" which some men seem to have.

Communication among Animals.

We, who notice such things, have seen ants meet and spend some time in exchanging touches with their antennæ, and we never doubt that they are conveying intelligence in some kind of sign language. Beavers have some sort of signals made by flaps of the tail on water. My Longfellow is not at hand, but I remember of Hiawatha that "of all the beasts he knew the language," if those are the words, and there is truth as well as poetry in it; for we know what the muskrat means by its "smacking" at night, and we've heard the red-headed, the golden-winged and the big ivory-billed woodpeckers drum on dead stubs and on barns where there were no grubs, apparently for the music or the fun of the thing; but when they stopped to listen for a reply, we knew that it was a telephonic arrangement beyond our ken.

Men know by the voices of their hunting dogs what the game is, provided they have hunted with those dogs many times and are observant. I have spoken of Joker, a skye with enough Scotch in him to be an active ratter; I had at the same time a fox terrier named Trouble, and while living on Long Island I used to let these dogs out about midnight before retiring. The rascals were as good for cats and possums as for rats,

and they would circle the garden, and if there was no game would come back; but they usually put up something. Sitting in my den I could tell by their voices if they had a cat or a 'possum in a tree. I can't explain the different tone they used any more than I can tell how I distinguished the tone of a banjo from that of a guitar, but I did. If the animal was a cat I stepped on the back piazza and ordered them to come in; if it was a possum the lantern was lighted and down I went. When they saw the light, which meant reinforcement, they would yell with delight, and keep it up all the while the pear tree was climbed and the tail of Misser Possum was uncurled from the limb and he was brought down to be put in a barrel for a festive dinner on Staten Island, or to be given to some colored man.

I believe that those dogs changed their voices in order to tell me "cat" or "possum," for they knew more than some men I have met who could yell those names loudly. They reasoned that these different animals must be known to me by different names, just as different dogs were, and they tried to tell me those names. It is too much to expect that all readers of this will agree with my conclusions, and I only ask them to believe that I believe that animals can reason.

FRED MATHER.

Services of Familiar Birds.

VERY interesting observations on the food of two of our most familiar birds have been carried on at the Agricultural Experiment Station of New Hampshire College by Dr. Clarence M. Weed, the entomologist of the station. The birds discussed are chickadee, one of our most common winter birds, and the chipping sparrow, which is a summer resident as well known.

Throughout New England and the Middle States, the chickadee or black-capped titmouse is an abundant winter bird and may often be seen in the woods or along the hedgerows hunting for food. Dr. Weed's studies were carried on for the purpose of determining what this food is, in order that the economic status of the bird might be more definitely determined. The results of these studies prove that more than half of the food taken by the chickadee during the winter months consists of insects, of which the greater portion are taken in the form of eggs. Vegetation of various sorts contributes a little less than one-quarter of the food, but of this two-thirds consists of buds and bud scales, which are believed to have been taken in accidentally along with the eggs of the plant lice. In the specimens examined, these eggs made up more than one-fifth of the entire food, and as they are usually taken from crevices beside the buds of deciduous trees and shrubs, it must commonly happen that the bud scales are to be pecked away before the eggs can be got at, and in devouring the eggs a large proportion of such scales might very well be swallowed.

By this destruction of the eggs of the plant lice which infest fruit, shade and forest trees, the chickadee no doubt renders to man its most important winter service. Dr. Weed's record shows that more than 450 eggs sometimes occur as the food of one bird for a single day, and if we imagine that 100 eggs were eaten daily by each one of a flock of ten chickadees the destruction would amount to 1,000 per day, or 100,000 during a single winter, a number probably far below the truth. The multiplication of the aphides is wonderfully rapid, each egg hatching into what is known as a viviparous female, which gives birth to living young by a process similar to that known as budding among the lowest of animals. Each of these young soon gives birth to others, which in turn mature and produce still others. So enormously rapid is the increase that were it not for the numerous checks upon these insects found under natural conditions, the practice of agriculture would be in vain and all plant life might be destroyed. The subject is a familiar one to the lover of plants.

Besides the eggs of aphides, those of many other sorts of insects are found in the chickadee's food. Those of the tent caterpillar and of the fall canker worm were common, as well as the larvæ of several sorts of most injurious moths, such as the common apple worm and the larvæ of the codling moth. Bark beetles, so destructive to our forests, are also eaten by wholesale. On the other hand, the eggs and adults of some spiders are eaten, creatures which, on the whole, are beneficial rather than injurious. The summary of these observations shows the chickadee to be one of our most useful birds.

In order to get some notion of the abundance of this species in a region like southeastern New Hampshire, where a considerable portion of the land is wooded, Mr. Fiske, Dr. Weed's assistant, made some observations in the woods and fields, recording the number of flocks of chickadees seen and the size of each, and observing also their feeding habits. In a territory estimated as four square miles, eleven flocks were noted, varying in number from four to forty, but averaging about thirteen to the flock. This would place the number of birds for each square mile at thirty-five.

Dr. Weed remarks on the desirability of inducing these useful birds to remain upon the premises, where their services in destroying insect enemies will abundantly repay the slight trouble required to keep them in the vicinity. The subject is one that has often been brought up in *FOREST AND STREAM*. Mr. Fiske calls attention also to the practice by the chickadee of carrying away surplus food, which they hide in crevices in the bark or at the base of twigs in neighboring trees. Mr. E. H. Forbush, in the Bulletin of the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture, has also called attention to the value of keeping the titmouse about. In an orchard in Massachusetts canker worms had been very abundant the season before, and the moths of the fall canker worm had deposited great numbers of eggs upon the trees. Pieces of meat, fat and bone were fastened to the trees at the beginning of the winter, in order to attract the chickadees, which came and remained all winter about the orchard. By watching them, it was learned that they were feeding on the eggs of the canker worm moth, and a few birds were killed to determine the number of eggs eaten, which was between 200 and 300 for the stomach of each bird. In the spring the female moths of the spring canker worm were also devoured by these birds. As a result of this course, through the labors of the chickadees and such other birds as feed on these injurious in-

sects, the orchard was saved from any serious injury by the canker worm.

Dr. Weed's observations on the feeding habits of the chipping sparrow cover another season of the year, and were made by himself and Mr. Fiske during one long day in June, upon a family of sparrows which had three young ones so nearly full grown that they hopped out of the nest the second day after the records were made. The observations continued for sixteen hours, from 3:40 A. M. to 7:50 P. M., The birds were fed first at 3:57 A. M. and last at 7:36, and during the day 200 visits were made to the nest by the parent birds, which brought food at nearly every visit. The most abundant elements of this food seemed to be soft-bodied caterpillars, but crickets and crane flies were also identified, and there was much other food, the nature of which it was impossible to determine. It would thus be hard to overestimate the usefulness of this little bird at a season of the year when all insect life is especially on the increase.

The observations recorded appear to have been made with extreme care and thoroughness, and are very creditable to Dr. Weed and his assistant, Mr. Fiske.

More about Skunks.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Perhaps I may add a few bits of information to those that have been given in your columns on skunks. I have no experiences of my own to narrate that are not familiar to every country boy. Such experiences as holing a skunk when possum hunting at night, and setting the greenhorn of the party to "punching him out," are familiar to all possum hunting boys. But a few years since I made a very thorough investigation of that curious delusion that the bite of a skunk would produce rabies, regardless of whether the skunk was rabid itself, and in this investigation I came across some rather peculiar bits of information. Dr. John H. Janeway, then a surgeon in the United States Army, stationed at Fort Hays, Kansas, made a very exhaustive report of the short-lived epidemic of rabies in Kansas and Northern Texas in 1873, dogs, wolves, skunks and even hogs being affected, and deaths having resulted from bites of all these animals; the peculiar feature being stated by Dr. Janeway, that a rabid skunk invariably lost its power of secreting (or discharging) its odorous fluid. This Dr. Janeway states as demonstrated beyond doubt, and in view of his singular care and exactness in all his statements it must be accepted as conclusive.

I found that in southwestern Kansas, not remote from the Fort Hays locality, skunks are kept as family pets, first having the odorous fluid secreting glands removed, and in Mississippi they were often confined in various rat-infested buildings as vermin killers.

I found two instances of illness resulting from skunk bites, in one of which the bitten person recovered after copious blood-letting. In the other case, the victim went into a slow decline, dying a year after; of course neither of these cases were rabies, and Gen. Sternberg, Surgeon-General United States Army, wrote me that blood poisoning was undoubtedly the cause of the troubles.

W. WADE.

OAKMONT, Pa., Feb. 15.

The Range of the Eastern Elk.

THE recent discovery of a remnant of elk in extreme eastern Quebec is an event worthy more than passing note. Unless the species has recently been reintroduced the specimen to be shown at the Sportsmen's Show next March is the second known specimen of the Eastern elk, the other specimen being in the Philadelphia Academy of Sciences.

If any reader knows of any other specimen heads, hides, skulls or horns of elk taken in the Eastern States or Canada he can confer a benefit on science by recording them in *FOREST AND STREAM*.

According to Caton the elk was once found in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Labrador. If any reader can give any new records to prove this great range or refer to sources of information, I shall be glad to hear of it.

Although the former range of the elk is given in general as "entire United States," I do not know of any proof that it was ever found in the limits of the present State of Florida. Does any reader know of any horns that have been dug up in that region, or indeed of any proof, material or legendary, of former occupation by the elk?

ERNEST SETON THOMPSON.

A Maine Winter Robin.

JACKMAN, Me., Feb. 9.—This is the coldest snap of the winter, the temperature ranging from zero to 20 degrees below since Jan. 27; yet on Feb. 6 a robin appeared in camp, rested on a tree for a moment and then flew north. It does not seem probable that this bird came from the South, and yet this is the only robin I have seen or heard of in this region during the winter.

There are several large deer yards in the vicinity of camp, and so far they are all doing nicely, and were all being killed by the lumbermen or anyone else in this section. Partridges are quite plentiful, and are also wintering well, although now and then I find where a fox caught one in the snow, however, if the strychnine holds out their troubles on this account will be reduced considerably.

WILLIAMS.

A Stray Wild Pigeon.

BALTIMORE, Feb. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: Apropos of the passenger (?) pigeon, I inclose clipping from the Lititz Record, a newspaper published in Lititz, Lancaster county, Pennsylvania: "During the cold spell last week a stray wild pigeon came to the farm of Henry Bomberger, northwest of Lititz, where it found lodging under the forebay, and where it has remained undisturbed ever since. No doubt it became separated from a covey of its kind, and getting lost, sought shelter at the nearest place." This is surely a belated passenger.

E. S. YOUNG.

THE *FOREST AND STREAM* is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of fishing and hunting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

March 2-15.—National Sportsmen's Association Exposition, New York.

The Colorado Game Law and New Departures in Protection.

DENVER, Feb. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As requested by you, I submit herewith some observations on the most radical changes from existing laws, found in the game law drafted by me and now pending in the Legislature of Colorado. These, with the synopsis of the bill published by you Dec. 31, will give a fair idea of its scope. The most radical departures are:

1. The hunting license feature, whereby every hunter of protected game must procure a license having three coupons, one of which must be attached to every game quadruped killed. By this means every animal is identified with and traceable to the person who killed it, and every animal without a coupon attached is contraband. This feature has been objected to as an importation of English methods and foreign to American ideas. The objection is prompted by selfish motives and lack of information rather than patriotism. The mere fact that a thing is of English origin cannot make it per se objectionable, as the great body of our common law, employers' liability and coal mining acts came from England, to say nothing of much of our early blood. Usefulness and not origin is the test of desirability, and licenses are as essentially American as anything we have, and are required in professions and business callings without number. The purpose of all licenses is two-fold, viz.: To produce revenue and enable the Governmental authorities to control and regulate the business, and they are especially adapted to an effective administration of game laws.

It being fundamental law that the game and fish in a State belong to the State, the same as its land, timber, etc., and held in trust for the people, the State has a right and it is its duty to enact regulations in relation to their acquisition, as no one person has a right to appropriate either ad libitum. Hence the State, when disposing of its land by lease or sale, rightfully exacts from those who desire to acquire it some compensation for the special privilege thus obtained. This is fair to those obtaining the privileges as well as to those who do not care to have them, and yet have an interest therein as citizens of the State.

The same principle is applicable to the game, for if left to the unrestrained desire of the few they alone will be benefited, and that temporarily only, as it will soon be gone.

Those opposed to game laws are either selfish or short-sighted. A widespread but altogether erroneous idea has prevailed that game laws are for the benefit of the rich. This is more or less true as to older European countries, as there the land on which the game is is all privately owned, and on it the non-owner has no right to go. This practically gives a game monopoly to the landed proprietor. This is the origin of the prejudice against all game laws, and is an English idea. The very reverse is true in this country, where nearly all the game is on public land, on which all have an equal right to go, and the average man has the same opportunity as the rich one to kill game while it lasts. If game would last without protection no laws would be needed. But as it will not, its protection is more in the interest of the average man and the poor man than the rich, for the reason that when game is scarce or gone in any particular locality the rich sportsman can board a train and go to British Columbia, Alaska or further, where game is abundant, while the poor man, when his local game is gone, has neither the time nor means to go where it is. This is obvious, and it is also true as to laws prohibiting the marketing of game, as it is already so high as to be beyond the reach of the average man. The only remedy left for him is the protection and preservation of game in every locality where it exists, that he may have it within reach, and he, above all others, should not object to paying a nominal sum for a license the principal purpose of which is to restrain and identify the market-hunter, rather than to burden the legitimate sportsman.

These licenses are not issued by justices of the peace, but by the commissioner or a county clerk, and are all furnished by the commissioner, numbered and having his facsimile signature thereon, and on each coupon, so that there is no chance for counterfeiting or duplicating. All unused licenses, with a report of those issued, to be returned to the commissioner at the close of the season.

I believe this license feature to be worth more for the protection of game against illegal slaughter than anything yet devised, and that it will before long be universally adopted. The opposition to it comes chiefly from unreasoning prejudice or the game hog. The bill referred to does not discriminate against the non-resident as to cost of license, as I believe such discrimination unfair and of doubtful validity. Instead, it provides a small export fee, which touches the non-resident only in case of success in hunting and a desire to take game out of the State, and this, I think, no one will object to.

2. The permission for cold storage of game. The opposition to this will come from the sportsmen. Not, however, from selfish motives, but from an honest belief that it will furnish an avenue for the illegal sale of game.

As game laws now are, this would be true, but it is not true in connection with the license feature. Every coupon bears the date of killing, the name of the licensee and the number of his license. The sale of domestic game being prohibited, the storage must necessarily be for the person who killed the game or his gratuitous donee, and it can never be very difficult to ascertain who the storage is for. Besides, as there are but three coupons to each license and the coupon must remain with the carcass of a quadruped until prepared for

consumption, there is little chance for using one twice, and detection forfeits game and license as well, and renders the party punishable. The limiting to three animals leaves no margin of profit to a market-hunter.

As to birds and fish, they can only be stored, in the first instance, during the open season and for five days thereafter when presented by one lawfully in possession. If it is desired to continue them in storage after that, application to the commissioners and satisfactory proof must be made of lawful possession and storage permit obtained for a longer period to be therein named. The person for whom the storage is allowed is also named in the permit. The chance for unlawfully killed game to be held in storage without detection is thus reduced to a minimum, while at the same time a fair opportunity is afforded the lawful sportsman to utilize his kill.

As most game laws now are, a man who kills a deer the last day of the season must swallow it whole that night, as he can neither lawfully ship or have it in possession the next morning, and five days' leeway, as some laws allow, is insufficient to permit lawful consumption.

As a matter of right, I think one who lawfully kills game should be allowed full opportunity to utilize it as he may desire and when he desires, if such privilege can be given without impairing the efficiency of game protection, and this, I believe, can be done under this bill.

3. The private propagation of game and fish. Believing that this should be encouraged as perhaps necessary for the final salvation of the game and fish, and in any event a meritorious business, the bill contains provisions allowing wild game and fish to be procured upon permits issued by the commissioner, and kept in parks and lakes for propagation and sale under restrictions.

4. Taxidermists are required to procure licenses, as through their hands passes a large proportion of the hides and heads of unlawfully killed game. They are forbidden to receive or mount any specimen of a game quadruped not having a hunting license coupon attached, and the coupon must remain attached to the specimen.

D. C. BEAMAN.

The California Fish Commission have written to Mr. Beaman regarding the measure prepared by him: "It is certainly the most comprehensive measure for the protection of game that we have seen. It seems to be flawless. We wish our people were advanced enough to adopt it. It is too advanced even for many of our hunters—all of whom style themselves 'sportsmen,' and many of whom are out for every feather in sight. However, they must all come to it, and we must continue the campaign until your measure is the law of the land. Let us pray that that may be before all our game has gone. We shall watch your fight in Colorado with interest. We wish you success."

Moose and White Sheep Trophies.

WM. W. HART & Co. have received a remarkable shipment of game heads from the Cook's Inlet country of Alaska. It includes the heads, horns and scalps of twenty-two moose, nineteen sheep and one caribou, as well as the skins of two sheep for mounting entire. The moose were all old bulls. The horns are unusually massive, and range in spread from 4ft. to 70in. Each set has interesting individual peculiarities, and some of them are very remarkable. One head has three distinct horns, two on one side and one on the other. The single antler has ten points, while of the other two, which lie in horizontal planes a few inches apart, the first has nine points and the second seven. The freak may perhaps be described as a doubling of the antler on the left side of the head. The beam shows indications of branching soon after leaving the skull, but the actual bifurcation does not commence till a distance of 10in. is reached. At this point the horn separates into two perfect palmated blades, of the normal type.

Some of the horns exhibit the fluted form which is a peculiarity of Alaska specimens, and one set is remarkable from the fact that the outer half of the blade bends vertically upward at right angles with the other part of the horn. Some of the shell-like hollows in the blades would hold several quarts of water. Many of the horns have another peculiarity which distinguishes them from Eastern moose, in that the first brow tines are frequently divided into two or more points. In one set the single tine branches into four points at its extremity. The horns and cleaned skulls are intact, and the skulls have not been split for convenience in shipping. The sets in this form are very heavy, and are estimated to weigh from 75 to 100lbs. apiece. The size and strength of the bulls carrying these antlers must have been prodigious, and the size is further attested by the length of the scalps, which measured from nose to brisket run from 5 to 6ft. in length. The scalps are all decidedly gray in color, and this is another distinguishing characteristic of the great Alaska moose.

The caribou in the collection has long slender antlers, similar to the European reindeer. The resemblance is so marked that it is just possible the head may have come from one of the domesticated reindeer imported by the United States Government, to be used in carrying supplies to the destitute miners on the Yukon. These caribou were last seen near the mouth of the White River in December, after their overland journey from the coast. The Laps who accompanied the herd reported that they had been obliged during the summer of 1898 to take a circuitous route, keeping near the summits of the highest ranges in order to escape the flies, and also to procure the kind of moss required for the caribou's sustenance. A large proportion of the herd had died, and it was conclusively proved that the reindeer were a dismal failure as regards the purpose for which they were imported. When last seen they were drawing sleds, though a miner who reported having met the herd earlier in the season said they were then carrying packs. This man came very near shooting one of the reindeer, thinking they were wild animals, and it seems very likely that some have wandered off and were killed by hunters.

The sheep in the collection are very beautiful specimens. The horns have a waxy whiteness very different from the dull brown of the Rocky Mountain big horn, and they are very long and very slender in comparison. The curve is more complete, and many of the horns make

something more than a complete revolution, and point toward the tail of the animal, instead of toward its nose.

No measurements have as yet been taken of the horns, but the length as a general thing appears to exceed that of the average Rocky Mountain sheep. The white hair contrasts well with the buff of the common sheep, and the sportsman who can hang the two heads side by side has trophies of which he may well be proud. One of the Alaskan black sheep found further south about the Stikkeen would add still more to the effect of the collection.

J. B. B.

The Lacey Bill.

National Game Reservations.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Feb. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* If I may be allowed the space in your columns I would like to reply as well as I can to Mr. Childress' question in regard to where the Fish and Game Commission proposed in Mr. Lacey's bill would obtain live wild birds for breeding purposes. But even if the Commission could do nothing in this way I do not admit that all further consideration of the bill would be idle, for I would put at least one of the other ways in which the Commission could assist in the work of game protection ahead of it in practicability and in promise of successful results.

It is safe to say that there will be people willing to engage in the work of capturing live birds if they can obtain reasonable compensation for doing so. This is an art that has not been much practiced in this country, although it is carried on to a considerable extent in some other parts of the world. I do not anticipate the Commission would find it impossible to obtain enough of the North American varieties that there is any prospect of propagating in this way. Among our native birds this list is not a long one, but there are certainly some foreign kinds that would make valuable game birds if introduced into the right localities. What species these are, and where to introduce them, can only be determined by experiment. Living birds of a number of foreign kinds can certainly be purchased. Neither do I see why any of the States should wish to put any obstacles in the way of the Commission, which does not propose to usurp any of their powers, and would work toward the same end as their own game laws. From some of the States it might receive much assistance, and I think a large majority would so modify their laws that its authorized agents could obtain what birds it needed for breeding purposes, by the time it got ready to undertake the work. Hostility or indifference to game laws is usually caused by unwillingness to submit to any personal inconvenience or deprivation, or to incur expense, rather than because they would not like to have the game preserved from extinction. Mr. Childress only weakens the effect of his objections to the bill, which have a reasonable basis, when he supports them by others, which on the face of them are purely imaginary. Where, for instance, is the State so jealous of its rights that it will not allow the national Government to liberate game birds within its territory? No doubt some States would neglect or even refuse to give them proper protection, but when this proved to be the case the Commission would distribute its favors elsewhere.

I would like to say a little more about game reservations, by means of which the proposed Fish and Game Commission could probably do more than in any other way, and without interfering with any State laws.

Now, the word reservation probably calls to the mind of many people something like the Yellowstone Park, covering a large extent of territory requiring a large force of wardens or troops to guard it, and entirely incompatible with the thickly settled condition of the greater part of our country. But I think what is wanted for the preservation of feathered game is not a small number of large reservations, but a large number of exceedingly small ones. When we set one apart for the protection of such wildfowl as ducks and geese, there is no sense in including a large area of upland pasture or dry woods or brush. Only the pond or marsh where the birds are found need be set aside, or if it is a large one only the part of it they most frequent, with enough of the banks of the same to prevent their being disturbed. If there is any money left over it would be far better to spend it on another somewhere else, rather than add land which the birds will not inhabit. One man could generally look after such a preserve, and on account of their small size many of them could be set aside in various parts of the country, including the thickly settled States. Such a plan would help to increase the amount of game in several ways, and would fulfill some requirements that game laws alone never can. Some of the reservations, especially in the northern part of the country, would afford suitable and safe breeding places, of which the birds would soon begin to take advantage. Others would furnish resting and feeding grounds during the migrations—places that they can hardly find in many sections—and this, more than the fear of being shot, leads them to avoid these regions.

I would expect a great deal of good from such a system of reservations, and would be glad to know if any one has any other scheme, short of an absolute close time for a number of years, by which the migratory birds that have abandoned part of their former range would have any chance of being restored (I believe this is one of the phrases in Mr. Lacey's bill) to their former haunts.

In regions where there are few suitable places for water birds, either on account of the natural features of the country or because of the changes that man is responsible for, it would often be possible by building a small dam to partially flood some stretch of ground that is now too dry for the birds, but too wet to be of much use otherwise, and thus make an ideal place for them, and at very small cost. I freely admit, however, that if the reservations were not established in just the right sort of places they would do no good at all.

The suggestion of the editor of FOREST AND STREAM that the State Governments might establish reservations as well as the national Government is a good one. I certainly hope they will do so. But I hope that this

possibility will not lead any one to think the undertaking superfluous, or to shut their eyes to the fact that the probability of the States carrying it out to the extent that it needs to be carried, or with regard to anything but their immediate and local interests, is exceedingly remote. Only a few at most of the States would do anything about it at all, and the reservations would consequently not be so distributed over the country that the birds would get protection at the times and places they most need it. Probably the States where reservations could be placed to the best advantage to the country as a whole would not be the ones to take any interest in the matter. People have not yet got over the old notion that ducks or plover and snipe, or even woodcock, can be permanently protected by the same methods that partridges or rabbits can. Let me emphasize once more the fact that in the case of migratory birds our methods of protection fail if they cannot maintain the total number of individuals that migrate through our territory or visit it at certain seasons of the year. Mere local increase means very little, probably only that for some reason the birds have been drawn away from some other section. Moreover, State reservations would continually be tampered with by the Legislatures, which never let well enough alone. They would be an important addition to a system under control of the national Government, though not a substitute for it.

In conclusion I will mention that I spoke of the interstate commerce law, not because it has anything to do with the Lacey bill, but as a case where the national Government assumed a power it had long allowed the States or individuals to exercise, because they had used it to the disadvantage of the residents of other States.

The question of the limitations of the power of the national Government would not enter into anything the proposed Fish and Game Commission would do. There would be no occasion for their authority clashing with that of the States, and on reservations owned or leased by the Government they could forbid trespassing just as any private individual can on his own lands.

W. G. VAN NAME.

PHILADELPHIA.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The communication of Mr. Frederic Irland, in *FOREST AND STREAM* of Feb. 18, on the "Lacey Game Bird Bill," impressed me as being a presumption either on the lack of information on the part of your readers, or a lack of information on the part of Mr. Irland.

He cites the London Field or any other English sporting paper for columns of advertising of pheasants' eggs, partridges, etc.

Mr. Irland forgot to mention that English estates are mostly entailed; that the shooting rights of these estates are vested in individuals; that each estate has its crew of keepers, whose duties are to breed the game, protect it from vermin and poachers, train the dogs, etc., and that their fitness for the task is the training of years.

It is true that the restocking of covers in England "is a recognized, common, perfectly-successful industry."

As to England, however, it is a private industry. The Government of that country, wise in its way, does not meddle with matters which do not concern it.

Now, considering the industry as it exists, they can only breed such birds as can be raised in domestication, or semi-domestication. All the efforts which have been made in this country to raise the ruffed grouse and quail in domestication have proved to be total failures. In captivity the birds are barren. If their eggs are hatched by a common barnyard fowl, the chicks are so wild from the start that they cannot be domesticated.

Now, will Mr. Irland be so good as to explain the bearing of his reference to the rearing of pheasants by private enterprise in England, and the rearing of quail, ruffed grouse, woodcock, snipe, etc., in America by the United States Government?

He says also: "If you ride from Washington in any direction into Maryland or Virginia in the spring, you are amazed to see the countless thousands of young domestic poultry. They crowd the mother instinct of the hen very hard in this region, and often give one broad-breasted old clucker thirty-five or forty chickens to hover and rear. I believe it would be easy, in time, to have the country swarm with game birds to nearly the same degree."

Those chickens swarm because they are private property. No property owners would permit game to swarm as do the chickens, for it requires a vast amount of food to supply them. But it would be a great field for the furnishing of jobs to men who itch for public money.

To show that the partridges of England do not run about as do the domestic hens of Maryland, and that there is an infinity of care required to successfully raise even a few, I ask your permission, Mr. Editor, to present a clipping, taken from the London Field of recent date, in respect to the rearing of grouse. Other game requires quite as much care in its raising. It is as follows:

In the first place, it is very necessary to have quiet and reliable hens, to save both trouble and disaster after the chicks are hatched, as they are very fragile, and easily trampled and killed. The grouse eggs should be taken—when you are taking them on your own moor—after they have been incubated some time, and then placed under the hens, which latter ought to have been brooding some time, so that there will be no fear of their giving up before the eggs are hatched. It is needless to say that each nest of eggs must be kept separate, and put under a hen, and that there must be no mixing of eggs of different nests.

While sitting, the hens must be duly and regularly attended to as regards both food and water, and taken off the nests for exercise, seeing that they do not remain off too long. When the eggs are hatched, leave the chicks under the hen undisturbed for at least twenty-four hours, and in the meantime have your coops—which ought to be amply large, with a sliding grid door in front—got ready. These want placing on a flag or board on short heather, seeing that no vermin can get in, as weasels or stoats will make short work of them. A flag too ought to be put in front of the coop to feed on, with a large shallow saucer with a few pebbles in the water; this latter ought to be changed several times a day. In addition to these, a small run ought to be made, with each coop, of three boards, say, 11 in. deep, the run to be 8 ft. or 10 ft. long.

This is to keep the young grouse from rambling too far away from the hen, and being lost, which they would be apt to do. This run has to be kept going until the grouse can fly—say in about fourteen days—when the boards can be moved. The coops and runs must be moved on to fresh ground at least every twenty-four hours, and the flags or boards frequently cleaned, for on this cleanliness in a great measure depends the health of the birds, and the success in rearing them.

The young birds, as soon as they get on to the heather, begin to pick it, but, in addition, the keeper ought to have some coarse ground oatmeal, and give some to them on the flag in front of

the coop several times a day, at fixed times, but more particularly at the last feed at night, say about 5 o'clock, calling them with a gentle whistle; they can then be put into the coop and shut up. They are then always ready for their food, and soon get to know the times to come, and are generally there within a few minutes of the time, if not already waiting. This more particularly applies after they have the free run of the ground, but if you wish them to be tame, and come to the call, you must go on, even after they are fully grown, for if they are left out even one night their natural instinct comes back, and the probabilities are they will never come near again. On the other hand, if properly looked after in feeding regularly, and shut up every night, you can keep them tame an indefinite period. Our keeper has kept them for two years, when they have had nests and brought up young broods. He has had as many as sixty tame ones at once, and at his call would come and perch on his outstretched arms and head, and follow him all over the moor, walking after him as well as they could, and, as he left them, flying and alighting at his feet again, which of course is very interesting.

In reference to the food, the oatmeal, after the chicks are, say, a week to ten days old ought to be mixed with a little water and given in pellets; later on, oats can be given. There is, I need not say, a good deal of trouble attached to hand-rearing grouse, and unless the keeper—or whoever looks after them—is prepared and willing to meet this trouble, and devote a good deal of time to the young birds, it is better not to begin with them, as it would only bring about a lot of disappointment to those most interested, through failing to do what was required to bring about ultimate success, which can be obtained if proper precautions are taken.

Nevertheless I cannot imagine any better office than that of looking after one or two hens at a salary of say \$2,000 or \$3,000 a year. If those hens and chickens which so enliven the perspective in Maryland and Virginia were raised at Government expense, the pension fund would be a mere trifle in comparison with the cost of poultry raising. After all, a comparison of a private industry in England as a Government function in America is very far fetched.

L. A. CHILDRESS.

Pheasant Rearing.

From the report of Fish and Game Protector Hollister D. McGuire, Fish and Game Protector of Oregon.

OREGON has always been a sportsman's paradise, but nothing has contributed so largely to spreading its fame in this particular as the Mongolian pheasant, the king of game birds.

Our State being the first place on the American continent to become stocked with these pheasants, has had the effect of advertising us with the sportsmen all over the United States. No other section of the country has succeeded as yet in establishing them, although great effort and considerable money have been expended by a number of States in an attempt to do so. Hundreds of pheasants have been shipped out of this State to nearly every section of the Union. Some of the game commissioners of other States report birds imported from Oregon as doing well and gradually increasing.

Many, in their communications, express astonishment at the statement published in my last report that 10,000 Mongolian pheasants were sold in the markets of Portland last year during the one month (Oct. 15 to Nov. 15) that market sales of upland birds is permitted under our laws. The immense slaughter of the pheasants for market has aroused a strong sentiment favoring the prohibition entirely of market sales. Of course, this proposition will meet with strong opposition from those who do not own a gun and never go afield to hunt the wary ring-neck, but have, nevertheless, learned to look forward to a month of feasting on this toothsome game bird, and will strenuously object to being deprived of their accustomed annual feast.

The demand for Mongolian pheasants for propagating purposes in other States has steadily increased since the enactment of the law in 1895 permitting them to be shipped out of the State, the demand at present being greater than the supply, as only birds bred and raised in confinement can be lawfully in possession or held for shipment. Since the increased demand for these birds for exporting purposes, complaints have come to this office that parties were engaged with dogs trained for the purpose in running down and capturing young birds. One party was reported as having captured nearly 100 young birds in this manner, which were afterward raised in confinement and shipped out of the State as fully domesticated birds. Since my attention was called to this I have changed the form of affidavit and now require the applicant for permit to swear that the birds for shipment were bred and raised in confinement, and by whom. Every application for permit is closely scrutinized and satisfactory evidence required of the shipper that the birds are entitled to shipment before permit is issued.

The correspondence in connection with the exportation of pheasants has grown enormously, much of it coming from other States. Nearly every shipment requires a letter explaining the law. A blank affidavit is furnished, and when this is properly executed and returned to this office, if found satisfactory, the permit is forwarded to the person desiring to make the shipment.

The breeding of these birds for exportation has become quite an industry, and as the birds readily sell for \$5 per pair, bring into the State no inconsiderable sum of money. Very few have been successful in breeding these birds in confinement, however. It seems that they require special care in feeding and handling during the first two weeks after hatching. Many who attempt pheasant breeding give up in despair, as the chicks all die frequently before they are two weeks old. A great many letters have come to this office inquiring as to the method necessary to be employed to successfully breed and raise these birds in confinement. Realizing that reliable information on this subject would be of much interest to those desiring to engage in pheasant raising, I addressed a letter to Miss Jennie Griffith, of Clymer, Marion county, Oregon, who is recognized as the most extensive and successful breeder of the ring-necked pheasant in the State, as well as an acknowledged authority on the subject, asking her to contribute an article for publication in this report on the subject of breeding and rearing pheasants. Miss Griffith very kindly acceded to my request, and the thorough and extensive description of the method employed by herself in the breeding of pheasants, herewith appended, is a valuable contribution on the subject, and should certainly be a guide to those who desire to breed these beautiful birds, either for profit or pleasure:

Care and Propagation in Confinement of the Denny or Ring-Neck Pheasant.

"The phenomenal increase of the twenty-eight ring-neck pheasants which Hon. O. N. Denny in 1881 intro-

duced into the Willamette Valley has attracted attention throughout the continent. They have proven to be an ideal game bird, and although shooting methods are no longer crude, there is little, if any, fear of their becoming extinct. These pheasants, ever alert, with the advent of the shooting season, develop, to a remarkable degree, the instinct of self-preservation. They never flush toward the gunner, and have learned to suspect him and his dog, but will scarcely rise to avoid a carriage and team. The marksman must be skilled and prepared to do quick and long-range shooting. So wary is this pheasant, the approaching sportsman is noticed before he gets within shooting range; the bird is quick to select a furrow as a screen, which it follows on a run until too closely pressed by dog and gunner, it leaves the furrow, usually at right angle, for a possible covert among fern or stubble. If forced to flush, the saucy cry of alarm or whirr of wings as it swiftly flies from the danger marks the supreme moment of pleasure of the sportsman, who has had his pulses stirred with excitement throughout the chase. The majestic bearing and wealth of plumage of the ring-necked cock cannot be imagined by narrative description, and the delicious flavor of his flesh must be tasted to be appreciated. It is not too much to say that visiting marksmen who possess the true instinct of the sportsman, and have enjoyed a day's shooting in this valley, will never be satisfied until their own preserves and fields are well stocked with these festive game birds. Even now there is a great demand for these pheasants. As the game laws of this State require said pheasants to be fully domesticated—raised in confinement and kept for propagation and exhibition purposes if permit to ship from the State is granted—the successful breeders of these enclosed birds find it a profitable source of income. That the new industry may sooner be established, the following helps are respectfully submitted.

"The two essentials are: Properly constructed aviaries and feeding. The former, although easily managed, is more generally neglected.

Aviaries.

"Elaborately arranged, expensive aviaries are not a necessity and may prove objectionable if they prevent the occasional choosing of a new situation. Any plan of aviary which is spacious, well-lighted, clean, thoroughly ventilated, screened from enemies and erected on sloping or well-drained grounds is acceptable; I prefer aviaries tightly boarded on all sides. Such walls protect the birds from drafts and they, wild by nature, enjoying greater seclusion, are more contented. Wire netting, 2 in. mesh, as a roof admits sufficient light and ventilation. If the walls are but 6 ft. high the flight of a frightened bird will not be serious. Avoid frightening the pheasants by giving them one attendant who will announce his approach, and by providing numerous coverts; shrubs planted in the runs are ornamental and permanent; evergreen boughs also are excellent for this purpose.

"Dryness under foot is important, and any mud after copious rains should be kept down by a liberal supply of clean straw. In providing shelter, I build several sheds along the walls—broad enough to afford at all times dry earth. As the pheasants enjoy a dust bath (and should insect vermin infest them such bath is a necessary requisite) wood ashes are added to the dry earth beneath the sheds. Give them sufficient space in proportion to number. Numerous short perches are better than one or two long ones, as the most pugnacious often commands an entire perch.

"A supply of gritty matter and some lime should be thrown in the runs. Thoroughly cleanse and sweeten the ground of old aviaries by spading, and place the birds in duplicate apartments long enough for freshly sown seeds to form a sod. This rotation is most necessary unless the aviary is very large.

Feeding of Stock Birds.

"The quantity of food is best determined by the appetites of the birds. It is a good plan to remain a half-hour or longer with them, throwing out the food in such moderation as to induce a scramble for the tidbit, as they prefer to search for their food. Conceal some in the grass, vegetable leaves or clean straw, and note their eagerness in picking it up. Cease the supply as soon as they show the slightest indifference to it, as overfeeding is a source of disease, and fat hens never lay so well as those kept in a hard, muscular condition. Great care should be taken that the grounds the pheasants are fed upon are clean. The vessels containing the drinking water must also be clean and should be placed in the shade. Keep the pheasants supplied with fresh water. The active, restless nature of the 'Denny' or ring-neck pheasant is an advantage to the breeder, as exercise promotes health, and such bad habits as egg-eating and feather plucking are rarely established. Occupation is more easily devised and their lives less monotonous than those of many other birds kept in limited space. Owing to their active lives they more readily assimilate stimulating and concentrated foods. At a regular early hour in the morning they should be given some quickly digested soft food. Avoid stickiness. Ground oats, cracked wheat, stale bread, cooked potatoes, boiled eggs, curd, etc., may be used constantly with advantage. Do not mix meals with water or milk, as the soft food thus concocted is too sticky for pheasants. These birds are insatiable in their desire for animal food and some should be given two or three times a week. When insects are scarce, boiled beef or mutton finely chopped and mixed with crackers, wheat or meal is recommended. If supplied at the regular feeding hours, tends to make the birds dissatisfied with the other foods. I therefore suggest the animal food to be given at the noon hour. When berries and fruits in season, green food and fresh water suffice. An hour before dusk feed grain. Wheat and oats may be fed at any season; sunflower seeds, peas, corns and buckwheat are added from time to time; the quantity during cold weather may be slightly increased. Grain in the sheaf is the best preparation. It should be borne in mind that birds are thiriest when frequent changes in food are provided, and every pheasant breeder is repaid for the care and trouble in procuring a variety of wholesome foods. A daily supply of as much green food as the birds will eat is indispensable to thrifty growth. It should be fresh. When garden waste is scarce green sods will be found good substitutes; the birds

will in their persistent search for insects tear these sods to shreds with their beaks.

Mating and Breeding.

"The aviary containing the stock birds should be situated in a quiet spot, separated and apart from those holdings birds for shipment, where they may be undisturbed when orders are being filled. These pheasants are polygamous, and eggs collected from yards containing four or five hens and one cock are strongly fertilized. The sooner they are mated the better. If they have been removed from some other run, should be placed in the breeding yards at least a month before the breeding season begins, as they must have time to accustom themselves to their new surroundings. The early hatched chicks are the easiest reared, and each thrifty hen lays sixty or more eggs, beginning April 1. In selecting the stock birds avoid inbreeding and choose well grown pheasants, alert in style and free from deformity. Keep all of your birds full-winged. A rank growth of grass, affording seclusion, encourages the laying in nests. No other laying accommodations may be provided; this wanting, they drop their eggs promiscuously in the yard. They should be daily collected and placed under domestic hens for incubation. During five years' experience I have possessed but one pheasant hen sufficiently tame to trust with a setting of eggs. This especial pet hatched and raised her brood in confinement.

Management of the Setting Hen.

"Always select a tame, broody hen—I consider one with smooth legs and of light weight best. Unless the hen has chosen a quiet, suitable position, secure from interruption, at dusk place her on the trial nest which has been previously arranged in one corner of a roomy coop. Form the nest by securing a turf about 5 in. thick, which, with the grassy side upward, fit into a shallow box and beat the turf into a saucer-shaped hollow; some soft oat straw is last added. Give the hen trial eggs for a day, as she will build and form this nest to her shape and the risk of breakage is thus reduced. Never neglect to free the hen from body vermin. Provide her with food and water, as the eggs are small and easily chilled. During the time the hen is feeding examine the nest and if any eggs are broken they should be removed; should other eggs have become dirty in consequence, or from any other cause, wash them in warm water and afterward wipe them dry. The pheasant eggs are generally fertile and require about twenty-four days for incubation. I have used eighteen eggs as a setting.

Rearing the Chicks.

"When the pheasant chicks are thoroughly dry carefully remove the hen and brood to another roomy coop placed on short grass, with some dry chaff in the corner most protected from cold winds. During unusually severe weather special methods of shelter should be adopted. So construct your coop as to allow the chicks their freedom from the first, but do not frighten them by remaining near to admire or attend them. They are active and wary, and at one signal of alarm from the hen I have known them to scatter and creep through the grass beyond sight or recall. Many have been the disappointments of keepers over solicitous who have searched in vain for these wee birds. If they had retired, the inquiring call of 'chee' from the hidden chick would have soon been heard. The hen's cluck, which they learn in the nest, is the one note to which they will at this stage respond; then leave them undisturbed for twenty-four hours.

"Every two hours for the first week I placed a little hard-boiled egg, bruised small with a fork and mixed with cracked wheat, about and in front of the coop, and leave the hen to teach them to eat. As they grow they should be fed at gradually increased intervals, and curd, stale break crumbs and other grains may be added. Early in the season the chicks find insects among the grass and in the garden; when the range is exhausted some acceptable animal food should be procured for the birds too young to forage beyond the coops. Insects, as cutworms, grasshoppers or ants' eggs, are more eagerly eaten than cooked meats; either preparation should be mixed with the egg and cracked wheat, which I regard as the staple food for young pheasants.

"They will not thrive properly unless they have plenty of fresh, green food. As the season advances and the ground near the coops has been run over, I snip into small pieces with scissors dandelion and lettuce leaves; chickweed, onions, bulb and top, are also suitable. Give but little, if any, water the first three weeks. After this critical period, fresh water may be supplied two or three times a day. Never allow water to remain in the drinking basin, as sun heated water is often fatal to young pheasants by causing diarrhoea. Cleanliness is the best prevention of disease and cannot be too strongly urged. Use a certain call at each feeding. Group pheasants of a like age together, as some hens are cruel to birds belonging to other broods. When the birds are the size of quail they should be confined and may then be fed as the stock birds are.

"Handle these pheasants by the body, as their legs are easily broken. There is a satisfaction, aside from the money profit, enjoyed by successful breeders of these beautiful game birds."

Tallahassee Game Fields.

A RECENT letter from Judge R. C. Long reports that about Tallahassee the quail season is at its height, the supply of birds is good, and their condition excellent. Some Northern shooters are here. My little son, fifteen years old, at home from University of the South for his winter vacation, on Saturday, over an old (eight years) setter, found twelve beavies, and bagged nineteen birds out of twenty-six shots with a single-barrel .12 gauge Remington. Lesser scaup are here in great numbers, and in prime condition. They feed on a species of wild celery or Valisneria, growing on the bottoms of our deep freshwater lakes. Shooting them from "stands" along the passes and straits is very high order of sport, requiring grit and skill, and is much engaged in by our local shooters. They are just a little faster in flight than any other natural or any artificial target I have ever crooked a finger at.

Adirondack Deer and Hounds.

THE ADIRONDACKS, Feb. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Although not a subscriber to your valuable paper, I read it frequently, and am an ardent admirer of the high ideals at which it aims, and the true sportsmanlike ring to its articles from the sincere pen; yet I cannot refrain from replying in part to a recent contributor to its columns (Mr. J. H. Woodward) in an article written in the interests of deer protection in the Adirondacks. In the main his sentiments are mine, though I cannot wholly agree with him on the question of hounding. Even though he has spent twelve consecutive seasons within the North Woods—I assume a few weeks each time—yet I think one to be thoroughly and intelligently conversant with the deer question must be an absolute resident, being in constant touch with guides and natives and in consequence thoroughly able to treat the situation in an impartial manner. Owing to ill health, I have been obliged to live steadily in the Adirondacks for ten years past, having resided in that portion near Paul Smith's and the Saranacs, and I am personally acquainted with nearly every guide within a radius of fifteen miles.

There is not the slightest doubt that the anti-hounding law has done and is doing more to protect and thereby cause a decided increase of our Adirondack deer than any measure that could ever be adopted; it is already manifest in the two years it has been in force. I thoroughly appreciate the feelings of Mr. Woodward when he refers to the sagacity and true hunting qualities of the hound, to say nothing of the excitement that is ever present when one is anxiously waiting on a watch ground, straining every nerve to catch even a faint sound of the approaching dog, giving tongue on a fresh track. All of this sounds very "sporty," but even our noble hound must be "called down" occasionally, and not have it all his own way. St. Lawrence county is an admirable illustration of what a non-hounding law will accomplish if permitted to remain in force a while. The above section is infested with deer, and if a sportsman comes to this vicinity in quest of this game and engages a guide for this purpose, he is invariably taken to or near the limits of St. Lawrence county. And yet, in the face of this indisputable evidence, if this same guide is approached concerning his opinion on the deer law, in nine cases out of ten he will support hounding, when at the same time they all know that, if permitted, it will in the near future annihilate our deer.

Deputy game protectors are lax; in a great number of instances they will break the law as quick as a would-be sportsman, or in other cases, if one finds that the culprit whom he is after proves to be a neighbor or friend whose ill-will he does not wish to incur, of course the case is not pressed, and so it goes. I fear space would not admit, but there are other points I would like to touch upon and lay before your readers in an impartial light. However, in conclusion I would say that after all still-hunting is the only mode that appeals to the true sportsman, in this that the deer has an equal chance; but it is the height of absurdity to contend that in hounding the deer has the same chance as the dog. If you want to hear the melodious voice of your hound put him on a fox track or turn him loose in a rabbit swamp; but spare the deer and enable our North Woods to enjoy the reputation accorded it for years in offering superior inducements to the sportsman.

J. THOMSON GALE.

Shooting from the Hip.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Among the very pleasant features of your paper is the opportunity of exchanging views, queries and yarns. It may be (fish or otherwise), with our brother disciples of the ash or steel from all over this vast sporting world. I was very much amused by the very emphatic demonstration of our old friend and versatile writer Didymus on the hip position in game shooting. He says he has shot with nearly as many men as our great character delineator Fred Mather has fished with, and "never met with more than one instance of a bird being killed in that way," and intimates that that was an accident. Well, he has not seen everything in the shooting field by a long shot. There are several hip shooters, that shoot that way and no other, and they are good shots too.

Some forty years ago, when I was much younger than now, and was considered a fair wing shot, there appeared in our village, away up in the Chenango Valley (Madison county, N. Y., to be more explicit), a little wiry Englishman—Stringen, I think, was his name. He had been gamekeeper or assistant to one for some English lord over the water. Whew! the oldest inhabitant had never seen or heard the like of this extraordinary being. He cleaned up the grouse (partridges we called 'em) for miles and miles around; and he always shot from the hip; said he never shot any other way. He was an indefatigable walker, as well as more than excellent marksman.

One day, upon descending the hills to the flats after a day's tramp (he had five grouse, I one), I thought if I could get him among the snipe or meadow larks in open ground I could do him, or at least hold my own. We found no snipe, but struck a lot of larks. But, whew! I wasn't in it. It didn't seem to make much difference to him, far or near; he dropped them the same. "Long practice," he said, "in the turnip fields" had made him accurate on distances and elevation. And as Forrester says, "With the eye of faith and the finger of instinct" he let go and the birds almost invariably came to bag.

Killing from the hip an accident! Poh! Many a July woodcock, when I was a boy, have I shot in the thick brush without raising my gun from my side; and no later than a few years ago, up in the Pocono Mountains, as I was crawling through a laurel thicket, a cock grouse whirled up in front. I couldn't get my gun up on account of the tangled brush, but I gauged as well as I could as the bird towered, and he came down. I don't call that an accidental shot any more than if I had glanced along the barrel and been as successful.

I have no doubt there are many sportsmen, notwithstanding Didymus' very positive assertion calling it stuff,

who have made many successful attempts from the hip that were not chance. I have in my mind now a resident of Jersey City, one Richard Dyne, whom I regard as one of the best brush shots (on grouse more especially), barring neither John Henry Outwater nor Sam Castle, in the State; and that is saying a good deal. I know of his killing at least two grouse without raising his gun to his armpit; and I have little doubt that Sam Castle or Hen Outwater will own up to the same. But why run on so garrulously on so palpable a thing. Let Didymus start something about which he is better posted before he calls it stuff.

JACOBSTAFF.

Boston Sportsmen.

BOSTON, Feb. 18.—Quail shooting in the South is getting up a good name among Boston gunners who can find time and means to enjoy the sport. Harry B. Moore, of Boston, and Geo. C. Moore, of North Chelmsford, have hunted and fished together about as much as it is possible for two busy men to do. This year they again planned their fall outing for the South, and have just returned. They left Boston Jan. 19 for Hickory Inn, on the Southern Railway, between Salisbury and Asheville, N. C. Here they were met by Dr. French, one of Boston's best known gunners. They had seven or eight dogs, mostly pointers, of registered breeding, and most thoroughly trained. The Northerners were in charge of a guide thoroughly posted in that part of the country, and went quail shooting about every day. Still they did not shoot for numbers, for Dr. French was quick to call a halt when from eight to a dozen birds had been taken. They hunted mostly over ridges of cleared land, and Harry Moore says that it was worth the trip to see the dogs work. They could stand on one ridge and watch them work another. The weather was fine, with mercury registering about 60 in the middle of the day—not too warm. The dogs were very fast rangers, generally working in couples or trios, and the Boston gunners were particularly delighted with their careful pointing and steadiness, one dog never disturbing the point of another, but immediately coming into position too. In every case the hunters went forward and flushed the game, which they could not see, and often the birds would get up behind the gunner, requiring skill and practice to whirl and shoot in season.

After a few days of this delightful North Carolina weather and shooting there came a snowstorm, and this was the signal for packing the guns and starting for Florida. They visited St. Augustine, thence to Tallahassee, and thence over to Panacea Springs, near the Gulf Coast. Here they stopped to enjoy the shore bird shooting, which they found to be all that could be desired, especially snipe shooting, which birds they found in great variety. The weather was warm and this had started the ducks and geese north to some extent, though they had some shooting on that class of game. The inhabitants always tell strangers that there are no snakes in their particular section, especially in winter, but they do crawl out in the sun occasionally. The hunters were a good deal startled one day by the sudden jumping backward of the negro guide, as they were beating through the canebrake and saw palmetto. He pointed ahead, and there lay a big moccasin. It took only a charge of shot to settle him, but the boys were more on the alert afterward. Speaking of fireflies, there are doubtless some big ones on the Gulf Coast of Florida. One night there was a tremendous flashing in the canebrake and Harry Moore called the landlady of the house to see it. She allowed that there were many good-sized flies of that class there in the summer, but she had never seen one that made so much of a flash as that. She called to the principal darky man, Joe, to come and see it, and if possible to capture it for the Northern hunters to take home. Joe allowed that he had never seen anything like it, and shouted for the other negroes to come and help him catch it. They skipped about in the darkness as well as they could and tried to put their hats over where it was last seen. Each time it eluded them, and would flash in another place. All this time Harry Moore was calling to George Moore to come down stairs and see the firefly. At last it flashed directly in the face of the foremost negro and nearly blinded him. With a yell of fear he ran from the canebrake, followed by the others; the light flashing after them. By this time Harry Moore was nearly dead with laughter, and George, who was really in the canebrake with one of the new electric flash tubes in hand, was ready to join him. Those two hunters are always sure of some joke every time they go on a trip together. Since they got home Dr. French has sent each a beautiful specimen of Florida squirrel, to be mounted.

SPECIAL.

Mountain Parks.

MISTAKEN effort is pending in this State and at the national capital to open the mountain reserve parks to sheep pasturing. With the increase of Western population, the available ground for promiscuous feeding has been constantly shrinking, and the wool growers feel that it is but right to allow them the unoccupied meadow lands in the Government reserves.

Two weeks ago the Post-Intelligencer printed a very timely communication, setting forth the injury which sheep pasturing has wrought to the meadow lands of other States, and urging that the State of Washington be far-sighted enough to take care of its natural beauties while they are yet undamaged. There was much sentiment in the communication, but it was eminently wise on the whole and must have met with general approval.

The mountains are places for sentiment, and sentiment holds an indispensable place in the happiness of humanity. But there is something more than sentiment which inhibits the spoliation of places of wild nature. There is something in the congested life of modern municipal civilization that requires that districts unmarked with the aspects of artificial development be available. Lest man should become worn and coarse with the constant contemplation of his own works, it is necessary that he shall be able, when he so desires, to withdraw to a retreat where he can feel that the world and all that is in it takes care of itself independently of his effort, where, in

other words, he may rest with the pleasant consciousness of irresponsibility.

In the environment of nature's beauties man feels that there is some one beside himself to build his roof for him; some one, if it be only the grasses, to lay his walks and paths; and where the destructive human instinct has not revealed too long there is wild game upon which he may feed. There are purer waters in the streams, free for the mere dipping of them, than the best of mechanical means will enable him to pipe to his cities. There is oxygen and ozone to build up his system, instead of the drug. And there is indifference to dress, and variety and spontaneity of exercise.

But fill the parks with sheep, or hew the timbers away for profit, and the problems of our city life or the problems of our country homes will but be transferred to the scenes whither we go for rest. For sanitation's sake we shall find it necessary to sweep away the tracks of the sheep, to box up and pipe the springs; instead of taking water from the streams. For shade's sake and for art's sake we shall find it necessary to supplant the hewn timber with the trees and the shrubbery of artificial choice, and to apply the human mind to the fashioning of landscape and gardening where it had been so much better done by nature.

Against this the impulse to sequestration and rest makes a most natural outcry. We feel as if we wanted our parks as nature made them, unmarred by hoofs and untorn by the saw or the axe. We feel as if we wanted them in all their rough weirdness, shaped in that incomprehensible disorder in which earth maintains its beauty and baffles human imitation.

Something more than "Lower Gardens of Eden," as they have been called, are those mountain parks. They are places of beauty and of pleasure which never pass away. They are gardens where man may perpetually retreat and learn to value at its least the tree of knowledge at which he has so long feasted, and to value at its greatest the infinite fruits which yet remain untouched.

If we pasture our flocks upon them, what shall we gain? A few years' food, a few years of money from clean wool, and then—a barren field. Shall we sacrifice so much?—Seattle (Oregon) Post-Intelligencer.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

All about Hunting Knives.

CHICAGO, Ill., Feb. 11.—I am in receipt of considerable correspondence this week, which makes my desk look a good deal like the workshop of a trade paper. Much of this matter is of necessity of a trade nature, yet I consider it to be so interesting that readers of FOREST AND STREAM will be glad to see it. The hint to all manufacturers, whether of footwear, hunting knives, or anything else which sportsmen use, is so obvious that I should think they would need nothing further than to express their thanks and send their orders.

For instance, here is the matter of a hunting knife. Everybody has seen these long-bladed, sharp-pointed hunting knives which fill the cases in the sporting goods stores. This is something like the old Bowie knife model. I do not know who first conceived the thought that it would make a good sort of hunting knife. My experience is that you cannot skin anything with these knives, and that they break when you try to open a tin can with them. The chief fault with most hunting knives is that the blade is too long. The closer the point is to the handle of the knife, the better you can skin with it. All trappers know this. Their skinning knives are short-bladed. With a short blade and a curved point you can skin, and also cut about all you want to with a hunting knife. I bought a knife a while ago with a 5 in. blade and a round rubber handle, which is about the best thing in knives I have got hold of yet. It has no guard and the handle wedges tight in the sheath. It is so short that I can wear it horseback safely, and can sit down when I am at dinner with a friend without mussing my dress coat. It is not heavy, but is strong.

The following letter I have received from a firm at East Wilton, Me., and I take this means of answering it in the hope that other readers also will come forward with their ideas as to what a good hunting knife should be. There is a great variety of taste on these matters, and I think the firm will get some valuable information from suggestions which readers of FOREST AND STREAM are very apt to make. The communication is as below:

"In your article in FOREST AND STREAM, Jan. 21, pages 52-3, we note your reference to a knife presented you at Christmas time. We have, for a long time, had the manufacture of a strictly first class, up-to-date hunting knife in view, but we have been holding back because we could not seem to find a pattern which would give general satisfaction. We manufacture machetes, and our No. 15, 18 in. blade, is a dandy for all kinds of rugged work, but we hardly think it is an all-round article such as is demanded by sportsmen, and we are writing to ask if it will be encroaching too much upon your valuable time if we ask you to kindly give us a sketch, rough, on paper, of your ideal hunting knife, what its length, form and weight should be, and what style and quality of handle."

At a later time I may perhaps be able to evolve a knife, with the assistance of my friends. At present I should say the most useful knife for all-round purposes in hunting is a sheath knife, with a handle which offers a good grip, with a strong, straight blade, with a curved point which will serve for skinning. I should not think the blade ought to be over 5 or 6 in. in length, and the handle not over 4½ in. There should certainly be no guard on the handle. In the canebrakes of the South even to-day a bear is sometimes killed with a hunting knife, but this rarely happens and need not be figured on. It should be borne in mind that the hunting knife is not a fighting knife, but mostly an eating and whittling knife, and once in a while a skinning knife. It is not nowadays used very much in cutting up such large game as buffalo. You can skin and cut up an elk with a 5 in. blade if you know how, and you can cut up a deer with a pocket knife. Some of the best hunters use nothing larger than a pocket knife. It should be remembered that the perfect skinning knife is one with a curved blade, and the straight-blade hunting knife is a compromise.

When I go out for bear I usually have two little knives, a short skinning knife and a short hunting knife, and also a steel. This is only when I have on my war paint. When I want to travel a long way, and go light, I carry my little hunting knife and my little axe, which weighs a pound and will cut anything. Then I do not care where I am when night comes, and I can very well take care of anything I kill during the daytime.

The heavy Hudson Bay knife of which I have been writing lately is a cross between the axe and the little hunting knife. It is good for cutting wood, or cutting bones, or tin cans. You could skin a large animal with it if you had to, and you could whack off its ribs or its backbone. The main trouble about this knife is its great weight. Yet it weighs little more than my knife and axe together. Here is what Mr. D. H. Macgowan, of St. Paul, Minn., writes about the old Hudson Bay knife:

"I will tender no apology for addressing you on the Hudson Bay knife question. When I read your description of the pretty toy, and the manifold duties to which it might be applied, I hankered for one. Not that it was likely to be of any service to me, but my wife could utilize it for cutting button-holes, and the baby could play with it. The Land Commissioner of the H. B. C. ('Here before Christ,' the old-timers say the initials stand for) is an old friend of mine, and I wrote him in reference to the knife, describing it as a pup out of a Texan Bowie knife by a Cuban machete, and asking if they could still be obtained. He replied promptly, enclosing a sketch of the knife, which sketch I forward you herewith, that you may compare it with your weapon, and ascertain if they are similar. The price of the 'tickler' is only \$1, a great drop from the day when it brought twenty beaver skins. I enclosed my dollar, with shipping directions, and received the toothpick yesterday."

"Seeing in to-day's FOREST AND STREAM that a Mr. Scudder is after you for information about your cutlery, and that you have switched him off upon poor Mr. McChesney, who had trouble enough of his own without your bringing down on his devoted head an avalanche of letters from the FOREST AND STREAM family, from Dawson City to the Gulf of Mexico, I will, to lighten Mr. McC's burden, request you to inform all sportsmen with a taste for accumulating bric-a-brac of that description can now do so."

Mr. Macgowan's sketch shows this old knife to be identical with mine, 14 in. in length, with blade 9 in. in length. The blade is 2 in. wide, and ¼ in. thick on the back. The handle is 5 in. long, and has a heavy band of brass 1 in. in width, reinforcing the handle next to the blade. The knife has no guard. The handle is flat, but with a widening on the end which gives the hand a good grip, the under surface of the handle being slightly curved. The great beauty of this knife is its excellence of steel and its great strength and durability. I should say that it was better adapted to the past than to the present conditions of the country, though a most excellent implement for certain conditions of sport.

I offer the above, as I have remarked, chiefly in the hope that this may call out expressions of opinion from others of the FOREST AND STREAM family. There would probably be a market for a good hunting knife of the practical, useful-in-camp sort. We do not skin buffalo nowadays, we do not fight bears, and we do not carve our brothers-in-law, as we used to do not so very long ago. Of course, every one has heard of the Arkansas man, and I don't know but I have earlier referred to him, who remarked that his own brother-in-law was the "sweetest-cutting man he ever saw in his life. He cuts just like a pumpkin." It seems to me that the builder of a hunting knife should have reference not so much to the brother-in-law factor as to the opening of a can of sardines, the whittling of a box-lid, or the taking off of the skin of some animal less than 3 or 4 ft. long. I have found that my hunting knife makes an excellent paper knife also, and I suspect it of being used now and then in the paring of the domestic potato. Alas! such is life, and thus are changed the ways of the Wild West, into which erstwhile strode men with high boots and long, long knives.

All about Rubber Shoes.

I shall really, as a matter of self-defense, be obliged to ask some boot and shoe man to advertise my leather-topped rubber shoes. I see no reason why I should favor tradesmen who do not avail themselves of the privileges of FOREST AND STREAM's advertising columns, but I just take this method of thanking them all for their responses to my request for information on rubber shoes for my friend McChesney. A gentleman at St. Anthony Park, Minn., says: "Noting your inquiry in FOREST AND STREAM for rubbers, I can furnish them in 12 in. leather tops for \$3.25; 8 in. leather tops, \$2.75; 12 in. canvas tops, \$2." This is straight trade, and in justice to other customers of FOREST AND STREAM I must decline to give trade address.

Mr. H. J. Morgan, of Cambridge, Vt., says under date of Feb. 6: "The rubbers with leather tops which you desire have been sold this winter in one of the villages of our town, and if you will write to the address I give you can no doubt get the address of the house where they can be bought, should you not wish this firm to send them direct." I thank Mr. Morgan very much and enclose his letter, with others, to Mr. McChesney.

Mr. Macgowan, who was so good about the Hudson Bay knife, comes to me with the following information which he has dug up regarding my leather-topped rubbers. I have taken the liberty of sending also to Mr. McChesney the card enclosed with Mr. Macgowan's letter, which follows:

"I think I have found the rubbers you have been looking for so long. They are 'Gold Seal' lumberman's rubbers, leather tops, moccasin heels, and both soles and heels have heavy roll to protect from crust cutting. They carry two styles. One has 6 in. leather top with six lacing places, the other has 10 in. leather top with eleven laces. Retail prices, \$2.50 and \$3.50. I enclose firm's card, so that if you wish you can order direct; but if I can be of any use in making a selection for you don't hesitate to call on me. Will be pleased if I can be of any service to you."

(Respectfully referred to Mr. McChesney.)

Just to show there is no coldness, I would like also to

run the following letter from Mr. C. C. Jones, of Sandwich, Ill. Mr. Jones has discovered something of the same sort of thing that Mr. McChesney and myself have run across before now. He says:

"I notice that you are looking for a place to buy the special lumbermen's rubbers with grain leather tops, and am glad to inform you that in your town they are sold. I have cruised in all kinds of footwear, have run the gamut from buckskin moccasins to cavalry boots, but these rubbers, worn with good thick German socks, are the first and only shoes that I ever struck that I could call just right for still hunting in cool or cold weather. To almost every hunter of big game the problem of footwear is more difficult to solve than the rifle question, but these rubbers will cure insomnia for those who have been studying over what to wear for still-hunting work."

I shall have to stop on this rubber business before long, but must add the note from City Treasurer B. S. Phillips, of Eau Claire, Wis., who says under date of Feb. 8: "If you are still in the market for gold seal rubbers with leather tops, will say that if you will correspond with the local firm named you can get anything you desire in that line. I beg pardon for putting in my oar."

Referred to Mr. McChesney.

I am very much obliged to Mr. Phillips and to all the others above quoted. These things I submit as proofs of the extent and of the intelligence of the FOREST AND STREAM family. I started out quite a while ago to get my friend this pair of shoes, and I think I have now gotten so far as to be able to assure him that he need not go unshod.

Death of Colonel Sexton.

Col. James A. Sexton, Commander-in-Chief of the G. A. R., and a member of the War Investigating Commission, whose death occurred at Washington last week, was formerly concerned to considerable extent in the sportsmanship of this section. He was a prominent member of the old Cumberland Club, and stood high in the Councils of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association in the earlier days. His death is mourned by very many warm friends in this city.

Minnesota.

Mr. H. P. Jewell, of Wabasha, Minn., writes me that Warden Fullerton is having lots of trouble with the ice fishermen. He was tried at Wabasha under a suit brought by fishermen on the charge of malicious destruction of property. The suit came up last Friday and was postponed for two weeks after a hot session of several hours. Meantime all of Lake Pepin has blossomed out with spearing shanties, and the end is not yet in sight. Mr. Jewell offers some rather hard news about the quail crop, and I regret to say that it is likely this news may be duplicated from many sections of the West which have been visited by the late protracted spell of bitterly cold weather. It has been colder here in Chicago this week than at any time since 1872. It has frequently been mentioned in these columns that the quail are moving northward in the States of Wisconsin, Michigan and Minnesota. I have little doubt that they will eventually reach Lake Superior. Yet this change of habitat can never be permanent, for it must always be subject to severe winter weather, such as that we have lately been experiencing. About his birds Mr. Jewell remarks:

"There were more quails about here last fall than for twenty years back, but I am afraid the cold weather will be too much for them, for it has been unusually severe. My thermometer registered an average of 25 below zero at 8 A. M. for five consecutive days, and has not been above zero but a few hours for ten days. At the present writing it is 15 below. An acquaintance of mine picked up four dead quails out of the snow a short time ago, apparently frozen to death. This is a mighty bad omen."

Flight Coming North.

Already the ducks and geese are coming up from the South, close on the heels of the worst cold this country has known for twenty years. At Lake Senachwine and other Illinois River points there was a good flight on yesterday, including many geese and swans. Some of the Chicago boys have left to-day to see what they can do.

In Minnesota.

The ways of the market hunter are peculiar. I have already mentioned some of the ways in which the Illinois shippers evade the law, such as marking quails as "butter," sewing birds up inside rabbits, etc. It would seem that the Illinois market man is not alone in his weird imaginative powers, for out in Minnesota they also have ways that are vain. Mr. Fullerton, warden of that big and busy State, says in a recent personal letter:

"We have seized game in all manner of ways, in cars of wood and cars of hay; in butter tubs and egg cases, and as household furniture, and to-day we seized eight dozen partridges in a whisky barrel labeled whisky, and that, I think, was a new idea in the matter of shipments of game. They are giving me a lot of trouble down in Wabasha county in regard to the burning of some fish houses and nets. I burned forty pound nets and twenty fish houses, and they have sued me for arson, for malicious destruction of property and civilly for the value of the nets and houses. We would have been satisfied in just burning the stuff up if they had let us alone, but now we are going to prosecute each one of them so we will meet them halfway in the fight. Of course, I expect to defeat them in their suits against me, but it is rather disagreeable to have those suits pending."

"I think our new bill that we have called the 'conference bill,' because it was agreed upon in Chicago, is going to pass our Legislature, and it will be a good thing."

E. HOUGH.

1200 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Fox Squirrels.

A CORRESPONDENT wishes to know where fox squirrels may be found in numbers sufficient to make it worth while to hunt for them.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Zigzag Experiences.

IV.—A Luscious Meadow Lark.

Tempo—The sea fowl shooting season of a few years ago.

Dramatis Personæ—Two Massachusetts sportsmen of which the writer was one.

Scene—The shooting box of Captain Andrews situated on the coast of Virginia, south of Cape Henry, amid the vast regions of sand and water adjacent to the Atlantic Coast, where human habitations are few and far between, and where myriads of sea fowl make their winter home.

THE stress of weather prevailing during the early morning hours sent many visitors to our decoys at Shell Point and many a prized canvasback and goodly redhead were added to their score before the furious gale subsided, and the morning flight was over.

Soon thereafter my companion proposed that we return to headquarters and exchange our heavy guns for lighter arms and seek the scaup, scaup snipe in many of the swales and marshy patches with which this coast abounds.

Accompanied by our boatmen and gunners, we divided into two parties, and journeyed northward toward one of the life saving stations some four miles away.

This proved to be one of the days when I was at my best, and I killed about everything I shot at, and made several long distance and difficult kills that won the admiration and praise of my boatman—especially a meadow lark that fell to my gun soon after the starting out.

Meeting by appointment at the life saving station, my companion's game bag proved to be empty, although his ammunition pockets had been materially lightened during the journey.

Candor compels me to admit that this was a very unusual experience for him, who offered as an explanation the impaired vision resulting from the seething, cutting sand with which the air is filled, and which produces sand ophthalmia, a very prevalent disease in these parts.

But sand or no sand, he was made the butt of much jesting and good-natured chafing, for wasting so much good ammunition and failing to score. This was persisted in until he became somewhat touchy and said I had better opportunity to kill than he had, and that he could beat me at the game if I would exchange routes with him on our return trip. This was finally agreed to, each to follow the tracks left in the sand by the other, when I assured him that if a life saving boat was to take wings he couldn't hit it!

I had not proceeded far on the return before the drifting sand had so filled his tracks that the trail was as hard to find as the place on his now bald head, where he used to part his hair. We finally struck a bee line for Little Island, the home of Captain Andrews, showing but indistinctly in the hazy distance.

I added several more of the cork-screwing birds we sought to my score, and arrived at our destination a little in advance of my opponent.

The Captain being a jolly man, enjoyed the story of my companion's discomfiture, and said he must touch him up a little. On his arrival the Captain complimented him upon the large bag of birds which I told him he had killed.

Not having killed a single bird on his return, this proved the last straw, and he broke in just when I had taken the meadow lark, which I had shot several hours before, from my pocket. "There," said he, grasping the bird, "the Doctor may tell big stories and think he is a great shooter, but I will bet a bottle of Extra Dry that he can't hit this dead bird when I throw it up into the air."

Now a bottle of Extra Dry just about this time would be most acceptable, and the boquet would be much more choice if the sparkling nectar was drank at my companion's expense, so I said, "It is a bet! Let her go!"

He tossed the bird up, when it immediately took wing and struck a lightning gait, going toward North Carolina. I threw my gun to my shoulder, sighted as well I thought as I ever sighted a bird in my life, and bang! — bang!! — but so far as I know that bird is going yet!

Then on whom was the laugh? And who paid for the wine? GEO. McALEER.

WORCESTER, MASS.

The Ways of Quail.

THEY were sitting together, as usual, in a popular resort in Paterson, discussing the pleasures to be had from the use of rod and gun, when one of them remarked: "I received a letter last week from a doctor in Tennessee who has done little for the past ten or fifteen years than study the habits of quail and other birds. He gave me some information which fully agrees with my own observations, and which may account in a measure for the scarcity of quail in some seasons, when, according to all rules, there ought to be plenty of them."

"Suppose you tell us something about the domestic arrangements of the quail," said the young neophyte, who had only recently purchased his first gun.

"Of course we all know," began the veteran student of natural history, "that in the latter part of April or the first of May, according to the forwardness or backwardness of the season, the quail mate, there being only one cock to each hen. But that seems to be about as far as the naturalists have pursued this subject. But there is frequently trouble before the process of mating is accomplished. Cock quails are like men, they take a fancy to a particular hen and they think they cannot live without her. When two cocks evince a liking for the same hen there is trouble, and it is only when one of the cocks is severely thrashed that the other withdraws. When there are just as many cocks as there are hens there is less trouble, for finally each finds a mate and sets up housekeeping. When there are more hens than cocks there is no trouble, for the unmated hens go off by themselves and do not interfere with the rest. But when there are more cocks than hens there is serious difficulty. A bachelor cock, who has been disappointed in his love affairs, goes about from household to household, assaulting the hens, frequently injuring them in his violent passion, and breaking up the household by destroying the

eggs. Too many cocks are a nuisance and serve to destroy the young birds. If a cock, who has an embryo family, is killed, his nearest male neighbor will take care of the widow and subsequently of the little ones, but it is very seldom that a widow will put up with a bachelor. She seems to prefer somebody who is somewhat acquainted with housekeeping and the duties of a husband. It is on this account that in some places men who have preserves have a number of the cocks shot off just after the mating season has begun; they know that a surplus of cocks is injurious, and that a few less than the equal proportion is just as good as the full number."—Paterson (N. J.) Chronicle.

The Woodcock Flight.

NORTH FERRISBURGH, Vt., Feb. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: In the FOREST AND STREAM of Feb. 4 I see Old Reader, of Hamilton, Ont., speaks of the scarcity of woodcock in the Niagara peninsula the past fall.

The last ten days of September I was in the Adirondacks and traveled over what has formerly been the best of woodcock cover. The cover is still the same as for the past twenty-five years, little or no land clearing having been done in this section. A few cock were bagged each day, but I have since been informed that the flight birds which before this have stopped on these grounds in large numbers in October failed to put in an appearance this fall, and no shooting was to be had after about Sept. 28.

It hardly seems possible that this can be the result of overshooting entirely, but I am of the opinion that in migrating the line of flight has changed.

I am much in favor of the Lacey bill now before Congress, and hope to see it become a law. But I think the result would be far more satisfactory for each State to place far more rigid protection on its game, and get the increase from the supply on hand than try restocking after this supply is exhausted.

The pheasants in this State are just now where a rapid increase in numbers might have been looked for, but the short-sighted representatives of this State who met at our last Legislature gave an open season on pheasants of fifty days, beginning Oct. 1. The farmer should now post his land against all shooting, and unless this is done the pheasant will soon be a thing of the past.

We also find with the rapid decrease of ruffed grouse the open season was lengthened fifteen days when it really should have been shortened a month or more, at least this is the opinion of FERRIS.

The Menotomy Club.

BOSTON, Mass., Feb. 13.—The third annual banquet of the Menotomy Fish and Game Club took place in Menotomy Hall, Arlington, Mass., Friday night, Feb. 3.

The hall was decorated to represent a Maine forest of firs. At one end was a hunter's camp with its pine lean-to containing the usual camp paraphernalia. In front was the regulation camp-fire blazing brightly, and suspended over the fire on the white birch cross-piece was the boiling kettle. The frying pan was not far away. Perched in a spruce near the camp was a large great horned owl, which in the Maine wilderness had swooped down on J. W. Roneo, carrying his hat away and scaring him nearly to death.

At the extreme end of this miniature forest was a standing deer, which was nearly spoiled for the taxidermist by having been "set up" after being killed in such a manner that A. Bart Hill emptied a full magazine Winchester twice at it with different holding each time.

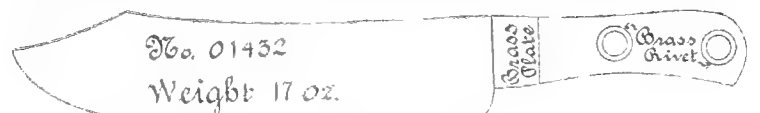
On the walls were hung many trophies killed on the club's preserve, which is in northwestern Maine and the Province of Quebec.

The table was set in a clearing. President N. J. Hardy called for order at 8:15 with a camp hatchet. After a visit to the spring near the door the members and guests sat down to the tables. After the banquet cigars were lit and story telling commenced. Nearly all the members had a word to say.

A. A. Tilden spoke of the formation of the club. Walter B. Farmer of a successful moose hunting trip, as did Everett L. Pope and others. Alfred S. Swan of trout culture. A pantomime on President Hardy by Dr. Stedman was cleverly done. Music by the orchestra, singing by the glee club, and other entertainments wound up the evening. ZERO'S SPORTSMAN.

The Hudson Bay Knife.

HAMILTON, Ont.—The accompanying outline is drawn from the Hudson Bay knife, as supplied to the trade by Canadian jobbing houses. We believe that any of the Sheffield cutlers could supply them, but as they do not



carry stock made up, considerable delay must be expected. Any reader of the FOREST AND STREAM should be able to secure one of these through his local dealer by having his tradesman order from the New York agency of Messrs. Alfred Field & Co. the "Hudson Bay Knife No. 01432." W. V.

Duck Hunters in the Great Storm.

GREENPORT, L. I., Feb. 15.—Herman Kuehne, Edwin Tuthill, and Daniel Brown, of East Marion, who were carried out to sea on Monday in two small boats, which had got caught in the drift ice, reached their homes today, after a most trying experience. After getting caught in the ice the men, who had been duck hunting, drew their boats up on the largest floe and arranged them so as to form a sort of shelter. On Tuesday the floe drifted in toward shore at Montauk, and launching their boats, the three duck hunters rowed for Gardiner's Island. They managed to reach the island, but not until early this morning. They were cared for by the United States engineers engaged in constructing fortifications on the island. The crew of the tug Alert, sent in search of the gunners, brought them home.—New York Times, Feb. 16.

Quail Weights.

STEVENSVILLE, Pa., Feb. 11.—In answer to Didymus' inquiry as to weights of quail, I have shot and weighed quail in Pennsylvania, New York, Michigan and Canada, and the heaviest birds I ever bagged were reduced to possession right here in the northeastern corner of Pennsylvania. The heaviest birds I ever scaled in Michigan or Canada were 7 to 7½ oz., while the last three birds I bagged here the past season weighed respectively 7¼, 8 and 8½ oz. I noted also that the heaviest birds, instead of having the clear white distinct head pencilings of the supposed cock quail, had the mere modest, brownish-white markings of the supposed hen. NOM DE PLUME.

The Ohio Rabbit Law Destroys Quail.

FINDLAY, O., Feb. 9.—The weather here is at present very cold, 18 degrees below zero, with about ¾ in. of snow, so the quail should not suffer, as they can gain access to food without much trouble. The supply left over is sufficient, and with a good breeding season we should have good shooting here next fall. But what we need most is protection on rabbits. This would save many quail from the destructive pot-hunter, since the present law offers an excuse for being seen out with a gun. J. C. B.

The .303-Caliber as a Whale Gun.

MR. E. T. EZEKIEL, resident manager of the North American Commercial Co. at Wood Island, Alaska, reports to the San Francisco agents of the Savage Arms Co. the interesting fact that he killed a whale with the Savage .303 mushroom bullet. This is applying modern equipments in a way quite unexpected. If the repeating rifle had been invented a half-century earlier and adapted to whale hunting, the American whale fishery would have been exhausted long before it was.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing and hunting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Chicago Fly-Casting Club Annual Banquet.

CHICAGO, Ill., Feb. 18.—The Chicago Fly-Casting Club held its eighth annual banquet and business meeting at the Chicago Athletic Association Monday evening, Feb. 13, thirty-six members and several guests being present. The tables were handsomely spread and the menu was ample and artistic. The entire occasion was one of dignity and interest, and it is rarely one sees at any banquet an assemblage so high in average of personal appearance. The fly fisherman is above all things a man and a gentleman. I think I never saw a better looking lot of men together. The post-prandial programme was replete with good things, the several speakers being especially felicitous in their nominating speeches.

President Fred N. Peet was in the chair, and Secretary George A. Morrill took care of the records. The business meeting began at about 9:30, the routine reports of the secretary and treasurer occupying but a brief time. A nice balance is shown in the treasury. The report of the executive committee was approved. Under new memberships the names of Mayor Carter H. Harrison and Mr. John I. Caldwell were brought up and added to the list of the club by unanimous vote. Mayor Harrison has a wide fame as a fly fisherman, and he is not only an ardent, but an expert fly fisher. He was one of the most frequent visitors to the Michigan streams in the grayling days, has whipped the best of the Canadian waters to the Eastern seaboard, and has shown himself by no means unwilling or unable to land bass on the fly rod along the historic Kankakee. His name is no ordinary one, and the club is to be congratulated on its accession.

In the election of officers, Mr. Itha A. Bellows was chosen to the position of the presidency, Mr. E. R. Lettermann being elected vice-president and Mr. George A. Murrell being continued for the third year in the position of secretary and treasurer. Mr. Murrell's conscientious performance of his duties may perhaps be made lighter by the fact that he was voted \$100 salary for his duties last year, and also \$100 for the ensuing year. A rattling good captain was chosen in Mr. Harry G. Hascall. Mr. Fred N. Peet was chosen for the three years' term on the executive committee, in this case the club following the usual precedent of placing the retiring president on the board. Mr. Peet voiced the general wish of the members of the club in moving a standing vote of thanks to Mr. Peet for his effective work as president during the past year.

A very important feature of the meeting was the report of the committee which was earlier delegated to look into the matter of a fishing preserve for the Chicago Fly-Casting Club. This report was simply a motion for continuance, as the cold weather has prevented any active investigations, but it is the intention of the club to push the matter this spring, and it is now almost to be predicted that the Chicago Fly-Casting Club will within the year be the owner of house and grounds of its own on some fishing water within reach of Chicago. This movement will not lessen interest in the club contests or the tournament work, but it certainly is a step in the right direction. The Chicago Fly-Casting Club is working on legitimate lines, and represents a most commendable spirit in sportsmanship. Mr. Bellows, the new president, is an enthusiast and a hustler. He has good aid, and the club has the stimulus behind it of the general prosperity in business matters. The year of 1899 will be a great one for the Chicago Fly-Casting Club.

Flies for Michigan.

Mr. Norman Fletcher, of Chicago, an angler of very wide experience, both in the North and South, is good enough to send me the following note in regard to flies suitable for the waters of Michigan, and I hope this

may be useful to our Montana friend, who wishes information in regard to flies for Michigan and Wisconsin. Mr. Fletcher writes:

"I notice in the FOREST AND STREAM of this week an inquiry about trout flies. My experience in fly fishing for trout has been almost entirely in the State of Michigan. I have had the greatest success with the cowdung and sand fly. Have also used with good results professor, brown-hackle, coachman, willow, Ronald Stone and black-gnat with lead colored wings. Have some samples of the three last named, and if you care to see them will call and show them to you. They are old flies that I expect to use as samples to have others made by. I usually have to get the sand flies made to order, as I rarely find them on sale. Wm. Mills & Son, of New York, sent me some a few years ago that were about right. They had them in stock at that time. Have used many kinds of flies in Michigan, including some that were made in London, but the above named are about all I would care for. If you think the information contained in this letter is of interest to you or to your readers you are entirely at liberty to use same."

The Japanese Fly Fishing.

I have already heard favorable comment from many sources on the very interesting article given the FOREST AND STREAM by Mr. J. O. Averill this week on the Japanese method of fly fishing. I should have been delighted had I been able to read this paper at the banquet of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club, where I made brief attempt at verbal description of it. To-day Mr. Peet, ex-president of the club, called in at my office and said: "I want to see that Japanese fly which Mr. Averill sent you. That was a mighty interesting story that he wrote." I showed Mr. Peet the sparse-looking, angular little hook, and he said: "Well, that's an odd-looking thing, isn't it? Yet you see the distance from the barb of the hook to the back across the bend. That gives lots of holding room." I watched Mr. Peet very carefully, lest he should swipe my fly and go off at a run, but we compromised by my promising to let him see me catch a trout on that fly on the Prairie River some time next spring. I am sure I wish Mr. Averill might come out here and give some of our boys a lesson in fly casting after the Japanese fashion.

E. HOUGH.

1200 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Mississippi Gulf Coast Resorts.

OCEAN SPRINGS, Miss., Feb. 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Referring to inquiry from Reader Baston about the cero or kingfish, or as they are called here on the Gulf Coast, jackfish or cavalla, let me say that in ten years' residence in the South and fishing for them all along the coast, I have found that right out from Ocean Springs here is as good a place as any for them. The best season is during August, September, October and to about the middle of November. Sometimes they school as early as the middle of June, if the water is especially salty; but the best months are August and September. They run in weight from about 18 to 25 lbs., but will generally average between 20 and 22 lbs. They are fighters from the word go. Another big fish we have here is the tarpon or silver fish, which range in weight from 50 to 100 lbs., and even more, and give a man a good half-day's sport on the right kind of tackle; at least one feels like resting the remainder of the day after landing one. I enclose a scale from the last one caught here; it weighed 98 lbs. Fishing of all kinds is fine here nearly the year round.

As for oysters, well, you can imagine what one can do to them when you can buy them averaging between 3 and 5½ in. long and half as wide as one's hand at from 25 to 50 cents per hundred.

Red fish, speckled (sea) trout and sheepshead are biting well this winter, or were until this cold snap.

The hunting can't be beat. The woods are full of partridges and deer. Turkeys and squirrels are abundant within fifteen miles of here. A party from Red Creek, twenty miles north of here, reported last week's kill of deer at twenty-two. As for duck, since we have posted our preserves (about 25,000 acres), fronting on the Gulf, we have good duck hunting, teal, mallards, sprigtails, and others, while the bay is literally covered with black ducks, but a man wants a Gatling gun to get the black ducks, they are shot at so much. Snipe are very plentiful.

One can get boats here, either sail or launch; and take it all in all, I never found a place where one could have the variety of good sport there is right along the Mississippi Gulf Coast.

H. F. H.

Muscullonge Spearing.

THE annual muscullonge-spearing season for 1899 opened on Chautauqua Lake yesterday. From the viewpoint of the true sportsman it was a dismal failure; but from that of the man who wants to fill up on fish it was a complete success. The State law permits the spearing of these fine game fish for ten days each year—the open days being the Mondays and Thursdays for five weeks beginning the first Monday in February. By actual count there were 656 fish houses on the lake yesterday. The day was a perfect one for spearing. The ice was firm and the water clear. As a result, there was a great slaughter of fish. Hundreds of them were taken, ranging from 1 to 40 lbs. Not less than twenty-five fish were taken that would weigh 30 lbs. or more each. A large percentage of the catch, however, was of fish weighing from 2 to 4 lbs. each.

It is estimated that not less than three tons of these fine fish were taken out of the lake during the day. "A fish hatchery is maintained during the early spring for the propagation of these fish, and just why their ruthless slaughter is permitted by the State, which pays the expense of the hatchery, can hardly be explained," remarked an angler to-day. "It is permitted in no other waters of the State. The result cannot but be disastrous to the hook-and-line fishing of the summer. If the conditions remain favorable during the coming five weeks, it is likely that few muscullonge will be left in the lake at the close of the spearing season."—Buffalo Express, Feb. 7.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

Feb. 21-24.—New York.—Westminster Kennel Club's twenty-third annual show. Jas. Mortimer, Sec'y and Supt.
March 7-10.—Grand Rapids, Mich.—Butterfly Association's bench show. Miss Grace H. Griswold, Sec'y.
March 14-17.—St. Louis, Mo.—St. Louis Kennel Club's show.
March 21-24.—Chicago.—Mascoutah Kennel Club's show.
April 4-7.—Boston, Mass.—New England Kennel Club's bench show. James Mortimer, Manager.
Nov. 23-24.—New York.—American Pet Dog Club's show. S. C. Hodge, Supt.

Yard Training a Puppy.

THERE have been published quite a number of books of more or less merit and length on the subject of dog training.

While it is not my intention to criticise any of the various methods employed by such authors, yet it is my desire to submit for trial a few ideas gleaned by practical experience in yard training a puppy before he enters the field for hunting purposes.

How many sportsmen of this country have paid fancy prices for a puppy, sent it to a practical trainer (?) and had it returned at the end of the season practically of no use (outside of the bird experience given) to the owner except to rebreak the dog at least to conform to the owner's individual ideas. Just here is the vital point at issue, namely, training a puppy and training a dog grown up are entirely different to do what each individual desires as a hunting dog. The owner of a fine puppy thinks he can pay a fancy price to a trainer, and all he has to do is turn the dog afield and the dog does the rest; that he will find all the birds and obey the many calls, yells and beatings he is sure to get upon his first trial. The question might be appropriately asked, Who is to blame, the trainer, owner, or the dog? To obviate all these trials, that have been the experience of many sportsmen, is the intention of this brief communication.

We will presume one has bought from a reliable kennel a puppy whelped in the spring, four months old, with certified papers as to his breeding. We advocate the purchase of a finely bred puppy, because experience has demonstrated the fact that you are more likely to get a good, intelligent animal from such sources; the time of one or two years you are to put upon the education and development of the puppy will more surely bear fruit; and it is less, or at least no more, trouble to raise a supposedly good one than a doubtful bad one.

The question naturally arises, Can any one train and develop a puppy? We believe it can be done, provided a little patience and perseverance are used on about these lines. We have received the puppy in good condition. Now, when shall we begin to yard break? While there are some differences of opinion, it seems that it really depends on each individual case. One being brighter mentally and of better physical development can be taught the rudiments right along until he is fully educated in dog lore and sense. Some puppies are like children. They must be handled carefully, or else you will find but little progress is made. Again, What system shall we employ? Shall we persuade the puppy by coaxing and petting him to come along, or shall we whip him, or shall we put a spike collar around his neck and by force drag him along? All these systems have their advocates. We must not forget that we are dealing with a puppy, and not a fully grown dog. We believe and advocate training your puppy by what is known as the force system, but differ as to the means employed to accomplish that end.

Study the characteristics of your puppy. First endeavor to learn if he is inclined to be bold or timid in his nature, so that you can then determine just how far you can force him to your will, yet at the same time not break his spirit.

The greatest delight of a puppy six to ten months old (like that of some people) is to eat. We will suppose you have him kenneled in a yard with wire netting about 6 ft. high in place of a fence. When feeding time approaches blow your dog whistle, to signal him you are coming. He will soon be on the outlook for you. Gain his confidence by gentle action and feed him yourself by all means.

The first lesson for him to learn is "Hold." Place part of his food before him and say in firm tones, "Hold!" and never allow him to eat until you say "Take!" If he is inclined to be a glutton and rushes to take his food before the command "Take!" strike him with your hand a gentle blow on the end of his nose and repeat "Hold, sir." This may cause him to sneeze, but it will never hurt him, and he will soon respect your command. Never allow him to do anything when you command him to "Hold" but hold; and also the same where the order "Take" is given. This is a vital first principle, if you desire to get complete control of your puppy, for the future command "Hold," when he attempts to break shot in the field. Continue this treatment until it becomes natural for the puppy not even to attempt to eat until the command "Take" is given. Never fail to impress upon him "Hold."

Next, take him out of his kennel in the yard and allow nothing around to distract his attention from you. Toss a piece of bread or meat out about 10 ft. from you, at the same time holding by collar the puppy, and say sharply "Hold." Then say "Hie on!" and when about 2 ft. from the meat command him to "Hold." Repeat until you make him do it, which will be easily accomplished if he has had his first "hold and take" lesson firmly ground into him.

The next lesson to teach him is to "Charge," meaning to lie down. This can be best accomplished by raising the hand as if to strike him, at same time giving him a jerk with his collar down and out to throw him. When down make him (by placing him) lie down on his belly, not on his side and feet in air, puppy-like. When this position is assumed rise up and repeat the command, "Charge, sir," with threatening motion of hand. A puppy watches action of hand and voice together better than one or other singly.

This lesson is soon acquired, and you have not up to this time, bear in mind, used either whip, choke-collar or persuasion, but simply pure will force.

Having taught him to "charge," throw your bread out. First command, "Charge, sir." He lies down. Then command, "Hie on," and when near the object of his desire command "Hold," and have him hold for a moment or more. Then command "Take," and while he is eating fondle and pet him in approval. The puppy likes petting at the right time, just as a person likes commendation for an accomplishment of a good action.

Continue this training until you are satisfied you have the puppy under complete control. Some will say: "Faulty; because when you try him outside of something to eat he will not obey your orders." This is a fallacy, if you have properly obtained control of the puppy.

Now begins the next stage of his education. Teach him the scent of a quail, the bird he is to hunt for you and his natural instincts crave. Procure a dead quail to teach him his lesson in retrieving, as you generally can buy in market such a bird. Some advocate a pad or cob (never a stick nor ball), both of which are useful if you can't get a quail; but the natural thing to do is to get right at what the dog naturally wants to do. For the first lesson command the puppy to "Charge." Place him on your right side, head to front. Pass your right hand over his muzzle and seize with right hand and fingers and thumb his upper lips and press his lips inward upon his sharp puppy teeth. He will open his mouth to howl. Then insert the quail in his mouth and hold it there with left hand, closing down on his muzzle, at same time commanding him to "Hold it, sir." Offer him the quail to "Take it, sir." He will refuse. Punish him by pinching his lips on his teeth, and when he opens his mouth insert the quail (or pad made out of canvas 2 by 4 in. long). Continue this treatment until he is forced to take or hold the quail in his mouth with hands off his muzzle until you command him to "Drop, sir," by touching him under lower jaw with hand to drop it in your hand.

The next lesson is to throw out the quail or pad. First command him to "Charge;" then command "Hie on; fetch dead," at the same time waving the hand indicating direction for him to go. You will soon note that his eye will follow your every motion. If he refuses to go and fetch, pinch his mouth as indicated; at the same time force him along by his collar to the quail. This is severe punishment and the puppy soon is forced by this method to do your bidding.

After you have taught him to fetch in and drop in your hand, teach him to hold the quail in his mouth and follow you around the yard, carrying the quail awaiting your command to "Drop, sir," at the same time extending your hand to receive the bird. This teaches him to retrieve to you alone, and to hold until told to drop the bird. This will prove especially useful when shooting in briars or high weeds, as we have seen a dog start to retrieve a bird, some one shoot and kill one, and the dog drop the dead one to go and get the newly killed one.

Having thoroughly ground in the dog's training to these simple yard-breaking rules, you can then expect to have full control of your dog when you begin his field training, which then resolves itself into a pleasure to see the benefit his early teachings have developed. Any one who thus handles his puppy can expect to enjoy an outing, as the dog and owner now fully understand one another and depend upon each other in their mutual enjoyment of hunting quail. The dog will then look to you and obey your commands, and there will be no need of continual whistling and hallooing "Come here, sir," and thrashing him with whip or stick. This is a source of the greatest annoyance to both hunters and dogs. They soon get rattled and don't know what to do. Your dog has been trained up by yourself and he will not pay any attention to any one but to your own express commands.

A word as to the best food for a growing puppy. We advocate the purchase of a small quantity, say 5 lbs., of beef neck. Have it stewed until all the beef juice is extracted in liquor in pot. Then strip bones off the meat, discard the cooked bones, but let remain in stew the meat. Take equal parts of corn meal and coarse wheat flour; mix and stir in the soup until thick enough to mould out into pones. Then put these pones or cakes into the oven and cook them well done. This makes the best and strongest food you can buy, and it is cheap. This broken up and mixed in half a gallon of buttermilk twice a week will make a puppy healthy and free of worms.

When you go hunting take along a cake of this preparation to feed your dog. Treat him kindly and feed him well. When you ride him home from a long day's hard hunt feed him plenty and house him warmly. He is your companion in the field, and it depends upon your individual training him and caring for him if you expect to get the best and highest results he is capable of in the field. When hunting your dog, say three or four times a week, always feed him these cakes and plenty of the food. His system under such strain requires heavy feed to restore the wasted energy. Even with the best of care, thus hunted he will show thin, but if he is thin and hardened, having had good food and plenty, he is the much better able to withstand a hunt, not of a field trial, a few minutes or even an hour, but two or three days as a genuine hunting dog, that will be a pleasure to follow; and you may then enjoy to the utmost the great delights found afield with your own broken dog and gun.

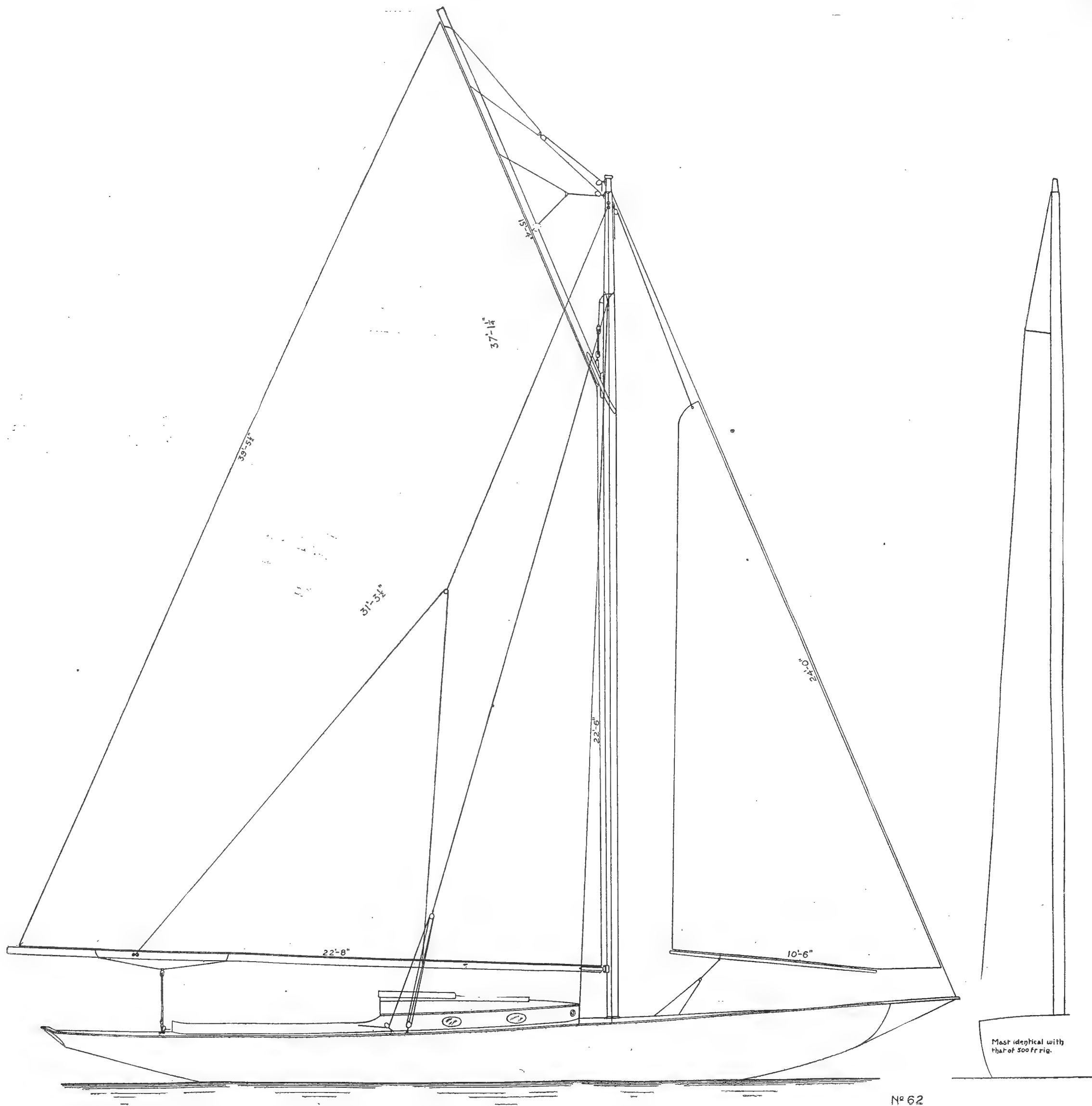
R. VANGILDER.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The address label on the wrapper shows the date of the close of the term for which the subscription is paid. The receipt of the paper with such dated address label constitutes the subscriber's receipt for money sent to us.

Subscribers are asked to note on the wrapper the date of expiration of subscription; and to remit promptly for renewal, that delays may be avoided.

For prospectus and advertising rates see page iii.



KNOCKABOUT SAILPLAN.

No 62

New Publications.

The Adirondack Spruce.

UNDER this title the Critic Company have published a little volume containing an exceedingly interesting study of the forest in Ne-ha-sa-ne Park by Mr. Gifford Pinchot, United States Forester, who, in the limits of 150 pages, has given us a collection in facts and figures which are of the highest practical use.

Forestry in America is young, and while for many years a small body of men interested in forest preservation have preached the doctrine of forest preservation, they have often done it with so little judgment as to arouse only hostility on the part of the practical lumbermen. Mr. Pinchot, however, holds the undeniable view that forest preservation and the lumber interest are bound together by the closest ties, and that the forest must be preserved in order that its ripened product shall be harvested and marketed intelligently, so that fresh crops of timber may be continuously produced. When the time shall come that the lumbermen believe this to be the object of forest preservation, they, of all men, will be the most enthusiastic in their devotion to its cause.

The study of the forest described in this book was carried on between December, 1896, and September, 1897, under the management of the Division of Forestry of the U. S. Department of Agriculture. Its object was the preservation and proper management of spruce timber in the northeastern United States. The original forests cannot long continue to supply the demands which are made on them, and there is pressing need that subsequent crops of this valuable timber should be provided for, lest the industries which depend on it should be crippled in the near future.

The book is divided into two parts, the first containing

a description of the forest studied, of the spruce there and its method of growth, of the spruce in mixture with other trees, of the associated trees, of the lumbering, and of the basis on which the forest should be managed. Following this are series of volume tables, valuation surveys and yield tables, as to the spruce and as to associated species. The second part of the book is the Working Plan. It treats of topography and climate, transportation, reasons for forest management, treatment of the forest, cutting and returns. There is an appendix giving fourteen valuation surveys, measured on cut-over land, at Santa Clara, N. Y., in different situations and soils. There is a very complete index.

Perhaps no work more useful for forestry has ever been undertaken in this country than the study which this little book represents, and the publication of its results. "The Adirondack Spruce" should be in the hands of every landowner in the country who has a piece of woodland on his place; for the information which it contains about forestry management in general and about the Adirondacks in particular is of very great interest and value.

Yachting.

As the yachting journal of America, the *FOREST AND STREAM* is the recognized medium of communication between the maker of yachtsmen's supplies and the yachting public. Its value for advertising has been demonstrated by patrons who have employed its columns continuously for years.

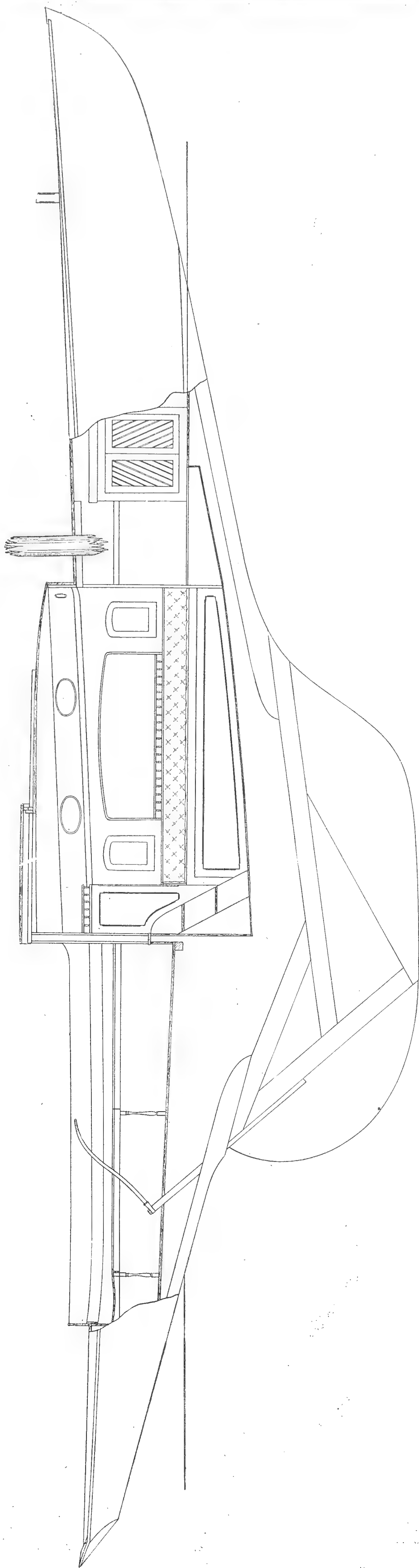
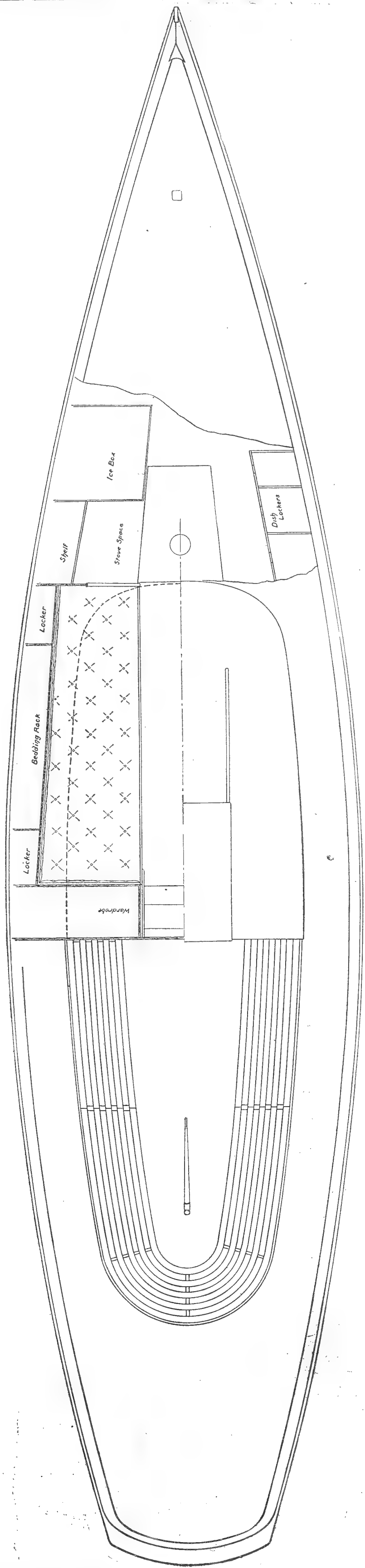
An English View of American Yachting.

The following, from the London Field, is not intended to be funny. The historical portion may pass, though as a matter of strict accuracy the capsizing of Mohawk in

1876, and of not one, but many, smaller centerboard craft, had no immediate effect. These unfortunate occurrences were explained in a way and glossed over by the majority of American yachtsmen, all firm believers in the shoal centerboard sloop. They did, however, serve a good purpose incidentally as a fulcrum for the lever by which the original "cutter cranks"—and we are glad to say that we were one of these—finally introduced the deeper model with lead keel and cutter rig.

When it comes to geography the Field is sadly mixed. If the New York Y. C. desires to introduce a pleasing novelty into its cruise this year, it might plan it so as to sail from a prayer meeting, through "Humphrey's Hole" and up "the Fall River," by way of extra diversion, some appropriate nautical ceremonies might be introduced when the fleet crosses the Fall River Line.

"FOREST AND STREAM" continues to publish drawings of small racing and cruising yachts; but they are monotonously of the same pattern, though all are of shapely form, and as they have lead keels, slightly bulbed, they are a great advance on the old centerboard skimming-dish type. This is a come-down after all that has been said by Americans (devoted yachtsmen especially) in favor of the centerboard; but the capsizing of the Mohawk and that of another yacht (the name of which we forget) opened their eyes to the value of depth and a lead keel. Mr. Burgess, an American designer, recognized the value of these elements and, aided by encouragement from Mr. Malcolm Forbes and Gen. Payne, (?) designed Puritan and Mayflower as 'compromise' craft; that is, they had heavy lead keels, good draft, and were fitted with a very small centerboard. (?) It will be remembered that Volunteer and Vigilant were also of this type; but Vigilant, at any rate, revolted against the centerplate and finally dropped it at the western extremity of the Isle of Wight. It is to be regretted that Americans do not go in for racing large or medium-sized yachts more sys-



KNOCKABOUT, DESIGNED AND BUILT FOR MESSRS. E. I. & W. L. CROPLEY, BY W. B. STEARNS, 1899.

tematically; but rivalry among themselves appears to be quite dormant, and only shows signs of life during the festive cruise of the New York Y. C. down Long Island Sound in August.

"Of course this is very delightful yachting, and the stay at New Bedford, New London and Newport is always pleasant. Then comes the sail through "Humphrey's Hole" to Martha's Vineyard, and on to Edgar Town, one of the primitive English settlements, and now the home of the codfishing men and some pilots. The serenity and neatness of the pretty little seaside village is beyond comparison, and perhaps this is enhanced by the infrequency of posts and the absence of morning and evening newspapers. It is quite an old-world place, and any Englishman visiting America in a yacht should see it; also Martha's Vineyard if in the August-September season, when the prayer meetings are raging there. Of course, the passage up the Fall River is equally interesting, especially on account of its associations with the early English settlers on the east coast."

Yacht Designing.—XXIV.

BY W. P. STEPHENS.

(Continued from page 112, Feb. 11.)

The illustrations accompanying this article are copyrighted by the Keuffel & Esser Co., New York, to whom we are indebted for their use.

THE cardboard scales are necessarily flat, but scales of wood, ivory or metal are of three forms, Fig. 56, a, flat with single bevel; b, flat with double bevel, and c, triangular. The first has one flat side next the paper, with each of the upper corners cut away on a sharp bevel and divided, the two graduated edges thus giving two or sometimes four different scales.

The second shape has a double bevel to each edge, giving four surfaces for graduation. This form of scale is very inconvenient in use, as it never lies flat on the paper,

comparing different drawings, and in studying the many designs now available through the different yachting books and journals. Even if the correct scale is given on the drawing, which is not always the case, it may be desired to compare the drawing with another by means of a different scale; for instance, any good design of a 21ft. yacht can, by means of the proper scale, be converted into a 25-footer. For all such uses the paper scales are

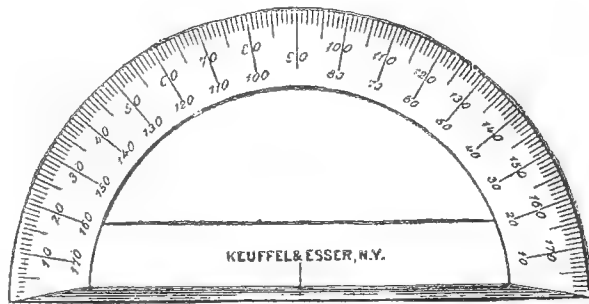


Fig. 60—Semi-circular Protractor.

quite accurate enough, and a good assortment of them is desirable; but for original work some wood scales of the usual divisions, 1in., $\frac{1}{2}$ in., $\frac{1}{4}$ in., etc., are to be preferred.

The diagonal method of division is very convenient in making a plain scale on a drawing, or in laying down any new scale. A line is drawn and divided into a certain number of equal parts; for instance, if a scale of $\frac{1}{2}$ in. to the foot is desired, the line may be divided into twenty-one parts, each $\frac{1}{2}$ in., as A, B, Fig. 57. From each point of division a perpendicular is now dropped, or in other words, a line is drawn at right angles to the first line. A series of ten lines, equidistant, and parallel to the first line, are now drawn. One of the end divisions is now subdivided into ten equal parts on the upper and lower of the parallel lines, each point being numbered as in the

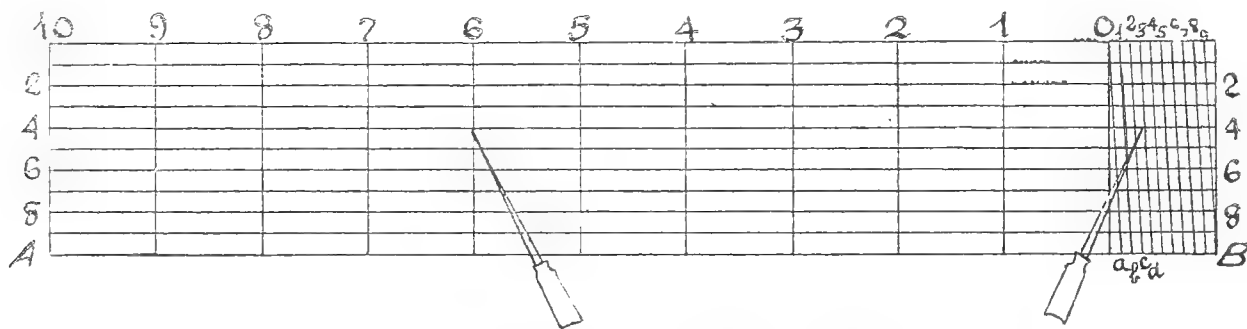


Fig. 57—Diagonal scale; decimal divisions.

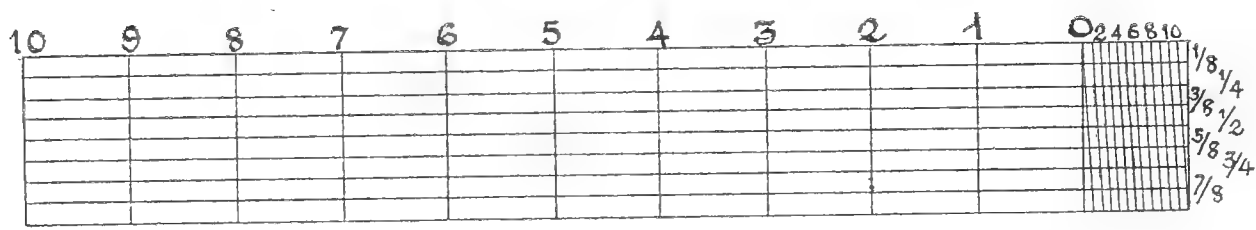


Fig. 58—Diagonal scale; duodecimal and eights.

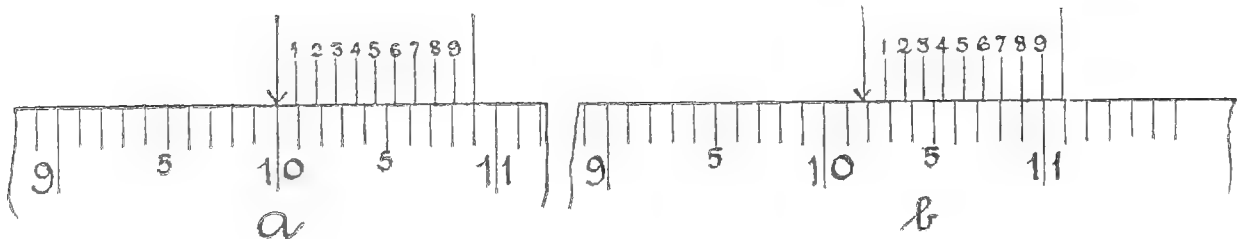


Fig. 59—Vernier scale.

but must be held by one hand at a certain angle; it answers very well for a scale to be carried in the pocket, but it has no proper place in the drafting room.

The triangular scale has the advantage of a large number of surfaces for graduation, six in all on its three edges, and at the same time there is always one surface that lies flat on the paper while the particular scale in use at the time is held at an angle of 60 degrees, a very convenient one for reading and marking. The standard triangular architect's scale, has one edge divided into inches and sixteenths for its entire length, or divided to $\frac{1}{2}$ in. to the foot from left to right, and to $\frac{1}{4}$ in. from right to left; one edge to $\frac{3}{8}$ in. and $\frac{3}{4}$ in.; one to $\frac{1}{2}$ in. and 1in.; one to $\frac{1}{4}$ in. and 3in., and one to 2 and 4in.; or eleven different scales in all.

In working on any given drawing, there is a material saving of time in having the proper scale and no other at hand, so that it may be applied to the work as soon as it is picked up, without studying and turning to find the right scale on one of several edges. Except in the case of the cardboard scales, this is seldom done, however, as it would call for a very large and costly collection. In this particular the single-bevel flat scales are the best of all, as there is but one side uppermost, and the required scale must be on one of its two edges. The triangular scale is the most inconvenient of all, as some one of the ten scales not wanted is sure to be in the place of the right one, and the scale must be constantly watched and turned. On the other hand, however, this form of scale has two distinct advantages, it contains all the graduations in common use, and the face of the scale lies at a convenient angle, while the edge is brought much closer to the paper than in the flat scale. In the improved form of triangular scale, the angle of each pair of edges is made a little less than 60 degrees, so that while the extreme edge touches the paper, the graduated surface is raised so as to protect it from wear. For accurate work and very fine division, the metal triangular scale is superior to any other form and material, the marking point, either a hard pencil or a steel pricker, may be run down the fine line of graduation, even to 1-100 of an inch, with extreme accuracy. The triangular scale may be fitted with a small handle of bent metal, which helps to prevent confusion, as it shows which side should be in contact with the paper and which edge uppermost.

A large assortment of scales is of great convenience in

figure. A diagonal or inclined line is now drawn, from the point marked 0 on the upper line to a on the lower, and through each of the other points on the upper line is drawn a parallel line, 1, b; 2, c; etc. In crossing the ten parallels, the first inclined line, 0, a, gains 1-10 of the prime division, consequently in crossing the first parallel

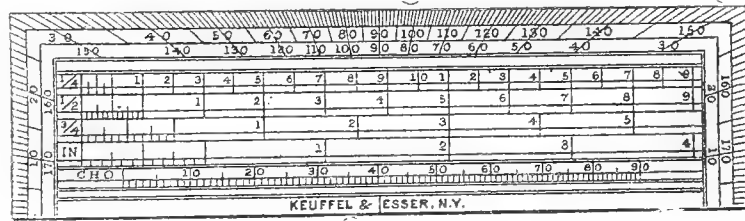


Fig. 61—Protractor and Plain Scale.

(Copyrighted by the Keuffel & Esser Co., New York.)

it gains one-tenth of this distance, or 1-100 of the prime division. In crossing the second parallel it has gained two-tenths, and so on to the complete distance on the lowest parallel. Suppose the dividers to be placed on the point representing 5ft., the other point being on 0, the distance measured is 5ft. Now if the dividers be moved

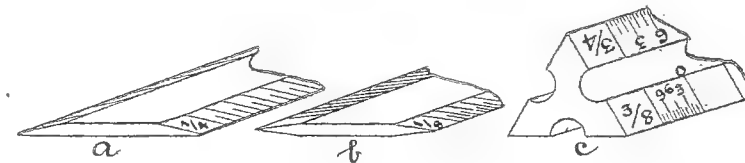
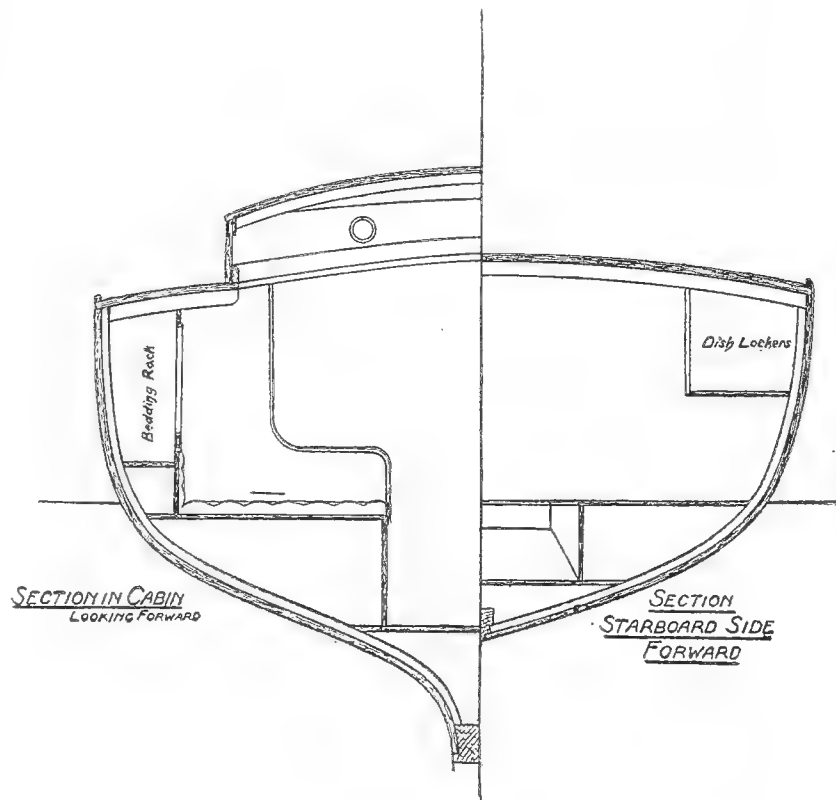


Fig. 56—a, single bevel scale. b, double bevel scale. c, triangular scale.

down to the next parallel and opened so that the two points are each on its respective vertical and diagonal, the distance will have been increased by 1-100 of the prime unit. In Fig. 57 the dividers are shown on the fourth parallel, the sixth vertical, and the third diagonal; the reading, therefore, is: Six feet, three tenths of a foot, and four hundredths. The rule for measuring from such a scale is, place the dividers on the intersection of the parallel indicated by the third figure and the diagonal indicated by the second figure, moving the other point to

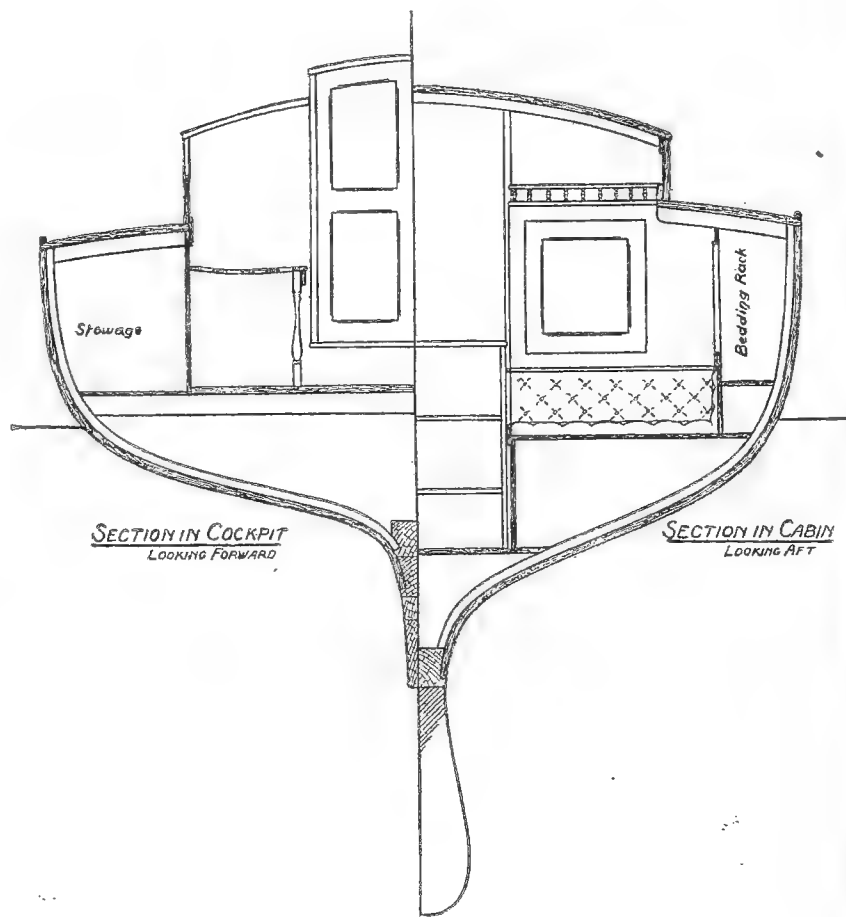
the vertical indicated by the first figure. The diagonal scale was in very common use by the old shipwrights, and will be found in all old books and drawings. It is easily constructed to any desired scale, and is useful in taking off measurements for calculation, which must be in feet, tenths and hundredths, and not in inches and fractions. The diagonal scale may be constructed with duodecimal divisions, giving feet, inches and fractions of an inch, Fig. 58.

The vernier scale is a device for reading to smaller subdivisions than can be conveniently marked and read on the scale itself. In its most common form it consists of a small auxiliary scale, sliding beside the main scale. Assuming that the main scale is divided into tenths of an inch, then on the vernier a distance equal to nine of these divisions of the main scale is laid off and divided into ten equal parts. It will be evident then that each division on



the vernier is equal to 9-10 of a division of the main scale; in other words, each division of the main scale exceeds by 1-10 a division of the vernier. If the two scales be adjusted so that the 0 on the vernier coincides with any point of division of the main scale, as 10 in Fig. 59, a, the reading is simply 10. If the vernier be moved to the right until its first division coincides with 11 on the main scale, it will be evident that the distance now denoted by the 0 of the vernier is greater than before by 1-10. Successive movements of the vernier to the right will show an increase of 1-10; as the point 2 on the vernier coincides with the point 12 on the main scale, the excess beyond 10 becomes 2-10; for 3 and 13 respectively, 3-10, etc. Fig. 59, b, shows a reading of 10.18; the mark 8 on the vernier being nearer than any of its fellows to some one mark of the main scale.

The difference between the length of a space on the main scale and that on the vernier (in this case 1-100) is called the *least space*, and must be equal to one space of the main scale divided by the number of spaces of the vernier. In using any instrument with a vernier, the distance to be measured is marked by the 0 of the main scale, and the 0 of the vernier; when the instrument is



adjusted to the distance, the division of the main scale immediately preceding the vernier must be read, then follow the vernier until that one of its divisions is found which coincides most nearly, if not exactly, with some one division of the main scale; the number of this division gives the required fraction, to be added to the reading of the main scale. The vernier is found on the planimeter, integrator, protractor, sextant, barometer and many other instruments in common use by navigators, surveyors, draftsmen and mechanics.

The *protractor* is literally a circular plotting scale, *full-divided*, a circle or semicircle of horn, metal or cardboard with the center marked and the edge divided into 360 equal parts, or degrees. For ordinary use the smallest division is $\frac{1}{4}$ or $\frac{1}{2}$ of a degree; but the most elaborate protractors, with revolving arm and vernier, may meas-

ure to a minute. For the yacht designer, the ordinary printed Bristol board protractor of 6 to 8 in. diameter, costing 20 to 30 cents, is quite as good as the silver instruments costing as many dollars. Two forms are shown in Figs. 60 and 61.

The scale should never be used as a straight edge, as a rule its edges will not be perfectly true, but in selecting scales they should be carefully examined as to their freedom from warping and twisting, and if of wood it should be of clean straight grain, and free from knots; the better the wood is, the less liability to subsequent warping. The graduations should show clean sharp lines and even spacing. It is surprising how plainly the most minute irregularities are apparent to the practiced eye, and what an annoyance they cause to one accustomed habitually to accurate measurements. The work of the best scale makers is now so close to the Government standards that their scales compare accurately one with another, and may be used together on the same drawing. It sometimes happens, however, that after a drawing is plotted with one scale, another one of different make is used for convenience in taking off the offsets or for similar work, and shows a perceptible discrepancy in the results. Wherever practicable, it is well to buy all scales of one reliable maker.

Atlantic Y. C.

The annual meeting of the Atlantic Y. C. was held at the Waldorf-Astoria on Feb. 14, with Vice-Com. B. M. Whitlock in the chair, Com. Adams being snowbound at Wilmington, Del. The following officers were elected: Com., F. T. Adams, schr. Sachem; Vice-Com., Benjamin M. Whitlock, aux. steam yacht Hildegard; Rear-Com., Edward Weston, steam yacht Wachusett; Sec'y, David E. Austen; Treas., Howard P. Frothingham; Meas., George Hill; Trustees, George J. Gould, Harrison B. Moore, Calvin Tomkins, Thomas L. Watson, J. A. Mollenhauer and Bartow S. Weeks; Regatta Committee, David E. Austen, John L. Bliss and Louis F. Jackson; Committee on Membership, Spencer Swain, J. M. Ceballos and Frank Sperry; Library Committee, J. M. Foote, Arthur G. Allen and J. Wallace Morrell; Entertainment Committee, Frederick E. Camp, J. M. Tappen and Calvin Tomkins; Nominating Committee, Jefferson Hogan, Robert P. Doremus, Thomas Barrett, John Cortledge, S. E. Vernon and David H. Valentine. The report of the officers showed a very prosperous condition, the membership having increased during the year from 483 to 633, and the fleet from 250 to 257 yachts. The three flag officers each offered cups to the value of \$250, and Mr. George J. Gould has offered the same amount as he gave last year, \$1,500. The regatta committee carried over a surplus of \$1,225 last year, so that the club will have ample funds for the encouragement of racing.

The date of the annual regatta was fixed for Tuesday, June 20.

The following amendment to the constitution was passed:

Any member who shall have duly qualified as an active member of the club may become a life member upon payment of \$250, until the total number of such life memberships shall be fifty in number, and thereafter by the payment of \$400, until the total number of life memberships shall be 100 in number. These payments shall be in lieu of all further annual dues.

This amendment to become valid must be adopted by a two-third vote at the next meeting of the club.

Sections 1 and 2 of the by-laws, referring to "initiation fee," were amended as follows:

Section 1.—The entrance fee shall be \$50, upon the payment of which and the annual dues, as hereinafter provided, members elect shall become entitled to all the privileges of membership.

Section 2.—The annual dues shall be \$40; payable \$20 on Feb. 15 and \$20 on Aug. 15 in each year. Members elected prior to Aug. 15 in any year shall be liable for the full amount of the current yearly dues. Members elected on or after Aug. 15 shall be liable for only one-half of the current yearly dues.

Any member who shall be absent from the United States for the whole fiscal year, commencing on Feb. 15, shall be exempt from the payment of annual dues, providing he gives notice of his absence to the secretary.

MEETINGS.

Chapter 4, Section 1, was amended to read:

Section 1.—Regular meetings of the club shall be held on the second Monday of February and June. The meeting in February shall be termed the annual meeting.

The rest of this section remains as before.

Messrs. C. T. Pierce, N. D. Lawton and Sec'y Austen were appointed a special committee to finally revise the new racing rules, which were formally adopted.

A Fast Cruising Knockabout.

(Concluded from page 189, Feb. 18.)

THE accompanying illustrations show the interior arrangement, details of construction, and sail plan of the knockabout, whose lines were published last week. The yacht is intended mainly for day sailing and racing in the handicap class, so a good deal of space has been given up to the cockpit; but there is still a very snug cabin, completely fitted with lockers, closets, ice chest, galley with Primus stove, dish lockers, etc., so that two persons can make themselves very comfortable on a cruise. The interior finish is butternut, the cockpit being fitted with removable slat seats of mahogany, to match the staving. The yacht will have two rigs, knockabout and raceabout, which can be shifted one for the other in half an hour, the same mast being used for each rig.

The construction is of the best class of single-skin caulked seam work, to the scantling limits of the knockabout class. The planking is of selected white cedar, fastened with copper, riveted, the upper strake being of Nova Scotia oak in a single length, bright finished. The planksheers are also of oak, and the deck is of Oregon cedar, ship-lapped, and payed with Jeffries marine glue. The cabin top is of double thickness, an inner skin of 1/4 in. butternut, to match the cabin joinerwork, and an outer skin of Oregon cedar, laid close-seam, with cotton and white lead between.

All of the deck and spar fittings are of Manganese or

other bronze; polished. The sails are by Cousens & Pratt. Mr. Stearns has also in hand another yacht of similar design and identical arrangement and construction, for the market. The cost of these boats is about \$1,300.

Willada.

THE steel steam yacht building at Pusey & Jones' yard, Wilmington, from the designs of H. C. Winttingham, is for Col. Wm. Hester, of Brooklyn, owner of the sloop Wizard. The new yacht, to be named Willada, will be 128 ft. over all, 102 ft. l.w.l., 16 ft. 6 in. beam, 9 ft. 9 in. depth of hold, and 6 ft. draft. She will have a triple expansion engine 9, 14 1/4 and 23 1/2 by 14, with an Almy boiler.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The annual meeting of the Larchmont Y. C. was held on Feb. 15 at Delmonico's, New York, with Com. Postley in the chair, the following officers being elected: Com., Clarence A. Postley; Vice-Com., Edward S. Hatch; Sec'y, A. Bryan Alley; Treas., William Murray; Meas., John Hyslop; Trustees, to serve for three years, Francis M. Scott and Eugene L. Bushe, and Oswald Sanderson, trustee to serve for one year, to fill vacancy. Mr. Albert J. Morgan, who was nominated for Rear-Com., withdrew his name prior to the meeting, and the vacancy will be filled later. Com. Postley was instructed to appoint a committee to confer with the Yacht Racing Union of North America with reference to the adoption by the club of the girth measurement.

The Kingston Y. C., of Kingston, Mass., held its annual meeting on Feb. 11, and elected the following officers: Capt. John Dawes, Com.; Capt. Nathan B. Watson, Vice-Com.; Capt. Justus A. Bailey, Fleet Capt.; Henry M. Jones, Sec'y; Lemuel R. Ford, Treas.; Edward A. Ransom, Meas.; John C. Dawes, Alexander Holmes, Charles H. Drew, George W. Shivers, Waldo S. Cole and Joshua Delano, Jr., Executive Committee; Com. Dawes, W. S. Cole, Philemon Maglathlin, Harry I. Cole, E. A. Ransom, Fred C. Bailey, Regatta Committee.

Ægusa, steam yacht, has been sold by Count Ignazio Florio, of Palermo, to Sir Thomas Lipton, who will use her in connection with the Cup races at New York. The yacht was designed and built by Scott & Co., of Greenock, in 1886, and is 264 ft. 9 in. b.p., 252 ft. l.w.l., 31 ft. 8 in. beam and 18 ft. 6 in. depth of hold, 1,242 tons. She was reported as purchased by the United States Government just prior to the war, but the sale was cancelled owing to the impossibility of delivering her before war was formally declared. She is said to have cost £60,000, and to have sold for £80,000.

The Staten Island Y. C. has elected the following officers: Com., Hugo J. F. Lindeman; Vice-Com., C. T. Wigand; Sec'y, Edward S. Seguire; Treas., Ferdinand Roettger; Meas., Adolph Panick; Trustees, Howard Hitchcock and William H. Ludlum.

The New Rochelle Y. C. held its annual meeting on Feb. 6 at the Hotel Manhattan, New York, the following officers being elected: Com., Eugene Lambden; Vice-Com., James Fallert; Rear-Com., E. T. Birdsall; Sec'y, O. W. Meyrowitz; Treas., A. S. Cross; Meas., F. R. Farrington; Law Committee, C. E. Keene, John F. Lambden; Regatta Committee, C. P. Tower, Paul A. Meyrowitz, Joseph Lippincott, A. P. Weston, William E. Moore; Trustees (three years), Edwin Shuttleworth, Charles M. Fletcher; Trustee (two years), E. T. Smythe.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

The National Sportsmen's Association.

THE programme of the Grand Championship Rifle Tournament of the Fifth Annual Sportsmen's Show, at Madison Square Garden, New York City, March 2 to 15, 1890, under the auspices of the National Sportsmen's Association, is appended. The ranges are open from 2 P. M. until 11 P. M. each day, except Wednesday, March 15, when all shooting will close at 9 P. M. sharp.

Individual Championship Match, open to all—100 shots off-hand; 25-ring target; distance, 100 ft. Any .22cal. rim-fire rifle allowed. Entrance \$5, including season ticket of admission to the Sportsmen's Show. Only one entry allowed each competitor. To be shot in strings of ten shots. Competitors can shoot their ten strings during the tournament as they desire.

Prizes: First prize, Championship trophy and \$20; second, \$25; third, \$20; fourth, \$15; fifth, \$12; sixth, \$10; seventh, \$8; eighth, \$6; ninth, \$5; tenth, \$4; eleventh, \$3; twelfth, \$2.

Each winner can take either his cash prize or its value in a trophy.

Entries for this event will be received by any member of the rifle tournament committee, or by J. A. H. Dressel, secretary-treasurer of the Sportsmen's Association, No. 280 Broadway, New York City.

Continuous Match, open to all—Off-hand, on 25-ring target. Distance, 100 ft. Any .22cal. rim-fire rifle allowed. Entrance for ticket of three shots, 50 cents. Re-entries unlimited, but only one prize obtainable by any one shooter. Two best tickets to count for prizes.

Prizes: First, \$50; second, \$35; third, \$25; fourth, \$20; fifth, \$15; sixth, \$12; seventh, \$10; eighth, \$8; ninth, \$7; tenth, \$6; eleventh, \$5; twelfth, \$4; thirteenth, \$3; fourteenth, \$2; fifteenth, \$1; sixteenth, \$1; seventeenth, \$1; eighteenth, \$1; nineteenth, \$1; twentieth, \$1; twenty-first, \$1; twenty-second, \$1; twenty-third, \$1; twenty-fourth, \$1; twenty-fifth, \$1; twenty-sixth, \$1; twenty-seventh, \$1; twenty-eighth, \$1; twenty-ninth, \$1; thirtieth, \$1.

Premiums: For the best five tickets, \$5; for the second best five tickets, \$4; for the third best five tickets, \$3.

Point Target or Practice Target, open to all—Five shots for 25 cents. The shooter scoring sixty points will be entitled to a fine trophy. Shooting off-hand; tickets unlimited. Trophies can be seen at the range.

Bullseye Target, open to all—Off-hand, on 4 in. bullseye. Distance, 100 ft. Any .22cal. rim-fire rifle allowed. Entrance, 50 cents per ticket of three shots; re-entries unlimited. The best single shot by measurement to count. Only one prize obtainable by any one shooter.

First, \$25; second, \$15; third, \$10; fourth, \$8; fifth, \$7; sixth, \$6; seventh, \$5; eighth, \$4; ninth, \$3; tenth, \$2; eleventh, \$1; twelfth, \$1; thirteenth, \$1; fourteenth, \$1; fifteenth, \$1; sixteenth, \$1; seventeenth, \$1; eighteenth, \$1; nineteenth, \$1; twentieth, \$1; twenty-first, \$1; twenty-second, \$1; twenty-third, \$1; twenty-fourth, \$1; twenty-fifth, \$1.

RULES.

A shot must cut the ring to count. All targets will be counted and entered by the official scorer, and will be returned to the shooter in case there is no dispute. The referee committee will decide all matters pertaining to doubtful scores. Any sights except telescopes allowed.

All questions in dispute not covered by these rules will be decided by the referee committee. Messrs. Zettler Bros. will have charge of the ranges, and will furnish rifles and suitable ammunition free to all competitors. All kinds of .22 rim-fire ammunition will be on hand.

Tournament committee: H. D. Muller, chairman; G. Zimmermann and C. G. Zettler.

Address all correspondence to J. A. H. Dressel, secretary-treasurer, 280 Broadway, New York City.

Shell Mound.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 13.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: A beautiful day greeted the numerous marksmen at Shell Mound range yesterday. The feature of the afternoon was the contest between P. P. Schuster and Dr. L. O. Rodgers in the Germania Club medal contest. Only one entry per month, 20 shots, 25-ring target, 200 yds., are the conditions of this contest. Schuster won high score with 447 rings to Dr. Rodgers' 444, the latter getting in a bad "flyer," a 11. Score of the Germania for the day were:

First champion class, F. P. Schuster, 447; second champion class, R. Stettin, 336; first class, Henry Stelling, 422; second class, August Jungblut, 382; third class, John Beutler, 339; best first shot, E. Goetze, 24; best last shot, John Utschig, 21.

Bushnell medal: F. P. Schuster 220, J. Utschig 219, D. B. Faktor 217, Dr. L. O. Rodgers 216, A. Strecker 216.

Three shots, competition for cash prizes: D. B. Faktor 72, C. F. Rust 71, William Goetze 70, A. Strecker 69, John Utschig 69, Henry Stelling 68, Louis Haake 67.

Scores of the Columbia Club:

Columbia target, 200 yds.; experts: F. E. Mason 60, Dr. Rodgers 62, F. O. Young 63, Sharpshooters: G. M. Barley 69, O. A. Bremer 77, M. J. White 115, Marksmen: G. Mannell 93, E. W. Moore 99, Mrs. Mannell 115, J. P. Cosgrave 153, C. Roberts 165, J. J. Fitzpatrick 176, Glindeman rifle medal: F. O. Young 60, A. H. Pape 60, E. W. Moore 78, O. A. Bremer 81.

Pistol range, 50 yds., Columbia target; experts: G. M. Barley 38, J. E. Gorman 44, M. J. White 57, F. O. Young 66, Sharpshooters: F. E. Mason 67, J. P. Cosgrave 71, C. Roberts 78, Marksmen: Mrs. G. Mannell 102, J. J. Fitzpatrick 106, George Mannell 124, J. F. Twist 126, Lewis revolver trophy: C. Roberts, 75, 81, 111, 128; F. L. Lewis, 128, Siebe all-comers' pistol medal: G. M. Barley 46, 62, 72; J. P. Cosgrave, 67, 71; F. O. Young, 51.

Twenty-two and twenty-five rifle, Daiss all-comers' and Jacobson medal for members: F. L. Lewis, 67, 92; George Mannell, 27, 32, 33, 35; J. F. Twist, 53, 73; C. Roberts, 40, 31, 41, 49.

Scores of the Schuetzen Verein:

Champion class, F. P. Schuster, 417; first class, C. F. Rust, 405; second class, not filled; third class, Henry Stelling, 379; fourth class, D. Salfeld, 356; best first shot, C. F. Rust, 21; best last shot, John Utschig, 21.

ROEEL.

Conlin's Tournament.

THE present year is the thirty-fifth one I have been proprietor of a shooting gallery in New York city. A number of my friends and patrons have suggested that I celebrate the event by holding a shooting tournament. I have decided to act on this suggestion, and beg to announce that on Feb. 25 I shall open at my gallery, Broadway and Thirty-first street, New York, the Sportsmen's Jubilee tournament, for rifle, pistol and revolver, which will continue until March 18. This event will be unique in its character. Many of the prizes have been contributed by gentlemen who have been closely identified with shooting matters in this country and in Europe for the past quarter-century. Full particulars will be announced later.

JAMES S. CONLIN.

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Feb. 13 and 22.—Newark, N. J.—On Lincoln's and Washington's birthdays respectively, on Smith's grounds, Foundry street and Ferry street, a 15 live-bird event each day; open sweepstakes also; class shooting.

Feb. 21-22.—Garden City, L. I.—Amateur championship contest under the auspices of the Carteret Gun Club.

Feb. 22.—Fremont, Neb.—All-day shoot of the Fremont Gun Club; targets and live birds.

Feb. 22.—Rochester, N. Y.—Live-bird and target shoot of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club.

Feb. 22.—Lebanon, Pa.—Keystone Gun Club, of Lebanon, Pa., all-day live-bird and target tournament; open to all. A. E. Smith, Captain.

Feb. 22.—Altoona, Pa.—Target tournament of the Altoona Rod and Gun Club. G. G. Zeth, Sec'y.

Feb. 22.—New Haven, Conn.—New Haven Gun Club's tournament; \$20 added money. J. B. Savage, Sec'y.

Feb. 22.—Worcester, Mass.—Tournament of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club; targets. A. W. Walls, Sec'y.

Feb. 22.—Lebanon, Pa.—Keystone Gun Club's live-bird and target tournament.

Feb. 22.—Dexter Park, Brooklyn.—All-day open shoot at live birds. H. S. Lippack, Manager.

Feb. 28.—Lyndhurst, N. J.—Live-bird tournament of the Brooklyn Gun Club. John Wright, Manager.

March 1.—White Plains, N. Y.—Fifteen live-bird handicap, \$10 entrance, birds included. E. G. Horton, Manager, White Plains.

March 2.—West Chester, Pa.—West Chester Gun Club's annual shoot for a Remington hammerless. F. H. Eachers, Sec'y.

March 2-11.—Madison Square Garden.—Tournament in connection with Sportsmen's Exposition. Address, Sportsmen's Exposition, 280 Broadway, New York.

March 25.—Pawling, N. Y.—Postponed shoot of the Pawling Rod and Gun Club. Geo. S. Williams, Sec'y.

March —.—Brooklyn, L. I.—Monthly shoot of the Brooklyn Gun Club. John Wright, Manager.

April 4-5.—Chambersburg, Pa.—Chambersburg Gun Club's spring live-bird and target tournament; open to all. J. M. Runk, Captain.

April 6-8.—Utica, N. Y.—Fulford's handicap at live birds. E. D. Fulford, Manager.

April 11-13.—Elkwood Park, Long Branch, N. J.—The Interstate Association's seventh annual Grand American Handicap tournament. Entries close April 4. Edward Banks, Sec'y, 318 Broadway.

April 18-20.—Lincoln, Neb.—The Lincoln Gun Club's second annual interstate tournament; targets and live birds; \$500 added. Geo. L. Carter, Sec'y.

April 18-21.—Baltimore, Md.—Prospect Park Shooting Association's tournament; \$500 added. Stanley Baker, Sec'y.

April 21-28.—Baltimore, Md.—Tournament of Baltimore Shooting Association; targets and live birds; money added. Geo. L. Harrison, Sec'y.

May 2-5.—Lincoln, Neb.—Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association's twenty-third annual tournament, under the auspices of the Capital City Gun Club; six amateur and four open events each day; targets and live birds. R. M. Welch, Sec'y.

May 9-13.—Peoria, Ill.—Illinois State Sportsmen's Association's tournament. C. F. Simmons, Sec'y.

May 16-19.—Erie, Pa.—Ninth annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Reed Hurst Gun Club. F. W. Bacon, Sec'y.

May 16-20.—St. Louis, Mo.—Tournament of the Missouri State Fish and Game Protective Association. H. B. Collins, Sec'y.

May 17-18.—Oil City, Pa.—Tournament of Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Oil City Gun Club. F. S. Bates, Sec'y.

May 23-25.—Algona, Ia.—Tournament of the Iowa State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game. John G. Smith, Pres.

May 24-25.—Greenwood, S. C.—Annual live-bird tournament of the Greenwood Gun Club; 25-bird Southern Handicap. R. G. McCants, Sec'y.

May 30.—Canajoharie, N. Y.—All-day target shoot at Canajoharie, N. Y. Charles Weeks, Sec'y.

May 30-June 2.—Erie, Pa.—Ninth annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Reed Hurst Gun Club. Frank W. Bacon, Sec'y.

June 5-10.—Buffalo, N. Y.—New York State shoot, under the auspices of the Buffalo Audubon Gun Club; \$1,000 guaranteed; over \$2,000 in merchandise, and \$1,000 added money in open events. Chas. Bamberg, Sec'y, 51 Edna Place.

June 6-9.—Sioux City, Ia.—Fifth annual amateur tournament of the Soo Gun Club. E. R. Chapman, Sec'y.

June 7-9.—Columbus, O.—Tournament of the Ohio Trap-Shooters' League, under the auspices of the Sherman Rod and Gun Club. J. C. Porterfield, Sec'y, O. T. S. L.

June 14-15.—Bellows Falls, Vt.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Bellows Falls Gun Club. C. H. Gibson, Sec'y.

June 14-16.—Cleveland, O.—Cleveland Target Co.'s tournament.

June 20-22.—Sistersville, W. Va.—Third annual tournament of

the West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Wheeling Gun Club, Wheeling, W. Va. John B. Garden, Sec'y.

July 19-20.—Providence, R. I.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Providence Gun Club. R. C. Root, Sec'y.

Aug. 9-10.—Portland, Me.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Portland Gun Club. S. B. Adams, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties on all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

The Gun Bore Treatment Co., of 7 and 9 Warren street, New York, report most gratifying business support. Mr. Neaf Appar, the manager, informs us that the guns received during the present month for treatment were in large numbers. The company claims that their treatment is an absolutely effective and permanent protection against the rusting, pitting, fouling and leading of the bore, and that after they have treated a gun hundreds of charges can be shot out of it, and thereafter it can be put away uncleaned for months without damage to it, the treatment rendering it impervious to rust, dampness, powder gas and salt water. The company is pleased to receive visitors at its office and show sections of barrels treated and untreated, with all the benefits gained by the former.

In the programme of the Grand American Handicap, published elsewhere in these columns, there is one statement which we are convinced is incomplete as to qualifications. It reads as follows: "All birds will be retrieved by dogs, the dog being released the moment the bird touches the ground." Undoubtedly this meant after the shooter had fired his second shot or opened his gun. A bird might touch the ground after the first shot, and still need a second shot. Lies is a better word than touch, for a bird might touch the ground and then disappear where earth and sky meet.

Under date of Feb. 18, Messrs. Daly & Chanfran write us as follows: "We beg to state that on March 13 and 14 there will be two events shot at Elkwood Park: On the 13th, the Oakley handicap, named in honor of Miss Annie Oakley, 25 live birds, \$10 entrance, birds extra, handicaps from 25 to 33yds., high guns, Tuesday, 14th, the sportsman handicap, 25 to 33yds., 20 live birds, \$10 entrance birds included, high guns. Money in both events to be distributed according to number of entries. Miss Oakley will present cup to winner."

The all-day shoot of the Lyndhurst Shooting Association, of which the State championship, the E. C. cup being the emblem, takes place on Saturday of this week. There are ten events on the programme, eight at 15 targets, each \$1 entrance, and one at 25, \$1.50 entrance. Moneys divided by the Rose system. Grounds can be reached in thirty minutes from New York, either by the Erie R. R. to Lyndhurst, or D., L. & W. to Lyndhurst. T. W. Morfe, Sec'y.

Mr. E. G. Horton, 100 Railroad avenue, White Plains, New York, writes us as follows: "All the preparatory details of Westchester handicap, March 1, have been carefully considered and executed. We now await the day of contest, and trust that the elements will favor us with sunshine, and that our friends and shooting companions may have a pleasant journey to White Plains. Kindly remember, 9:15 A. M. train, New York & Harlem R. R."

The race for the championship of New Jersey, at Lyndhurst, on Saturday of this week should be very close. Harold Money has worked up, into excellent form. Last Saturday he missed but 6 targets out of 145 shot at—a gait which is a trifle short of 96 per cent. Mr. Morfe seems to be always in good form; therefore the race is one well worth witnessing.

At Waterloo, Neb., on Feb. 14, in a two-men team race for \$100, between Waterloo and Gretna, Messrs. Mayhew and Wilkins scored 14 and 17 respectively out of 25 live birds. Messrs. Harclon and Beaublett, the Gretna team, scored 23 and 22 respectively, thereby winning by a total score of 45 to 31.

Mr. J. R. Newall, of the U. S. Smokeless Powder Co., San Francisco, returned to California last week, after quite an extensive visit in the East, and we take pleasure in adding that he will return East again in time for the Grand American Handicap.

Mr. Chas. Lambert (Bryan), of Haverhill, Mass., was in New York during last week, and participated in the shoot of the Brooklyn Gun Club, on Thursday last. He made some excellent scores, considering that he was shooting with a strange gun.

The annual live-bird shoot for a Remington hammerless gun, 12-gauge, will be shot on the grounds of the West Chester Gun Club, at West Chester, Pa., on March 2. Tickets, \$1; miss-and-out. Birds 15 cents each. American Association rules.

A match at 50 live birds per man between Messrs. Justus von Lengerke, of New York, and L. Harrison, of Minneapolis, has been made, to take place some time in the future.

Mr. A. A. Hegeman won the Class A contest in the New Utrecht Club shoot, at Woodlawn, Feb. 11, killing 9 out of 10 at 28yds.

The two days' shoot at live birds at the Three-Mile House, Reading, Pa., will take place on Thursday and Friday of this week.

BERNARD WATERS.

Programme of the New York State Shoot.

THE forty-first annual convention of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game will be held at Buffalo, N. Y., June 5 to 10, 1899, inclusive, under the auspices of the Buffalo Audubon Club.

In connection with the New York State shoot, to be held at Buffalo, June 5 to 10, inclusive, the Buffalo Audubon Club has arranged the following programme, open to all sportsmen in the United States and Canada. Professional experts and manufacturers' agents will be allowed to shoot for price of birds only, but will be provided for by special prizes, over \$100 of which are specified herein.

Expert amateurs will be handicapped as follows: Every man shooting 90 per cent. or better will pay \$4 extra each day. Every man shooting 85 per cent. and less than 90 per cent. will pay \$2 extra each day. These amounts will be set aside for a special purse, to be divided pro rata among amateurs shooting through the first three days' programme, who fail to get one of the twenty special average prizes provided for in the programme.

The club will not attempt to classify the shooters or charge extra entrance fee, but will deduct amount from winnings each day, after day's average has been ascertained. By this method shooters classify themselves each day, and all objections to unfair handicap will be avoided.

First day, Tuesday, June 6: No. 1, 15 targets, \$25 added, entrance \$2; No. 2, 15 targets, \$25 added, entrance \$2; No. 3, 25 targets, \$500 guaranteed purse, surplus added, entrance \$5; No. 4, 20 targets, \$25 added, entrance \$2; No. 5, 20 targets, \$25 added, entrance \$2; No. 6, 15 targets, \$25 added, entrance \$2; No. 7, 15 targets, \$25 added, entrance \$2; No. 8, 20 targets, \$25 added, entrance \$2; No. 9, 20 targets, \$25 added, entrance \$2. Five moneys in 15 and 20-bird events; eight moneys in 25-bird events; \$50 added for (amateur) day's averages; ten high guns, \$5 each.

Second day, Wednesday, June 7: No. 1, 15 targets, \$25 added, entrance \$2; No. 2, 15 targets, \$25 added, entrance \$2; No. 3, 25 targets, grand merchandise, entrance \$5; No. 4, 20 targets, \$25 added, entrance \$2; No. 5, 20 targets, \$25 added, entrance \$1; No. 6, 15 targets, \$25 added, entrance \$2; No. 7, 20 targets, \$25 added, entrance \$2; No. 8, 20 targets, \$25 added, entrance \$2; No. 9, 20 targets, \$25 added, entrance \$2.

In event No. 3 (grand merchandise) the Buffalo Audubon Club will guarantee 100 merchandise prizes, every one of which will be worth at least the value of entrance money, \$5, and will also guarantee that the total value of prizes in this event will exceed \$1,000. Five moneys in 15 and 20-bird events; \$50 added for (amateur) day's averages; ten high guns, \$5 each.

Third day, Thursday, June 8: No. 1, 15 targets, \$25 added, entrance \$2; No. 2, 15 targets, \$25 added, entrance \$2; No. 3, 25 targets, \$500 guaranteed purse, surplus added, entrance \$5; No. 4, 20 targets, \$25 added, entrance \$2; No. 5, 20 targets, \$25 added, entrance \$2; No. 6, 15 targets, \$25 added, entrance \$2; No. 7, 15 targets, \$25 added, entrance \$2; No. 8, 20 targets, \$25 added, entrance \$2; No. 9, 20 targets, \$25 added, entrance \$2. Five moneys in 15

and 20-bird events; eight moneys in 25-bird events; \$50 added for (amateur) day's averages; ten high guns, \$5 each.

Fourth day, Friday, June 9: No. 1, 50 targets, \$50 added, entrance \$5; No. 2, Buffalo Audubon Club event, open handicap. Rich merchandise prizes to be announced hereafter, guaranteed to exceed in value \$1,000.

Clearing up of events of former days if any are unfinished. Sweepstake events. Targets at this tournament will be 2 cents each, and all entrance moneys include targets.

General Prizes.

To the twenty amateurs making best averages in all events of the first three days' programme will be given ten merchandise prizes of a guaranteed value of over \$10 each, and ten cash prizes of \$10 each. All amateurs shooting through the first three days' programme and not obtaining one of the above average prizes will divide pro rata the proceeds of the purse provided by taxes on those who shot 85 and 90 per cent. daily averages.

To the ten high guns among experts shooting through the first three days' programme the club will give \$10 each, and will also provide a special prize for first average. Other prizes for experts will be arranged for hereafter. See programme, ready about May 1.

Special prizes and events for New York State shooters will also be arranged for hereafter.

The purpose of arranging at this early date for open events is to give shooters from a distance a chance of deciding just where the best programme for the year is offered. This tournament, in connection with that to be held at Cleveland the following week, must surely offer the best inducements of the year. Among the merchandise prizes will be at least twenty transportation tickets to Cleveland and return. An additional notice will be issued in advance of the final programme.

Guarantees to Date in Open Events.

\$1,000 added money; \$1,000 guaranteed in two purses of \$500 each; \$2,000 merchandise; 2-cent targets; all averages added.

Rochester Rod and Gun Club.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—The change in the weather called out an unusually large midwinter crowd to the ranges and traps of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club last week. The weather was as perfect for shooting as any day this winter. A number of shooters who had never tried it before went out to Cobb's Hill yesterday afternoon, and they did well. Sim Glover entered a couple of events, retiring with two good scores. The club is making a very successful effort to enlist the interest and enthusiasm of the members. There was a time when the members seemed to lose interest in the club, only a few of them—always the same ones—going out to Cobb's Hill every week.

There has been a great change for the better. Now the members flock to the club house by the scores. If next Wednesday proves as fine a day there will doubtless be a still larger attendance. Many of the members who would like to try live-bird shooting have been unable to find any birds. Frank McCord told the Democrat and Chronicle man last evening that person having birds to sell could notify him at his place of business, No. 113 State street. He will hereafter see to it that all members desirous of obtaining birds are supplied with them. There are several persons in and about Rochester who raise birds for this purpose.

Twenty-two members in all participated in the target events yesterday afternoon. Nugent, who had never before entered an event, made 8 out of a possible 10 in the first event. Daly, another new man, also made a creditable showing. The best shooting was done by Norton, Mosher, Parsons and Borst. The first three named entered seven events, each of 10 targets. Following are the scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Norton	9	8	7	7	8	9	8
Weller	7	8	6	8	7	9	..
Fuller	6	7	5
Kerschner	5	7	5	..	7	5	..
Willard	7	5	4
Jones	7	8	7	7	7
Judson	6	4	6	4	6	5	..
Mosher	8	7	8	10	8	8	9
Parsons	8	6	9	9	6	7	6
Glover	9	10
Gibson	7	4	5	4	6
Borst	9	8	7	8	8	9	..
Daly	3	5	5	6	4
McChesney	6	6	6
Rogers	6	6	5
Kay	7	6	8	10
Galbraith	5	6	5	8	8
Myers	5
Nugent	8
McCord	8
Porter	4	6
Wray	7	6

Four of the best shooters in the club shot at live birds. They were Wray, Weller, Gibson and Myer. Wray made 12 out of a possible 15. Myer shot at 10 birds and only missed one. Weller missed 2 out of 10, and Gibson allowed 3 birds to pass. The score:

Live birds:	
Wray	201210221101212—12
Weller	2100122112 — 8
Gibson	0210021122 — 7
Meyer	2120121122 — 9

Frank McCord and Ed C. Meyer are going to shoot for the championship of the county. McCord is the crack shooter of the Columbia Rifle Club.

Though he has only been shooting at the Rod and Gun Club for a comparatively short time, he has rapidly risen to the "big circle." Meyer is a veteran shooter at Cobb's Hill. He is a good one too, and classes well up with Glover and the other stars.

The McCord-Meyer match will be put on the boards directly after Dr. Weller and Meyer finish their contest. The all-round championship of the county will consist of five events, two with the rifle at the Schuetzenzilde range at Cobb's Hill, two with the shotgun on the Rochester Rod and Gun Club's grounds, and one with the pistol at the Columbia Rifle Club's range in Reynolds arcade.

The shotgun events will be at 100 bluebirds and 25 live birds. The rifle events will be off-hand shooting, 10 shots at 200yds. and 10 shots at 25yds. The pistol event of 10 shots will be at 10yds. off-hand. It is probable that two days will be taken for the match, the shotgun events to be contested on one day and the rifle and pistol events on the other.

Trap around Reading.

READING, Pa., Feb. 11.—Mr. Harvey Clouser, of Gibraltar, Pa., has posted a forfeit of \$10 with Larry Ressler, 26 South Sixth street, this city, and challenges Coldren to shoot either American Association rules or Rhode Island rules, 50 or 100 live birds, for \$100 or \$200 a side. Mr. Clouser reserves the right to select the place for the match.

Feb. 7.—The Mt. Penn Gun Club, of this city, held a meeting and elected the following officers: President, Harry Saylor; Vice-President, Wm. Smith; Secretary, Geo. Rhoads; Treasurer, Albert Yeager; Captain, Harry Ball; Trustees: Messrs. Shultz, Laird, Gerhard, Strohecker and Brown.

Oakbrook, Pa., Feb. 6.—Mr. Chas. Echelman, of Gibraltar, and Chas. Hufford, of Oakbrook, shot a match at the Kurtz House, each man shooting at 25 live birds for \$10 a side. Echelman won, killing 22 to Hufford's 14. The conditions were 25 live birds per man, 28yds. rise, 50yds. boundary.

Phoenixville, Pa., Feb. 8.—J. Buckwalter defeated J. Edwards, both of this place, to-day in a live-bird match, by the score of 21 to 15.

Reading, Pa., Feb. 18.—The Reading Shooting Association had to postpone their live-bird match from Feb. 15-16 to Feb. 23-24, owing to the recent blizzard, which struck Reading last Monday and tied up all traffic on all roads. The same programme as announced a week ago in FOREST AND STREAM will be followed. Mr. Ritter, secretary, of the Reading Shooting Association, stated to the writer that among the entries in the Shillington handicap, 25 birds, \$15 entrance, handicaps from 26 to 33yds., guarantee \$200, were Elliott, Brewer and Welsh, and many other prominent shots from this section.

The Somerset handicap, to have been shot on Feb. 17, has been indefinitely postponed by the manager, Mr. Chas. Bechtel. Pottsville, Pa., Feb. 16.—A live-bird match was shot on the

Tumbling Run Dam grounds to-day between Ellis and Sterner on one side, and Cavanaugh and Allen on the other. The score: Sterner 4, Ellis 6; total 10. Cavanaugh 4, Allen 4; total 8.

Reading, Pa., Feb. 18.—The members of the South End Gun Club held a short practice shoot to-day, getting into condition for the next medal shoot, to be held Feb. 22. The medals are at present held by Shaaber, Downs and Ball. The medal shoot is a handicap, class shoot, each man shooting at 25 targets over the magautrap.

All arrangements are completed for the live-bird shoot of the Mt. Penn Gun Club, on Washington's Birthday, Feb. 22. Each man shoots at 15 live birds, 25 to 28yds. rise, 50yds. boundary, to decide the live-bird championship of the Mt. Penn Club. The event will be shot on the Mt. Penn grounds on Mt. Penn.

DUSTER.

WESTERN TRAPS.

Montgomery Ward Live-Bird Handicap—Second Series.

CHICAGO, Ill., Feb. 18.—The new series of the Montgomery Ward & Co. live-bird handicap started off yesterday afternoon at Watson's Park at a very hot pace, there being thirty-four entries, of whom fifteen were from outside of the county, this latter fact showing that the non-resident clause is bound to be a popular one. Waukegan sent down a good turnout. The afternoon passed very pleasantly indeed. The weather was mild, but a strong wind gave life to the birds and made the shooting far from easy.

There were nine men who landed in the 15 hole, and in the first tie there was not a straight. Sturtevant stood to win the tie and once apparently had it safely in his hands. He caught a fast blue driver, which he knocked down directly against the wire, but when the dog went to retrieve the bird the latter gathered and hopped over the boundary. Then followed an odd incident. There were four men below Mr. Sturtevant who had one bird each to shoot at, and one man who had two birds to shoot at. Any one of these men could have won the badge by killing, but one by one they missed, and the men had to go into the next tie. The final tie was shot miss-and-out. Nelson in the finals ran neck and neck with Col. Felton, but the Colonel missed his fifth bird, and Nelson killing, won the badge for the first contest of the series. Mr. Nelson is an old-time Audubon Club shooter, whose name has been too infrequent of late in the trap scores, but whom we may hope to hear from more frequently hereafter. The following are the scores:

George Roll, 30, 12; C. Flinn, 28, 14; W. B. Leffingwell, 30, 14; E. O. Rice, 26, 13; E. Sturtevant, 30, 15; N. L. Hoyt, 28, 15; C. E. Felton, 28, 15; T. B. Hoyt, 28, 15; R. G. Dwyer, 30, 11; J. S. Boa, 30, 14; W. B. Stannard, 28, 13; N. Nelson, 28, 15; A. L. Mottinger, 28, 15; F. G. Barnard, 28, 13; W. S. Bullock, 28, 10; E. P. De Wolf, 28, 13; J. B. Barto, 30, 12; R. Simonette, 28, 15; Edmonsens, 28, 0; J. Hoffman, 28, 15; J. L. White, 30, 13; T. P. Hicks, 30, 13; S. Palmer, 30, 11; N. Broadbier, 28, 8; M. H. Shaw, 28, 11; H. Lee, 26, 15; H. J. Sconce, 30, 14; H. Ehlers, 30, 13; C. C. Hyde, 30, 14; E. M. Steck, 30, 14; D. O'Brien, 28, 15; W. N. McCanney, 28, 5; V. A. Rosebeck, 28, 12; C. Hoffman, 28, 15.

C. A. A.

The live-bird medal of the Chicago Athletic Association was won Thursday afternoon by Mr. J. M. Sellers. The entry was small, but select, and the shooting no sinecure, a strong wind giving the birds legs. Mr. Sellers had a handicap of two birds, by means of which he landed straight. Score:

George A Thorne	2220*2012101222—11
J. M. Sellers, 2	212220211202221—15
H. H. Frothingham	221226212122222—14
J. E. Farrell, 3	221202111202200—14
O von Lengerke	222222220222222—14

Notes.

Audubon Gun Club medal was won this week at Watson's by J. A. Amberg, who sustained his reputation by landing in the 20 hole straight.

At the annual meeting of the Garden City Gun Club this week the following officers were elected: President, A. L. Smith; Vice-President, J. H. Amberg; Secretary and Treasurer, Henry Levi. Directors: Henry Ehlers, John Watson, A. L. Smith.

Trouble pends between Mike Petrie and John Amberg, who will at a date later set shoot at 50 live birds at Watson's Park.

Alpine Gun Club will hold a little team race, with an all Chicago team, at 25 birds, Watson's, Monday afternoon.

Mr. C. C. Hess, secretary of the Eureka Gun Club, sends the following announcement:

"Please announce in the next issue of FOREST AND STREAM that the annual meeting of Eureka Gun Club, of Chicago, will be held in Parlor L—38, Great Northern Hotel, Wednesday evening, Feb. 22, at 8 o'clock, for the election of officers for the coming year, and other business. All the members are requested to be present, as matters of vital importance pertaining to club affairs are to be discussed."

Garfield live-bird shoot to-day, at Watson's. Scores elsewhere. E. HOUGH.

1200 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Brooklyn Gun Club.

Brooklyn, L. I., Feb. 18.—The weather was very unfavorable. Soon after the shoot began rain set in. There was a fair attendance nevertheless. The feature of the contest was Harold Money's good shooting. He made straight scores in several events. The club shoot was shot in the rain, which caused several to refrain from entering, and Mr. Banks withdrew on that account at the end of the first 25. Among the visitors was the popular shooter, Mr. Chas. Lambert (Bryan), of Haverhill, Mass. He shot with admirable skill, considering that he was using a strange gun.

The scores of the club shoot are as follows:

Banks	100101101111111111111111—20
Waters	1111101011101101011101—18
Douglas	01111111111010001111101—19
Billings	111111010110010111110101—18
II Money	0111111101011111111111—22
Bryan	1111111111111111111111—25
G Remsen	0011001101011111010100—13
J B Hopkins	11101111111101111110011—21
	1110111111110111111111—23
	1111111112111111001111—23
	46

Interstate Tournaments.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Feb. 18.—Editor Forest and Stream: The Interstate Association has made arrangements to give inanimate target tournaments during the season of 1899 as follows: Oil City, Pa., May 17 and 18; Bellows Falls, Vt., June 14 and 15; Providence, R. I., July 19 and 20; Portland, Me., Aug. 9 and 10. This completes the circuit, with the exception of a tournament during the month of September, negotiations for which are now pending.

ELMER E. SHANER, Manager.

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, \$4 per year, \$2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iv.

All contestants will shoot their score at the same target.

BIRDS EXTRA.

Birds will be extra in all events. When entering for any event the shooter must pay for all birds called for in that event, in addition to the entrance fee. Money will be refunded for all birds not shot at on application to the compiler of scores, who will furnish rebate tickets that will be redeemed for cash at the cashier's office.

INFORMATION RELATING TO THE GRAND AMERICAN HANDICAP EXCLUSIVELY.

The manner of shooting the Grand American Handicap this year (and, in fact, all events scheduled for the tournament) is as follows: Shooters will be called to the score in turn, shooting their first bird at No. 1 set of traps; as soon as a shooter has shot at his first bird, he passes on to No. 2 set and shoots at his second bird on that set; he then shoots at another bird on No. 3 set and passes into the building through the right wing, waiting until it is time for him to go out and shoot at his fourth, fifth and sixth birds, and so on.

A contestant missing five birds must drop out, with the privilege of re-entering in case he has a chance to win any portion of the purse.

To facilitate shooting, and to prevent delays at Nos. 2 and 3 sets of traps, a shooter who happens to score his fifth miss on either No. 1 or No. 2 set of traps must finish that round of three birds, irrespective of the fact of his having five misses to his credit.

Every shooter will be numbered, each entry being known by his number when called to the score. A small tag will be affixed to each shooter's back, giving his number on the shooting list, and also his handicap in yards. This will enable the referee to see at a glance if the shooter is at his right mark; and will also enable shooters, spectators and scorers to tell who is at the score by merely referring to the list of entries numbered in shooting order.

Each contestant must supply himself with five "no bird" tickets.

In case the Grand American Handicap entries are so numerous that it is impossible to finish in good light on April 12, the referees shall stop the shooting at any time they may deem it necessary; in this case the shooting will commence at 9 o'clock sharp, Thursday, April 13.

Positively no entry will be taken, nor shooting up allowed, after the last man has shot at his second bird.

The Interstate Association reserves the right to refuse any entry.

An admission fee of 50 cents will be charged each day.

All contestants in the Grand American Handicap will receive a badge, which will admit them to the Park free during the entire tournament.

Any shooter who is not a contestant in the Grand American Handicap will have the 50 cents paid for admission refunded (at the cashier's office) upon his making entry in any sweepstakes event.

The comfort and convenience of the contestants, as well as the spectators, has been looked after carefully, inasmuch as the entire club house is closed in with glass front and heated throughout. The two wings, located within a few yards of the traps, will be reserved for the exclusive use of the shooters, where they can witness the sport when not actively engaged in it.

The office of Compiler of Scores will again be filled by Mr. Edward Banks. His services the last three seasons in a similar capacity are a sufficient guarantee of excellent results on this occasion. Mr. Banks, also, will act as press representative.

Conveyances will meet trains at the Elkwood Park stopping place and carry shooters to the club house, charging 10 cents. Shooters are requested to inquire what the fare will be before riding in the conveyances. This is necessary to avoid being imposed upon by unprincipled parties.

A warm and substantial lunch will be served each day in the club house for the sum of 50 cents.

Shooters desiring meals a la carte can secure same at Elkwood Inn.

Contestants are requested to make sure that their guns are not over 8lbs. in weight, as all guns will be weighed at the score.

An official record will be made of the make of gun, kind of powder, shot and shell used by each contestant. This record will be compiled by an official appointed for the purpose, and contestants will be required to furnish such information as is necessary.

The association reserves the right to select two cartridges from each contestant (to test the same for proper loading), the selection to be made, at any time, from those of a shooter at the score.

Bank checks, drafts or bills of exchange will not be received at the cashier's office in payment for balance due on entries, nor will any check, draft or bill of exchange be cashed during the tournament. This rule will be strictly enforced.

The locker arrangement will be entirely different from that of former years. A new office has been created—Locker Office—the duties of the official in charge being somewhat similar to that of a hotel clerk.

Lockers will be rented to those who desire them at the rate of 50 cents per man for the week's shooting, three contestants to each locker. These lockers are amply sufficient to accommodate the belongings of three shooters, and no two lockers have the same key, there being seventy-five lockers all told. Each applicant will be required to deposit \$1, of which amount 50 cents will be refunded on return of the key check when through with the locker.

Any three contestants who desire to be assigned the same locker can have one reserved for them in advance by making application to the Manager, Elmer E. Shaner, 122 Diamond Market, Pittsburg, Pa.

It is requested that entries for the Grand American Handicap be made in ample time to permit the sending of receipt and admission badge, and for same to reach the maker of the entry prior to his departure for Elkwood Park. Should entries be received so late that it will be impossible to reach the maker of the entry, by mail, until after Saturday, April 8, receipt and admission badge will not be sent. Therefore, shooters who make late entry, and do not receive receipt and admission badge, will be required to pay 50 cents admission to Elkwood Park, which will be refunded on calling at the cashier's office and applying for receipt, admission badge and rebate ticket covering the amount paid at the gate.

All entries made must be accompanied by the maker's full name and address, which will be withheld from publication if desired, and "shooting name" only will be used.

Guns, ammunition, etc., forwarded by express should be prepaid, and sent care of Daly & Chanfrau, Elkwood Park, Long Branch, N. J.

All consignments forwarded via the Adams Express Co. will be delivered at Elkwood Park without an extra charge from Long Branch.

For the convenience of shooters who desire to return goods by express, the Adams Express Co. will open a branch office at Elkwood Park on April 13, 14 and 15.

When making an entry by mail, remittances covering amount of forfeit (\$10) should be made by bank check, draft, post-office money order, express money order or registered letter.

Regular entries close April 4, and will be received at the New York office, Edward Banks, Secretary-Treasurer, 313 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Special Announcement.

At a meeting of the Interstate Association, held at Madison Square Garden, Jan. 17, 1899, the following resolution was introduced:

"That all paid representatives, whether paid in shells, guns, money, or otherwise, and all those connected in any way with companies manufacturing guns, shot, shells, powder, targets and traps shall be barred from participating in sweepstakes and purses, but will be perfectly welcome to shoot for targets only and display their goods. The decision as to who such paid men are to be left at all times to the manager, whose decision shall be final.

"Resolved, That the foregoing does not apply in any way to the Grand American Handicap tournament."

Address all communications relating to inanimate target tournaments to the manager's home address, Elmer E. Shaner, 122 Diamond Market, Pittsburg, Pa.

Headquarters for sportsmen who desire to stop in New York will be the Astor House, Broadway, Barclay and Vesey streets.

The shoot of the Pawling Gun Club, which was to be held on Feb. 13, is postponed to March 25, which is also the first club shoot of the season of 1899. The same programme is offered, and in addition the Pawling Rod and Gun Club cash handicap; open to all; twenty-five targets; 50 cents entrance; high man to win. Handicaps arranged before the event is shot, but not announced until afterward. Ties shot off at twenty-five targets, same handicap.

Sportsmen's Association Tournament Programme.

The programme of the inanimate target tournament, to be given in connection with the Sportsmen's Show, under the auspices of the National Sportsmen's Association, in Madison Square Garden, New York City, March 2 to 15, 1899 (Sundays excepted), is now ready for distribution. J. A. H. Dressel, Secretary-Treasurer and General Manager, 280 Broadway, N. Y. The members of the committee are Messrs. Elmer E. Shaner, chairman; Edward Banks, secretary; Wm. M. (U. M. C.) Thomas and Bernard Waters.

Special Notice.—For \$2 any gentleman may become a member of the National Sportsmen's Association, membership entitling him to free admission to the Sportsmen's Show. Membership card is a season ticket. Address Sportsmen's Association, 280 Broadway, N. Y.

The management of the National Sportsmen's Association, in deciding to hold an inanimate target tournament in connection with its Annual Sportsmen's Show, March 2 to 15, 1899, hit upon something entirely new and startling in the line of attractions. When first suggested, the scheme did not seem at all practical, but later developments have proved the feasibility of the plan.

Madison Square Garden is covered with an ample roof-tree, and on that roof-tree the tournament will be held on the dates above mentioned. There is ample room for a single set of traps, arranged in the regulation manner, and throwing a good target, fully up to the requirements as laid down in the rules governing target shooting.

All competitions decided at this tournament will be under the direction of Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, whose well-known ability in the management of tournaments is a guarantee that the several competitions arranged for the occasion will be well, smoothly and successfully carried out. Mr. Shaner will be assisted by a corps of aides, who have been specially selected by him for their fitness to help in such matters.

The hours of shooting will be from 11 A. M. to 5 P. M. on each day during the two weeks that the Sportsmen's Show is open to the public, Sundays excepted. The six hours per day during which the traps are open for competitions have been divided by the management into three equal portions of two hours, each of these portions being set apart for the decision of some particular feature on the programme.

The Continuous Match, 11 A. M. to 1 P. M. each day.—This match is a new departure in the annals of trap-shooting. In this event re-entries are unlimited, four prizes being donated by the National Sportsmen's Association to the four men making the four longest runs of consecutive breaks made in this competition. No man can win more than one of the above four prizes.

All targets thrown at unknown angles.

No run of consecutive breaks made in any other competition will be allowed to count for prizes in the Continuous Match.

In addition to the above four prizes, the management will donate each day a prize to the shooter making the longest run of consecutive breaks on that day in this competition.

Entrance fee, 50 cents, in addition to cost of targets at 1½ cents each.

Re-entries unlimited.

Sportsmen's Association Championship, 1 P. M. to 3 P. M. Each Day.—Conditions, 100 targets, unknown angles, entrance 50 cents, in addition to cost of targets at 1½ cents each. Re-entries unlimited.

From Thursday, March 2, until Tuesday, March 14, inclusive, the traps will be open from 1 to 3 P. M. for shooters to qualify for the final round in the Championship Contest, which will take place on Wednesday, March 15. The conditions of the final round will be 100 targets per man, unknown angles, entrance price of targets at 1½ cents each.

Those eligible to compete in the final round of the Championship Contest will be the twenty-five shooters having the twenty-five highest totals made in the previous "qualifying rounds" shot on any of the preceding days of the tournament.

No shooter can qualify with more than one score, that score being the highest made by him in the "qualifying rounds."

As re-entries for the qualifying rounds are unlimited, any shooter can, during the qualifying rounds, try to better any record made by him in previous rounds.

Prizes.—To the winner in the final round of the Championship Contest will be donated a handsome trophy, emblematic of the Sportsmen's Association Championship. This trophy will become the property of the winner.

To the shooter making the second highest score in the Championship Contest will be donated a gold medal.

To the shooter making the third highest score in the Championship Contest will be donated a silver medal.

To the shooter making the fourth highest score in the Championship Contest will be donated a bronze medal.

In addition to the above prizes, the management will donate a prize each day to the shooter making the highest score in the qualifying rounds shot on that day.

Sweepstakes and Special Matches, 3 to 5 P. M. Each Day.—From 3 to 5 P. M. each day the traps will be open for sweepstake shooting, special matches, or for competitions for special prizes as may be decided upon by the management.

No programme will be definitely arranged for this portion of the tournament, but the programme for the following day will be posted up the previous afternoon on the bulletin board devoted specially to announcements in connection with this tournament.

Intending contestants can ship guns and shells in care of Mr. James C. Young, Madison Square Garden, New York City.

Boston Gun Club.

WELLINGTON, Mass., Feb. 17.—The execrable weather of Wednesday, Feb. 8, rendered shooting quite out of the question, so the Boston Gun Club was forced to submit, and the eighth prize shoot passed without a single score being entered in the prize match. The following Wednesday, Feb. 15, afforded another example of the weather's vagaries, for the terrible storm of Monday had left its mark at Wellington, as in other places, and the trapping of targets was accomplished under difficulties. Shooting also, if we may judge by the scores, for with two exceptions they were decidedly off. The irregularities of traps and pulls hardly seemed to affect Mr. Gordon, who emerged from the afternoon's trials and tribulations with a clean 80 per cent. Likewise Mr. Woodruff, who had scarcely less. Such records but serve to emphasize the downfall of others who allow minor details to worry and perplex when they should be attending strictly to business. Scores complete:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	10	10	3p	10	10	5	3p	10	10	10	10
Gordon, 17	10	7	3	9	9	4	2	9	8	8	9
Bancroft, 16	8	7	0	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6
Campbell, 16	5	7	2	5	2	5	2	5	2	5	2
Young, 16	4	3	1	4	1	3	3	4	8	5	5
Miskay, 18	5	5	4	5	5	1	1	4	5	5	6
Lund, 16	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Perry, 16	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4
Woodruff, 17	10	10	7	5	2	9	4	8	9	9	9
Blaney, 16	5	5	2	4	1	5	8	6	7	6	7
Williams, 15	5	2	2	6	7	8	7	7	7	7	7
Henry, 14	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5

Events 1, 4, 5, 8, 10, and 11, known angles; 2, 6, and 9, unknown; 3 and 7, pairs.

Merchandise match, 21 targets—10 known, 5 unknown and 3 pairs:

Targets:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Gordon, 17	10	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Woodruff, 17	10	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Williams, 15	10	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Young, 16	10	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Miskay, 18	10	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Blaney, 16	10	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Team match, 40 targets—10 known and 10 unknown; distance handicap:											
Gordon	0	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Woodruff	0	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Blaney	0	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Young	0	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Williams	0	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Miskay	0	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11

The Warwick Gun Club will hold a Washington's Birthday shoot on Feb. 22. There are eight events, calling for 125 targets, with a total entrance fee of \$5.75. Extra events to suit the wishes of visitors if time permits. Targets are included in all events. Lunch and coffee on the grounds. The shoot takes place rain or shine, blizzard or calm. There will be two individual races also. One for the E. C. cup, 100 targets, between W. S. Lines, the holder, and A. W. Edsall, challenger. The other for the president's cup, 100 targets, between J. M. Servin, holder, and T. Welling, challenger. Shooters are cordially invited. John B. Rogers, Manager, Warwick, N. Y.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Belvidere Gun Club.

Belvidere, N. J., Feb. 11.—At the live-bird shoot of the Belvidere Gun Club, in the event at 10 live birds, 28yds. rise, 60yds. boundary, \$2 entrance, G. Bordeman killed 9 straight:

G Bordeman222112222-9	G McMurtrie10111200-5
W Rainsner000120011-4	E Mountnout1001111-6
J Hill01010120-4	H Bordeman00000020-1
C Cole12001200-4		

Boiling Springs Gun Club.

Rutherford, N. J., Feb. 11.—The weather was exceedingly wintry, which no doubt cut down the attendance of shooters at the club shoot of the Boiling Springs Gun Club to-day. The scores made in the main event are as follows:

James1100100101010100001110000-11
H Money101111011100111001101010-27
Everett111111111101111100001111-21-42
E Jeanerett101111110011010000111111-15
Frank101111110100001000011010-13-27
P Jeanerett101111110011110100110011-17-33
Capt Money1001110101001111110000-15-33
111111111111111111111111-24-42

W. H. Huck, Sec'y.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications.

Princeton, N. J.—What model and what caliber of Colt's revolver is most in use among Western men? Also what length of barrel? Ans. The large model, .44 and .45, single action mostly, although there is now a limited fancy for smaller models of .38 to .45, which can be carried in the pocket.

R. H. A., Alberta, N. W. T.—1. The breeders of barzois presumably breed for their own private use, as they are modest advertisers. We regret that we cannot furnish the information. 2. According to the Massachusetts Rifle Association's rules, the standard American target, full size, having an 8in. bullseye, is used at 50yds.; the same, half-size—that is, 4in. bullseye—at 30yds.; one-quarter size—2in. bullseye—at 20yds.; and in the same ratio of reduction at lesser ranges.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

A Defense of Militarism.

BY A PROMINENT GERMAN AUTHORITY.

Prof. Gustav F. Jaeger, whose name has become familiar to the civilized world by his "woolen-wear theory," recently delivered a public lecture at Stuttgart on the results and benefits of militarism. In his opinion Germany's army system, in its growing scientific development, is the principal basis of her immense economic evolution and expansion. Through the nation's military education the health of the people has been steadily improving, thus creating a "live capital" that cannot commensurately be acquired or represented by mere accumulation of dead coin. * * *

As to the sanitary effects of militarism he proves his theory by statistics drawn from the health reports of the German army. During the three years' service in the army, which is recruited from the whole of the people without distinction, the third year's soldiers presented the most favorable conditions of health and efficiency, not only in the active service, but also as forming the best physical and mental preparation for civil life, enterprise and success, a result not attainable, or at least never yet produced by any other system of education in public schools or academies of learning. A militarily trained person is endowed with a physical and mental equipment far superior to that of the "State school cripple," whose brain is battered by indigestible book learning, and whose nerves are neutralized by the unhealthy atmosphere of the recitation room and the senseless system of an education which forgets the old rule that we ought to "learn for life, not for the school." In the annual maneuvers of German reserve and national guard forces Dr. Jaeger discovers a national health factor that no sanitary regulations, public or private, are able to produce. German military training alone supplies a nation with the necessary living capital for future growth.—Baltimore Sun, Jan. 31, 1899.

Old Point Comfort, Richmond and Washington.

NEXT SIX-DAY TOUR VIA PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

THE second of the present series of personally conducted tours to Old Point Comfort, Richmond and Washington via the Pennsylvania Railroad will leave New York and Philadelphia on Saturday, Feb. 25.

Tickets, including transportation, meals en route in both directions, transfers of passengers and baggage, hotel accommodations at Old Point Comfort, Richmond and Washington, and carriage ride about Richmond—in fact, every necessary expense for a period of six days—will be sold at rate of \$34 from New York, Brooklyn and Newark; \$32.50 from Trenton; \$31 from Philadelphia, and proportionate rates from other stations.

OLD POINT COMFORT ONLY.

Tickets to Old Point Comfort only, including luncheon on going trip, one and three-fourths days' board at that place, and good to return direct by regular trains within six days, will be sold in connection with this tour at rate of \$15 from New York; \$13.50 from Trenton; \$12.50 from Philadelphia, and proportionate rates from other points.

For itineraries and full information apply to Ticket Agents; Tourist Agent, 1196 Broadway, New York; 759 Broad street, Newark, N. J.; or Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.—Adv.

Waterproof Hunting Boots.

THE waterproof boots and shoes made by Messrs. M. A. Smith & Co., of 25-25 N. Thirteenth street, Philadelphia, have won a high reputation among practical field sportsmen and anglers, because of their good qualities and experience-proved serviceability. Some people have a notion that the more hardships they go through in the field the more good they get out of it; and again others, wiser in their day and generation, wear the Smith Ideal shoes and go dry shod.

Postal Information.

THERE is a Coatesville in Indiana, Shirtsville in Pennsylvania, Hattville in Ontario, Shoe Cove in Newfoundland, Stockington in New Jersey, Yellowbreeches in Pennsylvania.

MORE people are binding their FOREST AND STREAMS than ever before. Are you binding yours? See advertisement of 40-cent binders. It's astonishing what a library FOREST AND STREAM files make up.

The Forest and Stream Publishing Co. are the largest publishers and importers in America of Books on Outdoor Sports. Their illustrated descriptive catalogue will be sent free on request.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO.

TERMS, \$4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. }
SIX MONTHS, \$2. }

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1899.

VOL. LIII.—No. 9.
{ No. 846 BROADWAY, NEW YORK. }

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, \$4 per year, \$2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iv.

A wise Philosopher, noting the sundry desires of divers men, writeth, that if an Oxe bee put into a Medowe hee will seeke to fill his Bellie with Grasse, if a Storke bee cast in shee will seeke for Snakes, if you turne in a Hounde hee will seeke to start an Hare.
HAKLUYT.

THE RUNNING DEER TARGET.

AMONG the devices of the modern rifle range is a moving target, known as the running deer, a sheet of metal so shaped as to present the broadside of a deer, and moved across the range by an arrangement of wires and pulleys in such way as to simulate the motion of the running game. Shooting matches at the running deer target are favorite forms of competition in Switzerland. An account of a typical meeting of this character in the Tyrol was printed in our columns a year or two ago. We have spoken of the moving target as a contrivance in modern use; but it is by no means modern in origin; it goes back to the early dawn of history, to an age prior to written history indeed, when the feats of mighty marksmen were perpetuated in song and legend and so handed down from generation to generation. For the flying target is mentioned in the Maha-bharata, one of the great epics of ancient India, and celebrating the exploits of heroes who contended at the butts in the fourteenth century B. C.

On the banks of the Ganges, the Maha-bharata tells us, thirty-three centuries ago, the monarch Dhrita-rashtra, King of the Kurus, gave what would in our day be known as an invitation champion shoot; that is, it was a tournament to determine who should have the name of amateur champion of the Kuru land, but only the one hundred sons and the five nephews of the monarch were invited to enter the competition for the distinction. So they measured out the tourney ground on a meadow clear of jungle, with a crystal fountain playing hard by, and built the altar for the sacred gifts, and erected the grandstand white and stately;

And the people built their stages circling round the listed green,
And the nobles with their white tents graced the fair and festive scene.

Then to the shooting ground repaired the spectators, men from stall and loom and anvil, Brahmans and priests, old and young, high and low, fair Gandhari the Queen, white robed Drona the priest and prophet, and the monarch himself, sightless, to whom was described the progress of the contest as it was fought. Then came the competitors, who, we are to understand, then, just as now, paid each his entrance fee, got his number in the squad, stepped to the score in his turn, twisted himself into his characteristic posture and called "Pull" when ready.

Each behind his elder stepping, good Yudhisthir first of all,
Each his wondrous skill displaying, held the silent crowds in thrall.

And that there were in those distant times, as well as in these later days of Wild West shows, marksmen who could ride and shoot, the epic further attests:

Mounted on their rapid coursers oft the princes proved their aim,
Racing, hit the targe with arrows lettered with their royal name.

The crack shot of those invited to the tournament was the King's nephew Arjun, who, as he stepped forth gauntled and jewel-girdled, and clad in golden mail, with carriage proud and stately, and bearing his mighty bow, created a sensation on grandstand and bleachers, so that a great shout went up from the people as they beheld him, and well it might.

Now the voices of the people died away and all was still,
Arjun to his proud preceptor showed his might and matchless skill,
Towering high or lowly bending, on the turf or on his car,
With his bow and glist'ning arrows Arjun waged the mimic war;
Targets on the wide arena, mighty tough or wondrous small,
With his arrows, bright, unfailing, Arjun pierced them one and all!
Cow-horn by a thread suspended, and by wings unceasing swayed,
One and twenty well-aimed arrows on this moving mark he laid.
Wild-boar shaped of solid iron coursed the wide-extending field,
In its jaws five glist'ning arrows sent the archer wondrous-skilled.

Here we have the moving target, the coursing boar

prototype of the running deer. And here we have the marksman who could hold on it as it coursed. Nor was he the only one; for then came Karna, uninvited to this championship shoot, an intruder, an interloper, an unknown, a dark horse; and this was the "bluff" he made:

"All thy feats of weapons, Arjun, done with vain and needless boast,
These and greater I accomplish—witness be this mighty host!"
Thus spake proud and peerless Karna, in his accents deep and loud,
And as moved by sudden impulse, leaped in joy the list'ning crowd.

Moreover, he could shoot as well as talk—

Drona gave the word, and Karna, Protha's war-beloving son,
With his sword and with his arrows did the feats by Arjun done!

This was of course bitter chagrin for the golden-mailed Arjun; for then, as sometimes even now, the worsted champion took defeat with ill grace. There were jealousies and heart burnings, a war of words followed, and then real war. Out of that shooting match on the Ganges grew a conflict of tribes and peoples so fierce and so stubborn, and waged so long that the chronicles which record it, as the epic has come down to us, growing with the centuries as shooting stories are apt to grow, extends to not less than 180,000 lines of verse—more, perhaps, than the entire product of spring poetry in this year of grace 1899.

So much of the antiquity of the moving target, and of the mighty men of old whose skill delighted to master it. Little did those contestants in the invitation championship shoot on the Ganges dream that they were shooting for a meed of enduring fame to be sung through the ages. And as for the marksman of to-day, wearer of the medals of the moment, holder of the cup of the hour, the moral for him is that the art of shooting did not come first into this world when he took to practice; there were champions of old, whose record, emblazoned on the records of thirty-three centuries, he well may emulate.

OLD TIMES ON THE PLAINS.

THE scene represented in our supplement this week tells a story of the past. It is nearly twenty years since the buffalo ceased to be the support of the red people of the Northwest. Before that time they had already been exterminated over the middle plains from northern Nebraska south to the northern line of Texas; but in Montana they were still found, as they always had been, crowded together in great herds, and people still said that the buffalo would never be all killed off. Traders and travelers over the Northern plains still spoke of them as found here or there by millions; and yet four years later there were none. If the vanishing of these great multitudes came with a shock of surprise to the white hunter, how much more amazing must it have been to the Indian who had always regarded these dusky hordes as his own property, on which he could forever draw for food, for shelter and for clothing. To him it was simply incredible that the buffalo should have disappeared, and for years afterward he would not believe that they had done so except by some supernatural means.

But Mr. Deming's picture is of the old days—the buffalo days—and it represents a scene familiar to those who knew the Primitive American Hunter and had part in the hunts of the people. In a wide valley, not far from the mountains, a herd of buffalo was feeding. The night before it had been discovered by the keen-eyed scouts, who had brought the news to the camp, and the chiefs had ordered the old crier to announce through the village that the next morning the people would go out and kill food. All were warned to bring in their horses; the men must whet their arrow points, the women must sharpen their knives. Very early in the morning the camp started; first the men, and then the women with pack animals and travois to bring in the meat. Under strictest discipline the force of hunters moved forward until they reached the point from which the charge was to be made, and then, at the word, swept down on the unsuspecting animals before them. Confused, surrounded, turned back, most of these soon fell before the keen arrows propelled from the powerful sinew-backed bow, until many brown carcasses lay upon the prairie. Then, as the men dismounted and let their horses go and began to skin the game, the women and children, with the pack animals, appeared over the swell of the prairie and hurried down to assist in the work, to butcher, to cut up the meat, pack it on the animals and transport to the camp.

He who took part in such scenes still sees in memory the parched yellow plain quivering in the hot air, the distant mountains, their sides dark with pines, and their peaks white with snow; the little groups of men and women and children and dogs and horses clustered about the brown spots on the prairie, which near were big and buffalo, and far off were mere dots surrounded by pigmies. And when the work had been completed, and the laden animals started to return to the camp he calls to mind the universal gladness that pervaded every individual of the motley throng. The babies could not cry, for they were busy sucking pieces of the meat, the older children were stuffed almost to stupor, while the women and the men knew that for a time at least the camp would be free from the fear of starvation. It was pleasant to take part in such a hunt, and not less pleasant at night, after the day was over, to sit in your lodge and listen to the cheerful sounds that rose from the camp.

SNAP SHOTS.

Mr. Charles Hallock calls our attention to an interesting personal item in the Calais, Me., Times, recording that "George A. Boardman, Esq., celebrated his eighty-first birthday at his home, on Lafayette street, Sunday, Feb. 5. Callers tendered their most hearty congratulations, and all expressed the wish that they might call upon him next year and find him enjoying good health and his usual cheerfulness."

That which gives point to the paragraph is the fact, noted by Mr. Hallock, that Mr. Boardman's was the second name on the list of subscribers among the patrons of FOREST AND STREAM when it was begun in August of 1873. The first subscriber was Gov. Horatio Seymour; and Mr. Boardman therefore enjoys the unique distinction of being the Nestor of FOREST AND STREAM readers; and he may defend his claim to the record even against those correspondents who occasionally aver—either through lapse of memory or by fisherman's license—that they have been reading the paper for thirty or forty years. Mr. Boardman has been a frequent contributor to our columns; we print to-day some notes from his pen on the queer ways of bears.

The worthless dogs infesting many sections of the South are a devouring curse, which costs the community hundreds of thousands of dollars annually. An endeavor was made in the Georgia Legislature the other day to levy a dog tax of one dollar, to apply throughout the State at large, and Mr. Dews, of Randolph county, the promoter of the measure, asserted that such a tax would exterminate thousands of worthless curs and put \$100,000 into the State treasury. It was a wise economic measure, but the Legislature, each member mindful of his own cur-infested district, lacked the moral courage to approve the measure, and it was defeated. Georgia will continue to breed dogs when she might breed sheep.

The New York Metropolitan Museum of Art has recently received, as an addition to its collection of arms, a handsome specimen of the old Purdy muzzle-loading shotgun, the gift of a sportsman of this city. As a work of art, the weapon is in every way worthy of a place among the Museum's treasures, and it would be a happy supplementing of the gift if owners of other guns deserving of such a disposition should follow the example of the giver of the Purdy and add to the collection of arms here preserved.

To one not versed in parliamentary practice, the outlook for the combination Hoar and Lacey bird bill in Congress is somewhat obscure. A report of the progress of the measure is given in our shooting columns. In Mr. Irland's letter is one paragraph which records a great victory for the cause of game protection in this country. The Washington market, so long open for the traffic in the game of the several States out of close season, has now been by act of Congress shut up.

That paper on Massachusetts trout hatcheries, written by Mr. C. C. Wood, a practical trout culturist of Cape Cod, read before the Massachusetts Association the other evening, and printed in our fishing columns to-day, ought to mark the beginning of a new era in the Commonwealth's fish-cultural administration. The logic of experience and of the facts related in the paper cannot be overcome.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Seven Sportsmen, Seven Springs, Seven Hundred Dollars, Seven Quail.

WE met at the Old Dominion Line dock, in New York city. When the good ship Roanoke glided out into the stream at 3 P. M. we had started for the North Carolina quail shambles. We shambled home later after having butchered seven quail all told. The trip cost the writer approximately \$100 of borrowed money, and unquestionably cost the others the same. Yet we were a happy lot. As the boat started our literary one-seventh quoted, "She starts, she moves, she seems to feel the thrill of life along her keel." Then arose a discussion as to the origin of the words. The one-seventh claimed that Longfellow's "Launching of the Ship" was a plagiarism; claimed that the words were first used when the girl slipped up in her first attempt to skate. That point settled, each began to tell the others what he thought he knew about ships that the others did not. A seventh son of a seventh son could not be more profound than each thought himself. On general principles it is best not to call names, yet I cannot resist the desire to state that the genial vice-president of the Old Dominion Line, W. A. Guillaudeau, was one of the party. I regret to state, however, that he did not shoot a thing; that he broke the stock of his gun and got angry at a purp. He deserved better luck. Let him know when you go South on his line and you will own the boat.

In due time what is called supper in Boston, dinner in New York, was available, and an appetite that reached from Cape May to New York was speedily satisfied by direct contact with an excellent cuisine. After supper we gathered on deck and talked about guns. One brought out a Lancaster, another a Greener, another spoke up for the Parker, while I exploited a Daly. The rest said that any old gun would do. I trotted out a Scott, 8-bore, under lever, 13½lbs., 36in. barrel, the finest thing that my gundealers ever charged. W. A. said, "What in the mischief did you bring that for?" "For quail," I told him. "You will blow a whole county out of the State," said he. Then I told them that I had 78lbs. of shells for it, and they were down in the hold for ballast; also that I had a revolver and bowie knife, fishing rod, three coats, two pairs boots, a lot of other duffel and a quart of Antediluvian. Toward the last they admired my judgment. 'Tis a good idea to carry all you have. It is fun to lug two guns, 100lbs. of shells and a lot of clothing around on a hot day. Another thing, the countrymen think that you are well fixed.

The ocean was as still as a mill pond. The moon—oh, never mind, I am growing old. We turned in about 12 P. M., turned out at 6 A. M. The first thing I saw in the morning was the name of Adam Phool on the clean white paint of the stateroom. He had registered all right, pedigree and everything. There is taste in all things; some show the most away from home. The mill pond had been dropped behind and we were "rocked in the cradle of the deep." We came out on deck and walked around sideways with our backs against the deck housing, with our feet apart and well to starboard. Some of the crew were heaving lead, some of the passengers their breakfast. The latter is a case of the weaker being the stronger. W. A. was gathering all stray newspapers and magazines. Upon inquiry I found that it was his intention to throw them out as we passed Cape Charles, in order that the lighthouse keepers might enjoy the reading matter. A signal from the steamer's whistle caused a boat with two occupants to put out from the lighthouse. They obtained the literature, and W. A. was happy. At times we saw stray ducks, and they became more numerous as we approached the bay. The gulls followed the boat in tandem to pick up what the cooks discarded. My field cannon was on deck, and the skipper made a splendid shot at a flying mallard, which was also gathered in by the lighthouse keeper.

We made a landing at Old Point Comfort and Norfolk, and then passed over to Pinnar's Point, where we took the cars. There were many colored men around and they seemed to be a cheerful and well-disposed lot. It is after they have hung around a Park Row beanery a year or two when they travel with an alias and with a pocket full of razors and talk "Come 7, come 11," that one does not care to affiliate with them. You can pick up as much quaint humor down South as among the lakes of Killarney. The cars and the afternoon sped away, and darkness came on. I was wrapped up in my thoughts and three coats, and shading my eyes against the window I watched the negro cabin lights as we passed through the country. The cabins were all alike—just a door in the front center, a stone chimney outside at one end, with a fireplace inside. The rattle of the cars called the occupants to the doors, and the light from the fire of pine knots flickered through the pickaninies' legs, while the tall forms of the parents were in silhouette. The children seemed to wear but little covering—possibly a fig leaf—I could not tell, the train went fast and the light was dim.

Late in the evening we arrived at the depot at Kingston, N. C. Our advance agent had done his work well, inasmuch as every public conveyance in town was there to meet us, and the populace was on the street eager to see the circus when it touched the town. After supper and a discussion as to the advisability of frying all kinds of food, we retired to dream the dreams of the innocent and virtuous.

In the morning all the shooters in town (both gun and crap) had assembled to cheer us on. Each of the former proffered us advice and something in the way of a dog. We compromised by taking one. The latter importuned us, and we finally gave them the shake. We were loaded in two wagons, and the colored porter "took up the white man's burden" and stored our dunnage under the seat.

We had three dogs of our own, and with the Kingston addition we were apparently well supplied. A few miles out we came to a spot where we thought a covey of quail might exist, so we cleared decks for action. W. A. led off with the Kingston pup, and the pup started for home. W. A. tried to head him off, but the beast gained a lap. W. A. shied his gun at him, tripped over a cotton bush and disappeared between the rows. One of the party let a charge of No. 10 shot fly at our Kingston friend, and his motions were accelerated by forced draft, and he seemed to shorten by a foot from the rear. Whether he reached Kingston head on or not we never knew.

The fields were covered with cat briers and sedge grass, and we were "high steppers" like the Pirates of Penzance. We disturbed a covey of quail and they disappeared like rockets; not a gun was fired. We were a fine trio—a novice, a sluggard and a darn fool. One admitted the situation was novel to him, another said he was too slow for that work; by the way the dog looked at me I assume that I was a fit subject for the third appellation. The dog could not be induced to stay with us longer, and went over to his master and kept with him thereafter. We moved off, each determined that the next chance would be improved. There was a disturbance in the grass ahead, and a bird arose. Six shots went off in as many directions, and the bird, a little thing, went off in another. Ashamed to look each other in the face, we separated, and I accidentally met one of the trio later at a creek. Inasmuch as I had on top boots I offered to carry him across. Grasping him around the knees, we started over, while he took off my cap and fondly patted my bald head. "Familiarity breeds contempt," I slipped on a slimy stone and dumped my burden, then went down myself to rescue him from a watery grave. We scrambled ashore, and I asked him why he did not hang on. "Hang on to what?" was the reply. "There is no capillary attraction in a bald head." To be thus twitted of physical defects seemed unkind, yet he was my friend, for he always had stocks that he wished me to possess on a low margin. If they were with him then I had watered them sure enough. Gun stocks are all that I own, and are near enough to Consolidated Gas and National Lead to stampede a bear when a bull is not made of it. The others brought in four quail. One had evidently died from fright, another had been dead a week or more, and the other two flew into W. A.'s pocket for safety and had suffocated. The three required to make the seven were claimed by the aforementioned "literary cuss" and probably had a legendary and mythological origin, because we never saw them.

In due time we reached the wagons, and started for the hotel at Seven Springs. On the way we came across a persimmon tree bearing much fruit, while the ground bore more. After an endeavor to partake of the fruit, and because my mouth was puckered so that I could not pronounce "truly rural," the others judged that I was on the verge of incipient paresis. Well, we reached the hotel at Seven Springs—the only building in the vicinity of said springs. There were seven of them, and very likely were dug by the delicate fingers of Hygeia while her papa, Esculapius, stood by with packages labeled "Asafetida," "Bisulphide of Carbon," "Iodoform," "Ipecac," "Bichloride of Mercury," "Cyanide of Potassium," and "Nux Vomica." They all say that wonderful cures have been brought about by the use of these waters. They say that an external application from one spring will cure anything from a birthmark to deformed feet. Another one is a certain sure cure for something else, and all combined they will cure everything. What a home this would make for Lucretia Borgia.

There was an ancient mule in the yard, and loving animals, I interviewed him. His ears swayed with the west wind, his lower lip hung pendant and apart from its mate and met only when tickled by flies. His general appearance denoted senility, and while I felt sorry for him, I wondered why he had no pride of ancestry or hope of progeny. I approached closer for a more intimate acquaintance with this pensive hybrid, and a darky's voice sang out, "Git awar from dat muel; he'll kick the belly offen yer." He did not, but a pair of steel-jacketed projectiles went by with a high trajectory, great initial velocity and presumably great penetration. He had pressed a button—I had done the rest, and came near getting a puncture, and no repair kit on the place.

The next day, wishing to be alone, and considering the pace of the others and the weather too hot for me, I strolled away, taking my gun, a rubber drinking cup and some pilot bread in lieu of a compass. Down near the Neuse River I saw what I imagined might be Poe's "Raven" perched not on a bust of Pallas, but high up on a decayed cypress. I recited a few verses from Edgar's best work, with no apparent effect upon the bird. Then I shot at him and remarked, "That the feathers flew if nothing more; sail, you buzzard, for the other shore; if I see you again I'll make you sore with the leaden hail of this 12-bore." Shrieked the buzzard, "An open door." He had evidently been watching a fish that had turned turtle in the river below, and I presume that when the fish became gamy enough to suit his fastidious taste he returned for lunch. One need not go to Europe to find "something rotten in Denmark"; go South, get an introduction to a turkey buzzard, and go slumming with him.

My wanderings led me along the watery labyrinths of this sluggish yet turbid stream, by towering cypresses, looming like masts against the sky, by deep dells, shady and cool, rich under foot with rank grass, spongy green moss and ferns, while overhead among the branches of the oaks, cypresses and palmettoes hung gray festoons of Spanish moss. On the upland, where the frost had free access, the bright hues of the autumn foliage had changed to a rusty brown. In the openings of the forest the blackbirds hovered in clouds; on the shores of the river the meadowlarks fluttered from the stem of one dead weed to another. A startled rabbit caused a startled dreamer to ejaculate, "Gee!" Brer Rabbit stopped altogether instead of geeing. I was about to shoot when it occurred to me that it might be unlawful. Having a copy of the North Carolina game commandments with me, I adjusted my glasses to look up the

law in the case, supposing of course that the cottontail would wait for the decision. I found that I had the right, and when about to exercise it I could not find the rabbit. He had obtained a change of venue. Another time I'll shoot first and look up the law afterward.

Breaking out through the dense undergrowth, I came suddenly to a small clearing and saw a woman struggling to roll a small bale of cotton into a cart. Near at hand was a dingy cabin, leaning against a corner of which was something in the shape of a man and seemingly indifferent to the woman's exertions or efforts. I thought they must be of the race known as "poor whites." I put aside my gun, boosted the cotton aboard and asked her what she had that stick in her mouth for. I found out that it was a snuff-dipping process, and had an offer to try a new bad habit. "Not to-day, thank you; when I try it I'll furnish the outfit myself." I talked with her a while, gave her some loose silver pieces and a pair of new linen handkerchiefs that a thoughtful wife had packed in my grip. She seemed grateful, so I left her, to see his majesty at the cabin corner. "Hello, old man," said I, "this is a good farming country." His reply came slowly and stupidly, "Reckon so, but it is hell on women and mules." Oh, the lank duffer; I wanted to punch him, but did not dare to. I gave him a withering look, but he did not wither perceptibly. He was six-sevenths drunk, and I thought that another drink and a substantial kick would knock him out. His eyes were mild even unto weakness; he wore a full beard, full of tobacco juice, dust and parasites; hair was growing in his ears and grass under his finger nails; too lazy to scratch himself where he itched or to get away from a bonfire in July; he was as worthless a commodity as a can of swill in August; nevertheless an American citizen, with the right to pack caucuses and to vote either ticket. I asked him if he could sing "Ben Bolt," what he thought of the soap trust, and if he really believed that "cleanliness was akin to godliness." There were no children about. The theory of the survival of the fittest is good, and it may be well that the species is not perpetuated.

I felt tired and left him. Pigs roam aimlessly around this country, and seemingly have no homes or owners. You run across them in the most inaccessible places and far from any habitation. In stepping from a fallen log I stepped upon one of these sleeping porkers. Heels and heads changed places; the stars twinkled merrily for a few moments, and singular to relate, when I had caught my breath my coat had caught fire by the ignition of a box of matches that had been crushed by the fall. The pig came back and sang to me, "Nero fiddled while Rome burned." I wondered what breed these pigs might be. Maybe razorbacks or peccaries; maybe the game hogs you read of so often; anyway, one of them came near killing more than he ought.

It was the habit of the others to play cards in the evening—old maid, I presume. The game did not interest me, so I employed a darky (call him Jake) to gather all the coon dogs and their owners in the neighborhood for a moonlight hunt for the festive coon. Unknown to the others, I sneaked away and met the gang down in the valley. Stumbling through the brush, falling into dark holes, bumping into trees, etc., for a while, we finally let go the dogs, and the fun began. In proportion as the dogs wailed, so did the darkies become excited. I chased Jake's lantern around until I was puffing like a donkey engine. After a while the dogs changed the song and Jakey said, "Dase treed him, suah!" We came to the dogs finally and found them trying to climb the tree, falling backward repeatedly and trying again. We roped the beasts, and it was my pleasant duty to attempt to hold two of the worst while the boys chopped down the tree. My instructions were to hang on until the tree fell, then let go everything. Manfully I tried to do it, yet I was pulled here and there, bitten and scratched, rolled in the mud and mixed up in a dog fight. With a crash the tree was down, and six dogs, as many darkies and one little coon were scrapping together in the fallen tree top. The battle surged my way. I was tripped, the lantern was smashed and Egypt's plague was about us. I know little of the vocal capacity of the howling Dervishes, but if they can outdo a band of Carolina coast darkies they are proficient. Between the dogs and the darkies the coon was captured, or at least the pieces were, and we returned to the hotel. It was after midnight, and Jake persuaded me to assist him in a raid upon the hotel hen house. I had never enjoyed the delights of chicken stealing, therefore improved the opportunity. Jake captured his and carried it home. After securing a noble rooster, I went to our quarters in the long, shed-like addition to the hotel. The latch strings were always out, so I threw the bird on to the bed of two of my sleeping companions and immediately returned to my own room. Pandemonium raged in the next room. There was a howling of bird dogs, smashing of crockery, the men's angry voices alternating with the crowing of the chanticler. Satisfied with my day's mischief, I slept soundly until morning. There being no illicit stills to raid, and there being no prospect of creating a race riot, two of us separated from the remainder and brought up in Goldsboro, N. C., that evening. We had stopped at La Grange long enough to see a flying steer, which was attached to a negro's cart, dash up the road with head bent, tail erect. We saw the pickaninies spilled out from the cart and distributed along the road like the links of a chain of thought. The cart went around the corner on one wheel. The wife was hugging the husband, the husband hugging the seat, and the whole outfit hugging the pole.

We arrived at Havre de Grace the next day, and after proper arrangements there was a fine prospect of utilizing the 8-bore gun. "But that is another story," as Mr. Kipling says.

W. W. HASTINGS.

NEW YORK CITY.

A coat-of-arms adopted for Deer Island, the site of Boston's reformatory, has a deer's head above the motto "Strong yet Mild."

THE FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

In Southeastern Texas.—II.

A Dismal Night near the San Jacinto.

"WELL, what do you think of it?" asked my partner, Mr. Talliaferro, as he ceased reading to me a brief he had prepared in a suit we had pending in the Supreme Court at Galveston.

"It seems to me to be exactly appropriate; just what we are after," I replied. "I'd bolster up that point as to the equities of a vendor's lien with an authority or two. Day after to-morrow I'll look the matter up and see what there is in the books on that head."

"Day after to-morrow? Why not now? Our time limit with the court is about out. I would like to send the brief at once for filing."

"Oh, well," I replied, "there will be plenty of time. I am tired to death. This morning's wrestle with the commissioner wore me to a frazzle. I feel actually flabby."

"You are an old humbug, Long," cried Talliaferro. "Talk of being tired. I'll warrant you are at this moment expecting that lumbering old tramp, Briscoe, and you and he will be off hunting."

"Yes," I admitted, "I am expecting him along presently, but—"

"But, fiddlesticks! You two chumps affecting to be tired from your work, will get into his old ramshackle

berry and lablally pine—bordering the San Jacinto. Within its shadows, about a mile from the edge of the prairie, we came upon the banks of Silver Lake. No lake of hill-country character was this of the San Jacinto bottom, fed by spring or catch of surrounding watershed, but only a bit of an old river bed, left long ago in some high-water cut-off. Such lakes are familiar land features to folk of Western river-bottom experiences. In Florida such natural formation would be termed a lagoon. While yet a bit of light remained the team was ungeared and the four brutes tied up and fed. I made coffee and spread a snack. Briscoe filled and trimmed two lamps and lectured the boys the while as to how they should deport themselves. Supper over, we smoked, and Briscoe said: "We'd better ride back to the prairie and hunt along the timber's edge to-night. Separating, we can ride in opposite directions, each with a boy as companion. Certainly, with timber on but one side of us, open prairie on the other, a clear sky overhead, with stars all aglow, we can safely trust to keep our directions. Choose your partners, lads, and saddle your own horses."

"Well, I'm going to stick to you, uncle," cried Hal. "Which suits your Uncle Fuller all right," said Joe. "Mr. Long and I shall ride forth together to arouse the wild stag from his native lair and shake the dewdrops from his checkered flank." No you don't; that's my saddle with the double girth and big stirrups."

The pied mare fell again to me. I rubbed her nose,

then bore away from the timber westerly into the prairie, when bang-g-g, came gun roar again.

"Gracious me!" exclaimed Joe, in an injured tone; "Uncle 'Menus is just a-raking 'm. What's the matter, that we can't find any?"

"Hist!" I whispered, as at the moment I descried two great luminous disks gleaming ahead of us. The old horse saw them, too, and with his nail-keg of a head high in air, he waltzed about, facing me away from my find. Rowel and rein fetched him squarely head-on again, and I clearly made out, lying quietly in the grass, scarcely 30ft. away, the body of a large deer. So large, lustrous and mild was the expression of the reflected eyes that I should have deemed them those of a gentle cow; but lying within the lighted radius of the lamp I saw the deer form. I fired, and there lay kicking, dying, without having risen from lair, a great motherly doe, and despite the old gelding doing the ground and lofty, in regular broncho style, I felt as a man might who had kicked a woman; and rammed my mortification into the poor old beast's ribs in most manly fashion. Knocking out an old doe where she lay, in full view, and when I ought to have known that it was a doe, I felt to be an achievement not likely to pass muster with Briscoe. At any rate, it shan't happen again, thought I. Those great, mellow, shining orbs, then, are likely to belong to a doe. I shall remember that. Bleeding and dressing the kill, I soon had it up behind Joe on the mare, where we made it fast, and got



A ONE-NIGHT STAND.

Photograph by Dr. Charles D. Smith, Portland, Me. First prize in Class 3 of the FOREST AND STREAM's Amateur Photography Competition.

road-wagon, go bumping for miles over a hog-wallow prairie, stay up all night proging around after deer, tramp the coverts all day to-morrow in quest of chicken, then gad about to-morrow night again and turn up here the next morning, smoked, dirty, red-eyed and tick-biten, and declare you are so 'refreshed' and 'reinvigorated.' Pshaw! I despise savagery."

"Try and compose yourself, you inky old pen-wiper. You are talking excitingly about what you don't know. Besides, who was it who, only yesterday, was expatiating so enthusiastically to Judge Cook about 'a grand run' he had been in after 'an old red' up in Virginia, and about 'music of the dogs'?"

Here we were interrupted by the appearance at our open door of a handsome, big-eyed boy, who said: "Uncle 'Menus wants Mr. Long to come on. He is in the wagon, waiting."

"All right; I'll be there at once. Good bye, old man." I said to Talliaferro. "Cheer up a bit. Put that paper away. Borrow Hornburger's terrier, take a cast around the block; you may jump a Tom, a real old brindle, in the back alley, and—"

"Oh! go on." And I descended the stair. Below I found Briscoe and a youngster, quite as big-eyed and older than the one who had summoned me.

"I was doubtful about coming for you," said Briscoe. "These are my nephews, Joe and Hal Baldwin, from Alabama; with their mother they are visiting my people. Their grandma has been stuffing them full of accounts of our hunting, and they set their hearts on going with me. I fear they'll be a lot of trouble. I have the carriage horses along to mount them. We will—"

"Make them have a good time," I interrupted. "Have you ever camped out, boys, and killed deer?"

"We have never seen a live deer in the woods," said Joe, the elder. "We camped out once, up on the Warrior River, with papa. We were fishing."

"Here! climb in," called Briscoe. "I want to get to the big timber on the San Jacinto River, if we can, before dark. We will camp near Silver Lake. It's getting late; let's be off. Won't you drive, please, Mr. Long? I'll have to hang on to these two dromedaries, who are none too ready at leading, I find."

We were soon beyond the town. It let old Jim and the pied mare have their heads. They soon seemed to know our destination, and about dusk we reached and entered the belt of timber—past oak, pecan elm, hack-

stroked her neck and saddled her carefully. As there would be no moon, and we would probably make a night of it, lamps would need refilling; so to cantele I suspended by buckskin thong a bottle of kerosene oil, then to the pomel hung a blowing horn, and across the seat slung a canvas wallet, in one end of which was a bite of lunch, a bottle of water, and in the other end was placed pipe, tobacco, matches, twine, pocket compass and a hatchet. Around the mare's neck, suspended by a light strap, I hung a small sheep bell. This, haging down upon her chest, was jostled, and tinkled as she moved, and was intended to excite the curiosity of listening deer and induce them to stand and peer toward the sound. Briscoe was somewhat like accoutered.

Baking the fire, we mounted our respective nags and rode away together, lamps a-crown, along the road, through timber to prairie, followed by two wonderfully excited boys. Separating at the edge of grassy plain, Briscoe and Hal rode northward, while Joe and I trooped away to the south. "Good luck to you, and may the old Parker do you proud," I shouted. "Thanks; same luck to you," he called back, and presently the Texan's moving lamp was a mere wabbling speck, or spark, against the curtain of the night.

There is a certain nervous alertness, a watchful eagerness of discrimination, attending this riding afield in the night, which, coupled with the absolute silence, necessarily maintained, is a bit gruesome, or at least awesome, and engenders a highly wrought sense of intense purpose that is exciting in the extreme.

After riding but a short way Joe's old horse, separated from his mate, grew restive and began to neigh and generally misbehave. The little man from the Coosa country was no experienced horseman, and I discovered by a tremor in his repeated "Whoa, sir," that he was getting rattled. Fearing I should have to turn back on his account I determined to exchange mounts with him. The appendages of my saddle were many, and to avoid loss of time in shifting gear I merely altered the length of the stirrup leathers, placed him on the mare, and mounted the old gelding myself. As we again made head there came the report of a gun from a mile away northward. "There barked the Parker," I cried, "and that old Texas kinsman of yours doubtless leads us a good head of bones."

A little way on, finding no eyes, I took the sheep bell from the mare's withers and hung it at my saddle bow,

under way again. Joe was evidently disappointed at the absence of horns. "Shucks!" he ejaculated: "I wonder if those Uncle 'Menus has shot were sows, too."

The grass began to be taller and coarser, the ground surface was gradually falling away, and had become quite moist. Slightly changing our direction to the northward, to regain dryer ground, I suddenly caught a glimpse of something—eyes of some sort, surely. A living, moving thing of some description, with as much chick and get-up in them as I could well imagine. It was only a glimpse I had of them, and they were gone. Nothing big, or round, or soft about those blinkers; only two little, blue sulphurous prongs, set close together, diverging outward at the top; but how wonderfully "piert" and full of character. Instinct, for I had never seen the like before, assured me that I had looked squarely into the face of a knowing old monarch of a herd. The will to have him seized me body and soul, and my gun came into ready position, whereat the cowardly heart of the old town brute I bestrode began to quake; he wheeled away and made ready for more circus business. I at once dismounted, passed the reins over my right shoulder, and faced quickly toward where had been those wonderfully knowing, shining glints. Instantly, a little further away, flashed the strangely intelligent glance. My gun came up, a finger twitched, and nine leaden pellets went whorling out into the night. A confused sense only of what transpired in the next half minute has ever stayed with me.

The rank grass, high as my shoulder, was damp, the undertread wet. A great puffed outspread of white sulphurous smoke rolled over the prairie growth. Like a monstrous snowslide it convulsed and spread, gleaming in the lamp's light like a great bubbling bank of molten silver. The abominable old beast at my elbow crouched trembling and walled his bleared eyes at the sight until they seemed to stick out like those of a crab. An instant more, a light breeze set the sulphurous cloud rolling toward us, and out of it came rearing a great antlered head of branching horns. I jumped aside to avoid a rush so dangerous. The frenzied old Conestoga did likewise, but he went the other way. The attached reins snatched me heels over head, my gun was yanked off in the dark, while the lamp and headgear sail clattering into the high grass, and then the lamp went out. With furious snort of utter demoralization the beggarly brute broke away from me and cut with might and main across

the prairie. In the bewilderment and distracted excitement I shouted, as I scrambled in the grass, "Catch him!" Poor little Joe, quite as disconcerted as I, dashed away in the dark in pursuit of the tinkling bell on the old horse's neck, and that rattling, clattering guide soon led him far beyond my hearing, while I stood panting, listening there in the dark.

"Hang such ill-luck!" I thought, and began groping about for the lantern, having but half sense of what direction I last heard it rattle; but presently I stumbled over it, and then discovered that all the matches were in the wallet on the mare, as was water, pipe, tobacco. Very evidently I was hove-to until morning. I must not leave Briscoe's gun. Once lost the location, I might be days finding it again. My horn was gone, too; no chance of notifying Briscoe that way. Ah-ha! the very idea; fire signal guns. I have four loaded shells in my pocket, there is still one in the gun. Yes, I'll hunt the gun up. Let's see. Humph! I'll just have to crawl around and feel for it. I must find it. So to work I went, with a strong heart and an upper lip as stiff as a car bumper. It was going to be a bit tedious, of course, crawling around and around in enlarging circles through that tall, dank grass, but it must be done and persevered in until the gun is found.

In a very little while, on all-fours, carefully exploring with my hands every foot of the soggy ground, I heard something—not a boisterous racket at all—just in front of me on the ground; no vague conjectures troubled me as to what caused it; my Florida senses caught on instantly; they had heard the like before, and marked it sure for the dry, husky, blowing hiss of a great, scaly, stumped-tail moccasin snake.

As the situation became apparent I was struck with the inappropriateness of my employment. Parts of my philosophical anatomy ceased crawling at once. The flesh of me kept at it for dear life; but my old bones and clothes anchored where they were. Cassabianca's heroic regard for parental injunction was mild and watery compared with the resolute steadfastness with which the sigh of that old serpent inspired me.

Radical change of circumstances usually demand corresponding change of conduct. The hiss of that scaly old reptile instantly dispelled from my mind the urgency of firing signal guns. It seemed so much more appropriate to wait. I remembered to have heard it reliably stated that "all things come to him who waits." Yes, clearly, I'd wait. Presently came the nasty reflection that with "all" the things likely to "come" while I paused there in the gloomy moisture, that old stump-tail might naturally wriggle along with the rest, and my bowels literally yearned for some or any place or thing of rescue. Overhead the sky was superbly beautiful. Low on its southern wall was reared the curved outline of the great scorpion. High in the east twinkled on the broad shoulder of the Bull the mystic Plades, and blazed with seeming unusual grandeur the bands of mighty Orion. Gazing thoughtfully at such manifestations of order, I had quite forgotten the circumstances of my situation, when there fell faintly on my ear, coming from the eastward, toward the timber, the sound of a whining yelp. A gentle breeze had risen and was blowing steadily in that direction. Yep-yap-yap-yep, yep-p-p, came again up the wind. "H—m," thought I; "coyotes. Certainly a nice-assorted lot of stuff 'comes' to a fellow having to 'wait' after bedtime in a Texas prairie." Shortly arose, a little way beyond, and southerly of my snake-fast position, satisfied me that "old Blue Light" was setting up the funeral meats there away. What a shame to have bowled over so superb a kill and sit there in the dark, like a frog on a tussock and listen to those snarling varlets rend it. Hunter's impulse seized me to rush in, drive them off and rescue my quarry, but the vision of old forked tongue lying coiled near by, perhaps in very reach of me, watching me, silently, flashed athwart my mind, and as instantly I froze solid to the ground I sat upon. No, I believed I'd go right on waiting. Daylight was certainly to be numbered among "all things"; its turn would come presently. Indeed, so fixed were my staying qualities whenever I recalled that ominous, wheezy hiss, that had the very prairie resolved itself into a colossal bronchio and giddily bucked itself blind, 'twould scarcely have jostled me.

Hark! Briscoe's horn, quite three miles away, to the northeastward. "At the camp," I muttered, "where, not finding us, he blows his horn to guide us there." Well, I could not answer; but those measly coyotes did. After some time the old Texan fired both barrels of his gun in quick succession, as signals. "Poor, anxious old chap," I thought, how lonely and disconsolate he must be there in camp, with only a fire, boy, two horses, pipes, tobacco and his gun. I was seriously tempted to go at once to his relief; yet I did not.

Finally the morning star had climbed away up the eastern sky. Gray tints began capping the timber line thereaway. In a little while I arose gingerly from my wet lair and cautiously stretching cramped limbs, peered about as best I could in the dim light, and there, not 5 ft. away, lay the lost gun. Getting quickly hold of it, with lamp in other hand, I picked my way, watching eagerly for snakes, toward the northeast.

As the sun began to show at the point where Houston road entered the timber, I came upon Briscoe and little Hal riding out in search of Joe and myself.

"Where's the boy and the horses?" he cried, anxiously. "Up about Waco by this time," I answered, "if they have kept the gait and direction they were going when last I heard from them." I greatly relieved him and amused him by my account of what had befallen us.

"They are likely in Houston, at any rate," he said. "Well, certainly you have passed a trying night, and you show it. Get on my horse. I'll mount Hal's and take him behind me. Let's get to camp. A little snake medicine and some coffee will pull you together again."

"Look yonder!" cried Hal. "There is Joe and a man." There, coming briskly along the road, sure enough, was Joseph and a ranchman, the latter leading the old horse that had so unceremoniously deserted me the night before. "Hello, Briscoe!" cried the newcomer, familiarly. "I'm a-fetching back part of your crowd what kinder got strayed, seems like."

"Good morning, Hudnel," answered Briscoe. "I thank you heartily for doing it; but where did you find them?" "Find them?" Why, they kinder found me. They come a-tearing up to my corral last night and my whole cav-

illard a-leading of 'um. I 'lowed some one or nuther was atter my stock, and I tumbled out with my Winchester. 'Fore I sed what to p'int at I heard what 'peared like a chile a-hallowing, and the fuss thing I knowed this here little chap rid' right up to me. I knowed that thar p'd mare for your'n time I seed her, and kinder ketched on to something being wrong wid you somewheres or nuther. I tuck the little chap in the house, and when he got sorter quiet like—fer he were powerful shuck up—he tole me 'bout whar you was, and this here horse a-gitting away from that thar gentleman, and him a-following of the bell till they run into my stock of horses, what was a-grazing in the per-rai-ry, and then I knowed jes' how hit was, and soon's it come day we sot out to find you."

"Well, I thank you for your kindness. This is my friend, Mr. Long. Come, ride to camp with us at the lake, down here. We will have some breakfast and talk it all over. And Joe, my boy, I'm certainly relieved to find you safe and sound."

"Oh, I'm all right now, sir," cried Joe, "and I would not take \$50 for the experience; but I'll tell you, that run in the dark last night got me. I declare, Uncle 'Menus, before we stopped, I began to think we'd go all the way back to Alabama."

While having breakfast we exchanged accounts of ourselves during the night. Briscoe had had two shots, and had knocked down a handsome young buck, which now hung by a gambling stick to a limb hard by.

"Where's the deer Mr. Long says he tied up behind you, Joe?" queried the inquisitive Hal.

"Shucks, boy, I expect the coyotes have licked her old bones before this," replied my man Sancho. "One end of her broke loose and swung down while I was riding after that bell. I was not strong enough to right her up again without dismounting, and I could not stop for that, so I cut the other end loose and let her drop. Was I right, Mr. Long?"

"Decidedly," I answered. I was ashamed of the stupid way in which I murdered that old doe, and did not want to see her again.

"I expect the varmints 'bout here'll come to think a sight of you, Kernel," laughingly said our new acquaintance, Hudnel, to me, "ther way you draps deers 'round in ther grass fur'm. I reckon they thinks hit a plum miracle. Ef you don't mind, some of them hunters thar in town'll hear of it, and git to naming of you 'bout hit."

"Capital," said Briscoe. "I must give that to Talliaferro."

Hudnel had known of occurrences similar to that of the buck's behavior the night before. He thought it probable that the creature, lying down in the grass in front of me, startled by the report of the gun so near, had become bewildered by the smoke and sulphurous fumes, and had naturally dashed toward the light.

To avoid an exchange of experiences and the merciless gaging he would have subjected me to, I never dared ask Talliaferro whether he and Hornberger's terrier had treed a Tom in the back alley.

R. C. LONG.

FLORIDA.

The Old Trapper.

PRIMITIVE instincts die hard. Every now and then we see them cropping out in the modern, highly civilized man, as bedrock crops out here and there on the shorn lawns of your fine estates in the suburbs. I love to meet a man who has some of the spicy sediment of savagery in him yet—a man who is not entirely tamed and domesticated and conventionalized; who cannot entirely strip himself loose from nature, but clings to her at some point, and retains a vital connection with her all his days. I would give a whole city full of mere metropolitans for one of him.

Such a man is the old trapper of the countryside. By profession he may be a farmer or a shoemaker or a blacksmith or a schoolmaster, or even postmaster; but by nature and the zest of the heart he is still a hunter and a man of the woods. The unquenchable love of the primitive and wild burns clear within him. There is something distinctly religious in his devotion. He is a nature-worshiper, a true pantheist, a man who finds God in every aspect and phenomenon of the outer world. Nothing less can account for his ardor to be in the woods, an ardor that even age cannot cool, but which seems to increase within him as his beard whitens and his strength declines. The old trapper surely finds some altar in the woods, upon which he burns the fat of his victims, and before which he swings his censer of musk. Fur is not what tempts him, nor yet meat. Higher gods than those of purse and belly inspire his avocation and attend him to his traps and snares.

You will scarcely find a village or a town, or even a city, anywhere, that has not its representative old trapper—one man at least, among the utilitarian many, who still finds a romantic charm in going to the woods, tasting wild berries and wild flavors of all sorts, and matching his wits and wiles against those of cunning woodland creatures. How recognizable is his figure—that gentle, old, grizzled face, under the slouched hat; the blue eyes a little dimmed, but wide-awake and observing still; the mouth, not hard and set, as is apt to be the case with old men, but relaxed and peaceful as the lips of a child; the slightly stooping, spare figure, dressed in soft curves and hues of old, faded, accustomed clothes; the feet, in dusty, brick-red boots, leisurely of step, yet sturdy and firm; the bunch of steel traps or of pelts hanging from the left hand; the pipe, perpetually alight, as vestal fires, leaving its rank fragrance all along the village street.

Everybody knows the old trapper, and loves him—especially the boys. What a lore is his, not to be found in books! What secrets of forest, stream and air! And it is all of his own getting, written by the stylus of experience deep in his heart and mind. As Sydney Smith said of Macaulay—though in a very different sense—"He is a book in breeches;" but not everyone can read him; like the best of books, he is only to be read by those who love him.

When I was a boy I counted it better than an hour in fairyland or amid the glamor of medieval romance to sit down with the old trapper on some bank under the trees or by the river, and listen to his woodland lore. Then it was that, for once, I forgot morning, evening, and the dinner hour. I hung upon the old man's slow, mumbling words, and leaned to catch them till my head, resting

upon palm and elbow, was almost pillowed in his lap. I fed my eyes on the old, wistful face and blue eyes, looking so far away that I could not believe the trapper was talking to me, and drank the stream of story and of fact that fell slowly, drop by drop, from the lips of the oracle. Because I loved the old man, he opened the book of his life and his heart to me, and enraptured me. He told me of all the strange things he had seen in the woods—things he could not account for, things terrible to me in their mystery, fascinating beyond any romance. He told me of tangible dangers met and overcome in the days of his youth; encounters with the savage wild beasts that then roamed the woods; perils by the elements, by storms and floods and fierce weather; perils from getting lost in the woods, and wandering without food, and sleeping without shelter or protection at night. More fascinating still, he told me how to set and bait traps, how to make snares and dead-falls, how to skin animals and birds and stretch and cure their pelts. He told me how to deceive the wily fox, and find the haunt of the rare mink, and catch muskrats in submerged barrels, and lure hawks into traps set upon poles. He told me how to tell north from south by the trees, how to build a camp of boughs, how to make a fire in a soaking rain and keep it burning all night. But if I should recount all the things the old trapper taught me I should be writing out his book, the book of his long, loving, observant life. And that would be right neither to him nor to the printer.

Perhaps not every day, but twice or thrice a week, in the fall and winter and early spring, you may see the old trapper going his way beyond the skirts of the village, a quiet, unobtrusive figure. Soon he leaves the highway, to follow the course of the brook, or cross a meadow to the woods. No one considers him a trespasser, nor does he ever seem out of place, or going about other than his rightful business. All paths are open to him, and he enjoys always as a kind of inalienable privilege the freedom of the country. Every farmer knows that, when the old trapper lets down a bar, he will put it back in place better than he found it; and if a barbed wire fence proves too close-set for him, instead of pulling a strand from the post, he will go far and patiently until he finds a hollow where he can crawl under the bottom wire. He is not of the lawless, vindictive class, for whom trespassing signs are intended. All he asks is his own divine right in God's country—to walk harmlessly over it, interfering with no man's rights and damaging no man's property.

It is with true neighborly pleasure that the village or town folk see the old trapper coming home, at evening, with his modest spoils. He and his habitation and his ways are one of the institutions of the community. Truly, a country town without an old trapper or hunter is an anomalous, half-fledged place, lacking in local character, picturesqueness and vital connection with the past—that primitive past from which it has, after all, but lately emerged. So long as woods and streams survive, and are peopled by wild creatures, so long will the trapper's function be one of the straight paths between man in the civilized community and God in the free, mysterious, unspoiled woods.

JAMES BUCKHAM.

Real Life in the Woods.

MANY years ago a bark canoe 18 ft. long was paddled down Lake Champlain from the north. It contained an entire Indian family and all their worldly possessions. They found a home among the Adirondacks, and one of them still lives there. For years he was an expert guide; but age and ill health have disqualified him for that service. Farming and basket making now occupy most of his hours of labor. The writer meets him every summer, and many an hour has been passed pleasantly listening to his tales of early days. Last summer he told of an experience which few sportsmen of to-day would like to share. With a brother—both young men—he went into the great woods of Canada for a nine months' hunting trip. They carried no provisions whatever, having resolved to live on game. Sometimes they hunted together, and sometimes were separated for days, but wherever they went each knew

"His faithful dog should bear him company."

Generally they camped together, but worked apart. As their object was fur for the markets, they would stay in one region till it was well worked and then move their camp to some new and unhunted locality. At one time they did not taste food for four days. The snow was deep and the weather unfavorable to hunting. They hunted diligently, but could not secure even a partridge. Though well seasoned and hardy, the continuous tramping began to tell on their unfed bodies. At length, in a sort of desperation, my informant went a long way from camp to a ridge, where it seemed likely moose might be found. He struck a track and followed it until he wounded the animal. Then the trail led toward camp, and hope became dominant. Finally the moose lay down in deep snow and the Indian carefully worked his way up to within a few feet, determined that when he fired again the moose should not arise—and he didn't! The brother was slowly returning empty-handed to camp. He heard the shot and felt that relief was at hand. He brought a kettle, and soon a savory broth was cooking over the fire. After their long abstinence, those men of the woods knew better than to eat meat at first. They took broth, and but little of that until their systems began to rally. But then, how they did eat! They camped by that moose and cooked and ate and rested and recruited for a whole week. Then they were again ready for business. During the entire nine months they tasted no food but the wild meat of the forest. They were not sick a day, and were very successful in securing fur. The catch was sold for something like \$2,000.

When they came out of the woods and reached a hotel civilized cooking was distasteful, and good bread seemed hardly fit to eat.

Some time will give you another chapter of the old man's experience.

JUVENAL.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Natural History.

Those Alaska Reindeer.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Rev. Sheldon Jackson, who has been for several years so indefatigable in his endeavors to introduce Lapland and Siberian reindeer into Alaska for food and draught purposes, now finds himself compelled to make the most strenuous efforts to save a remnant from wanton destruction, not by the natives, but by hostile residents, who maintain that he has been spending public money lavishly on fool projects, which might have been put to more practical uses for the benefit of the province. And he has written to prominent game conservators for a formulated code of laws to prevent their slaughter. We sent him a copy of the Hallock Code, and duly received an acknowledgment of the same; but we doubt if any measures, however, stringent, will prove one whit more effective toward the end desired than the like have been in preserving the buffalo of the Yellowstone Park, especially as the popular prejudice is against the reverend promoter of economic industries and civilization in Alaska, whom the wild and woolly pioneers regard as a government pet and pie-eater.

To say truth, we do not think ourselves that his latest reindeer venture was wise. We mean the importation of animals from Europe, and the attempt to establish an overland reindeer express from Dyca to the Klondike mines. At all events, it was a signal failure. But that ought not to damn all that he has done for southeastern Alaska and the western coast during the past twenty-odd years. Through his instrumentality, or example, no less than forty schools and missions have been established since the purchase, in addition to the Greco-Russian schools which already stood, while his industrial and technical school at Sitka has been a model for others throughout the States. The prejudice against him is unaccountable, but it is of long standing. In 1885 I stood on the deck of the outgoing steamer, the Ancon, and saw Mr. Jackson prevented from taking passage for Washington on some technical pretext for detaining him, notwithstanding the presence of the District Attorney and other officials who were on board. Mr. Jackson, be it known, is the United States Superintendent of Education for Alaska. But the residents in those days were lawless, and in these days scarcely less arbitrary. Only say "reindeer" to one of them, and it is at once the occasion for a sneer. However, everything done will doubtless appear in its proper light eventually, and the preacher's motives at least be vindicated.

CHARLES HALLOCK.

About Bears.

CALAIS, Me., Feb. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. Arthur Erwin Brown, in FOREST AND STREAM of Feb. 4, had a picture and interesting paper about young bears. They are queer animals, and the ways of the wild female almost past finding out. There is an old expression of Pliny's, "licked into shape." Walsh explains it as having arisen out of an early superstition that a bear's cub is born an amorphous mass, and is licked into shape by the dam. The ancients took it as a serious statement of natural truth, Pliny giving the following account of the phenomenon: "Bears, when first born, are shapeless masses of white flesh, a little larger than mice, their claws alone being prominent. The mother then licks them gradually into proper shape." Shakespeare, in Henry VI., Part iii., refers to this superstition in the following lines:

To disproportion me in every part,
Like to a chaos or an unlicked whelp
That carries no impression like the dam.

There is interesting bear reading by Pallas, Pennant, Godman and Richardson, but not much about the very young bears. Here in Maine and New Brunswick our very cold weather with deep snows rarely fall before the last of November, and bears usually take to their dens about that time for hibernation. The male bear is easily satisfied with any kind of a hole, behind the root of an upturned tree, a hollow cliff, or in the end of an old hollow log. But not so with the female if she is parturient. She selects a very obscure place, and makes as the Indians say, "a soft feather bed of fir branches." Our bear hunters and Indians all attest to the truth of the deep privacy of the female in denning, and it is not often that her den is found. It is a maxim with our bear hunters and woodsmen that no one has ever taken a she-bear with young, and it is said to be a fact that if disturbed she will always abort. Richardson, quoting from Pennant, and Godman both attest to the deep privacy of the female, and to the saying of the Indians that the female bears went like the wild geese south in winter. It is said that the female bear is always very fat in the fall, while the male is wasted by the September rut. It is said there is seen at times over a bear's den a kind of sweat or vapor that will conduct a dog or man to them. They are never entirely unconscious. If you poke them with a gun or stick they will growl, but relapse again into repose.

The number of young is usually two, but often only one, very rarely three or four. The young cubs are queer helpless little things when first born, which is about New Year's day. They are not much larger than a full grown red squirrel, weigh from 8 to 100z. and measure from tip of nose to the end of hind toe about 10in. They are covered by a fine close black hair upon the back and head, but bluish slate toward the belly and inside the limbs. The ears are naked, the eyes closed, the tongue exposed and jaws slightly open, no teeth, claws large, tail long for its size. After birth the cub receives but little food, and passes the three or four months in semi-torpor, and grows but little until the parent emerges, and then quite fast. It is singular that so large an animal, that often weighs 400lbs., should give so small cubs.

In this bear hibernation destroys maternal instinct. She will always leave her cub to freeze when driven from her den; but in April or May keep away from

her. That an animal so highly organized as a bear should be able to retain not only its vitality, but its animal heat and its muscular strength for four months without any food whatever, is well attested, knowing as we do that in this time, if there be no supply there is no waste save perhaps animal heat. But when we consider the female, we find there is waste and no supply. The material for a second life and its growth must be taken from an accumulated fund. An atmosphere saved only by the animal heat of the mother from that without the den often down to zero and a torpid mother await this blind-born, feeble offspring. By some instinct it is led to the mamma, where, like certain marsupials, it retains a firm hold upon the nipple, and now a change comes over the still torpid parent in the increase of the lacteal glands to secrete milk; and a wonderful fact is that no food is taken by the parent during both operations. And how wonderful the polar bears, whose retreat must be doubled in length and severity by the arctic latitude and ice-formed den.

I have found great trouble in getting specimens of very young bears. The hunters, always in a hurry to get their bear bounties, take them to the treasurer for the money, and he cuts off the nose from the skin of the old one and the whole head of the little ones. In my many winters in the South, and in California, where bears do not den, I have never been able from the hunters to find one, nor ever had seen one until it was old enough to follow the mother.

GEO. A. BOARDMAN.

More about Skunks.

PEMBROKE, Feb. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have read with interest the numerous articles which have recently appeared in your paper, relating to the skunk; how one learned professor was struck in the eye with a well directed shot from "his battery," while in quest of scientific knowledge; how "Podgers" was compelled to seek safety in the house, and how a farm hand took such awful chances in removing a skunk from a milk house.

Last autumn while we were trout fishing, two skunks took up lodgings under the veranda of the club house, and as they were a nuisance, we at once set about to devise some plan to get rid of them. Some one suggested putting the muzzle of a gun close up to them and blowing them to pieces before they had a chance to get back at us, but this was voted down as impracticable. Another suggested cutting a pole about 15ft. long and stout enough to raise a skunk and an ordinary steel mink trap from the ground. This was done; and to the end of this pole we fastened the ring on the end of the trap chain and gave the chain a couple of turns on the pole, baited the trap with scraps from the kitchen, set it, and soon had a skunk. The chain was then wound up by turning the pole till the trap was near enough to allow its being lifted from the ground conveniently. The skunk was cautiously carried to the lake, care being taken that he should not touch anything, was plunged into the water, held there for about fifteen or twenty minutes, and when taken out was quite dead, without any odor whatever. The trap was again set, and in a few minutes we had the other.

The same performance was gone through with the same result, so that in about three-quarters of an hour we had the two skunks dead and buried, without the slightest trace of any odor.

I can confidently recommend this plan to any one annoyed with these animals, but care must be taken to avoid all unnecessary noise, and that they are not touched or injured in any way, other than, of course, that caused by the trap, and also that they are left in the water till all the muscular contractions are over, as if not, these may cause a discharge of the scent.

J. D. DEACON.

That Sinnaker Bear.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of Feb. 18 you ask for further specific information regarding the variety of bear mentioned as the sinnaker bear in my letter about "Old Bob Gerry of Hyde." I should have perhaps thought it of sufficient interest to zoologists, to mention in that sketch that there is a big black bear (much above the average weight of black bears), which uses in the swamp and canebrakes of the coastwise States from the Dismal Swamp in Virginia to the lowlands of Louisiana. Your Mr. Hough mentions it in one of his most interesting Bobo letters printed in FOREST AND STREAM last year, confirming all that I have stated, and perhaps establishing as a scientific fact, under the modern scheme of differentiation, that there is a typical swamp bear, as stated, which carries a white spot on his breast as invariably as a skunk carries a white tip to his tail, or an ermine a black tip to his. I will quote what Mr. Hough says, though I cannot give the date of his letter. It is to the effect that "there is in Louisiana, Mississippi and sometimes in the southern Arkansas canebrakes and swamps a big, perfectly black bear. It is generally marked by a white horseshoe on its breast. This bear will weigh from 400 to 680lbs. The writer saw one weighed on an accurate set of scales, made for weighing bales of cotton, to be found at all steamboat landings, which pulled down the beam at the 680 notch. It was killed in the great Atchafalaya Swamp by an experienced hunter, who declared that this was not the ordinary bear, but of a different family."

CHARLES HALLOCK.

Flowers which Bloom in the Spring.

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C., Feb. 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I inclose you some fresh hyacinths grown out of doors, which have never had a house warming. You will observe that they look vigorous and hearty, notwithstanding they have endured the fifteen days of frigid weather here with a thermometer ranging from 30 to 12 degrees for five days, and a subsequent burial in snow 15in. deep. To-day the snow is gone, but the hyacinths are standing up straight. Can you explain why an arctic experience which would kill out-of-door plants in the Northern States have little effect on the same here? Before this freeze we had japonicas, winter violets, orange jasmine, daffodils, etc., in bloom out of doors, following severe weather, and 6in. of snow on Jan. 26. If it kills oranges and vegetables in Florida, why not the garden flowers here?

CHARLES HALLOCK.

Flying Squirrels.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am surprised to find that I know a very little about another subject mentioned in FOREST AND STREAM—flying squirrels. My predecessors in my present residence had not used several rooms in the house and no fires had been kept in some chimney flues. Hence, the flying squirrels got to roosting in these flues and became great nuisances, coming down the flues into the rooms. We used to catch them on the plan of boys—clap a thick something, a cap or some such thing, over them and pick them up, and I kept some in the common squirrel cage for quite a while. They got tame enough in a week to take a nut out of my hand. Finally, to cure the nuisance, I had wire gratings put on the tops of the chimneys.

My neighbor, a bricklayer, was capping out one of my chimneys, and on turning round from getting a trowel or mortar, saw a squirrel perched on the chimney, which swooped down to a tree near by; in a few minutes the same thing occurred again, which John thought was very remarkable; but when about half a dozen succeeded each other in this spookish performance, he certainly thought he must have "snakes in his boots," and I don't know but that he might think so yet, had he not seen one rascal stick his nose over the inner edge of the chimney.

W. WADE.

Weights of Quail.

ERNESTVILLE, Pasco County, Fla.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In answer to Didymus, I generally weigh my game, and scale my fish (no pun intended), and find that a quail of 50z. is small; 5½oz. is about the average, 6oz. large, 6½oz. extra large. I consider quail about 20z. heavier than doves, although last week I shot two doves that weighed 50z. each.

Some years ago I shot in California and Oregon a few mountain quail very much larger—the exact weight I forget. The quail in the valleys there are no larger than in Florida.

It's all right about the man shooting from the hip; he has a blunderbus, and his extreme range is 6yds. I don't shoot with that man.

THOS. B. DOBELL.

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of fishing and hunting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

March 2-15.—National Sportsmen's Association Exposition, New York.

The "Brief's" Pictures.

THE illustrations in the current edition of Game Laws in Brief, Mr. Charles Hallock says, well represent America's wilderness sports. The Brief gives all the laws of the United States and Canada for the practical guidance of anglers and shooters. As an authority, it has a long record of unassailed and unassailable accuracy. Forest and Stream Pub. Co. sends it postpaid for 25 cents, or your dealer will supply you.

Shooting from the Hip.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have read with much interest the articles recently published in your paper in regard to shooting from the hip, and am surprised that the merits of shooting in this manner seem to have been so little known or appreciated. I have known of a number of persons who have shot in this way with very great success, and they have always claimed that they very rarely missed their birds.

Mr. Jackson Van Wyck, of Fishkill, who died some years ago, was for very many years before his death regarded by those who knew him as the finest shot in this county, and to say that he very rarely failed to kill his bird is to speak entirely within bounds. During his whole life he invariably shot from the hip, and he always claimed that he could shoot more accurately in this way than from the shoulder.

On one occasion many years ago I was with him when we flushed a partridge in thick cover, neither of us saw the bird, but he guided by the sound only, raised his gun to his hip, fired and killed the bird, and in two or three moments it was brought in by the dog.

On expressing my surprise, he assured me that this was a very common occurrence, and I have been assured by those who have had the pleasure of hunting with him that this was true.

Some years ago a young gentleman, living in this city, and then about fifteen or sixteen years of age, was spending his vacation at Rockwell's, at Lucerne, in the Adirondacks, and on one occasion while there was permitted to join in a contest for a prize to be awarded at the most successful shot at glass balls, and to the surprise of every one, he shot exclusively from the hip, never missed a ball, and carried off the prize. On two or three other occasions while there he was almost equally successful, very rarely missing a ball.

During his visit there he very frequently accompanied one of the guides who was shooting game for the table, and he very rarely missed either partridge or woodcock.

There are probably many readers of your paper who will remember this occurrence, but I refrain from giving this gentleman's name, as I have not asked his permission to do so.

What makes this last instance more remarkable is the fact that this person was very near-sighted, and was always obliged to wear glasses.

These are two instances upon which I can speak positively, but they certainly bear out the contention of Jacobstaff in his interesting article in your issue of this week.

J. S. VAN CLEEF.

POUGHKEEPSIE, Feb. 25.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Some West Virginia Game Notes.

A NEW game bill has been passed by the Legislature now in session, which does away with the unwieldy measure that the Legislature of 1897 perpetrated. That body made a close season for all the principal game animals and birds and imposed a series of fines for any infringement of the law. The effect of this was to afford a splendid opportunity for the worthless to enjoy the exclusive right of the game in the mountains, who, safe in their insolvency, were not interrupted by competitors from whom a fine could be collected. While we believe it wrong to give the aristocracy the exclusive right to hunt, it is hardly as bad as to go to the other extreme.

In the sweet simplicity of its nature, the Legislature of 1897 showed a great confidence in their system of restrictive laws and fines, for it created the office of game warden, a being entirely new to the people, the majority of us not having a clear conception of what a game warden was, and saying that his salary of \$1,200 and expenses should be paid out of fines collected from the violators of the game law. The gentleman who received the position was an engine driver who has since served as a captain in the United States Volunteers. He was compelled to report no funds.

Some practical sportsmen took the matter in charge this session and a bill has been enacted which will at least insure special privileges to none. The open season for deer is from Oct. 15 to Dec. 15; for grouse, the same; for quail, Oct. 1 to Dec. 15; wild turkeys, Sept. 15 to Dec. 15.

No game is allowed to be shipped from the State. The promoters of the bill tried hard to get the people to live up to FOREST AND STREAM's plank, "To forbid the sale of game at all seasons," but it coming before a latter-day Legislature, the majority of which show no sign of atavism in the sporting way, except an unimpaired appetite for the treasures of the wilderness, and the majority seeing that by passing such a section they would cut themselves off from all hopes of tasting game in the future, very shrewdly and unceremoniously rejected the suggestion.

There was one bluff old legislator who is enjoying a great fortune, made by his own efforts, who boldly declared that he was too old to climb mountains, who was anxious to allow deer to be chased with hounds, so that he could kill a deer once more; but there is such a prejudice against hounding, especially in non-hunting circles, that the repeal of the law against chasing was not attempted. The reason mentioned above holds good against this law, for a conviction is all but impossible, and the unscrupulous are benefited by the law.

A new feature was introduced in this bill, for West Virginia, in the section requiring all non-residents to pay a license of \$25 for the privilege of the rights of a citizen in hunting. Thus the visiting sportsman will have an opportunity of contributing for the protection of game which he will doubtless be only too glad to embrace. The bill was prepared by a very able lawyer, who consulted "Game Laws in Brief," published by the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, which is a very valuable compendium of the ideas of those who have thought upon the protection of game, as well as a useful index for the traveling hunter. The Legislature, having passed this very righteous and satisfactory measure, refused to provide for a game warden's fund, or for any bounty for the lives of those game destroyers, the meat-eating animals, the natural enemies of the game. The hawk, fox, wildcat and the rest of that guild are more destructive than man, and they do not confine their depredations to wild animals either, by any means.

It is hard to describe the feeling in this (Pocahontas) county over the late game law. The injustice of it rankled to such an extent that we were given an insight into what we might expect from the people if they were harassed in such way by laws touching more important matters. For instance, most of the farmers knew of flocks of grouse at certain places on their farms where they could have been killed as easily as barnyard fowls. They respected the law and took a pride in game like this, in which they seemed to have a proprietary interest. Then some day the farmer would hear the lively banging of a shotgun, and some loafer would carry off in full view a half a dozen pheasants right under his eyes, saying insolently, "Why, this is the best law I ever heard of!" We know this to have actually occurred more than once. We know, too, of some of this class indulging in threats of injury to be done in secret if they were proceeded against.

The feeling here was expressed by more than one: "Well, we'll wait this year to see if the Legislature will let us compete with these scoundrels in hunting, and if not we will hunt any way."

Last November one of our representative citizens (father of the young West Point honor man who died on board the transport on his way to Manila in July) was on a stand waiting for a fox. But instead of a fox a fine deer came loping by him, presenting an opportunity for a sure shot. He is an experienced hunter; but, having the proper regard for the law because it is law, he did not fire. A more sincere case of righteous indignation can hardly be imagined. His first impulse was to obey the law; on deliberation, he had a keen regret he had not shot. It is just the opposite with most hunters, and the remorse of one of the latter class would have been for breaking the law. What a marplot and spoil-sport that law for a close season the whole year around is anyway.

There was one incident connected with the pending of this bill before the Legislature which we must mention. It was pretty generally reported in the press that the hunter's license of \$25 must be paid by every one, and editorials and protests from citizens, taxpayers, voters, etc., were printed, opposing it. When these local hunters found out it was to oppose non-residents only from bearing arms they were as well pleased as they had been alarmed before. In the words of the sage, it makes a difference "whose ox is gored."

During the past fall and winter there have been some incidents connected with hunting in the county which perhaps deserve to be spread upon the record. Pocahontas is a county nearly as large as the State of Rhode Island, inhabited by about 8,000 people. It has no railroad. Its altitude varies from 2,000ft. to 4,800ft. It was once a hunter's paradise, but now only a trace of its

former bountiful supply of game remains. There have been too many rifles and dead shots in the county. The kind of men who hunted here were those who shot squirrels in the head, not from any special pride in their marksmanship, but because that is the proper place to shoot a squirrel. It was no unusual thing for a turkey to be killed on the wing, and recently one good shot with a rifle killed a duck flying over the river. I have known hunters here who shoot a rifle and kill deer and other game who are not able to remember that they had looked through the sights. They point a rifle barrel intuitively, as a man points his finger.

The best luck of the season came to Neal Hammond, one of the Hammondses of Big Run, who are all great hunters. In November in a light tracking snow he came on three bears, two male and a female, and killed them all with a shot apiece. They were all large bears, and the most remarkable thing connected with the occurrence was that it was rutting time with them, something unusual, as August is their usual season. The bears lay dead within a rod of each other. The hunter found he had taken a step between each shot.

There is a set of deer horns on Elk, off of a deer recently killed, which make it very clear that there is a mystery connected with them. The bend of the horns is so great that two large men can stand inside of them. It is whispered that these horns are all that remains of a notable deer, which inhabited the Gauley country, the size of which and opportunity proving too much for the probity of the born hunter.

Every hunter knows, that in spite of the fact that deer are so wild, after many years, an old buck will become well known among the men who sink themselves in the woods. He registers himself in his big hoof, and he is known as belonging to a certain section. An unusually large or peculiar head of horns may also have identified him. One of the biggest of its kind has been known in Buckley Mountain for years, whose distinguishing mark is a crooked foot. There was such a deer on the head of Hill's Creek who was known among the hunters as Old Sam—a very large deer, with the biggest head of horns that ever was seen. The remains of this big deer were found by bear hunters in December. How he had come to his death will probably never be known. A chance bullet may have killed him, or he may simply have paid the debt of nature, the last enemy of all, which the game protector considers. The bears had eaten the carcass, but the horns were saved, and brought away together with a hoof, which could have belonged to no other. The antlers have eight points to the beam. Old Sam may have borne a charmed life and been destined to die of good old age.

Under the existing law, there would naturally be but few deer stories going the rounds. It is one of the phases of the lawbreaker's retribution that he cannot boast of his exploits.

They say that a couple of hounds passed through the Downey Hacking after a fox the other day, both hounds and fox going at a snail's pace and unable to increase or diminish the distance between them; that a very voracious man saw a fox which the hounds were pressing reasonably hard stop to catch and eat a mouse, which confirmed him in the belief that a fox often enjoys a run with the hounds; also that a panther's track has been seen during the late snow on William's River.

A black fox was killed by Levi Beverage, on Clover Creek, the first one to be seen here in many years. Our "black fox" was once very plentiful here. It is about the size of a house cat, and has the habits of a squirrel. Its fur is very valuable.

William Kelley, a great hunter, raised seven foxes in 1897, and six in 1898, and marketed their pelts. He is sixty years old, and during his long and active life has gotten much sport that was lasting and good out of a gun. His word can be relied on implicitly, and his reputation for truth was needed when he found a red fox asleep and killed it with his cane. The circumstances as related by him are as follows: "In December he was walking on his farm and had occasion to pass through a piece of ground lately denuded of its trees by the lumberman. There in the sawed-off stump of a tree he saw a fox lying asleep, with his head resting on his paws. Having observed the animal for a few moments, he started to creep up to it, and succeeded so well that the fox did not rouse until the blow was descending. The first blow knocked the half-risen fox back, and a second swiftly following, killed it. It was an unusually large fox."

The writer realizes that such instances are nothing if not true, and would not report them as true unless he were in a position to judge.

The following, told for the truth, had better be taken "with a large grain of cayenne pepper." The fox hunter says recently he was running to head off a fox from turning toward his den, on a fearfully steep mountain side. His foot caught on a stick concealed in the snow, and he went flying through the air, down the mountain, and landing near the fox reached out and caught it. During the same conversation he remarked casually that he believed that a man could tell a lie until he came to believe it. It was thought that this had some remote connection with the tale of the fox.

Two wonderful birds were seen in Gauley Mountain this winter. Such astonishing birds have not been seen here since George P. Moore imported a couple of fine peacocks, and had them shot by his nearest neighbor, who took them for some unknown game bird. The birds in Gauley Mountain were a pair of Mongolian pheasants, which were liberated by the Cheat Mountain Sportsmen's Association last spring. Probably the most interesting feature of their discovery in Gauley Mountain is the proof the incident affords that this bird will not confine itself to any special locality when liberated. They were released in the Cheat Mountain country and were seen in the Gauley Mountain region, more than twenty miles away. The two mountains are separated by a strip of farming country, and at no point are they connected by the forest. So these birds must have left all cover to have transferred themselves to a section not more wild, but of a different character. The surveyor who saw them had seen the birds while they were confined at the club house, and so recognized them at once. He informs me that the Association was not successful in rearing them in captivity, owing to disease, to which they seemed particularly susceptible, and to the depre-

dations of a mink. Last spring some seven or eight were released and have not been seen since by the gamekeeper. The members of that Association will be glad to see, no doubt, in the FOREST AND STREAM that two of the birds were in good condition in December, even though they have gone further afield than was intended. When the surveying party came up the pheasants rose from a laurel patch and perched on the limb of a tree until the men came nearer, when they gracefully sailed away.

Our associations class the turkey buzzard as rather gamy than game; but the nest of one was discovered and watched last year on the top of Marlin's Mountain. The finding of this nest was considered very remarkable, as those who were interested in the incident had never known of another nest being found. It was discovered early in the summer by a surveying party. Those who have followed the chain in the woods know that after the surveyor with his magical compass decides on a course meant to be N. 23 E., and 999 poles long, or something like it, and works his men through the right distance there comes a great overhauling time to find the particular tree which bears the marks of the "broad arrow," or, as we know it, the marks of the three indistinct strokes given by a surveyor may be fifty years ago. The surveyor and all the men scatter over an ever-increasing circle, looking for the tree, and lucky it is if the surveyor has guessed the right mountain the tree is on, or come within reaching distance of it.

It was while engaged in looking for the broad arrows which marked the corner tree "witnessed" by a "cliff of rocks" that the party found the buzzard's nest. The rocks were high and dangerous, and topped the summit of a very precipitous mountain side. It was such a place as the third-rate imagination would find joy in calling Eagle's Height, Hawk's Nest, Lover's Leap, or something of that sort.

While examining the chestnut oaks on the summit, a buzzard flew out from under the cliff and directed the attention of the party to the place of her nest. About 8ft. from the top, in a crevice, sheltered by overhanging rock, in a situation to make the best climber dizzy, was the nest. No preparation had been made by the bird to improve the place she laid her eggs. There were two eggs there, which in size about equaled a turkey egg, and which were marked by red spots, such as you see in the countenance of your billious friend. A few weeks afterward, the nest being revisited, two young birds were found in the nest, which had attained the size of a small duck. They were as white as the driven snow (why driven?) and had black beaks. They stood upright, and looked at the intruders, while their frantic mother hovered near. Then one of the young ones stretched its neck a great ways out and gave a hissing sound. The powerful stench that rose to place from which they were being observed drove the sightseers away. This smell is not remarkable when you remember that the mother feeds her young by disgorging carrion. A few weeks ago a sheep was found near this cliff lying helpless from the effects of laurel, which it had eaten. The buzzards had picked its eyes out, but it afterward recovered.

ANDREW PRICE.

MARLINTON, W. Va.

In the Days of Pigeons.

THOSE glorious, "palmy days" were away back in the '50s. They were indeed palmy days, for not alone were there myriads of those beautiful birds, which our esteemed friend old Noah Webster defined as gallinaceous and belonging to the genus *Columba* or migratory pigeons of North America, but every other species of the game birds which once made Michigan the delight of naturalists as well as the lovers of those life-giving sports afield with dog and gun. What reader of FOREST AND STREAM who loves the woods and fields, and whose happy lot it was to have lived in those bygone days, has not embalmed in fond memory experiences which will continue to brighten his life until the end?

But the beautiful pigeons are gone. When one has eaten the strawberries of Switzerland, those famed strawberries which are tempting and beautiful in appearance, and remembers the luscious fruit of Michigan, he will have something of the sensations which the sportsman of to-day experiences when he looks back upon the halcyon days "when we were young." They have a name to live and are dead—those "Alpine strawberries," which have such a fine sound to the ear, but we who know would give a bushel of them for one saucer of that delicious fruit that grows nowhere else in such perfection as in the old Peninsular State.

So with the quail, grouse and woodcock; we have now such birds, it is true. I have had on my table within the week Texas quail and ptarmigan, the white grouse of the West, but they were not the birds we had here in the "oak openings" and the clearings in "the days of the pigeons." I well remember one notable day in September, in Monroe county, spent in the woods and fields along the River Raisin. A friend with the "unquenchable yearning" to get away from the exasperating cares of business fell upon me in a mood when I only lacked a companion to start out, in pure desperation. A smart bay was duly put into the shafts of a suitable vehicle, guns, ammunition and other necessities were loaded into the commodious receptacle "for such purposes made and provided," and we were fairly on our way, with something of the same sensations possibly that sweeps over a caged bird when liberated from captivity. The morning was a charming one, and "all nature smiled." It was not necessary in those days to make a very lengthy pilgrimage to find sport to our hearts' content. Five miles along the banks of that winding stream, over and through a country which had been the home of the Pottawattomies and Shawnees, the first landing places in the New France by LaSalle Cadillac and Father Henepin, who, as they paddled up this beautiful stream two hundred years before, had found it "entrancingly beautiful" and abounding in game and fish of the rarest beauty and delicious flavor. The banks of the stream, as these intrepid voyageurs and explorers found them, were luxuriant with the wild grape, the exquisite Michigan rose, and the fruits which grew

in their "native luxuriance, and of surpassing flavor" as they described them. It was then a hunter's elysium. We soon arrived at the point originally selected as our destination and found hospitable quarters for man and beast. We lost no time in getting into the fields, and most promising stubble of oats and wheat and buckwheat ranged back from the bottom lands of the river on either side of the road. Those were before the days of hammerless or any kind of breechloaders—our shot pouches and powder flasks were hung from our shoulders, with a few Ely's cartridges in our pockets, a provision against the appearance of some presumptuous turkey that might rashly cross our path. The dog, who made up the trio on this occasion, was my spaniel Dan, the incarnation of intelligence, obedience and fun. That dog was simply a wonder; what he didn't know about matters and things in general, and things that came up unexpectedly to be passed upon off-hand, it would be of no earthly use for any dog to fool away any time upon. I sometimes used to think it was a pity he couldn't talk, so that he could give us chaps valuable pointers, but on the whole it was perhaps just as well, for as a general thing, when one knows so awfully much the temptation to talk too much leads to difficulties.

I don't want to devote too great space to what occurred during the forenoon, the things that happened to the quail and partridges and the woodcock. What I started out to chronicle is in relation to pigeons, as may be imagined from the caption of this letter. But I cannot refrain from spending just a few moments with those darling Bob Whites and the charming grouse that eventually found their way to our game bags—fat, lusty fellows, who, from long weeks of absolute freedom from molestation by the "city fellers" and the farmers' boys, had become too confiding in their sense of security for their own good.

And yet there would not be so very much to relate. Dan did his duty, and we tried to do ours—the game bags told the rest. After a good substantial dinner at our host's, the hospitable farmer, whose skill as a provider was amply demonstrated, no less than the accomplishments of the buxom damsel who prepared the meal. That quail pie looms up in beauty amid the thousand memories of good things to this day. My dear old FOREST AND STREAM reader, was it ever your good fortune to be seated before a dish of that name? I don't mean a restaurant game pie, with unknown contents inclosed in pastry that makes dyspepsia and ugly dreams—but a beautiful thing that only comes of a refined taste, a calm and unerring judgment and a general supreme "know how." This one was a dream, yea, better than a thousand dreams—it was a blissful reality. Think of a dozen fat, juicy quail, a few slices of home-cured pork, a couple of woodcock, a rich, creamy, flaky crust baked to a golden brown, seasoned to the point of perfect assimilation, flanked on one side by a crisp lettuce salad and on the other by the first rosy plump tomatoes from the well-kept garden! Golden butter melting on snowy light raised biscuit—heavens! is this cooking a lost art?

Now to the pigeons, but don't make an unreasonable and fatal mistake by supposing that we were able to undertake any sort of exercise for an hour or two.

That would be too much to expect—far too much from us in our then condition. Stretched out underneath the spreading branches of a giant oak on the smooth turf which had just begun to receive the crimson and gold decorations from the leaves which Jack Frost had already begun to scatter about in these early days of autumn, our pipes sending upward the curling columns of smoke, Dan at our feet calmly dozing, and the soft ripple of the distant river making soothing music, is it a wonder that we fell into that delightful mood which inspires the one wish, to be undisturbed? The hysterical notes of the bluejay away up in the topmost branches, the scampering here and there of the chipmunk, the timid investigations of a gray squirrel, the comical performances of a red-headed woodpecker, none of these were intrusive, they were the consistent factors of a place which would have been incomplete without them. However, we couldn't stay there forever, no matter how great the effort required to break away. Toward 3 o'clock we were approaching a large field which had been "sown to wheat," as the farmer said; it contained perhaps twenty acres or more, and was bordered on two sides by heavy timber—the primeval forest. About thirty rods from the west side in the open field stood a dead tree, a gigantic oak, with not a leaf upon its outstretching branches. It was the skeleton of a monarch. The sun was hot, and the shade of the woods on the west offered us a grateful shelter from the heat, and here we two seated ourselves to rest from the two hours' tramp after dinner. Within twenty minutes from the time of seating ourselves, small flocks of pigeons began to appear and settle down upon the wheat field, to feed upon the new-sown grain. Presently larger flocks arrived and more frequently. From bunches of twenty their numbers increased to fifty and a hundred. New arrivals would now alight in the branches of the dead tree, and whenever a noise would disturb those in the field hundreds would rise into the tree above them. Thicker and thicker came the pigeons, and the noise of their wings and chattering was almost a roar. It was a most exciting and novel scene to us, as we sat there in the shade and watched the unsuspecting birds.

But human nature could not stand that sort of thing very long, and especially human nature at the age of twenty-five, with two loaded shotguns in their hands.

"Say, Buck, how long are we going to sit here like bumps on a log? I'm going to have some fun." Thus said my chum, and proceeded to carry his sentiment into practical and tangible form. Without rising, he brought his double-barreled muzzleloader, 10-gauge, to his shoulder and let go both barrels into the tree. At that time, although there was not a leaf there, the tree had the appearance of being densely loaded with foliage, and every leaf was a live pigeon. I followed suit with mine and dozens fell to the ground. The remaining birds rose from the tree in a great cloud, and after circling around for a few moments again alighted upon the branches, accompanied by as many from the ranks of newcomers as could find a resting place. We rapidly reloaded our guns, and the second time blazed away. I

don't know how many birds were killed at each discharge, but if there were a hundred it made no apparent difference in the remaining hordes. After each volley the birds would nearly all rise into the air in a dense mass, only to return in five minutes or less to the tree and the field. We never moved a foot from our point of vantage, nor allowed Dan to retrieve a bird for an hour and a half. At the end of that time we had driven the birds from the field and saved our lost twenty acres of newly sown wheat.

We occasionally took a wing shot as the pigeons flew over our heads or on either side of us, and this relieved the monotony of the continuous fusillade. When our ammunition was exhausted and our heads ached as they never had before, nor have since, from the recoil of the befouled guns, nor went over to the old dead tree to pick up the victims of the slaughter, for it was nothing else, and it was a sight to behold! The ground was literally covered with dead pigeons, and mighty few wounded ones, I was glad to see. Well, we brought over the farmer to see the field, and if there ever was an astonished and grateful man he was the chap.

"Why, boys, ye've saved my wheat, as sure's shootin'; them pigeons would jest nachally eat up every grain of that wheat in the hull twenty acres, and I do' know how I'm goin' to make it right with ye, I don't for sartain."

"Well, Mr. Talford, just take some of these pigeons off our hands and we'll call it square."

"Wall, I swan, it beats the evilastin' thunderation; I'd never dreamed on't. Now, what you boys do, you come out here, say, in November or October, when I can take a leetle time to it, when fall work's over, and I'll try to give ye a leetle mite of a good hunt, if that's what you like, eh?"

"All right, and thanks, Mr. Talford. We'll accept the invitation, and now we must start homeward."

We loaded 364 elegant fat pigeons, 27 partridges and 17 quail into one roomy buggy and started for home. If it wasn't for that beastly headache we'd have been two of the proudest and happiest young chaps in Monroe county; and as it was, when we drove through the main street of the town just about sundown, with that pile of game (disposed so as to show to the greatest advantage of course), we weighed about 240z. to the pound, and were bigger lions than Barnum had in his menagerie, which exhibited in town the next day.

DETROIT, 1899.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Elk Slaughter in Wyoming.

I am in receipt of the following communication from Mr. Edwin F. Daniels, long president of the Tolleston Club, of this city, and a sportsman of the best sort. He writes:

"I took a trip to the Rocky Mountains last fall, and was very much interested in what I saw while there. We got into the mountains about Sept. 1, and our party had fairly good luck. We got enough elk to keep the camp supplied with meat, and I believe that is all we ought to have had, although I would like to have gotten a head for my home. One week longer would have given us this opportunity, for just as we were coming out, we saw several heads that had just been brought in.

"My object in writing this to you, however, is not to describe the trip, but to tell you a few facts about hunting parties that were in the mountains after we left. Two of the parties, which I understand were composed of four or five members each, were connected with two of the wealthiest families in New York, and another party was, I believe, from Boston. These three parties, I have been told, were there during the last part of September, and up to the middle, or a little later, of October, and were hunting almost every day during that time. The game was more abundant than it had been for a long time; it was no uncommon thing to see bands of several hundred elk—in fact they could be found any day when the hunters chose to go after them. From what I have learned, I have no doubt that in the four weeks, or thereabouts, that these parties were in the mountains, they killed more than 150 elk. I believe they took back not over twenty-five heads, leaving the balance, or probably more than 125, that were simply shot recklessly and wantonly, and without any object whatever, except it might be perhaps to get their teeth. For the most part, the skins were not even taken off them; they were left in their tracks as they were shot, with simply the teeth knocked out.

"The same spirit of slaughter is perhaps intensified in the case of the residents of that section. It has been brought to my notice in two particular instances, of men who live there, who make it a business to go out and kill all the elk they can for the purpose of getting the heads, hides and teeth. These people, however, have always lived in the midst of this game, and do not realize the importance of preserving it, and they are much more excusable than Eastern people—educated and with a knowledge of what will be the result if game is allowed to be slaughtered in this way. What I wonder about is, what the game wardens and State officers are thinking of to allow it. I know from experience that the soldiers in Yellowstone Park are doing a good work in protecting game in the open season. I do not know as there is any restriction in the amount of game a man or a party can kill in Wyoming; they take out a State license, and I presume are privileged to go and shoot elk in unlimited quantities, as the circumstances, and their inclination may be.

"I believe that the FOREST AND STREAM is more influential, and is making a stronger and better fight for the preservation of game than any other publication or any association. Cannot the FOREST AND STREAM take up this matter, and send copies of editorial protests to the right parties, so that the people can be awakened to the magnitude of the slaughter, and the importance of putting a curb on it? There is no reason why a sportsman who goes into that country, even if he has a game license, should be allowed to kill more than a certain number of elk, which may be determined by the circumstances, and by the taste and judgment of those that are best qualified to pass upon these points. There certainly ought to be in

every license, it seems to me, a restriction as to the number of animals the hunter shall kill.

"The trip I made last fall was the first one I ever made in the Rocky Mountains, and I was delighted with it, and I have been more interested than ever before in this matter of the protection of the big game since I returned. I have gotten my information from every source where I could get it, and believe that it is absolutely reliable."

This slaughter of elk by non-residents is something which is going on and has been going on steadily for a long time, though it is something which is not known to the public, and which never would be known were it not for the sporting papers and for such gentlemen as Mr. Daniels, who do not hesitate to make known and to condemn such acts. It seems almost past belief that men claiming to be decent would in these days care to go into the mountains and assist in the killing of over 100 great animals like the elk. Yet what can be done? The mountains are big and the wardens are few. For my own part, I believe in mountain law. I believe that the ranchmen and residents of that big game country should take these matters into their own hands, and should warn all such non-resident butchers to leave the country, and to leave at once, never to come back. I have seen this sort of law put into effect, and you never did see any other kind of law which worked quite as quickly, smoothly and thoroughly. I never could really blame a poor man who lived in a game country for killing meat when he actually needed it, and I do not think that game laws ought to be made for the benefit of sportsmen, but for the benefit of the people. A sportsman is no better than any other man, and if he classifies under the description of these elk butchers who went into Wyoming, he may be worse than any other sort of man, and worse than a market hunter. The laws of older days come into effect when the population becomes numerous and centralized. Until that time has arrived, the laws of the old West whose spark still remains in some of the corners of the Rockies, ought to prevail, laws which were founded on justice and fair play, and laws whose executive arm had nothing of the pitiable weakness known to the statutes of our so-called civilization. If the men of the elk country wish to stop this butchery, let them stop it. Then it will be really stopped.

Arkansas Game.

Mr. Jos. Irwin writes me from Little Rock, Ark., this week, stating that ducks are now coming in on the corn-fields in large numbers. The lakes and slashes are still full of ice, so the birds are going to the river at night. Mr. Irwin says that the cold weather only lasted for a few days in his vicinity, so that the quails are not very badly damaged. In this respect Arkansas is luckier than the Northern country, where all reports seem to indicate that the quail crop has suffered very seriously by reason of the extremely severe weather.

Wisconsin Game.

Mr. George A. Morrison, of Fox Lake, Wis., is so good as to send me the following notice about game matters in his State. I am glad to see that there is sentiment in favor of stopping spring shooting, though I fear it may not result in an actual law to that effect. The sportsmen's bill at the Legislature of Wisconsin this winter is being met by many others far less thoughtful and less modern, and it is not known what the result will be. Mr. Morrison says:

"A friend of mine, Mr. J. Hoffman, just returned from near Kilburn reports having seen a good bunch of quail Feb. 13. He had counted forty when they began to mix up, but he says there were at least sixty in the covey. They approached within 20ft. of them. While at Pardeeville last week I was told by a gentleman that he saw a small covey along the roadside while driving. Small bunches have been seen about the country adjacent to this town during the past two years, and also about Waupun, ten miles east of this place. This all goes to show what can be done if game is protected. The coveys seen about here and at Waupun are undoubtedly offspring of some few pairs released at Fon du Lac some seasons ago. This winter has been very favorable for quail and chickens in this section, little snow having fallen, and the ground now is entirely bare, so what few we have ought to pull through.

"The sentiment among sportsmen here is to stop spring shooting; this feeling has been growing for nearly two years. At that time a petition was circulated by a leading sportsman and signed by a large number of local shooters, petitioning the Legislature, then in session, not to abolish spring shooting. There is not a man of them that would sign that paper to-day. The heaven is also working regarding the sale of game. It must be stopped if the game is to be saved."

In Arizona.

Mr. E. E. Bliss, of Saginaw, Mich., who is now at Phoenix, Ariz., and enjoying the splendid winter climate of that region, sends me some notes in regard to valley quail shooting in Arizona. He says that his first experience was with Messrs. Pickerel, Walker and McCowen, residents used to the game, who took out himself and Mr. Vincent, both from Michigan.

"Mr. Vincent is a business associate of the Mr. Briggs you know, of Saginaw," Mr. Bliss says, "and he does not claim much experience as a hunter; but under Mr. Briggs' direction purchased an outfit before coming here. In reply to my question as to how it happened that Mr. Briggs had never taken him on some of his hunts, he said: 'Mr. Briggs did invite me once, and only once. Soon after we began our hunt our (borrowed) dog pointed, and in my hurry I stubbed my toe. The dog lived, but I never got another invitation to go shooting.' So much for an open confession.

"Our drive of fifteen or sixteen miles over smooth roads, past almond orchards, orange groves, etc., out into the unimproved desert, was no small part of our pleasure. We found the birds where the brush was thickest, as it was after morning feed time. The sport was lively for a time, and then our lunch was eaten in the shade of the buckboard and buggy at a Government well some 15 or 20ft. deep. After a rest, more quails, and then home with some fifty-odd birds, with which bag we Michigan men were well pleased, though the others had expected more. As you know, they use no bird dogs

after these Arizona trotters, but some of the things looked for in a good dog are also, it seems to me, good things for the hunter to possess, such as range, speed and bottom. The flight of the birds is similar to our Bob White's. The footing is good, and the shooting open, but the hurry necessary keeps the percentage of misses about the same.

"I found that too in an open barrel gave about the same results as the other got with coarser shot and choke guns. Would want more experience before choosing between the two. Light flannel underwear and shirt, broad hat, skeleton coat, canvas pants and leggins, with good tan shoes, not 'made in Germany,' would be a good rig here.

"I expected to go out with Dr. Jessop yesterday, to be gone until Monday, after ducks and quails, but the man who was to show us the way could not go till next Sunday, so it is postponed a week."

E. HOUGH.

1200 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

The Queer Things that Happen.

Boston, Feb. 27.—Hunting coons with an axe is not the usual way, but a Chesterville, Me., farmer has lately made a success in that direction. According to Bangor dispatches to the Boston papers, George W. Brown, of Chesterville, in search of dry wood the other day, felled a big pine stub. Cutting into it he felt his axe strike something soft, and thinking that it might be game of some sort—possibly a bear—he split the stub open with wedges. In the cavity were eight fat coons, snugly housed for winter. Further up the stub were two more coons. Brown got, besides his dry wood, nearly 200 lbs. of coons. These he was not long in sending to Bangor, and some of them have reached Boston; judging from the fact that several have been seen in the markets here, at a season when not expected. It is also reported that Jack Haley, a woodsman of Jackmantown, Me., felled a spruce the other day, which struck a big dead pine, uprooting it. Under the roots of the pine lay a big black bear; rather sleepy at first, but ready to fight when approached. Haley easily dispatched him with his axe, however. This prize also found its way to the city, netting Haley about \$25, the skin being in prime order. Eight saddles of deer came from Maine the other day into the Boston market. They were shipped by the regular underground method, which is yet about as mysterious as it is crooked. But the Maine commissioners have been notified, and the shippers will be brought to grief, if possible. The commission house selling the saddles here did not receive them from the Maine shippers, but took them to sell for a house in the Big Market. This house did not receive them from Maine, but took them to sell for those who did receive them—not in the market business. This is as far as information on the subject is obtainable.

No changes of any consequence have yet been made in the Maine fish and game laws. The petitioners asking that the number of pounds of trout and landlocked salmon one may take be reduced from 25 to 15, have been given leave to withdraw; also the petition proposing to change the open time on deer from Oct. 1 to Jan. 1, as now, to Sept. 15 to Dec. 15, has been treated in like manner. It is possible that the general bill the commissioners propose later in the session, may include some of the changes, but the temper of the committee seems to lean toward letting the present laws alone as much as possible.

SPECIAL.

New Hampshire Fish and Game.

HUDSON, N. H., Feb. 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I write to inform you briefly of some of the changes made in our code of fish and game laws during the present session. These changes have passed both House and Senate and await the Governor's signature. The open season on brook trout in Coos, Grafton and Carroll counties commences May 1, and ends September 15. In all other counties in the State the open season commences April 1 and ends August 1. The length on lobsters was raised from 10 to 10½ in., to conform with the Maine and Massachusetts laws. Appropriations have been granted for the screening of the outlets of several lakes. The open season on grouse, quail and woodcock commences Sept. 15 and ends Dec. 15.

Previous to this the open season extended to January 1. A bill has passed the House, with a fair show of passing the Senate, against any person hunting game birds for a whole or a part of the time with intent to trade or sell, or against any person exposing for sale, or having in his possession for sale. Penalty not less than \$40 nor more than \$200.

Deer are becoming very plenty all over our State. We have been much troubled to get convictions against dogs or dog owners for running down and killing deer. Four have been killed by dogs in the southern part of the State within the last two weeks. The law has been so amended that any person can kill a dog when running a deer. Besides this, a bill has passed both branches that reads like this: "Any owner of a dog to whom notice has been given that such dog, when at large, has been discovered pursuing or harassing moose, caribou, deer, or sheep, or injuring any creature, wild or domestic, shall be fined \$5 for the second and each subsequent occasion on which said dog shall be so discovered; and if any dog, at any time, shall maim, injure or destroy any of the animals protected by this act, the owner shall be fined, in the case of a wild animal, the same amount which the statutes impose upon a person killing the same animals contrary to law (which would be \$100 and costs). In the case of sheep an amount double the value of the sheep. All protection has been taken from the muskrat. But two deer are allowed to a person, to be killed in the open season, and no person or corporation shall transport any parts thereof, unless open to view, tagged and plainly labelled, with the name of the actual owner, and accompanied by him. Penalty \$50."

The usual bills have been introduced allowing parties to snare on their own land; also a bill allowing land owners to kill partridge while budding. Both measures were promptly killed. Much credit is due Mr. Battles, chairman of the fish and game committee of the House, and his committee for the able way they have handled all fish and game legislation that has come before them.

N. WENTWORTH.

An Association Project.

RYE, N. Y., Feb. 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I take the liberty of sending to you an outline of an association which I hope will meet the approval of many sportsmen. I trust you will give it space in the columns of your valuable paper. It is understood that the State game warden is a paid official, therefore I will not again refer to this particular officer.

Now then I suggest that a society of 100,000 members be organized in the interest and for the benefit of sportsmen; each member to pay annual dues to the amount of \$2. There are about sixty counties in the State of New York, and my idea is to have three game wardens appointed for each county, one chief and two deputies, each officer under a salary.

As three are considered a crowd, and if they are the right kind of men, with the proper quality of sand in them, there will be sufficient police force to patrol the State, and the illegal shooter and snarer of birds will go out of business forthwith.

Each county should be divided into three districts, a warden to reside in the district under his supervision; the organization to be under control of a board of managers; the president, secretary, and collector to receive compensation for their services, their combined salaries not to exceed \$5,000 per annum.

The game wardens to be under bond to the society not to kill or capture any game birds or game of any kind in the State; to employ the market-hunters as wardens.

Receipts from dues, 100,000 members at \$2.....	\$200,000.00
Disbursements:	
60 chief game wardens, at \$800 per annum.....	\$48,000.00
120 deputy game wardens, at \$500 per annum.....	60,000.00
Officers' salaries	5,000.00
Legal expenses	5,000.00
Office rent and other expenses.....	5,000.00
	\$123,000.00

Balance on hand.....\$77,000.00

From the balance of the funds in the treasury a large portion of the same could be used in restocking our depleted covers each year with game birds. I believe there would be very little difficulty in organizing an association on these lines, or a consolidation of the gun clubs and associations now in existence would do the business. The very modest sum of \$2 per annum would without doubt be paid most cheerfully by most persons who delight to be afield with dog and gun, enjoying the balmy breezes with the assurance of again finding birds in the old familiar places.

If any brother sportsman has anything better to offer in this line, I should be pleased to see it in print.

G. W. GALLAWAY.

What about This?

WORCESTER, Mass., Feb. 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Worcester Game Protective Association was the name adopted by a number of gentlemen who last year met and organized an association for the propagation and protection of game birds in Worcester county. At the annual meeting, Feb. 15, the treasurer's report showed that since the organization was formed the receipts have been \$1,166, and expenditures \$800. The secretary's report showed that during the past year the Association imported from New York State and the West and released in the vicinity of Worcester 1,200 quail.

What has been the result of this addition of 600 pairs of birds to our game supply? From personal observation your correspondent is of the opinion that the imported birds did not breed or remain in this section, and this opinion is voiced by many other shooters. During the summer the birds were very much in evidence, and they could be heard whistling in the fields, no matter in what direction one would go into the country. But when the season opened, Oct. 15, the birds seemed to have disappeared and quail were not found any more plentiful hereabouts than during the previous season—the supposition being that the imported birds not finding as good feeding ground here as in their native State had in all probability gone into Connecticut or elsewhere. Worcester county feeding ground for ruffed grouse is unsurpassed anywhere, but it is by no means an ideal locality for quail.

But if the imported birds had remained and bred well we think the money invested would not have justified the expenditure under existing conditions—that is, so far as benefiting sportsmen at large is concerned—and why? Because there are gentlemen actively associated with some of the so-called game protective organizations hereabouts who make a business each season of killing birds for the market. And it is a notorious fact and cannot be refuted that as many as 300 or more grouse, woodcock and quail fall to the gun of each of a number of such local sportsmen(?) during the open season of every year, and are sold. We have the papers! Is this the way to protect and increase our game birds? We admit the difficulty of successful legislation in the premises, but all sportsmen, members of game protective associations or not, ought most emphatically to denounce and discourage any such mercenary business as pot-hunting, much less to "set the pace."

There is no law to regulate the killing of foxes, but there is an unwritten law among the members of the Worcester Fur Club that during certain months of the year reynard shall be safe from honorable pursuit. With this club *Consuetudo pro lege servatur*. And why not then without legislative enactment desist from pot-hunting before our covers are entirely depleted? The man who will refrain from snaring a grouse or from shooting one between Dec. 31 and Sept. 15, because it is in violation of law to do so, but who will cover from five to twenty-five miles of territory every day that he can possibly get into the brush during the open season and work as hard as he can to outshoot every competitor in this nefarious business is not worthy the name of a sportsman, and ought not to be received into membership of any club, the aim and object of which is the protection of game.

BOB WHITE.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

The Weather and the Birds.

MADISONVILLE, Ky., Feb. 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* During and since the recent cold spell I have been making a business trip through western Kentucky, and in all of the towns visited, I made inquiry of the country people who were found in town, regarding the quail and other birds. Many of the people interviewed said they had found "bunches" of quail frozen to death on the roost, and the opinion is unanimous that all quail that did not take shelter in barns, or come to where live stock or poultry was being fed, had "shone perished." Several farmers said that quail had come boldly to the stock yards and poultry yards. It appears that in most instances the birds were kindly cared for, when they threw themselves on the mercy of the farmers, though one fellow said a "mighty big flock" came to feed with his chickens, and he "done trapped every one of 'em." The farmers also report finding many dead, meadow larks and some bluebirds. Numbers of chickens and guineas perished, and ducks' feet froze fast to the icy ground. There was a vast amount of suffering among the people and all kinds of domestic animals.

From all over the South comes the same report about the birds. Quail shooting in the South, and probably in the North, too, is a thing of the past, and it will take years of careful protection to repair the devastation.

O. H. HAMPTON.

BREWER, Me.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have just received a letter from A. T. Wayne, a somewhat widely known ornithologist, dated Mount Pleasant, South Carolina, Feb. 20, an extract from which may be of interest to some of your readers. He writes:

"We have just passed through the coldest weather ever known for 200 years. Last Tuesday the thermometer marked 5 degrees above zero, with snow 4 to 5 in. deep on a level on the ground. The mortality among birds was appalling. Millions of fox sparrows and snowbirds perished. Thousands of grass finches, chipping sparrows, savanna sparrows, bluebirds, pine warblers, blue-headed vireos, doves, killdeer, larks and hermit thrushes, and countless thousands of woodcock were killed by would-be sportsmen, or else frozen to death. I never saw such annihilation of life before, and hope I shall never again witness such a scene. Horses, cows, mules and other animals were frozen to death. Many people also were frozen to death. It will take twenty years for these birds to establish themselves under its most formidable conditions."

M. HARDY.

HAMILTON, N. C. Feb. 19.—Snow is about gone. Quail fared well. None found frozen. Shooting fine here.

OLD LEGGINGS.

Congress and the Birds.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In the Senate to-day, Mr. Hoar announced that the conference committees of the House and Senate on the disagreeing votes of the two Houses, on the Lacey game bird bill, had been unable to agree. He stated that both Houses had agreed to a provision which nobody, not even the mover of it, desired to have retained. So he moved to reconsider the vote by which the bill was passed, and asked that a message be sent to the House of Representatives, requesting the return of the bill. Then the following proceedings occurred with reference to it:

MR. HOAR.—I now move to amend the House bill by striking out all after the enacting clause and substituting what was added as new sections by the Senate to the bill. It is not necessary that the sections shall be again read, as they have been read.

MR. COCKRELL.—What is the pending measure?

MR. HOAR.—The bill in relation to birds.

MR. COCKRELL.—That is enough.

MR. HOAR.—That is the whole story. It is not necessary, I suppose, to make any explanation.

THE VICE-PRESIDENT.—Will the Senator indicate to the Secretary what are the amendments he desires to have adopted?

MR. HOAR.—We have just reconsidered the vote by which the Senate added certain sections to the bill. I now move that instead of adding those to the bill as it originally came from the House, to strike out all after the enacting clause and insert those sections as a substitute for the House bill. It is not necessary that they should be read.

MR. CHILTON.—What is the bill as to which the Senator proposes to strike out all after the enacting clause?

MR. HOAR.—I was about to make a statement, but the Senator from Missouri [Mr. Cockrell] did not think it necessary. It is the bill for the protection of birds. The House sent over a bill to give jurisdiction over that subject to the Fish Commission. The bill was amended in the Senate by adding other sections for the protection of song birds, and so on, which were passed unanimously. Then the matter went into conference. Now, everybody is satisfied that it was a mistake to give that jurisdiction to the Fish Commission. But as the bill now stands it is not in the power of the conferees to withdraw it, because both Houses have agreed to it. The bill has now come back to the Senate, and the Senate has reconsidered its previous action. I now propose to make what the Senate heretofore passed a substitute for the House bill.

MR. CHILTON.—That is the way the bill was before?

MR. HOAR.—Yes; that is the way it was before. All the conferees agree to it. After my motion has been agreed to, I shall then ask for a new conference and the whole matter will open.

THE VICE-PRESIDENT.—The question is on the amendment submitted by the Senator from Massachusetts to strike out all after the enacting clause of the bill and insert what he has indicated.

The amendment was agreed to.

The bill was reported to the Senate as amended, and the amendment was concurred in.

The amendment was ordered to be engrossed and the bill was read a third time.

The bill was read the third time and passed.

MR. HOAR.—I now move that the Senate ask for a

committee of conference with the House of Representatives on the bill and amendment.

The motion was agreed to.

By unanimous consent, the Vice-President was authorized to appoint the conferees on the part of the Senate; and Mr. Hoar, Mr. Teller and Mr. Bacon were appointed.

It is likely that a compromise measure will be arranged during the remaining week of the session, but probably will be very materially modified.

The Senate also passed the bill (H. R. 2524) for the protection of birds, preservation of game, and for the prevention of its sale during certain closed seasons in the District of Columbia, which bill passed the House of Representatives during the long session of this Congress, more than a year ago.

There are some slight modifications of the House bill, which will undoubtedly be agreed to, and the bill in its completed form, as it will become a law, will prevent the shipping into the District of Columbia of illegally killed game, to be publicly sold, as has been the case in the past.

After the bill has been approved by the President, its provisions will be printed in *FOREST AND STREAM* next week.

FREDERIC IRLAND.

The Laurentian Club.

THE annual general meeting of the members of the Laurentian Club was held Feb. 9 at the Windsor Hotel, Montreal, and was well attended. This club of sportsmen, which, when it was organized fourteen years ago, consisted of about a score of Canadians, has, through the enterprise of its managing director, Mr. W. H. Parker, become one of the leading clubs in the Dominion. Its preserves, which are situated in the Laurentians, in the counties of Champlain and St. Maurice, consist of a large tract of the finest fishing and hunting territory in the Province of Quebec, and the club is now so popular that, in order to keep down the membership, which has now reached over 250, it was found necessary some years ago to make the entrance fee (which was originally \$25) \$200, and even at this figure the club goes on increasing in size, and has members all over the United States as well as in Canada.

In the absence of the president and vice-president, the chair was occupied by Mr. H. R. Ives. After the usual routine of the reading of the financial statement, which was very satisfactory, and other reports, the following Directors were elected: Dr. W. H. Drummond, of Montreal; Robert Kiernan, of Three Rivers; David S. Cowles, of New York; G. E. Drummond, of Montreal; W. H. Parker, of Lac La Pêche, Que.; Jos. W. Howe, of New York; C. J. Fleet, of Montreal; H. R. Ives, of Montreal; H. R. Wooster, of Deep River, Conn.

At a subsequent meeting of directors the following officers were elected: Fred Stancliffe, of Montreal, Honorary President; Geo. E. Drummond, of Montreal, Vice-President; W. H. Parker, Managing Director, Lac La Pêche, Que.; Joseph W. Howe, of New York, President; J. G. Veitch, Secretary-Treasurer, Imperial Building, Montreal.

House Committee—D. W. H. Drummond, of Montreal; W. H. Parker, of Lac La Pêche, Que.; Robert Kiernan, of Three Rivers, Que.

A Remarkable Game Exhibit.

WHILE I write, the twelfth annual fair of the Oyster, Fish, Game and Industrial Association, of New Berne, is on. One feature of it is so unusual and appeals so strongly to naturalists and sportsmen that I am glad to put your readers in direct touch with it. Need I say that it is the exhibit of wild game? That a collection of some 300 specimens and twenty-odd families should be gotten together in mid-winter speaks forcibly of the attractions which that coastwise section affords to lovers of the gun. The local names of the species are given in my list, and they are, some of them, unique and interesting. I have enumerated them before in some forgotten issue of *FOREST AND STREAM*. Deers and bears seem to have not been of sufficient curiosity to be included in the following.

This is the list: 100 live quail, 4 woodcock, 4 English snipe, 4 double rail, 4 single rail, 6 doves, 1 pair shufflers, 4 mallards, 12 black ducks, 2 spring tails, 4 green wing teal, 2 coots, 2 redheads, 2 hairy heads, 4 summer ducks, 4 boobies, 2 bitrons, 2 marsh hens, 4 wild turkeys, 14 wild geese, 8 squirrels, 10 rabbits, 3 muskrats, 2 owls, 2 wildcats, 8 foxes, 3 coons, 7 possums, 3 woodhens, 3 crows, 5 bald-head eagles, 10 swamp sparrows, 3 large live alligators, caught in Neuse River.

This game display is the finest ever shown in North Carolina, and I make bold to say, in the United States either. No part of the country harbors such a variety of game and fish.

CHAS. HALLOCK.

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

Mr. Lee's Alaskan Trophies.

CHICAGO, Ill., Feb. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I see that Mr. A. B. Blair, of Scranton, Pa., claims that his friend, Mr. E. G. Asmus, of West Hoboken, N. J., has the finest caribou head in the United States, and that it was killed in Newfoundland. I wish to inform Mr. Blair that we do not have to go outside of Uncle Sam's domain to produce a still better one. While on my hunting trip in Alaska last fall I killed one that has fifty-seven perfect points, and the whole head is correspondingly massive. The animal which I am having mounted as he stood in his natural elements, is proportionally large and perfect in all respects.

HARRY E. LEE.

[And *FOREST AND STREAM* has a photograph of the horns to accompany Mr. Lee's story of his trip.]

Game on Clark's Fork.

RED LODGE, Mont., Feb. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* There are about 400 head of elk wintering on Clark's Fork, about sixty miles from Red Lodge, and a good lot of big horns. There have been about thirty head of deer killed within five miles of town. On a trip last November, Paul Bancroft and two brothers with a guide of mine, secured eight bull elk and some deer and other small game.

EDWARD OLCOTT.

New St. Lawrence River Club.

FIFTEEN wealthy sportsmen, most of them New Yorkers, have formed an association for the purpose of establishing a game preserve on one of the many islands of the St. Lawrence River. Among them are James H. Oliphant, William C. Browning, H. F. Dewey, R. T. Wilbur, Charles Emery, of the American Tobacco Company; Charles M. English, of the English Ship-Building Company; the two sons of the late George M. Pullman, Frank Lowdin, Gilbert T. Rafferty, of Pittsburg, and Charles and William Hayden, of Columbus, O.

Oak Island, the one purchased, includes about 600 acres of woodland. It is about four miles from Alexandria Bay, and near the course of the annual sailing races held by the Chippewa Yacht Club. The organization will shortly build a handsome club house, cottages and landings at various points.

Mr. Boldt said to a New York Evening Post reporter: "This is a close corporation, and its members will be limited to fifteen, with one share of \$1,000 each. The island is for a hunting and fishing resort. We will stock it with pheasants and other game."

Dr. Davis Claims Only his Share.

LANCASTER, Pa., Feb. 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of the 11th inst. I notice the following paragraph: "Dr. S. T. Davis, of Pennsylvania, in a trip to the Jackson's Hole country, of Wyoming, last season, secured four bull elk, one black tail buck, one cinnamon bear, one black bear, two antelope and one very large mountain lion, besides small game and fish. This was my second visit to the Hole, and we found game very plentiful." This is all correct as far as the enumeration of the game taken is concerned, but your informant neglected to mention the fact that I was accompanied by my old hunting friend, Mr. A. C. Kepler, of Lancaster, who added two of the elk, and the antelope to the string. Neither of us would be guilty of killing four bull elk in one season, in the State of Wyoming, or any place, as far as that is concerned. While the law of Wyoming does not specify very explicitly the number of bull elk which may be killed by one person in one open season, the Jackson's Hole Gun Club very gently reminds their guests that they consider two to each gun sufficient.

S. T. DAVIS (Shongo).

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing and hunting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in *FOREST AND STREAM*.

In the Pound-Net.

BY FRED MATHER.

WHEN a man sets a pound-net miles out in a great lake or sea, with a leader running to the shore to stop all fish and turn them to deep water, and so into his net, he is sure to catch things of various kinds, some that he wants, and others. Awhile ago, so long that my memory runneth not to the contrary, I said that I liked to have questions fired at me, because they brought up things that suggested subjects to write on. The great want of a scribbler is a subject. Given that and his pen goes like Tennyson's brook.

I set my pound-net in the great waters of *FOREST AND STREAM*, and many strange things have been caught. Being strange, they are interesting. Our interest in life is the unknowable, the hope that spurs a man on, whether the soldier, "seeking the bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth," or in the more peaceful pursuit of casting the fly where no trout has risen for an hour, but the next cast may bring one to the surface.

If we could forecast all things life would not be worth the living, and here I want to quote something about looking into the seeds of time to tell which ones will grow and which will rot, but I don't know where to find it. The uncertainty of the chase is its chief charm, and this reminds me of a happy state of affairs in the garden which I had on Long Island. It ran down to the salt water and was a most prolific one; it yielded a good crop every year, but I never knew until I stuck a spade in it whether the crop would be potatoes or clams. Much the same uncertainty attends the opening of the morning mail, or the pound-net.

Old Jack Falstaff, not the gross beast of "The Merry Wives of Windsor," but "Rare old Jack," of the King Henrys, a lovable old rascal, with most of the vices of civilization, said: "I am not only witty myself, but am the cause of wit in others." Success with the berry question prompts a paraphrase of this in some way to suggest that wisdom has been drawn, etc.

More about Berries.

The "service berry" has been well exploited and little more can be said of it that will add to our knowledge of it, unless I should accept the following invitation from Mr. N. S. Smith, of Newburgh, N. Y., to go with him and gorge on them and then give readers of *FOREST AND STREAM* my own gustatory opinion of what Dr. H. H. Montgomery, of Pittsford, Pa., dares to call "a berry before which the raspberry or strawberry, or almost any old berry, fades into insignificance." Such powerful language needs some backing when it is the first outbreak in favor of a berry which is comparatively unknown to civilized palates, and which never appears in our great markets. I admire the enthusiasm of Dr. Montgomery, as I admire all kinds of enthusiasm, and in the coldest of blood hope to test his delicious "service berry," for it is one thing to tell a fellow how good molasses candy is and another thing to give him a hunk.

The Mather Bass Fly.

Prof. F. A. Bates, of South Braintree, Mass., writes: "Somewhere I have heard, read or dreamed that there was a black bass fly called the 'Mather.' What is it like, and is it good for anything? If it is I want to try it next season."

Here is a bit of mislaid but not forgotten lore aroused by the question. It may be ten or it may be fifteen years ago, I received from Mr. C. F. Orvis a bass fly bearing the above name. I say a fly in the specific sense; but there were about twenty individuals. Here was fame! My name would appear on that tablet of immortals in the catalogues wherein are inscribed the yellow-sally, brown-hen, claret-gnat, doodle-bug and cow-dung. I immediately went to a cordwainer's and had him put an extra 1/2 in. of oak tan on my boot heels.

I regret that I cannot give a description of the fly to Prof. Bates beyond the fact that it had large wings of a light olive color, and that was the general complexion of the fly, sober and quiet, like some people. In my joy I mailed specimens to several tackle dealers and gave all the rest, save one, to friends. The dealers saw at once that if this fly were put on the market the black bass would be exterminated, and so refrained from placing it in their spring catalogues. The friends who received one of the precious flies returned profuse thanks and promised to try it. Perhaps they did, and feared to report the number of bass they killed for fear of being classed as "fish hogs." And this is all that is known to me on the subject.

Canning Flies.

The question asked by Prof. Bates brings out another point. One of the above-named flies was saved and will not be accessible until fishing begins. The problem of keeping moths out of flies has puzzled many heads. Once I told how I did it, but it was overlooked by old anglers and was printed too long ago for the new crop of anglers which comes up every year. As it beats all camphor balls and other preservatives, it may be well to tell it again. I "can" them in glass jars, put them up like fresh fruits, and there you are. The reason that the fly named is not to be dug out for present inspection is this: My flies are kept in glass fruit jars, with a rubber band and a screw top, and I'd like to see any durned moth get into that. When fishing is the order of the day the jars are opened, such flies as may be needed for the trip are put in the book, with more that may never be needed, and away we go. On return the flies are replaced in the jar, or the whole fly-book is put in it, and the jar is set on the mantle handy for another day. At the close of the fishing season the jars are stored away in box or trunk with the knowledge that they are safe.

Furthermore: I have flies tied by Sarah McBride on which the gut is as sound as it was when that famous fly-tier died about fifteen years ago. Leaders that must be at least ten years old and never used are strong and good, for they go in the glass jars with the flies. Anglers know that gut gets brittle when exposed to the air for some time. In the jars it does not; the only care I take is to see that no wet flies or leaders go in the jars to create dampness and mould.

I have not bought a fly or a leader in several years, because there was such a stock accumulated when the fly-casting tournaments were being held in Central Park, New York City. I was secretary of the association, and Ira Wood, Francis Endicott and others used to give me their stock brought to the grounds as keepsakes, and by carefully cutting out all parts of leaders that were frayed, and refastening flies where the gut at the shank of the hook was weakened, the stock has been kept up and is, I believe, good for five more seasons without reinforcements, under the treatment given above. This has been a labor of love, for while I never cared to try to tie a fly, I like to preserve one that has done its work well and which often brings memories of a particular day and its catch. These are in the nature of pensioners, and I believe in caring for things which have served us, whether fly, horse or man.

Berries will not be Buried.

This berry racket which I kicked up by asking a simple question has buried my desk under an avalanche of letters, notes—and berries, as well as promises of berries. Some new berries, as well as dewberries, have drifted into the net and have been put in cold storage until there is a market for them. They are not in season now, but snowshoes are.

Snowshoes; Making and Using Them.

And now comes one William H. Avis, who has written to *FOREST AND STREAM* of coon hunting and kindred intellectual games, and to whom I am indebted for saving the lives of a lot of broad-bills which were swinging in to our stools, by prematurely discharging his gun and thereby enabling them to turn out to sea in time not only to save their lives, but also for me to economize on ammunition; but that's another story. Mr. Avis is tall and long of limb, and yet the snows of Connecticut trouble him at times. He writes:

"Dear Major: If I remember rightly; some time ago you invited us of the *FOREST AND STREAM* family to fire questions at you to our hearts' content; and you volunteered to answer to the best of your ability; so here goes. In all my reading of *FOREST AND STREAM* I do not remember a good article giving a description of the way snowshoes are made; how to use them; how much a serviceable pair would cost, and about the length of time it ought to take an every-day sort of a fellow, to learn to use them. I have been bothered so much this winter in getting to and from the city that I have sworn a solemn oath to own a pair of snowshoes. In New Haven, however, such things can't be bought, for there are none here. Please enlighten us on this matter; I say 'us,' because I believe that others would be interested in your talk on this. I write because in your book, 'Men I have Fished With,' you mention the fact that you were on snowshoes for months when trapping in the wilds of Wisconsin nearly half a century ago."

After deeply injuring me, or what is the same, preventing me from injuring a lot of ducks, this man turns my wrath aside, not by a soft answer, but by presenting his other hard cheek. There is a saying which I have heard to the effect: "I can forgive, but I can't forget." I never knew exactly what the relations of forgiveness and forgetfulness were in a general way, but in this case the precise formula was: Ducks = G; premature discharge of gun = I, and my remarks = N.

Invert the terms of the divisor and the rocks across the harbor will echo, "Here's to better luck next time."

Old Muggy-way-way, "he who snored so loud," made the only pair of snowshoes that I ever owned. If Mr. Avis will turn to my book, which he quotes, he will see, p. 206, that I mention being lame from my first three days' walk on snowshoes. Old Muggy lived near Prairie du Chien, Wis., and was a famous maker of these things. I was off on a deer hunt and dropped in on him, oh! so long ago, in 1855, and as I needed snowshoes I braced him in this way: "Say, old Muggy, how much for a pair of snowshoes?"

The old Ojibwa looked up from his work, sized me up, and replied: "So' o' crus'?"

This was away beyond my schoolin', so I asked: "How?"

Antoine was with me and said: "He wan's fo' to know ef you want 'em fo' soft snow or fo' crust."

On these points there were no opinions; snowshoes were merely a name for some kind of a thing to walk on snow with, and I looked at Antoine for inspiration.

"I'll tole you," said he; "w'en yo' got da shoe fo' da sof' snow he longer an' weigh mo' dan w'en yo' gat da short shoe fo' da crust. Now, w'en yo' go along o' me up da Bad-Axe Riv' fo' to trap all da wint' yo' do' want a long heavy shoe fo' sof' snow, 'cause da snow he on'y sof' fo' a day o' two, an' he get a crus' on bimeby."

So I ordered crust shoes for \$2, and saw the old Indian make them. He took the hickory bows from a form where they had been bending for some time; the strips were $\frac{1}{2}$ in. square and 6 ft. in length, bent into a blunt-toed bow 2 ft. 7 in. long and 13 in. wide at its greatest width, 1 ft. from the toe; at 4 in. a strip of hickory 1 in. wide, but thin, was mortised across to keep the spread, which here was 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.; at 20 in. another such strip went across where the shoe was only 8 in. wide. From the toe there was no webbing for 8 in., where the first double strip of rawhide was stretched across, sustained by three twisted strips from the first cross-bar. There was but 12 in. of web, which extended to the hind bar. This was made by cross strips 1 in. apart and diagonally interlaced, mak-

clubs for its pursuit could easily be formed in many cities where they have snow which lasts several weeks.

Snowshoes are made of different sizes for people of different avoirdupois. A shoe sufficient for a man of 125 lbs. would not sustain a man of 180 lbs., and in ordering a pair this should be borne in mind, and the weight of the man given. I have no idea that the New York dealer, or his salesmen, understand this, but an order to any Canadian dealer in snowshoes would fit the surface of the shoe to the weight of the man.

A bucksin moccasin is the ideal thing for snowshoeing in dry snow, but they are abominable things when wet. My rig for the damp snows of Long Island is a pair of cloth house shoes, which I use instead of slippers in winter, and which lace up above the ankle, and over these a pair of rubber overshoes. The main thing which the beginner must guard against is stepping on the other shoe; if he does this he will be winking the other eye as his nose is plowing into the snow and he is wondering why he had not thought to wear a pair on his hands at the same time.

The Massachusetts Hatcheries.

MASSACHUSETTS FISH AND GAME PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION, Boston, Feb. 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I send you herewith for publication an important paper on trout culture, prepared by Mr. C. C. Wood, of Plymouth, Mass., who, as you know, is an authority on such matters. It was read at the last meeting of our Association and was sought for publication, but I desired to have it appear in your paper, and see what sportsmen and men in touch with this line of work would have to say on the salient points of the paper.

While all might not agree as to every conclusion of Mr. Wood's, I believe all will consider it a valuable contribution to a subject likely to be very prominent in the public thought and of vast importance in its bearing upon the work in hand in many of the States of the Union.

HENRY H. KIMBALL, Sec'y.

TROUT CULTURE.

I have been requested by the honorable secretary to furnish a few data and offer such remarks as I may deem fit in relation to the fish hatcheries of Massachusetts. I would say at commencing that so far as my observations go, they relate to the rearing of brook trout only, yet they may not go amiss; for, if I am not greatly mistaken, the hatcheries of this State are given almost entirely up to the reproduction of this variety of fish.

All of us who are enthusiastic fishermen cannot fail to be interested in the inhabitant of our cold, spring waters, and therefore I take for granted would be pleased to see all the suitable brooks of Massachusetts alive with trout. That I am interested in the cultivation of this fish for profit I fear may cause doubt from many as to the sincerity of my remarks in some instances, and should such be the case I desire expressly to state that the facts which I may give will bear full inspection and will remain true, no matter from what standpoint they may be looked upon. It is not entirely for profit, by any means, that I am interested in this matter, and were it so, I should not be likely to advocate a new method or manner of running the hatcheries, for you will all see that the less the results of stocking done by the commonwealth the better are the chances of the commercial fishcultivist for selling his product and the greater prices he is likely to obtain.

First, I would like to ask, for what do we want the fish hatcheries? and we will, no doubt, all agree that it is for the purpose of rearing desirable fish to replenish the exhausted and depleted waters of the State, which have been taxed severely by the fishermen or in many cases rendered unproductive, perhaps by the erection of mills or dams, which prevent the larger parent fish from ascending the streams to suitable spawning grounds.

Some may say that the hatcheries are useful to the student, so that he may watch the development of the young creature, bring himself in touch with the wonders of nature and possibly stimulate an ambition which may help to start him on a useful, successful and prosperous career. I would say to this that the many private hatcheries here in Massachusetts give the same opportunity, as visitors are always welcome, and as a rule these private commercial establishments, if you will, have better, more successful and more modern methods than those at present owned and operated by the commonwealth. However, for this latter purpose no one is likely to propose the continuance even for a day of the smallest hatchery, for such things if necessary for the scholar had much better be embraced in some part of our educational system, as the study of natural history.

In the first case, should the State be able to turn out a very large number of young fish, and these little creatures immediately perish, or do so in a very short time after being taken from the hatchery, the work, so far as resulting in any benefit to the sportsmen, is practically lost. Should this be carried on year after year, and no results follow of a desirable nature, what could be gained? You might go on keeping tally of the large numbers of trout and salmon liberated, and overcome perhaps an ignorant public (for most people are ignorant on this subject), with the immense quantities of these fish put out for their benefit each season; but what the sportsmen and the people want are good results, and they have a right to expect the very best.

What has Massachusetts done in trout culture? Has she succeeded in making the fished-out streams yield a fair day's sport? Has she reared anything like the numbers of trout fry and yearlings possible? Have the hatcheries been carried on as economically as should be expected? And have the results been sufficient to satisfy any one who is at all acquainted with the possibilities of trout culture, and the success which has been attained in many cases? I do not intend to try and tell you what the State has done in the past—what it has cost per thousand to rear these fish (which for the most part have been thrown away), or to criticise the commission in any way. Should any one wish to satisfy themselves on these points they may possibly get the desired information from the reports which are offered by the Fish Commission annually.

Rather would I like to ask: What can she do?—and the reasonable possibilities in this direction are great, for within our boundaries are some of the most delightful streams and ponds suitable for trout that can be found anywhere in New England.

I wish to present, or suggest, two methods by which in my opinion these waters, suited to the gamiest of fishes, may be restocked with the smallest cost and the best results.

One of the methods which I have to offer is a selfish one, and I do not expect that it will receive much consideration, or think that it would be accepted by the State at present, if it were clearly proven to be the best. I have not much to say regarding this, and will leave what few facts I have to offer until the last.

Massachusetts does not need many hatcheries for the rearing of trout; one good one should be sufficient to reasonably stock all the suitable public waters within her borders. It would be easy to hatch out at one station more young trout fry than could be decently used in twice the streams that would be proper to receive them. The cost of maintaining one hatchery, one establishment, must be less than of carrying on perhaps half a dozen of the kind, and the advantages of having the operations under one management, one head, and at one station, should be apparent.

Some may say that the small fish or the large fish cannot be carried from one part of the State to another part most distant without loss, but such is not the case. Trout of any age or size at all likely to be used for stocking purposes, can be transported anywhere in Massachusetts and not suffer. Live trout from the hatchery at Winchester can be safely carried to the most distant part of Berkshire county, and arrive in first-class condition, of course an attendant being with them. Should they be on an express train, however, it would not be necessary to have any one go with them if the applicant be ready to receive them on arrival, for I have known of several cases where a lot of trout was shipped alone from Boston to the western part of New York State and arrived in satisfactory condition.

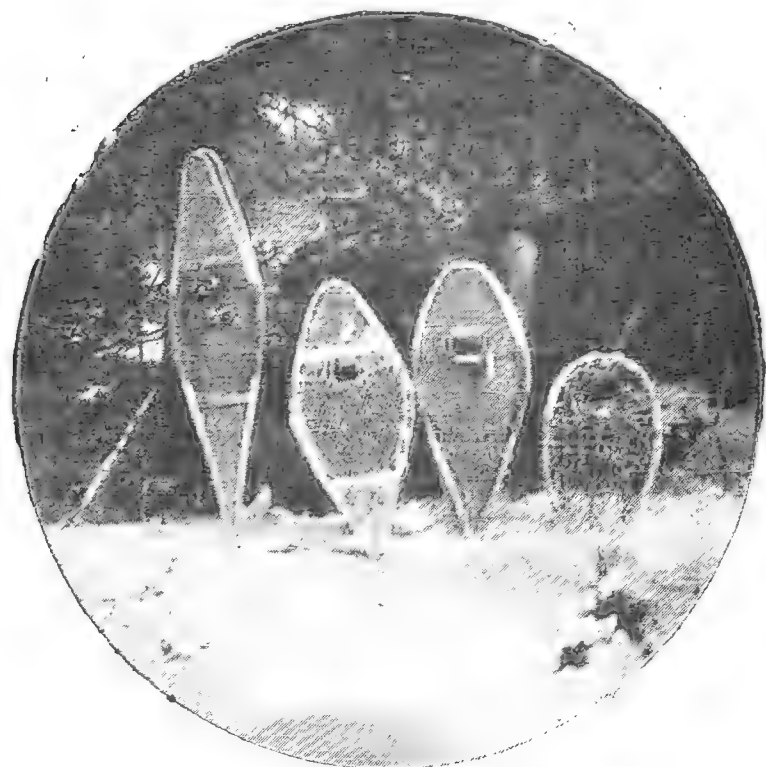
It would be best in nearly all cases for some one to accompany the fish that are distributed in public waters, for an experienced hand can often make a success of stocking a stream which would result in a total failure if left to one not accustomed—not acquainted—with the work, and perhaps not caring what became of the fish. It would besides render the possibility less of a lot of fish, designed for the public streams and for the public sport, finding their way into some individual's private pond, there to be surrounded and most thoroughly protected with signs forbidding trespass, or stating "No Fishing" to all except the rightful (?) owner.

And the man in charge of a lot of live trout should know his business, should be interested in the work; not afraid of a little extra labor if necessary for the welfare of the fish, and be one who is not willing to trust to luck or who would exclaim when putting out a lot of fry, for example, "Oh, dump them in; I guess they will be all right!"

Some of us who have realized that the efforts of the Fish Commission in trout stocking have been nearly futile strongly assert that there is no benefit to be derived from the use of small fry, but I believe that, if carefully introduced into the proper streams, good results may be obtained in many cases. Is it not possible that, in our desire to condemn an apparent useless effort, we may swing in our judgment too far the other way, and overlook the possibilities in the first instance? What I mean is: would it not be best for the State to put out some fry, some fingerlings, some yearlings, each to be introduced into the waters best adapted for them, and at the time of year when they would be most likely to live?

It is an easy matter to hatch out the fry from fertilized spawn, and it can be accomplished by any one in most any water, and the young fish, during the yolk sack period, are usually easy to take care of, and many do not die. It is after they begin to feed that the trouble commences, and to rear them to fingerlings requires good water at the hatchery, patience and intelligence and watchfulness on the part of the person in charge. At our present hatcheries perhaps the commission has had hard luck in trying to rear fingerlings or yearling trout; perhaps they do not believe in putting out these fish, and would not consent to the attempt under any consideration; yet, we are supposed to have men in charge during the year, a general superintendent and chairman of the commission besides, who are occupied presumably during the season with their work. We will suppose that nothing but small fry is the put-out; these fish, I would be willing to wager, are all distributed by the first of June. What then is the work of the manager, the superintendent of hatcheries, and the chairman of the commission the rest of the season, so far as the rearing of trout fry, or the care of our inland hatcheries is concerned?

At the time of a visit, about the last of August, 1898, to the State hatchery at Sutton or Wilkinsonville, I found one pool with very little water containing about 5,000 fingerlings; one small pool having about 600 one and two-year-olds, and a pond, say, of a quarter of an acre, containing, as I was informed, breeding fish. The water at the outlet of this larger pond was seventy, and the fish, many of them of large size, were dying in considerable numbers. Besides this, I found a very good hatching house, poorly arranged and with an insufficient spring water supply; a nice little cottage for the manager of the hatchery, and a barn and outbuildings, also a man in charge, who, I honestly believe, thoroughly knows his business, and who, if his hands are not tied, would create a something of consequence from the present badly arranged, poorly managed station at Sutton. A competent man could not keep himself half-busy in caring for this station throughout the year all the hatcheries at present combined, with the present system of planting fry, would not keep him busy; but a manager in charge of a hatchery to do only as he is told by somebody else must soon lose all ambition and be contented to loaf if he has the opportunity, and so long as things are kept tidy, the flower bed weeded and the grounds present a park-like appearance, the general visitor may go away favorably impressed with the institution, believing perhaps that there are millions of trout in the pond to be put out for his special benefit next season.



DIFFERENT SORTS OF SNOWSHOES.

1. Alaska model. 2. Montreal shoe, flat. 3. New Brunswick Trappers. 4. Montana "bear's paw."

ing six-sided apertures of irregular size, as rattan chair-backs are woven. The smallest would admit my little finger. The rawhide was soaked and stretched on, winding around the frame.

At the first cross-strip of hide the toe-clip was fastened. It was made of tanned leather, with cords to tie about the heel of the moccasin, shoe-pack or rubber shoe, such as Mr. E. Hough tells of, for the heel of the snowshoe is not lifted with the foot, but always drags, and there must be no boot heel on the thongs. The ends of the wooden strips were brought together for 4 in. and fastened with a brass screw. Evidently old Muggy knew a good thing when he saw it.

Perhaps it might be asked how a man can remember such details after a lapse of forty-three years, and the question would be a natural one; but the old snowshoes are before me as I write, and so is a foot-rule, and such things refresh a fellow's memory wonderfully. The shoes were not needed after that winter, but journeyed to Kansas and back to New York. For years they hung on the walls of my den in innocuous desuetude, until during the blizzard of March, 1888, when they were given a little exercise; they were promised a few miles last month, but rain spoiled the game.

The width of the snowshoe and the fact that only the toe is lifted from the ground necessitates a peculiar gait. The foot is raised high, moved forward and planted before the other is stirred; this brings new muscles into play, and some soreness is felt the next day, as in skating; but the trick is easily acquired.

The long Canadian pattern, with sharp, turned-up toe, would be best for Mr. Avis, or for any one who lives where snows come frequently, as they are closer woven and have greater bearing surface; but mine were built for a land where snows come seldom and soon crusted over.

There is a window in New York where I see elaborate snowshoes, trimmed with bright red tassels, handsome and artistic things, and no doubt high priced. It seems as if some dealer in Quebec, Toronto, or other place where they sell snowshoes would do well to put an ad. in FOREST AND STREAM. There was a club in New Jersey called the "Oritani Snowshoe Club," and the late Wakeman Holberton was a member of it; he often asked me to come over to Hackensack and have a run; but snowshoeing opportunities about New York City are here to-day and gone to-morrow; the invitation reaches you after the snow has disappeared. It is good sport, and

What I hope for some time is to see a consolidation of the hatcheries, and the sooner the better. If we have been unwise enough in the past to locate on unsuitable grounds, then let us abandon them; let us close the stations that with ample opportunities have proved themselves to be worthless, and let us erect somewhere within our State one hatchery that is the best, the largest and most productive for the rearing of trout and salmon of any in New England, public or otherwise. And it will not take an immense amount of money to accomplish this, no large appropriation would be necessary, and when once established on a proper basis and run in a businesslike manner, the annual expenditure would be trifling compared with the number and size of fish put out each season. It is a sure thing, this rearing of trout, as sure as the raising of corn, provided you plant your seed in the first instance as intelligently as the farmer will drop his kernel of grain.

And we go on building new stations, to be conducted in the same old way! Why do we do this? There must be reason, and no doubt many of you present can answer better than myself.

But the time is coming, unless something is done, when we will perhaps wake up too late; the people will learn the facts, will protest against this farce of artificial propagation of trout, and the fish hatcheries of Massachusetts will be a thing of the past (for a time at least), and a disgusted public may not again be easily led into the spending of money in what they have a right to present to condemn and class as an extravagant and foolish outlay. Suppose in any business enterprise the manager should go on year in and year out without making it a success, when other men of like calling were flourishing about him, would the owners let him continue as he saw fit with continual failure? Surely such would not be the case; the business would at once be stopped and a new manager installed without delay.

There are men in plenty who understand the rearing of trout, men who are responsible and conscientious in the discharge of their duties, and successful withal; and some such person should have full control of the hatchery and be allowed to conduct the same as he sees fit; for, in the rearing of fish, as in many other cases, too many bosses are apt to make a bad mess of it. A man left to himself, knowing that he will receive the credit of success, will have something to try for, and a man will do more when you set his ambition and pride at work than perhaps he would do were his salary doubled.

Then in brief let us consolidate the hatcheries; let us give some one who has proven himself successful in the rearing of trout full control of the same; let us have a commission who is open to conviction, capable of understanding and appreciating the value of new and better methods, and one who is thinking most of the success of the undertaking, with the thought of their reappointment taking second place; then, with the right man at the wheel, the hatcheries of Massachusetts will give an abundant supply of strong, healthy, handsome fish, enough to satisfy the reasonable demands which may be made by the sportsmen or fishermen upon the beautiful streams which God has been pleased to place so near our homes.

The other method which I have to offer and which I styled the selfish one (because at present I would be interested in securing a part of the appropriation) is that the State purchase what she desires from the private hatcheries, and that she would be well served I feel sure. There is no one here in the State who has a monopoly of the business; competition is such that there is no danger of the prices rising to an unreasonable figure, and the fact that the State might at any time establish a hatchery if dissatisfied that would keep the prices down to a low level.

To show you the condition that competition among us commercial dealers has brought prices, I would say that trout spawn can now be purchased at 30 cents per 1,000, trout fry at \$2 per 1,000 in April, and fingerlings at from \$15 to \$20 per 1,000 in November and December—which is about one-quarter of the price obtained for this product less than five years ago. The trout hatchery at Plymouth, which at present is under my care, is capable of turning out a considerable quantity of fry and yearlings, and we should be pleased to give a money guarantee to furnish the State with 2,000,000 fry and 500,000 fingerlings and yearlings, provided the order was given in advance each season, and probably at a figure somewhat less than the prices already quoted. In purchasing what fish she wants the State runs no risk; she is sure to get what she wishes, which is not the case where a hatchery is maintained, for accidents may happen which will result in the total loss of the season's hatch. New Jersey follows this method of purchasing what she requires, and is well satisfied with the experiment.

Quoting from the last report of the Fish and Game Commissioners of the State just mentioned, they say, "If the former price of trout, from \$50 to \$75 a thousand, had continued, there can be no doubt that it would have been more economical to establish a State hatchery, but competition has been so keen among the owners of private hatcheries that less than \$1,000 was sufficient last year to pay not only for the stock, but for the distribution as well." "Without allowing any margin whatever for interest on investment in real estate and buildings, it would cost more than \$1,000 a year to maintain a hatchery." "New Jersey can buy its trout more economically than it could rear them."

In any event, in my opinion it is sheer foolishness to go on as we are now doing, and I sincerely hope that something may be done for the better immediately, and that we may be able in a short time to boast of a hatchery, if we have any, that we may be proud of, and that will give to us that which we should have from maintaining such an establishment—good fishing throughout our public streams.

A German professor, in giving his experience as an explorer in the wilds of Africa, says that the best protection against lions is an umbrella, as the beasts are especially afraid of one when opened suddenly upon them.

Two biograph pictures of the late Felix Faure starting on a hunting trip and shooting birds were shown at a New York theatre the week of the French President's death.

Salmon of Lakes Champlain and Ontario.

NEW YORK, Feb. 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* During my recent visit to Quebec in relation to their new fisheries bill, and while in conversation with the Hon. Mr. Marchand, the Provincial Premier, I mentioned that here in New York State we had a direct interest in the proper protection in Canada of salmon, and that it was solely because Canada would not guard the salmon from the mouth of the St. Lawrence westward that they no longer appeared in Lake Ontario, in our Northern rivers, and in Lake Champlain, where they had once been so abundant.

Mr. Marchand was much interested in the statement, and said that though he had lived in St. John's, P. Q., all his life he had never known that salmon had once been abundant in the vicinity. I told him that it was so much a matter of public record that I thought I would have no difficulty on my return to New York in furnishing him with more detailed information on the subject.

As it may be of interest to your readers and aid in that necessary public attention to the subject which is the prerequisite of progress, I enclose you a copy of the extracts which I sent him, taken from the report made to the United States Fish Commission by Mr. W. C. Watson, on "The Salmon of Lake Champlain and its Tributaries," which was printed as Section XXIV., of appendix B, of the United States Fish Commissioners' report for 1873-75.

Mr. Watson not having had any great critical or scientific knowledge of salmon, much of those portions of his report which deal with possible reasons for the disappearance of the fish, etc., as well as his description of their traits are not, in the light of later experience, of sufficient importance to reproduce at the moment, in view of their length—but the facts which are given in relation to their former abundance in the locality are of distinct interest, and I think might advantageously be given the wider publicity of your columns, as matters hidden in old reports so seldom reach the eye of the general public.

It is a pleasure to note that Mr. Marchand, writing to acknowledge the receipt of the paper, refers to the great importance to his section of the Province of the matter, and promises for the subject his particular attention.

Let me add that the general and intelligent consideration which the protection and preservation of salmon is receiving from the Government and officials of the Province of Quebec is a gratifying augury of better conditions in the future for this best and most also persecuted fish of the Atlantic Coast.

CHAS. STEWART DAVISON.

Salmon of Lake Champlain and its Tributaries.

BY W. C. WATSON.

Sir—I take great pleasure in complying with your request "to prepare a paper on the salmon of Lake Champlain and its tributaries." I fear, however, that I shall not succeed in furnishing anything novel or interesting, or add essentially to the views I have already published.

Abundance of the Salmon in Early Times.

SINCE the receipt of your favor, I have sedulously tried to trace old residents from whom I might derive some new facts or incidents illustrating the prevalence of the salmon at the early stages of the settlement of the region, or for observations disclosing fresh or unfamiliar traits in their habits. My efforts have been attended with only trifling success. When I first engaged in the investigation of this interesting subject, nearly a quarter of a century ago, I secured information from many persons, whose recollections extended almost to the period when the fisheries of the country were in their normal condition, or of those who had received traditions of the salmon from their immediate ancestors, which imparted much valuable intelligence. I garnered up from such sources many important facts, but now, when I attempt to renew these inquiries, I find that few of that class of persons remain, and that the field of research is very limited.

One fact, which is fully established in the traditions of the salmon fisheries, has, I conceive, important bearing on the scheme in which you are so deeply and efficiently interested, and presents most favorable auguries of the success of the undertaking. I refer to the wonderful exuberance of this fish when the country was first occupied. I base the opinion upon the idea that this exuberance indicates that the locality was congenial to their habits, and that they were attracted to these haunts by peculiar causes. I will venture to suggest a few speculations on the subject, although they may appear crude and unphilosophical to your great experience and attainments.

I believe that no other waters, not even the tributaries of the Onion (now called Winoske River), ever exhibited so extraordinary a copiousness of these fish—and certainly they could not have exceeded it—as they appear to the occupants of the Champlain Valley in the latter part of the last century, and early in the nineteenth. The natural causes are very obvious which produced this result, and among them a few circumstances may be indicated. Lake Champlain was readily accessible to the salmon from the ocean by the way of the St. Lawrence and Sorelle or Richelieu rivers, and was also comparatively contiguous to the cold northern seas. The streams emptying into the lake have generally a short course, and usually with long reaches of gravelly bottoms are rapid in their currents and start from cool lakes and ponds, and in their passages at that time were largely fed by cold springs and shielded in their whole progress by the canopied of heavy umbrageous trees and bushes, which effectually shielded them from the influence of the sun's rays and the warm air. A coolness of the water not exceeding probably 45 degrees, a temperature so delightful to the salmon, was thus maintained. Each of these qualities of the streams, impetuosity of the current, a gravelly bottom, a low temperature, to which may be added great purity, is a condition of nature eminently attractive to the salmon. They enjoyed repose and impunity amid the utter silence and seclusion they loved. They were not hunted by the ruthless sportsman, or even disturbed by the spears and nets of the Indians. They had easy and safe access to

their favorite breeding grounds. When Champlain entered the lake in 1609 he found its shores unpeopled and silent. The smoke of not a single wigwam arose in the atmosphere on either shore. The bloody and perpetual incursions along the common highway it afforded, of the Mohawks and Algonquins in their reciprocal attacks, had driven the savages that once inhabited the beautiful territory into the recesses of the interior for security. The region bordering on the lake was a scene of total desolation, and continued in that condition to the middle of the succeeding century, and was but sparsely occupied until near its close. In the view I have embraced this aspect of nature rendered the lake and its affluents singularly adapted to the habits of the salmon, and attracted them in the remarkable abundance which we shall see did exist.

The fact of the exuberance of the salmon in these waters when the environs were first occupied by civilized man is established by the most ample and satisfactory testimony, and appears to me worthy of perpetuation, as interesting in its relation to natural history, and as calculated to aid and illustrate the future researches of the student of nature.

The first historic notice of the prevalence of salmon in the region, I think, appears in the correspondence between William Gilliland, the pioneer of the Champlain Valley, and Arnold, who was cruising on the lake with the American flotilla in the summer of 1776. His letter states that on a single occasion Gilliland had presented seventy-five salmon to a petty officer of Arnold, and asked the service of the ship's carpenters to repair his "salmon crib and apparatus, which had been carried away by a great flood." He also affirms in a memorial to Congress in 1777 that he "had complimented the American army with 1,500 salmon in one year." When the writer first became a resident of the district in 1824, many of the original settlers of the country were yet living who were men of respectability and position, and of undoubted veracity. Their tales of the abundance of the salmon which prevailed at that time demanded for their acceptance an exercise of the strongest faith in the truthfulness of the narrators. Coming from the unimpeachable sources they did and corroborated by uniform traditions and the current of universal testimony by actual observers or participants of the incidents, there was no hesitation in receiving the statements as authentic and true. I have heard the account from several of these individuals that when they immigrated many streams were so thronged by the salmon that it was unsafe at particular seasons to ride a spirited horse into them, for the reason that the fish were so abundant and bold that they would fearlessly approach the horse and strike him with great force by the powerful muscular action of their bodies. It was often represented that it was a common pastime, as well as as a most desirable means of obtaining food at that time, to drive a team into some of the shallow tributaries of the river, and from the wagon spear the salmon with pitchforks and thus obtain in a few minutes all the fish needed for consumption. Many of the salmon taken in this primitive method would reach 20 lbs. in weight.

Among the various persons from whom I have received interesting information in aid of my inquiries, I am particularly indebted to Silas Arnold, Esq., of Reesville, for several facts, which were communicated to him by his father, Hon. Elisha Arnold. This gentleman was one of the earliest prominent settlers and subsequently attained high social and political standing in the district. Among these incidents, Mr. Arnold recalls the following circumstances, which, coming from so intelligent and reliable an authority, amply corroborates the almost incredible traditions of the former copious prevalence of the salmon in these waters. About the year 1800, or possibly a year or two previous, at any rate it was at so early a period in the occupation of the country that the pathway through the woods leading from the residence of Judge Arnold, situated near the center of the present town of Peru, to Plattsburg, was marked by a series of blazed trees. As he was proceeding to the latter place in fording the Little Au Sable, a small shallow stream near its mouth, the passage of his wagon was largely impeded by the throng of salmon which was in the stream, and he readily caught and threw upon the bank all he wished to take.

Mr. Arnold has called my attention to a familiar fact, which is observed among all gregarious fishes, and is peculiarly characteristic of the salmon family, and tends to relieve the marvelous tales of the early exuberance in the Champlain region of the salmon from their incredible aspect. He says that they ascended the streams in shoals or schools which intermitted in their progress, and that the flow of the fishes was not constant or continuous as might be inferred by the language of the traditions; that when encountered in the vast masses so often described they were passing a particular locality, consolidated in one of these shoals or schools.

Mr. Oscar F. Sheldon, formerly of Willsborough, Essex county, communicated to me a record which he deems perfectly authentic, of 500 salmon being taken in a single afternoon early in the present century from the River Bouquet. The Bouquet is a tributary of Lake Champlain, and may be regarded almost as an estuary up to the falls, a distance of about three miles, and is navigable to that point by vessels of light draft. It was therefore peculiarly adapted to the habits of the salmon, and beyond the falls, I think, they could not penetrate.

The record of the circumstances of capturing 1,500 lbs. of salmon in the year 1823 at a single haul of the seine near Port Kendall, in the town of Chesterfield, in the county of Essex, was said to have been among the papers of Levi Highby, Esq., in 1852. He was a man of high character, and was, I understood, an actor in the achievement.

This fact is not only memorable for the extraordinary quantity of the fish taken, but it also illustrates the singularly erratic and inscrutable habits of the salmon. In all my investigations on the subject, this is the only instance that I have learned of the salmon being taken in any great quantities, except from the rivers and their branches. The facts connected with this incident seem to claim some attention, as calculated to throw a little light on the history of the fish. Between the Bouquet and Au Sable rivers no stream of any magnitude enters the lake, except the brook that debouches at Port Kendall,

This brook plunges over a sheer precipice of at least 40ft. directly into the waters of the lake, without any, or scarcely any, space intervening. The immense catch of salmon recorded could not therefore have been taken while they were attempting to reach their spawning grounds, but were found near the shore, although in the open waters of the lake. They must necessarily wander through the lake in schools, but this is the only case which I have been able to trace where they have been captured except in streams or in the act of entering into them.

These facts, which might, I think, be accumulated by a large catalogue of similar incidents, are sufficient, in my judgment, to sustain the proposition that the waters and the tributaries of Lake Champlain were teeming at a former epoch with salmon to an extraordinary if not unexampled extent.

The Disappearance of the Salmon and its Causes.

Unhappily, another fact, alike regretted by the sportsman and the political economist, is equally clear—the total disappearance for many past years of this prince of fishes from the region. * * *

The Hon. Thomas B. Watson, of Peru, Clinton county, communicates to me the following statements, which he received from an aged man, whose whole life has been devoted to fishing. * * * He said that he was engaged in 1838 in capturing between fifty to sixty salmon in the Au Sable River, and that no salmon had appeared in that stream for the fifteen years preceding. * * *

The quiet the salmon constitutionally delights in and its sense of security have been invaded, with consequences still more effective, by another agency, which became augmented by the increase of population. I refer to the persistent and inexorable hunting that not only assailed them by the net and the jacklight and spear, but pursued them in their gravelly beds and breeding grounds, and there not only ruthlessly slaughtered the mothers and millions of the embryo, but drove innumerable multitudes in panic and alarm from the waters, probably never to return to their former haunts. * * *

Another qualification of the waters which is essential to the comfort and enjoyment of the salmon is that it should be pure, and in the words of Judge Watson, "highly aerated." The rapid erection of saw mills, until they occupied almost every water power, literally extinguished in almost every stream this native condition. The sawdust stained and polluted the water, and the sediments and debris of the mills settled largely on the gravelly bottoms, which had been so alluring to the salmon, changed their character, and revolted the cleanly habits of the fish. Mr. Arnold mentions another effect from this cause which may have exerted a greater influence. He has observed in his own experience that the sawdust with which the water was charged was necessarily inhaled by the fish with the fluid, and that particles of it was not ejected, but remained adhering to the gills. This mechanical effect must have produced annoyance to the creature, with succeeding suffering and possible death. * * *

The popular excitement became at length so deeply inflamed by acts which were then regarded as encroachment on public immunities that the grand jury of Clinton county, New York, were impelled in the year 1819 to present an indictment against the proprietors of the dam erected at the mouth of the Saranac River in Plattsburg. The indictment, among other averments, alleged that previous to the erection of the dam "salmon were accustomed to pass, and actually did pass, from Lake Champlain into and up the Saranac River for a distance of twenty miles," * * * "and that before the dam was built salmon were seen above the site"; and that "after it was built many were caught at the foot of the dam, but none above it; that salmon begin to ascend the river from the lake in June and July, but largely in August and September." It appeared that the dam was 14ft. high, and the sluiceway 40ft. long, and arranged at an angle of 30 degrees. * * *

The Au Sable River.

An aged man is still living who informed Dr. George F. Bixby, of Plattsburg, that in his boyhood he was in the habit of carrying a torch of jacklight for a sportsman to spear salmon in this stream, and that they killed them often weighing 20lbs. They would descend the high bank and enter the river near the head of the natural canal, and wading in the water toward the fall, found the fish lying upon the bottom, who, either dazzled by the light or careless in their refuge, would allow the spearsman to approach them sufficiently near to strike. He represented the fish as appearing when the torch light was reflected from their mottled backs like bunches of hay sunken in the water. * * *

The valued correspondent from whom I have frequently quoted writes me that when a child he saw a man sitting in a boat at the head of one of the rapids I have described, and drawing in the salmon with great rapidity; that he cast a long line and a common hook baited with a piece of pork into the rapids, and that even before the hook touched the water the fish would seize it with the eagerness that is often displayed by the trout. This is the only instance that my inquiries have disclosed of salmon being taken in these waters by the hook. It was a common sport fifty years ago to seek the salmon on the falls, where they are speared in great numbers as they attempt to leap up the precipice.

Fish Benumbed by the Cold.

A GENTLEMAN who returned to the city Saturday from Jacksonville, Onslow county, N. C., reports some remarkably large catches of trout that were made in New River, below Jacksonville, after the unprecedented cold weather of the early part of the week. He says that there were on a conservative estimate at least 15,000 on the landings at Jacksonville Friday, varying in weight from 3 to 15lbs. each. They were brought to Jacksonville in boats and were sold in quantities as low as 4 cents each, taking the lots as they came. A large quantity of them were brought to Wilmington, and the dealers found ready sale for them at 73 to 75 cents each. There were also quite heavy shipments made to the Northern markets via Newbern and via Wilmington. Fishermen say the trout were benumbed by the cold and were easily scooped up in dipnets, and some were even caught by hand.—Wilmington Star.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

More about the Japanese Fly-Fishing.

CHICAGO, Ill., Feb. 23.—Mr. J. O. Averill's most interesting paper on Japanese fly-fishing continues to elicit interesting comment. Prof. L. V. Pirsson, of the Sheffield Scientific School, New Haven, Conn., is so good as to write under date of Feb. 18, in regard to the communication above mentioned, and he adds to my collection of sporting treasures several little items which I value more than much fine gold. I shall take the liberty of quoting very liberally from Prof. Pirsson's letter, since it is of such interest to the wide FOREST AND STREAM family. He goes on to say:

"Your letter in the recent number of FOREST AND STREAM in regard to Japanese trout fishing methods interested me very much indeed. Some ten or fifteen years ago a friend of mine, an importer and dealer in Japanese goods, who was also very fond of angling for trout, obtained from Japan a number of trout flies used there and was kind enough to give me a half-dozen of each variety. Thinking from your letter that it would interest you to see them, I inclose one of each kind. You will notice the old familiar patterns, the brown, red and black-hackles, and all tied 'buzz,' as you described in your letter. The small size is very noticeable, and I suppose they may be intended to represent ants. They vie in delicacy of tying, and in pattern with the finest English midges. For comparison notice the one I inclose; it is one of the large number given me a number of years ago by an old angler, whose age had forced him to retire and who had obtained them over forty years ago from England. I had always supposed from these Japanese flies that the trout were rather small and well educated, compelling the Japanese to fish 'fine and far off,' but I have never been able in reading or otherwise to obtain any information on the subject until I read your letter. These flies would hardly do, I should think, for the method your friend describes; they would seem rather to indicate a 'dry fly' method. Perhaps there are two schools of fishing there.

"You will also notice that lack of a barb and the peculiar turned-in shape of the round bent hook, which I suppose is intended to atone for it, by giving a turned-in line of draft. It would appear that the Japanese have little to learn from us in fly-fishing, and could probably give us points.

"Unfortunately the smells on these hooks are very fragile. I do not know whether this is original or whether they have deteriorated, but I have never dared on this account to try them. I have always intended to whip a good piece of drawn gut on, and try them some time, but have never done so. On the other hand the beautiful gut on the English fly is as sound as a dollar, in spite of its age, and I have used them with great success on our streams. I have not had an opportunity yet to try the new method you advocate, but I shall certainly do so when I do."

Kekoskee Vindicated at Last.

The mills of the gods grind slowly, but their breakfast food comes out all right when they get done. I presume a great many readers of FOREST AND STREAM remember the original publication in these columns of the Kekoskee fish story, and remember also the derision with which it was received as merely a gigantic fish lie. With meekness as became one of worth, I bore the contumely which was heaped upon me as inventor of this tale, insisting ever that it was no myth, no invention, but only part of the Saga of Wisconsin, one of the monumental occurrences in the history of the land. One by one proofs of the accuracy of my statement have come to light, gradually proving the truth of the old saying that truth is mighty and will get there in time. In Dr. Lake's letter, to which I have above referred, I find the following very interesting advice:

"Imagine my surprise the other evening while calling on an old friend of mine who used to live in Wisconsin during the 50s to hear him tell me that 'Kekoskee Fish Story' that you so graphically related some time ago in FOREST AND STREAM. I laid low and quizzed him closely as to the particulars. He saw fourteen sleigh boxes loaded one afternoon. Said a farmer could get a sleigh box filled for a quarter. Had heard how one of the boys had walked across an opening in the ice, below one of the mills, on a solid mass of bullheads.

"He had never heard of old 'Santa Anna,' which was a great grief to me, as otherwise the story was quite complete. You can imagine how much I desired to hear him tell all about 'Santa Anna' because that story has worried me some. Then to get such testimony from an entirely independent source confirming every particular but one. Well, it was too bad! Still, I shall never worry any more when I take up FOREST AND STREAM and turn to 'Chicago and the West' column."

I trust that Dr. Lake will carefully investigate the reliability of his informant. Any man who has seen the bullhead volcano at Kekoskee, and not heard of old Santa Anna, the horse that lived on fish, has a character that needs looking into. Yet on the whole, as I have remarked before, we must regard this matter as being direct proof of the accuracy of a story whose huskiness needs but small support.

Bass Fishing in the South.

My friend Joe Irwin, of Little Rock, Ark., is apparently in a hurry to have the winter close, so that he can go bass fishing. He wrote up last week in great agitation, and said that he wanted a casting reel, and now I have his letter stating that the one I had sent to him is all right. It seems that the Japanese-Taylor cult is in process of catching on in the South, for Mr. Irwin writes:

"I expect to cover some bass ground this season by casting that should bring many good fish that I have been unable to reach heretofore with 'the fly,' as I have long since given up bait-rod fishing and use fly-rods exclusively. I am greatly interested in the trout fishing, as Mr. Taylor and Mr. Arnold, the Japanese friend, but would like to see something of this kind on taking the bass. 'We are planning to have a good time with the bass by moonlight this season,' and will write you about

it. I have had one catch by moonlight, using a large white buck-tail fly below a mill dam, where I took over thirty from one pool. I find this fishing is practiced largely by anglers on the Upper St. Francis. They lay up in the heat of the day, and then go out when the moon gets good and bright. One friend I know took fifty-six small-mouth one night before 11 o'clock (Geo. R. Mann, St. Joseph, Mo.)

"Live bait is hard to get here, but if we had those cast nets like they use down at Aransas Pass to catch mullet with, which is the bait for tarpon we would have better luck. Do they have them in Chicago? If so, kindly get one for me. We have no frogs to speak of, as they do up North; so we must depend on phantom and spoon bait for bass. I prefer to cast live minnows, as you get so much better sport with a single hook than with the spoon, which holds the mouth of the fish open."

I have from time to time spoken in these columns of the success my father and myself had fly-fishing in the early evening along the Wisconsin lakes, but I have never tried the bucktail, which is hardly to be called a fly at all. Mr. Irwin will no doubt catch more fish casting with bait than he would by using the fly, and I very much doubt if the Taylor method of trout fishing would work so well with bass, since the lying ground is so different with bass from that frequented by trout. I reckon I can get Mr. Irwin the casting net he wants, but I am very much pained to have him say there are no frogs in Arkansas. When a country gets so poor it can't support frogs it is pretty hard up. We are told that even Egypt frogs were now and then very abundant.

Singing Mouse No. 12.

"By the way," Prof. Pirsson adds, "when I was a boy we also had a singing mouse in our house for a time. We thought at first it was our canary, but as the notes and singing seemed strange we investigated, and discovered it was a mouse. He was around for several weeks, and heard on a number of evenings. I have seen this trait of mice alluded to in a natural history somewhere, but I cannot now recall where. If I happen upon it I will let you know."

In regard the flies which are thus so generously shared with me, I must say that they equal in delicacy any that I have ever seen, and need in no way take a place behind the workmanship of the fine English fly which Prof. Pirsson incloses with them. Yet they have a bizarre, across-the-ocean, other-world sort of look to them, which gives them an indescribable character not to be conveyed by a black and white drawing, although I have jealously loaned one or two of them to the editor of FOREST AND STREAM for the purposes of an engraving, should anything so small be visible in printers' ink. I regret very much that the snells of the curious little flies are reported to be too delicate for actual use, for I should dearly love to try them on real trout.

At first sight it would appear that the barbless hook of these curious flies would have no holding power, since it is merely a bit of needle-pointed fine wire. Wishing to discover the theory of this hook, I tried it on my finger, and found that it holds perfectly. Indeed, in some ways I should think it might hold nearly as well as our fine barbed hooks. After the point sinks into the flesh, a continued pull gives it a tendency to turn and come out again, the round end of the hook acting as a fulcrum to this end. When the hook has thus entered and come out, it embraces a narrow strip of flesh, from which it would not easily be released on a reasonably taut line. The hook which I tried was one with a round bend, but perhaps the square bend might work in something the same way. One of the hooks inclosed has the shape of Kendall sneek, but the others are unlike anything I have ever seen. At first sight they look like hooks from which the barb has been broken, but closer observance will show that the point of the hook turns up until it is about opposite the halfway point on the shank. It is not often that one takes from the mail a letter inclosing such valuable curiosities as these, and also mentioning an instance so rare as that of the discovery of another singing mouse. As I have so often before had occasion to remark, the FOREST AND STREAM is a great developer of curious and interesting facts in natural history, and in all the details of outdoor things. I shall very closely guard my little Japanese treasures, and I am very willing to agree with Prof. Pirsson when he says there seems to be little that we can teach the Japanese anglers.

E. HOUGH.

1200 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

The Taylor System.

CHARLESTON, N. H., Feb. 24.—Editor Forest and Stream: Mr. Averill's very interesting letter, as inclosed in Mr. Hough's last, on "Fly-Fishing in Japan," combined with Mr. Hough's former account of Mr. Taylor's system, combined with an experience of my own, has led me to think that there may be something in this method of "challenging the trout" worth remembering and experimenting with another season.

The experience to which I refer was this: Some fifteen years ago I was up at Amasa Waed's Camp, on Greenough Lake, in Wentworths Location, N. H., accompanied by my youngest son, who was taking some of his first lessons in fly-casting.

He had begun the year before at the Diamond Ponds and "caught the nack" readily, and been quite successful. It was a bright sunny day, and we had been very unsuccessful. I had taken one good trout early in the morning, and had not had another rise. Two others in our party had only caught one or two trout each, and my son had got one. Toward the end of the afternoon we were up at the upper end of the pond, furthest from the camps, where the bottom was very rough, large rocks rising often nearly to the surface, and now and then protruding themselves above it, making capital lurking places for the trout, and diligently whipping the water in all direction, when my son had a rise, but "failed to connect." He cast again in the same place, with the same result, and repeated the operation, until on the seventh strike, he hooked and landed the fish, a fine trout of about 3/4 lbs. The other boat was close to us, and all four were casting near to-

gether, and we all saw the performance clearly, and were all struck with the instant and savage pertinacity with which that trout returned to the charge every time. He broke water as soon as the fly did, and his actions seemed to carry out the theory, that he had got mad at that buzzing insect and was determined to get rid of him. As I remember, it was the only fish that afternoon. The Japanese hook shown in the letter, reminds me very much of the first Limerick hooks I ever had, and which were given me more than sixty years ago. They were fly-hooks, but untied, and from No. 4 to 12. I used them for bait, but they had the same sharp angle below the bait, and long curve to the tapered shank, and were genuine Limerick, not copies.

The "Farnholse Vacation" is very true to life.

VON W.

"Uncle" George Brower.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., Feb. 23.—In the recent death of "Uncle" George Brower, the community has lost one of its most cherished landmarks, and the fraternity one of its most ardent adherents. I have frequently referred to his exploits in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM. Although ninety-three years of age, he rounded out the season with us, and up to within a few weeks of his death was sprightly far in excess of his years. Hundreds of anglers from all quarters of the Union will miss his familiar form on pier, lake and river. Of a most happy and congenial spirit, he was ever welcome among all classes. Although stricken with an incurable malady, he retained his wonderful vitality to the last, and within a few days of his death he wandered from his home and was found in the depths of the woods he loved so well, meditative and happy. Long live his spirit.

LEONARD HULIT.

Nets in Jefferson County Waters.

A MEASURE introduced into the New York Legislature by Mr. Brown provides for the appointment of local fish commissioners for Jefferson county, who shall be empowered to license netting in the waters of the county for taking fish other than game fish. While the bill is fair enough in purport, in actual operation it will mean the netting of bass, pickerel and muscallonge; and public interests demand that it shall not be made a law. The newly organized Jefferson County Sportsmen's Association might well give attention to this matter.

The Sportsmen's Exposition.

THE Sportsmen's Exposition in the Madison Square Garden, of New York, now in progress, was not yet so far advanced in preparation on Tuesday, when the FOREST AND STREAM was put to press, as to enable us to give a description of the features in the present issue. Suffice it to say that the exhibition has been projected on a much more liberal scale than ever before as to camp-life and woods representation. The living game animals, birds and fishes are here, as at Boston, a drawing card; and particular interest is shown in the trout hatchery operations. A full report of the exposition will be given in our next issue.

Camp-Fire Glickerings.

"That reminds me."

LICKING, Va., Feb. 9.—They were all sitting around the old-fashioned Virginia fireplace relating their experiences and exploits afield. Among them was old man Daniel Lane. Old man Daniel was always full of reminiscences and anecdotes of the "days before the war"; but he was astonishingly reticent on this particular occasion. And save an occasional smile, with which he greeted the conclusion of the relation of some particular humorous episode, his face was stolid and immovable.

Presently the conversation turned upon the remarkable shots made by various members of the group. Old man Daniel's face lighted up, and when it came his turn to talk, he removed an enormous quid of tobacco from his mouth, cleared his throat, and began:

"Long time ago—before the war—I was the overseer for old Mr. Guy, on his large James River plantation. In those days blackbirds were so numerous as to sometimes darken the sun. One day I concluded I would take my gun down, hide myself in a shock of corn and try to kill a few of them. So I took my gun down, one morning, and hid in the shock of corn. After a while blackbirds by the thousands began to come and light in the field around me. Presently I stepped out from the shock of corn, leveled my gun at the flock. As I did so the black birds rose and I fired."

"How many did you kill?" anxiously inquired a member of the group.

"Well, sir," was the reply. "I didn't kill a durned bird. But I went out there afterward and picked up half a bushel of feet. I think I must have shot a little too low."

BANG-BANG.

[This is interesting because it illustrates the way in which these old stories are told and retold the country over and the centuries through, as bits of personal experience of their narrators, or of that of "a man down our way."]

The Legislature has had to deal with a large number of game laws during its present session, and in the proceedings of each day's session a law preventing hunting without permission in certain counties is passed. Such laws are, of course, enacted as a protection to the land owner, but they are likely to do more harm than good in a few years, on account of the great increase in the rabbit crop. Even now the farmers in sections of western North Carolina are glad to see the hunters, as the rabbits are seriously injuring the wheat crop, amounting to a regular pest in some communities.—Charlotte Observer.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

March 7-10.—Grand Rapids, Mich.—Butterfly Association's bench show. Miss Grace H. Griswold, Sec'y.
March 14-17.—St. Louis, Mo.—St. Louis Kennel Club's show.
March 21-24.—Chicago.—Mascoutah Kennel Club's show.
April 4-7.—Boston, Mass.—New England Kennel Club's bench show. James Mortimer, Manager.
Nov. 22-24.—New York.—American Pet Dog Club's show. S. C. Hodge, Supt.

The New York Dog Show.

THE twenty-third annual bench show of the Westminster Kennel Club was a great success. The entries were a record breaker, numbering 2,055, and the total number of dogs were 1,526. Mr. James Mortimer managed in his perfect record manner, and the attendance was so great that at times it was difficult to move about between the aisles. Mr. John Davidson judged foxhounds, pointers. Mr. Geo. B. Post, Jr., judged beagles. As heretofore, the show dates Feb. 21 to 24, inclusive, included Washington's record breaker, numbering 2,055, and the total number of visitors.

The quality of the dogs of all breeds, taken as a whole, was noticeably good.

Sporting dogs showed a gain for the better, as to good physique, type and general character.

Foxhounds had a light entry. In the class for English dogs, there were but two, Songster and Gambler, the former a winner in the past, and the better of the two. Roxana was alone, and out of condition somewhat. There were four in the open class for American foxhounds, dogs, and of these Regal, a good dog with a trace of English cross, won first, and Dandy, a good dog, though somewhat light behind, won second, third going to Grant, open in feet and not so well made nor so good in foxhound character as the reserve, Walt, the latter a bit flat in ribs and plain in head. The open bitch class had three entries. Veracity, a well-known winner, took first, though not in the best of condition. Carmen, a small, tidily built bitch, took second.

Chesapeake Bay dogs had but one class, which was for both dogs and bitches, and there were five entries. It is to be regretted that this sterling working dog has not better support from sportsmen. With an exception, Bret, they were all owned by Mr. T. J. Chapple. Pride III. was in the best coat, and was quite a fair specimen. Sailor, second, was out of coat, while Bret, third, was very closely pressed by Duchess, reserve.

Pointers were good as to general quality. The class for puppies, dogs and bitches had fifteen competitors. First went to Fairview Miss, a smoothly tiered pointer well made, standing well on legs and good in shoulders, head and back. Second was won by Fairview Mike, quite a good dog, though out somewhat at elbows. Furlough Daphne won third. She is lacking yet in the necessary development which come with age, and stand higher on legs than could be wished. Urada's Belle, fair in merit, took reserve. There were eighteen in the novice class for dogs. First went to a gaiter, little built pointer, Roswell's Bang, a muscular dog, whose worst fault is his markings. Second went to King William, a well shaped dog, good in head and general symmetry. Fairview Lad, third, might be better in stifles, and general make up. Naso Bang, quite a good pointer, was unnoticed. There were twenty-four entries in the limit class for dogs. Roswell's Bang won again, with King William again second, with Brighton Joe third. There were twelve entries in the class for limit dogs, 55lbs. and over. Princes' Lad, first, was in fine condition. He had some good previous wins to his credit. Dutch, second, has a coarse tail, which he carries too gayly. He was not in the best of condition. King of Lynn, third, was an ordinary good dog, not the equal of Lad of Bang, the reserve. In open dogs, under 55lbs., there were five entries. Shotaway, first, has a well turned muscular body, a short weak muzzle, which spoils the outline of his head, and his general symmetry is imperfect. He looked very large for under 55lbs. Roswell's Bang, second, taken all in all, far surpasses him in merit. Open dogs, 55lbs. and over, had nine entries. First went to the well-known Sir Walter, shown in good condition, and second went to the equally well-known Lad of Kent, a winner of many firsts, but now showing age, as is to be expected when a dog is near his eleventh year. Novice bitches had twelve entries. Fairview Miss was first. Gyp Winslow, second, is throaty, and Bella, third, is light in bone, and somewhat laggy. In the limit class for bitches under 50lbs., Fay Templeton, a well made bitch, though somewhat throaty, took first. In the limit class for bitches under 50lbs., Furlough Bloom, a winner at the New York show last year, took first. She is somewhat swaybacked. Second went to Belle Westlake, not in the best of condition. She stands on good legs and feet, and is a good bitch generally. Daisy Belle, third, was not in good flesh. Bitches, open class under 50lbs., had four entries, and of these Brighton Flossie was absent. Fairview Meally, first, was fat, and rounded out too much, though she has good legs and feet, and a plain head. Devonshire Pearl, second, a former winner, was in good condition, though Kent's Kate, third, also a former winner, far surpassed her in having better legs, feet, quarters, head and general symmetry. There were three entries in the class for bitches 50lbs. and over. Urada was first easily; Fairview Flip, second, and Alice Leslie was third. In the team class for the best exhibit of four, W. Gould Brokaw's team won. Sir Walter took the prize for best pointer in the show. George S. Mott won the President's Challenge Breeder's Cup.

English setters were of good quality. There were fourteen in the class for puppies, dogs and bitches. Two were absent. Dewey Rogers, first, is a puppy far above the ordinary merit of puppy winners. He moves well, is substantially built, has a good head, body, legs and feet, and good general symmetry. Countess Zoe III, light in bone and lacking substance, took second. Reserve went to a fairly good bitch, Kalmia Susie. Novice dogs had seventeen entries. Tang, first, was shown in good condition. He has superior legs and feet, and carries himself well. Rock Furness, second, was not in the best of coat.

He has a short neck, plain head, and is a good average dog. Peter Sterling, third, was quite ordinary, and was easily surpassed by Alberton, the reserve. There were sixteen in the limit class for dogs. Albert's Woodcock, first, is not a first rater. Gilhooly, second, is quite a sound dog, symmetrical, and better in make up than the winner of first. Orangeman, third, is weak in muzzle, poor in head, but has a well made body. Tang was reserve, and was very close in merit for third place. There were thirteen entries in the open dog class, of which Rodrigo Ned was an absentee. First went to Albert's Woodcock. Novice bitches had ten entries. Sal English, first, was not in good condition. Her head is faulty, and she is light behind. Maida Freya, second, is faulty in head, and too much spring of rib. Royal Blue Belle, third, has a poor head, but is fairly good otherwise. Miss Mischief, unnoticed, was well worthy of recognition. In limit bitches there were eleven starters. Albert's Spectre, first, was in good condition. Second went to Sal English, while third went to Flower of Sulphur, not shown in the best of condition. Comtesse Bijou, reserve, is a bitch of merit. In the open bitch class there were twelve entries. Ruby D. III., good in head, won first; her condition might have been better. Albert's Spectre was second, while third went to Flower of Sulphur. The Warwick Kennels' team won in the team class. The special prize for the best English setter puppy went to Dewey Rogers.

Irish setters were a good lot. In novice dogs there were fourteen entries. Hunter, first, was in good condition. He is rather slack built. His color is good. King, second, was shown too fat. O'Shaughnessy, third, is a well made large dog, of good symmetry, though coarse in head. Shaugran, reserve, is a commendably good dog. In limit dogs there were eleven. First was won by Shamrock O'More, a snugly built dog of good head color and symmetry. Fred Elcho, second, is a finely made dog, and made a good competition for first, while third went to Hunter. There were twelve in the open dog class. The old winner, Kildare, was out of condition and unnoticed. In novice bitches there were five. Lorna Doone III., a well made handsome bitch with a plain head, took first, second going to Red Rose II., somewhat out of condition. She has a good head, and fair symmetry. Kildare Annette, third, was in good condition, and is quite a sound bitch. In limit bitches, there were five entries, and in the open bitch class there were two, of which Queen Vic, a famous winner, took first, and Blanche Farnmore, shown in better condition, took second.

Gordon setters averaged about as usual. J. R. Oughton had the most and the best entries, and aside from his kennel, the dogs were rather inferior. There were four in novice dogs. Dwight Lad II., first, was thin in flesh, fairly well built, and good in color and markings. Brandy, third, had the best head, though not the best on coat, the latter being curly. In limit dogs there were four entries. Dwight Lad II., first, was in good condition. Black Chief, third, was ordinary. There were four in open dogs. Heather Lad, first, is a well-known winner. Dwight Grouse, second, is exceedingly throaty, while Don B., third, was a well made dog easily better than second. There were three entries in novice bitches. Elmont Clinton, first, had poor tan, and a head not well shaped. Second went to Jim's III., out of condition, but good in head. Orphan Gordon, third, was very commonplace. In limit bitches there were five entries. Lady Maud, first, was too fat, though fairly good in make up. Second went to Heather Beulah, out of condition, and third to Dwight Pleasure, shown in better condition. Of the five in the open bitch class, Lady Gordon, first, was shown too fat, and Dwight Minnie, second, was in poor condition.

Irish water spaniels had but three competitors. Dan McCarthy, first, was the best dog in type, etc., Mollie C. and Venus winning second and third.

Beagles were a remarkably good even lot. The three winners in the puppy class, eleven entries, were good ones.

In novice dogs, ten entries, Private, first, is a tidily built, sound, all-round beagle. Foreman, second, is somewhat long cast, and loses to the winner in general physique. Limit dogs not exceeding 13in., had four entries, first going to Orator, second to Plausible, a sound dog, though heavy in shoulders, and third to Royal Dot, long in body and light in bone. There were seven in novice bitches. Reed's Nancy, first, has good legs, head, feet, and is a fairly good bitch. Cinderella, second, is faulty in hocks, is too wide in ribs and broad in chest. Blue Grass Girl, third, is quite a good beagle. Limit bitches, not exceeding 13in., had seven entries. Reed's Nancy was first. She is a very superior bitch.

LIST OF AWARDS.

FOXHOUNDS.—English.—Open Classes.—Dogs: 1st, A. B. McGregor's Songster; 2d, J. Gibbs' Gambler. Bitches: 1st, Harding Bros.' Roxana. American.—Open Classes.—Dogs: 1st, J. Gibbs' Regal; 2d, A. B. McGregor's Dandy; 3d, W. H. McGarry's Grant. Res.: Thornley Martin's Walt. Bitches: 1st, J. Gibbs' Veracity; 2d, N. T. Harris' Carmen; 3d, E. B. Chase's Trifle.

CHESAPEAKE BAY DOGS.—Open Classes.—Dogs and bitches: 1st, 2d and res., T. H. Chapple's Pride III., Sailor and Duchess; 3d, H. McAllister's Bret.

POINTERS.—Puppies.—Dogs and bitches: 1st and 2d, W. Gould Brokaw's Fairview Miss and Fairview Mike; 3d, G. J. Gould's Furlough Daphne. Res., D. J. C. Raymond's Urada's Belle. Novice.—Dogs: 1st, H. W. Richardson, Jr.'s Roswell Bang; 2d, Geo. S. Mott's King William; 3d, W. Gould Brokaw's Fairview Lad. Res., C. H. Mackay. Limit dogs, under 55lbs.: 1st, H. W. Richardson's Roswell Bang; 2d, Geo. S. Mott's King William; 3d, W. H. Hutchinson's Brighton Joe. Res., W. Gould Brokaw's Fairview Lad. Limit dogs, 55lbs. and over: 1st, Geo. S. Mott's Princes' Lad; 2d, E. K. Caviler's Dutch; 3d, Robert Leslie's King of Lynn. Res., R. E. Westlake's Lad of Bang. Open.—Dogs, under 55lbs.: 1st, Geo. W. Lovell's Shotaway; 2d, H. W. Hutchinson, Jr.'s Roswell's Bang; 3d, W. H. Hutchinson's Brighton Joe. Res., C. E. Bussing's Fairview Priam. Open dogs, 55lbs. and over: 1st and 3d, W. Gould Brokaw's Sir Walter and Prince Boy; 2d, Geo. Jarvis's Lad of Kent. Res., Geo. S. Mott's Princes' Lad. Novice.—Bitches: 1st, W. Gould Brokaw's Fairview Ruth; 2d, R. E. Westlake's Gyp Winslow; 3d, A. Russell's Bella. Res., A. Spring's Bell. Limit bitches, under 50lbs.: 1st, C. H. Mackay's Fay Templeton; 2d, R. E. Westlake's Westlake's Startle; 3d, W. Gould Brokaw's Fairview Miss. Res., F. J. Lenoir's Tony Maid. Limit bitches, 50lbs. and over: 1st, Geo. J. Gould's Furlough Bloom; 2d, Blyth and Westlake's Belle Westlake; 3d, Wm. Heil's Daisy Belle. Res., W. Gould Brokaw's Fairview Thelma. Open.—Bitches, under 50lbs.: 1st, Wilcox & Burtis' Fairview Neally; 2d, Geo. J. Gould's Devonshire Pearl; 3d, T. J. Lenoir's Kent's Kate. Open.—Bitches, 50lbs. and over: 1st, F. J. Lenoir's Urada; 2d, C. P. Wilcox's Fairview Flip; 3d, C. H. Mackay's Alice Leslie.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—Puppies.—Dogs and bitches: 1st, Geo. Battison's Dewey Rogers; 2d, John H. Parry's Countess Zoe III.; 3d, A. R. Stern's Nigie S. Res., Kalmia Kennels' Kalmia Susie. Novice.—Dogs: 1st, H. Dawson's Tang; 2d, F. E. Conlon's Rock Furness; 3d, F. G. Taylor's Peter Sterling. Res., Warwick Kennels' Alberton. Limit dogs: 1st, Warwick Kennels' Albert's Woodcock; 2d, C. J. Caylor's Gilhooly; 3d, John Brett's Orange-

man. Res., H. Dawson's Tang. Open—Dogs: 1st, Warwick Kennels' Albert's Woodcock; 3d, John Brett's Orangeman. Res., H. Dawson's Tang. Novice—Bitches: 1st, S. W. Carey, Jr.'s Sal English; 2d, V. Hansen's Maida Freda; 3d, F. H. Von Waffenstein's Royal Blue Bella. Res., Warwick Kennels' Constance. Limit bitches: 1st, Warwick Kennels' Albert's Spectre; 2d, S. W. Carey, Jr.'s Sal English; 3d, John Brett's Flower of Sulphur. Res., F. H. Von Waffenstein. Open—Bitches: 1st, J. E. Borden's Ruby D. III.; 2d, Warwick Kennels' Albert's Spectre; 3d, John Brett's Flower of Sulphur. Res., F. H. Von Waffenstein's Comtesse Bijou. Team class: 1st, Warwick Kennels.

IRISH SETTERS.—Novice—Dogs: 1st, P. F. O'Neill's Hunter; 2d, M. E. Granger's King; 3d, G. Shippen's O'Shaughnessy. Res., F. G. Goodridge's Shaugran. Limit dogs: 1st, G. Shippen's Shamrock O'More; 2d, Dr. J. S. Lacock's Fred Elcho; 3d, P. F. O'Neill's Hunter. Res., J. W. Ogden's Dakin. Open—Dogs: 1st, G. Shippen's Shamrock O'More; 2d, Dr. J. S. Lacock's Fred Elcho; 3d, P. F. O'Neill's Hunter. Res., F. G. Goodridge's Shaugran. Novice—Bitches: 1st, W. W. Kendall's Lorna Doone III.; 2d, Joe Lewis' Red Rose II.; 3d, G. Shippen's Kildare Annette. Res., Henry Jarrett's Lustre. Limit bitches: 1st, H. F. Van Zandt's Biddy Finglas; 2d, W. W. Kendall's Lorna Doone III.; 3d, Woodbury Kennels' Kildare Hope. Res., H. D. Ogden's Mollie Gibson. Open—Bitches: 1st, Joe Lewis' Queen Vic; 2d, J. W. Ogden's Blanche Finmore. Team class: 1st, Woodbury Kennels' team.

GORDON SETTERS.—Novice—Dogs: 1st, J. R. Oughton's Dwight's Lad II.; 2d, C. J. Renmont; 3d, A. W. & C. R. Swain's Brandy. Res., F. S. Van Nostrand's Rex V. Limit dogs: 1st, J. R. Oughton's Dwight's Lad II.; 3d, H. A. Smith's Black Chief. Open—Dogs: 1st and 2d, J. R. Oughton's Heather Lad and Dwight Grouse; 3d, Thos. M. Gollin's Don B. Res., Miss S. A. Nickerson's Count Noble. Novice—Bitches: 1st, W. G. Kugler's Elmont Clinton; 2d, C. J. Reynolds' Juno III.; 3d, A. W. & C. R. Swain's Orphan Gordon. Limit bitches: 1st, Miss S. A. Nickerson's Lady Maud; 2d and 3d, J. R. Oughton's Heather Beulah and Dwight Pleasure. Res., C. E. Squires' Lassie. Open—Bitches: 1st, John Graham's Lady Gordon; 2d and 3d, J. R. Oughton's Dwight Minnie and Dwight Pleasure. Res., Miss S. A. Nickerson's Janet Noble. Team class: 1st, J. R. Oughton's team.

IRISH WATER SPANIELS.—Open—Dogs and bitches: 1st and 2d, T. A. Carson's Dan McCarthy and Mollie C.; 3d, Mrs. D. W. Evans' Venus.

BEAGLES.—Puppies—Dogs and bitches: 1st and 2d, Ridgewood Beagles' Whip and Huntsman; 3d and res., Geo. F. Reed's Reed's Dewey and Reed's Nancy. Novice—Dogs: 1st and 2d, Hempstead Beagles' Primate and Foreman; 3d, Waldingfield Beagles' Orator. Res., Geo. F. Reed's Reed's Dewey. Limit dogs, not exceeding 13in.: 1st, Waldingfield Beagles' Orator; 2d, A. D. Lewis' Plausible; 3d, H. Fitzsimmons' Royal Dot. Limit dogs, over 13in. and not exceeding 15in.: 1st, Howard Almy's Blitz; 2d and 3d, Hempstead Beagles' Primate and Foreman. Res., Wm. Saxby's Turpin. Open—Dogs: 1st and 2d, Hempstead Beagles' Primate and Foreman; 3d, Wm. Saxby's Turpin. Res., Ridgewood Beagles' Fiddler. Novice—Bitches: 1st, G. F. Reed's Reed's Nancy; 2d, the Wharton Beagles' Cinderella; 3d, R. L. Bohannon, M. D.'s Blue Grass Girl. Res., Hempstead Beagles' Beautiful. Limit bitches, not exceeding 13in.: 1st, Howard Fitzsimmons' Flossie F.; 2d, Samuel E. Thurton's Topsy O.; 3d, R. L. Bohannon, M. D.'s Blue Grass Girl. Res., H. L. Kreuder's Countess of Rockland. Open—Bitches: 1st, Hempstead Beagles' Oronsay Matron; 2d, S. E. Thurton's Topsy O. Field trial class: 1st, Howard Almy's Blitz; 2d, Hempstead Beagles' Nimrod; 3d, Waldingfield Beagles' Orator. The National Beagle Club's Produce Stakes, 1st and res., Hempstead Beagles' Foreman and Beautiful; 2d, A. D. Lewis' Plausible; 3d, Wharton Beagles' Wharton Champion. Team class: 1st, Ridgewood Beagles.

A. K. C. Meeting.

THE annual meeting of the American Kennel Club was held at Madison Square Garden Wednesday, Feb. 22, at 2 P. M., Vice-President Edw. Brooks presiding. The following members were present: Baltimore Kennel Association, Wm. P. Riggs; Butterfly Bench Show Association, Dudley E. Waters; Collie Club of America, Jas. B. Watson; Gordon Setter Club of America, Jas. B. Blossom; Irish Terrier Club of America, S. Van Schaick; Mascoutah K. C., C. F. R. Drake; National Beagle Club, H. F. Schallhass; New England K. C., Edw. Brooks; Rhode Island K. C., W. C. Codman; San Francisco K. C., C. B. Knocker; Western Pennsylvania K. C., G. M. Carnochan.

Officers and delegates of the Associate members for the year ending February, 1900, were elected as follows: President, H. H. Hunnewell, Jr.; Vice-President, Winthrop Rutherford; Secretary, Fredk. S. Stedman; Delegates, (1) A. C. Wilmerding, (2) H. K. Bloodgood; (3) G. W. H. Ritchie.

The following were elected officers of the American Kennel Club for the year ending February, 1900: President, August Belmont; Vice-President, Edw. Brooks. Standing committees: Stud Book—Marcel A. Viti, chairman; H. F. Schellhass and C. B. Knocker. Field Trials and Coursing Meetings—H. F. Schellhass, chairman; L. C. Whiton, H. S. Joslin and J. F. Van Dorn. Constitution and Rules—H. K. Bloodgood, chairman; Jas. Watson, H. F. Schellhass, Q. W. H. Ritchie and A. P. Vredenburg. Finance—A. C. Wilmerding, chairman; J. B. Blossom and G. M. Carnochan. Membership—H. T. Foote, chairman; S. Van Schaick and C. B. Knocker.

The treasurer's report showed a balance on hand of \$6,502.72, a very satisfactory state of affairs.

The following clubs, being in arrears for dues for the year 1899, were ordered to forfeit all right to representation in the association, and are liable to suspension or to be dropped from the roll of membership without further notice: Bloodhound Club of America, California Collie Club, California State Poultry and Kennel Association, Cedar Rapids K. C., Columbus Fanciers' Club, National Greyhound Club, Northwestern K. C., Oakland K. C., Pacific Fox Terrier Club, Philadelphia K. C., Santa Clara Valley Poultry and K. C., and Wilmington K. C.

The resignations of the Pointer Club of California and the American Pug Club were accepted. In the case of Frank Kruse vs. Klee and Dean it was ordered that Klee and Dean be suspended by default. The case may be reopened upon appeal by the defendants.

Article IV. of the rules provided that a delegate could be elected by a majority vote and the acceptance could be withdrawn by a two-thirds vote. This was changed to make each vote a three-quarter vote, and such acceptance may be withdrawn by a three-quarter vote by a ballot in any meeting of the association. An amendment was made to Article XII., Section 5, making it read: "Any person who is proved to the satisfaction of the board to have been guilty of fraudulent or discreditable conduct of any kind, may be suspended or disqualified; in either case such person is ineligible to make entries at or to compete or win a prize at any show under the rules of the association during the term of said suspension or disqualification, and shall during the term of his suspension or disqualification be deprived of all privileges of this association."

An amendment was passed to strike out the entire section 4 and substitute the following: "There shall be an advisory committee on the Pacific Coast, with headquarters at San Francisco, Cal., to be appointed by the presi-

dent of this association, or, in his absence, by the vice-president; said committee shall act under a code of rules as adopted by the executive board."

The listing rule was amended so that listings are now only good until Dec. 31 if the year in which dogs are listed.

Rule 19 was amended to read: "No premium list is to be considered as indorsed unless it has at the head of the classification an official notice of such indorsement, signed by the secretary of the American Kennel Club."

The proof or manuscript of premium lists must be sent to the American Kennel Club and receive indorsement before lists are printed and distributed.

The following amendment was accepted: "It shall be the duty of dog show officials to bench all dogs of a breed together when owned and entered by one exhibitor, provided a request for same be entered on the entry form."

The Pacific Coast special committee of the American Kennel Club, in the matter of the Collie Club of California, California State Kennel and Poultry Association and Santa Clara Valley Poultry and Kennel Association, for holding membership in the American Kennel Club and also forming a connection by membership with the Pacific Kennel League, reported that no action should be taken in the matter, and that the Pacific Kennel League and these clubs should be treated as any individual organization that sought to give shows under its own rules. The Pacific Kennel League, or its existence, the committee reported, is not of sufficient importance to deserve even passing notice. It does not, even as a matter of pretence, represent substantial opposition or hostility to the American Kennel Club.

A protest was read from the Rhode Island K. C. against the American Kennel Club holding them fast to the date of closing of entries as announced in the premium list. They thought that the dates of closing should be entirely in the hands of the committee of the show, with the power to extend such dates, if necessary, provided same is announced in the papers. The protest was laid on the table.

The claim of the Mascoutah K. C. to have returned to them their forfeit of \$25, which they lost two years ago for violation of rules, was not recognized.

Because of the action of the American Field in publishing a report of the advisory board before its reception by the club, it was voted that it is the sense of the American Kennel Club that any committees which may have reports to make, or which may have made any report to the American Kennel Club shall, so far as they themselves are concerned, consider such reports strictly confidential, and that the American Kennel Club should be the only medium by which they should be made public.

The credentials of G. M. Carnochan and Norvin T. Harris to act as delegates at this meeting were accepted.

The Rhode Island State Fair Association and the Bloomington K. C. were elected to membership in the American Kennel Club.

With the consent of a majority of the executive board the American Kennel Club has removed from its old offices on the third floor of 55 Liberty street, and has taken a lease for a suite of offices on the fourth floor. It is the most convenient and best set of offices the American Kennel Club has ever had. The secretary was empowered to make such purchases of furniture and fixtures as he required in the office.

Continental Field Trial Club.

HILLSBORO, N. C., Feb. 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Continental Field Trial Club held its annual meeting on Wednesday, Feb. 22, at Madison Square Garden, Hobart Ames, Jr., president, in the chair. The following gentlemen were elected members of the club: E. M. Weld, Boston, Mass.; George L. Thomas, Montclair, N. J.; W. Gould Brokaw, New York, and G. F. Nesbitt, Wilkesbarre, Pa.

The Eastern Field Trial Club extended an invitation to the Continental Club to hold their trials this year on their grounds at Newton, N. C. The Continental accepted the invitation, and will hold the trials at Newton, N. C., commencing with the Members' Stakes, Friday, Dec. 8, 1899. The open stakes will commence with the Derby, Monday, Dec. 11, followed by the All-Age and the Sweepstakes. The prizes and conditions will be the same as in last year's trials. The Members' Stakes, a new feature, will be a sweepstake of \$10 for each entry, and is open to members of the Eastern Field Trial Club. Suitable cups will be given by members for winners of first, second and third. Every one is very much interested in this stake, and it will be strongly contested. A suitable diploma will be given at this year's trials to each winning dog in the open stakes. The committee appointed at the club's last meeting presented the names of Simon C. Bradley, Edmund H. Osthaus and Irving Hoagland as judges for this year's trials; these gentlemen were unanimously accepted, and will judge at Newton for the Continental Club. The club's meeting was a full and enthusiastic one. Its financial condition is good, showing all debts paid and a balance in the treasury.

W. B. MEARES, Sec'y and Treas.

Irish Setter Club.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 24.—The annual meeting of the Irish Setter Club of America was held at the Madison Square Garden, New York, on Feb. 22, the president, Dr. G. G. Davis, in the chair.

Present: Messrs. Davis, Blossom, Sutton, Shippen, Clements, Bullock and Thomson, and by proxy, Miss G. Shippen and F. G. Goodridge.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved. The treasurer's report, showing a balance of \$188.96, was read and approved. It was decided to offer \$50 at bench shows and \$50 at field trials during the ensuing year, the manner of offering the same to be left to the executive committee.

It was voted that the executive committee be empowered to select a list of judges for bench shows, from which a judge may be chosen, and to forward this list to the various bench-show committees.

Dr. William Jarvis, of Claremont, N. H., was elected an honorary member. Mrs. W. Sutton, R. D. Sutton and

Alfred Remsen, all of New York, were elected members of the club.

The following gentlemen were then elected to serve during the ensuing year: President, Dr. G. G. Davis, Philadelphia; Vice-President, James B. Blossom, New York; Secretary and Treasurer, George H. Thomson, Philadelphia. Executive Committee: William Shippen, F. G. Goodridge, Woodruff Sutton, J. Maxwell Bullock, Robert H. McCurdy and B. L. Clements. There being no further business, the meeting adjourned.

GEO. H. THOMSON, Sec'y.

Yachting.

As the yachting journal of America, the *FOREST AND STREAM* is the recognized medium of communication between the maker of yachtsmen's supplies and the yachting public. Its value for advertising has been demonstrated by patrons who have employed its columns continuously for years.

Gasolene Engines and Launches.—II.

BY F. K. GRAIN.

(Continued from page 188, Feb. 18.)

HEATERS.—The majority of gasolene motors are supplied with a heater, which consists of an air chamber placed around the exhaust pipe, the use of which is to supply hot air to the vaporizer. It not only helps to vaporize the gasolene, but keeps the vaporizer or carburetor warm. Right here let me state that the act of vaporizing or generating the gas through the mixing of air and gasolene, by means of a vacuum of any degree, creates an intense cold; in fact, there are many of the vaporizers and carburetors that if used without a heater will freeze. All carburetors absolutely require a heater.

MUFFLERS.—Mufflers are supplied to deaden or diminish the sound made by the exhaust gases, which in many motors, especially those of the two cycle type, is very loud and disagreeable. They are made in many different forms, some consisting of a large section of pipe, into which the exhaust passes from the motor and thence out, the pipe having several diaphragms of perforated metal, which act as checks to the sudden exit of the exhaust. Again others are made like a pot, which acts as a receiver, and from which the exhaust is let out from several pipes, thereby dividing up the pressure.

After a great deal of experimenting the writer has found that by far the best and cheapest form of muffler is a section of pipe five times the diameter of the exhaust pipe and seven times the length of the stroke of the motor, filled with coke or pumice stone broken up into pieces about the size of an egg. There must be a head on each end of the pipe tapped to fit the exhaust pipe, and inside of these heads a coarse piece of wire strainer netting to prevent the escape of any pieces of the filling into the pipes.

In cases where it is possible I advise allowing the exhaust to pass up and out overhead in preference to putting it out through the side or under counter of boat. This style of muffler can have a brass jacket and be so placed as to look like a short smoke stack. It is the usual practice to put the mufflers under a locker or under the after deck. This, however, makes a great amount of heat in the boat, which is neither good for the hull nor pleasant for the occupants. We therefore recommend its running up and out the shortest possible way.

There are some who exhaust under water, but unless a special device is used it creates a back pressure or chokes the exhaust, which retards the motor. In a sea-way or under certain conditions of trimming of the boat, it will make a very unpleasant noise, and taking it all through it can hardly be called a success.

ELECTRIC SPARK BATTERIES.—We now come to the use of batteries for creating the firing spark. The form of battery used is what is known as the open circuit type, such as is employed in telephone, signal and bell service; also for small motors and medical instruments, and it is not to be confounded with the gravity battery used on telegraph lines. One drawback to the use of electricity for igniting gas or gasolene motors has been that the makers of batteries, until quite a recent date, have made no effort to supply an article exactly suited to this line of work; but the case is now different, there being some excellent batteries made for this special work. They are mostly of two kinds, the sal-ammoniac and the caustic soda. The former consists of a jar made of either glass or porcelain, with suitable top containing the elements, which are a zinc and carbon suspended in a solution of water and sal-ammoniac. The other is a jar of either glass, porcelain or steel containing a zinc forming the negative pole, and black oxide of copper for the positive, suspended in a solution of water and caustic potash, called by some electro-sodium, paraffine oil being poured on top to prevent evaporation and creeping of the salts.

The first-named battery has some points that highly recommend it for marine work. The solution, in the first place, is harmless and will not injure the hands, clothes or the boat in case of being upset; it is also cheap and can be had at almost any drug store, the cost of recharging is very little, and it can be done in a few minutes.

With the caustic soda battery the case is, however, different, as the soda will hurt the hands, clothes and shoes, to say nothing of paint on motor or boat. It is expensive to recharge, but, on the other hand, is very strong and long-lived, and will without doubt stand more hard and continuous service than the former.

Besides these, there are many different forms of acid batteries, which, although powerful, are not adapted to motor work. In the first two batteries there is no internal action while the battery is out of use; but with the acid batteries there is a constant deterioration of the elements. In connection with the batteries there is always used a spark coil, which consists of a core composed of iron wires, around which there are wound a number of layers of insulated copper wire. The action of the spark coil is to gather up the current and intensify same.

ECONOMY.—As regards the relative economy of the

two and four-cycle motor, there is no question but that theoretically the four-cycle has the preference, the superiority claimed consisting, first, that the motor requires a charge only every other stroke; secondly, that between each working stroke there takes place a thorough clearing of the cylinder, so that when the charge of gas enters there remains no part or trace of the burnt gases from the last charge, which it is claimed, and quite rightly, weakens the new charge. Now, with the two-cycle motor, which has an impulse of the piston each revolution, part of the fresh gas escapes with the exhaust of the burnt gas in the operation of expelling the old charge, and there is, notwithstanding, more or less of the burnt gas that remains to weaken the fresh charge. On the other hand, having an impulse at each revolution, the area of the cylinder does not have to be as great; therefore there is not so much gas required to make a charge. There being an impulse each revolution, the diameter and weight of fly-wheel is also much less in this type, as it has no idle revolution to overcome, which in turn takes less power to maintain the desired speed or momentum. Taking it all in all, a saving of a few cents per day should hardly be taken into consideration in any launch motor, the cost of operation being so small in any case, and most certainly not to be considered in comparison with the first cost.

DANGER OF NAPHTHA.—The question is often asked, Why is naphtha, gasoline or in fact any of the hydro-carbon oil so dangerous; and if so, how is it the use of these oils is steadily increasing? There are many liquids in common daily use that are equally as dangerous, if not more so, but as we have from long use become accustomed to handling them with a knowledge of their properties, we do not give them a thought.

To begin with, the first thing is to impress the novice in the use of hydro-carbons that it is not the liquid that is to be feared, but the gas formed by evaporation charging the air with a highly explosive mixture.

Likewise, few people know that, unlike many other gases in common use, the gas thus formed is heavier than the atmosphere; therefore will not rise, and for that reason does not as readily disperse itself, and will remain in a dangerous state in places and receptacles long after expected.

A tankful of gasoline can be set on fire and will, of course, burn fiercely, like all oil, but will not explode. Take this same tank, however, and put in a small quantity and disturb it so that the air in the tank will become charged, and you will have a highly explosive mixture. We have often heard people remark that they feared a large tank full of naphtha, where it should be the empty one to be afraid of.

The gas formed by the mixture of air and naphtha is explosive with from twelve to forty-five parts of air to naphtha, thirty-three being about its most explosive point; below twelve and above forty-five the gas will burn, but not explode. Naphtha and gasoline are alike, except that many vary a few degrees in their test; but in most cases what is called gasoline is generally of a grade somewhat lighter and more volatile than the grades of naphtha in common use.

STEAM AND ELECTRIC MOTORS.—The steam engine has been so completely supplanted by the various naphtha and gasoline motors that it is hardly a factor to be considered as a power for anything but large yachts or very high speed launches, and therefore does not come under the scope of this book.

There is no question nor doubt but that the electric motor is the ideal launch power, but as yet they are in a very crude state, and are dependent on an independent plant to recharge their storage batteries, which at the best will only run at full speed for a comparatively short time, to say nothing of the great weight of the batteries that it is necessary to carry. They are in use by some of the large steam yachts as tenders, but in their present state of development are unsuited to common use.

NAPHTHA, ALCO AND AMMONIA MOTORS.—There are also what are commonly called "naphtha motors," which, with the alco and ammonia vapor motors, should properly be classed with the steam engine, as by these systems the naphtha, alcohol or ammonia is brought to a boiling point in a retort or boiler by means of a naphtha, kerosene or other oil fire, the results being that the fuel in the retort generates steam or gas which is admitted to an engine of varying form, and after passing through the engine is then condensed and returned to the retort, the principles of these motors being identical with the ordinary steam engine.

PROPELLERS.—Next we come to the propeller and the means of reversing the same. Although any motor of the two-cycle type can be fitted to reverse, it is not so with the four-cycle. Owing to motors having no power to speak of on a start from a standstill, and for other reasons, it has been found by far the best plan to keep them running the one way, and to reverse either by means of gearing, friction clutch, or reversing the blades of the propeller. The first-named device is mostly to be found on motors of the four-cycle type, the builders of the two-cycle mostly all using the reversible bladed propeller. The geared and friction reversing mechanism is made in many different forms, but in fact the principle is really identical in all and includes only simple, well-known mechanical movements. The reversible bladed wheel consists of a hub, into which the blades are fastened so that by means of a sleeve surrounding the shaft and fastened to an idler, which engages an arm or bearing point on the blade, causes the blade to turn on its axis in the hub. The sleeve revolves with the shaft and is moved backward and forward by means of a lever located in most cases near or on the motor, although it can be arranged to work from any part of the boat. These reversing wheels are mostly very simple, strong and effective, and we think they are the ideal reversing method for all kinds of motors. They should, however, be made in all their parts of best hard bronze. While on the subject, it may be said that it is almost always a surprise to the novice in motor construction at the smallness of diameter of the wheels used on them. This is owing to the fact that it has been found to give better results to make the wheels small and increase thereby the revolutions of the motors, adding power to the motor and lessening the vibration.

CHOICE OF MOTORS.—We will now suppose you are in the market for a motor, or a launch ready equipped,

and, as in many cases, you are undecided as to the make of motor you will select.

POINTS IN CONSTRUCTION.—Now, what are the points in construction you should consider? To begin with, by all means buy of a reliable firm, and as near your home as possible, for no matter how well or carefully it is made, there is always the liability of a break-down or repairs on account of wear. Look over the working drawings of the makers and insist that they shall show sufficient thickness of the cylinder to allow of its being re-bored at least twice without its being too thin for safety. There should be a clearance space of one-third of the length of the stroke between the piston when it is on the upper center and the top of cylinder. The connecting rod should be, from center of the wrist-pin to center of the crank-pin, not less than twice the length of the stroke. The crank-shaft should be of forged steel (not cast) of good diameter, and the crank-pin should be of the same diameter as the crank-shaft. All bearings should be of hard bronze and as long as possible, remembering always that length of bearing does not increase friction. Be sure your motor is supplied with good grease and oil cups, and that the cylinder is fitted with a sight-feed lubricator that will feed heavy oil in cold weather without at first having to heat the lubricator to start it feeding. See that all parts of the vaporizer are of brass or bronze, and that all connections between the motor and wheel are of the same metal, excepting where the reversing is done by gears or clutches, in which case these parts will have to be made of cast iron or steel. Your motor should be run in the shop at least twenty hours on a belt and by its own power before you attempt to use it, as it is a great annoyance to attempt to break in a new motor, especially in a small boat. In buying a motor, it is like buying a suit of clothes; that is to say, if you want to get a first class article, you must pay a first class price, and we advise you in any case to either get the best or none at all. Study the catalogues, and when you find any one offering you something as good as the best at half price, be sure that it is, and then look for the list of extras—that generally explains matters. Do not let a few pounds in weight or an inch or two in height influence you, as in many cases what would be good serviceable motors are ruined by being built down too close.

The America Cup.

The work on the new cutter for the trial races is now progressing steadily at Bristol, and in spite of the efforts of the builders to maintain the most rigid secrecy, a great deal is already known about her. The "guessing contest" is a good deal easier than in the case of Defender four years ago, as the latter yacht was a very wide departure, both in design and construction, from her predecessors, Navahoe, Vigilant and Colonia. In the present case it was practically a foregone conclusion at the outset that any new 90-footer would be but an improvement in detail on Defender, and the guessing was limited to the exact dimensions and the material for the plating. The latter seems to be finally settled in favor of Tobin bronze instead of manganese bronze for the bottom, and nickel steel instead of aluminum for the top sides, as well as for the deck beams and some other of the upper structural members.

The most exact and reliable information thus far published is the following, by W. E. Robinson, in the Boston Globe of Feb. 27. It is, of course, not official, and we are not aware of the sources of Mr. Robinson's information, but we have sufficient confidence in his reliability and his technical knowledge to reprint it in the FOREST AND STREAM as the best information yet made public.

Whether or not the new America Cup defender, now building by the Herreshoffs at Bristol for Com. J. Pierpont Morgan and C. Oliver Iselin, will be faster than Defender of '95 is the most interesting yachting question at the present time. The question as to whether or not the chosen American defender will beat Shamrock will come up later. It is for an answer to the first question that information about the new boat has been so eagerly sought.

The Globe has from time to time given its readers the best possible information it could obtain in this direction. It now supplements it with dimensions and details of construction, which leave no doubt as to the manner and type of boat the new defender will be, and which enables the prediction to be safely made that she will be many minutes faster than Defender on almost every point of sailing and under almost every condition of racing wind and weather.

A few mistakes have been made in previous information, but in general the new boat has been outlined as an improved and more powerful Defender, and not as any radical departure from a type known to be fast, able and seaworthy. This conclusion is fully borne out by the additional information now given. The new boat is an improved Defender, with more power and sail, and yet with practically just as easy a form to drive and with all the lines for speed that made the champion of '95 a marvel. She will also be more lightly and yet more thoroughly built than Defender. Aluminum has been entirely discarded in her construction, and yet because of more careful attention to detail the absence of this lightest of all metals will not be missed.

The Globe has in its possession sufficient information to show not only these points, but also many others which would support and confirm them. Yet while it desires to give its readers all possible information, for an answer to the question as to the boat's speed, it by no means desires to give information of which the designer of Shamrock could take advantage to Herreshoff's disadvantage. Certain important things, such as the exact weight of the lead keel, the placing of the mast and the general idea of the sail plan are therefore withheld, as are also exact dimensions. These are important things to a designer, and with them he would have his opponent's boat to a certainty.

It is not the same with matters of construction, now that Shamrock is well under way. Designer Fife is not likely to modify his construction plans from anything he might learn from this side of the water. The Globe therefore gives the new boat very fully in this direction, for in it is

shown her lightness and strength as compared with Defender. General dimensions are only approximately given, and no attempt is made to give her lines to an inch or do more than to show what she will look like and wherein she will differ from Defender.

The new defender is 130ft. over all, 90ft. waterline, just over 24ft. beam and not over 20ft. draft, although very close to that figure. Defender was some 5 or 6ft. shorter over all, 89ft. waterline, and just over 23ft. beam. Her draft was close to 20ft. The new boat's keel plate, stem and sternpost are of cast bronze, the frames and deck beams of nickel steel, and her plating of Tobin bronze up to the waterline and nickel steel above. Defender was plated with manganese bronze below the water line and aluminum above. Most of her deck beams were of aluminum. A lead keel of 90 tons is sufficiently approximate for the purpose of this article.

In model the new boat is a nearer approach to the out-and-out fin keel type, as shown in the Herreshoff 30-footers, than was Defender. Wetted surface is cut to the last inch on the new boat, while the lead is carried lower, the body is made rounder and more powerful, and the whole form made easier to drive at high speed. Quickness in stays is also an improvement over Defender, although the latter whirled very quickly. The lead keel is shorter and deeper, and its form better for easy motion through the water.

Like Defender, the new boat is of the fin keel type in great cutting away of the forefoot and in having her lead keel bulb. Also, like Defender's her frames start from the keel plate on top of the lead keel, and although giving largely the effect and appearance of a plate fin, still retain the usual form of construction. The rudder is also hung on the stern post, and is not a balanced one clear of the fin, as in the smaller boats. In brief, the boats are close to fin keels in design, but not in construction.

Compared with Defender's the new boat's midship section shows a sharper hollow at the turn from the keel into the body of the boat, a flatter floor and a rounder side, with about 1ft. more beam. These differences in themselves show a more powerful and easily driven boat, as well as one that should be faster in reaching or down the wind. A faster reaching boat is what Mr. Iselin is confidently expecting, while it is a matter of record that Defender was not much faster in spinnaker work than Vigilant.

The sheer plan of the new boat shows a forefoot very much more cut away than Defender's, while the lateral plane is improved by having the keel straight on the bottom instead of "rockered." The rake of the sternpost is about the same in both boats—45 degrees.

The lead keel of the new boat is close to 30ft. long on top, where Defender's was 35. At its heel it is 6ft. deep, while forward, just before its bottom line turns upward, it is 7ft. 6in. From the heel forward the bottom of the keel is flat for about 20ft. The line then rounds upward in an easy curve to a straight line of about 5ft. on the forward end. The top of the keel is a straight line, but it is about 1½ft. higher forward than it is aft. The bottom of the keel is parallel with the waterline.

The top of the lead keel is 20in. wide at about a third of its length from the forward end. It rounds to a point forward and tapers to a width of 4in. at the after end. The widest portion of the keel is close to the bottom below the widest portion on top, and here the lead is 34in. through. The bottom is flat, and there is only a very small round up at the edges. The line of the section of the lead keel at its thickest part shows only a very slight inward curve as it goes upward to the top. In fact, the lead keel might well be described as a plate rather than a bulb, having its upper edge 20in. wide and its lower 34, with the corners slightly rounded. The fore and aft sweep of the lines of the lead is a very easy one, and the keel is much easier to drive through the water than the ordinary bulb.

Defender's lead keel was not so deep as this, was rounded up fore and aft and was decidedly bulb. The greatest thickness of lead was not so low down as in the new boat, and hence not quite so effective for power for carrying sail. The new boat shows much the same improvement as in the 46-footer Wasp over the famous Gloriana.

From the lead keel the stem of the new boat rises a few feet in an easy outward curve, and then takes almost a straight line to the waterline and a little beyond, when it again rises by an easy inward curve to meet the line of the deck. Defender's stem showed a curve on the long sweep upward that was about as much outside of a straight line as the new boat's is inside, and the resemblance of the new boat to the 30-footers is therefore all the more striking.

The new boat's overhang forward is longer than Defender's, and the upward turn of the stem from the waterline is therefore not so sharp.

The rudder of the new boat is set well under her and will run to the bottom of the lead. The after end of the lead has a groove molded in it to fit the round of the rudder post.

In construction, the new boat is on the same general plan as Defender, but has lighter plating, and much variation in the sizes of the frames and beams are heaviest amidships and grow smaller toward the ends of the boat. There are also improvements in details over Defender.

The new boat's keel plate is of cast bronze, ½in. in thickness, and having flanges on the edges 4in. in height. Cross webs of the same height are placed every 20in. on the plate, to which the floors and frames are riveted. Plate, flanges and webs are cast as one piece, so that the practical thickness of the plate is 4½in.

The plate was cast in three sections for convenience in casting. Both ends of the inner section and the inner ends of the other section have flanges 2½in. deep on the bottom, and these, as well as the upper flanges, are riveted together, making the plate practically a solid one, 30ft. long, 4½in. deep and 20in. wide at its widest portion, tapering to a point forward and to a width of about 4in. aft. Slots are cut across the top of the lead keel to admit the lower flanges where the sections are joined, so that the plate lies close to the lead for its whole length.

The lead keel is fastened to the keel plate by bronze large screws, 9½in. long and 1in. through. The screws have hexagonal heads, for which a special wrench is needed to screw them into the lead. There are two of these screws for every space in the keel plate, and they

are placed close to the webs and well toward the outside. To give the screwheads a better bearing, a $\frac{1}{2}$ in. collar is cast on the plate at each screwhole. Holes are bored in the lead a little smaller than the screws, so that the latter make their own threads as they are screwed home.

To give additional fastening for keeping the lead keel in place, the lower strake of plating will drop on the side of the keel 2 ft. aft and 3 ft. 6 in. forward, and be screwed to it by many long, bronze screws. There is an offset for this plate on the lead keel, so that plate and lead will be even on their outside surfaces. This, taken with the fact that the lead keel has thus far been shod with bronze plating only on the bottom, makes it look as though the keel were not to be wholly covered with bronze, as in Defender.

The bottom of the lead keel has been shod with Tobin bronze plating, 7-40 in. in thickness, and a very fine job has been made of it. The plating just covers the rounded edges of the keel and has its own upper edge rounded off smoothly. The plating rises a little higher forward, but does not cover all of the turn from the bottom into the forward edge. This shoeing of the lead keel protects it materially in case of grounding. It is fastened to the keel by bronze screws.

The rudder will have a post and frame of cast bronze and a covering of Tobin bronze. Stem and sternpost are riveted to the keel plate. The sternpost drops about 2 ft. below the top of the lead, an offset being made in the lead to receive it.

There are seventy-seven frames in the boat, spaced 20 in. on centers, which gives a total length between frame 1 and frame 77 of 128 ft. They are angle frames of nickel steel 3-16 in. in thickness and rolled with $\frac{1}{2}$ in. bulb on the web, or part of the angle which projects into the boat. There is a deck beam for every frame and it is of the same size as the frame to which it is fastened. Frames 1 to 12 are $2\frac{1}{2}$ in. on the web and $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. on the flange, or portion of the angle which lies against the plating. From 12 to 20 the frames are $3\frac{1}{4}$ by 2; from 20 to 45, $3\frac{1}{2}$ by 2; from 45 to 53, $3\frac{1}{4}$ by 2; from 53 to 60, 3 by 2, and from 60 to 77, $2\frac{1}{2}$ by $1\frac{1}{2}$.

The floors which connect and strengthen the frames at the bottom and are riveted to the keel plate, are of 7-40 in. bronze for a dozen frames amidships and of 7-40 in. nickel steel fore and aft with a few 6-40 in. at the extreme ends. Every alternate floor plate amidships is 12 in. deep. The others are half that depth and taper to 4 in. forward and 5 in. aft. All the floor plates are flanged on top with about 1 in. flange for additional strength.

For many of the frames there are tie plates at the point where the garboard of the ordinary boat would be. These tie plates are 24 in. deep amidships, tapering to 11 in. at the ends. They strengthen the frames at the point where they begin to curve outward to form the body of the boat. They are of 7-40 steel, flanged on the bottom with 1 in. flange.

The deck beams have a crown or rise in the center of 8 in. They are fastened to the frames by a single rivet, but are braced to them by a seven-fortieth nickel steel plate, 7 in. wide, set 2 ft. in on the beam and 2 ft. down on the frame, and riveted with three rivets at each end. The beams close to the mast have web plates of seven-fortieth nickel steel, 9 in. deep, riveted to them, thus giving much extra strength at a point of great strain.

Just at the turn of the bilge on either side runs a bilge stringer or keelson, a nickel steel bulbed angle, 3x2 in. Under the deck beams are two stringers of the same shape and size, and from bilge stringers to deck stringers are diagonal struts or braces. There are about eight of these on a side, and they are five frames apart. The outer deck stringer, or waterway plate, is of seven-fortieth nickel steel, 26 in. wide amidships and tapering to 24 in. at the end. The deck is also to be strapped above the deck beams with diagonal nickel steel strapping. The will be of yellow pine, bolted to steel brackets on the frames.

There will be seven strakes of plating. The plating up to the waterline will be of seven-fortieths Tobin bronze, the plates being about 15 ft. in length. Above the waterline the plating will be five-fortieths nickel steel. This is considerably thinner than the plating used on the Defender, but the extra strong construction of the frame of the boat should offset this and make the plating sufficiently strong. The Tobin bronze appears to be brighter and of a better quality than the ordinary Tobin bronze, and is believed to be some special manufacture. The plates are highly polished.

The plating will be in-and-out lap, as in Defender, with no sign of flanging on the inside. "Knuckle joint" work has evidently not been needed. The plates will be single riveted, except on the keel, where double riveting will be adopted. Bronze butt plates will be used on the bronze plating and steel on the steel, and the same is true of the rivets. All rivet holes are 15-32 in. and the rivets 7-16.

The measurement by fortieths of an inch seems an odd one, but is Herreshoff style, and can easily be figured by remembering that 5-40 is $\frac{1}{8}$ in. and 7-40 is $\frac{1}{4}$ in. less than 3-16.

The boat will have two light nickel steel bulkheads, one on frame 12 and one on frame 60, and there will be double frames at these points. Her interior finish will be of the lightest possible kind, as it was in Defender. Her bronze plating will be left in all its pristine brightness outside and in, while the nickel steel above it will be painted.

There are eighteen of the boat's frames on the keel plate and eight on the sternpost. Just what their numbers are the Globe knows, but does not propose to tell, since it gives too close information for the place of the under-water body. The numbers of the frames at the mast are also withheld, as giving too good a clew to the sail plan.

The Globe has not had access to the designer's drafting board, and would not use the lines at present if it had. Neither has it bribed any Herreshoff workman; yet it places the boat before its readers with an accuracy upon which they can surely depend.

The boat is being built in the cradle that was made for hauling out Defender, and will be launched in it on the newly constructed railway. No such sticking on the ways as marred Defender's launch need be feared, and the launch of the new boat should be an easy task. The keel rests level in the cradle with its bottom in the same line as it will later float. The boat will of course also be level,

and when lowered into the water will simply float from the cradle and be hauled clear of it.

Work on the boat is being rushed. The frames are being set up very rapidly and the plating is being sheared and bent to shape. The contract calls for her delivery June 1, and seems likely to be fulfilled.

No reason can now be given why Tobin bronze has been used instead of manganese bronze, as in Defender, but the bronze is undoubtedly Tobin, since it comes from the Ansonia Brass and Copper Co., the holders of patents on its production. The Pennsylvania Steel Co. is understood to have furnished all the nickel steel for the boat, but that in order to secure their prompt delivery the frames and plates have been rolled in several different mills.

The arrival of many more bulbed angles than were apparently needed for frames at the usual spacing of 20 in. led to the report that the frames were to be spaced closer together. It now appears that the bulbed angles are used in places where plain angles were used in Defender, a gain in strength.

The only reason ever given for the use of manganese bronze in 1895 was that the rolls in the mill producing it were newer and smoother than those of the Tobin bronze people. Perhaps a reversal of the situation is accountable for this year's change.

Summing up the boat, she is found to be lighter, stronger, more powerful and more easily driven than Defender. She will carry a larger sail plan than Defender and carry it well. She is an improvement in model as well as construction. In the hands of C. Oliver Iselin and with Charlie Barr for skipper, backed by such a Deer Isle crew as handled Defender so famously, she ought not only to beat the '95 champion with ease, but also to set Shamrock the hardest kind of a task next October.

So here is success to the boat and to every one directly interested in her. May she prove the winner that she promises.

According to the latest accounts from the other side the challenger, Shamrock, is well under way at the Thorneycroft yard. Her plating will be of manganese bronze.

Judge Dartnell.

THE older members of the A. C. A., those who were present at the Stony Lake and early Grindstone meets, will learn with regret of the death of Judge Dartnell, of Whitby, Canada, a member of the association since 1884. Genial, sociable and fond of camp life, he made many friends at the meets. The following particulars of his life are from the Whitby Chronicle:

Early Thursday morning, Feb. 2, His Honor, Judge Dartnell passed away at his residence in Whitby. For the last year and a half the Judge has been very feebly physically, as the result of a paralytic stroke, and his death, while not expected, was less of a shock to the community than if he had been in robust health.

George Henry Frewen Dartnell, Senior Judge of the county of Ontario, was born in the city of Limerick, Ireland, Feb. 13, 1834, the son of Edward Taylor Dartnell, formerly a leading solicitor of that city, and more recently County Crown Attorney and Clerk of the Peace for Prescott and Russell. The latter came to Toronto, where he settled, while the Judge was still a boy. Judge Dartnell studied law with Chief Justice Hagerty and his partner, the late Lieutenant-Governor Crawford, and also with the late Hon. John Hillyard Cameron, the late Lieutenant-Governor, Hon. J. B. Robinson, and the latter's brother, Christopher Robinson, Q. C. He was called to the bar in 1858, and commenced practice in the year, opening an office in Whitby. For a time he was a partner of Hector Cameron, Q. C., and also of H. J. Macdonell, late Clerk of the Peace for the County of Ontario. In 1859 he was appointed Master in Chancery. His appointment as junior judge took place in 1873; he acted as judge of the county of York for nearly a year, during the illness of the late Judge Duggan. In 1896, on the death of Judge Burnham, he became Senior Judge of the county. Judge Dartnell early took an interest in the volunteer force. He raised a company in Whitby in 1864, and was called out for active service during the Fenian raid. He retired with the rank of Major; but was subsequently gazetted as Lieutenant-Colonel (unattached), as a special case, being the only officer in the force enjoying such promotion. His services as Musketry Instructor at the camp, Niagara, met with most favorable recognition at headquarters. Judge Dartnell has always taken a very active interest in educational matters. For many years he occupied a seat at the School Board, and for nine years filled the office of chairman, and was the recipient of a handsome testimonial and address by the citizens in recognition of his services in the cause of education. The Judge has been president of the St. Patrick's Society, president of the Whitby Cricket Club, and vice-president of the Ontario Cricket Association. Although a judge,

"A scholar, and a ripe, good one;
Exceeding wise, fair spoken and persuading,"

Judge Dartnell was not above giving his countenance and encouragement to many sports. The family is of Huguenot French origin, his ancestors having settled in Ireland more than 200 years ago, and, like the Anglo-Normans, became "more Irish than the Irish themselves." Judge Dartnell married, first, Louisa, daughter of Anthony B. Hawke, for many years Chief Emigrant Agent for Canada; second, in 1873, Caroline, daughter of the late G. C. Gross, Esq., Whitby. In politics the Judge was Conservative, and in religion a member of the Church of England.

As a judge he was held in high esteem. Not long since a Toronto gentleman, who has had considerable experience with the law, was heard to say that he considered Judge Dartnell one of the ablest, fairest and most judicious judges in Ontario.

He leaves a widow and four children, two sons and two daughters.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The Brooklyn Y. C. held its annual meeting on Feb. 20, the following officers being elected: Com., C. H. Humphreys; Vice-Com., H. W. Kilbourne; Rear-Com., C. H. Oliver; Meas., R. C. Hopkins; Sec'y, William Cagger; Treas., Willard Graham; Trustees, to serve three years, P. H. Jeannot, Edward Salt; Race Committee, P. H. Jeannot, H. H. Stanwood, Charles Van Riper; Membership Committee, A. S. Richoffer, C. H. Frost, Joseph N. Gans; Nominating Committee for 1900, S. S. Golding, John Healy, William Cagger, G. C. Shaffer, James Riley, G. A. Domminy.

The annual meeting of the Eastern Y. C. was held on Feb. 14, the following officers being elected: Com., Henry W. Lamb; Vice-Com., Ralph E. Forbes; Rear-Com., Laurence Minot; Sec'y, William S. Eaton, Jr.; Treas., Patrick T. Jackson; Meas., Henry Taggard; Members of Council at Large, William C. Loring, George A. Goddard; Regatta Committee, Henry H. Buck, Henry Howard, Francis A. Seamans, Eben B. Clarke, Odin B. Roberts; Committee on Admission, Charles F. Adams 2d, Gordon Dexter, Theophilus Parsons, William C. Loring, the Secretary (ex-officio); House Committee, Frank Brewster, J. Prince Loud, Harry K. White, George Atkinson, Jr., the Secretary (ex-officio).

The Jeffries Y. C., of East Boston, held its annual meeting on Feb. 20, the following officers being elected: Com., Frank H. Tilton; Vice-Com., Walter S. McLaughlin; Fleet Capt., Herbert F. Vaughn; Meas., Ambrose A. Martin; Sec'y, Alfred E. Wellington; Treas., Walter S. McLaughlin; Regatta Committee, A. A. Martin, Jacob Rood, Charles L. Joy; Directors, Elmer E. Grey, William B. Pigeon, Charles L. Joy, W. B. Starkweather, A. A. Martin, Jacob Rood, A. E. Wellington, George A. Anderson, W. S. McLaughlin, Herbert F. Vaughn, John Marno, Frank H. Tilton, H. H. Smith, E. A. Skinner; Representative to Massachusetts Y. R. A., Charles L. Joy.

The schooner yacht Wingit, a small auxiliary, sailed some time since from New York for Florida, with Capt. Max O. Newman in charge, assisted by his son, William Newman, as mate. On Feb. 10 she sailed from Wilmington, N. C., for St. Augustine, and on Feb. 13 Capt. Newman was washed overboard. The yacht's yawl boat went overboard at the same time, and Capt. Newman managed to catch hold of her, but those on the yacht were unable to pick them up. The yacht arrived at Fernandina on Feb. 20.

Lasca, schooner, Jas. S. Watson, sailed from New York on Feb. 19 for Nassau, N. P., where Mr. Watson and his family will join her for a cruise in the West Indies.

On Feb. 21 a bill was passed in the Assembly permitting the New York Y. C. to own property to the value of \$500,000, instead of \$100,000, as heretofore.

During the late cold weather the buckeye Dixie, owned by the Rev. Thomas Dixon, Jr., was caught in Chesapeake Bay, Mrs. Dixon being on board with her young son and Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Ellsworth, of Staten Island. The yacht ran out of food and fuel, and those on board only kept warm by burning the yawl boat and other woodwork, while they were able to enjoy but one meal per day for several days. They were finally taken from the yacht by the life saving crew of Cobb's Island Station.

The new steam yacht American, Am. Y. C., Archibald Watt, has been officially measured, and found to be of 851 tons gross and 578 tons net. Her official number is 107,433 and her signal letters are KNVJ.

Messrs. Tams & Lemoine have placed a contract with the Lawley Corporation for a centerboard schooner of composite build, of 70 ft. lw. and 93 ft. over all, 20 ft. beam and 8 ft. 6 in. draft, designed by them. The owner of the yacht is reported to be H. L. Eno, of Saugatuck, Conn.

The Spalding St. Lawrence Boat Co., of Ogdensburg, has just issued a new catalogue of small power yachts, including yacht tenders, hunting launches, high speed open launches, cabin launches, etc. The company is using for motive power the Alco-Vapor Motor. Numerous sizes and designs, for all classes of work, are listed and illustrated.

The American Boat Works, Fred Siebert, manager, of St. Louis, Mo., is making a specialty of a small sailing yacht, built on the knock-down plan, all parts being got out, fitted and then shipped in a crate, ready to be put together by any builder. The boat is 20 ft. over all, 5 ft. beam and about 8 in. draft without board, with good overhangs at each end. Everything excepting sails and rigging is furnished for a very low price, the frame, planking, nails, etc., and the young amateur will find this an easy introduction to practical building.

Canoeing.

CANOEING NEWS NOTES.

The 1899 catalogue of J. H. Rushton, Canton, N. Y., is devoted exclusively to canoes and rowboats, Mr. Rushton, after a good deal of experimenting with small power boats, having decided to discontinue them and devote himself exclusively to those craft which have made his name known everywhere. The list of models, both of canoes and boats, has been extended and now includes a very large variety of pleasure craft. The quality of the Rushton work is too well known to need any special mention. The catalogue, which is a very large one, lists everything in the way of sails, spars, fittings, paddles, oars, etc. The various models and rigs are so fully described in detail that the purchaser need have no difficulty in selecting exactly what he may desire for any special purpose.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Conlin's Tournament.

THE programme of Conlin's Jubilee and Sportsmen's tournament, to be held at Conlin's gallery, N. W. corner of Thirty-first street and Broadway, New York, can be obtained by addressing Mr. James S. Conlin as above. The tournament opened on Feb. 25 and will continue day and night until March 18. The event prizes and rules of the tournament are as follows:

Rifle Matches.

One hundred shots match, only one entry allowed, .22 cal. rifles only used, and furnished by the gallery; 10 targets for each man, and 10 shots on each target; distance 25 yds., off-hand; standard American target to be used; entrance fee, \$5; 50 cents of the entrance money to be divided into prizes of 20, 15, 10 and 5 per cent.; for the best 5 targets of any one contestant in this match, the prize will be the magnificent engraving of "The English Rifleman at Wimbledon," presented by John Rigby, Esq., captain of the Irish Rifleman.

Rest rifle match, or "go as you please": To be shot on the seven-bullseye target; re-entries; gold medals for first and second prizes; entries 25 cents each; distance 20 yds. Presented by Winchester Arms Co.

Rapidity and accuracy match: Re-entries allowed; entry fees 25 cents each; time for 15 shots, 15 seconds; for every second gained under the limit, two points to be added to the score; for every second over the limit, two points to be taken from the score; the best three targets to count; running deer target. Prizes for this match are: First, gold medal, presented by the Peters Cartridge Co. Second, an elegant rifle, presented by the Stevens Arms Co. Third, gold badge.

Pistol Matches.

Pistol match: Re-entries; entries 25 cents, 7 shots each;

standard American target; distance 12yds.; three best targets to count. Prizes: First, Stevens target pistol. Second, a pair of sporting pictures. Third, one sporting picture.

Revolvers match: Three elegant gold medals are the prizes in this match; re-entries; entries 50 cents; the two best targets, Gastine Reunette, French, at 12yds., and 17 meters to count. The well-known revolver rules to govern this match.

Colorado Springs Rifle Club.

COLORADO SPRINGS, Col., Feb. 19.—The following scores were fired on the above date at the range of the Colorado Springs Rifle Club, in competition for the Stevens rifle, which was donated to the club by the J. Stevens Arms Company:

T J Wright.....	6	8	6	8	8	5	5	7	6	64
W Roby.....	6	2	6	4	6	4	4	7	4	3
D Wright.....	2	7	3	4	2	4	6	9	5	5
R Wright.....	5	9	6	6	8	8	2	9	7	4
D J Grace.....	5	5	3	0	4	4	7	4	6	1
W M Kinsman.....	6	5	2	2	3	5	10	3	8	1
T H Rich.....	4	6	10	4	3	3	9	6	9	5
H C Loesch.....	10	5	7	7	7	5	8	4	5	6
E A Hodgkins.....	5	7	10	6	5	5	8	4	5	6
J M Auld.....	5	7	10	4	7	6	6	7	6	3
A G Crissey.....	4	8	10	6	6	4	6	4	9	10
Van Dyne.....	4	4	6	7	10	5	8	4	6	9
J H Byrne.....	8	6	7	6	8	9	6	9	7	9
J C Fox.....	9	7	7	6	8	5	8	4	6	5
W R Mason.....	7	10	9	8	7	6	7	7	6	7
Harlin.....	6	6	8	5	8	5	2	6	2	7
A J Lawton.....	8	5	5	3	4	6	8	7	5	5
D J Grace.....	3	1	6	4	1	6	3	4	2	3
	4	9	9	7	5	6	8	6	8	7
	5	5	5	8	4	5	8	8	4	8
	6	8	5	7	5	7	7	9	2	4
	5	6	2	9	5	4	7	6	5	2
	9	4	3	4	4	9	5	7	8	5
	5	7	8	5	8	9	4	7	5	6
	5	8	7	6	5	8	6	10	9	7

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

THE following scores were made by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association, in regular competition at Four-Mile House, Reading Road, Feb. 19. Conditions, 200yds., off-hand, at the German ring target. Hasenzahl was declared champion with a score of 224. He also wins the honor medal for February with a score of 71 on the honor target. Weather conditions were not as favorable as could be desired on account of a strong, erratic wind blowing across the range from 3 to 5 o'clock:

Champion score:										
Hasenzahl.....	18	22	17	21	25	23	23	24	22	218
Payne.....	21	21	16	24	20	18	19	22	24	209
Drube.....	18	23	18	16	24	15	23	14	15	187
Nestler.....	23	20	14	16	2	22	20	25	21	203
Weinheimer.....	19	20	16	12	20	14	20	23	21	186
Roberts.....	21	22	12	16	17	16	18	19	16	176
Uckotter.....	22	13	17	19	17	12	24	17	21	174
Hasenzahl.....	23	23	22	24	21	21	25	23	22	224
Strickmeier.....	23	19	16	24	18	19	22	19	19	199
Williams.....	21	18	18	24	20	19	18	19	18	193
Honor target.	19	23	17	59	214	214	213			
Payne.....	19	15	14	48	220	212	204			
Drube.....	20	19	16	55	222	221	219			
Nestler.....	21	17	19	57	193	186	183			
Weinheimer.....	16	22	15	53	210	195	195			
Roberts.....	16	18	21	55	208	206	204			
Uckotter.....	15	18	22	55	181	179	177			
Hasenzahl.....	23	24	24	71	216	215	207			
Strickmeier.....	21	20	19	60	209	209	208			
Williams.....	16	17	18	51	190	181	179			
Special scores.										
Payne.....	214	214	213							
Drube.....	220	212	204							
Nestler.....	222	221	219							
Weinheimer.....	210	195	195							
Roberts.....	208	206	204							
Uckotter.....	181	179	177							
Hasenzahl.....	216	215	207							
Strickmeier.....	209	209	208							
Williams.....	190	181	179							

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

Fixtures.

March 1.—White Plains, N. Y.—Fifteen live-bird handicap, \$10 entrance, birds included. E. G. Horton, Manager, White Plains.

March 2.—West Chester, Pa.—West Chester Gun Club's annual shoot for a Remington hammerless. F. H. Eachers, Sec'y.

March 2-11.—Madison Square Garden.—Tournament in connection with Sportsmen's Exposition. Address, Sportsmen's Exposition, 280 Broadway, New York.

March 25.—Pawling, N. Y.—Postponed shoot of the Pawling Rod and Gun Club. Geo. S. Williams, Sec'y.

March —.—Brooklyn, L. I.—Monthly shoot of the Brooklyn Gun Club. John Wright, Manager.

April 4-5.—Chambersburg, Pa.—Chambersburg Gun Club's spring live-bird and target tournament; open to all. J. M. Runk, Captain.

April 11-13.—Elkwood Park, Long Branch, N. J.—The Interstate Association's seventh annual Grand American Handicap tournament. Entries close April 4. Edward Banks, Sec'y, 318 Broadway.

April 18-20.—Lincoln, Neb.—The Lincoln Gun Club's second annual interstate tournament; targets and live birds; \$500 added. Geo. L. Carter, Sec'y.

April 18-21.—Baltimore, Md.—Prospect Park Shooting Association's tournament; \$500 added. Stanley Baker, Sec'y.

April 25-27.—Kansas City, Mo.—Ninth annual tournament of the Missouri State Amateur Shooting Association, under auspices of Washington Park Gun Club; \$400 added money; target and live birds. Walter F. Bruns, Sec'y.

April 28-29.—Baltimore, Md.—Tournament of Baltimore Shooting Association; targets and live birds; money added. Geo. L. Harrison, Sec'y.

May 2-5.—Lincoln, Neb.—Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association's twenty-third annual tournament, under the auspices of the Capital City Gun Club; six amateur and four open events each day; targets and live birds. R. M. Welch, Sec'y.

May 9-13.—Peoria, Ill.—Illinois State Sportsmen's Association's tournament. C. F. Simmons, Sec'y.

May 16-19.—Erie, Pa.—Ninth annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Reed Hurst Gun Club. F. W. Bacon, Sec'y.

May 16-20.—St. Louis, Mo.—Tournament of the Missouri State Fish and Game Protective Association. H. B. Collins, Sec'y.

May 17-18.—Oil City, Pa.—Tournament of Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Oil City Gun Club. F. S. Bates, Sec'y.

May 23-25.—Algona, Ia.—Tournament of the Iowa State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game. John G. Smith, Pres.

May 24-25.—Greenwood, S. C.—Annual live-bird tournament of the Greenwood Gun Club; 25-bird Southern Handicap. R. C. McCants, Sec'y.

May 30.—Canajoharie, N. Y.—All-day target shoot at Canajoharie, N. Y. Charles Weeks, Sec'y.

May 30-June 2.—Erie, Pa.—Ninth annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Reed Hurst Gun Club. Frank W. Bacon, Sec'y.

June 5-10.—Buffalo, N. Y.—New York State shoot, under the auspices of the Buffalo Audubon Gun Club; \$1,000 guaranteed; over \$2,000 in merchandise, and \$1,000 added money in open events. Chas. Bamberg, Sec'y, 51 Edna Place.

June 6-9.—Sioux City, Pa.—Fifth annual amateur tournament of the Soo Gun Club. E. R. Chapman, Sec'y.

June 7-9.—Columbus, O.—Tournament of the Ohio Trap-Shooters' League, under the auspices of the Sherman Rod and Gun Club. J. C. Porterfield, Sec'y, O. T. S. L.

June 14-15.—Bellows Falls, Vt.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Bellows Falls Gun Club. C. H. Gibson, Sec'y.

June 14-16.—Cleveland, O.—Cleveland Target Co.'s tournament.

June 20-22.—Wheeling, W. Va.—Third annual tournament of the West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Wheeling Gun Club, Wheeling, W. Va. Ed O. Bower, Sec'y.

July 19-20.—Providence, R. I.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Providence Gun Club. R. C. Root, Sec'y.

Aug. 9-10.—Portland, Me.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Portland Gun Club. S. B. Adams, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

On Saturday morning last Manager John S. Wright, of the Brooklyn, N. Y., Gun Club, handed the club's check for \$10 to the secretary-treasurer of the Interstate Association, the same being the forfeit money necessary to enter C. W. Billings, of Hoboken, N. J., as a contestant in the coming Grand American Handicap. Mr. Billings is a member of the Brooklyn Gun Club and won the free entrance to the Grand American Handicap offered by the club to the man making the highest aggregate in eight of the twelve monthly shoots of the club from March, 1898, to February, 1899, inclusive.

On March 17 and 18 the sixth annual 100-bird handicap of the Riverton Gun Club, Philadelphia, will be held. Handicaps will be from 25 to 30yds. The programme for the first day provides two events, one at 10 birds, \$10 entrance; moneys, 40, 25, 15 and 10 per cent. Second event, 30 birds, \$25 entrance, 30yds. rise; cup and 10 per cent. to first, 25 per cent. to second, 15 to third and 10 to fourth. The 100-bird handicap will take place Friday, March 18. The conditions are 100 birds, \$100 entrance.

Two of the contestants in the amateur championship, which was shot at the Carteret Club's traps, Garden City, L. I., N. Y., Feb. 21-22, have made European records as shooters that they may well be proud of. Mr. Oakleigh Thorne's mark at the traps of the Gun Club, of London, England, is 31yds.—a mark on which he has few companions. Mr. Foxhall Keene, as a member of the Cercle des Patineurs, of Paris, France, shot himself back to the 32½ yd. mark, and kept on winning, when he got back there.

Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, the accomplished manager of the Interstate Association, has been in New York some days, putting some finishing touches on Grand American Handicap matters and arranging for the tournament at the Sportsmen's Exposition, he having that part in charge. Those who wish to see clock-work precision in managing the details of a tournament will have that opportunity when they observe Mr. Shaner in charge.

In a brief note, to which the signature of the King Powder Co. and the Peters Cartridge Co. are attached, we learn that they will occupy space 75 (southeast side), at the Sportsmen's show; and they add: "It is not our intention to make an elaborate display of the goods we manufacture, but to provide suitable and comfortable headquarters for our friends and the trade generally." T. H. Keller, their able representative, will be in charge.

At Lyndhurst, N. J., on Feb. 25, Mr. Harold Money, son of the famous Capt. A. W. Money, defeated Mr. T. W. Morley for the E. C. cup, emblematic of the championship of New Jersey. The score was 42 to 36. While the score seems low, the conditions made good shooting difficult, the background being mixed trees, fences and buildings, and the targets were thrown very swiftly.

An electric motor will drive the magatrap which will be used to throw the targets of the Sportsmen's Exposition's tournament, to be held on the roof of Madison Square Garden, the programme of which was published in our columns last week. This will insure the most precise uniformity in the speed of the machine, and consequently the speed of the targets will be more uniform.

The letter of Mr. Edward Banks, in the matter of cocking hammer and hammerless guns in live-bird shooting, when a misfire occurs, will be read with interest and profit by all who participate in competition or who wish to keep posted in matters pertaining to trap-shooting. It will be found elsewhere in our trap columns.

No doubt the tournament of the Sportsmen's Exposition will develop some new wonders in the way of a continuous performance in breaking targets, as several seasoned gladiators will try their hand at it. Still, it is more than probable, that the tournament will be run long enough for all to miss at least one target.

The daily papers will persist in saying that any person winning the E. C. cup, which is emblematic of the inanimate target championship of New Jersey, three times in succession, will become the permanent owner of the trophy. Such is not the case, as the cup is a challenge trophy, and goes with the title of champion of New Jersey.

On Feb. 22, at Watson's, with snow falling and the wind blowing across the traps from right to left, Messrs. E. S. Rice, Knowles and Parker shot each at 25 birds, making respectively 21, 19 and 19. On Feb. 21, at the same place, 30 birds each, Dr. Kibbey killed 26, Mr. Rice 23.

In a two-men team race, shot on the Carteret Gun Club's grounds on Feb. 24, Messrs. G. F. Francis and J. A. Graves defeated Messrs. Foxhall Keene and D. J. Bradley, 25 birds per man, by a score of 74 to 72. All stood at 30yds. There was a good breeze blowing at the time.

Under date of Feb. 4, Mr. E. D. Fulford writes us, from Cincinnati, as follows: "Please mention that I abandon my shoot, as many of my Western friends who promised to come will go with Mr. Rice, on his special train, which leaves Chicago about April 8."

Mr. E. B. Coe, of Baltimore, Md., is at present making a stay in this city, and will take part in some of the club shoots around New York for the next few weeks. Mr. Coe shoots targets well, but his specialty is live birds, on which he shoots a hot gait.

In their match at 100 live birds, at Watson's Park, Chicago, last week, a straight 12 o'clock wind blowing at the time, Silas Palmer and O. von Lengerke tied on 93. Palmer killed his second 25 straight, and he made a run of 33 without a miss.

At Watson's Park, Feb. 20, the Fearless Gun Club and the Alpine Gun Club, in a four-men team race, 10 live birds per man, tied on 27 each. The tie was shot off at 5 live birds, the Fearless team winning the tie by a score of 12 to 7.

Wednesday of this week is fixed as the date for a match between Mr. A. Johnson, of Atlantic City, N. J., and Mr. R. A. Welch, of Philadelphia, 100 live birds each, at Charter Oak Park, Gloucester, for a large purse.

Mr. L. B. Fleming, at the shoot of the Greenfield Gun Club, Pittsburg, Feb. 15, made the extraordinary high score of 99 out of 100, missing his 54th target. This beats the club record of 97, previously held by Pills.

In the match between J. Rehrig, of Weisport, Pa., and W. Terry, at Yardville, N. J., on Feb. 24, Rehrig won easily, with a score of 45 out of the 50 live birds shot at. Terry withdrew at the 44th round with 29 kills.

Mr. E. S. Rice defeated Mr. T. P. Hicks on Feb. 24, at Watson's Park, Burnside Crossing, in a contest for the Chicago Challenge trophy, the former standing at 28yds., the latter at 30yds.

Saturday of this week is target day at the New Utrecht Gun Club's shoot at Woodlawn, L. I.

Palm Beach Gun Club.

PALM BEACH, Fla., Feb. 23.—The handicap shoot at 30 targets, known angles and traps, \$2 entrance, took place to-day.

Dr Kainer.....	1010101010011001111010101	19
Parker.....	11011111110111111111101111	27
Cook.....	11100110110011000110101010	21
Yale Dolan.....	11111111111110110001010101	24
Chapin.....	10101010111010110110011110	27
Stafford, Jr.....	00100001000111010010100111	18
Mallinckrodt.....	11011000111100101111111111	25
Toland.....	101010101010011000103010111	16
Jones.....	11111010101011011011111110	25
Woodruff.....	00000000000000000100010000	9
Humphrey.....	00001101011001101010100001	19
Shinmeyer.....	10111110110111111110110111	25
Norrie.....	00000010001000001000010001	29
Connaway.....	101111100110000001000111001	7
Stafford, Sr.....	00101001011000101001001001	14

Handicap:		
Kainer.....	010	Toland.....out.
Cook.....	0101	Woodruff.....out.
Chapin.....	0110110	Humphrey.....100100000101
Stafford, Jr.....	001000011	Norrie.....out.
Mallinckrodt.....	010	Connaway.....1000010001001
Jones.....	010	

In the shoot-off for first prize Parker broke 15, missed 0; Chapin broke 15, missed 3.

Second score: Parker broke 13, missed 2; Chapin broke 14, missed 4.

In the shoot-off for third prize Mallinckrodt broke 9, missed 2; Jones broke 12, missed 0; Shinmeyer broke 8, missed 2.

Chapin won first prize, a very handsome silver cup. Parker, second prize, a very handsome silver flask. Jones, third prize, a very handsome silver stein.

Referee, Mr. Williamson; scorer, Capt. Ernest Allen; puller and manager, Wm. Dietsch. Rapid-fire system, using five traps.

Warwick Gun Club.

WARWICK, N. Y., Feb. 23.—Herewith is a complete copy of the scores made at the shoot of the Warwick Gun Club, on Feb. 22. In the morning the glare from the snow was very trying, and the result is low scores. The president's cup is a challenge cup, and never becomes the property of any one. The E. cup has to be won four times from four different shooters before it becomes the property of any one. This is Edsall's first win. In the race between Servin and Welling it was a toss-up until the last bird:

President's cup:		
J H Servin, holder.....	111111111001010110010	17
	0101001101101111111110	18
	01010110110011110000110	14
	0000001101111111111111	17
Thos Welling, challenger.....	1101011011100011001100	15
	11011011010011011001	16
	1000111111101010111110	18
	1101111011100100110001	16

E. C. Cup:		
W S Lines, holder.....	01101011010101101101	16
	11001101110001011000	15
	0101111101010010010101	15
	1101110001111011110110	19

A W Edsall, challenger.....	1011111010010001110010	15
	1001101010101111111111	19
	1110011111011011101111	21
	0111111101101101111111	21

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	15	10	25	5p	25	10	10	10	10
Ogden.....	8	7	5	13	3	15	6	6	7	4
Williams.....	8	15	4	20	5	3	6	7	4	
Welch.....	8	13	9	21	18	6				
Lines.....	8	12	5	13	2					
Edsall.....	9	12	5	20	4	22				7
Sanford.....	6		10							
Ketchum.....	0									
A Servin.....	0									
C Wisner.....	7	19	6							
J Servin.....	2									
Dunning.....	8	22	5	17	8	7	7	8		
Chamberlain.....	17								6	4
C Vernon.....	1								5	
J Wisner.....	6									
R Vernon.....	3									

No. 4 was a handicap; No. 8 was gun below elbow. Team race, 20 unknown angles: Lines, captain, 12, Dunning 12, Ogden 14, C. Wisner 8, R. Vernon 13, Chamberlain 12; total 71. Edsall, captain, 15, Welch 14, Williams 12, J. Servin 17, C. Vernon 11, Freeman 12; total 81. JOHN B. ROGERS.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Brooklyn Gun Club.

Brooklyn, L. I., Feb. 25.—The scores made to-day at the Brooklyn Gun Club's shoot are as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	15
Douglas	19	19	17	19	10	18	17	15	10	12	
Lane	18	14									9
Kimble	16	17		18	15	9	16	16	15	8	
Van Sice	12										
David	13	14	9	15							11
Wright			15	17							8 10
Creamer			11		11	10	9				5 3 9
Green											7
Babcock								17	11	17	20 16 11 11

Sheepshead Bay, N. Y., Feb. 22.—The following event was No. 2 and the badge shoot. Mr. H. Koch and Capt. Baldwin tied on a straight score. The former won on the shoot-off:

W. Lundy	0220200-3	Wm Biddle	00121010-3
H. Montanus, Jr.	2222202-6	A. Linder	1002111-5
H. Montanus	2222010-1	F. Lundy	1221101-6
A. Fransioli	0010200-2	F. von Fricken	1121200-5
P. Martin	1101120-5	Capt. Baldwin	1111212-7
H. Koch	1112211-7	H. Williamson	1010212-5
G. McKane	2201222-6	G. Morris	2021211-6
D. Heffner	0202001-3	J. Burns	1220100-4
T. D. Osborn	0002000-1		

Shoot-off for badge:
Capt. Baldwin 0110-2 H. Koch 0121-3

New Utrecht Gun Club.

Bay Ridge, L. I., Feb. 18.—The close match between the Crescent Athletic Club and the New Utrecht was a very interesting affair, and demonstrated that the Crescents are very much at home on their own grounds at known traps and angles. The scores put up by them for twelve men would be hard to beat by any club. The shooting of J. Lott, Hallock, Sykes, Stake and Hegeman was highly commendable. From a New Utrecht standpoint it was a disappointment, inasmuch as their best men were off, but with all that, shooting at known traps and angles is a system that they have long since given up. We trust that in the return match they are just as good at unknown traps and angles as at known traps and angles. The scores:

Crescent Athletic Club.	
J. Lott	11111111111111111111—25
J. H. Hallock	11111111111111111111—24
C. A. Sykes	11111101111111111111—23
D. Hegeman	00111111111111111111—22
E. H. Lott	11111111111111111111—22
T. A. Stake	11011111111111111111—22
C. J. McDonald	11110111111111111111—20
C. J. McDonald	11110111111111111111—19
H. A. Vander Veer	11010111111111111111—19
G. W. Hayden	11111111111111111111—18
J. L. Sargent	10111111111111111111—18
W. J. Sargent	11110100101111111111—14—246

New Utrecht Gun Club.

P. F. George	11111011111111111111	22
A. A. H. Sargent	11111011111111111111	22
J. Gaughen	01011111111111111111	21
G. E. Greiff	10111111111111111111	21
D. C. Bennett	11111111111111111111	21
C. W. Dudley	10110111111111111111	20
W. H. Thompson	01011111111111111111	20
H. L. O'Brien	01111111111111111111	19
C. Ferguson	11110111111111111111	18
G. H. Piercy	11111000011111111111	18
F. A. Thompson	10101111111111111111	18
C. C. Fleet	11001111111111111111	15-235

Feb. 11.—Club shoot:		
A A Hegeman, A, 23.....	1121111210	—9
M Otis, B, 28.....	02222002212	—8
S B Toplitz, B, 28.....	20222011110	—8
C Ferguson, A, 30.....	0022022222	—7
F A Thompson, A, 29.....	10002*2212	—6

500-shell shoot, 3 birds, then miss-and-out:
A. Hegeman, 30.....11212-5 F. A. Thompson, 30.....020 -1
S. B. Topfritz, 29.....12220-4 M. Otis, 28.....000 -0

New Utrecht handicap:
M. Otis, 25.....22221-5 F. A. Thompson, 28.....02022-3
S. B. Topfritz, 25.....12111-5

Quarterly shoot:
A. Hegeman, 28.....10111-4 F. A. Thompson, 28.....20202-3
S. B. Topfritz, 28.....02112-4 M. Otis, 28.....12002-3

Hegeman was very much "in it" to-day, winning the club shoot and scoring 4 points in the quarterly shoot. Topfritz and Otis won out in the New Utrecht handicap.

Woodlawn, L. I., Feb. 22.—The particular feature of the holiday live-bird shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club was the race between Hegeman and Phister. It was good for sore eyes to see those members at the grounds who make a visit there once a year or less, and then shoot out those who are there all the time.

We would suggest to Mr. Van Allen to make his entry for the Grand American Handicap right away, for if his shooting of to-day is any criterion, he certainly will get a share of the purse. Not a miss the whole day, and on hard birds at that:

No. 4.	No. 5.	No. 6.	No. 7.
E. G. Frost, 28.....22212-5	22210-4	22221-5	2222022-6
F. A. Thompson, 29.....11011-4	10123-4	22220-4	*122220-5
*Van Allen, 28.....22222-5			
Gaughen, 28.....			1222222-6

* Guest.

Holiday cup shoot:	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
P. A. Hegeman, B. 27	21221-5	20020-2	12221-5
R. Phister, A. 29	222222222-10		
J. Gaughen, A. 29	1222022212-9		
F. A. Thompson, A. 29	020222221-8		
E. G. Frost, B. 28	002222222-8		
J. I. See, A. 28	22122012-7		
H. L. Hayden, B. 28	02112202-7		
S. M. Van Allen, guest	222222222-10		

In the miss-and-out between Hegeman and Phister, the latter missed his first bird and Hegeman won.

Sweeps, 5 birds, \$1:
H. L. Hayden, 27.....21221-5
F. A. Thompson, 29.....21222-5
D. C. Bennett, 28.....12210-4
E. G. Frost, 28.....22222-5
Van Allen, guest.....22222-5
R. Phister, 29.....12202-4
J. I. See, 28.....2000w

Club shoot.	Handicap.
W. F. Sykes, A. 28.....212222222-10	28. 2102w
M. Otis, B. 28.....222222222-10	28. 12222-5
F. A. Thompson, A. 29.....0120222221-8	29. 1*20w
H. L. Hayden, B. 27.....002022212-8	26. 1110w
S. B. Topfritz, B. 28.....01201121022-8	26. 011w
E. G. Frost, B. 28.....22*2002210-6	27. 2020w
W. H. Thompson, A. 29.....02100211w	29. 0121w
C. Ferguson, A. 27.....02100021w	27. 12220-4
A. A. Hegeman, A. 28.....12*100w	28. 1022w
J. Gaughen, A. 29.....220222222-9	29. 1210w
C. Ferguson, A. 27.....22200021w	27. 12220-4

In the quarterly shoot, 5 birds, all stood at 28yds. The scores were: Fergusson 5, Hegeman 6, Otis 5, Thompson 4, Topfritz 4, Frost 3, Gaughen 3, Hayden 2.

Event.	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
P. Adams.....	28	26	28 2	28 1/2
D. C. Bennett.....	27	28	28 1 1/2	27 1/4
J. A. Bennett.....	28	28	28 1	28 0
J. Cowenhoven.....	26	25	28 3	25 1
G. W. Cropsey.....	27	28	28 1 1/2	27 1/4
C. E. Cowperthwaite.....	27	25	28 3	27 1
D. Deacon.....	28	28	28 1/2	28 0
J. Del Risco.....	27	25	28 3	27 1
A. W. du Bray.....	29	29	28 1 1/2	29 0
C. T. Dazey.....	29	27	28 2	29 1/4
W. E. Duryea.....	26	25	28 3	26 1

New Utrecht Gun Club's pigeon handicap list for 1899 is as follows:

Event.	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
P. Adams.....	28	26	28 2	28 1/2
D. C. Bennett.....	27	28	28 1 1/2	27 1/4
J. A. Bennett.....	28	28	28 1	28 0
J. Cowenhoven.....	26	25	28 3	25 1
G. W. Cropsey.....	27	28	28 1 1/2	27 1/4
C. E. Cowperthwaite.....	27	25	28 3	27 1
D. Deacon.....	28	28	28 1/2	28 0
J. Del Risco.....	27	25	28 3	27 1
A. W. du Bray.....	29	29	28 1 1/2	29 0
C. T. Dazey.....	29	27	28 2	29 1/4
W. E. Duryea.....	26	25	28 3	26 1

A. Eddy.....	B	29	27	28 2	29 1/2
C. Fergusson.....	A	30	30	28 0	30 0
Conny Fergusson.....	A	27	27	28 1 1/2	27 1/4
C. W. Floyd.....	A	28	28	28 1/2	28 0
E. G. Frost.....	B	28	26	28 2 1/2	28 1/2
W. Gilman.....	B	28	26	28 2	28 1/2
G. E. Greiff.....	A	30	30	28 0	30 0
J. Gaughen.....	A	29	29	28 1/2	29 0
H. L. Hayden.....	B	28	26	28 2	28 1/2
P. A. Hegeman.....	B	28	26	28 2	28 1/2
A. A. Hegeman.....	A	28	28	28 1/2	28 0
Jas. E. Jones.....	A	28	28	28 1/2	28 0
E. B. Knowlton.....	B	27	25	28 3	27 1
C. Kattenstroth.....	B	27	25	28 2 1/2	27 1
H. Keller.....	A	28	28	28 1/2	28 0
E. Lohman.....	B	28	26	28 2 1/2	28 1/2
D. Lohman.....	B	26	25	28 3	26 1
M. F. Lindsley.....	A	28	28	28 1/2	28 0
Wm. Lair.....	A	29	29	28 1/2	29 0
J. Lott.....	B	28	26	28 2	28 1/2
Capt. A. W. Money.....	A	30	30	28 0	30 0
L. G. Mitchell.....	B	26	25	28 3	26 1
P. A. Monfort.....	B	26	25	28 3	26 1
S. H. McElroy.....	B	26	25	28 3	26 1
J. M. Meyer.....	A	29	27	28 2	29 1/2
C. M. Meyer.....	B	29	29	28 1/2	29 0
T. F. Morley.....	A	30	30	28 0	30 0
G. E. Nostrand.....	B	29	27	28 2	29 1/2
J. L. Nostrand.....	B	26	25	28 3	26 1
J. Neville.....	B	26	25	28 3	26 1
J. E. Orr.....	B	26	25	28 3	26 1
H. L. O'Brien.....	B	27	25	28 2 1/2	27 1
G. E. Pool.....	A	27	25	28 1 1/2	27 1/4
J. C. Pool.....	B	27	25	28 3	27 1
R. Phister.....	A	29	29	28 1/2	29 0
G. H. Piercy.....	A	29	29	28 1/2	29 0
E. Rasch.....	B	28	26	28 3	26 1
E. S. F. Richardson.....	B	26	25	28 3	26 1
Wm. Rogers.....	B	28	26	28 3	28 1/2
T. B. Ryder.....	B	28	26	28 2	28 1/2
A. Squires.....	B	27	25	28 3	27 1
W. F. Shepard.....	B	28	26	28 2	28 1/2
W. A. Stuart.....	B	28	26	28 2	28 1/2
W. F. Sykes.....	A	28	28	28 1	28 0
T. H. Thomas.....	B	27	25	28 3	27 1
W. H. Thompson.....	A	29	29	28 1/2	29 0
F. A. Thompson.....	A	29	29	28 1/2	29 0
S. B. Topfritz.....	B	28	26	28 2	28 1/2
M. Van Brunt.....	A	28	28	28 1	28 0
R. J. Van Brunt.....	B	27	25	28 3	27 1
Wm. Wynn.....	A	29	29	28 1/2	29 0

There will be four shoots on each club day, viz., the second and fourth Saturdays in each month. The shooting committee have endeavored to so arrange the handicaps as to give an equal chance to all members. These handicaps are subject to change at the monthly meetings of the shooting committee, and when changes are made they will be based upon recent scores.

Event No. 1 will be the regular club shoot, at 10 birds. The handicaps are arranged on the point system, the same as last year. It is desired that this shoot commence promptly at 2:30, and no entries will be received after the completion of the fifth round. There is no entrance fee in this event, but a sweep can be arranged at the pleasure of those participating.

Event No. 2.—An entrance fee of 25 cents will be charged in this event, the money going to the club. A sweep can be arranged at the pleasure of those participating. The shoot is at 5 birds, and the handicap is one of distance only. The member having the most wins at the end of the year is entitled to compete in the Grand American Handicap of 1900, the club paying his entrance fee therein, and also for his birds.

Event No. 3.—The handicap is arranged on the point system, every bird killed counting 1 point. Entrance fee 50 cents, the money going to the club. A sweep can be arranged at the pleasure of those participating. The shoot will be at 5 birds. A prize will be purchased by the club with the money received in entrance fees, and this prize will be presented each quarter to the member having the most points to his credit.

Event No. 4 will carry with it a merchandise prize, to be given every month to the member having the highest number of points to his credit. The shoot will be at 5 birds, a clean score counting 1 point, 4 birds killed 1/2 point, and 3 birds 1/4 point.

E. G. Frost, Sec'y.

Altoona Rod and Gun Club.

ALTOONA, Pa.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* One of the most successful one-day tournaments ever held in central Pennsylvania was that given by the Altoona Rod and Gun Club, Altoona, Pa., at their Llyswn grounds, near the city, on Feb. 22. In fact, it reminded one of the big tournaments this organization has held at their Wapsononock grounds, now locked up in the embrace of winter. The weather was all that could have been expected during mid-winter, and was not unpleasant, save a high wind that prevailed throughout the day, which made clean scores almost an impossibility.

The shooting throughout was quite spirited. There were thirty-six contestants. Among those from a distance were D. D. Stine and P. J. Trego, Tyrone, Pa.; J. A. Holderbaum, Warren Smith and John Acker, Osterberg, Pa.; Uncle John Gelm, Braddock, Pa.; W. J. Koplin, Emmet Rhoades, and J. A. Rhoades, Johnstown, Pa.; Justus Volk, South Fork, Pa.; R. B. Bennett and M. McDaniel, Pittsburg; J. B. Highberger, C. A. Conrad, S. B. Kellerman, A. E. Earhart, C. Wendroth and F. P. Abercrombie, Cersson, Pa.; T. H. Keller, New York, and W. G. Clark, Elwood City, Pa.

During the evening a sumptuous banquet was served in the club house dining room, in honor of the visiting shooters.

The club is in a most flourishing condition and is assuming its old-time place in the trap-shooting circuit. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	10	20	10	15	25	10	10	10	10
Killits	7	5	8	1	7	13	9	5	5	6
Houck	8	9	16	7	8	19	6	9	5	8
Smith	8	10	16	8	11	21	8	7	8	9
Holderbaum	7	2	9	8	7	13	3	7	8	5
Stine	8	5	13	7	3	11	7	5	10	4
Sands	6	7	15	7	11	23	8	7	9	6
Trego	7	7	15	9	11	16	6	6	7	6
Uncle John	6	8	13	7	12	19	6	7	8	8
Ritchey	6	8	11	8	11	15	6			
Bennett	7	8	17	7	11	20	9	6	7	6
Clark	8	6	13	7	11	19	8	9	7	7
McNaught	5	14	8	10	18					
E Rhoades	2	8	14	3	6					
Volk	3	5	10	8	6	13	5	7	4	4
Clover	7	8	15	8	13	20	8	10	6	6
Kotty	6	7	13			16	9		5	5
Red Bird			8							
W E Bell			8		5	8	15			
J A Rhoades			1	7	15	7			8	
Koplin					5	9	19	3	3	7
Hall				5						
Highberger					8	12	3	3	4	
Wendroth					10	17				
Conrad					7	8	4	4		
Bender					10		8		6	
Acker				3	4					
Heinsling					8	7		3		
Keller						17	8		7	
House					8			3		
Deliplaine						2				
Earhart						9				
C E Rhoades							6		9	
Bastain No. 1							8			
Bastain No. 3								4		
G T Bell									4	
Bastain No. 2										4



EWD

Supplement to Forest and Stream.

THE PRIMITIVE AMERICAN HUNTER.

Copyright, 1897, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co

"Then said the Sun to Scarface: Which one of all the animals is most sacred? The buffalo. Of all animals I like him the best. He is for the people. He is your food and your shelter."

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO.

TERMS, \$4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY.
SIX MONTHS, \$2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 11, 1899.

VOL. I. 11. -- No. 10.
No. 846 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, \$4 per year, \$2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iv.

THE EASTERN ELK.

It is more than fifty years since the wapiti was practically exterminated from the eastern United States and Canada, and one of the most eminent American authorities on mammals has stated that it is probable that the Eastern elk was a different animal from the Western form with which we are all so familiar. Only a single specimen of the old-time Eastern elk is known, so far as we remember, and characteristic remains of this species of any sort are almost entirely wanting. When, therefore, the report was received that in 1896 Count Henri de Puyjalon had found traces of elk in the western portion of the Province of Quebec, and when early last winter we received the report of the killing of an elk on a tributary of the Mata-pedia River in Bonaventure county, Quebec, it seemed highly desirable that an investigation of these reports should be made, and that positive information should be had as to whether elk are still found in either of these localities. If found in either, the chances were altogether in favor of their belonging to that form which once ranged in the northeastern United States, that is to say, in New York, parts of New England, and also in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia.

In view of all these facts, the FOREST AND STREAM set on foot an inquiry, the results of which are here given. We have consulted a number of men, all of whom are in the highest degree reliable, and the evidence is overwhelming that the elk still exists in the western portion of Quebec on the head waters of the Ottawa River. Thus, the report of the Count de Puyjalon is amply confirmed by positive testimony much more satisfactory than he was able to furnish. On the other hand, the story of the elk killed near the Metapedia is by the statement of Mr. Joncas disproved. This, however, is further complicated by a letter which we publish this week from Mr. Noah Palmer. The whole subject is one of such interest that any evidence bearing on it will be gladly received.

Mr. L. Z. Joncas, now in charge of the Quebec exhibit at the Madison Square Garden, states emphatically that the animal killed in the Metapedia in eastern New Brunswick and called an elk, is nothing more than an ordinary woodland caribou, with a somewhat unusual horn development. As the head is on exhibition in the Garden, the statement may easily be verified. In reply to inquiry as to elk in western Quebec, Mr. Joncas shows the heads of three wapiti killed on the headwaters of the Ottawa. The heads were procured by Indians near Grand Lake Victoria, and there is reason to believe that there exists in this neighborhood at the present time, a breeding stock of *Cervus canadensis*, sufficiently numerous to perpetuate the race. Mr. Joncas says that in this Pontiac country on the upper Ottawa, elk were found in large numbers thirty or forty years ago, and that they are apparently on the increase at the present time. The region lies between the 77th and 78th parallels of longitude, and the 47th and 48th of north latitude.

Further evidence on this point is given by Mr. N. E. Cormier, Superintendent of Fisheries and Game, Avinier, Quebec, and also by Mr. L. O. Armstrong, of the C. P. Ry. Both gentlemen state that they have personal knowledge of the existence of wapiti at the present time in the neighborhood mentioned. Mr. Cormier says that George C. Rainboth, Provincial Land Surveyor, saw elk near Grand Lake Victoria in the winter of 1896.

The elk seem to be confined closely to this particular locality. Men who are familiar with the country a few hundred miles away, say they have never seen nor heard of elk. Alfred Lanoie, who has made nearly a dozen trips to Hudson's Bay, and passed to east and west of the Pontiac country, says he knows nothing of elk. So does Beebe Tirette, of St. Raymond, and Mr. C. C. Farr, of Haileyburg, on Lake Temiscamingue. Willie Paulson, who hunts on the Montreal River and around Lake Temagong, furnishes a piece of information, however,

which seems to indicate that stray wapiti occasionally range several degrees to the west of the region which seems to be occupied by the main herd. He states that the wife of Malcolm McLain, a former Hudson Bay Company factor, saw an elk on Lake Animapissing recently. Mrs. McLain has seen caribou and moose and deer all her life, but she had never before seen an elk. She described the animal as being large as a moose, and of a yellowish patchy color. It was a bull, and had horns similar to a deer's, except that they were much larger, and bent backward instead of forward. The animal was walking when seen.

Eight years ago Paulson himself killed an odd animal which would have furnished material for a pseudo elk story to a man inclined to prevaricate. He says, however, that it was nothing but a moose with an unusual horn development. Its color was black, and it had all the moose characteristics, except as regards its antlers. Paulson described the horns as branching like those of a caribou. There were six or seven prongs on each side, which were a foot or more in length, and no wider than the parts of a caribou's antlers. It was a very old animal, Paulson said, and was killed near where the Montreal River empties into Lake Temiscamingue. The horns were sold to the Hudson Bay Company.

The testimony which we have thus recorded, which appears to establish the existence of the wapiti or round horned elk far to the east of any region which it was thought now to occupy, is of very great interest, for it offers to big game hunters a new, and not very inaccessible, locality where elk may be killed. Yet the news is far more interesting to the naturalist than it is to the hunter; for in this herd of elk—which cannot be large—may be found the only survivors of a form which once roamed over the forests and valleys of the eastern States from Georgia on the south far into Canada on the north.

Whether this eastern elk was actually different from the Rocky Mountain form may well enough be doubted, and we can have no positive knowledge about this until specimens of the two are compared. Yet, as the elk in question are found about in the longitude of Buffalo, N. Y., or not more than two degrees west of Washington, it may be regarded as quite certain that they represent the eastern form, and are not more different from it, than are the Virginia deer which inhabit the same region different from those ranging in Maine or the Adirondacks.

It appears that, although no one else seems to have known of the existence of this eastern herd of elk, the Indians and the few Hudson's Bay men who occupy the limited area of its range, have always known that the elk were there, and a few hides have been exported by the Hudson's Bay Company each year. It may be imagined, however, that the number of the animals found here is not large, and now their existence has become generally known they will in all likelihood soon be exterminated unless active measures are taken for their protection against visiting sportsmen and Indians alike. It is earnestly to be desired, therefore, that the Quebec Provincial Government should absolutely prohibit for a considerable period the killing of any of this remnant of the eastern elk, and in this connection the recommendations made some years ago by Count Henri de Puyjalon deserve careful consideration.

To set aside as a great game reserve, where no hunting should be done, the whole territory between the Ottawa and Temiscamingue to the west, Lakes Quinze, White and Expanse to the north, the Ottawa River to the south and a line starting from the mouth of the Ouanaouais passing Lakes Antiquas, Grand Lake, and following the Du Moine River to the Ottawa to the east, would fairly place Quebec in the forefront of the Provinces so far as big game protection is concerned. A definite area, which is reserved can be effectively policed and protected. The overflow from the protected country would give wonderfully good hunting in the whole region adjacent to the reservation. In practice the restrictions on hunting would not be felt, while the advantages from having such a protected stock of game as would soon exist in the reserve would attract sportsmen from far and from near. Such action is perhaps too radical to be hoped for at present, but some such radical action must be taken before long.

The far-sighted policy of the Provincial Government of Ontario in setting aside as a game and fish reservation and a public pleasure resort for its people the noble Algonquin

Park south of the Ottawa River, might wisely be imitated by the Province of Quebec in establishing for its people within the boundaries suggested, and so adjacent to the Algonquin Park, a pleasure resort not less beautiful, more extensive and more valuable.

THE NEWFOUNDLAND CARIBOU.

THE people of Newfoundland appear to be pursuing a line of conduct with respect to their supply of big game precisely like that followed by residents of the United States, and destined, if uninterrupted, to result in a like ruin of native resources. The stories of vast slaughter of caribou, such as is given in our columns to-day, show that in Newfoundland a present plenty is blindly accepted as a permanent abundance; and while restrictions are placed upon visiting sportsmen, the native market-hunter is given full license to slaughter by the ton. There is no perceptible diminution of the supply, we are told. That is the old, old story. There is always a period, as there was in the United States, when unrestrained killing of game caused no visible difference in the supply. But the disastrous rule in nine cases out of ten is that when the evil results of unbridled pursuit begin to make themselves manifest, it is then too late to stay the game decrease.

The local game protective association has undertaken to provide, by legislative intervention, for restricting the killing of caribou. This is a public concern of importance in which they should have the hearty support of their fellow citizens. Properly cared for, the Newfoundland caribou may be preserved as a permanent resource of the island, and a way should be found to do this without interfering in any respect with the real interests of any one concerned.

The improved means of communication between Newfoundland and the United States, the better provision likely to be made for the entertainment of visitors to the island, the narrowing of other available game fields, and the growing fame of the big heads to be won on the deer barrens—all these influences are tending to promote the coming of sportsmen-tourists in increasing hosts. The license fee imposed is so large that the revenue to the public treasury, already worthy of consideration, will in the future mean much more. But American sportsmen will resort to Newfoundland for caribou only so long as there shall be caribou there to reward them for the money and time expended. The authorities of the colony may not expect to derive a revenue from this source after once the report goes out that their hunting resources have been depreciated. Action looking toward better protection of the game should be taken at once.

SNAP SHOTS.

The spirit of organization among hunting guides is spreading. We report to-day a new association just formed by the guides of the Jackson Hole district in the Rocky Mountains. An organization of this character is capable of accomplishing a vast deal both for the guides and their employers, if it shall be conducted simply and honestly with a purpose to promote fair dealing between the two classes. Big game hunters will heartily wish the new movement a full measure of success.

In the rush of the closing days of the fifty-fifth Congress, the Lacey-Hoar bird bill failed of enactment, which means that it is dead altogether, and if the matter is ever taken up at Washington again it must be from the beginning. As both Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, and Representative Lacey, of Iowa, will be in the next Congress, we may reasonably anticipate that they will renew their activity in this direction.

Further distressing reports of the effects of the great storm upon the game come to us from the South. In some sections the supply is apparently wiped out so completely that years will be required to restore it. One condition which added to the destructiveness of the storm was that it advanced from the south to the north, and thus there was for the birds no retreat before it.

The Maryland Game Protective Association, which is among the most businesslike and efficient of the protective organizations of the day, has been forehanded and energetic in providing food for the quail in the several counties of the State. Grain has been supplied, and in some instances where conditions favored such enterprise, shelters have been established.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Gens des Bois.—II.

Guy Ferguson.

THOUGH of Scotch ancestry, Guy Ferguson has few of the traits that characterize the old Covenant stock. He works when he has to, and has no more love for wrestling with knotty problems than with knotty logs. Such jobs he leaves for others, provided he cannot, by the exercise of his ingenuity, devise some easy way for circumventing the difficulty. His fertility of resource at such times stamps him more certainly, perhaps, than anything else as a true Yankee. In physique Guy is of the greyhound type.

He is a wiry man, above the average height, with sandy mustache and hair, thin features, quizzical eyes that are equally good at pointing a joke or sighting a rifle, and a face that as a whole has a singularly expressive power for understanding other men. Some men accumulate flesh by eating; but with Guy every pound of food taken into his system and every plug of tobacco consumed goes to make nerve and sinew.

In off-hand shooting, Guy's hand trembles noticeably, but the organizer of a chicken shoot who knows him derives little comfort from the fact, for he is well aware that it is only a question of how many chickens he can afford to sacrifice to that unerring aim before he may with decency bar the unprofitable contestant.

Guy is a quick, shifty farm laborer, but he is chiefly known for his ability as a coon hunter, "ginshang" rustler, fisherman and locator of wild honey. In these respects he has few equals and no superiors, and taken all in all he is the representative woodsman of the hilly Lake Champlain country bordering on the Boquet Valley.

Bee Hunting.

"I was up on Split Rock Mountain last Sunday, and I got a line on some bees; but I didn't quite locate the honey," said Guy one day in September, while he was working for me at the Heathcote farm. It was just after dinner, and as Guy was fully aware, there happened to be no specially pressing work to be done that afternoon. He was also aware that on a farm no great waste of brain tissue is required to find an odd job to fill in the time; so he advanced an additional proposition.

"It's right up at the head of that clearing back of Baldwin's, and when I was up there Sunday I saw a big flock of partridge in the young hardwoods; must have been ten or a dozen."

Guy knew his ground. The mention of bees had only recalled to my mind the fact that the strawberry bed needed hoeing; but when he spoke of partridge—

"Guy," I said, "this is no afternoon for work; we will go up there and be back in time for the chores."

The season had only been open a few days, and as I was likely to get sitting shots at the partridge, I took along a .22cal. Marlin. Just before we reached Albert Baldwin's a gray squirrel dropped out of a little butter-nut tree by the roadside and ran along the stone wall toward a larger tree near by. I raised the rifle, but at Guy's suggestion lowered it again.

Guy's Soft Streak.

"I wouldn't shoot," he said, "that's one of Baldwin's pets. The old man feeds 'em corn in winter and likes to see them 'round."

"There's a soft streak in you, Guy," I remarked. "I don't believe you like to see other people kill game."

"Perhaps so," was the reply.

"You need to be excited even to like it yourself," I continued. "If a coon gets clawing your old dog or a partridge fools you half a dozen times, then you get worked up to enjoy hunting. By the way, Guy, what ever became of Topaz?"

"Oh, I didn't want to kill the old cat. He just disappeared."

"Yes, and he's come to life again, after six months, to steal more chickens. Perhaps you don't know it, but last night he was up at the cow barn waiting for his drink of milk, as usual."

Guy looked over toward the mountain and made no answer.

"Confound you! Guy!" said I; "when you're told to kill a cat why don't you kill it? You don't know what a shock it gave me to see that beast come walking into the barn. I naturally thought it was the ghost of its twin brother, Garnet, that I shot the other day with a chicken in its mouth."

Guy grinned. "I just naturally liked Topaz," he said. "He was one of the best barn cats I ever saw before he took to reaching through the wires of the brooder and hooking out chickens on his claws. Ever see him kill a rat? 'Tain't safe to hold them first time they're caught, you know. Old Topaz'd give 'em a fling in the air, and when Mister Rat come down he nailed him like a flash, and you'd lose no more grain through that leak in the box."

The Old Clearing.

Crossing a meadow that became poorer and almost gave out before reaching the line of forest trees, we climbed a fence, and passing through a sugar maple bush, came to a decaying orchard. The trees were sprawling and rotten-hearted, and the apples pithy and about as satisfying to chew upon as imitation griddle cakes made of colored flannel. At the further end of the orchard were the ruins of a house, contained within the cellar walls, and near by Guy picked up the sole of a baby's shoe.

"There was a woman here once, and a baby," he remarked. "They liked it better than the county-house, though in winter time they saw no more people than a bear sees in his den. Might just about as well have been dead, it seems to me."

A tiny brook came down back of the house, and following this, we made our way up the narrow clearing through scattered hickory trees, or walnuts, as they are called locally, and eventually reached its limit nearly at the summit of the mountain.

Setting Up for Bees.

Guy put his hand under a clump of junipers and brought out two smoky brown honeycombs, which he set up on broken mullen stalks on a little knoll. Bees were flitting hither and thither, and soon several had settled on the combs. From another clump of junipers Guy produced his box, and slipping it up beside the feeding bees, snapped the lid down and had one a prisoner. The box was divided into two compartments, connected by a sliding door. Light was admitted to the rear one of these through a glass window, and when Guy had seen the bee enter it he pulled the door shut and had him where he could again use the first compartment to trap other bees.

When he had caught four or five for use further along the line, we crouched close to the ground to watch the flight of the bees on leaving the honey. Guy was not quite sure of the direction in which they flew, and he wanted to be positive before setting up again.

A bee rose lazily from the comb and hung an instant above it, as if suspended by an invisible thread. The next it had vanished as lightning vanishes from the sky, leaving an impression of form on the retina, but to the uninitiated eye no clue as to its course.

"See that big maple over there?" said Guy; "didn't the bee go just a shade to the left of it?"

"It would be too great a tax upon the imagination to give an opinion just now," I replied. "I feel as if I had just waked up, and my eyes aren't sufficiently wide open yet."

After watching several bees pitch off into vacancy, I rather imagined Guy was right. If they did not go to the left of the big maple, I certainly did not see them go elsewhere. We moved ahead into the woods fifty rods or so, and then I helped Guy break down some young pines, so that he could see over the tops, and watched him release single bees, permitting them first to fill up on honey before taking flight, so that they would go straight to their storehouse to unload. A few trials sufficed to show that we were on the right line, and Guy decided that the bee tree was within a very short distance of us down a ravine sloping toward Lake Champlain.

A Brace of Grouse.

I left Guy walking slowly along, peering into the tops of the trees to find the particular hollow trunk in which the bees had their honey, and after a little search succeeded in locating the partridges in a tangle of brush and blackberry bushes. Some one had apparently been after them, for they flushed wild and made long flights before alighting. Presently, however, I saw one walking on the ground at a distance, and followed it along a hollow, where the rich black muck gave nourishment to thick-leaved, moisture-loving plants. The partridge voiced its nervousness from time to time by its whistling twitter, as it walked along in its jerky, hesitating way, something after the manner of an old muscle-bound rooster. It seemed at any moment to be on the point of taking flight, but it couldn't quite make up its mind to the necessity for such vigorous action. When the opportunity offered, I aimed at the neck next the body, and the bird was mine.

Walking back toward the hardwoods, I surprised a pair on the ground, and by an easy shot bagged a second grouse.

The mate of this bird flew into a thick, bushy tree at the sound of the shot, and I waited fully ten minutes without showing myself, thinking it would come into view. At the end of that time I heard Guy whistle, and advancing to pick up the dead bird flushed the one in the tree.

Treeing a Coon on a Man's Head.

Guy had succeeded in locating the bee tree, but it was then too late in the day to think of cutting it down. I suggested returning after dark, but Guy said it was safer to cut a tree in daylight. "You can see what you are doing then," he said. "It's easy enough to stop up the hole and smoke out the bees, but at night, if the bees once settle on you they'll crawl down your neck and up your pants on the inside, and you're much more likely to be stung. I'd rather cut half a dozen trees in daylight than one after dark."

"Speaking about the dark," continued Guy, "makes me think of coons. Parker Torrence wanted to come out with me one night to see what coon hunting was like. We knocked a coon out of a tree, and the first thing he knew the coon was running 'round between his legs, dodging the dog. Parker naturally yelled and kicked, for he was between two fires, as you might say, with his legs as the battleground, and the coon and dog were both a-working their jaws like steel traps, and like as not the coon would mistake some of his tender parts for the dog, or the dog would take a-hold, thinking he had coon; and I don't blame Parker for being a little excited—think I should have been so myself."

"I got a club as soon as I could, and went for the coon, and between me and the dog it got a little more'n it bargained for, and the first thing we knew it run right up Parker Torrence's back and set there on his head grinning like one of these here tooth powder advertisements."

"Parker was afraid to grab the coon, for fear he'd get his hands bit, and he was afraid to fall over, for fear the dog and coon would have it out on his face; and he couldn't think much anyhow, for the way the old dog was a-climbing over him, trying to reach the coon. After a while I got in a whack and did the William Tell act, but Parker he said he'd had enough of coon hunting."

"He said it was worse than joining a lodge, and if any one had to get clawed up next time it wouldn't be him. He guessed his curiosity was satisfied, and he'd know enough to stay home evenings with the old woman."

Seven Coons in One Tree.

"How many coons did you ever get at one time, Guy?" I asked.

"Seven," said Guy. "And got 'em all in one tree. Me and Ernie Mather were out back of young Charlie Stafford's over by South Mountain"—he indicated by a twist of his head in its general direction the mountain which gets its name "because it's south of North Mountain."

"Hunter, my old dog, struck the trail where the coons had clim up on a fence and by the way he told about it I knew there was more 'n one. Pretty soon we come to a big basswood tree that must 'a' been all of 3 ft. through. I says to Ernie, 'Bet you that's the tree,' but I knew well enough I didn't want it to be. Hunter circled round two or three times, and each time he came right back to the tree and stood up on his hind legs and smelt it. He made up his mind the coons was there all right, and there he hollered bloody murder."

"It was a terrible big tree. Well, I tell you, it was the biggest basswood in all them woods. Ernie says, 'How in thunderation are we ever going to get up there?' There wasn't a limb for 40 ft., and it did look to be a pretty tough proposition."

"I remembered that Charlie Stafford had an awful long ladder down at his house, and so me and Ernie went down there, and we couldn't wake Charlie up or any of the folks, but we happened to stumble on the ladder 'long-side the woodshed, and carried it back with us."

"Ernie he went up the ladder, and when he came to the top, he says, 'Golly, Guy,' he says, 'it's roft. from here to the first limb if it's an inch. Is there any soft place down there to fall on if I miss connections?'"

"No," says I, 'nawthin' but rocks. You've got to make that limb, my boy."

"So Ernie clim the tree, and presently he called down, 'I see somethin' looks like an old nest,' and then, 'No, 'tisn't, it's a coon. Gosh, there's two of them.' Then he clim up a little further and he says, 'Golly, Guy, I see another. Guy,' says he, 'the tree's full of coons.'"

"All right," says I, 'send us down one for a sample.'

Sample Coons.

"So Ernie he shot a coon with his twenty-two pistol, and the next one was so close he was touched some way and knocked off, and the two came down together. Hunter he went off for the nearest, which happened to be the wounded one, and the other started around the basswood."

"Thinks I, mister, you got to do something quick, or that sample coon 'll be a sample for somebody else, so I grabbed the one Hunter had by the tail and give it a sling up against the tree that settled it, and sent the dog for the other."

"The coon lit out across a medder, and Hunter wa'n't mor'n a foot and a half from her hind parts, but seemed as if he couldn't make it an inch less. They went across the medder straight as a rocket, and into a piece of woods beyond, and Hunter still a foot and a half from her tail."

"The coon went up a little pine tree, and Ernie he yelled to ask if I wanted him. I said I didn't suppose he could get down out of his basswood, and he didn't say nawthin' for some time. By 'n' by I yelled to ask if he was coming, and he didn't answer. I was scairt, I can tell you, for I didn't know but what he might 'a' fallen out that cussed tree. So I took a piece of rope and tied Hunter to the pine so 's to watch the coon, and I started back to see what had happened to Ernie. He'd been down in the thick woods and hadn't heard me call, and about half-way back I met him."

"Where you goin', he says, and I says, 'You're trying to play smart, young feller, making me think you fell out of that tree.' He said he hadn't heard me call, and we went back to the pine."

Hunter Gets Revenge.

"Ernie he clim the tree, and the first thing I knew he yelled:

"Look out; the coon's jumped.' Never knew 'em to jump 'thout they was knocked out before, but that coon done it sure enough, and down she came and started back for the basswood."

"Hunter he put for her and she didn't go a great ways before he caught her, or else she ketched him, one or the other. At any rate, when I got there she was a-sittin' astride Hunter's neck claspin' him with her fore paws and chewin' the top of his head zif it had been an ear of green corn. Well, sir, I kicked that coon off in short order, and Hunter he set to and finished her savage—had his mad up, and I don't blame him either."

More Coons.

"Ernie come down, and we went back to the basswood, and to show you how big it was, he'd taken off his coat and wrapped it round the tree to keep the coons up, and the two arms just touched the two sides of that ladder."

"Well, Ernie clim the tree and shot a young one, and it squealed some when Hunter took a-hold. Ernie says, 'Hurry up, Guy,' says he, 'let me send down another. The old one 's clim down, an' 's got her front feet on my arm, and she's a-pokin' her dirty old face into mine and snarlin' and snappin' so 's I don't like her actions!' Guess he was thinking of the one that had Hunter by the head."

"I grabbed the young one and slung it up against the tree. 'Now,' says I, 'let her come.' So Ernie shot that one. Let's see, that's four, ain't it? Yes, four. We got three more out'n that tree, that's seven. I never had more fun in all my life."

"There was two old shes, an old he, and four young ones. We skinned five of them in the woods and carried the other two home to eat."

"Talk about your dainty dishes! Ain't in it with a nice fat young coon, parboiled and baked. Me and Ernie, we had-ourn, and I want nawthing better, lemme tell you. No, sir; a nice young coon with all the fat cut off so 's to take out the coon taste 's a dish for a king, that's what I call it."

Sense of Direction and Speed.

Guy was striding along at a great rate, and his stories had whiled away the time and we had almost reached the house.

"Were you ever lost in the woods?" I asked.

"Once in a while on a dark night I've been puzzled a little getting my bearings," he replied. "Most generally I have an idea though which is the shortest way out." I recalled the stories I had heard of Guy's marvelous power of finding his way at night over the neighboring mountains, and remarked:

"I don't wonder you like bee hunting, Guy. You are something of a bee yourself in your sense of direction. I believe they could put you in a tight box and turn it round and round the way Darwin did with the bees he

was experimenting with, and carry you off into some wilderness fifty miles away, and the minute you were let out you'd hitch up your pants and start for home."

Guy grinned and said, "Oh, I guess if anybody wanted to lose me that bad they wouldn't have much trouble."

"In another respect," I added, "you are like a camel. Substitute a chew of tobacco for water and you'd make that fifty miles home without refreshment as easily as the ship of the desert crosses Sahara's sands. No camel could keep up with you though." I had reached the house, and hot and panting, sank to a seat on the porch. "Some swifter animal, the race horse, the—" But I swallowed the rest of my sentence, for Guy had disappeared around the corner of the house on his way to the barn.

The Passing of the Seasons.

Guy gets a great amount of enjoyment from such little woods trips when work is slack. There is something worth going after the year round. In winter there is ice fishing on the river and lake, fox hunting on the mountain, and rabbit shooting in the swamps ahead of Larry. In summer there is the annual blueberrying trip to Poke-o'-Moonshine Mountain, with the incidental fishing in Trout Pond and nearer home, Sunday afternoon excursions for blackberries and raspberries.

In far-off China the slant-eyed celestial is waiting with hard-earned cash to pay for the ginseng which Guy gathers in shady nooks on the northern hillsides, and friends at home petition him for bits of the root to carry in their pockets and nibble on as a cure for heartburn.

There are black bass to be yanked with the long cane pole from the crystal waters of the Boquet from Little Falls above to the dam below, and perch and pickerel and wall-eyed pike in Lake Champlain.

Then, as the season advances, Guy watches with a proprietary interest the wild bees gathering honey, which he confidently counts on for his own when the store has reached goodly proportions, and he travels cross lots to isolated cornfields to note the chankings from green ears which distinguish coon's work from the crow's. He notes where the gray squirrels have been chipping, and investigates again the various swales which in raspberrying time he learned were inhabited by partridge families, to see how the young birds have come on. The first crisp winds of autumn are the signal for gathering in the harvest—coons and honey and wild game. Perhaps when snow flies Guy takes a trip after deer and collects from the bog at the head of some forgotten little pond half a bushel of cranberries for Christmas in a birch bark basket made on the spur of the moment; or perhaps he varies his nightly coon hunts with a little trapping for mink and muskrat.

Time never hangs heavy on this woods lover, and his pleasures are of a kind that do not bring regret. Guy has not succeeded in accumulating much of this world's goods, but he has a capital of pleasant memories to draw upon that few men can equal. His father lived to a ripe old age and hunted bees up to the year of his death, and Guy no doubt will do the same. J. B. BURNHAM.

Uncle Oliver and the Moose.

An Adirondack Story.

THE huge antlers of a moose hanging over the entrance to the State Museum of Natural History at Albany have attracted the attention of visitors for many years, and sportsmen have often expressed a desire to know the story of the hunt that resulted in this splendid trophy. The actors in this terrible struggle through the deep snows of the North Woods in the early '40s have all disappeared, but during my boyhood at the old Vineyard Farm, in Ticonderoga, we children used to gather about our father in front of the blazing logs and tease him to relate for the hundredth time the story of Uncle Oliver and the moose.

"Your uncle, Oliver Judd," he would say, "was one of the most clever men I ever knew. He was the inventor of various useful agricultural implements, the proprietor of a small store at Little Falls, New York, where he used to petifog some in the justice's court, and was always in demand by the Whigs as a public speaker during political campaigns. Although he had never received a regular legal training, the cross-examinations were a terror to uncertain witnesses, and I recall how he once broke up a farmer in a little chain-stealing case that I had up in Crown Point along in 1854. I was practicing law in Ticonderoga then, and as Judd was visiting me at the time, I took him along just for the fun of the thing.

"The winter of 1845 was a cold one, and the light snow lay 4 ft. deep in the woods out in Herkimer county. The roads were drifted full, and it took the united efforts of the neighbors with plows and shovels to keep them even in a passable condition. Uncle Oliver had a large family of boys and girls, and as the village school-maker, I boarded with my sister Hannah, his wife. One morning Aunt Hannah said: 'Oliver, there isn't a bit of fresh meat or chicken to be had in the village for love or money. Don't you suppose you could kill a deer or something to-day?' I could see from the twinkle in your uncle's eye that he was more than pleased to get an excuse for a hunting trip, and in a short time his team was hitched up and a couple of trusted companions carrying long muzzle-loading rifles appeared on the scene to join him. I handed Oliver his famous old deer gun, lifted in the little spotted hound, Music, and the trio were off in a jiffy, amid the jingling of sleigh bells and the farewells of the family and the hunters' many friends.

"I wish I could tell the story as your uncle related it upon his return a week later with a big sleigh box full of fine moose meat and those lordly antlers hanging over the tailboard. Well, they drove all day up toward the hunting grounds near the headwaters of the Sacandagua River. The country was wild and uncultivated at that early day, and their progress through the rude unbroken lumber paths was quite slow and tiresome. At night they slept in a deserted log cabin and stabled the horses in an old shed. Early the next morning, after a snack to eat," to use Uncle Oliver's own words, "we put on the snowshoes and started out for deer. The boys chose their ground, and I decided to walk across the big pond and see if there were any moose signs in

the swampy land. I took Music along more for company than anything else. After getting over the ice I worked around a while and finally found the fresh track of a bull moose. He had been cropping some twigs for his breakfast, and must have seen me as I approached, for I could see from the signs that his departure had been sudden. He plowed a regular furrow through the soft snow, which yielded considerably to my snowshoes. Strange to say, the trail led over the hill and then worked over toward the place where the boys were still hunting. From the size of the hoof-prints, the marks of the antlers on the snow and the height of the saplings that had been trimmed I knew that if I ever got him I should be the boss moose hunter of Herkimer county, and I really hoped that my friends would not get a shot at him. They did not see the big fellow at all, but found his trail. Night was now coming on, and we decided to try the shanty again.

"In the morning the boys drew cuts, and Bill North was the lucky man. The other hunter didn't feel bad, because he had shot a nice fat buck early in the morning, and he hoped to have some sport around the clearing at odd spells between looking after my team and keeping a fire in the shanty. Bill and I knew that we were in for a long tramp, for when a moose once gets scared in these woods by a man and dog, he keeps going straight toward Canada for days and days, and we were afraid that this would be the case with our animal. We cooked up a lot of nice venison steaks, and each carried a large bag of quitcheraw, the Indian name for a mixture of maple sugar and popcorn pounded fine. Then we carried a pair of heavy blankets and I had my small saw and tomahawk. It was growing a little warmer and a slight rain had made a thin crust that would just bear Music, who naturally now felt very happy. All that day we tramped over hill and through hollow, but got no sight of our moose. We saw several deer, and once a black bear looked down on us from a ledge, but we pressed on in silence, until it was too dark to see. That night we hollowed a place in the snow at the foot of a large spruce by a rock and built a roaring fire, which we tended by turns all the long night through. The wolves howled some, and we occasionally heard the scream of a painter, but, protected by the fire and our good rifles, we felt no fear. Music whimpered occasionally when the concert got rather loud outside.

"The second day was much like the first, and along about noon Bill gave it up and started back, much against my will. He said he wasn't 'goin' tew foller no moose tew Canady fur ennybody.' He urged me to go back with him, but he might as well have talked to the wind. I was bound to catch a sight of that moose, and somehow I always felt that I should get him. That night I camped as before, but had only one blanket over me instead of two. However, I had to keep waking up to fix the fire, and the cold rather helped me in this respect. I missed my coffee those cold mornings, but there was a little flask in my pocket that helped things out somewhat. The worst of it was that the meat had given out, and a fellow can't tramp on quitcheraw for many days together. Along about 1 o'clock I found where the moose had made his bed, and a few broken twigs showed that he had snatched a hasty breakfast. As good luck would have it, I had his 'wind' all day, and by nightfall I felt that he must be within a mile or so. There was plenty of small game fairly asking to be shot, but the sound of a rifle would have made the old fellow leave in a hurry, so I had to starve myself again. Things were getting pretty bad for the dog, and he had only a small bone for his supper. At daybreak I was up and ready because I knew that it was to-day or never with me. The heavy outercoat and blanket were hung up, and dressed merely in a deerskin shooting jacket, breeches and moccasins, I put off after his highness once more. As the trail made a sudden turn, I saw where the moose had slept the night before. It wasn't 200 yds. from my camping place, but he was up and off before me, although his bed was still quite warm. I believed the old fellow was getting suspicious that he was followed, and that he would soon double on his trail to watch his back track, as these cunning animals often do when pursued. I therefore made a circuit to the left of what I judged would be his course for the next few miles. My plan worked to a T, for at about 9 o'clock I caught a glimpse of an enormous moose standing in some low bushes, and looking backward very intently. Somehow in trying to get a shot I snapped a twig, and my beauty was off in a twinkling. Music knew his business, and soon had the beast at bay. I took deliberate aim, but only wounded the big bull, who rushed straight for me. I had barely time to throw off my snowshoes and jump to the base of a huge hemlock, where there was but little snow, when the infuriated monster was upon me. I could see his wicked green eyes, and mane all on end, as he made his charge, and his hot breath fanned my face as I dashed behind the friendly tree. His great height and spreading antlers made it hard for him to get at me close to the trunk, and yet a single misstep on my part would have been fatal. Somehow I managed to get that powder horn open and rammed a big bullet home before he made his second rush. Music kept biting at his heels, and his attention to the dog probably saved my life, for I never could have loaded but for that. As the moose backed for the charge I let him have it right behind the point of the shoulder. It seemed as though he jumped roft. in the air, and then came down with a crash almost at my feet. I broke for another tree and got ready for him again, but it was no use. He was stone dead with a bullet through the heart. But where was Music. He couldn't have been tossed into a tree fork, as sometimes happens. It was a puzzle at first, but pretty soon a whine was heard, and the old dog emerged from beneath the monster's carcass, digging his way out through the snow. The moose in his death throes had fallen on the hound, and the soft snow had saved Music's life for more moose hunts with his beloved master.

"In less time than it takes to relate it, a fire was built, some tender moose steak was hissing from the spits, and Music and I, dog and man, gave thanks like true and tried hunting companions. It was no small chore to skin my game and hang up the splendid quarters out of the way of wolves and bears, but the job was

finally accomplished, and I took a cross-country course to the shanty, where I found anxious companions late the next day. They were of course rejoiced at my success, and soon had the meat into camp."

"They did a little more hunting around the pond," continued my father, "and finally arrived home in triumph; and your Aunt Hannah gave the sportsmen one of her famous game dinners. Among the guests was a politician from Albany, and Uncle Oliver humored his request for those horns to adorn the Museum at the Capital, where they are to this day."

Thus ended the story to us youngsters. My father, now seventy-eight years of age, but as active as many a much younger man, still resides at the old homestead in Ticonderoga. He is not a sportsman and rarely fires a gun. There is no hunting stock that I am aware of on either side of the house, but I believe that the emotions aroused in childhood by this often-repeated tale, which is now rescued from oblivion, had much to do with the writer's love for the forest and stream. PETER FLINT.

NEW YORK.

Just About a Boy.—XVIII.

"So that's Inyun Kara, is it? Well, that looks like a sure nuff mount'in aw right—on'y it don't seems 'ough it wuz very big, that is, not fer a mount'in," said the boy as he stood squinting through the purple twilight at the great bulk of Inyan Kara Mountain.

Our camp-fire glimmered with a daylight glare and a thread of blue smoke twisted lazily up toward the crimson and gold clouds, floating so high above us. The canvas tilt of the wagon was tinted with a warm, reflected light and the horses were munching the grass, which grew all over the flat valley of the boisterous stream.

The boy, arms akimbo and hat thrown back, stood feasting his eyes on the first real mountain sunset that he had ever seen.

"Say, gee! Looks most like you could hit that ole pine up 'n top that cliff with a rifle ball, don't it?"

I smiled as I thought of the distance and answered: "If you could shoot three times as far as you can and shoot straight enough, perhaps you could hit that tree—it is about nine miles up to where it stands, you see, and the very best you could do would be to throw a bullet a couple or three miles."

"Course I've read about how this here mount'in, air's mighty deceivin', but I didn't have any idee it was that bad. Why, a feller c'n see ever limb 'n ever'thing up there—it don't seem 's 'ough it was possible it's eight or nine mile up there."

"Well, you can see for yourself to-morrow just how far it is, for I've an idea we will camp up about the mouth of the cañon for a few days and run around afoot. There is a good spring up there, but it only flows a little way and sinks into the ground, the same as all the springs in this part of the world do. Wood is plenty, and there is a nice little glade there with plenty of grass for the horses, so we can stay as long as we want to.

"The reason I wanted to camp down here to-night was to give you a chance to see the big hill at a distance, and get the general lay of the land, for when you get up there you will find the whole landscape looking very different from what it does now. There are certain big cañons and cliffs which you can get located from here so you will have landmarks to go by, for you can lose yourself very easily up in the rough country, and find that camp isn't where you thought it was—everything looks so much like everything else, you know."

"Uh huh, I see. Feller sort o' wants to figger the main points out sost he c'n travel 'thout payin' much 'tention to th' rest o' th' country, 's that it?"

"You have the idea exactly."

The boy studied the rugged features of the silent old mountain until it lost detail and loomed up as a huge blue-black silhouette against the pink glow of the changing sky, and I suppose he thought the same thoughts that all outdoor people think when they look on the gigantic works of Dame Nature, and find how small men are, compared to them.

When the horses were brought in and the night grew old, we rolled up in our blankets there under the scintillating stars, and the boy had a lot of questions to ask, as usual, before we fell asleep.

"Gee," he said, "don't it seem still up here 'n this country? Nothin' on'y juss that tinkly noise o' water scootin' 'long down there over th' stones 'n th' creek—'n th' horses juss chompin' 'n munchin' th' grass like it was sponge cake er somp'n' good like that."

"Hear that coyote howl juss then? Seems 's 'ough he was forty mile fr'm here, don't it? That kind o' a soft noise like it comes a nawful long ways, on'y it's juss 's plain 's 'ough it was clost by, hain't it? Whut's er reason o' that?"

"Well, I suppose its the clearness of the air that makes it such a good conductor of sound. I have heard men talking in just ordinary tones out here when I could hardly see them. Of course I couldn't hear what they said, but I knew it was men talking. It was plain enough for that. I have heard grouse and other birds calling early in the morning, and they seemed to be right up close too, when in reality they were a long distance away."

"This sound business out here is like the distance—you are apt to have a chance to guess again before you get it just right. I remember once I heard a big landslide come down the side of a mountain in the night—"

"Whoa! whoa! Bill! Steady there, whoa, boy!"

"Here kid, you keep down. Don't jump up and show yourself that way. Keep down in the sage until we know what's up—may be Indians. Got your guns?"

"Yep."

"Keep low then and creep after me."

The horses were alarmed and snorting, and something was wrong in camp.

Silently we crept through the grass and sagebrush clumps of the creek bottom, keeping close to the ground, thus being pretty sure of concealment, and at the same time having the advantage over any man or animal that might be standing up, because they would be more or less against the light of the sky.

Suddeny I spied five gray forms hardly distinguishable from the surrounding brush, in the half-gloom of the night.

"S-s-sh! There they are! Loafer wolves—five of them. You take the one on the left and I'll take the right-hand side. Count three and give it to them," I whispered.

"One, two—crash!"

The rifles cracked with a sharp, spiteful sound, and a moment later the whole valley resounded with a cannonading of echoes mixed with snarling growls of pain and the snorting of the horses—pandemonium seemed to have broken loose in the quiet valley.

"Get the lantern—I'll attend to the horses," I said, as I groped my uncertain way toward the animals, being still half blinded by the flash of the rifles across the darkness.

In a few moments the boy came running back with the light and the trembling horses soon became quiet again and turned to their feeding as we went out to see what damage we had inflicted on the wolf pack.

First a still, shaggy form came into view, looking strangely white in the lantern light, but done for, as a big, dark patch on the shoulder indicated.

A little to the right was another, sitting up on his haunches with forefeet braced wide apart and bloody froth dripping from his fanged jaws.

If ever an animal looked the demon, it was that wolf there in the lamplight. His eyes blazed green and his ears were flat against his head, while the curved lips were raised in an angry snarl above the red jaw and its shining white row of pointed teeth. Bloody froth came from his throat, and the choking gurgle of a lung-shot beast was his defy to us as he half stood there, unable to fight back, but with the mental inclination to do so very much in evidence. Only a moment the savage picture lasted; then the muscular front legs trembled, his great head sank down, and he settled to the earth; a few rasping gurgles and a few twitches of the great muscles, and he was dead.

"Gee! here's another one!" shouted the boy, as he heard a little noise in the sage.

We ran toward this third one, crouching as well as he was able among the sage.

"He's back-shot," said the boy, looking down at the beast.

This one showed none of the anger or fight that marked the one just dead, but seemed rather to want to slink away and avoid us, being shot in such a way that his whole hinder parts were paralyzed.

The boy pulled his six-shooter, and advancing to within a couple of paces, shot the wolf behind the foreleg and finished his miseries. Then, gathering our trophies, we returned to camp, trailing them along behind us.

"Funny how that third one got it," said the boy, "I didn't see him. Did you?"

"No, I didn't, either. He must have been a little further back and in the shadow, and lined up with one of the others, I guess."

"Are they dangerous?" asked the boy.

"Well, no, not very, generally. Of course, if you happen to be caught out in a deep snow by a hungry bunch of them they would probably make pretty short work of you. They do not run in packs much, though, and are much more apt to be alone or in pairs than in any other way. I don't quite understand why they should be together here at this time of the year, unless there is a carcass somewhere near. They kill a great deal of stock and some game and feed on any carcass that they find."

"They are what the old hunters call the buffalo wolf, because they hung along the flanks of the buffalo herd, waiting to pull down the calves or the old creatures. The cow men call them loafer wolves, for some unknown reason, and the 'wolfers' who roam all over this plains country call them loafers, to distinguish them from coyotes and timber wolves."

"Now let's turn in, and we can take the pelts off in the morning."

EL COMANCHO.

Winter in the Rockies.

I AM just back from a month's trip on ski through the Big Gros Ventre and Jackson's Hole countries. Three of us, Will Hill, Ed. Hill and myself, with eleven dogs, started just before Christmas; the trip was partly to hunt cougars, partly to see how the elk were getting along, and also to have a good time. Going over the divide between Green River and Gros Ventre we only found about 1 ft. of snow, and kicked ourselves because we had not come on horseback. On top it began to snow hard, the wind coming right in our faces. Here Frank Nichols, of Jackson's Hole, who was with us, broke a snowshoe, which is always a good thing to do. But he patched it up and we kept on. On the Gros Ventre side there was only about 6 in. of snow, and, as what of the surface did not have rocks sticking up was all pawed up by the elk, the snowshoeing was not first class. So we got to Lloyd & Robinson's ranch that night pretty tired. Did not see any elk that day, as the snow was not deep enough to keep them out of the timber during the day.

The next day we went down to Fred Koener's trapping cabin on Crystal Creek, and on the way saw several hundred, maybe a thousand elk along the Gros Ventre. Fred was not at home, so we ate up all of his grub that we could, and the next morning pulled out down the Gros Ventre. Soon we began to hit cougar tracks, and about 10 o'clock, a track heading the same way we were was too much of a temptation, and we turned the hounds loose. We didn't have a gun in the outfit, calculating to knock the cougar out of his tree with rocks and let the dogs finish it.

To make a long story short, about 2 o'clock the dogs had the cougar bayed on a ledge of rocks about six miles below where we turned loose. The dogs could not get at him, and in going around the ledge to find a way to get up, picked up the fresh trail of another cougar and went after that one down the creek. The first cougar went away close to Will Hill, who was on top of the ledge, but as he had no gun the big cat got away safely.

So we lit out after the dogs, and just at sunset came to where they had the second cougar up a tree in the cliffs on the north side of the Gros Ventre, just above the Devil's Elbow. We had lots of fun with that cougar. Lloyd, who was with us, belted *Felis concolor* with big rocks till he jumped, but the ground was so rough that the dogs could not catch him. Hector, the half-bred staghound, got his favorite quartering dash and tail hold, but went headlong into a tree before he could

throw the cougar. We repeated the rock-throwing act twice, when the cougar got in a big spruce, and the more rocks we threw the higher he went. By this time it was dark, so Ed. and I built some fires and went into camp, while the rest of the boys went down to Albert Nelson's four miles below, Will Hill saying that after supper he would come back with a gun and some lunch. This was Christmas Eve, and I will bet that not many hunters in the United States had one like it. We had three big fires going, one at the foot of the tree up which the cougar was. Ed. and I sat on the big roots; overhead the cougar lay on a limb and watched us; the dogs lay around in beds they had dug at the foot of trees, and the blazing fires lighted up the dark cliffs overhead.

Along about 10 o'clock Will got back with a quart of coffee, a lot of sandwiches and a No. 12 shotgun. The coffee and lunch was all right, but the gun was not. The right firing pin was gone and the left one was broken, so that the gun had to be held muzzle up when loading or the pin would drop out. After we had filled up, I took the artillery, the cartridges being loaded with No. 4, and tried to spot that cougar. I want to remark right here that shining a cougar's eyes is not what it is cracked up to be. The moon was up, but nary cougar could I see. At last I figured where he ought to be, and a charge of shot brought forth a great spitting and thrashing of branches. So I kept the gun going as fast as I could, and at the fifth shot down he came. We could not tell whether he was dead or not when he hit the ground, but he was dead enough when we got the dogs away. When we took the skin off, talk about pepper-boxes; five loads of No. 4 at 15 yds. make a whole lot of holes in a cougar. Will took the skin in his pack sack and we got into Nelson's at 12:30, but feeling O. K.

The next day we went down to Frank Peterson's, who was one of the party to climb the Grand Teton last summer. Frank tells a very interesting story of the top, and I am free to confess that my head is too soft for that kind of work.

The next day we went down to Will Simpson's getting there in trim for the Christmas ball of the Jackson's Hole Gun Club, which was held at their club house. We had to take in the ball in snowshoe dress, sweaters, overalls and moccasins, because when a fellow is snowshoeing he does not carry any extra clothes along.

Nearly every one in the Hole is pretty well stirred up over the proposed extension of the Yellowstone Park, which would not only take in about half of the agricultural land of the valley, but all the grazing land bordering the Hole. A mass meeting was held Jan. 26, and by a unanimous vote resolutions were adopted protesting against any enlargement of the Park or the formation of a new park. Jackson's Hole proper is nearly all farming land, with very little grazing or timber land, and if the settlers are deprived of the use of the grazing and timber land north and east of the valley, it will be an almost fatal blow at the stock-raising interest, which is becoming an important one. The same is true of the valley of the Upper Green River, and the State of Wyoming will make a great mistake if it allows this project to go through.

As regards the game question, and especially the elk, the situation is this. There are in northwestern Wyoming and the Park between 50,000 and 60,000 elk, perhaps more. I understand that there are about 10,000 elk in the Park this winter. There are about 20,000 on the Big Gros Ventre, 10,000 in Jackson's Hole, and 10,000 on Green River and the desert. Nearly half of these elk summer in the Park, and the balance are practically undisturbed during the breeding season. This means that somewhere between 5,000 and 10,000 calves are raised every year. This is enough to supply all legitimate demands. At present these elk are well protected. The Jackson's Hole people are doing all in their power to stop all violations of the law. On Green River the state of affairs is not so good. The elk that go to the desert to winter will not last long, as the people down there make no effort to protect them. Below Rock Creek, what with the Rock Springs Lumber Company, which has been feeding a couple of hundred men on elk meat all the fall, and the slaughter of elk by the ranchmen, the elk have been going pretty fast. On the upper river, between Rock Creek stream and the lakes, the elk are wintering well and have not been disturbed, as we gave the lumber company's hunter to understand that any hunting in that section meant trouble.

As matters stand now, the elk ought to hold their own. Of course, the Bannocks and Shoshones still come over and kill cow and calf elk by the hundreds every fall, but a row like the trouble in Colorado in '87 and '97, and Jackson's Hole in '95, is breeding, and that will clear the air in that direction. Last year the Indians drove off one game warden by show of force, but that will not happen again.

Now, if the Park is enlarged, this is what will happen. The elk will be protected on all their summer range. No one will be able to get any elk hunting, as the elk will not be out of the Park during the open season. Result, the elk will increase very rapidly; they will soon eat up all the feed, and the first hard winter the bulk of them will starve. I do not see the use of stopping elk hunting, which benefits many, in order that every four or five years 30,000 or 40,000 elk may starve to death. The elk herds are now as large as the range can support, and I fully expect to see a big loss the first hard winter. What we want is not a big park to protect the elk, but a reasonable effort to enforce what laws we now have.

When we came back the elk herds were down on the Big Gros Ventre, and it was a sight worth seeing. For forty miles elk were in sight as far as one could see. The bands numbered from 100 to 1,000 elk, and one herd, on the ridge between the Gros Ventre and Fish Creek, covered a tract of country one mile by two. We estimated 5,000 elk in that herd alone. Many of the elk were so tame that they would hardly get out of our way, and all the elk that we saw looked well, as there was not much snow and grass was plentiful. There is no fear that the elk are going to disappear very soon, and all that Wyoming wants is a just game law, fairly enforced, and we will have elk hunting for all time.

I forgot to mention that we only got four lions on the entire trip, so it was not much of a success in that line.

WM. WELLS.

"Forest and Stream" Contributors.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the pleasant reminiscent letter of your contributor, Bristol Hill, the names of some old contributors are omitted whose articles were always eagerly looked for by your readers.

Among them was Maj. Sarasota, who wrote some very entertaining descriptions of hunting in Florida. I especially remember one in which he told of a man-eating shark following his canoe for miles, trailing it by the blood of a deer that dripped overboard. Poor Sarasota went long ago to his final rest, but he is not forgotten.

Then there was H. P. U., whose "Bear that treed Jimmy O'Brien" was, it seems to me, enough to immortalize any writer. He was as tenderly poetic as he was humorous, as his contributions attest.

There was also O. O. S., always bright and interesting and vividly descriptive of all his observant eyes beheld. Who has forgotten his inimitable panther story, told so circumstantially that it made the chills creep up one's back. Alas, they are gone, and there are none left like them. They were my dear friends, though I never met them, and the death of each came to me as a personal loss. Ufford, Smith, the Editor and I used to carry on an absurd roundabout correspondence, in which all manner of imaginary adventures were related and momentous questions settled. Ufford, in his last days, wrote a letter to Antoine from a Cajan relative, and two days before Smith's disappearance he wrote me most cheerfully and affectionately, though he was silently suffering mortal agony, and a little while before had sent me a beautiful collection of sea mosses from Hood Canal, beneath whose waters, perhaps, he sleeps. He was always doing something to lighten the gloom that encompassed his blind friend, and these last mementoes of his unselfish love are very touching, as are a handful of wild flowers, spring beauties, that Nesmuk crept forth to gather for me the last April he ever saw.

He was a unique character, this old woods loafer as he called himself. Sometimes one wonders if Nature does not miss and grieve for such lovers as these men were. But she has not lost them; only drawn them a little closer to her heart, and they know her secrets, that to us are a sealed book.

I greatly miss the quaint, racy wood notes of old Jock Darling, and I wish that some of the living contributors wrote oftener. Kelpie, Kingfisher, Piseco, Tarpon, Dr. Morris, Manly Hardy, Orrin Belknap and the veteran Von W., and many others, close observers and practical men, who never write but to instruct and entertain. They should not let their secrets die with them.

AWAHOOSE.

Natural History.

Reason and Instinct.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Although Mr. Fred Mather will not get the Donnybrook out of me that he seems to hanker for, still I feel forced into disputing his views, as both erroneous and mischievous; for if my contention that none of the lower animals reason in kind, as man does, is correct, then great injustice is inflicted on those animals by claiming reason for them. Had the owner of the mastiff Blank Boy clearly recognized the limitations of the dog's intelligence he would not have trained the dog to keep all strangers away from his child's perambulator, and the mastiff would not have attacked another child who persisted in coming to the perambulator after repeated warnings from the dog. The poor dog was but a dog, after all, and did his duty as he saw it.

Now, I hardly feel that Mr. Mather has a right to set up a definition of his own for reason, and it is only fair to take accepted ones. Webster's seems just and fair—"to deduce inferences justly from premises." Now, the first and most conclusive proof that animals do not reason as man does, either in degree or in kind, is the fact that there are many acts of reasoning, so simple that the lowest savage comprehends them, that no animal has ever shown ability to carry out. Animals will hover around an expiring fire, enjoying its warmth, but never attempting to keep up the source of their enjoyment by pushing the expiring brands on the fire. The cow is consoled for the loss of her calf by its hide, stuffed with hay, being given her to snuff at (and will eat the stuffing out of the hide). The bitch will accept yellow foster-pups among her jet black ones, if they have been cuddled up with her own long enough to get their smell. I think it will be admitted that human reason of the very lowest order is infinitely beyond the mentality shown by animals in these points.

Now let us consider the acts Mr. Mather cites as evincing reason in the animals—the fice dog calling assistance to his injured master will answer as well as any. Let us admit for illustration's sake that the act of the dog proceeded from reasoning. Then the mental process of the dog would be, "My master is hurt; he cannot help himself; I cannot help; men can help him; I must go and get men here." On meeting the men: "I must behave so as to attract their attention, and by running from them, induce them to follow me to my master." Is this not a very much more complicated chain of reasoning than the one that might have induced the dog to keep himself warm by pushing the ends of unburnt embers into the fire, or the still simpler matter of how the female could effectually defend herself? Therefore, if the dog, most unquestionably is incapable of an act requiring much less reasoning power than involved in the course Mr. Mather claims as a result of reason, why infer reason as the source until other explanations have failed? Dogs certainly—and other animals probably—possess sympathy; the dog sympathized with its master; that sympathy made it anxious and distressed; its distress led it to go away from its master, and its own desire for sympathy led it to the spot where men were; then its anxiety caused it to behave as it did, and in its mixed feelings it adopted the course of conduct that led Mr. Mather and his companion to the help of the dog's master. Which of the two explanations is the

more logical (remembering the stubborn fact that the dog was certainly incapable of acts requiring less reasoning powers than the process of reasoning out aid for its master)?

Mr. Mather says: "The man who denies reason to the dog has never trained or studied a dog." Now, even at the risk of a sure-enough Donnybrook, I flatly deny that statement. I have bred, kept, used, studied and loved dogs for forty-five years at the least; I have had dogs of as high natural intelligence as any I have ever read reliable accounts of, and I have had many dogs perform as wise acts any I have seen reliably stated; yet I never saw an intelligent act in one of my dogs that was not readily accounted for by its previous acts and experiences. One instance will suffice to illustrate the whole class of acts that are generally attributed to reasoning without any justification therefor. Nep came to a door carrying a stick in his mouth too long to go through the door, and after many failures, laid it down, and after a bit picked it up by one end and dragged it through. Now there was not a spark of reasoning in that, and I am not quite sure that it was particularly intelligent. Nep had long known that he could drag a heavy stick by an end when he could not carry it, and being tired by his repeated efforts to get the stick through, resorted to his tired method.

It occurs to me that a still stronger case than that of wounded birds might have been cited by Col. Alexander against the theory that wounded or frightened animals transmit their fear of man to succeeding generations, if it is true that the alligator of the South was very ferocious when first known to civilized man, and has now become very timid, for I believe that the saurians pay no attention whatever to their young, and therefore could not instruct them. But it would seem a sensible theory that one frightened animal displays its fright to others of its kind who have not had its experience, and they learn, by imitation, from that experienced one. Anyhow, that is rather a better guess than the instructing one.

W. WADE.

OAKMONT, Pa.

Introducing the Skylark.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In regard to answering your interrogatory in your issue of the 20th inst., will first state that the skylark (*Alauda arvensis*), which is famed for the beauty and power of its song, is found throughout Europe. It is about 7 in. in length and of plain brownish colors. It does not alight on trees, but lives on the ground, where it builds its nest. Lays about five eggs of a grayish color, sprinkled with brown specks. In some parts of Europe it is used as food, and it is said to be an excellent little bird for this purpose. Statistics inform us that five millions were brought annually into Leipsic, and the official return states that during the winter of 1867 and '68 one million and a quarter were taken at Dieppe, France. An attempt was made here (Cincinnati) about twenty-five years ago to introduce the skylark and several other species of European birds, but it only succeeded in the case of one species, viz., the sparrow, an unmitigated pest, whose worthless character has been shown. The injury done by this anarchist vagabond among birds is far-reaching and very great, principally in driving away our beautiful native birds, depriving us of their aid in destroying insect predators, and beauty and charm of their plumage and song.

The society who imported these birds called themselves, I believe, the Cincinnati Acclimatization Society, Armin Tenner, secretary. The skylarks liberated by them on one of the hilltops west of Burnet Woods Park lived two or three years and then disappeared. I have often heard them sing there. Introducing birds into a new country is a very risky and doubtful experiment. In some rare cases it is of value, but in a majority of cases is disturbing and injurious to the fauna of the country imposed upon. The bird fauna of North America is one of the finest in the world, and should be protected and encouraged, and not interfered with in any way. I cannot find words strong enough to condemn the habit of introducing all sorts of animals into our country, without regard to the desirability of the species. It is unwise and unpatriotic.

The European sparrow, the Hessian fly, the cabbage butterflies, etc., will do more damage a thousand times over, than all the desirable species will do good.

No bird has received greater attention from the literatures—prose and poetic—than the skylark. Prof. Wilson, glorious "Kit North," the "Old Man Eloquent," famed alike for feats of herculean strength and daring, and for scholastic accomplishments, the deer-stalker and the salmon-spearer, the learned professor of languages, the acute critic, in writing of this delicious songster, says: "Higher and higher than ever rose the tower of Belus, soars and sings the lark, the lyrical poet of the sky. Listen! and the more remote the bird, the louder is his hymn in heaven. He seems in his loftiness to have left the earth forever and to have forgotten his lovely nest. The primrose and the daisies and all the sweet hill flowers must be unremembered in the lofty region of light. But just as the lark is lost—he and his song together—both are again seen and heard wavering down the sky, and in a little while he is walking contented along the furrows of the braided corn or on the clover lea that has not felt the plowshare for half a century."

No less full of the true poetry of nature, and of a healthful sentiment of morality, is that passage in the writings of Washington Irving, which runs thus:

"Of all birds I should like to be a lark. He revels in the brightest time of day, in the happiest season of the year, among fresh meadows and opening flowers, and when he has sated himself with the sweetness of earth he wings his flight up to heaven as if he would drink in the melody of the morning stars. Hark to that note! How it comes thrilling down upon the ear! What a stream of music, note falling over note in delicious cadence! Who would trouble his head about operas and concerts, when he could walk in the fields and hear such music for nothing? There are homilies in Nature's works worth all the wisdom of the schools, if we could but read them rightly; and one of the most pleas-

ant lessons I ever received in time of trouble was from hearing the note of the skylark."

This is not all, for the poets have fairly idolized this bird in mellifluous verse as if it were the most valued thing on earth. Shelley's magnificent ode to the skylark is in most delicious stanzas. Hear him as we quote but a few of his verses:

"Hail to thee, blithe spirit!
Bird that never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourst thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art

"Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

"In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are brightening
Thou dost float and run,
Like an unembodied joy whose race is just begun.

"The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight,
Like a star of heaven
In the broad daylight
Thou art seen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight.

"What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?
What fields or waves or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thy own kind? What ignorance of pain?

"With thy clear keen joyance
Langour cannot be;
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee;
Thou lovest, but ne'er knew love's satiety.

"Waking or asleep,
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a constant stream?

"Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poets were, thou scorner of the ground."

This is indeed a glorious tribute of admiration, a meed of song such as has been seldom offered to bird or other living creature. How rich it is in poetical imagery, how full of power and pathos and passionate energy of feeling; the stanzas which we have omitted are fully equal to those quoted, and the whole poem is the most perfect thing of the kind that we know of, except, perhaps, Keats's exquisite ode to the nightingale.

James Hogg, the Ettrick shepherd, the plaided mountaineer, also takes up the lay of the lark in a merry, inspiring strain, as follows:

"Bird of the wilderness,
Blithesome and cumbersome,
Light be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
Emblem of happiness,
Blessed is thy dwelling place!
Oh! to abide in a desert with thee!

"Wild is thy lay and loud,
Far on the down cloud;
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth.
Where on thy dewy wing,
Where art thou journeying?

Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth,
O'er fell and mountain sheen,
O'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red streamers that herald the day,
Over the cloudlet dim,
Over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, hie, hie thee away!

"Then when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather blooms,
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!
Emblem of happiness
Bless'd is thy dwelling place!
Oh, to abide in the desert with thee!"

Who would not take his stand on the breezy hilltop with Milton

"To hear the lark begin his flight,
And, singing, startle the dull night,
From his watch tower in the skies,
Till the dapple dawn arise."

To join with Shakespeare's splendid burst of exultation—

"Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins to rise
His steeds to water at those springs,
On chaliced flowers that lie."

And to listen to the voice of some dainty Ariel or unseen spirit of nature, which goes floating over hill and valley, singing:

"Lo! here the gentle lark, weary of rest,
From the moist cabinet mounts up on high,
And awakes the morning, from whose silver breast
The sun riseth in his majesty;
Who does the world so gloriously behold,
The cedar tops, and hills seem burnished gold."

Volume after volume might be filled with odes, poems, idyls, madrigals, sonnets, etc., to the beautiful songster that soars on highest wing, but enough has been introduced in this article to acquaint the bird lovers with the musical qualities of the sky-flying bird that soars up, up, to the very fount of light and truth.

ALEX. STARBUCK.

CINCINNATI, Feb. 20.

The Forest and Stream Publishing Co. are the largest publishers and importers in America of Books on Outdoor Sports. Their illustrated descriptive catalogue will be sent free on request.

The Quebec Elk.

NEW YORK, Feb. 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Referring to the article in the last number of FOREST AND STREAM, reporting the killing of an elk in the eastern Province of Quebec, I beg to submit the following, which, taken in connection with that occurrence, proves conclusively to my mind that there are still a limited number of wapiti in eastern North America.

In December, 1897, a man named Thompson, a camp boss for A. E. Alexander, of Campbellton, New Brunswick, claimed to have seen two elk in the mountains of Restigouche county, New Brunswick. They were in the portage, near Hall's hay sheds, about twenty miles from Campbellton, and seven miles from Indian Lake, famous for trout. Thompson says that he first saw the tracks in the snow, then heard one of them whistle, and afterward succeeded in getting within a few rods of the elk before they made off. He had no gun, or he could easily have shot them both. There can be no question about the animals being elk, as Thompson has lived in the far West, seen them in droves of hundreds, and therefore knows them well.

The locality where the two elk were met by Thompson is rather less than fifteen miles from the Bay des Chaleurs, which separates New Brunswick from Quebec, and therefore but a short distance from the locality the elk was reported to have been shot.

NOAH PALMER.

SHELDON, Vt., Feb. 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The information given in your editorial of this week—about an elk being killed recently near Matepedia, Que.—is most interesting, and to me a satisfactory solution of a puzzler that has disturbed me not a little.

Late in the fall of '97 I reported through your columns that an animal somewhat resembling a moose made a hurried passage through this country, coming from the south, and going in a northeast direction into the Province of Quebec. A fox hunting friend, who first saw it, believed it to be a hybrid—a cross between a moose and our common deer. The writer followed it, or rather raced it over into Canada, and from the description given by the numerous persons who saw it, was unable to decide whether it was a moose or caribou. Its general color was described as "dunnish brown," and its gait and size resembled a moose. The track was shorter and broader, and its horns, though not large, were not palmed. It was without doubt an elk that had escaped from some game preserve south of here, and when at liberty headed northward, and succeeded in escaping the Vermont and habitation pot-hunters, to be gathered in later on, down near the Bay Chaleurs. We found where over a score of shots had been fired at it, apparently without effect—a lucky thing for the shooters.

Quite a number of deer are wintering in this vicinity, which the wardens are trying to protect. The number of hounds being lessened every few days, and their owners will be taught a lesson that will be beneficial. In the end game protection and order will prevail. It don't pay, boys, to run deer with hounds in Vermont.

STANSTEAD.

Elk Remains in Vermont.

MILTON, Vt., Feb. 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In the last issue of your paper Ernest Seton Thompson asks for information regarding the distribution of the elk. Although elk probably have not formed a part of Vermont's fauna for several centuries, at one time they certainly had an abiding place here, as is proven by remains that have been found near here, which were, I am confident, of that species.

The remains consisted of a very fine pair of antlers measuring, I should say, 6 ft. from the skull to the tips, with a spread of some 6 ft. These figures may not be quite correct, as I do not possess the exact measurements. A large bone, evidently a hip bone, and a portion of a broken antler were found with the pair.

Where they were unearthed was in a small sheet of water, that could hardly be called a pond. The action of the water, no doubt, strongly impregnated with iron, had turned their color nearly black, and rendered them as hard as stone. The vicinity has been searched for more remains, but to no purpose, as these were all that were found.

KENEWAH.

Breeding Habits of Bears.

IN Mr. Brown's letter, published in FOREST AND STREAM of Feb. 4, he asks for information as to the number of cubs bears have at a litter. I have twice found a she-bear with four cubs with her. In each case the mother was a brown, or cinnamon, bear, and in each case one cub was black, one dark brown, and the others lighter shades of brown, one being almost yellow. This was in Colorado.

Several times I have seen three cubs in a litter, though it is true that the usual number is two, and I never saw but one black or cinnamon she-bear there with all her cubs the same color, the exception being a black she-bear with two cubs. I never saw but one grizzly with more than two cubs; she having three. As to the breeding season and period of gestation, that is something I never could settle to my satisfaction.

It is commonly supposed among trappers that bears breed just before holing up. I have held a post mortem on a dozen or fifteen she-bears during September and October, and could never find any evidence that impregnation had taken place.

At the same time, during the first two months or so the indications may be so slight that no one but a specialist could discover them.

As to bears hibernating, I think that when a bear is in his natural state he makes his den where it gets completely snowed under, and that he remains torpid for about three months, say December, January and February. That is, of course, here in the mountains. In the bad lands bears stay out nearly all winter. But I notice that tame bears here in the mountains are more or less lively all winter, and take some food.

WM. WELLS.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Skunk Lore.

BARRE, Vt., March 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As several writers have given in their testimony on the antics and habits of this "varmin," I wish to add my youthful experience and observation of it.

The old theory of holding the skunk by the tail to avoid scenting originated, it is said, with the Indians, and their favorite method of catching it was for one to advance in front, keeping the finger rapidly moving in a circle, while a second individual approach it in the rear, and quickly grasped its tail and raised it from the ground. By following this method my brother found himself in full possession of a real live skunk, and it was carried some distance without scenting. But while held in an off-hand position with a .32 caliber cartridge in its brain, it discharged its fluid as effectually as if on the ground. Therefore we no longer follow this Indian method.

Skunks captured in box traps and sunk carefully beneath the water and drowned, seldom scent. A good method of removing them from the cellar or room is to chloroform them; this can be easily done without any danger. My experience makes it evident that skunks seldom use their weapon against one of their family, for during the rutting season I have found them killed in the traps by one of their kind. Some skunks are more "touchy" than others, so to speak. While one will allow you to drag it a long distance, another will not permit you to touch even the chain of the trap without scenting. It also seems that a skunk that gets hurt or into trouble, if in no way associated with an enemy, seldom scents. Again, I know a party who captured fifteen in a dead fall—not a log trap, but a flat stone placed upon edge and set with a figure 4—not one of the lot scented, and the skins were as clean to handle as a fox's pelt. B. A. E.

The Linnaean Society of New York.

REGULAR meetings of the Society will be held in the American Museum of Natural History on Tuesday evenings, March 14 and 28, at 8 o'clock.

March 14.—Annual meeting. Election of officers for ensuing year.

Eugene Smith.—"The Turtles and Lizards of the Vicinity of New York city."

March 28.—Ernest Ingersoll. "Scenery and Life in British Columbia."

By Members.—"The Warblers of North America." Exhibition of specimens, with discussion of distribution, habits, etc., of magnolia, cerulean, chestnut-sided, bay-breasted, black-poll and blackburnian warblers.

WALTER W. GRANGER, Sec'y.

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY.

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of fishing and hunting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in *FOREST AND STREAM*.

The Pennsylvania Law.

OFFICE OF THE BOARD OF GAME COMMISSIONERS, Harrisburg, Pa., Feb. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Game Commission of Pennsylvania, through their secretary, most respectfully request that your influence be used to secure the passage of the three following House bills, "An act to make constables fire, fish and game wardens ex-officio"; "An act to correct a supposed defect in the present title of our game laws," and "An act appropriating money for the enforcement of the game laws," and to oppose all other amendments to the said act of 1897, unless the same have the support of this commission, which is the representative of organized game protection in the State.

As you are aware, the act of 1897 was the result of over two years' labor given the subject of game protection by representatives from many organizations for that purpose throughout the State, men who realized that something must be done, and done quickly, to save the game birds of our State, such as the pheasant and turkey, the quail and woodcock, and that noble game mammal, the deer, from absolute extinction, at the hands of the market-hunter within our borders, and the hordes of hunters from other States, as well as the insectivorous and song birds from the irresponsible hunter, who, when allowed to carry a gun, shot anything and everything that chanced to appear before him, whether the same was in season or out of season, fit for food or not. The members of these associations, composed of judges, lawyers, physicians, merchants, mechanics and farmers, men from all walks of life, numbering at the time of the passage of the act of 1897 fully 10,000, and to-day twice that number, in the State, and having no interest save the perpetuation of these birds and mammals, labored to formulate a bill that would accomplish the desired end with the least friction in the different sections of the State. After many meetings and a thorough consideration of all interests, they drafted and secured the passage of the present law, which they then thought, and still maintain, to be the best law for its purpose on the statute books of the Commonwealth. To secure a uniform law it was necessary to give and take. The representatives of these organizations who enjoyed a day in the field with gun and dog (and there are many members who never shoot), presented the claims of their different localities—those who enjoyed squirrel shooting desired the season to open Sept. 1, but admitted that untold numbers of young pheasants and quail were killed by men who ostensibly were hunting squirrels. The pheasant and quail shooters, especially from the southern tier of counties, desired a late season, not earlier than Nov. 15, but also acknowledged that this was too late for successful squirrel hunting, so, to further uniform protection, those advocating an early opening of the squirrel season gave their time, and to allow an equitable adjustment of the season the pheasant and quail shooters waived their claim to the late opening, and Oct. 15 was decided upon as the most just to all, thus all questions were settled

after a careful consideration of the rights and equities of the several sections of the State; the time for shooting was limited to two months, thus closing the season before the snows of winter exposed the retreat of the different kinds of game, thus preventing its increased slaughter.

Evidence from unquestionable authority was presented, showing that the market-hunter was the most dangerous of all enemies to game; testimony was produced showing that this class of men started with the opening day of the season, and canvassed the country with horse and wagon until its close, moving as occasion required, and killing from forty to seventy pheasants a week, and even beyond that number. One man was reported to have killed ninety-nine pheasants in one week, and another of making a total of 1,400 pheasants for the season. Quail were slaughtered in the same way. Pheasant's nests were found by the aid of dogs, and the eggs sold to photographers at high prices, because of the valuable quality of their albumen. Evidence was produced showing that when the woodcock season opened in July and continued through the year, orders for game were received by market-hunters to "ship all the woodcock possible, we will also take all the young pheasants you can send." Deer were killed by the aid of dogs, contrary to existing law, and without an effort upon the part of any one to prevent it. Because of these facts the clause prohibiting the sale of pheasants, wild turkeys, quail, woodcock and deer was called into being; the sale of no other species of game is prohibited within the State, and the section forbidding the shipment of all game out of the State was to close the door against possible violations with reference to the above named birds and deer.

Not only is game protected by the act of 1897, but also the farmer, who has but short and limited time through which he must contend with irresponsible persons, who under the name of hunter, open his gates, destroy his fences and shoot his poultry, and for the same reason reduces the possibility of forest fires that are so frequently, whether justly or otherwise, charged to the hunter.

Reports from all over the State indicate that the act of 1897 is giving protection to an extent never before realized in this State, and that game of all kinds, with insectivorous and song birds, is on the rapid increase; therefore, in the opinion of this commission, the game laws of 1897 should not be altered or amended for the gratification of the people of any special locality of the State, and we therefore ask your help to defeat all measures bearing upon this act, except as before stated.

JOSEPH KALBFUS, Sec'y of Game Commission.

Another Old Gun.

THE last time I saw the old gun was on my last brief play-spell, back in '97. One barrel is bursted, one hammer lost, breech shaken, stock all scarred and battered with hard usage, but I would not exchange the memories connected with that old gun for a pair of Mr. Anybody's best make, with all modern contraptions.

My first endeavors on the hunting field were made with a double muzzle-loader, my first day with which was devoted to carrying around a loaded but useless gun, for, woe inexpressible, I forgot the caps. But soon I grew able to be trusted with my father's gun, then a fine new shining creation.

My first ducks fell to the clang of this dear old gun. I see yet the excitement with which my side-partner, age sixteen, rushed into the pond waist deep to get those four little blue-winged teal. I got 'em all on the wing, too, and carefully concealed my intense joy and surprise at the two pretty doubles. That was a red-letter day—one of those days one never forgets. Ten years have gone over my head quicker than the sound of those four thrilling splashes.

The old gun and I passed through many of those delightful vicissitudes of cold and rain and snow, which we never heeded, so long as there was success, and which we have long forgotten. But one day—a dreadful day I thought it for a long while—egged on to get out at 3 o'clock in the morning, a Dutch boy and I went hunting on the prairie. We didn't see, hear or believe there was anything to shoot till after 10 o'clock; then we sighted a flock of mallards on a little pond in a hollow. He went one side and I crept flat on my face down a little, low, stone fence on the other. Three hundred yards on my stomach through a muddy field, and the old gun and I are within range. I jump to my feet, yell, end as the fluttering, splashing crew of green birds rise I fire twice right into the brown. Not a thing results except accelerated speed on the part of that beggarly lot of measly ducks. With rage I throw the breech open to slip in fresh shells and my left hand run against a jagged piece of steel; the right barrel had blown out about 14in. from the fore end. There had been gin. of Missouri mud in the muzzle, and it couldn't stand the pressure. The left barrel, for some mysterious reason, is unhurt.

My heart was broken. I turned back homeward without one glance at those cussed birds. My father never said a word when I showed him the gun, but gently took it and slipped it into its case. His heart was broken, too.

But that didn't finish the old gun. As the loss of an arm is said to result in double strength for the other, so the left barrel of the best gun in town seemed to have acquired double efficiency; it was the deadliest left barrel I ever knew. And even now, when a third lot of shooters, my younger brothers, are learning on the old stand-by, that left barrel has lost not a twinkle of its old-time power.

The brightest day of the many bright ones I have to look back upon in my hunting experience I had with only the poor, old, battered gun as my artillery. Nine teal a-wing, nine single kills in less than fifteen minutes of a sunshiny October afternoon. My boy's heart had never had so glorious a swelling, and my man's heart beats faster now, as I think of it. Little thing as it is, when one has something like that to think of it makes "chained to business" a deal less galling.

The old gun can't be bought; it has earned its asylum; we all of us have killed our game with the Peter's gun, and we all wouldn't bear the parting with it. I'd most rather shoot the old gun with the useless metal to carry than I would the new, shiny, hammerless so lately first my own.

A. E. H.

The Storm and the Birds.

Editor Forest and Stream:

That exquisite gem of art, a stately and intrepid moose in that picturesque and vigilant attitude, as if ready to cope with any emergency, either to defy an enemy in encounter, or to secure safety in flight, arrived at its proper destination 25th inst., to be appreciated by the recipient, who attributes the delay to the irregularity in the mail from the inclemency in the weather.

The recent unprecedented and continued excessive cold weather of 6 to 8½ degrees below zero, that prevailed in this locality during about the middle of this month, was productive not only of many distressing and unpleasant features to those residing here, but was somewhat disastrous to game, which suffered from a limited supply of available food; many birds and small animals perished, being frozen dead when found. The wind, rain, sleet, snow and zero weather combined were destructive to the life of the game, as the wind and rain blew and beat out the seed, the sleet froze the surface to such an extent that it rendered the food inaccessible. The birds and animals that survived this arctic condition were not in that most excellent condition that would invite the fastidious palate of an epicure.

After abatement of the intense cold, and when the weather assumed a more temperate character, those who, inspired by the zeal of sport, varied the monotony of the times by engaging in a hunt, found in some instances an entire small covey of partridges (quail here) frozen in groups; and fragments of coveys still in existence. Quite large coveys of birds were observed collected together when the sleet first began, and those witnessing this spectacle were animated by that generous impulse to refrain from an indiscriminate extermination, possibly with some premonition of the fatal vagaries of the weather. Should there be no recurrence of similar weather with its sleet and snow, there will remain enough birds to supply a demand for sport in the future.

An incident that occurred immediately after the disappearance of the snow shows the result of the severity of the weather. When the hunters with bird dogs and gun discovered a covey that was comparatively reduced in numbers, the birds at first flew, but afterward their wings refused to respond to the effort at flying, and some were captured with the hand, the captives being afterward liberated. They were in that impoverished condition so typical of the birds generally. In this latitude during a deep snow many are inclined to devote time in hunting rabbits, omitting the dogs, when the snow is unusually deep. If they do not find the rabbit in the snow they pursue him by his tracks to some refuge in a hollow log, hollow tree or "sink hole" in the earth, but after the late "crisis" in the weather, dead rabbits were sometimes found occupying their beds. Yet those hunting them found them very numerous, but correspondingly poor, although shrubbery, the sprouts of the sassafras, sumac, honey locust and exposed small fruit trees bore witness to extensive ravages committed by rabbits.

Numbers of jaybirds, woodpeckers, yellow hammers and other feathering denizens of the woods did not endure this extreme condition of the weather, and now compose some of the debris accumulated beneath forest trees. Many field larks that had selected sequestered recesses as protection from wintry blasts became victims, and these birds are now seen in diminished flocks; the smaller birds, whose daily activities are confined to some secluded haunt in the grass, died in great numbers; while some doves did not possess that power of resistance to prolong life against the chilly rigors incidental to a month of February that will long remain as an episode in the history of the weather of this country.

W. L. D.

LENOW, Shelby County, Tenn., Feb. 27.

MR. GEORGE DOBBIN PENNIMAN, president of the Maryland Game and Fish Protective Association, returned yesterday from a gunning trip to North Carolina. Mr. Penniman spent Saturday in the country in southern Maryland. With reference to the partridges in North Carolina, Mr. Penniman said the recent blizzard was not of itself severe enough that far South to kill many birds, but that while the snow was on the ground colored people and others slaughtered the defenseless birds by thousands. In some places the birds could be killed with sticks, and they were easily trapped or shot. Rabbits suffered likewise, and at one small town below Charlotte, N. C., where Mr. Penniman stayed, 2,100 lbs. of rabbits were brought in from the country and sold in one day.

Mr. Penniman said also that down near Wilmington the freezing of the swamps drove the woodcock to the waters nearer the ocean, and that 500 were killed in one day on one stretch of water near Wilmington. The partridges were rather scarce and quite thin, Mr. Penniman found, near Charlotte, where he was shooting. He said that further north in Virginia and Maryland he found that the birds had perished in great numbers, because of the cold and snow.

Reports come to Mr. Penniman from the country district in this State that numbers of dead birds are being found. He will issue a circular in a few days to the game wardens of the State, asking every one to report upon the mortality among the birds in his neighborhood. When the game association gets some approximate idea of what the mortality has been, steps will be taken to remedy the loss of the birds as far as possible, by restocking the district best adapted to their propagation.—Baltimore Sun, Feb. 21.

MARCH 1.—Our big snow (13in. deep) and big freeze with minimum temperature to 3 degrees, which occurred here in the middle of February has nearly cleaned out our local birds. Where the premises are usually vocal with song at this season, I have heard but one solitary wren since the weather broke. Such warblers and other birds as did not freeze and starve were mercilessly shot by hundreds as they shivered and tried to forage on the buried seeds and capsules which were shaken off by the winds and snowed under. I never saw such unconscionable slaughter by men who call themselves sportsmen, as here last month. It was enough to break one's heart to see the strings of larks and robins and bunches of quail which hung in every stall and market. The quail, or partridge, as they are called here, were tough and

tasteless, and when they were set before me for meat my stomach gorged and revolted. Unless accessions arrive from elsewhere this spring our fields and forests will be tenantless.

C. HALLOCK.

ROCKINGHAM, N. C.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Sportsmen all over the South no doubt would be glad to hear from each other concerning the prospect of quail for next season. I am proud to say the quail in this county is doing well and safe. There are plenty to train on and to shoot. Will be plentiful next season. Two weeks ago in one day I found twenty-three coveys with four dogs, Glad S., Effie T., Jock and Hanover. I bagged forty-nine; could have gotten more, but thought I had enough. Would be glad to hear through FOREST AND STREAM from my friend, Charles Tucker, of Tennessee, and C. E. Buckle, of Virginia, concerning the quail in their State. I trust they have stood the severe weather we have just passed through. Snow was from 8 to 10 in. here.

WALTER L. STEELE.

Newfoundland Caribou.

THE following item taken from the St. John's Evening Herald, of Feb. 7, will give American sportsmen an idea how plentiful are caribou in the Island, and how they are being slaughtered:

"Thursday the Virginian Lake steamed up to the famous hunting ground of the western shore—White Bear Bay—to find 450 carcasses of venison awaiting shipment. The intense frost was such that the place was solid everywhere, and the ship could not get within five miles of the point reached last year. Thousands of caribou are reported on the hills, and even out to the very bottom of the bay they were never known to be so plentiful. Although the thermometer was 5 degrees below zero, it was a gala day for the hunters; dogs drew the carcasses over the ice to the ship's sides, assisted by the men, who came seven miles with each load, and kept up the work until all were at the gangway. They had ears, nose, cheeks and feet frost-bitten, yet did not seem to mind such trifles while at work. The steamer brought from Pushthrough and other ports 200 carcasses of caribou, making in all 650, with more to follow next trip."

Just a fortnight ago the same steamer brought 120 carcasses of venison. This slaughter has been going on for years, and still there does not appear to be any perceptible diminution in the herds of caribou that roam through the vast deer parks of the interior of the island. But of course this state of things cannot last much longer, as it would be an impossibility for the deer to stand such wholesale slaughter. Our local game protection society is taking steps to stop the abuse, and probably at the next session of the Legislature some protective legislation will be enacted. The meat is sold in St. John's for a few cents a pound, and the poorest mechanic can procure cheaply as good a haunch of venison as was ever enjoyed by Friar Tuck and Robin Hood and their jolly men in the classic glades of the New Forest.

W. J. CARROLL.

A meeting of the committee of this society was held last week in the office of the secretary, Mr. Charles H. Emerson, at which every member of the committee was present. At 7:30 P. M. Mr. R. L. Mare, the president, took the chair and a lengthy and important discussion took place with regard to the slaughter of deer, and what means should be adopted to prevent the same. A sub-committee consisting of the chairman, Mr. Mare, Mr. McNeilly, Q. C.; Messrs. F. J. Morris, Mr. Emerson and C. O'N. Conroy, was appointed to draw up a petition to the Legislature on the subject—also with regard to the alteration of the time now allowed for shooting snipe, wild duck, etc., and for a reduction of the present license fee for a non-resident \$100 to \$50. The meeting was an enthusiastic one, and the society is determined to do everything in its power to benefit all sportsmen and settlers.

Maine Legislation.

Boston, March 3.—The commissioners' fish and game bill has been prepared and introduced in the Maine Legislature, and received the sanction of the Committee on Fisheries and Game. It is reported that the Maine Fish and Game Association has had much to do with this bill, which proposes to put under one head all the fish and game laws of the State. The matter introduced makes a pamphlet of forty-one pages, and brings under one chapter of the revised statutes every law, public, private or special, relating to inland fisheries and game, and all laws not therein contained are repealed by the repealing clause of the bill. Not a great many changes are made in the existing laws. Section 5 contains all the laws pertaining to fish. The close time begins October 1, as now, but ends with the leaving of the ice from the lakes and ponds, instead of May 1, as in the old law. No other important changes have been made, except to reduce the number of pounds of trout or landlocked salmon one may take and have in possession to 20, instead of 25, as in the present law. All the lakes and ponds in Somerset and Kennebec counties are closed to all ice fishing, in addition to those in Oxford and Franklin counties, which were closed by the old law. Section 10 adds cusk, suckers and pickerel to the present list of protected fish. In section 11 the sale of ruffed grouse is prohibited and the number one may kill in a day is reduced to fifteen. Sandpipers are also added to the list of protected birds. Section 19 makes the annual close time on deer to commence Dec. 15, instead of Jan. 1, as in the old law. It also puts a close time of six years on caribou. Section 20 changes the penalty for illegal moose killing to fine or imprisonment, or both, at the discretion of the court. Section 21 is new and is really the section that will cause a hard fight when the bill comes up for consideration March 15, the day assigned for it. It proposes that one deer may be killed in September for food, to be consumed in the locality where taken, and by the person taking it, by paying a fee of \$6 for a non-resident of the State and \$4 for a resident, under such rules and regulations as the commissioners

shall establish. This proposed law applies only to counties where there is an open season on deer, and not to those closed all the year. Section 26 is new and provides that two game birds, 10lbs. of fish, a moose or a deer, may be shipped to the home of the lucky sportsman, without his accompanying it, by paying a fee for the privilege; the fee to be large enough to prevent shipping to markets. No changes are made in the guide registration law, except that guides may register as general or local guides. Section 29 is for the purpose of putting sporting camps more completely under the knowledge of the commissioners; that they may know who owns and operates them, and for what purposes.

A long petition has been received, signed by the principal timber and wild land owners of the State, setting forth their great value, and extreme danger from forest fires. They claim that they are entitled to some protection from the dangers of fire, set by the thousands of hunters who roam without restraint over their lands. The petition winds up with this clause: "No protection can be afforded so cheaply and efficiently as to compel hunters and fishermen, intending to camp and kindle fires, to be accompanied by a registered guide, upon whom rests the responsibilities of his office." The petition also claims that much the same argument pertains to sporting camps; that they should be licensed; that their owners should be known to the commissioners to be careful, competent and safe men, to be intrusted with the keeping of the fish and game interests of the State as well as the landed interests of her citizens. How much of the petition will be incorporated in the general fish and game bill it is not yet certain.

SPECIAL.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Ducks Coming North.

CHICAGO, Ill., March 4.—The cold snap here has been broken by a series of rains, which will be very apt to loosen the streams, and make holes in the ice big enough for a duck to get his feet into. Already the flight is well over the lower part of this State, and a few birds have been killed at Water Valley, although the ice is still 18 in. thick. There might be heavy shooting at Swan Lake almost any day now. At Browning, Ill., there is a great mallard country, and a good many mallards are reported feeding on the cornfields near there already. If one cares to go spring shooting, it might be well to keep an eye on Browning this coming week, for a warm spell will bring the ducks up in a great wave over this country. The flight will probably last for a couple of days, and those lucky enough to be on the grounds when it comes will get the shooting.

They tell me that sometimes very good shooting is had at the junction of the Kankakee and Desplaines rivers, near Lorenzo, on the Santa Fe Railroad. A party near here has a flock of seventeen tame decoys, which are said to do their work remarkably well.

By the way, it is at Browning that this art of using tame decoys has reached its highest development. That great duck country had produced some magnificent market-shooters, and it is among these that we find the tame decoy in its most practical form. The bird used is hardly to be distinguished from the mallard duck, excepting that its legs are a little heavier. A flock of about a dozen is ordinarily used, the hens being anchored, perhaps a dozen of them, while four or five drakes are left to feed and swim around. These perfidious fowls call so seductively that they allure the most suspicious wild bird. The shooters in that region ordinarily use the pump gun, and deliver the first barrel just at the time when the wild birds are letting down their legs, 4 or 5 ft. above the heads of the tame decoys. They ordinarily deliver all the shots of the pump gun before the flock has gotten out of range. If you want to see scientific duck shooting go to this Illinois river country. It was Browning that produced Billy Griggs, whom I take to be the king of the market-hunters of all America.

What's the Matter with Illinois?

Mr. R. R. Wiley, of Peoria, Ill., writes to me a letter which sets forth so clearly the real state of affairs in Illinois on game protection, that I am disposed to let him speak in full to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM. He says:

"Allow me to bear testimony to the fine qualities of FOREST AND STREAM, and especially to your department, which has always had an abundance of interest to the hunter or fisherman.

"But the items which have always first engaged my attention are those relating to game protection. It makes my heart glad when you tell of any step forward that is being made by our game wardens or by the Legislature.

"On the Illinois River, near my home, there are several sloughs that were once famous for waterfowl. During migration the ducks were very numerous, but now, as one paddles through these places, with the pleasure of seeing only a few grebes or a band of nervous coots huddled together, one feels as if he were looking at a picture all blue and gray, and no sunshine. We all know, or should know, what has become of the ducks; but let us cease talking and do something. No law ever was or ever will be effective without strong public sentiment behind it. Our legislators need more of this sentiment, and I wish that your paper might be the means of bringing out the expressions of the multitude of our true sportsmen until everybody would wake up to the fact that game protection is vitally necessary.

"To judge from my experiences, in this section of the country, our game and fish laws would have had just as much respect if they had been framed in Greenland. Game is sold and killed in open violation of the law, and market fishermen have seines running out from every point on the river, as long as the water remains open. A gentleman in this city has become interested in these matters, and has sought far and wide for a case where money has been received for school funds due to the conviction of fish law violators. After a great deal of correspondence with many school superintendents in this section, he has found that, with one exception, no money has been received.

"Now, isn't this lamentable? Wouldn't the people be quick to raise a row if their sheriffs or constables allowed a pickpocket or other criminal to victimize them? Are we not being victimized every day of every year in regard to the game and fish laws?

"Let us try to redeem the mistake of the past; shake the lethargy of the public, and make them see the necessity of preserving our birds and fish.

"I have written this much at length to you because you are trying to wake people up to these matters. I hope you will continue, and take as the text for many a sermon 'The Prohibition of Spring Shooting.' When one considers the thousands of gunners, who each spring kill more thousands of female ducks, and when one considers that these thousands would otherwise come back in the fall, multiplied, at the very least, six times, the proposition assumes a very promising aspect.

"I wonder if, among the great many readers of FOREST AND STREAM in this and neighboring States, there are not others who feel as I do about these matters, but who never express themselves?"

There is but too much truth in Mr. Wiley's comment on the weakness of Illinois sentiment in game protection. Something of this is geographical, and much of it is due to heredity. Let us suppose that we are just coming in to the State of Illinois in the early days. We are poor, and want to make a living in the easiest way possible. We find the great Illinois River, running north and south across the State for so great a distance, teeming with fish and crossing a country alive with game. We settle on this strip of country, and we send for our friends. We look upon this stream, with its fish and game, as ours by right of discovery. We don't always go to school, and we don't always read the papers for a generation or so, so we cling to the ways of the past. Our children grow up in the same way. They and their neighbors take up the land back from the stream, owning it for 50 or 100 miles on each side of the waterway, yet not getting so far away as to be out of the reach of its traditions. All these people feel that they own the fish and game, as their fathers did, whenever they see fit to kill it. The free spirit of old America dictates this feeling, and I confess I admire it. I never liked law or restraint myself, and I would like to move to-morrow to a country where such things were not known. But since we are in this country, and since the conditions of this country have changed, and since some of us have learned to think and reason, it is easily to be seen that we cannot have our individual ways any more than we can have the old conditions.

The great thing for the so-called lawless element of lower Illinois to remember, is the thing which they have not learned, and seem unable to learn, namely, that the times have changed. We cannot shoot as we did fifty years ago, for the reason that there are more men and fewer birds. It is just as good sense to spare our ducks as it is to spare our setting hens. We will always have poultry, yet when the first domestic fowls came into Illinois there were a million ducks to where there was one hen. To-day there are a million hens to where there is one duck. The situation is reversed. Why?

All these people of lower Illinois believe in spring shooting. The descendants of the early settlers believe in it, and a great many of the leading citizens of the larger towns believe in it. A good many men in Chicago believe in it. A great many men who profess not to believe it in, none the less practice it. It is no use saying that none of these men are sportsmen, and it is no use reviling them. I am inclined to think that a good deal of the bitter sentiment of lower Illinois against upper Illinois on this very head arose out of the ill-advised position taken by the too ardent wellwishers of good protection. The idea grew up in lower Illinois that the city shooters wanted to force upon the statutes laws which suited them, laws which were good for sportsmen, but which were not enacted for the benefit of the people. This sort of thing was at once met by the stubborn old idea of American independence, the rebellion against class legislation. This is why we do not have popular sentiment behind our game laws. The sportsmen of Chicago have tried to cram the prohibition of spring shooting down the neck of lower Illinois, and the latter wouldn't have it so. We never will stop this spring shooting in Illinois so long as the old situation remains unchanged. To me the natural method seems to be that of putting before all the people of this State, north and south, the simple proposition that we are men and brothers, and that a sportsman is no whit better than any other man. Before all of these men, sportsmen so-called, or plain citizens, there can always be gently put the homely parallel of the hen and the duck, and their positions now so lamentably reversed. If I wanted to pass a law stopping spring shooting in Illinois, I should spend some money in the lower portion of the State in a mild effort to show these high spirited Americans, who are just as good as any of us who live in the city, that the times are no longer as they were, so that we can no longer act as once we did. If we stop spring shooting in Illinois we will have fall shooting again. The question for all of us is, Would it not be better to have fall shooting for twenty years than spring shooting for ten years? I should fancy that the matter would resolve itself into some such proposition as the latter.

Wants a Hudson Bay Knife.

Mr. A. C. Stott, of Stottville, N. Y., writes me asking where he can get the Hudson Bay knife, described by Mr. MacGowan, of St. Paul. The Hudson Bay Company, of Winnipeg, Man., can supply it. I do not know what the import charges will be. Mr. Stott will see more about this in earlier numbers of the FOREST AND STREAM.

Personal.

During the past winter Mr. Coleman, president of the Austin Powder Company, Cleveland, O., was taken very seriously ill, and for a long time had a hard fight for recovery. So able and pleasant a gentleman can ill be spared even temporarily from business walks, and I am very glad to hear from A. Lent, treasurer of the Austin Powder Company, that Mr. Coleman though still confined to his house, is rapidly improving. His illness was a severe one, and brought him near death's door. Mr. Lent says, "Traveling the downward path occupied months, and full recovery will of necessity consume time. As the boys remark, he is a 'comer,' and we expect to see

him here at the office not later than May 1." Even this delayed date will enable Mr. Coleman to take a hand in the trade of the coming year, which bids fair to be one unprecedentedly large.

Mr. E. D. Updike, a prominent Board of Trade man, of Chicago, left this week for San Antonio and the Texas coast. I regret that I did not meet him to add my mite to his information regarding the Southwest country, but if he once gets there he cannot help having a good time.

E. HOUGH.

1200 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Deer in Town.

GLOVERSVILLE, N. Y., March 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Kingsboro is a suburb of Gloversville. Every year deer come from the mountain, three miles north of our city, and are seen by the inhabitants. The Leader reported the other day:

"The residents of Kingsboro and Marshall avenues and adjoining streets were considerably surprised yesterday morning by the appearance of a young deer strolling along the thoroughfares. The deer did not seem to be worried by the environments of civilization, and after spending some time about the portion of the city mentioned, the deer crossed East Fulton street, jumped a fence about the cemetery, and while it was standing on top of one of the vaults it was noticed by several persons. No attempt was made to capture the animal, although a number of boys who saw it on one of the streets gave chase, but were easily distanced. After remaining in the cemetery a short time the deer went toward the southeastern part of the city and disappeared in the woods near Cold Spring."

J. H. D.

GLOVERSVILLE, March 4.—Here is a sequel to the note sent you a few days ago: "Residents of the city who arose at an early hour this morning had the pleasure of witnessing the decidedly unusual sight of a wild deer running about the streets in the business portion of the city. The creature was a doe, evidently quite young, and was not very large. It was first seen on Kingsboro avenue by two hounds, which immediately gave chase, and pursued the deer over the avenue and down Prospect street, until they attracted the attention of Druggist Robert Baird, who was walking down town. He very promptly stopped the dogs and prevented further trouble to the deer from that source, but the little creature continued its flight toward the center of the city, and finally entered the Keystone Hotel barn on South Main street in a very exhausted condition. This morning James Kathan, who has charge of the barn, went to Johnstown and found Game Protector Leavitt absent from home. The possession of the deer was reported to his family with a request to notify the protector as soon as possible. An effort was also made to notify Game Protector Lobdell, of Northville, but it was reported that he was ill and could not be seen. As a result, the deer will be kept in the barn and cared for until Game Protector Leavitt determines what is to be done with it."

Maine Venison Shipments.

BOSTON, March 6.—I met a Boston sportsman on the street Saturday, who was much pleased over a bit of information he had received from Maine. The same story he also told me had been telegraphed to the Boston papers. It concerned a lighter which came ashore at a well-known Maine port, where shipping to Boston is easy. On board the lighter was a number of barrels. These a game warden happened to spy, and became suspicious of them. He detained the captain of the lighter and opened the barrels. In them he found the saddles and hides of seventeen deer, each one tagged to a Boston firm. He seized the venison and put the captain of the lighter under arrest. The fine will be \$40 for having each deer in possession, besides attempting to ship them out of the State. I hope that this story of arrest is true, for I have seen eleven more saddles of deer, just received at a Boston commission house, since last writing the FOREST AND STREAM. If it is true, one of the outlets of the underground railway for shipping deer out of Maine in close season may be stopped at last.

The ideas of the ordinary New York press reporter are crude, if not laughable. I was shown a clipping yesterday from a city paper, which went on to give an item of news concerning one of the live moose now in the Madison Square Garden sportsmen's show. It told of the ugly nature of the moose and of his attack on the men who helped put him on the train at Lewiston, Me., "where he was trapped." Well, the citizens of the city of Lewiston will smile when they read of trapping wild and savage moose within their borders. The truth of the matter is that the moose comes from a game park in that city, and that he was taken up and haltered in the yard and led to the car that was to take him to New York. He went into the car rather unwillingly, but there was about as much trouble about it as there would have been concerning a balky horse under like circumstances.

Later: It comes from perfectly reliable sources that a seizure of seventeen deer saddles was made on Thursday last; the game en route for the Boston market.

SPECIAL.

Weight of Quail.

LOCKPORT, N. Y., March 2.—By a sad misfortune of a few sportsmen here, who are trying to restock a portion of the farms near the city with quail for next season's shooting, I am enabled to give Didymus some information as to the weight of Bob White that was supposed to have come from Montana, although the parties received them from a New York dealer, which was a great mistake, as they have no knowledge of how long they had been in confinement.

Of 120 shipped on Feb. 15, eleven were dead when received the next day. The rest were divided into three lots and taken to different farms to be liberated when the weather was favorable. Of one lot of twenty-seven seven died within three days, when the party turned the remainder out of the building where they were confined, and they went directly to a straw stack in the ad-

joining field; since when I have not heard from them, but as there has been no snow on the ground and the weather has been mild and pleasant, I do not doubt that they are doing well. I secured the eighteen dead birds, eleven of which were females, and weighed each bird separately. With the exception of two of the males, I found them in fair condition. The aggregate weight of the seven males was 36oz.; an average of little over 5oz.; the eleven females weighed 61oz., a trifle over 5½oz. each. I should think that these birds when caught would have averaged at least 6oz.; which would be light for Montana birds. I have a female in my collection taken eighteen years ago in this country (Niagara) that weighed 9oz. when I took it from a bunch of birds in the market, where it attracted my attention by its large size and light color, it being much lighter colored than two other females taken here.

J. L. DAWSON.

[The quail of course did not come from Montana, where there are no quail; but were probably from West Virginia, North Carolina, the Indian Territory or Kansas.]

Teton Guide and Game Protective Association

JACKSON, Wyoming, Feb. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The game is wintering fine, except as to a few calves. The winter has been comparatively open.

An organization was completed here this month, known as the Teton Guide and Game Protective Association. The officers for the first year are as follows: S. N. Leek, President; Webster La Plant, Vice-President; Andy Watson, Treasurer; Wm. Simpson, Secretary and Clerk to Board of Managers.

The objects are to furnish sportsmen with reliable information and the names of competent guides, and to protect them in their hunting rights and privileges in the Jackson Valley country. With a view of making the association a reliable institution, representative residents who are not engaged in guiding tourists, are members.

The past year has indicated that an organization of this kind is a necessity. Several tourists have complained of unfair treatment at the hands of incompetent persons representing themselves as guides.

The changes in the game law made by the present Legislature, are new to most people in the State. As soon as the law is printed and distributed, it will be time to commence their enforcement. As we are not familiar with the features of the law as passed, only in a general way, we will not attempt to criticize or commend them. Suffice to say that the first duty of the State game warden will be to enforce the law in the community where the game ranges.

W. L. SIMPSON.

Maine Deer and Lumbermen.

JACKMAN, Me., March 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your publication of Feb. 25 you misquote me in your article, "A Maine Winter Robin." What I really wrote was: "There are several large deer yards in the vicinity of camp, and so far they are all doing nicely, and none are being killed by the lumbermen or anyone else." While you quote me as saying, "and were all being killed." Kindly correct this error and greatly oblige

F. W. LAWTON.

The Sportsmen's Exposition.

THE fifth annual exposition of the Sportsmen's Association in the Madison Square Garden, of this city, surpasses all that have gone before it in the provision of attractions strictly within the scope of such an exhibition, and apart from the purely trade displays. The show has been closely modeled on that of Boston last year, with respect to features and their arrangement. The immense floor space of the Garden is almost entirely given up to the attractions. There are a game paddock for live game, an aviary of game birds, an artificial lake for aquatic sports, on the shore of which the Indian tepees are set against a magnificent scene-painting of the great glacier region of the Selkirks.

The paddock is enclosed with Page woven wire fencing, and in it are buffalo, caribou, moose, elk and Virginia deer; while in cages and pens are bears, gray wolves, mountain lions, raccoons, opossums, beavers and game birds. There is a large and admirably arranged aquarium display of fishes by the New York Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission, under the immediate direction of Mr. A. N. Cheney. The fishes shown include a series comprising steelhead, red-throat, rainbow, brown, brook and lake trout, pike, perch, and black bass. Among the trout are mature specimens and yearlings and two-year-olds. There is also a model hatchery.

Among the birds novel to most visitors are two trained falcons, imported from Europe.

Hunters, Trappers and Guides.

Again the sons of Nimrod have gathered from the four winds to the place of meeting, where Diana stretches her golden bow. Under one roof are men who know the hunting countries of the continent. The big game sections of the North are, however, best represented among the hunters, trappers and guides, and particularly the moose countries, from Maine on the east to the Rockies on the west.

The Quebec Exhibit.

Half of the north side of the floor of the Garden is given up to the Quebec exhibit, and the attractions of woods and waters are represented by game animals and birds, some living and some stuffed, placed in front of a cycloramic background, and by hunters who are there to explain about the birds and beasts. The Quebec exhibit is in charge of Mr. L. Z. Joncas, assisted by Mr. N. E. Cormier. Mr. J. W. McNicol has charge of one section, and with him are Alfred Lanoie, George Frazar and Beebe Lirette, who are guides, Messrs. Turcotte and Jackson are also connected with the exhibit.

Mr. W. H. Parker represents the Laurentian Club, of which he is manager. He is accompanied by three noted guides, Bazile Maurice, who was with General Wolseley on the Nile expedition, and Aimé Beaulier and his brother, Narcisse. Mr. Parker organized the Winchester, Shaivinegan, Laurentian and St. Maurice clubs, and

has the further distinction of having been one of the earliest subscribers to FOREST AND STREAM, having sent Charles Hallock a check for \$25 for subscriptions while the first issues were fresh from the press. Mr. Parker's Laurentian guides sing Canadian boat songs, and have voices of wonderful sweetness and power.

Mr. Cormier invited the FOREST AND STREAM man to take a little six weeks' trip next summer up the St. Maurice to the headwaters of its southwest branch, and then downstream either by the Gatineau or Ottawa to civilization. The three streams mentioned take their rise, according to Mr. Cormier, in a pond about the size of the amphitheater of the Madison Square Garden. Mr. Cormier is Superintendent of Fisheries and Game at Avinver, Quebec, and among the many other things he does, he arranges to supply park owners with wild game, from beaver to moose. He could have brought a carload of moose and caribou to the Sportsmen's Exposition if they had been wanted, and he has at the present time several contracts on hand for supplying big game for parks.

The Adirondacks.

The Adirondack exhibit occupies the other half of the space on the north side of the Garden, just east of the Quebec exhibit. There are some neatly finished camps, interesting game trophies, and a still more interesting collection of husky woodsmen. The great hotel keepers are represented, and George Stevens, Jr., who is said by his friends to be one of the best living still-hunters, is there in person. The men connected with this exhibit comprise the finest aggregation of sturdy manhood to be found in the Garden. Among the guides who are particularly worth talking to are Warren W. Cole, of Long Lake; F. C. Chase, Newcomb, and Fayette Moody, Saranac.

The Canadian Pacific.

The Fourth avenue end of the Garden is devoted to a scenic and very successful representation of an Indian hunting camp in the Selkirks. The background is a gigantic painting of the great glacier of the Selkirks, and is a remarkably good representation of the actual landscape. Timbered hills are shown in the middle distance, and the stream which drains the glacier. In front are the tepees of the aborigines, and moving about at their various tasks the Indians themselves. At their feet is the swimming pool, and the canoes are drawn up on the bank.

Mr. L. O. Armstrong, has general supervision of the exhibit, assisted by Mr. C. C. Farr. The canoes shown in the cyclorama setting are of Eastern manufacture, and the majority of the Indians never saw a glacier in their lives, but that doesn't spoil the effect. Nesodaro, the Mountain Cree, is at home in the shadow of the towering Selkirks, but for all practical purposes Willie Paulson, from the Upper Ottawa, fits into the picture and plays his part just as well.

The Quebec & Lake St. John Railway has an interesting exhibit next the C. P. Ry. on the south side of the Garden, and then comes the State of Maine, with a great exhibit, reaching almost to the Madison avenue entrance.

Maine.

The Maine exhibit is divided into different sections. At the west end is the camp of the Megantic Fish and Game Preserve.

In the Patten section is Natey Fogg, equally ready to tell a good story or to post sportsmen on the advantages of the Jack Darling camps, on the Sebois Chain, of which he is the present proprietor. At his elbow is John Jackman, the Patten photographer, some of whose game pictures have been printed in FOREST AND STREAM, and somewhere in the neighborhood may be found W. S. McKinney, who is a very unpopular man with the bears of the Pine Tree State. His brother Frank is the man who killed a moose with a .22cal. pistol and the short cartridge loaded with smokeless powder. Mr. Howe, of Curren & Howe, represents the Trout Brook farm. Moose, deer and caribou are the principal live stock. Some of the deer are so obliging that they walk right up to the door when their turn comes to be shot. Mr. Sumner L. Crosby, the taxidermist, is in evidence, as usual. What Maine would be without Mr. Crosby is not pleasant to think about. Wm. E. Cushman, of Sheoman, has a collection of trophies that would pain a sensitive bear to contemplate. He has a cigar-box full of claws and teeth, and other relics of victims to the steel trap habit. In making this collection, Mr. Cushman is following in his father's footsteps, the only difference being that his father used a set gun.

Capt. Barker, of course, is here, and if he had time between greeting old friends and answering questions about Maine hunting resorts, he could give some interesting observations on his recent trip to Santiago and other war points.

A University Course in Woodcraft.

If anybody has any puzzling questions to ask about any subject of simon-pure woodcraft or natural history from the hunter's and trapper's standpoint, which treats of the science from the point where man and beast rub shoulders, he will find some professors here ready to elucidate the matter for him. These professors know little of kid glove methods of imparting knowledge. Some of them handle their grammar after trade-marked fashion of their own that defies parsing and the commonly accepted rules of construction, and which would be as much of a puzzle to the New England college professor as was Scotty Briggs' chewing of the language to the reverend gospel sharp. Yet there is a force and directness about what they say that carries conviction, and when it comes to driving home an argument and clinching it on the other side for keeps with the fewest possible words, the college professor has to give way to the woodsman.

Many of these wilderness-rover professors supplement spoken language with sign language. Cut off the courier des bois' hands and he cannot talk, and for a similar reason, if Nesodaro, the Mountain Cree, were to be fastened to his chair, he could never properly make you see the final short-range struggle with the grizzly.

Nesodaro's Bear Story.

Mr. L. O. Armstrong introduced Nesodaro. Mr. Armstrong said Nesodaro has given it as his impression of New York city (and there are those who agree with him) that the tepees are too high and the people too many.

Nesodaro hails from the Stoney Indian Reserve, in western Alberta, and his hunting grounds are the world's white roof-tree, north, west and south of Banff along the backbone of the Rockies. Mr. Armstrong opened a map to point out to the Indian his home. He ran his finger along the line of the railroad till he came to Morley, and then north to the Bow River. "There you are, Nesodaro," he said. "You live on this stream emptying into the Bow-What's-Its-Name, Ghost River?"

"Oh, yes," said Nesodaro, pleased to hear the name. "Me come down that mountain," and he placed his dusky forefinger on a nearby elevation shown on the map.

"That's Minnewaukan," said Mr. Armstrong, and again Nesodaro's face lit up and he said:

"Oh, yes, me come down there."

"Now," said the agent, "you're no more a lost child. You know where you live, though I doubt if you'd ever get back there unless we took you. It's a good many moons' travel on foot."

I asked Nesodaro how many cubs he had ever seen with an old bear. He mistook my question and answered "Fifteen," and the crowd of ignorant city people who had jammed into the tepee laughed. Nesodaro laughed himself, good-naturedly, and turning to a little boy who was struggling in his father's arms much as if he expected to be thrown to a wild beast to be devoured, reached out his hand and stroked him, whereat Young America gave such a start that, as Fred Moody expressed it once, he had to jump backwards to get into his skin again.

I explained my meaning and Nesodaro said:

"Some bear, three; some bear, two; no see four."

A White Bear and Black Sheep.

Nesodaro says caribou and moose are pretty scarce in his hunting grounds. He has killed six of the former and ten of the latter animals. Elk are fairly numerous, while mountain sheep and goats are "too many."

There are two kinds of sheep, according to his statement, the black sheep and the white sheep. He pointed to some brownish martin fur trimming on his clothing to show the color of the black sheep, and to his smoke-tanned buckskin blouse to show the color of the other, which was evidently the well-known bighorn. He says the black sheep are found "west Red Deer River, west Saskat'wan, west Old Man River."

It seems just possible that the black sheep referred to may be the *Ovis stoni*, and if so the fact is of great interest, as indicating a southern range of this sheep on the eastern flank of the Rockies considerably below the supposed limit.

Nesodaro says he has killed a white bear. It was a small animal, and though weighing only about 200lbs. it was very fat. He killed it in the "low winter" and sold the hide for \$11. It had eyes "black as hair."

The Birch Bark Tepee.

Mr. C. C. Farr, who was with the Hudson Bay Company fifteen years, and who has been around the headwaters of the Ottawa for a much longer period, is a mine of interesting information on all matter pertaining to game or wild life. He saw me looking at a bark tepee and said that the Indian name for it was asohahgan, and that the specimen came from Lake Animapissing.

"I had to get one of them for the show," he said, "and I went to an Indian named Peeshahbo and told him to give me his. Peeshahbo said: 'How the blazes am I going to live for the rest of the winter?' I said: 'Oh! man, ye'll make a new one.' 'But I can't peel any bark,' says he. 'Never you mind,' says I, 'I've got to have it,' and with that I took it, and here it is."

Mr. Farr explained that the bark tepees are used by the Indians on their winter hunting trips. They are made in summer from the bark of large birches, sewed together in sections measuring about 3 by 12ft. The pole framework of the tepee is erected and the bark bent around before it has dried, so that it will take the proper shape. The free ends of the bark sections are protected and kept from splitting by light strips of wood, one on either side, which are attached by sewing. Seven of these 3x12 bark sections are used in the construction of the asohahgan. When the Indian moves his camp the sections are made into tight rolls, for convenience in carrying. In erecting the tepee the bottom section is put in place first, and two of the rolls are commonly required to reach around. Afterwards the other sections are wound around the cone-shaped framework up to within a short distance of the peak. The top is left open for the escape of smoke. The upper sections lap over the lower, shingle fashion, and all the seams run diagonally with reference to a vertical line, in such a way as to shed water perfectly.

The sewing is done with wattup. Wattup is made from the roots of spruce trees, pulled out by the women and boiled till softened. The brown bark covering is rubbed off and the roots split into suitable sizes for sewing. Wattup will keep for years and is tougher than moosewood. When wanted for use, all that is necessary is to throw it into water, and it becomes pliable and easily worked.

Bark and Wattup.

The Kippawas use birch bark and wattup for all conceivable purposes, from making their canoes to the construction of minnekwanan pots, which are oval-topped affairs finished with rectangular bottoms, and used for holding berries or sewing materials, or even, at times, when pitched along the seams, as water vessels. The French word for minnekwanan is corceau. Willie Paulson has a birch bark bat that is a work of art, both in ensemble and detail.

In constructing their canoes, the Indians use two kinds of bark. The heaviest goes into the bottom and is called bottom bark, and the lighter bark is side bark. As Mr. Farr remarked, "the words carry the significance, do ye

see?" On these northern waters of the Ottawa great canoes, up to 35ft. in length, are still used. The four and a half and five fathom canoes are commoner. The Rob Roy, made by old Amab, chief of the Kippawas, is the king of the lot, with her six fathoms to the wet. The mention of Amab made Mr. Farr reminiscent.

Indian Dress.

"Twenty-six years ago," said he, "I first saw his old wife. She was dressed in tartan plaid, with a belt and tomahawk at her waist, and a beaded hood on her head. On her legs she wore metasse, or leggings. Before the Indians came in contact with the white man they used to wear for their winter dress woven rabbit-skin garments. The clothing was made on the same principle as the rabbit-skin robes so popular in the Klondike at the present time. The Indians of the Temiscamingue and Temaganis region cut rabbit skins into strips and twist them, and then net them together exactly as they make a fish net. With a dirty blanket underneath and a rabbit-skin robe on top they will sleep out in the open very comfortably with the thermometer 40 degrees below zero. The Indian name for the robe is assaybeekwan, meaning a netted covering."

From Caribou to Clothing in Quick Time.

While we were talking Paulson passed again, and Mr. Farr called attention to his buckskin suit. "That skin was a live caribou two weeks ago," he remarked.

"You know, the Indians don't wear those things back in the woods. But I had to rig 'em out in fancy style for this show, so I told Willie to get some buckskin clothes, and he went out and killed two caribou and had their hides nicely smoke-tanned and made into coat and pants in short order. Every man can be his own tailor in that country, if he has a good squaw to do the work."

Live Wild Birds.

Prominent among the live creatures to be seen at the Garden, and attracting much attention from visitors, are a number of cages containing wild birds, among which may be mentioned quail, pheasants and several species of wildfowl. The cages are noticeable for being well built and commodious, much better suited for the exhibition of these birds than anything previously seen at such shows. Each one is provided with a water tank sufficiently ample to allow the birds to swim and bathe. Among the wildfowl are black and white domesticated swans, Canada geese and snow geese, European sheldrake and widgeons, mallards, teal, and a cage of beautiful wood ducks and mandarin ducks.

It is to be noticed that in this exhibit the foreign species are almost as numerous as are the native ones. The birds all seem in excellent condition and are, of course, greatly admired by all visitors.

It is to be regretted that neither Mr. Wilton Lockwood, of Boston, nor Mr. Timothy Treadwell, of Long Island, should have sent cages of their birds to this show. Their collections, as seen at other shows, are remarkably full and very interesting. It certainly seems as if it would be worth while for more people to pay attention to this question of domesticating wildfowl. When we recall the fact that persons enthusiastic in matters of this sort have succeeded in getting certain wild grouse, wild ducks and wild geese to breed regularly in confinement, it would appear as if only time, study and care were required to induce certain sorts of wildfowl to breed in confinement as freely as do our domestic species.

Trade Exhibits.

E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS & CO.

Stand 49 contains the exhibit of the firm of E. I. Du Pont De Nemours & Co., Wilmington, Del. It is situated in the gallery to the left of the Madison avenue entrance. It contains a very complete display of the different kinds of powders manufactured by the company, sporting, military and blasting, together with samples of the crude materials from which the black powders are manufactured. All are most attractively arranged and exhibited. Powder kegs in variety of size and color display the manner of identification and shipment. There are also samples of smokeless powder for shotgun and rifles and cannon powder. A most interesting part of the exhibit is the model of a cannon charge for the 13in. guns used in the navy. Standing on end, the powder charge measures 634ft., the projectile 334ft. more. The charge of powder weighs 210lbs. and the projectile 1,100lbs. Mr. Pierre Gentieu is in charge.

HAZARD POWDER CO.

Stand 51 contains the exhibit of the Hazard Powder Co., 44 Cedar street, New York. In the exhibit are samples of all kinds of powder manufactured by this company, with also samples of the crude material from which the black powders are made. There is also a sample of the company's Blue Ribbon shotgun powder. Mr. B. H. Norton is in charge. The exhibit is most attractively arranged.

LAFLIN & RAND POWDER CO.

Stands Nos. 52, 53 and 54 are occupied by the Laflin & Rand Powder Co., 99 Cedar street, New York. It catches the eye from any part of the Garden, the large models of the 12, 10 and 8in. breech-loading cannon being full size and very conspicuous. These are sectional models, about 16ft. long, and show the monster guns split lengthwise. The bore, breech-loading mechanism, etc., are made apparent to the eye at a glance. The full size dummy projectiles rest in the bores, with their respective dummy loads of 250, 140 and 75lbs. of powder placed in the chambers in proper manner. Several targets made by Mr. W. M. Thomas, with the Laflin & Rand smokeless powders, testify to their worth and to the skill of the riflemen who could perform so well at 500yds. Samples of their new sporting rifle smokeless, for rifles and pistols built for the use of black powders are also a part of the company's exhibit. Mr. Ed. Taylor, wise in the lore of what powders are made of and what they will do when made, is in charge.

UNION METALLIC CARTRIDGE CO.

The Union Metallic Cartridge Co., Bridgeport, Conn., occupy spaces from No. 55 to 59. Their exhibit is apparent from any part of the Garden, for its size and simple, yet rich, elegance. It is in the form of a lone arch, made of mahogany, the pillars of which are shelved and walled with clear glass, so that all the varieties of rifle cartridges, sporting and military, are readily seen by the eye at a glance. There are all calibers, with all kinds of powder charges and all kinds of bullets. The ammunition for machine and rapid-fire guns is also in evidence. There are glittering primers by the bushel, and wads, shells and shotgun ammunition in general of all sizes, the 28 and 24gauge nitro shells being a special novelty. Mr. W. M. (U. M. C.) Thomas and Mr. J. J. (U. M. C.) Hallowell are in charge.

LEROY SHOT AND LEAD WORKS.

The Leroy Shot and Lead Works, 261 Water street, New York, occupy Stand No. 60. There are displayed samples of all kinds and sizes of shot, most artistically arranged. There are sizes from the robust bullet down to the fine sizes of shot used by bird collectors and naturalists.

SHOVERLING, DALY & GALES.

Messrs. Shoverling, Daly & Gales, of 325 Broadway, New York, have a very attractive display of sportsmen's goods, the main features of which are the Daly guns, many of which are highly and richly finished, and a quite full line of the celebrated Marlin rifles and shotguns and Bristol steel rods, fishing tackle and golf goods. The Borchardt pistol-carbine is a very interesting part of their exhibit. Mr. G. R. Schneider is in charge.

BRIDGEPORT GUN IMPLEMENT CO.

The Bridgeport Gun Implement Co., Bridgeport, Conn., occupy Stands Nos. 64 and 65. Their exhibit is confined to golf implements and loading blocks for shotgun ammunition. Their space is neat and attractive. Mr. A. L. Taylor is in charge.

THE INTERSTATE ASSOCIATION.

Stand No. 72 is where the Interstate Association is in evidence. Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, the able manager, occupies and transacts business in it in his leisure moments.

THE U. S. CARTRIDGE CO.

The U. S. Cartridge Co., of Lowell, Mass., occupy stands Nos. 73 and 74. It is most attractively furnished in Oriental style, carpets, divans and comfortable chairs making up the furnishing. It is in one of the choice parts of the Garden, commanding a view of everything worth seeing, and is presided over by Mr. C. W. Dimmick.

PETERS CARTRIDGE CO. AND KING POWDER CO.

The Peters Cartridge Co. and the King Powder Co., of Cincinnati, O., have stand No. 75. It is neatly furnished, more with a view to receiving and entertaining the many friends of the company than with a view to displaying the company's wares. There are visitors therein constantly. Mr. T. H. Keller is the gentleman in charge.

PANTASOTE CO.

In stands Nos. 76 and 77 the Pantasote Co., of 29 Broadway, New York, holds forth. Their specialty is a tough, water-proof cloth, resembling leather in the quality of its toughness, which is manufactured into shooting suits, tents and camping outfits, sailors' wear, etc. Mr. W. L. Bratton is in charge.

SAVAGE ARMS CO.

The Savage Arms Co. occupy stand No. 79. It contains a complete display of the Savage military and sporting rifles. An iron plate, bearing the profile of an Indian, the outline of which was punched with soft-nosed bullets, which pierced the 5-16in. plate as if it were made of cheese, bears testimony to the accuracy of the rifle and the skill of Mr. A. Savage, the inventor of it and the marksman who made the wonderful target. Mr. H. S. Wells is in charge.

TATHAM BROTHERS.

Stand No. 82 is occupied by Tatham Brothers, of 82 Beekman street, New York. Their exhibit contains a full line of drop and chilled shot, numbering from 24 to the ounce to 162, 304 to the same weight. The whole is displayed in elaborate variety. Mr. F. M. Foye is in charge.

PARKER BROTHERS.

Parker Brothers, of Meriden, Conn., in stand No. 83, display a full line of the shotguns which they manufacture, from the \$50 grade up to the highest priced ones, gems of finish and elegance. Mr. L. Parker and Mr. J. R. Hull are in charge.

THE CLEVELAND TARGET CO.

The Cleveland Target Co., Cleveland, O., display a magautrap in stand No. 84. Its workings are patiently and intelligently illustrated by Mr. Charles A. North, a brother of Mr. Paul North.

VON LENDERKE & DETMOLD.

Messrs. Von Lenderke & Detmold, 318 Broadway, New York, display an elaborate variety of Francotte guns, Mauser self-loading pistols, Stevens rifles and pistols, and Wuesther dry plates and photographs made with the plates. Also they exhibit a full line of fishing tackle, the special pride of John Wright. Mr. Gus Grieff is in charge most of the time, though Mr. Justus Von Lenderke gives the exhibit much personal attention. Their space is always crowded with visitors.

The E. C. and Schultze powders, of course, constitute a prominent feature of the exhibit.

REMINGTON ARMS CO.

The Remington Arms Co., 315 Broadway, New York,

display a full line of their famous sporting and military rifles in stands Nos. 87 and 88. There are pretty, low-priced specimens, and again there are specimens of the finest finish, which are higher priced, but gems of utility and art. The 16-gauge hammerless, the elegantly finished target rifles, and the auxiliary rifle barrels are all arms which will invite the attention of the sportsmen. Mr. W. F. Haight is in charge.

GUN BORE TREATMENT CO.

The Gun Bore Treatment Co., of 7 Warren street, New York, occupy stand No. 93. They exhibit many samples of the value of their art, as shown by barrels which have been treated in comparison with barrels which have not. Mr. Edward A. Rice, assisted by Mr. Neaf Apgar, is in charge.

G. W. COLE & CO.

In stand No. 90 Messrs. G. W. Cole & Co. display their well-known lubricant and rust preventive, 3 in 1, esteemed and used by bicyclists, owners of guns, rifles, etc.

PAGE WOVEN WIRE FENCE CO.

The Page Woven Wire Fence Co., of Adrian, Mich., occupy stand No. 91. Models and pictures illustrating the utility and neatness of the fence in actual use are on exhibition, and the merits of their product are ably explained by Mr. W. A. Hoisington.

THE MARINE EXHIBITS.

The nautical part of the show is so meager as to warrant the supposition that the management does not consider yachting, canoeing and rowing as representative American sports worthy of recognition on an equal footing with field sports. There are no exhibits of yachts or yacht models, no rowing boats, and no canoes except one of the Maine wood and canvas canoes used by the Indians in their camp, and in the tank. Some rolls of birch bark have been provided from which the Indians will make a canoe in view of the spectators, an operation which should be extremely interesting. At the present time, when there is such a lively interest in yachting, a good collection of designers' and builders' models would prove a great attraction, but thus far nothing of the kind has been attempted at any of the shows.

The one exhibit which appeals in any way to yachtsmen is that of gasoline boats and motors. This exhibit, it may be said, is purely an engineering one; where the hulls are shown, either by models or in the actual craft, they are with a few exceptions notably bad. As a class, they show no evidences of skillful and deliberate design, but rather of being whittled out at odd times by engineers and machinists. It is surprising that as the success of any launch engine depends really on the performance of the boat as a whole, those who build engines pay no attention whatever to the hulls in which they are placed; except as to the amount of brass and mahogany which can be carried without sinking the boat. Those who are interested in the power launch, which is growing in popularity every year, are able to inspect and compare a number of different makes of engines.

The Daimler Manufacturing Company exhibits this year three of its engines, the Daimler Marine Motor. One of these is a double engine of 35 H. P., one of 16 H. P. and one of 4 H. P. A small model of good design shows one of the company's soft cabin yachts, with 16 H. P. motor, the model being complete in all details of cabin, etc.

Several other firms show motors of various descriptions.

TAXIDERMY.

In stand No. 50, on the left of the entrance, Thomas W. Fraine, of Rochester, shows a series of admirably mounted heads of caribou from Newfoundland, mountain sheep and Virginia deer, all most artistically disposed.

In spaces Nos. 68-70, W. W. Hart & Co., of New York, make a display of heads and other trophies. Most interest, naturally, is shown in the large collection of remarkable moose horns from Alaska, some description of which was given in a recent issue of this journal.

Look Out for the Engine.

THE Bangor Daily Commercial reported the other day that one of the trains of the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad had barely escaped running down a bull moose on the track.

On the day following the publication of the story of the bucking moose, General Manager Cram, of the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad, received the following communication from Chairman Carleton, of the Game Commission:

Augusta, Feb. 22.—Hon. F. W. Cram, V. P. and G. M., B. & A. R. R., Bangor, Me.: My dear sir—I inclose herewith clippings from the Bangor Commercial of Feb. 21, which explains itself, also a copy of the law pertaining to the protection of moose.

I regret exceedingly that it becomes my duty to complain against this corporation, which is otherwise so well behaved, for violation of the game laws. It is the opinion of the Commissioners that we cannot permit railroads to go on wounding and maiming and disfiguring moose indiscriminately. It is the opinion of the Commissioners that a general order should be issued by the management of the B. & A. R. R. to your employees, that when they see a big bull moose approaching they should immediately stop the train and let him proceed on his way unmolested and undisturbed.

Before taking further action in this matter, however, we should like to receive your explanation, if you have any, as to why you should not be proceeded against for hunting this moose, as in such case is made and provided by the law of the land.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully yours,

(Signed) L. T. Carleton, Chairman.

Replying to Commissioner Carleton, Mr. Cram wrote as follows: Feb. 23, 1899.—Hon. L. T. Carleton, Chairman Fish and Game Commissioners, Augusta, Me.: My dear sir—Your letter of Feb. 22, with clippings attached, is received. It throws a flood of light upon a very perplexing question. Manifestly those in charge of live stock have no right to willfully or carelessly permit it to run at large in highways or upon the right of way of a railroad company. As an example, and a warning, every offender should, we believe, be brought to book. The difficulty has been to fix responsibility. It is apparent from your communication that you admit the trespassing live stock to be in your charge. We will accordingly ask the Supreme Court to try you out. The proceedings can best be conducted, I am sure, in or near the pasturing grounds. I suggest therefore the top of Mt. Katahdin as the place, and April 1 as the date for the hearing.

If this does not meet with your approval, and you see fit to pay this company \$1,000,000 in settlement for annoyances, so far and give a satisfactory bond to keep your derved critics off the tracks from this forward, we will, with the approval of the petitioners for a 2 cent per mile interchangeable ticket and their counsel, let you off. This proposition without prejudice to the rights of either party, and to remain open just two minutes after you have received it. Yours truly,

(Signed) F. W. Cram, V. P. and Gen'l Manager.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing and hunting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

Red Letter Days.

III.—Trout Fishing.

THE man of leisure is a rare bird in this western world, particularly in these days of unrest, when almost everybody has a dozen irons in the fire, a score of jobs on hand, and when of the few it can be said they toil not. How enviable the position, therefore, of the man who, having earned relaxation, can now pitch his tent under the greenwood tree or on the bank of one of America's grand rivers, with time for reflection, his tastes and sensibilities gently leading him in the direction of sport in forest and on stream.

It was my happy lot thus to pitch my tent for many a year on one of the most picturesque spots of that part of picturesque Canada, the bank of the St. John River. I could command a certain amount of leisure, and I lost no opportunity in winter and summer, with rod and gun, in seeking and finding sport to my heart's content. The birch bark canoe being the only means of transport in summer, the toboggan for provisions in winter, I had almost become an authority as to the geography of the country, as to the sources and courses of its numerous rivers, as to the whereabouts of the many chains of caribou barrens, and the favorite haunts of moose in secluded woodlands. In my many trips to the old country, in the capacity of globe trotter, I could not resist the temptation at the risk of being considered a bore—one given to relating marvellous traveler's stories—of pointing out to all seeking such information, that there is a field for the emigrant and the sportsman in the land of the setting sun, where the most bloodthirsty sportsman can be satisfied, and where with rod and gun he can say from his heart, enough. I could not help seeing a certain look of incredulity coming over the face of my nearest and dearest friend as I related these wonderful stories, though I had purposely endeavored to keep within reasonable bounds, as to the picture I drew of size and weight of fish, width of horns, etc., of moose, caribou and deer. This was sufficient to try the temper of the most angelic man. I could only say: "Come and see." It thus came about that two of my best friends (one a canon of the Anglican Church, the other a country squire), two of the most genial companions, the keenest sportsmen, and with an abundant stock of varied information and experience, resolved to pay me a visit to my Canadian home, accept my invitation to test the accuracy of my stories, or to put it in fine language, the foundation of my picturesque, if somewhat fanciful, description of sport in these parts.

Meanwhile, I had shifted camp from the bank of the St. John River, in New Brunswick, to that of the Ottawa River, in Ontario, and I had not time to acquire knowledge of the new country. The time selected for my friends' visit was unfortunate, it being midsummer, neither good for testing rod or gun. I was therefore rather handicapped in my efforts to show sport. Our first expedition, alas, was an utter failure. The Gatineau River was the route, a chain of lakes in the region of Kazabazna—within easy reach of the North Pole—the proposed fishing ground; the time, as already stated, that which suits the convenience of every conceivable insect of attack; means of locomotion shaky in the extreme—rickety wagon over rough and muddy roads, leaky canoe and ill-constructed catamaran on the lakes. Trout, moreover, were scarce—mere pan fish—and these would only rise in early morn or late evening, leaving the three fishermen during the hot summer's day open to the attacks of the insect pests, without any means of defense. To pass the time we resorted to our boyhood's plan of tickling fish—suckers assembled in cool brooks from the heated water of the lakes—and in this we were marvelously successful. But it was a novel sight, three individuals, who had at least passed the days of boyhood, the canon being one, adopting the prone position on the bank of the brook, engaged in the tickling process; and as each succeeded in securing a sleeping beauty (?) in the palm of his hand, it was speedily flung on the bank, amid a shout of applause. Afterward these fish were distributed among the neighbors, proving excellent for the table.

All the same this expedition did not by any means meet the expectations of any member of the party, so that "Is this all the sport you can show us?" was on the lips, if not actually expressed by my companions.

It was evident that I had necessarily to take some active step to regain what I had lost of fame as a voyageur of repute, as a safe steersman and guide. Having resorted to my well-worn map of the maritime provinces, and pointed out the different desirable round-trip routes for canoes and canoeists, from personal experience, our minds were quickly made up. We three, with the acquisition of my better half (well trained in roughing it and skilled in the commissariat department) resolved to turn our steps eastward. Steamer to Quebec; train (Intercolonial) to Campbell; thence by Restigouche, Upsalquitch, rivers, the lakes, Nepiseguit, Tobique and St. John rivers, by canoe, to Fredericton and St. John, if necessary, making a round trip of several hundred miles, much of which was, even to me, over new grounds, not having previously visited the Upsalquitch region. In order to facilitate our transit, I arranged that at the same time that we should start from Campbellton in three canoes; up the Restigouche River, with Mic-Mac Indians, four Milicete Indians, with four of their smaller canoes, should leave their camp at the mouth of the Tobique River and proceed to meet us wherever that meeting should take place, on lake or river, and thus enable the Mic-Mac Indians, on the relief taking place, to return to their homes on the bank of the Restigouche River. All this was satisfactorily carried out.

It is not my present intention to give details of this delightful round-trip canoe voyage. I merely desire to refer to one incident, which I cannot easily forget.

We arrived at Nepiseguit Lake late in the evening, barely in time to camp and cut wood before night set in. Having killed some fine 2-pounder trout in Neiseguit River before reaching the lake on the previous evening, my friends determined to try back, contrary to my advice, for I, from long experience, had spotted a pool, or hole, near our camp, which as a cool retreat for trout in midsummer, I considered superior to any fishing grounds we had yet found. "Two-pounders are good enough for us," they replied, in answer to my entreaties to try this pool. Off they went, therefore, at an early hour in their canoes, leaving me in full possession of the big hole, as we called it. I took it easy, without a great variety of flies, with light rod and strong landing net. I cast my first fly with full confidence of success. Scarcely had the fly touched the water than was in a fish, a good one, and from that moment until I had quite filled a space between two rocks on the bank with monsters, I was kept busy hooking, playing and landing fine trout, until I gave it up, having had fish and fishing enough to please the most ardent admirer of the gentle art.

Later my brother sportsmen were observed paddling hard to camp for the midday meal, eager to show the results of their morning's work, and soon they held up to our view some fine specimens of trout (they had only killed about a dozen fish), shouting, "I told you so!" for they were quite proud of their sport. A peep, however, into my larder, a veritable fishery exhibition, took the wind out of their sails and reminded even the canon that experience—the experience of an old settler—teaches.

This was for me and mine (for my wife shared my joy) a red-letter day.

Fishing Up and Down the Potomac.

Edward's Ferry.

WE have been to Leesburg on one of our former trips, but this time a team and double-seated dayton are waiting at the station platform, our grips and rod cases are stowed away and strapped behind, and before the train is out of sight, we three are hurrying as fast as the good gray mare can take us to the mouth of Goose Creek, five or six miles away. At the Creek we find the ferry boat, a primitive scow, flat, with aprons at either end to drive on and off and fold up for an end gate, when we are launched.

The engineer is an ancient colored citizen, who handles the propelling pole with a dexterity and deliberation which could only come with long practice.

Both the team and the ferry belong to our landlord, who has been warned of our coming and has sent for us.

We stroll about the quarterdeck of the scow and watch the minnows and pebbles in the shallow water—it is late, and we had not counted on doing any harder work this evening than eating the supper that awaits us; but a bass rising in the clear water, is too much, and two whose holiday is limited to twenty-four hours decide to make the most of it, unlimber the cases and fit the tackle for fifteen minutes under some inviting willows on the further shore, near the landing place.

The driver goes on to the house with the friend, whose particular haunt this is, at whose suggestion we had come, and who expects to spend the next ten days here, where he quietly puts in a week or two every year, and who is therefore not so impatient this first evening as we are.

We try the shore for a couple of hundred yards, but the willows are provokingly close to the water, and it is shoal too far out for a cast from the bank, where one is in plain view. A rise or two, and one foot-long bass, which is straightway returned, is the sum total of reward for our efforts, but we see fish rising freely further out beyond our reach, and vowing to bring to net on the morrow the identical individuals now tantalizing us, we do up and make for the house and supper.

Our friend has made himself at home, spread out his belongings, and with some ceremony introduces us to a compound of his own concoction, the ingredients of which are a secret, but cracked ice and sprigs of mint are in evidence, and the general result is satisfactory.

After supper we find our boatmen and arrange for our morning rendezvous and the campaign for the next day, and then retire early, with the soft murmur of the waters, a gentle breeze among the pines and poplars, and the katydids in the big trees about the house making "one grand, sweet song," a lullaby that no insomnia could resist.

When we make our start in the morning, we find that our boatmen know nothing about fly-fishing, and are to be of little help to us in finding the fish. They know well the deep places, where one may anchor the boat and catch bass with a minnow but have never paid any attention to shallow haunts, where the fly has the advantage, and it is to be a case of chuck and chance it for us; if we are lucky enough to find the good places, it is more than we have a right to expect in the few hours we are to have here.

Goose Creek opposite is very low, but also very muddy, and is discharging a lazy current of chocolate that hugs the bank and will not much disturb us so far as the main river is concerned, but we are disappointed not to be able to try its lower waters, for marvelous stories have been told of the number and size of the bass which have been taken here. However, it has been agreed that we are to go down, and we drift along shore for a while, but the water is slow and shallow, and we get nothing but the big sunfish; then we strike some rocks that make out into the river, and here we do better and pick up a few little bass, but nothing worth the keeping; then out across a carp wallow with muddy bottom, with now and then the dorsal of a big fellow showing. These places seem to be avoided by the bass, and any effort to secure them in these preserves of the carp are failures.

They are usually 5 or 6 ft. deep, and kept muddy probably by the carp rooting in the bottom, and the mud alone is enough to make the holes disagreeable for the nobler fish. The carp sometimes comes to the surface

of these, and with a lazy roll, like a porpoise showing his back fin, goes quietly down again. When they leave the water it is always with a straight upward leap, and they do not turn in the air like a bass, but seem to drop back tail first in almost the exact spot they came up. In this they are very different from the bass, which clears a foot or two of water and goes down head first.

The pickerel or jack hits the water a vicious flirt with his tail as he leaves it, and on a quiet pool it is easy to distinguish when you hear the splash what fish has tried a little flight.

We reach a great rock and a flock of little ones standing out across the river and marking the head of a long rapid. They are called the Hen and Chickens, and here are plenty of bass all about these, and good ones too, and we have stumbled on the ground we wanted! They are in the shadows and behind the rocks lying in wait for what the current may bring past their lair, and we get many a pretty run on our way across. But this trip is a sort of preliminary canter. We have so long heard of Edward's Ferry as one of the best points on the river, and we are exploring as well as fishing. The place is difficult to reach for a single day's sport, and expensive, and is consequently less fished than most points, which partly accounts for the fine fishing sometimes found here.

We drift down the riffles to Selden's Island, a long narrow, wooded strip on the Virginia side, separated

if the dirty looking shell lying there may not have a \$2,500 jewel inside.

The wind rises, the mountains in the west are backed by threatening clouds, and promise a thunder shower that will spoil the evening fishing; so the boatman, who is no more anxious to get a wetting than the angler, bends to his oars, and the heavy punt goes flying homeward like a canal boat.

The storm is over us when we land, and hurry to the house, but though the wind is high and the lightning is vivid and incessant, there is no rain for a half hour, and our friend comes to shelter just as a fearful crash nearby leaves us in doubt whether the roof is coming in or not, and the heavens open.

It was only a tree a quarter of a mile away, but we are content to do up the tackle and call the day done.

It may not be true of all places or all fish, but on the Potomac a thunderstorm sends the bass to deep water, and the fly is useless. It may be that in the holes they may be taken with bait when the earth is vibrating with the concussion of the rapid firing big guns of the sky, but they will not rise to surface lures then, nor for some time after. Perhaps the fact that a storm drives the flies from the water then, and they know it is useless to hunt until it is calm once more, may have something to do with their habit, but at any rate it is sure to leave's labor lost to whip in such a season that hope flies away before a thunderstorm.

In the Pound-Net.

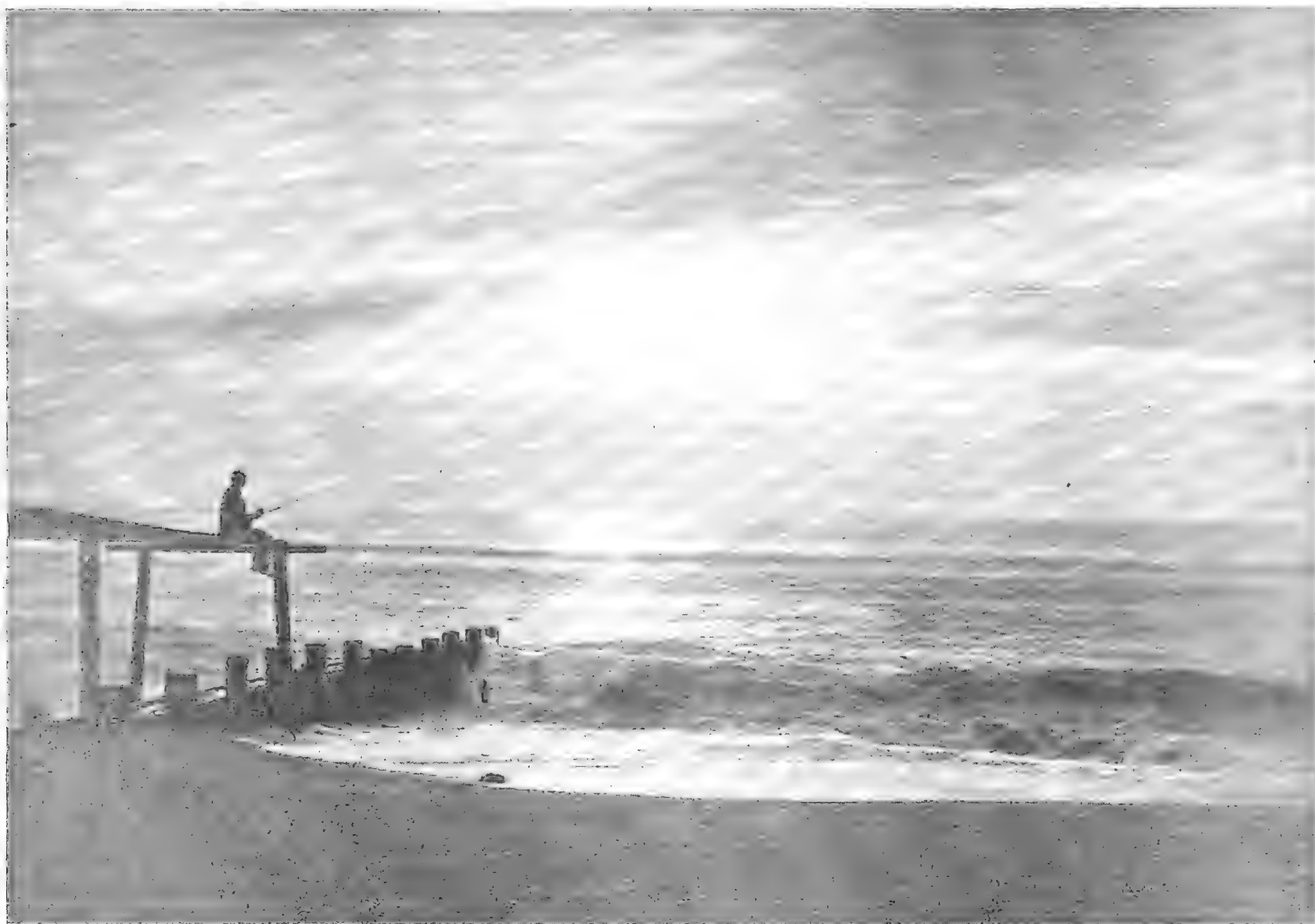
BY FRED MATHER.

THE net seems to be working full time and is keeping full. A Fish Commissioner, in a letter on other matters adds this as a postscript.

How about the Smelt?

"Some time ago there was a discussion in FOREST AND STREAM as to the advantages and disadvantages of introducing the smelt into inland lakes, some claiming that it would clean out the trout fry, and others that it was grand feed for lake trout and other fish. Did you see it, and what is your opinion of the merits and demerits of the smelt?"

The discussion referred to was long ago, and is dimly remembered, although the arguments are forgotten and the arguers are not remembered. Taking the question as it is asked, i. e., for an opinion in a general way, without applying to any particular lake, I would say: The smelt seems to have been a salt-water fish originally, but one of anadromous habits, like the salmon and shad, running into fresh waters to spawn, with this difference: the salmon and shad enter rivers and remain there for weeks, and perhaps months, developing their eggs, some remaining a while after depositing them



SUNRISE FISHING ON THE NEW JERSEY SHORE.

By R. C. Leonard. Second prize in Class 3, FOREST AND STREAM Amateur Photography Competition.

from the main land by a chute so narrow the trees make a green arch over it in many places, that would sadly interfere with the fly; but one boat goes down this and the other outside. For almost the whole length of this island, the river is an ideal spot for a wader. It is only 2 or 3 ft. deep, the bottom is level save for the boulders with which it is paved, the current sharp, and we see bass every few minutes, which our big, unwieldy boat is scaring out. When one has once fished from a light skiff or canoe, he never has faith in any other craft for that purpose. But they are impossible for a large and heavy man, who soon finds them dangerous and frightfully tiresome from the cramped position the low narrow seat forces one to assume and keep. But when one can use them with comfort, they are without comparison the best ever.

When we are nearly to the lower end of this island and another, Gassaway's, is in sight, the boatman suggests the prudence of returning if we mean to hit the dinner at the house. My chum in the other boat had started down the chute between the island and the main land, only to find that the water was too low for any bass, and on coming out at the lower end, was so delighted with the prospects of fish in the long reach that he determined to spend the afternoon there, and in despair at rowing back to the house for dinner, he tied his boat to the bank and footed it up the towpath of the canal which skirts the river here.

After dinner my boatman proposes trying the water above, and as that suits our programme, we cover the river to the sharp rapid at the foot of Harrison's Island. There are some likely spots, but nothing like so attractive ground as below, nor are there so many bass in evidence.

There are several shallow, sandy reaches, and on the soft bottom may be seen furrows 3 or 4 ft. long, as if made with a cane, and at the end of each a half-buried fresh-water mussel. These are objects of curiosity since the fresh-water pearls of the Western rivers have attracted such attention, and one cannot but wonder

The direction of the wind and even its force has less certain effects. Bass have been caught with both spoon and fly when the surface of a lake was lashed to white caps, and the east wind is not fatal to chances, notwithstanding the fact that anglers have anathematized it since the beginning.

The "Gentleman Angler," printed in 1726 for A. Bettesworth (p. 24), says: "If the wind be in the east quarter it is stark nought. * * * according to this old Distich. The north bad, east worse, west good, but the south blows every bait into the fish's mouth." And under the head of the twelfth impediment: "If the wind be in the east, no fish will bite, except by chance, and that he is very hungry." But in 1873 a reviewer in "Nature" (Vol. 8, p. 220), commenting on Capt. St. John Dick's work on angling, says: "Yet there are lakes (notably Loch Leven, Kinnrosshire, probably the best trouting lake in Britain), in which the fish take best when the wind blows from that quarter." And we have found too that under the lea of a bushy bank, when either the May or perch fly is up, that the fish feed freely with the wind in the east, but in most climates and localities it may be admitted that the east wind is "good for neither man nor beast."

HENRY TALBOTT.

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, \$4 per year, \$2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iv.

SEE in our advertising pages announcement of Game Laws in Brief expansion.

and becoming almost too poor for a crow to eat. The smelt enters the harbors in early winter and are caught by the ton in New England waters by angling through the ice. This is often the case as far down as Boston Harbor. They develop their eggs in salt water, work along up to the parent stream and await the ripening. Although some males may run up a few nights before the spawning begins, there is no general movement until the first eggs are to be laid; then the fish ascend to shallow riffles and lay their adhesive eggs on the gravel and are back in deep water by daylight.

This habit prevents the smelt from devouring young brook trout which do not go to deep water. At Cold Spring Harbor, Long Island, there was a stream below a high dam which had a run of 500 to 800 ft., part of the way over gravelly shallows before it reached the salt water. There were no smelt in the harbor, and I sent men to the south side of the island for three years for spawning fish, getting 300 or 400 each year. Outside of the work of Mr. Ricardo, on the Hackensack, who spawned the fish in grass-lined perforated boxes and let nature do the rest, nothing had been done in this line. We worked them in the McDonald jars, and had a great deal to learn; but, to shorten the story, we began to get eggs from our own stream in increasing millions, enabling us to stock other waters until I read that 48,000,000 smelts were planted from that station last spring; truly a good showing from the modest beginning, which like the hatching of tomcods, met with ridicule a few years ago, when I turned out a million fry in 1888, and thought it a grand thing.

The inquiring Commissioner limits his question to the smelt as an eater of fish or as food for them. He being an inland, fresh water, man, does not appear to know that the smelt as food for man, is the greatest delicacy which wears scales that comes to the seaboard markets from Nova Scotia to Virginia during the winter months, and that the little Hackensack smelts, which Norris thought a distinct species, and which only grow to a length of 6 in., sell in New York for 30 to 40 cents

per pound. Great smelts, weighing half a pound, come from Maine, but the small ones which, when properly fried, are eaten head, bones, fins and tail, are best. In winter the smelts are thrown on the ice and frozen, or into boxes, where they freeze. One can buy frozen smelts in New York city for 5 or 6 cent per pound, but at the same time "green smelts," i. e., unfrozen, bring three times that price, and they are worth it. To me, a fish which has been frozen is an abomination. No matter how carefully it may be thawed in cold water, there is a flavor that tells the story. Just as good for food, of course, but speaking merely of flavor. Freezing rather adds to poultry, but it ruins fish, as far as taste goes.

The smelt in large lakes, like Champlain, find their summer home in the deep waters where the great lake trout dwell; they may get a few young lakereels, but in New Hampshire the lakereels of Winnepesaukee—"Winnepesaukee" when I went to school—are smelt fed and have a wide reputation. One might as well object to the blueback trout of Maine, which are never seen, except at spawning time, as to object to putting smelt into stream-fed lakes, where there are hard-boned, spiny-rayed fishes which a fish can't digest as easily as it can assimilate a smelt.

Stock your lake-fed streams with smelt; they are no more predaceous than any other fish. If the lakes are large enough to have cool depths, they will live; if not, the trial costs little. They will never harm the young of brook trout.

Concerning Coots.

Whoopee! Here is something not at all fishy, which drifts into the pound-net, and it's about coots. Now, all you salt-water gunners are warned that the coot proper, of which Tennyson said in his "Brook":

"I come from the haunts of coot and tern,
I make a sudden salley,"

is a bird that probably you never saw, and you wouldn't know a coot if you did see it. We will not fight about it, if you will compromise and call your birds sea coots, and own up that they are not a bit like the bird which every naturalist is willing to swear is a coot.

Now, a real, bona fide, "so help me —" coot, is not a duck at all, but a member of the rail family, a bird which has a bill like a chicken and great long legs which end in splay-footed toes, which have independent webs on each toe; a bird as large as a spring chicken, but with its compressed body, long legs and neck, looks as large as a guinea hen. It is of a dark slate color, and in inland and Southern coast waters is called mud hen, blue peter, and in New Orleans Poules de eau, which a friend who once spent a month in Montreal to learn French, says, means "fowls of the water"; my old boatman in "the Louisiana Lowlands," pronounced the name of this bird "Pulldoo." But with this as an introduction to the thing itself, for it is best to know what a fellow is talking about, we will consider the coot.

A youthful friend named Charles Hallock, whom I first met on some woodcock ground near Albany, N. Y., in 1854, and fished with on Long Island in 1860, the same boy who founded FOREST AND STREAM a few years ago, writes me from North Carolina in these terms:

"Somewhere among your writings you mention eating the coot (*Fulica*), and a friend here declares that they are ducks, and as good as any duck. I remember to have eaten them once and found them 'sedgy,' like the rails, to which they are akin. Tell us how you found them."

In reply to this youthful sportsman, who, despite almanacs and recurring seasons, can walk the legs off a whole lot of fellows who were born about the time FOREST AND STREAM saw the light, let me say: Man is full of prejudice, and he inherits and acquires it. There is a prejudice against the coot that is not warranted. It is a fair table bird, and comparing it to ducks, would take a place below canvasbacks, redheads, teal, wood-ducks, mallards, black ducks, bluebills or broadbills, and others, and line up with whistlers and pintails; ranking away ahead of butterballs, all the fish ducks of fresh water and the old squaws and "coots" of salt water.

The shape of the bill tells one that the coot cannot catch fish, and its name of "Indian pullet" indicates its food. True, its mixed diet of seeds and snails may sometimes give it a "sedgy" flavor, but all fresh-water ducks eat the same things. It is possible that some individuals have more of this flavor than others; some mutton is more "muttony" than others, but the bird is eatable, and it is a sin—a mortal sin, a sin that cries to heaven—to kill it and not make use of its flesh for human food. The question of its capabilities of tickling the epicurean palate should not enter into the question. If the epicure does not care for the coot, there are thousands in New York city, and in other places who would be glad to get it.

It seems to have been my mission to fight prejudice against eating certain animals, principally fishes—sea robins, toadfish, etc.—and to take the unpopular side in the question of the superiority of the small-mouth black bass over his brother with a larger front door, yet, as a man who claims to be fairly honest, as the world goes, let me confess to one prejudice, wholly without foundation, you may say, and that is to tripe. I have never tasted it, and never will. The tripe is a good, wholesome animal, but I don't like the company it keeps. Outside of tripe, I will taste of any meat except human flesh, even to the roast monkey of the South American and African traveler, but when the tripe is offered I pass. This illustrates what a queer fellow a man is—no two are alike.

Eating Fresh-Water Mussels.

Right on top of the question about the edible qualities of coots comes this:

"Col. Fred: Last summer on a trip up Canadian rivers in pursuit of health, recreation and idleness, I found that the lumbermen fastened bushes to their rafts to collect the fresh-water mussels for food. The brush, which dragged into the open shells, was seized upon and the unios were brought in and boiled for dinner. I had brought 'Men I Have Fished With' and a few other books, and had read of your boyhood attempt at eating them raw with Steve Martin, but as the lum-

bermen cooked them, and with proper seasoning and the elimination of the tougher parts, they are not bad; try them again when you have a chance."

All right! I will do it. I did try to eat them raw and whole on a boyish fishing trip, to which my friend refers, and also had them served at one of the dinners of the now defunct Ichthyophagous Club, where we all partook sparingly because they were not to our taste, but it must be remembered that a French chef had prepared them, and he had never met the unio before. Now a French chef is exceedingly good in his way—soups, fish, joints and fancy dishes—but not one in a hundred knows the first thing about serving game birds; think of a "salmi of woodcock." The birds cut up, stewed down and soaked in some sort of gravy! Perhaps a sedgy yellowlegs or rail might be improved by such a disguise, but to so treat the king of all game birds, which is an honorary king only, and holds the place with only the Wilson's snipe as a rival, by reason of epicurean qualities alone, and then to disguise these flavors with sauces in a stew. Oh, Ichabod! Ichabod!

If we accept the dictum of Frank Forrester that the penalty for frying a beefsteak should be death without benefit of clergy, what should we do with a man who stews woodcock?

This digression from the cooking of fresh-water mussels by French chefs came in naturally, for they are never trusted by me to cook game, and while unios are not a little bit like game, they are not within the technical education of the chef. The Canadian raftsmen have a wealth of good fishes under them, and if they eat unios it is because they like them, and no doubt their simple cooking presents this mollusk at its best. Any competent guide, from Maine to Oregon, can serve brook trout, frogs, woodcock, wild duck or venison chops in a manner superior to any chef, and the reason is that they serve them au naturel, each with its own distinctive flavor. With this in mind, it seems as if the fresh-water clams might be edible; the Indians ate them, not from necessity, and Dr. Brinton* is quoted as saying that the "unios of the Tennessee River were sometimes cooked and eaten, as a change of diet, by the soldiers of the Army of the Cumberland during the Civil War."

Here is a field for experiment which should be worked by all men who can work it, to see if there is not a source of food, fairly edible, but not epicurean, at their doors. For too many years have we followed the prejudices of our ancestors who would not taste of certain things because they had such a wealth to choose from that discarded all that did not seem to be of the "first class."

I have not the Chinese respect for ancestors, nor their opinions. Surely my own forebears who were accused of witch-burnings in the olden days in Massachusetts would have held me and my opinions in detestation, and that evens the whole thing up. There have been changes since then, but prejudice clings. What I have hammered for years is prejudice against good wholesome food, which may not be of a kind to tickle the palate of an epicure, but will serve to give a poor man a dinner—and where is there a poorer man than one who is lost in a forest full of game, streams full of food, who starves amid plenty because of his ignorance?

In the cities there are people in dire need of a cheap food, which the fishermen throw from their nets by the ton, in the shape of skates, sea robins and toadfish in salt water, and gars, dogfish and sheepshead on the lakes. These are all eatable, but not saleable at paying prices; it does not "pay to handle them," and they are thrown back into the water to increase and multiply, while better species are killed for market.

The poor are crying for food; the fishermen cull out the best fish, cutting them off from breeding, and throws all others overboard, to increase. There is a great economic wrong done here, but a wiser head is needed to remedy it. In FOREST AND STREAM of Jan. 7, 1897, I related how fishermen in Great South Bay, Long Island, threw overboard seventy-one dogfish, the salt-water brother to the shark, in one haul, because it was too much trouble to kill them. The market-fishermen are more kinds of fools than I would care to write. They have not the first idea of the balance of nature's products, or that they are upsetting that balance by methods of fishing which were not known a century ago. They need missionaries to teach them that they have disturbed the natural balance, which all the different fishes maintained before they came, and that if they take certain favored species for market, it is to their interest to destroy all enemies of those species.

These unios often contain pearls, some of great value; their shells go by hundreds of tons to the button makers; they prohibit duck raising on the tide-water portion of the Pamunky River, Va., and some other Southern streams by closing valves on the foot of a baby duck, while the rising tide does the rest. In the shad fisheries I have seen dozens of them brought in with the seine, not dragged in, but with a grip on the twine which had entered their shells.

Hatching Black Bass.

An inquirer asks: "Has the black bass been hatched artificially, and if so, by whom, when and where?"

Fishculturists generally gave up the hatching of black bass as a bad job, yet they hatch other adhesive eggs. The trouble lies in getting the eggs from the fish, and the greater difficulty of obtaining milt from the male. As these fish watch their nests and fight off all intruders unless some giant carp finds the nest and devours the eggs, despite the attack of the smaller bass, there has seemed no pressing need of interfering in this matter. But I am informed that the bass are helpless against night marauders, such as the eel, catfish, and perhaps other things which have a taste for fish eggs, and that it is desirable to hatch the bass artificially, if it can be done.

The data are not at hand, but the only fishculturist known to me to have made progress in this direction is Mr. William F. Page, now at the U. S. station at Wood's Holl, Mass. Mr. Page had some bass ponds when in

*Bulletin U. S. Fish Commission, 1897

charge of the U. S. station at Neosho, Mo., some years ago, and took the eggs of bass, and I believe hatched them; his work may be found in the reports of the U. S. F. C., or its Bulletin. A letter to Mr. Page will no doubt bring the required references.

A Plea for the Fish Liar.

In every age and in every clime the children of men have been admonished and urged, entreated and commanded, by the tender counsel of loving mothers, and by the fiery eloquence of earnest evangelists, to abjure falsehood. From time immemorial the liar has been accursed without the slightest discrimination; prophet, priest and sage have most impartially and unmercifully jumped on the unfortunate violator of the literal truth, without the least regard for his previous condition, local environment or peculiar provocation to prevarication.

The illustrious monarch who united in himself the legislative, executive and judicial functions of the government of Judea, with an aplomb and vim worthy of the present autocrat of the House of Representatives, is credited with the naive confession, "I said in my haste all men are liars." The royal moralist doubtless intended his readers to infer his omitted corollary, to wit: that all men were consequently victims of total depravity.

This brief exordium is quite sufficient to introduce to the attention of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM the gross injustice which has been done to the gentle piscatorial prevaricator, by these injudicious and indiscriminate ex cathedra fulminations. As the symbol of a fish once stood for faith in the Christian religion amid the polytheism of the Greeks and Romans, so now should the figment of the fish liar typify the tender trustfulness of human nature.

But before entering upon an argument, it is important to agree as to our premises; for upon the soundness of this foundation rests every conclusion of the subsequent logical superstructure. Let us then take counsel together, and if possible agree upon the nature of a lie, and the measure that should be meted unto it. The essence of every fault, whether crime or peccadillo, lies not in the commission, but in the intent of the delinquent; and especially is this the case in the matter of lying. The bearing of false witness against a neighbor, whereby he may be injured in person, property or the pursuit of happiness, is very properly reprehended as a sin of the darkest dye; while an indulgence in the felicitous flights of fancy, so far from being a vice, is a positive virtue.

Did not that carefully accurate Oxford professor of mathematics do far more for humanity as Lewis Carroll, in the perpetration of his delightful yarns, than as Charles Dodgson with his prosy demonstrations of the exact sciences? Let us then distinguish between the mean and malicious, and the pleasant and effusive liar; and it may be taken for granted that the most radically Puritanic moralist, and the keenest of diplomatists, to mention conventional extremes, cannot but agree upon this distinction.

There are then liars and liars; there are bearers of balm, as well as of bane, for their fellow creatures; the one properly subject to commination, excommunication and all other kinds of sequepdalian condemnation, by bell, book and candle; the other well worthy of the grateful acknowledgments of the edified, mystified and satisfied mortals whose good luck has brought them within the magic circle of their kindly influence. "All the world loves a lover," and agape with envious admiration, we of the angler's world, listen with delight to the glowing tributes paid to the charm of his beloved art; and we love the cheerful fish liar as we love ourselves, for are we not all waiting for our turn to tell of our "sock-dallager"?

Who of all men deserves one-half so much of our enthusiastic admiration and heartfelt appreciation of his talent to cheer and charm us by the cosy fireside of a stormy winter night, or in the unspeakable dulness of a rainy day in camp, as the resourceful and generous fish liar? Mark the artistic skill with which he handles his airy tackle, playing his audience as he erstwhile did the monarch of the pool; now with apparent abandon and cunning carelessness, and anon with a vigor and tenacity of purpose which characterizes the fortiter in re, suaviter in modo of the expert angler. Observe his careful attention to the details which lend a vraisemblance to his baseless fabrication, his graceful divagations from the main lie to introduce unimportant truths to serve as pegs whereon to hang minor ornamental lies. Grandly presiding over this Barmecide's feast, our genial host, following the bent of his naturally philanthropic disposition, smilingly ladles out with liberal hand to his rejoicing convives, from the bowl of benevolence, bumpers brimming with the milk (punch) of human kindness.

No "mute inglorious Milton," chilled by the penury of cold facts, is our dear, delightful insouciant fish liar; but a genuine favorite of the Muses, a licensed angler in the sparkling stream that flows from the Heliconian fount, that wellspring of poetry and piscatorial possibilities. Away then with your Gradgrinds, your grovellers in dull facts, your uncompromising dwarfers of intellect! Can there be salad without salt? Perish the man who would not for sweet mercy's sake occasionally indulge in the judicious and tasteful amplification of mere facts, which are by their nature, absurdly limited.

Perhaps there never was a greater falsehood than the one concealed in alleged truism to the effect that beauty needs no adornment. What manner of man is that, who, if he possess a peerlessly beautiful woman for his own, doth not seek to enhance her charms by decking her with jewels of great price? Where is the proud mother who delights not to exhibit her babe of more than earthly loveliness, draped in the most expensive lace and lingerie? I don't know what "lingerie" is, but it is a good word, and I will leave it and take my chances of some fair reader calling my bluff. All this being true, how much more are we bound to clothe our own darling children of the imagination, our grandest achievements by field and flood, in the glowing garments of rhetoric whose figures of speech are ample enough to provide all the necessary padding, as well as the glittering umptaras of sparkling jewels to cap the climax.

Some of the most venomous, narrow-minded and

addle-headed old liars of antiquity, as well as many of the jejune, unimaginative, unfruitful and useless liars of the Middle Ages, have been canonized as saints in glory—after they were dead. Shall we then allow our loving and lovable fish liar, the genial benefactor of his race, to take any chances of becoming anathema mar-anatha forever? Forbid it, St. Ananias! rather let us witness his apotheosis ourselves and see to it that the job is well done.

Candor should compel the confession that after all it is nothing but sheer envy, hatred and malice, coupled with congenital poverty of imagination on the part of hoi polloi who cannot compete, which has caused all the unkind criticism of our hero. I fondly trust that each and all of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM—and their name is legion—will gladly join with me in the lofty aspiration that this victim of jealousy may live a long and useful life; and when in the fullness of time he shall be gathered to his fathers, there will be no need for the absterive tear of the pitying angel to blot out from his record the pleasant faradiddles of his mortal life—that no ticket of admission will be demanded by St. Peter, who was, heaven bless him, a fisherman and the revered author of some pretty good fish stories himself.

Let us reverently deck his humble tomb with our grateful garlands of tear-moistened lilies, and carve lovingly upon the mortuary marble the modest but suggestive epitaph:

"He hath done what he could—
—and more, too."

ZERO.

Forests and Trout Streams.—I.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I send you the substance of an article read before the annual meeting of the Minnesota State Forestry Association, by Frank H. Carleton, of Minneapolis.—Geo. W. STRAND, Secy.

Why Forest Preservation Should Interest Fishermen.

BY FRANK H. CARLETON.

As an angler it would do my heart good to dwell upon angling as a recreation; beneficial and enjoyable to all, from the barefoot boy, with his simple hook and line, and pole cut from the neighboring wood, to the disciple of Izaak Walton, who, with delicate bamboo rod, deftly casts his artificial fly—a sport equally enjoyable to all, from the man whose physical labor is hard, and who occasionally gets a day off to "go a-fishing," up to the great Webster, who composed, while angling at Marshpee Brook, parts of his famous oration afterwards delivered at the laying of the corner-stone of Bunker Hill Monument.

It is true, as Izaak Walton wrote in his "Compleat Angler," published nearly three hundred and fifty years ago, "Angling is the contemplative man's recreation. It is an art, and an art worthy the knowledge and practice of a wise man." Every fisherman knows that to be a good angler requires excellent judgment, great practice, rare skill, a full degree of endurance, and a lively imagination. Perhaps the last-named quality of a lively imagination is not absolutely necessary, but it helps tremendously when "luck" is bad and the fish don't bite, and it develops the poetic and æsthetic features of the art, and gives that intense love of nature which every true angler should have. And were a moral argument needed in favor of angling, we could cite the good and wise men of all ages, from the fishers of Galilee down, or I might say up, to the venerable episcopal bishops of Minnesota. I therefore conclude that fish are now, always have been, and always should be of inestimable value to man as a food product and source of wealth; and that angling is an art which affords the highest degree of outdoor recreation, skill and enjoyment for the indoor worker and the business and professional man of overworked brain.

To have fish and fishing we must have an abundance of water suitable for the propagation and growth of fish, and an ample supply of food for the fish. Without forests we cannot have fish or fishing.

But it may be asked what have the preservation of forests and reforestation to do with fish, fish food and fishing? To those who have studied the results of forest destruction these statements need no explanation, but for the benefit of others I briefly refer to a few facts, well known to those who have given study and attention to the subject.

Well-wooded districts are subject to more rain than treeless regions; and forests are vast reservoirs of humidity, lessening the dryness of the surrounding atmosphere, aiding the flow of springs and streams, and throwing off great volumes of humid air. Not only do they prevent freshets and overflowing banks, but they hold back the melting of the snow and ice in spring, and through the warm months of summer they feed the springs, streams and lakes slowly with a constant quantity of pure and cold water, thereby making the supply of water more constant and reducing the temperature of the water in the streams and lakes, and giving the clear and cold water in which fish delight and thrive.

Years ago Humboldt wrote: "In felling trees * * * men under all climates prepare for subsequent generations two calamities at once—a lack of firewood and a want of water." And John Crombie Brown, the great British authority on forestry, has summed up the subject in these few words: "In a well-wooded land the rain may be found to be diffused in showers over a great part of the year; while in a land otherwise under similar conditions, but devoid of forests and other vegetation, the rain falls at distant intervals—months or years apart—and falls in torrents. And again, in the former case, the rainfall may be generally diffused over the whole area; in the latter it may fall in torrents here and there, leaving extensive regions unvisited by rain for long periods."

There is no substitute for forests as producers of rain, either by irrigation or by attempts to blow up the clouds and bring down water by fireworks; and where irrigation is feasible it cannot continue long on any large scale after the forests are gone.

That the want of forest protection has produced terrible results and great disasters, caused by the intermittent and irregular action of long droughts and great floods and inundations is evidenced by the history of Spain, Italy, France, Sicily, Chili, Peru, Mauritius and

many other countries; and especially by Western sections of the United States. But these questions are also of the greatest importance to fishermen, and it is time that they fully appreciated the importance of forest protection as a means of yielding a constant supply of water, food and shelter for fish; and well understood that the destruction of the forests, more than any other factor, has reduced the supply of fish and fully explains why fishing has so rapidly declined in this State within the past few years; and fishermen must understand that if forest destruction is not stopped the years of fishing in Minnesota are numbered.

Twenty years ago Minnesota was a fisherman's paradise. Until the destruction of its forests began Minnesota was famous throughout the country for its numberless lakes and streams of clear cold water, teeming with the gamiest and most edible of fish. The temperature of its land and water was such as to promote the propagation, growth and development of the greatest abundance of solid and deliciously flavored fish, so unlike the soft, flabby and tasteless fish of regions south of us. A generation ago the great system of lakes, marshes, springs, rivers and giant forests, which went to make up and protect the sources of the great Mississippi had no parallel in the United States east of the Rocky Mountains; while the lesser systems of the Minnesota, the Red River of the North, and the St. Croix, and their many tributary lakes and streams, were great sources of water, of which many nations would be proud and desirous to conserve.

But with the destruction of the forests of Minnesota the same results in the diminution of water supply have followed as in the older countries of the world, where forest destruction has gone on, and we are but repeating history. The lakes and rivers have receded, the springs have dried up, the rainfall has decreased, and the atmosphere has lost much of its humidity. That the water shrinkage has been exceedingly large is a fact known to every observer. To-day Minnesota is full of dried up lakes and streams. As we ride through the country we see from the car windows grass growing in what a few years ago were the beds of large bodies of water, where fish were once abundant. As I read these sentences, each of you can recall lakes and streams which have seriously declined in depth and size, or have dried up altogether. Stand on the beach of almost any lake in Minnesota and cast your eyes shoreward and you can easily see the shore line of a generation ago, when the water stood 6, 8 or 10 ft. higher than it does to-day. But this is not all, for from year to year we can see that the drying up process is still very rapidly going on. Many of the lakes have become grass plots, and many brooks have widened into broad expanses of sand or gravel over which in the summer season we pass dry-shod. The interesting address of Walter C. Brower, which has been published by the Minnesota Forestry Association, describes in a most authenticated manner the extent of water decrease in Minnesota, and is worthy our most careful consideration.

As agriculturists you know how quickly an unprotected hill loses its soil. The rain is not stored in the earth to feed perennial springs, but it runs off in torrents, bearing away a portion of the vegetable glebe and rich surface soil, and the freshets of spring soon take the rest; and you know that this soil, which is thus washed away is the rich organic mould which the earth most needs. And one severe storm may wash away in a week the rich fertilizing matter which it has required centuries to accumulate.

It has been estimated that not less than 10 per cent. of our soil is carried away by rills, streams and floods. During the present week, as I have seen farmers patiently hauling loads of manure from the stables of this city to place upon their lands, I have thought seriously of the fact that the torrents and floods of the coming spring would doubtless strip their lands of more fertilizers than they could haul to their lands in manure carts in a month of patient labor.

But this loss of the richest part of the soil is not to the land alone. Let me ask you where is this rich soil mostly carried by the torrents and floods? Is it not into the beds of lakes and streams, where it is not only not needed, but where it is a positive injury, choking the channels of the rivers and streams, and forming large sandbars in the lakes, thereby greatly reducing the depth of water if it does not entirely overcome it? And just here saying nothing about the serious loss to the land, a great damage is done to the fish. The clear, sandy, gravelly or rocky bottom of the lake or stream which the fish love, and on which they feed and have their spawning beds, is covered with the rich mould from the fields, forming a muddy sediment, which the fish do not like, and the feeding grounds and spawning beds are greatly reduced and often destroyed. The deep holes where fish resort are filled up and the lake or stream is made shallow. Moreover, the water vegetation, on which the fish feed at certain seasons, is covered with the washings from the land, is destroyed, and another source of food for fish is annihilated. This last proposition that the accumulation of soil and mud in the bottom of streams is inimical to fish is true of all the higher grades of fish, but to it there is one exception, and that exception is as to catfish, called in common parlance bullheads. Bullheads thrive in muddy bottom and increase to an alarming extent. They are the gluttons of our waters. But beware of them, for when they once get possession of the waters, it will not be long before the best varieties of fish disappear.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

Fish Propensities.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I find the annexed excerpt from the London Field in my scrap book; I think Mr. William Senior is the author. It touches a subject seldom commented upon, which will interest the fishculturists.

C. HALLOCK.

"I have already made slight reference to some of the different species of trout that inhabit our waters, many of them magnificent fish, but all off-shoots from the one original stock, viz., the brook trout. These different races have developed under varied circumstances. We have the trout that feed very largely on shell fish (*Gillaroo*), acquiring a much thicker coating to the stomach, and usually growing to a good size and being excellent fish. Another race having taken up with cannibal propensities (as

the *Ferox*) develop a more powerful lower jaw, and, just as in the case of any beast or bird of prey, becomes of fiercer disposition, and acquires at the expense of their smaller brethren a considerable superiority in size, though unfortunately the improvement, if it may be said to be one, ends here. Artificial cultivation develops the fact that the offspring of both these species revert to their original type (*Fario*). It is possible to get young Gillaroo trout, but I have never yet met with any one who has been able to produce a young typical *Salmo ferox*. The reason is obvious. I have hatched the ova of *Ferox* and reared the fry, but they, in no way, that I could see, differed from *Salmo fario*. Other fish develop the *Ferox* type as well as trout, for I once had a pond full of *S. fontinalis* (really char) that likewise exhibited cannibal propensities, and they became such brutes that I at once proceeded to knock them on the head, as being the best way of getting rid of them. On the other hand, I was one season very short of pond room, and put into one pond about an equal number of *S. fario* and *S. fontinalis* yearlings. At the end of two years the pond was emptied, and the *Fario* had done very well, but they had bullied the *Fontinalis* horribly and stunted them in growth. I have often tried the same plan, and always found it answer admirably before. This, however, is but an illustration of one of the many eccentricities which trout develop under different circumstances.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Spring Bass Spearing on the Fox.

CHICAGO, Ill., March 4.—I have direct and reliable information from St. Charles, on the Fox River, just west of Chicago, that the spring run of bass has already begun. The ice is very thick over the river at that point, but at places along the dam and mill flumes it has broken away so that the open water is shown, and in this open water can be seen swarms of bass. At night a light flashed down into the water shows up the fish distinctly. It is a very simple matter to stand on the edge of the ice and spear the bass, and very large numbers of them have been taken in that way this week.

Ice Fishing in Minnesota.

Mr. H. B. Jewell writes me from Wabasha, Minn., advising me that the prosecutions against State Warden Fullerton, which have been tried at Wabasha, have ended in the triumphant acquittal of Mr. Fullerton. Last January Warden Fullerton burned twenty fish houses on Lake Pepin. He was sued in civil damages by a man named Oliver, but the court has held that the warden acted within the law and was not liable. Commenting on this sort of thing, Mr. Jewell has the following words of wisdom:

"It is said that these fishermen, who run their nets and spear through the ice in the winter season do not get anything but coarse fish, but that's all buncombe. They take lots of other fish. A good many wall-eyed pike are taken. I know of a man who speared a wall-eye recently that weighed 13 lbs., and was full of spawn. These fellows claim that they have to fish in the winter to make a living. How the deuce do all the other fellows live that can't fish, I would like to know? The fact is it's an easier, and one might say a lazier way of making a living than chopping wood, or a hundred other things a man might do in the winter."

E. HOUGH.

1200 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Summer Fishing Near New York.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Noting with interest Mr. Fred. Mather's article in a recent issue on winter fishing near New York city, I venture to write on the merits of fishing done around New York and vicinity in summer and fall. Having had a little experience in this locality with hook and line myself, I trust the following chapter will find some interested readers.

Taking in the waters around Staten Island to start with, I presume every angler knows where Princess Bay is; he ought to know, anyhow, as there is no better place for obtaining a heavy basket of porgies and weakfish, to say nothing of seabass. There, one day last August, I had all I could do to pull up and bait my hook for the hungry fry. I distributed half my mess among the villagers, as I could never have got home with the whole bunch. I had a basketful and a string over each shoulder. At any season in the fall a goodly supply of sea bass of desirable size can be hooked. I hope next season I will find a lot of envious fishermen at this spot for they will get all the sport they want, and all the fish they care to carry. The Shrewsbury, near by, is a paradise for crabs and nice ones at that, and the lovers of crabbing will find something in store for them when they visit this place.

I do not need to say anything about the fishing banks. They are a common word on every angler's lips around here, and I will let them take care of themselves.

Going away over to New Jersey, we have the Hackensack, Ramapo and Saddle rivers, the first being a desirable resort for white perch, which run in great numbers below Little Ferry and under the railroad bridges. I already have taken striped bass among the rocks in the middle of the river, but not large ones, and few at that. Saddle River is out further, and is most easily reached by train from Jersey City. It is a favorite spot for pickerel and black bass, and many a holiday has found me there and many another will. Ramapo River is about the same thing over again, and is a good locality for small game, and a desirable place for camping out.

Bound Brook, N. J., is well stocked with black bass, which is the favorite fish here, and many a train lands a score or more of eager fishermen, after the noble fish.

Reaching Greenwood, which is the favorite haunt of the city anglers, it is not worth while to say anything about it, as doing so is telling what everybody knows. I view it as the home of the sunfish, the little creature that supplies great sport for fly fishermen.

I see I am not writing under the heading I started with, and I think it is about time to stop, as Greenwood Lake is not quite so near New York city as I was thinking it was.

W. G. I.

The Taylor System of Fishing.

BALTIMORE, Md., March 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Noting "The Taylor System" in issue of March 4, it seems to me that the delivery of the fly and the manipulation of it after delivered consists the whole secret of success in killing trout. It is not so with salmon, as I understand the mode of casting for salmon. I do not give much account to the Japanese style of fishing, and will not discuss it. It seems to me as savoring of the "fish hog" arrangement.

With reference to the manipulation of the fly, I want to say that once when on a trip to North Elba, New York State, I was fishing in a stream that flowed into Saranac Lake, my friend Bosley called my attention to a large trout that had come up to the surface of the stream to take in such flies as there were at the time existent. I had not any such flies nor any even approaching the colors. I was determined to have that trout. He was a big one of 3lbs. and over. Carefully approaching the stream I dropped a coachman as the first dropped from the stretcher and manipulated it by a tremulous motion of the rod to represent the efforts of the fly to get off the water. The effect was, as I expected, instantaneous. The trout took the lure and I landed him safely—2½lbs.. But the satisfaction of killing the trout was largely marred by the remarks of my friend Bosley, who was watching the cast, "Well," he said, "that was the meanest thing I ever witnessed, to think you would deceive a trout in that manner." He did not, however, refuse to eat a portion of that very fish. E. S. YOUNG.

The Taylor System in England.

PHILADELPHIA, March 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I subjoin a contribution to the early literature of the "Taylor System" of fly-fishing, thinking that it may interest others. I have a faint recollection of having read another account of the Midland fisherman referred to below, but cannot find it now. The quotation given below is from "Days of My Life," by John Bickerdyke, London, 1895:

"The use of fine gut for fly-fishing for trout, and the necessity of keeping well out of sight, as so generally acknowledged and put into practice by all fly-fishers worthy of the name, that I need hardly dilate upon them here. I will only mention that I know (by report only) of a most successful trout angler in the Midlands who uses extraordinarily thick casts and large flies, and yet brings home larger baskets of fish than his neighbors. His practice is to stand well back from the bank, and with a long line to cast his heavy fly into nooks and corners, where anglers with light tackle cannot, as a rule, safely penetrate. In such out-of-the-way places he finds, I suppose, confiding trout who take his fly for some beetle or caterpillar dropping from the bushes above (I am told it goes in with a good splash), and so rise and take it. Anyhow, he catches fish, which are queer things; I do not mean his fish in particular, but fish generally."

Here is, apparently, an independent discovery on the same lines as Mr. Taylor's. When the final history of the movement toward a heavy fly and a big splash in fly-fishing comes to be written, this gentleman in the Midlands must not be overlooked. R. J. PHILLIPS.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

March 7-10.—Grand Rapids, Mich.—Butterfly Association's bench show. Miss Grace H. Griswold, Sec'y.
March 14-17.—St. Louis, Mo.—St. Louis Kennel Club's show.
March 21-24.—Chicago.—Mascoutah Kennel Club's show.
April 4-7.—Boston, Mass.—New England Kennel Club's bench show. James Mortimer, Manager.
Nov. 22-24.—New York.—American Pet Dog Club's show. S. C. Hodge, Supt.

New England Kennel Club.

In addition to the special prizes announced in the premium list of the New England Kennel Club's fifteenth annual dog show, are the following:

The Boston Terrier Club offers a club cup as follows: For the best Boston terrier puppy, respectively in the novice classes, light weight limit classes, heavy weight limit classes, open classes; for best dog in the show, and best bitch in the show; for the best brace of puppies, the best brace of Boston terrier, and for the best four, comprising light weight dog and bitch and heavy weight dog and bitch entered and owned by one exhibitor.

The breeders' trophy, value \$100, for the best dog or bitch bred by the exhibitor.

The challenge trophy, value \$100, for the best dog or bitch owned by the exhibitor six months prior to the close of entries. Entries for this trophy to be made with the secretary of the Boston Terrier Club, box 2790, Boston, Mass., on or before April 1, accompanied by an entry fee of \$3. The winner to receive 50 per cent. of the stakes, second 30 per cent., and third 20 per cent.

The puppy bowl, value \$50, offered by Dwight Baldwin, Esq., for the best puppy between the age of six and sixteen months, registered in the A. K. C. S. B.

A silver vase, value \$50, offered by G. N. Phelps, Esq., for the best brood bitch shown with two or more of her produce, which must be entered in their regular classes, but need not be the property of one exhibitor. Donor not to compete.

The winners of the above trophies will receive a club cup in commemoration of the award. The breeders' trophy, challenge trophy, puppy bowl and silver vase must be won three times before becoming the absolute property of the winner.

A club cup for the best Boston terrier in the limit classes.

The above trophies and cups are open to members only.

The American Scottish Terrier Club offers to members only: A challenge cup for the best American-bred Scottish terrier dog; a challenge cup for the best American-bred Scottish terrier bitch.

JAS. MORTIMER, Supt. and Sec'y N. E. K. C. Show.

How?

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have a young beagle hound that I am anxious to make a coon dog of next fall, but I don't know how to go about it. There is no dog that knows how to tree coons around here that I could get to break him with. How can he be prevented from running rabbits at night?

A beagle is, of course, too small to tackle a coon, but I am told that if properly broken, they are excellent dogs to tree coons with, and then the coons can be shot.

Would a dead coon or coon skin dragged around on the ground and then up a tree be good to teach a dog to bark up? I am told that the scent left by a coon and a cat are much alike; how would it do to break the dog on cats? or could a coon be trapped and led around for the dog to follow?

If any of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM could give me pointers on breaking my dog they would be thankfully received.

HOWARD S. THOMPSON.

Points and Flushes.

Under date of March 2, Mr. Thos. J. Chappelcar writes us as follows: "Your critic, in reviewing the Chesapeake in New York dog show, has made a great error. He says Brent, third, was very closely pressed by Duchess, reserve. Duchess rightly took first. Her coat has never had its superior."

Spratts Patent (Limited), 239 East Fifty-sixth street, New York, call special attention to their improved (new style) medicines, as well as their prepared foods and elaborate stock of dog furnishings. A catalogue containing a complete list, will be sent to applicants.

Modern Dogs (non-sporting division) has been amplified in a new edition, the famous author, Mr. Rawdon B. Lee, having added such matter as pertains to the changes since the first edition was issued, now about five years ago. The illustrations are by Messrs. Arthur Wardle and R. H. Moore, and it is hardly necessary to add that they are the most perfect illustrations of their kind.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

The National Sportsmen's Association.

The programme of the revolver and pistol matches, under the auspices of the National Sportsmen's Association, at Sportsmen's show, Madison Square Garden, New York, March 2 to 15, provides a variety of events. The ranges will be open from 2 P. M. until 11 P. M. each day, except on last day, when they will be closed at 9 P. M. Messrs. Zeitler Bros. will have charge of the ranges, and will furnish revolvers and pistols and suitable ammunition.

Match A—Any Revolver Championship.—Prizes: First trophy, value \$50; second, \$25; third, \$15; fourth, \$10; fifth, \$8.

Arms.—Any revolver not over .45cal., with barrel not over 7½in. exclusive of cylinder.

Sights must be strictly open. Trigger pull shall not be less than 2½lbs. Number of shots: This match calls for five 6-shot targets, a target to consist of six consecutive shots. Targets: Standard American, 2½in. bull. Cleaning allowed between scores. Ammunition: Any ammunition allowed. Entrance fee for this match is \$3. Distance, 20 measured yards. Ties will be decided by draw. Re-entries allowed; five targets for \$1, or 25 cents each.

Match B—Military Revolver Championship.—Prizes: First trophy, value \$50; second, \$25; third, \$15; fourth, \$10.

Arms.—Only military revolvers, which are regularly for sale, and which can be bought in the open market on the date of this circular allowed.

Sights must be open and fixed military sights with which the revolver is issued. Trigger pull: Not less than 4lbs. Target will be standard American, 2½in. black. Number of shots: This match calls for five targets of 6 shots each, a target to consist of 6 consecutive shots. Cleaning allowed between scores. Ammunition must be the regular full-charge service cartridge intended for this arm. Entrance fee \$3, as in Match A. Distance, 20 measured yards. Ties will be decided by draw. Entries unlimited, at 25 cents each target, or five for \$1.

Match C—Pistol Championship.—Prizes: First trophy, value \$50; second, \$25; third, \$15; fourth, \$10; fifth, \$8.

Arms.—Open to all .22cal. pistols, barrel not over 10in.

Sights strictly open, not over 10in. apart. Trigger pull not less than 2lbs. Targets, same as in Match A. Number of shots: Best five targets, 6 shots each. Cleaning allowed between scores. Ammunition: Any .22cal. rim fire. Distance, 20 measured yards. Entries unlimited, at 25 cents a target, five for \$1. Ties will be decided by draw.

Match D—Police Revolver Championship.—Prizes: First trophy, value \$50; second, \$25; third, \$15; fourth, \$10; fifth, \$8.

Arms.—Only .32cal. police revolvers, which are regularly for sale, and which can be bought in the open market on the date of this circular, allowed.

Sights must be open and not over 6in. apart. Trigger pull not less than 2lbs. Number of shots: five best targets, 6 shots each, consecutive. Targets: Standard American, 4in. bull. Cleaning allowed between scores. Ammunition: Only factory ammunition allowed, full charge. Entrance fee \$3, as in Match A. Distance, 20yds. Ties will be decided by draw. Entries unlimited, targets 25 cents each, five for \$1.

Point Target Contest for Trophies.—Any revolver, distance 20yds., point target, 2½in. black; count 1, 2, 3.

Number of points: To win trophy 50 points shall be made on this target. Entrance fee, 25 cents for 5 shots; re-entry allowed.

Pistol, .22cal.: Conditions the same as in Any Revolver.

Military: distance 20yds, point target, 2½in. black; count 1, 2, 3.

Number of points: To win trophy, 30 points shall be made on this target.

Entrance fee 25 cents for 5 shots; re-entry allowed.

Police revolver: Distance 20yds., target 4in. bullseye; count 1, 2, 3.

Number of points: 50 points to win trophy on this target.

Entrance fee 25 cents for 5 shots; re-entry allowed.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O., March 5.—The following scores were made in regular competition by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association, at Four-Mile House, Reading Road, to-day. Conditions: Off-hand, at the German ring target. Gindele was declared champion with a score of 222. Strickmeyer's 66 was high on the honor target. A blustering wind prevailed throughout the day:

Champion score:	22	23	23	15	24	23	23	23	24	222
Gindele	23	21	22	22	22	23	21	22	21	217
	21	22	21							64
Payne	23	21	23	22	19	14	20	25	21	211
	24	22	24	18	24	16	23	20	22	216
	23	19	23							65
Weinheimer	16	18	21	8	18	22	17	19	19	177
	21	23	21	19	18	21	23	15	24	206
	21	20	20							61
Roberts	21	22	23	20	19	13	24	16	21	199
	17	18	23	22	24	19	22	23	13	208
	24	20	16							60
Nestler	19	19	21	18	16	22	16	21	22	193
	19	23	17	25	16	23	24	25	23	220
	23	19	24							66
Drube	15	16	11	18	24	19	20	16	23	177
	22	22	24	22	19	19	21	19	21	211
	15	19	21							55
Hasenzahl	21	21	23	25	23	15	21	20	22	209
	24	25	23	22	25	19	22	21	24	227
	19	22	23							64

Rifle at Shell Mound.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A fitful wind greeted the marksmen at Shell Mound range yesterday. There was a good attendance at all the club shoots. The militia shooting stalls look very forlorn, as our San Francisco regiment is on the fighting line at Manila.

F. P. Schuster and Dr. Rodgers had their usual hot contest. This time it was for the all comers' Blanding medal, Germania Club. The conditions are: Only one score of 10 shots, 200yds., 25-ring target. Schuster started out with 121 in his first five shots, but broke and wound up with 226. The Doctor made 228.

Scores of Germania—for the Bushnell medal: Dr. L. Rodgers 228, F. P. Schuster 226, A. Strecker 209.

Yearly competition shoot for cash prizes: F. P. Schuster 72, A. Strecker 72, Dr. Rodgers 71, D. B. Faktor 70, C. Thierbach 70, H. Stelling 68, N. Ahrens 68, William Goetze 67.

Monthly bullseye shoot: J. F. Daly 228, R. Finking 326, Dr. L. O. Rodgers 395, J. Beottler 396, A. B. Faktor 445, F. Rust 535, H. Stettin 629, N. Ahrens 777, J. Utschig 787, F. P. Schuster 841, C. Thierbach 391, J. F. Bridges 1,059, R. Stettin 1,150, R. Haake 1,281.

Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club—Shoot for Glindeman all comers' rifle medal: A. H. Pape 41, 44, 46; F. O. Young 56, 59, 60; G. Manuel 92, 102; Mrs. Manuel 95; E. N. Moor 111.

Siege all comers' pistol medal: F. O. Young 41, 50, 55; G. M. Barley 51, 52, 54, 56, 60; C. M. Daiss, 42, 49.

Daiss' all comers' and Jacobson's members' medal, rifle: Geo. Mannell 28, 29, 30, 34.

ROEL.

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

Fixtures.

March 2-11.—Madison Square Garden.—Tournament in connection with Sportsmen's Exposition. Address, Sportsmen's Exposition, 280 Broadway, New York.

March 17.—Hoboken, N. J.—Hackensack River Gun Club's handicap shoot at live birds, at Hefflich's Hotel. Open to all. Main event, 10 live birds, \$5 entrance. John Chartrand, Sec'y.

March 23.—Brooklyn, L. I.—Live-bird handicap of the Brooklyn Gun Club, at Lyndhurst, N. J. John Wright, Manager.

March 25.—Pawling, N. Y.—Postponed shoot of the Pawling Rod and Gun Club. Geo. S. Williams, Sec'y.

March 29-30.—Richmond, Va.—Tournament under management of W. C. Lynham. Targets and live birds.

April 4-5.—Chambersburg, Pa.—Chambersburg Gun Club's spring live-bird and target tournament; open to all. J. M. Runk, Captain.

April 11-13.—Elkwood Park, Long Branch, N. J.—The Interstate Association's seventh annual Grand American Handicap tournament. Entries close April 4. Edward Banks, Sec'y, 318 Broadway.

April 18-20.—Lincoln, Neb.—The Lincoln Gun Club's second annual interstate tournament; targets and live birds; \$500 added. Geo. L. Carter, Sec'y.

April 18-21.—Baltimore, Md.—Prospect Park Shooting Association's tournament; \$500 added. Stanley Baker, Sec'y.

April 25-27.—Kansas City, Mo.—Ninth annual tournament of the Missouri State Amateur Shooting Association, under auspices of Washington Park Gun Club; \$400 added money; target and live birds. Walter F. Bruns, Sec'y.

April 28-29.—Baltimore, Md.—Tournament of Baltimore Shooting Association; targets and live birds; money added. Geo. L. Harrison, Sec'y.

May 2-5.—Lincoln, Neb.—Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association's twenty-third annual tournament, under the auspices of the Capital City Gun Club; six amateur and four open events each day; targets and live birds. R. M. Welch, Sec'y.

May 9-13.—Peoria, Ill.—Illinois State Sportsmen's Association's tournament. C. F. Simmons, Sec'y.

May 16-19.—Erie, Pa.—Ninth annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Reed Hurst Gun Club. F. W. Bacon, Sec'y.

May 16-20.—St. Louis, Mo.—Tournament of the Missouri State Fish and Game Protective Association. H. B. Collins, Sec'y.

May 17-18.—Oil City, Pa.—Interstate Association's tournament, under auspices of Oil City Gun Club. F. S. Bates, Sec'y.

May 23-25.—Algona, Ia.—Tournament of the Iowa State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game. John G. Smith, Pres.

May 24-25.—Greenwood, S. C.—Annual live-bird tournament of the Greenwood Gun Club; 25-bird Southern Handicap. R. G. McCants, Sec'y.

May 30.—Canajoharie, N. Y.—All-day target shoot at Canajoharie, N. Y. Charles Weeks, Sec'y.

May 30-June 2.—Erie, Pa.—Ninth annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Reed Hurst Gun Club. Frank W. Bacon, Sec'y.

June 5-10.—Buffalo, N. Y.—New York State shoot, under the auspices of the Buffalo Audubon Gun Club; \$1,000 guaranteed; over \$2,000 in merchandise, and \$1,000 added money in open events. Chas. Bamberg, Sec'y, 51 Edna Place.

June 6-9.—Sioux City, Pa.—Fifth annual amateur tournament of the Soo Gun Club. E. R. Chapman, Sec'y.

June 7-9.—Columbus, O.—Tournament of the Ohio Trap-Shooters' League, under the auspices of the Sherman Rod and Gun Club. J. C. Porterfield, Sec'y, O. T. S. L.

June 14-15.—Bellows Falls, Vt.—Interstate Association's tournament, under auspices of Bellows Falls Gun Club. C. H. Gibson, Sec'y.

June 14-16.—Cleveland, O.—Cleveland Target Co.'s tournament.

June 20-22.—Wheeling, W. Va.—Third annual tournament of the West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Wheeling Gun Club, Wheeling, W. Va. Ed O. Bower, Sec'y.

July 19-20.—Providence, R. I.—Interstate Association's tournament, under auspices of the Providence Gun Club. R. C. Root, Sec'y.

July 18-20.—Arkansas State Tournament.

Aug. 9-10.—Portland, Me.—Interstate Association's tournament, under auspices of the Portland Gun Club. S. B. Adams, Sec'y.

Sept. 6-7.—Portsmouth, Va.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Portsmouth Gun Club. W. N. White, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The target tournament of the Sportsmen's Association, progresses merrily each day. It is one of the most attractive features of the Garden to the shooters and visitors. There is hardly a moment's cessation in the shooting. Sometimes over 800 targets an hour are thrown—a very rapid rate. The magautrap works very nicely. It is in charge of Mr. Harry Merrifield, who assists in working the trap for the Brooklyn Gun Club. The shooting is done on the west end of the Garden. High board fencing about where the targets and shot fly guard against any falling into the street. On the second day, Mr. R. O. Heikes made a run of 85 in the continuous match, and Mr. J. A. R. Elliott was high in the Association championship at 100 targets, with a score of 98. Shooting did not begin till the afternoon of the first day, and only the Association championship was shot. Mr. J. J. Halliwell was high with 93. On Saturday, in the Association championship, Heikes and Tallman tied on 96 out of 100 shot at. On Monday, in the continuous match, Rolla O. Heikes broke 79 in his longest run; J. A. R. Elliott, 51. In the Association championship, Heikes scored 89 out of 100; Edward Banks 97.

The first annual amateur trap-shooting tournament of the Maryland Sportsmen's Exposition Association, April 18 to 21, inclusive, has \$500 added money, and will be held in conjunction with a general exposition of sportsmen's and athletic goods, a bench show, a field trial, whippet racing, fox hound trials, hurdle contests, beagle trials, fly-casting tournament, poultry show, pet animal exhibit and many other interesting and novel features. In the trap-shooting contests, the professionals can shoot in amateur events for targets only. A set of traps will be provided for the professional events, which are open to all. Mr. Henry A. Brehm is president of the Association; Mr. Stanley Baker, secretary; Mr. H. A. Penrose is vice-president and general manager. Communications addressed to the Maryland Sportsmen's Exposition Association, Carrollton Hotel, Baltimore, Md., will receive prompt and full attention. A large programme, giving complete information will be ready for distribution in a few days.

Ties, miss-and-out: Brunie 0, Otten 0, C. Meyer 1.

WESTERN TRAPS.

Montgomery Ward Badge Shoot.

CHICAGO, Ill., March 4.—The second contest for the Montgomery Ward diamond badge, second series, was brought off yesterday at Watson's, under most unfavorable conditions. The weather was black, cold and gloomy, and rain fell throughout the day. The popularity of these events may be seen in the fact that in spite of such weather a field of twenty-three shooters entered for the event. Nothing seemed to dampen the spirits of the contestants, and the day passed very pleasantly.

The winner of the second contest was Mr. D. O'Brien, of the Douglas Gun Club, who needed only one of his handicap birds in the contest, and who shot out Messrs. Shaw, White, Miller and Willard in the first string of tie birds. Lem Willard won the high average medal, Mr. Kuss won the ties on 14, having to kill 18 birds to win, and Mr. Palmer won the ties on 13. Mr. Nelson, who won the badge in the first contest, got into the ties on 14 this time, but left for town early. Eddie Steck, winner of the first series, to-day got in the 14 hole, and Dr. Shaw landed one above him in the first flight to-day. Out of the total number of twenty-three entries, only five men were placed at scratch—George, Kuss, Barto, Willard and Steck. The winner, Mr. O'Brien, was among the short men, getting the same mark as Dr. Miller, 28yds, and 2 birds, who also killed 15. The wind was fresh and the birds very good. The following are the scores:

W B Leffingwell, 30, 2.....	12112120022020211	-13
A L Mottinger, 30, 2.....	020112012010201w	
A W Lloyd, 28, 2.....	00112110111201*00	-10
R George, 30, 2.....	21021w	
Nelson, 30, 2.....	02112122012222022	-14
Dr Shaw, 30, 1.....	2220221112222222	-15
E C Rice, 26, 3.....	02010100020201222	-10
R Kuss, 30, 0.....	111*22122122112	-14
E G Barnard, 28, 2.....	22222*12222000111	-13
J L White, 30, 2.....	111112110121212	-15
G A Thorne, 28, 2.....	02022220011112122	-13
R Simonetti, 28, 2.....	021211110101202	-13
S Palmer, 30, 1.....	002222120222212	-13
R Dwyer, 30, 1.....	112012102212222	-14
H Ehlers, 30, 1.....	212211220212110	-14
J B Barto, 30, 0.....	11*222221221212	-14
V A Rossback, 28, 3.....	02110021010211000	-10
D O'Brien, 28, 2.....	21111*1121121212	-15
L C Willard, 30, 0.....	122221121121212	-15
E M Steck, 30, 0.....	012212222122121	-14
Parker, 30, 1.....	222122*1122211	-13
Dr Miller, 28, 2.....	120121211220221	-13
J W Watson, 28, 3.....	22211020101120221	-14

Ties on 15: Shaw22022-4 Willard20221-4
White00 Dr Miller21220-4
O'Brien11211-5

Lem Willard won high average medal; Kuss won ties on 14; Palmer won ties on 13.

Eureka Gun Club.

The live-bird series of the Eureka Gun Club continues at Watson's Park, the club meeting to-day at that place being under better weather conditions than prevailed yesterday. Mr. Watson adds the scores.

Highland Park Gun Club Expansion.

The Highland Park Rod and Gun Club, of Highland Park, Ill., has been organized and has purchased a site on the famous waters of Lake Koshkonong, where it will put up a club house this season. The officers and membership of this organization are as below: President, W. B. White; Secretary and Treasurer, D. C. Purdy; Attorney, D. F. Knox. Members—W. J. Obee, George Hessler, C. P. Sullivan, Thomas Morton, Fred Schaefer, Edward Huber, Julius Zimmer, Edward Zimmer, Edward Nolan, W. F. Edwards, Emil Otzel, F. M. Ingalls, Robert Rosenberry, H. I. Morris, Charles H. Baker, H. M. Prior, C. B. Rice, John Rudolph, John Finney, M. McNulty.

Milwaukee League.

Four clubs of Milwaukee—the Jolly Gun Club, Wisconsin, North Side and Milwaukee gun clubs—have organized the Milwaukee Trap-Shooters' League, and held three contests. The Jolly Gun Club has won three shoots straight, the Milwaukee has lost three straight, while Wisconsin and North Side clubs have each won two out of three.

The South Side Gun Club, of Milwaukee, is in flourishing condition, and is spending considerable money on improvements. Everything looks toward a busy year in trap-shooting in Milwaukee. The new club house, on Thirty-second avenue, is a fine one, and has already been open for business. E. Hough.

1200 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

Florists' Gun Club of Philadelphia.

WISSINOMING, Pa., Feb. 28.—The main event, the president's cup contest, at 50 targets, 25 unknown and 25 known angles, resulted in a victory for Mr. Wolstencroft, in the monthly competition of the Florists' Gun Club to-day.

The event was the eighth of a series for the president's trophy. Wolstencroft made his first appearance as a contestant for the prize and scored six points. W. C. Westcott also scored six points in the competition, but his work for the day was not nearly so good. Wolstencroft broke 46 of a possible 50 bluecock targets, while Westcott only succeeded in breaking 31. The competition is governed by a percentage system, and the greatest increase or least decrease over a contestant's previous average entitles him to the greatest number of points.

Howard Ridge did not secure any additional points in the trophy competition, but he broke 45 targets, and carried off second honors on the day's work. A. B. Cartledge broke 39 targets, and Engle was fourth with a total of 38.

Following the club shoot there was a team shoot between two teams captained by W. H. Wolstencroft and Howard Ridge. There were seven men on a team, and each man shot at 25 blue-rocks. Ridge's team won by a score of 121 to 111.

Twenty-five from magautrap:

	Unknown.	Known.	Points.
W K Harris.....	00111111010101101111-13	13-31	
C D Ball.....	10010111110101011110-16	15-31	2
V Dorr.....	001100100010001000010000-7	11-18	
J E McKarhar.....	0111001111010101001001-14	14-28	
W C Westcott.....	0111101111111111010111-21	10-31	6
J Daniels.....	00110001010111000101101-15	15-30	
V H W.....	1111111111110111111111-24	22-46	6
G O Bell.....	1100001001011010110011-15	16-31	
A B Cartledge.....	1111110111111101110011-21	18-39	3
W K Park.....	1111101111010001111010-19	23-42	4
D Engle.....	1011111101110001101111-20	18-38	5
G Anderson.....	1011011111011111110111-21	17-38	1
H Ridge.....	11111111110111011111-23	23-46	
Brown.....	110100010111010010001110-13	7-20	

Twenty-five from five expert traps:

Harris.....	010111010101001010011100-13	
C D Ball.....	00100111011101011011010-15	
Dorr.....	010101000011001101101000-11	
McKarhar.....	10010111010010101111000-14	
Westcott.....	100010011000100110100011-10	
G O Bell.....	1111100000011100111011-16	
Cartledge.....	0011110101101111011110-18	
Park.....	1111111111111011111011-23	
Engle.....	1111110001011011100101 18	
Anderson.....	10001111111000110101111-17	
Ridge.....	0111111111111101111101-22	
Brown.....	10110101000001000001000-7	

Team match, 25 each, magautrap—Wolstencroft's team:
W H W, captain.....11111111111111111111-24
Park.....11010101011111011111-21
Engle.....11111111010111010111-20
Harris.....1100111110010001010111-16
Westcott.....1101000101010001010100-12
McKarhar.....0011100100000101010000-11
Brown.....0111010000000101000000-7-111

Ridge's Team.

Ridge, captain.....	1011111111110111111111-23
Cartledge.....	1101010111110111101011-20
Anderson.....	1101010101110100111010-17
C D Ball.....	1101010101110011010010-16
G A Bell.....	1111110111110001101111-20
Daniels.....	11110001001010110100101-14
Dorr.....	0000100100000100111111-11-121

Boston Gun Club.

WELLINGTON, Mass., March 4.—The club added one more shoot to its list of many Wednesday, March 1, at Wellington, and the favorable shooting conditions allowed of some fine practice for the sixteen shooters present. Different degrees of success attended their efforts, but all extracted the same quota of fun, of which trap-shooting affords the very best.

Upon trial, the targets were found a little deceptive; the scores were good, yet not ranging so high as on similar fair days. The clearness of atmosphere made them look too easy when often they were not, as traps were sprung up to give more than an ordinary throw. Nevertheless several averaged well, and the individual and team events were both hotly contested.

Scores as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	10	10	3p	10	5	3p	10	10	10	10	5p	
Gordon, 17.....	7	8	3	7	4	5	8	7	7	6	9	
Howe, 17.....	8	8	3	5	3	7	6	7	8	6	6	
Griffith, 16.....	7	10	6	8	5	4	9	10	8	10	8	
Horace, 18.....	7	7	6	4	2	7	6	6	6	6	6	
Eastman, 16.....	6	8	5	9	3	4	7	7	6	6	6	
Earle, 15.....	8	7	1	6	5	7	7	10	6	6	6	
Taft, 16.....	7	7	5	7	3	4	10	9	6	6	6	
Newton, 16.....	0	3	1	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	
Fox, 16.....	8	9	2	7	2	2	8	7	9	9	9	
Curtis, 16.....	8	4	3	9	4	2	2	2	2	2	2	
Williams, 15.....	6	10	3	7	4	3	3	3	3	3	3	
Cutler, 16.....	6	3	7	4	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	
Benton, 11.....	7	2	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	
Spencer, 18.....	9	2	8	3	3	7	6	6	10	10	10	
Young, 16.....	4	2	2	3	4	3	5	6	6	6	6	
Ford, 16.....	8	5	4	8	8	8	7	9	8	8	8	

Events 1, 4, 7 and 10, known angles, the last with use of both barrels; 2, 5, 8 and 11, unknown; 9, reverse; 3, 6 and 12, pairs.

Extras. 10 known: Gordon and Howe 9, Earle and Griffith 7.

Five unknown: Gordon 5, Taft 3, Benton 2.

Ten unknown: Gordon 9, Howe 8, Griffith 7.

Five pairs: Ford 7.

Prize match, 21 targets—10 known, 5 unknown, 3 pairs:												
Griffith, 16.....	1001111111-8	1111-5	10	10	11-4	17						
Howe, 17.....	1101111111-8	1111-5	10	10	10-3	16						
Eastman, 16.....	1101111111-9	10110-3	10	10	11-4	16						
Ford, 16.....	0111111111-8	11011-4	10	10	11-4	16						
Gordon, 17.....	1101100111-7	01111-4	01	11	11-5	16						
Taft, 16.....	1110011011-7	01110-3	10	11	10-4	14						
Curtis, 16.....	1111111111-9	10111-4	11	00	00-2	15						
Spencer, 18.....	1011011111-8	11010-3	10	00	11-3	14						
Horace, 18.....	0110110011-6	11011-4	00	10	10-2	12						
Benton, 14.....	1101101110-7	11000-2	00	11	10-3	12						
Earle, 16.....	1010011011-6	11111-5	w									
Cutler, 16.....	1011101011-7	11011-4	w									
Fox, 16.....	1000111111-7	01100-2	00	10	10-2	11						
Young, 16.....	0000111010-4	01010-2	00	10	10-2	8						

Team contest, 40 targets—10 known, 10 unknown, distance handicap:

Earle.....	0111011101-7	1011001111-7-14
Taft.....	1111111111-10	0111111111-9-19-33
Griffith.....	0111111111-9	1111111111-10-19
Howe.....	1101101110-7	0101110110-6-13-32
Eastman.....	1111001110-7	0101101111-7-14
Fox.....	1101011111-8	0101110111-7-15-29
Gordon.....	0111111011-8	0100111111-7-15
Spencer.....	1001111101-7	0111001111-6-13-28

Trap at Watson's.

CHICAGO, Ill., March 1.—A match was shot here to-day between Harry Lee and E. S. Rice, the former winning, 20 to 19. Score: H Lee.....212*11*221122100*0100120110122-20
E S Rice.....1222220220222211*022212011*21-19

March 2.—Match, 50 birds per man:
N Nelson.....212121212210121122222122122122220201202220020-42
C B Dick.....1*21212221111*1122*122111111122012012011021210-41

Match, 50 birds per man:
S Olsen.....0101200100221212010210102020011001122010111202-30
J R Dawson.....022000010112000000000000000100110100000100020-13

Match, 30 birds per man:
G Deiter.....1222220220222211*022212011*21-24
E S Rice.....2202100110220201220210101212-22

March 3.—In the sweeps following the Montgomery Ward diamond badge, the following scores were made:

No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.
Palmer.....	11010-3	01212-4	20222-4	20011-3
Kuss.....	21221-5	12022-4	01120-3	12000-2
Simonetti.....	20220-3	02000-1		
Barto.....	10202-3	00221-3		
Ehlers.....	10221-4	01001-2	11220-4	
Leffingwell.....	21122-5	12221-5	00121-3	11211-5
Steck.....	11212-5	1100w	11101-4	
Rossback.....	00001-1	01021-3	00001-1	20001-2
Parker.....		10002-2	22220-4	
Miller.....		21221-5	01012-3	21111-5
Lee.....		01222-4		22202-4
O'Brien.....		12102-4	12211-5	
Barnard.....				12011-4
White.....				01010-2

No. 6:
Palmer.....120 -2 Rossback.....12120 -4
Kuss.....2111112211-10 O'Brien.....0 -0
Leffingwell.....0 -0 Kelly.....221112122-10
Steck.....212121110-9 Wilson.....1210 -2

March 4.—The Eureka Gun Club's eighth shoot was held to-day, four men tying for first. Scores:

Willard, 31.....	20122201122122-13
Roll, 31.....	22120112210122-13
Parker, 30.....	1202121012111-13
Steck, 30.....	21021011112122-13
Miller, 28.....	01201221212110-12
Carson, 28.....	22222000120112-11
Max, 28.....	110102112120022-11
Wiley, 30.....	21001010121011-10

Practice:
Willard.....022120222022101212101111-20
Wiley.....221202222111011211110-20
Miller.....121120201 -8
Steck.....0021111212 -8
Mack.....01012 -6
Parker.....10010 -2

RAVELRIGG.

Palm Beach Gun Club.

PALM BEACH, Fla., March 1.—The handicap at 30 targets, \$2 entrance, shot to-day, under the auspices of the Palm Beach Gun Club, resulted as follows:

Karsner.....	11111010100101101101110111-26
Marshall.....	10001001010101101001101001-19
Parker.....	11111101010111110111011111-26
Mallinckrodt.....	10111110111101010111100101-26
Brokaw.....	1000010010110101001100001110-23
Stafford.....	000010100001000000101001001-8
Benedict.....	111101001101010111111110001-24
Jones.....	0011111101100101110100111-24
Cook.....	011001100111010110110001100-21
Forrest.....	0101001000000100000000000000-29
Woodruff.....	00010010010100101111110111-25

ON LONG ISLAND.

Hell Gate Gun Club.

Brooklyn, L. I., Feb. 28.—The Hell Gate Gun Club held their second shoot of the season at Dexter Park, Brooklyn, to-day. Forty-one members and four guests were present. It was an ideal day for good birds. It was clear and cold. A little breeze helped the birds, the scores therefore proving to be very poor, especially toward dark:

	Points
J. H. Voss, 30.....	1222002102—7
R. Regan, 28.....	0021122212—8
P. Garms, 28.....	1122222212—10
Douglas, guest.....	1100202211—7
J. A. Belden, 28.....	1*2202122—7
J. Quinn, 28.....	20*0102122—6
E. Doenick, 30.....	222122222—10
C. H. Schmidt, 28.....	1102*12120—7
J. Himmelsbach, 28.....	*2*2010012—5
F. Wehler, 28.....	2000002002—3
C. Weber, 30.....	0120011121—7
C. Rabenstein, 28.....	1120211211—9
J. Newman, 28.....	2021122202—8
E. Steffens, 28.....	2101111122—9
C. Lang, 28.....	021*21*210—6
E. Metz, 28.....	1222200012—7
P. Woelfel, 28.....	2122022002—7
Nina.....	2200000002—3
A. Dietzel, 28.....	1012101001—6
C. Schaeffer, 28.....	0000010100—2
L. T. Muench, 28.....	0011210211—7
F. Trostel, 30.....	1000020200—3
Kemle, guest.....	21001 w
Dr. Kremer, guest.....	21001 w
J. Wellbrock, 28.....	1122011*02—7
A. Knodel, 28.....	100000202—3
J. Schlicht, 28.....	1110210212—8
G. K. Breit, 28.....	01*1102212—7
P. Brennan, 28.....	0100200021—4
H. Forster, 30.....	2202212212—9
E. Marquard, 28.....	2210200201—6
H. Carroll, 28.....	0021001012—5
W. A. Sande, 30.....	2220*22*02—6
W. T. Noe, 28.....	0021202022—6
D. J. Deady, 28.....	0020010000—2
J. P. Dannefer, 28.....	0220*0202—5
J. Krieb, 28.....	1010120112—7
J. H. Selg, 28.....	2020200000—3
E. Petersen, 28.....	2001001001—4
H. Hafften, 28.....	0000201010—3
F. Gay, 28.....	0000000011—2
T. McPartland, 28.....	020020201—5
H. Koch, 28.....	0000000010—1
P. Geipel, 28.....	2000000100—2
E. Karl, 28.....	000020011—3

New Utrecht Gun Club.

Woodlawn, L. I., March 4.—With wind, rain and smoke in the shooters' faces good scores were impossible at the New Utrecht Gun Club's shoot to-day. J. Gaughen and F. A. Thompson contested for the challenge plate, and Gaughen again won. It seems as if he has a mortgage on the plates. George won the club shoot; his handicap of 3 targets were not needed. He also won the Brush gun shoot, tying with Rasch on 20 targets, and winning the shoot-off by 1 target. Live-bird shoot on Saturday, March 10. The scores:

J. Gaughen.....	11011110101011111010011110—20
F. A. Thompson.....	101100011101110101010001101—17
Club shoot:	
George, 3.....	011110101101111101110111—22
W. H. Thompson, 3.....	111011010011001111110001010—17
F. A. Thompson, 4.....	011110001111000010101010101—16
Henry, 0.....	001100011011000000101001—11
Frost.....	0110100000101000000010100—7
Rasch.....	0110010000000000000000001—4
Brush gun shoot:	
Rasch, 6.....	1100100100101110110111111011—20
George, 2.....	011010110111111111110010111—20
F. A. Thompson, 4.....	1111010110101111110011001000—18
W. H. Thompson, 2.....	011010000101010111110111w
Gaughen, 2.....	1000110110101000001100110w
Henry, 8.....	1100100000011010000010101w
Shoot-off at 25 targets: George 20, Rasch 19.	
Sweep, 10 targets: George 9, Gaughen 9, W. H. Thompson 5, Henry 5, F. A. Thompson 3.	
Sweep, 15 targets: Gaughen 14, F. A. Thompson 11, W. H. Thompson 9, George 5, Henry 5.	

E. G. Frost, Sec'y.

Oceanic Rod and Gun Club.

New York, March 6.—The scores of the Oceanic Rod and Gun Club herewith were made on their grounds at Rockaway Park on the first day of this week. It rained very hard at intervals, and the fierce gale from the south made the shooting very difficult:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Birds:	10	15	25	10	25	15	25	25
C. Dudley.....	5	11	20	7	17	..	22	19
S. Charles.....	6	7	15	6	..	5
H. Norris.....	4	7	10
A. Schubel.....	4	8	15	4	16	..	14	10
O. Mulcahey.....	8	10	13	7	..	4
T. Duffley.....	6	10	14	3	..	7	11	12
A. Diderich.....	2	4
O'Connell.....	8	11	22	8	20	..	21	21
J. Jones.....	..	18
O. Kiem.....	..	13	3	..	8	13
E. F. Bourke.....	5	..	4	11

IN NEW JERSEY.

Trap at Lyndhurst.

Lyndhurst, N. J., Feb. 28.—In the match between Morfev and Baker against Sanders and Packard, the latter won by a score of 36 to 28. They stood at 26yds.; Morfev and Baker at 33yds. Morfev and Baker drew an exceptionally hard lot of birds. Two sweeps were shot. No. 1 at 10 birds, \$5; No. 2 at 5 birds, \$3. The scores:

Morfev, 33.....	202222*2222*22010*21*1212—18
Baker, 28.....	1002*001*2021000120000101—10—28
Sanders, 26.....	0122202201112010112200202—17
Packard, 26.....	21012212021222102*220110—19—36

Sweep No. 1: Morfev, 31, 9; Platt, 26, 7; Baker, 29, 7; Sanders, 27, 7; Packard, 27, 7.

Sweep No. 2: Morfev, 33, 4; Baker, 33, 4; Platt, 26, 4; Sanders, 26, 3; Packard, 26, 3.

Anent Missouri State Tournament Programme.

St. Louis, March 4.—Editor Forest and Stream: I am going to impose upon your time and good nature for the good of the cause.

Will you kindly comment upon the proposed programme of the Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association, which I outline below. Suggestions from sportsmen throughout the country will be gratefully received.

In commenting upon this programme, it should be borne in mind that this tournament is first of all a Missouri State tournament, held for the express purpose of bringing together the sportsmen of our State, for the interchange of ideas, the discussion of subjects which concern the protection and propagation of our game and fish; also to try their skill with the gun in contests which are conducted in a perfectly fair manner, and of such nature as to bring to the front the nerve, pluck and skill which they may possess in an art which calls in a high degree for just these qualities.

Secondly.—This tournament is open to all. Missouri has no boundaries, except the land that adjoins it.

In the world of trap-shooting, she extends the hand of welcome to sportsmen of other States, guaranteeing to them fair treatment and a good tournament.

Now, here is what we have to offer. Five days of targets and five birds. The equitable or Rose system of division of moneys in target events. Price of targets, 2 cents each. Live birds, 25 cents each.

One hundred and sixty targets per day, for four days, divided into 15 and 20-bird events; five moneys in 15-bird races and six moneys in 20-bird events; entrance, 15 birds, \$1.50; 20 birds, \$2.

To each of these events the St. Louis Shooting Association will add \$30 to the 15-bird events and \$35 to the 20-target events. In addition to this money, there will be a number of medals and other objects of value added to different events throughout the programme. The medals will be donated by individuals and firms in St. Louis.

The E. C. target championship cup will be contested for on one day of the tournament. On that day no regular target events will take place, and no important event in live birds. The E. C. & Schultze Powder Co. have very generously offered the cup to the St. Louis Shooting Association, for contest at this tournament.

This championship at targets calls for endurance as well as skill. Three hundred targets, divided into 100 targets at unknown angles; 100 targets, expert rule; and 50 pairs. The winner of this E. C. cup, under the conditions, will be entitled to call himself the champion of America, at inanimate targets.

In live birds, the great Du Pont Smokeless Powder championship trophy will attract the attention of every sportsman. The next to the last day of the tournament will be the day of this contest. No regular programme events of importance will take place on this day. This live-bird championship will be a handicap shoot, from 26 to 33yds. It will be at 25 birds for \$25, birds extra. The St. Louis Shooting Association guarantees a \$1,000 purse.

The handicap committee will be announced in our programme, and will contain the names of gentlemen from the East as well as the West who are well known as competent judges.

The St. Louis Shooting Association feels very grateful to Messrs. E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co., for redeeming this trophy and placing it in the hands of our organization for contest.

This is the first time that any State tournament has had the honor of the championship at live birds.

The regular programme for live birds will be: 10-bird events, entrance \$7; \$35 added. 20-bird events, entrance \$15; \$60 added. Enough of these races will be shot to occupy the attention of those who prefer to shoot live birds every day.

On the day of the Du Pont trophy only one 10-bird event will take place, just as a "warm-up."

Division of moneys in live-bird events will be class shooting. Three moneys in 10-bird events, four in 15, and five in 20-bird events.

The regular events for members of the Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association, such as the team shoot, for four men; the individual championship of Missouri and the interstate championship, will be the same as last year.

Professionals and paid men will be charged an additional entrance fee in target events over amateurs. This money will be divided among the amateurs in some manner. The Association will reward the high averages, so that there will be an incentive to shoot in every event.

In conclusion, allow me to state that the St. Louis Shooting Association, in giving this tournament for the Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association, is offering to the sportsmen a grand week of shooting—two championship events, and may be three; liberal average money; cheap targets, and a fair division of the money. No man who attends this tournament will go away with a large amount of winnings. But, on the other hand, few can lose very much.

As Mr. Bernard Waters says, tournaments make losers as well as winners, but they ought not to make quitters as well as losers.

We would be glad to have a large attendance. We have accommodations for 200 shooters, and if any one of the sportsmen who have read the above have an idea that they can improve this programme we will be glad to have their views. The programme will be issued about April 20.

Boys, talk up, now; let us hear what you have to say, and then "get your gun" and be in St. Louis on a one and one-third ticket May 15.

HERBERT TAYLOR.

Audubon Gun Club.

BUFFALO, N. Y., March 6.—Following is score of the shoot for Clinton Bidwell challenge trophy, which was shot at Audubon Park Saturday last between E. C. Burkhardt, the present holder of the trophy and C. S. Burkhardt, challenger. The race was a very pretty one, and both shooters showed good form in grassing 23 out of 25. C. S. Burkhardt went straight up to his 19th round, when he drew a towering outgoer from No. 4 trap. Although he hit him hard with the first barrel, he never stopped. His next miss was the 21st round, drawing an easy left-quartering incomer from No. 1 trap. This left the score a tie. Mr. E. C. Burkhardt lost his 2d, a left-quartering incomer, dropping the bird 2yds. back of dead line stone dead. His next miss was in the 9th round, again dropping a right-quartering outgoer dead out of bounds. The tie was shot off miss-and-out, and was won by E. C. Burkhardt, by following score. C. J. Moyer was referee:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1899, by Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

4 5 3 2 4 4 5 3 2 5 1 1 5 4 5 5 5 4 4 1 2 3 5 4	
C S Burkhardt.....	2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 0 2 0 2 2 2 2—28
4 3 1	
2 2 0	
5 2 4 3 5 1 3 1 5 4 3 1 1 4 2 2 5 2 3 5 2 1 1 1 4	
E C Burkhardt.....	2 * 2 2 2 2 2 2 * 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 24
4 5 2	
2 2 2	

A. C. Heinold won the Hebard trophy with a score of 30 straight. In the badge shoot, No. 3, on the programme, Heinold had the highest score, but owing to his handicap of 2 birds, was beaten by F. D. Kelsey.

Events Nos. 6 and 7 were at live birds. After the programme events there were two contests at live birds between William McCarthy and E. N. McCarney, and the result was left undecided, each of the contestants scoring 9 out of a possible 10:

Stone 10.	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	15	15	..	**	2071b		Targets:	15	15	..	**	2071b	
C Burkhardt.....	12	11	18	21	11	7	Schuler	7	7	18
A Heinold.....	12	14	23	30	16	5	B Talsma.....	15	..	17
J Reid.....	11	13	19	20	14	7	E McCarney	13	9	18	20	..	7
Warren.....	8	14	19	25	12	6	Jacobs	12	9	18
Norris.....	11	13	20	24	Crooks	13	9	16	20	..	4
Werlin.....	12	12	22	..	17	..	McCarthy.....	10	6	
R Hebard.....	13	7	19	18	..	6	Oehmig	13	20	22	
E Burkhardt.....	8	12	20	28	15	..	Storey.....	..	20	
McArthur.....	8	14	20	21	Leuschner	23	..	14	..	
F Kelsey.....	14	13	22	23	Dr Carroll.....	13	5	..	
Walker.....	8	6	15	24	..	3	Dr Caulkins.....	10	5	..	
Otis.....	6	3	11	16	Dr J Rannie.....	11	
E Reinicke.....	7	9	..	17	C Hebard.....	10	4	..	
* Badge. ** Trophy.												C. J. M	

* Badge. ** Trophy.

Yachting.

As the yachting journal of America, the FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of communication between the maker of yachtsmen's supplies and the yachting public. Its value for advertising has been demonstrated by patrons who have employed its columns continuously for years.

Another Match for Dominion.

Com. H. T. Drake, of the White Bear Y. C., recently sent a challenge to the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. for a match between the 20-footer Dominion and one of the existing yachts of the White Bear fleet, under the same conditions as the Seawanhaka cup matches, which has been accepted. Dominion will be sailed in exactly the same condition as last season, the races to take place at Dorval about June 12.

The Quincy Cup.

THE Quincy Y. C. is not to have such an easy time in defending its \$500 challenge cup for 21-footers as it did last season. Three well-known racing yachtsmen are after the trophy with full-fledged and up-to-date racing 21-footers, and a smart boat and clever handling, will be needed to keep them from carrying off the trophy.

The latest challenge is that of Walter Abbott, which will come through the Hull-Massachusetts Y. C., and the cup contest will gain additional interest from the fact that the challenge is from a club in practically the same waters as the defending club.

Mr. Abbott is well remembered by yacht-men as last racing the 21-footer Catspaw, in the season of '92, when the class was at its best. Previous to that he had Coyote and others. He has been in New York for the past few years, but is now in business in Boston again, and will renew the racing in which he used to find so much sport. He was formerly a member of the Hull Y. C., and will now take membership in the new organization. The club has not yet formally acted on his proposition to challenge, but there can be no doubt but what it will sanction it.

Purdon will design and Stearns will build Mr. Abbott's new boat, and an improved Recruit may confidently be looked for. With an improved Purdon boat to meet last year's Recruit, it looks as if the Quincy Y. C. would have to get something faster or else suffer defeat. The prospect should stimulate the club's racing spirit, and will undoubtedly have that effect.

Mr. Mower and Mr. Eustis, from the Lynn and Beverly clubs respectively, are also not to be overlooked in the game. The former, in Vitesse, turned out a boat which won her class championship two years in succession, while in Duchess he had undoubtedly the fastest 18-footer in the racing fleet. His new Heiress promises to be as fast as her predecessors, and is clean cut and racer-like in model.

Mr. Eustis is not given to racing slow boats. He has been experimenting for several years, and has worked out several successful designs, his latest being the 17-footer Capelin, which made a fine showing in last season's racing of the Beverly Y. C. in Buzzard's Bay. His new boat may confidently be expected to be fast and able.

The races for the cup promises to be very interesting, and will attract more than local attention.

There was for a while during the last fortnight, the prospect of some friction between the Lynn and Quincy clubs over the latter's revision of the declaration of trust, but the cloud which promised a squall has fortunately blown over and everything is smooth sailing again. The cloud gathered because of the following communication:

Lynn, Feb. 22.—Quincy Y. C.: I have been authorized by the Lynn Y. C. to notify you that the Lynn Y. C. considers that its challenge for the Quincy cup was pending after the Quincy Y. C. received notification of said challenge, and that the Lynn Y. C. considers the action of the Quincy Y. C. in changing the conditions of the races as contrary to its declaration of trust.

F. E. NEWHALL, Sec'y.

To this the Quincy Y. C. cup representative sent the following reply:

Quincy, Feb. 25.—Lynn Y. C.: We have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 22d inst.

We received from you a letter dated Dec. 8, 1898, in which you informed us that your club had voted to challenge for the cup, and also stating that "the challenge will be sent later." On Jan. 24, 1899, we received from you the formal challenge for the cup, dated Jan. 23. On Feb. 23 we forwarded to you our acceptance of this challenge. From Jan. 24 to Feb. 23 the challenge was pending. On Jan. 19, 1899, the revision of the declaration of trust was completed and the instrument was signed by our commodore and secretary. This, you will note, was four days before the date of your challenge. Therefore, we hold that we have not violated the declaration of trust.

QUINCY, Y. C.,

By J. S. Whiting, Representative.

This reply from the Quincy Y. C. has, it is believed, made everything satisfactory to the Lynn Y. C. It has also been made clear to the latter organization that the Quincy Y. C. had no special boat in mind in making the revision barring boats of Dominion type, but simply desired to confine the racing to boats of the usual form. The provision to this end in the declaration of trust says that no point in any section of a boat shall be lower than its midship point. This effectually bars the double-hulled type or any approach to it.

It now appears that R. M. Benner, of the Lynn Y. C., is building an 18-footer with bilges which drop a little below the keel, and which would be barred by the Quincy restriction. He has expectations that his boat will be fast, and hopes that she will be able to beat out Mr. Mower's Heiress in the preliminary racing. In that case she and not Heiress could be named to support the challenge. This was the reason of the Lynn Y. C.'s protest, but assurance has been given that the Quincy Y. C. had no knowledge of Mr. Benner's boat, and had had the restriction in mind for some time before formulating and adopting it.

It is understood that a slight change in Mr. Benner's boat to bring her within the restriction will not be objected to by the Quincy Y. C., and that if he chooses to make it he will have a chance. This amicable settlement of the threatened misunderstanding is a good thing all around.

Mr. Benner's boat is an 18-footer, with an over-all length of 38ft. and a beam of 9ft. 6in. She is a canvas-covered boat, after the style of Duchess and Heiress, and will be very lightly built, and carry a big sail plan. She is being built by her owner at Lynn.—Boston Globe.

Chicago Y. C.

THE annual meeting of Chicago Y. C. was held Feb. 27, and the following officers elected: Com., F. W. Morgan; Vice-Com., George R. Peare; Rear-Com., George Warrington; Sec'y and Treas., Charles H. Thorne; Official Timekeeper, C. D. Peacock; Official Measurer, J. L. Myers; Board of Trustees, William R. Crawford, William Herrick, C. E. Kremer, John D. Berriman and

E. P. Warner; Delegate to Lake Michigan Yacht Association, William R. Crawford.

A syndicate of fifty members was formed to build a trial boat to compete in the international races between Canada and the United States. It is expected that Rochester Y. C. and White Bear Y. C. will also send boats for these trial races. The Chicago boat will probably be designed by Joseph Myers, who designed Blade and Vanenna.

E. H.

The Conversion of Inyoni.

BY COLONEL BARRINGTON BAKER.

From the Yachting Monthly Magazine.

KITE (see the Yachting Monthly Magazine for June) having become too small for me—as is the usual way—I looked around for a larger boat, and the racer Inyoni, among others, was brought to my notice. Of course, I knew (I had to know), for many friends took care to tell me, that she was "a bad sea boat," "her bottom would drop out," "her fin keel would drop off," "she was wild on her helm," "had no accommodation whatever," and "wouldn't suit me at all," etc., etc. I found, by the way, that many of my kind friends confused her with Isolde, and as I also knew that she was semi-composite (steel frames planked with teak), and that she was not a bad sea boat, in spite of her heavy spars, I thought I might make something of her at a reasonable cost, especially as the price asked was very low.

I therefore one day in October went down to see her, armed as usual with rough sketch plans, ready for my figures and remarks, and was surprised to find her in such good condition, seeing that she had no bilge stringer, mast clamps, nor wirings. Her accommodation was nil—an enormous forecabin, a very large main cabin, and a w. c.—greatest headroom under beams being only 5ft. 5½in.! A good bow, but a partially cut-off ugly counter.

Before starting for Cowes, a rough estimate for conversion had been prepared; after inspection it was revised, and she was purchased and sailed round to Plymouth, where, as soon as possible after arrival, she was hauled up high and dry and stripped of all her fittings.

I determined to raise her 10in., carry out her counter and reduce her draft to something under 9ft.

Kite, upon whose alteration I discoursed on a previous occasion, was of "timber" construction, whereas Inyoni, as I have mentioned, was composite; nevertheless, her deck was lifted in exactly the same manner as Kite's had been done. Her steel deck beams had been connected to the frames by eight pairs of steel webs or brackets, cold riveted; the rivets on the upper edge of these webs were easily driven out, and after the deck had been blocked up the gap was in each case filled by steel plate, fastened by bolts and nuts; these were temporarily disconnected at a later date, when fixing the new shelf.

All the steel frames, spaced about 2ft. 10in., were lengthened by steel angles of the same size, fastened to them by ¾in. galvanized steel bolts and nuts; the frames were therefore now double for about 15in. apart in height. The wood frames were also lengthened in a similar manner, each being side-bolted to the existing frame by three steel bolts and nuts. The rake of the stem made it an easy matter to carry that out; but the counter required more thought.

The transom being knocked out, the keel (which really extended from end to end) was carried out about 5ft. The last few frames aft sprung out a little, the new counter being planked in two thicknesses, a third thickness, diagonally placed over the join between the new work and the old; frames being fitted in afterward; in the three upper planks the butts were of course a considerable distance apart, but on the lower portion this could not be done, though they do not form a straight line; being three layers, it formed a very strong piece of work, and is not noticeable. Tracing battens were of course freely used.

An additional steel frame for the after channel plate was also inserted of heavier scantling, and she was then planked up, two strakes of teak in the usual way.

A new shelf, 6in. by 4in., was next worked above the old one, leaving a clear space of 4in. between them; bilge stringers, 8in. by 2½in. red pine, were also added. In lieu of the ¾in. round iron diagonal struts, of which there were five pairs, I put vertical steel angles, connecting beams and frames, and the bulkheads were so planned as to conceal them; heavy diagonal angles, were, however, added to those frames taking the chain plates, and fastened at one end to both deck beam and vertical strut, and at the other to frame and bilge stringer—a very stiff truss. The rudder was unshipped and the rudder tube taken out; there was, properly speaking, no rudder post, though the rudder was hung on the fin in the orthodox manner. A red pine bilge strake, 8½in. by 2½in. was worked the whole length inside.

The saw was run along the top of the lead keel, which was thus disconnected from the body of the boat, the latter having of course been carefully shored up; another cut was then made in the wood fin about 15in. above, and this portion removed. The lead keel had been cast hollow, so a ton more was poured into it, to retain the same stability. The original bolts having been clenched, the lead keel was jacked up to the wooden one, and secured by new additional bolts, driven from inside the boat; these only entered about 9in. into the lead (which was exceedingly hard), apertures having been made just sufficient for a nut to be placed on the bolt, which was then hove up from both ends.

My new accommodation plan entailed shifting the rudder head some 6ft. further aft on deck. A new and longer steel tube was therefore required; chocks were bolted to inside of keel and underside of deck beams for its reception; it was slipped in and fastened with a couple of screws—a simple operation. The rudder stock (iron) lengthened about 2ft., and tiller bent to suit its new position.

A steel fin of ½in. plate was added to the after end of the wooden fin, angles under keel being 4in. by 4in. by ½in., to which it was fastened by 5in. coach screws, the connection to the wood fin being by two pairs of wide steel straps. Teak planks were worked on each side of the after end of the new fin, stiffening it, and making

a post to hang the rudder on; the remainder of the fin was then planked up fair with the rest.

The really weak point in the boat had been the construction of her wood fin-keel; and I fancy that the idea had been, if necessary, to convert it into a plate bulb—or a center plate afterward. This construction was rather curious. For some 25ft. amidships the keel, about 18in. wide, had a double keelson, two steel angles 4in. by 4in. by ½in., worked parallel, with their webs 3in. apart. A slot had been cut through the keel and wood fin between these angles, and vertical 3in. planks inserted, tied by side bolts to keel, keelsons, and fin. The garboards had been padded to reduce the girth measurement, and her designer advised me to remove this, as she might require recaulking there, and explained the construction, which, in my opinion, was hardly good enough for, say, bumping on a sandbank, etc. I therefore decided to strengthen it considerably, by four pairs of heavy steel knees outside (her inside floor framing being exceptionally strong); these knees were about 18in. long in each arm, 3½in. wide, 1¼in. thick in the throat, tapering to about ½in. at each end. They were carefully made to fit to the boat, then fastened in pairs by two 1¼in. steel bolts, riveted through keel and fin, the holes being countersunk; 1in. diagonal each side, through upper edge of keel and steel angle keelson, with nut on top, and a 5/8in. near upper end, through a wood frame (see detail). The garboards were then padded with red pine, in two layers; first to about the space, up and down, occupied by the knees, tapering fore and aft, center portion being 3in. deals worked down. The bottom had of course been tarred, as also iron-work, two coats hot; then a second planking of 1in. laid over all, including the steel fin, tapering in every way to a feather-edge, and finally coppered. It was very fair to the eye, immensely strong, and not unduly expensive.

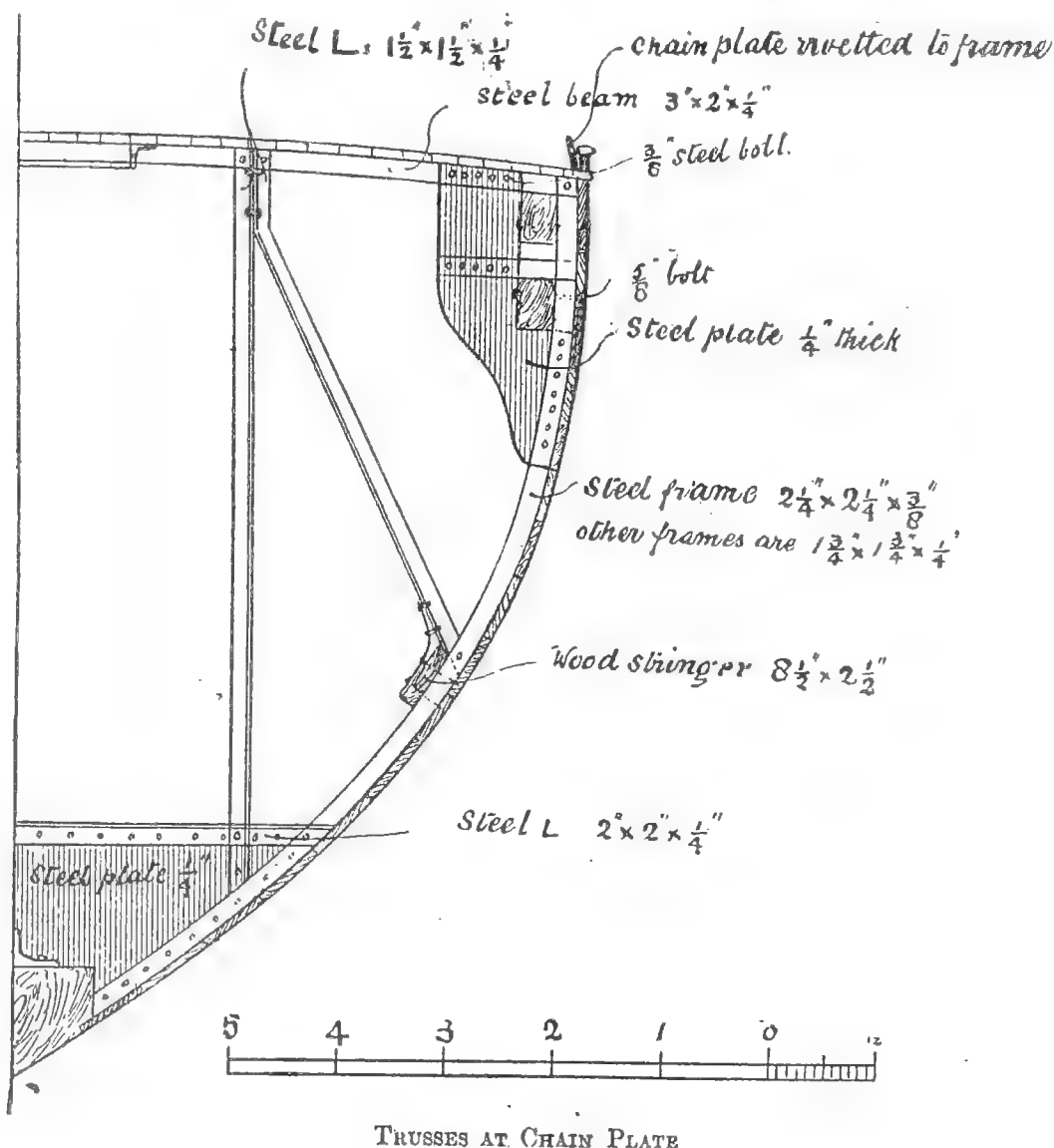
As in Kite, the flare fore and aft caused the waterways to become wider at the ends; this tapering is not noticeable.

The steel webs and struts determined the position of the various bulkheads, and therefore the accommodation. The length of the forecabin was governed by the deep web and trusses on the chainplate frames, which were worked into the bulkheads of the w. c. and pantry, which was 2ft. 9in. fore and aft; the forecabin having three comfortable folding cots, good stove, fresh-water pump, etc., and plenty of room forward for light baggage. The well was originally fitted between two steel beams 4ft. apart; this aperture became the skylight of the after cabin, a duplicate of the main, so that spare panes of glass fitted either. The companion hatch was not so accommodating; the fore end was on a steel beam, with web connection, only 7ft. 9in. from the fore end of the saloon, which would have been very short, besides leaving more than I wanted for the after cabins. I found, however, that the steel beam on which the after end of the companion rested was not so secured; so, taking out the screws which secured it to the deck, I shifted it about 18in. further aft, tied it to the forward beam with steel carlines, and added a half-beam on each side, shifted the companion aft, and ran my saloon bulkhead aft of the web frame, which space is utilized above as a bookcase. There was over 6ft. head room under the beams.

The companion ladder and passage being on the port side, one stateroom was about 10in. narrower than the other; but both were very comfortable, with wide berths, drawers, and a folding lavatory. The ladder formed the door of the after cabin, which was very roomy, the floor being 6ft. wide; a standing berth on each side, with the usual drawers and lockers under, and plenty of hooks, etc. A door aft led into a w. c. lavatory, and hanging cupboard, which was ventilated into the binnacle.

The head sheets lead to the well, and the runner tackles and main sheet are also quite handy. The coaming on deck round the well enables us to have cushions there, and under the seats are lockers for provisions. Under the well is the main water tank, holding 200 gallons; all tanks are filled from deck, and together contain 270 gallons, which we found lasted us twenty-six days.

The sail-room is an immense space, into which all



TRUSSES AT CHAIN PLATE

sorts of things vanish; among others, the big anchor and chain, side lights (on brackets against the well and always trimmed, Cera wax), fenders, side ladder, empty water breakers, spare luggage, awning, etc., etc.

As I thought it possible that the decks might weep a little, although there was no sign of their doing so, I covered them beneath with Lincrusta Walton, and painted it white; the panels in the saloon and cabins were filled with the same material, and look very well; teak-framed panels above, with mirrors, photos, etc., which can be removed and exchanged from time to time.

The gilt stripe troubled me for a long time; it was scored rather deeply in the plank, just below the covering board, and as she had a steel sheer strake, countersunk into the top plank, it would have been rather costly to reduce the width of the plank; and I did not care to reduce its thickness, not only for strength, but for the difficulty of fairing the new work; so, at last, I determined to leave it where it was; and after all, it does not look badly, but rather as if she had high bulwarks. I found it necessary, however, to finish her forward with an incised gilt scroll.

Simultaneously with the conversion of the hull, came that of the spars and sails. The boat was too small, or rather, too short to compete with the new 52-footers; besides, I wanted her as a cruiser. Her mainsail was enormous for a boat under 44ft. l.w.l., being 1,450sq. ft.; the boom being a hollow spar 49ft. long! The mast was also excessively heavy, weighing 1,050lbs.

I cut 2ft. 2in. off the mast, thus reducing the hoist by 3ft. The standing rigging was shortened by exactly 3ft., and of course fitted without any trouble. The diameter of the mast was also reduced by ½in., and even now is none too light. I cut 4ft. from the inner end of the boom, inserted a new plug to take the gooseneck, tapered it a few feet, and put on some new sizings; otherwise made no alterations, except shifting the main sheet blocks further out. It now extended only about 10in. over the taffrail, instead of 10ft., and would be much easier in reefing. Two feet 6in. off outer end of gaff completed my alterations to spars.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

Portland Yacht Club.

Editor Forest and Stream:

At the annual meeting of the Portland Y. C., held last Monday, March 1, the following officers were elected: Com., Dr. C. W. Bray, str. Maitland; Vice-Com., L. C. Cummings, str. Cara; Sec'y, James C. Fox; Treas., Carl F. Weber; Meas., D. W. Fox; Board of Trustees, William Senter, James C. Hamlin, Dr. J. W. Bowers; Regatta Committee, W. W. Camp, F. S. Vail, Nathan Clifford, R. W. Miller; House Committee, W. W. Gould, P. I. Jones, J. W. Richardson; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. G. H. Cummings; Fleet Capt., P. I. Jones; Membership Committee, E. H. Rice, E. C. Jones, Dr. W. H. Bradford.

Mr. Weber, the treasurer, reported that he had called in the last of the bonds issued for the purpose of building the present club house, which frees the club from debt, and leaves a good balance in the treasury. Too much praise cannot be bestowed upon Mr. Weber for his efforts to place the club in a good financial condition.

We now have 277 members, a gain of fourteen from last year. Last season there was little interest in yachting as we were thoroughly "bottled up" by the mining of the harbor entrance, but from present indications we will more than make up this season for the lack of interest last year. Several parties are building boats and others are talking of purchasing. The latch-string of the Portland Y. C. is always out, and we hope to see many visiting yachtsmen next summer.

M. D.

Quisetta, schr., has been sold by H. W. Harries to H. F. Lippitt, the former taking the cutter Wasp in part payment. Mr. Lippitt will race Quisetta in the same manner that he raced Wasp for some years past, and will probably make a notable record for her, as she is unquestionably a very fast boat. Capt. Harry Hoff will be in command. It is probable that Wasp will not be raced.

The Polynesian Vessel.

THERE is but one race of primitive man which makes its entrance upon the page of history by way of the sea. Other early races creep over mountain passes and evade the great watercourses by flanking their distant fountains, they fear the great sea, it takes ages before they gain the courage to coast from cape to cape, and always in sight of land. The Polynesian of the South Sea bursts into knowledge with the hazard of deep-water voyaging. In all the families of his race, save one, his story begins with the daring of the Pacific, the greatest ocean of all.

Call the roll of these families and see whence they came and how.

Hawaii? By canoe from Kahiki, which may be Tahiti, certainly is no nearer than the Marquesas.

The Marquesas? From Hawaii, far across the western sea.

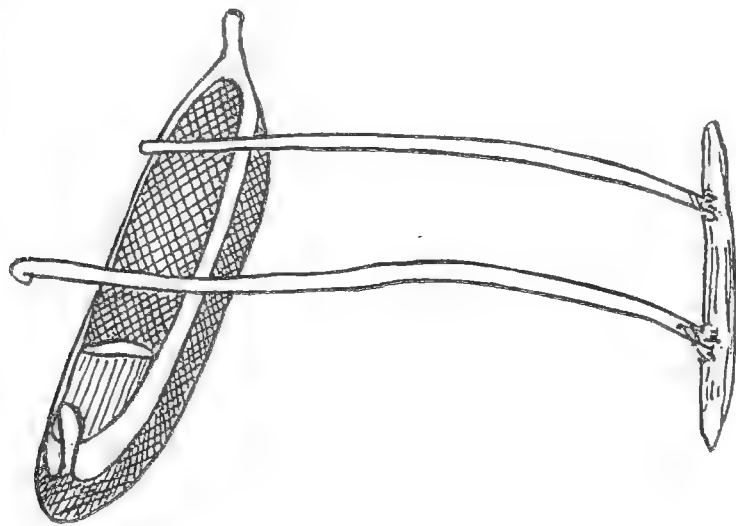
Tahiti? From Hawaii in the west.

Rarotonga? From Awaiki, a land in the west and down to leeward.

The Maori of New Zealand? From Hawaiki.

All these families tell of the tempestuous voyages of their ancestors from this mysterious land, of which all retain the name. It was the home of the race in the beginning, it was at that home that they learned to become sailors and ocean adventurers. The only family of the Polynesian race which does not begin in a legend of a dangerous trip across the waters is the Samoan. They believe that the earth was made at their archipelago, that they are themselves the first race of human beings. Ethnologists are agreed on one point, they acknowledge that even if Samoa is not the nest of the Polynesian race, still its largest island, Savaii, is carried in all these traditions as at least the place of the final dispersion of these colonies.

This gives us the shortest and the most direct line in the evolution of naval construction, by it we can judge how primitive man first essayed to build ships, a primitive man who was not afraid of the water. Compared with the brown race of the South Sea, the Tyrian navigators of remote antiquity and the Viking rovers of more recent ages are nothing but longshoremen. We are able to see in the present day what the primitive savage did in remote ages, when he ventured on the sea. The Polynesian vessel



POLYNESIAN CANOE TYPE—HAWAII.

is a type which has been preserved with almost absolute uniformity in all the wandering families of that race, it is the type of what the floating log became when human ingenuity was exerted to fit it for emergencies which arose early in savagery.

As Samoa is acknowledged to be the dispersal center of the Polynesian race, the Samoan type of vessel may not improperly be assumed as containing all the elements of naval architecture as known to the race at the time of the great dispersal, and therefore the most simple development of the early type of vessel. There is just time to catch the Samoan type before it vanishes. Already the boat copied after Caucasian models is displacing the native craft from end to end of the archipelago. Fifteen years ago there were many sailing canoes in Samoa, this year there is but one, and it is drawn up on a remote beach and left to fall into decay, never again to be used. The same change will continue to work, it will not be long before this primitive type of vessel will be but a museum curiosity.

Before proceeding to the consideration of what the Polynesian vessel is, it is needful to make clear one thing which it is not, for great confusion exists on that point. The Polynesian vessel is not a proa or prahu. Where the prahu is found in the Pacific it has been carried by the Malay race or by the Tarapon stock, which has peopled Micronesia, it is a sure proof that the users are not Polynesian people. The Polynesian vessel is the diametric opposite of the prahu, it is everything which the prahu is not. Keep that clearly in mind before passing to study of the details.

The prahu must have these features: 1, bow and stern must be alike; 2, one side must be flat, and that flat side must always be to leeward; 3, the outrigger is always to windward, and exerts a downward force; 4, the mast is fixed at the vertical; 5, the sail is as nearly as possible an equilateral triangle.

The Polynesian vessel differs in these features: 1, bow and stern are on different lines, with a single exception; 2, the lines are symmetrical with respect to the central fore and aft line; 3, the outrigger is designed to act by buoyancy, to exert an upward force, and is absent from sailing canoes; 4, the mast hinges in the step and is never vertical, but always canted forward; 5, the sail is never an equilateral triangle, but a sharp isosceles triangle in which boom and gaff measure the equal sides, while the after leach is about one-third of their length.

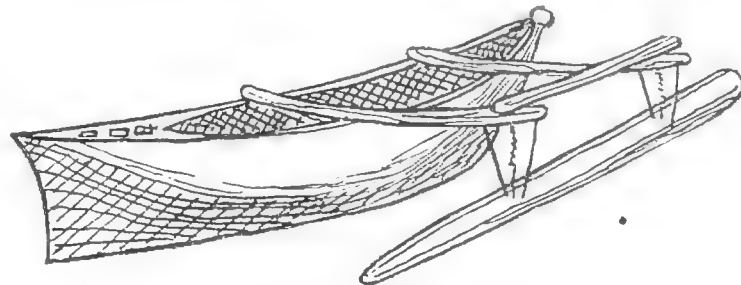
Bearing in mind, therefore, that the prahu and the canoe are radically distinct in every particular, let us proceed to the study of the Polynesian vessel, as typified in the naval architecture of the Samoans, whose skill in shipping earned for them at the hands of Bougainville, who discovered them, the title of the Navigators, a name which only now is being removed from the maps.

According to their uses, Samoan vessels are divided into the two classes, such as are propelled by sails, and

such as depend on the paddle for propulsion. The latter again are divided into two classes, the canoe, which is built up of boards and that which is shaped from a single tree trunk. Of these the simplest, and accordingly the most primitive type, is the dugout or periagua type. As such it should receive first consideration.

The essentials of this canoe (Fig. 1) are a hull hollowed out of the trunk of a tree in a single piece, and an outrigger on the port side, which is attached to the hull by a double set of braces, vertical and horizontal. These canoes still abound on every Samoan beach. They are commonly from three to five fathoms long, and seldom vary in the other dimensions with any attempt to preserve a ratio to the length. The beam is approximately 18 in., that is to say, just wide enough for the hips of the paddler, who sits on the outrigger braces, where they cross the hull. The depth is the same as the beam. The space between the hull and the outrigger is less than a fathom, generally between 4 and 5 ft.

The details of the hull are shown in the end view, and show plan in Fig. 2, and the deck plan in Fig. 3. The builder, a select and much respected class in Samoan social conditions, selects from his store of dried logs a trunk that measures the right number of fathoms for the canoe he is about to construct. In the present days

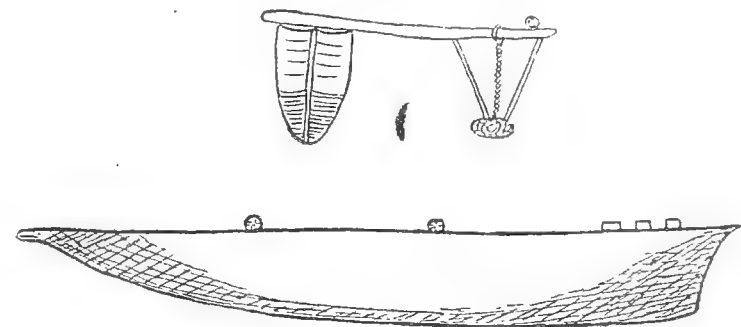


POLYNESIAN CANOE TYPE—SAMOA.

when he can buy civilized utensils of carpentry, his tools are seldom other than a gouge and a plane iron mounted as an adze. Similarly in his own workshop, before the white men introduced metals, he used but the stone adze and the shell gouge, using now as then the coral stems for finishing off rough cuts. Fire was not used by Polynesian carpenters to assist in excavation; yet the Fijians, who have been for ages in constant intercourse with the Samoans and Tongans, were well acquainted with this labor-saving device.

The carpenter invariably begins the shaping of the log at the end which is to form the stern of the canoe and hacks out the inner and outer shape together. When the first rough cutting is done, he begins on the inner hull and cuts that to its final dimensions before touching the outer side. The outer surface is dressed last of all, and it is shaped with respect to the finished inner surface, the thickness of timber being just about 1 in. throughout. All this work is done with neither measurement nor templet, yet each canoe is as like each other as though the same builder had constructed them on exactly the same lines. The cuts will show the form of the hull. The bow is sharp and horned, the keel, while approximately flat, is yet slightly on the rocker type, the run begins at about two-thirds of the length. For some space abaft the bows the hull is left in a solid block, which bears the ornamentation of several small cubes carved in line along the central line of the canoe. These ornaments are frequently decorated with sun-bleached cowry shells.

The builder of this canoe undertakes to turn out a hull that will float in still water, and it is only by repeated experiments of its flotation that he is able to complete his work to his own satisfaction. But no hulls are designed to preserve their equilibrium when carrying weight. That balance is obtained by means of the outrigger. This consists, in the Samoan type, of three essential features.



SAMOAN CANOE—SHEER PLAN.

The first is the outrigger beam, the second the horizontal braces, the third of the system by which the beam is attached to the braces. The beam is a stick about two-thirds of the hull in length, elliptical in section and not more than 6 in. at its widest, cut off square astern and for several feet at the forward end shaved down to a chisel edge in which the bevel is uppermost.

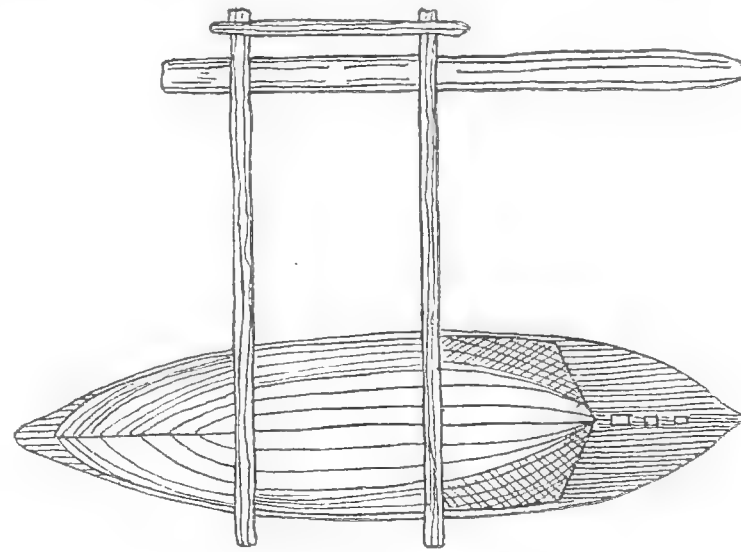
The horizontal braces are light saplings about 2 in. diameter and a fathom long. These are lashed across both gunwales of the hull, one just forward of the beam, the other at a point just above the beginning of the run. The butts of the braces project a handbreadth over the starboard gunwale, their outboard ends to port are joined by a light brace laid over them and lashed into place. All fastenings of the outrigger system are lashings of coir sennit. Between each horizontal outrigger brace and the beam are two rods of hardwood carefully whittled down until they are no more than a finger thick. The upper ends of these rods are lashed to the horizontal braces in such a way that the rods form an angle at the beam. Here they engage in sockets which have been cut for them in the upper surface of the beam. Through a hole in the beam between the sockets for the rods a lashing of sennit is passed and carried over the brace above. This is repeated in as many parts as may seem desirable; it is hauled as taut as possible and then a final strain is put on it by whipping together the two sets of parts. It will be noticed that the whole outrigger system has nowhere an absolutely rigid joint, at each point of attachment there is to be found a lashing instead of a pin; every joint has a certain degree of flexibility. Outriggers have been shorn off by coming in contact with rocks or reef.

They resist all wrenching power of the waves even in the highest gales. The forward end of the outrigger is even with the bow of the canoe; its after end stops short at the after brace.

Before leaving this simplest type of the primitive Polynesian vessel, it may be of interest to show how it has developed among the Hawaiians (Fig. 4). In the course of its wanderings this Polynesian family has lost the clean lines of the bow and stern of the Samoan canoe, both ends are about the same. The outrigger has lost one essential of its system, the vertical supports. In attaching the beam by means of curved braces the Hawaiian canoe makes the system by so much the more rigid, therefore by an equal or possibly greater amount the more exposed to carrying away under wave stress, a danger which is made all the more probable in the Hawaiian canoe by the much greater interspace between hull and outrigger.

This simplest of the Polynesian vessels is a paddle boat. So is its more complex successor. To be sure, a lazy man may hoist a rag on his mooring pole when he finds a slant of wind, which may save him the labor of paddling. But they are not meant for mast and sail and are not ordinarily so used. This very simple dugout, or periagua, is limited by the dimensions of natural timber. Beyond a certain girth the logs increase rapidly in size and weight, and consequently in the difficulty of handling. If it is intended to construct a canoe of more than six fathoms length, the carpenter has resort to another style of building. He keeps the same design and the same lines which he has employed in the periagua, but he builds the vessel of separate planks. These planks he hacks out of solid timber with his adze; they are from 1 to 3 in. thick and vary in exterior shape according to the part of the vessel which they are designed to occupy. Each plank is rimmed by a shoulder 2 in. broad and 2 in. thick. They are set together shoulder to shoulder and then are lashed by coir sennit passed through corresponding holes. The joints are payed with bread-fruit gum, which is practically a perfect resistant in all conditions under which it is to be used. The only other point in which these built canoes differ from the periaguas is that they are frequently decked over bow and stern as far as the outrigger braces.

The sailing canoe marks a different element in construction. It is a catamaran of equal and similar members, which is a double-ender. Each hull is a copy of the



SAMOAN CANOE—BREADTH PLAN.

other, and of the same size. In this type of hull the bow and stern are alike; they are just the same as the run and stern of the paddle canoes. The hulls are always composite, built up of separately hewn planks. The twin hulls are braced by two sets of beams, a set athwartships and a supplementary X-set attached thereto. In each set the beams cross both hulls and are lashed at both gunwales of each as well as at every point where they intersect the other series. The lashing is the same useful coir sennit. This absence of the nail precludes rigidity of the joints. The Samoan builders of catamarans have therefore never encountered the difficulty which has been fatal to a general popularity of the type. No traditions of voyaging recount any such mishaps as the breaking asunder of the vessel. Upon this system of beams between the hulls is erected the light deck with a shed-house for the voyagers. The mast is stepped in the keel of one of the hulls and leans ever forward at a sharp angle. It is crocheted at the head where it engages the gaff of the mat sail. The point of this lateen sail is hauled down to the bow and the sheet and the tack are carried through leaders to the helmsman on the midships deck. In coming about everything is cast adrift, the mast is hauled over toward the other end of the hull, the gaff becomes the boom, the helmsman pokes his steering paddle down through a slot at the other end of the deck and the vessel plays off on the other tack, but keeping always the same hull to windward.

WILLIAM CHURCHILL.

The America Cup.

THE work on the new Morgan yacht has reached a point where everything that is done shows progress, the sternpost and a couple of dozen frames were set up last week, and the remaining frames are going into place rapidly. It has lately become known that some of the sheet steel received at the works is intended for a full set of spars, the first of these, a steel gaff, having been commenced. The mast will be of steel, 21 in. diameter, or 3 in. less than Defender's Oregon pine stick. A set of wood spars will also be provided.

It is stated that the challenger will be 128 ft. over all, 88 ft. l.w.l., and 22 ft. beam, and will be plated with phosphor bronze below water and aluminum above, with a deck of 3-16 bronze, covered with white pine. The parts are got out at Thornycroft's Yard, Chiswick, and taken down the Thames to Blackwall. Capt. Hogarth has selected a crew of thirty.

Coronet, schr., F. S. Pearson, arrived at New York on March 3, from Kingston, Ja., via Charleston, where her owner and friends left her. She left New York on Dec. 6 and has since visited Nassau, Porto Rico and Cuban ports.

Yacht Designing.—XXV.

BY W. P. STEPHENS.

(Continued from page 157, Feb. 25.)

The illustrations accompanying this article are copyrighted by the Keuffel & Esser Co., New York, to whom we are indebted for their use.

Marking Instruments.

UNDER this general head may be included:

Pencil.
Pen, Right line.
Lettering.
Ink.
Colors.
Brushes.

The *lead pencil* is too well known to require description; the poorer grades are of little use in drafting, and one make or another of *artists' pencil* should be used; every large dealer in instruments makes an *artists' pencil* under his firm name or a trade name, without attempting to say whether one is better than another, and if so, which is the best; it is sufficient to note that those in doubt will be safe in purchasing the pencils made by A. W. Faber. It is an easy matter to compare by practical use other makes with this one, which has long been considered the standard. The grades of hardness are denoted by letter H, ranging from H to HHHHHH (six H). In some makes the grade runs up to HHHHHHHH, but there is very little work in practical designing for which a harder pencil than HHHHHH is desirable. For calculations and free-hand sketching, grades as soft as HHH, or even HH, are used, but for mechanical drawing the three grades, HHHH, HHHHH, HHHHHH. With the latter a beautifully clean fine line can be drawn, but it is difficult to erase. A HHHH pencil makes a fairly fine line that can be erased without damage to the paper, a very important matter. A good deal depends upon the skill of the draftsman; one accustomed to clean neat work can use a comparatively soft pencil. The rule is for each man to use the softest pencil with which he can make and keep a clean, sharp and well-defined line; a question easily determined by trial of the three grades mentioned.

Pencils are made with movable leads, the wooden shell being hollow and provided with a screw chuck at one and sometimes at each end. These have the advantage of convenience in sharpening and also of preserving the same length and balance; and the latter may be used with a chisel point on one end, and a conical point on the other. At the same time there is an objection in that the leads sometimes slip in the chuck, and in time the chuck becomes loose in the wooden shell.

The *right line*, or *drafting pen*, is one of the most important instruments in the draftsman's outfit. It consists of two blades of tempered steel set in a handle, with some form of adjusting screw by which the distance between the points of the blades may be regulated. One blade is nearly straight and the other somewhat curved, with a space of 1-16 in. to 1/8 in. between them at the middle of the length. The most common adjustment is a screw with a milled head, passing through the curved blade and tapped into the straight blade; by tightening the screw the points may be made to touch, and when loosened they spring apart. In use, the space between the points of the blades is filled with ink, and the *pen* is drawn lightly over the paper with the inner or straight blade in contact with a ruler, such as a straight edge, a spline, or a curve. The ink runs from between the points and is deposited on the paper in a sharp line of any desired width.

In some pens the outer or curved blade is hinged, so that it may be opened to a right angle for cleaning; in others both blades are fixed permanently together, and in cleaning they are simply allowed to spring apart a short distance by removing the binding screw. The latter are less expensive and rather preferable in use, as in the hinged pen there may be a slight side motion of the blades. The points of the blades are sharpened to the shape of a duck's bill, a broad round point to each, ending in a sharp edge. In some pens the blades are made to spring together instead of apart, and the screw is tapped into the curved blade and rests against the straight blade, pushing the two apart. For drawing very broad lines, such as the borders of drawings, a *border pen* with three instead of two blades is used, and for parallel lines, such as railroad tracks, there is the *railroad pen*, a combination of two pens in one handle with an extra adjusting screw for the distance between the pens, as well as the usual screws for the width of the line. The smaller sizes of *pens*, used for fine shading and sectioning, are called *hatching pens*; they are about 4 1/2 in. long, including the handle. The larger *pens* run up to 6 in. long. The greater part of the draftsman's work in ink is done with the plain drafting pen, such as Fig. 62, of 4 1/2 to 5 1/2 in. in length, and with the pen point, similar to this, but without a handle, which is fitted to compasses and beam compasses. At least one plain *pen* is an essential item of the drafting outfit; when thoroughly familiar with it, the draftsman will be able from his personal experience to judge of the merits of various styles of adjusting screws, etc., and of the value for his particular work of such special tools as the *railroad pen*, *curve pen*, etc.

In Fig. 62 the pen has no hinged joint, and the points are so set as to spring together, being separated by the screw, which is tapped through the upper blade and presses against the lower. In the more usual construction the two points are so set as to spring apart, being drawn together by the screw, which is tapped into the lower blade. The upper figure shows the pen set for a very broad line, the lower shows it open for cleaning.

The ordinary steel writing pen is represented in the draftsman's outfit by special fine pens (*crow quill*) for lettering, shading, etc. The *round writing pens*, for the speedy and easy construction of the German text, are very useful in lettering; their use is easily mastered and the *round writing* may be done much more rapidly than the usual ornamental lettering, and yet may be made quite elaborate.

The effort to use ordinary writing ink the right line pen is certain to result in failure, as many a novice can testify; the proper material for this purpose is India ink, a composition of fine lampblack and a glutinous substance, made in China and Japan. While the common writing ink corrodes the pen and soon ruins it, and also

penetrates the paper so that it cannot be erased, the India ink is but slightly corrosive, and lies in a line upon the surface of the paper, being readily erased at will. All qualities of India ink are sold in the stores, some small cakes of choice brands, running up to a high price; but it is not always easy to obtain a satisfactory piece, and the price cannot be relied upon as a sure gauge of the quality. A comparatively small cake will last for many years in ordinary use.

For some purposes colored inks, red, blue, green, etc., are used, these being purchased by the bottle ready mixed. The regular moist or water colors and camels' hair brushes with which they are applied, are used by draftsmen in the finishing of elaborate plans, as in architectural work, but they hardly pertain to yacht designing.

Erasing Instruments.

No matter how much care may be used, it will at times be found necessary to erase ink lines from drawings, and as for the pencil lines, many of these are only put in on the assumption that they will be entirely erased after other lines are redrawn in ink. For pencil lines the common *artists' rubber*, of soft India rubber, is used. There are many variations, both of quality and color. A good rubber will remove the pencil marks without soiling or smudging the surface of the paper; if the rubber soils in time it may be cleaned, or brought to a finer angle, by means of a piece of fine sandpaper. For erasing ink lines a special rubber is made, with fine sand or pumice stone incorporated with the rubber. In addition to this a sharp steel eraser is necessary, though it should be used as sparingly as possible, as it cuts away the surface of the paper and renders it difficult to re-ink. An indispensable appliance in connection with the rubbers is a piece of

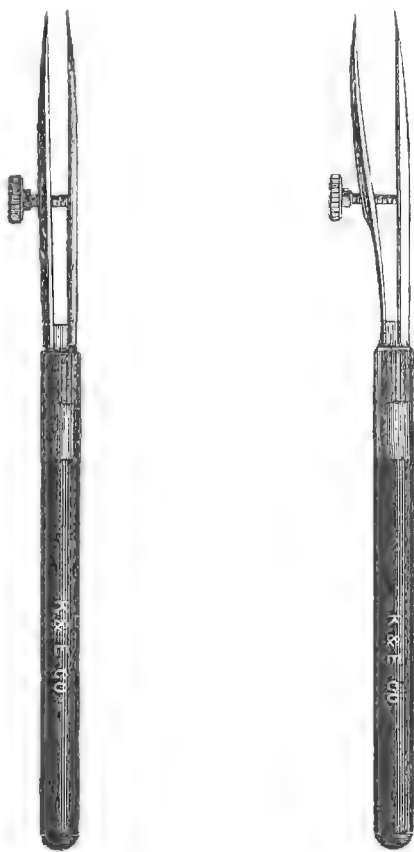


Fig. 62—Right Line Pen.

cardboard or sheet metal a couple of inches wide and twice that length, in which are cut several openings of different sizes and shapes, long slits and round holes. This piece is laid over the line to be erased, protecting the adjoining parts of the drawing. By means of it one can erase a line lying close alongside of another.

In the higher branches of their arts, the naval architect and the engineer are materially aided by various elaborate and costly instruments, which record automatically the result of their measurements, and in some cases perform most difficult and complicated calculations. It is only necessary here to mention the principal instruments. The *opisometer* is a simple and inexpensive instrument for measuring the lengths of curved lines; it consists of a wheel which runs on the paper, covering the line, and a dial and hands, the latter operated by gearing from the wheel. The instrument is merely run along the line from point to point, the distance usually in feet and inches, being recorded on the dial.

The *planimeter* is an instrument for measuring the areas of plane surfaces, a tracing point being moved by the hand to follow the bounding lines of the surface and the result, in square inches or other units, being recorded on a cylindrical scale with a vernier. The *integrator* is still more complicated and costly, and in addition to the area of the figure it gives, on three separate dials, the statical moment and the moment of inertia. It is of great value in the calculation of stability and also of the strains to which vessels, girders, etc., are subjected. The *integrator* is a newer and still more complicated instrument for the same purpose, which gives the results in the form of curves drawn by it, instead of in figures. The three instruments are of great value to the naval architect, and of interest to all designers. The *planimeter* is comparatively inexpensive, a good one costing about \$30 in this country. All three are of Swiss invention, and made only in that country. The *integrator* and *integrator* are used by the Navy Department and a few professional designers, but they are practically excluded from general use in the United States by the high tariff and the incidental expenses of importation.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Messrs. Tams & Lemoine have placed an order with Lewis Nixon, of the Crescent Shipyard, for a steam yacht of their design for a Boston owner. She will be a full-powered boat, with steel hull and schooner-rigged, designed for a speed of fourteen knots. Her dimensions are: Over all, 166ft.; l.w.l., 148ft.; beam, 23ft.; depth, 13ft. 6in.; draft, 10ft. 6in. She will have Almy boilers.

The annual meeting of the Rhode Island Y. C. was held on Feb. 27, the following officers being elected:

Com., William B. Banigan; Vice-Com., Frank F. Olney; Rear-Com., A. Homer Skinner; Sec'y, A. M. Potter; Treas., E. T. Herrick; Race Committee, Eugene Myrick, Charles G. Easton, J. C. Butterworth, 3d; Fred E. Tattersall, George H. Webb; Committee on Admissions, Ernest L. Fuller, George F. Brownell, George C. Barton, Louis H. Tillinghast, Fred B. Wood, Nathan B. Horton, William F. Boon, Scott C. Burlingame, Samuel Brown; House Committee, Fred E. Field, Ludowick H. Tillinghast, Howard E. Barlow; Potter's Cove Committee, Festus S. Rand, Frank P. Eddy, Charles E. Eddy; Directors, Herbert A. Capron, Frank P. Eddy; Measurers, Clarence H. Green, Fred S. Nock. The membership is 347.

Richard Suydam Palmer, of New York, died on March 2 at Colorado Springs, where he has been for some months. Mr. Palmer had long been threatened with consumption, and last year he became seriously ill while serving aboard the U. S. S. St. Louis as ensign, having volunteered on the outbreak of the war. After returning to New York he was taken to Colorado Springs, where appendicitis developed, necessitating an operation, while he also suffered from tuberculosis, his death being expected for a long time before the end. Mr. Palmer was born in New York in 1868, and graduated from Columbia College in 1889, purchasing the Burgess schooner Marguerite in the same year and racing her for several seasons. He was enamored of a sea life, and spent much time in cruising. After several seasons in Marguerite, he sold her and purchased Tampa, disposing of her in 1898 to the Emperor of Germany. During his ownership of Yampa he made many long cruises to the West Indies, the Baltic and the Mediterranean. Mr. Palmer was a warm friend of the late George A. Stewart, of Boston, and in 1893 he was one of the syndicate which aided Messrs. Stewart & Binney to build the fin keel Puritan for the America Cup races. He was a member of most of the leading social clubs of New York, and of the New York Larchmont and Seawanhaka Yacht Clubs. The body will be brought to New York for interment.

The annual meeting of the New Jersey A. C. Y. C. was held at the club house, Bayonne, on March 1, the following officers being elected: Com., J. O. Thurston, cat Sweetheart; Vice-Com., W. W. Genet, cat Harbinger; Rear-Com., W. E. Pentz, launch Tweeza; Sec'y and Treas., E. R. Grant; Chaplain, H. Meigs, Jr.; Meas., W. E. Wadman; Fleet Surgeon, L. F. Donohue, M. D.; Fleet Capt., W. T. Bernard, cat Drift; Yachting Committee, H. Meigs, Jr., J. O. Thurston and J. Gill. The opening cruise and dinner will be held on June 10, when a cup to be known as the Mission cup will be raced for. Souvenir race day will be on July 1, when three cups will be sailed for. A cup called the Crews' cup was presented and will be raced for on July 22. The Elsworth cup race, which is an annual fixture, will be held on July 29, and on Aug. 19 a cup presented by the commodore will be sailed for.

Wanda, cat, has been sold by E. T. Bedford, to J. R. Suydam, who will race her on Great South Bay.

Iroquois, schr., has been sold by Com. H. C. Rouse, Seawanhaka Cor. Y. C. to W. G. Roelker, of Providence. Com. Rouse has chartered Satanella, steam yacht, formerly Golden Fleece, for the season.

Portia, c. b. cutter, formerly Mignonette, has been sold to A. I. Brush, Williamsburgh Y. C.

The Douglaston Y. C. is likely to profit during the season by its move to a new location, and it has already received a number of applications for membership. The club has secured very desirable premises at Port Washington, 250 by 300 ft., with a house of fourteen rooms. There is a basin 200 by 200 ft., with a depth of 8 ft. at low water, while outside of this is a protected anchorage with 14 ft. of water. The bay is close to the Sound, and easily entered at all times. Port Washington is within one hour of Thirty-fourth street, New York, by the Long Island Railroad, with frequent trains. The club will lay out a three-mile triangle on the bay within view of the club house.

Puritan, schr., has been sold by J. M. Forbes to Com. John O. Show, Jr., Cor. Y. C., of Marblehead. Constellation, schr., has been sold by Bayard Thayer to Francis Skinner, of Boston. Both sales were made by Mr. Crowninshield.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications.

C. T. B., New Bedford, Mass.—Jingo's number is 36,938, A. K. C. He is owned by Mr. N. T. Depauw, New Albany, Ind. Breeder, Mr. Edw. Dexter, Buzzards Bay, Mass. (Whelped April 14, 1891. Color, liver and white. Pedigree, by Mainspring out of Queen II., by Pontiac (6,720, Vol. IV.), out of Kent's Queen, by Kent of Floriss out of Kent Bitters. Mainspring by Mike out of Romp, by Change out of Romp. Mike by Bang out of Stella.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Old Point Comfort, Richmond and Washington.

SIX-DAY TOUR VIA PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

The third of the present series of personally conducted tours to Old Point Comfort, Richmond, and Washington via the Pennsylvania Railroad will leave New York and Philadelphia on Saturday, March 18.

Tickets, including transportation, meals en route in both directions, transfers of passengers and baggage, hotel accommodations at Old Point Comfort, Richmond, and Washington, and carriage ride about Richmond—in fact, every necessary expense for a period of six days—will be sold at rate of \$34 from New York, Brooklyn and Newark; \$32.50 from Trenton; \$31 from Philadelphia, and proportionate rates from other stations.

OLD POINT COMFORT ONLY.

Tickets to Old Point Comfort only, including luncheon on going trip, one and three-fourths days' board at that place, and good to return direct by regular trains within six days, will be sold in connection with this tour at rate of \$15 from New York; \$13.50 from Trenton; \$12.50 from Philadelphia, and proportionate rates from other points.

For itineraries and full information apply to ticket agents; Tourist Agent, 1196 Broadway, New York; 789 Broad street, Newark, N. J.; or Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.—Adv.

The Iver Johnson Sporting Goods Co., 408 Washington street, Boston, Mass., dealers in all kinds of sporting goods, call special attention to the perfection of their \$3.50 target rifle, octagon barrel, rifled true to gauge. Catalogue will be sent free on application.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO.

TERMS, \$4 A YEAR, 10 CTS. A COPY. }
SIX MONTHS, \$2. }

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 18, 1899.

VOL. I. II. — No. 11.
No. 846 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, \$4 per year, \$2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iv.

The Forest and Stream Platform Plank.

"The sale of game should be forbidden at all seasons."

—FOREST AND STREAM, Feb. 3, 1894.

CONCERNING AN EPITHET.

THE term "game hog," used as an opprobrious appellation to designate the status of him who, in the opinion of one or more of his fellows, kills more game than he or they deem to be seemly, has come into quite active use. As to the inelegance of it, nothing in the way of comment would serve to make it more apparent than it is. As to its utility, there would be much difficulty in demonstrating that it possesses any. It had its origin at a time when property interests in game were more or less loosely defined, and still more loosely guarded, so far as legal restrictions were concerned. There were those who sought to use contumely as a substitute for legal restriction. The man who killed, in the opinion of some other fellow, more game than he should have killed, was by the latter considered a proper subject for public execration. Many who were zealous in execrating the game hog, so called, were actuated by the best of motives. Many more were open to the suspicion of aiming to check others that they might be the gainers themselves. In any case, the term conveys nothing of a persuasive or convincing nature when used as a text or an expression of contempt. Its use and the intemperate language which many times accompanied it, were much more likely to retard the awakening of public opinion in favor of game protection than to influence it favorably. A code of ethics which seems to serve as a vehicle to carry an elaborate stock of invective, reviling and denunciation, a reflex of the temper and idiosyncrasies of the individual rather than the zeal of a class seeking to establish a good cause, is not one which readily appeals to public favorable consideration. When the term "game hog" is used as a text wherewith to express malice, bitterness and uncharitableness, it is much more likely to prejudice the interests of sportsmen than to benefit them.

The objection may be made that the use of the term "game hog" and the general odium which it brought to the class it was intended to designate, had a beneficent effect in arousing public opinion and in establishing necessary legislation. It is a more reasonable assumption that the ill-tempered arguments retarded both. The gentlemen who took an active lead in game legislation did not present a bill whose substance was denunciation of the "game hog," nor were their arguments conducted on such lines. They showed that such laws were for the general public good.

Much of what is intended as good effort in heaping disgrace on the "game hog" is ill-advised and worse considered. The opinion of one man is a very poor warrant for him to denounce his fellow who holds a contrary opinion. The "holier than thou" premises are not always the best on which to base action. The standards of one man are not necessarily the standards of all other men. The amount of game which one man may kill with perfect propriety at one time and place may be wholly improper at some other time and place. Fifty birds in Mississippi or Louisiana in a day would be far less relatively than five would be in Connecticut. Fifty birds might serve to supply one man with an abundance of game; the same amount might be wholly inadequate for the needs of another. One man might shoot one day in the year and kill one hundred birds; another man might shoot ten days and kill ten birds on each day, so that the sum total which each one took was the same; yet the ten-bird man might feel that he was warranted in denouncing his fellow as a "game hog." A farmer might kill all the game on his own land, and if it was his opinion that he was doing what was right, the repetition of "game hog" ad infinitum would not serve as any argu-

ment in convincing him that he was wrong, though it might arouse a belief that he had reduced to possession what the other fellow wanted. Or, if a man who, after years of effort, should have a great day and actually kill more than was proper, why should all charity be forsaken? Why should so many men feel that he is proper prey for their intemperate denunciation?

Aside from the restrictions imposed by the laws, the amount of game which a man may kill with propriety is largely a matter of personal opinion. Within the legal restrictions, the amount which he may properly kill is an established fact. It then is out of the realm of personal opinion.

The "game hog" is not in the least changed by abuse. If he practice what he believes to be right, abuse rather confirms than changes his convictions. If he knows that he is wrong, abuse engenders a feeling of resentment and defiance. The best doctrine is that of universal good to all. If there are individuals who are harmful in game destruction, let the movement be toward passing the necessary laws and their enforcement. The bandying of names between man and man does harm instead of good. A general movement toward legal restrictions which would be to the good of all is the proper solution of the game problem. Without such general public opinion, there is no tangible standard of guidance. Without public opinion to support it, a law is a dead letter, even if it is a part of the statutes.

SALE OF FISH IN CLOSE TIME.

A PRESS dispatch from Buffalo, N. Y., under date of March 8, reported that Justice Lambert, in the Supreme Court, had rendered a decision declaring that the New York law prohibiting in close season the sale of pike or pickerel caught outside of the State was unconstitutional. And it was added that under this ruling dealers would have the right to handle these species in the close time. The reported decision has of course excited much interest; for it was at once manifest that the principle involved in this particular fish case would apply also to other species of fishes and to game as well. Moreover, the decision as reported was directly opposed to that of the Phelps vs. Racey case in New York, the Magner case in Illinois, the Geer vs. State of Connecticut case in the United States Supreme Court, and other, by all of which precedents the principle has been established that it is within the constitutional province of the State not only to forbid the taking of game and fish at certain times, but to forbid the sale during such periods of fish and game taken within the State or brought into it from other States or from foreign sources. In view of this, it appeared improbable that Justice Lambert would have ventured any such decision as was reported. And he had not.

An action was brought against the Buffalo Fish Company some ten months ago by the Chief Game Protector for the People to recover penalties for the possession of fish in close season. When the defendants served their answer the People demurred to it on the ground that points raised in it were foreign to the allegations in the People's complaint. The decision just rendered is simply an overruling of the demurrer and puts the matter into condition for the People to appeal to the Appellate Division for the purpose of presenting the question raised by the demurrer to that court.

Any declaration, then, that the unconstitutionality of the law forbidding sale in close season has been ruled is premature. More than this, there is no probability of such a decision being rendered. On the contrary, as we have already said, the power of the State to prohibit possession and sale in close season is one of the most firmly established and most widely recognized principles of game protection.

ALASKA, THE ADIRONDACKS AND MAINE.

The possession of liquor is forbidden by law in Alaska. When a Yukon-bound prospector reaches Skagway the customs officer shakes his valise to detect the presence of liquid within, and if the forbidden article is found it is confiscated and the prospector is so harried by threats of delay and other blackmailing devices brought to a high stage of perfection by the Government officials, that he "gives up" whatever sum will satisfy the cormorants and goes on his way rejoicing that he has fared no worse.

And all the while, in the saloons of Skagway, as everywhere else in the Territory, whisky is flowing like water, and the liquor traffic is open, free and boisterous. It is in view of such a condition of affairs that Governor Brady is urging the adoption of a liquor license law for Alaska. A regulated traffic in liquor, he argues, would be preferable to the present unrestricted sale under a law which is not enforced.

The most significant fact contained in the report printed elsewhere of an interview with Adirondack guides concerning the hounding law is that of a change of attitude toward the law by persons who believe in the wisdom of prohibiting the use of hounds, but who declare against a prohibitory statute which does not prohibit and because it does not prohibit. "We believe in forbidding hounds," these men declare, "but open, legalized hounding could not be more destructive than the hounding which is illegal, but as general as hounding before the enactment of the law." This is to say that the Adirondack non-hounding law is a farce, and a law which is a farce is worse than no law at all. The guide who on this ground advocates a law to permit hounding simply adopts for the Adirondacks the argument Governor Brady makes for the Alaska situation.

A third illustration of this demoralizing influence of a law which is not enforced is afforded by Maine, where the summer killing of deer is prohibited in theory, but in practice hosts of deer are killed every summer. The Maine Fish and Game Commissioners acknowledge this, and have proposed as a substitute for prohibition which does not prohibit a license system, whereby summer visitors may purchase the legal right to do what they now do and would continue to do illegally.

In Alaska, the Adirondacks and Maine human nature is all of one piece.

SNAP SHOTS.

Among recent visitors at the FOREST AND STREAM office was Maj. T. G. Dabney, of Mississippi, who, over the familiar signature of Coahoma, has an ever ready word in behalf of the amiable qualities of the snake. The word was spoken this time for the moccasin, which, Maj. Dabney tell us, he has found a most inoffensive serpent, and one which, in repeated experiments and the giving of much provocation, he had failed to induce to strike.

From Quebec comes Com. J. U. Gregory, to whom so many American sportsmen have been indebted in years past for courtesies shown them in their search for Canadian fishing waters and hunting grounds. As an illustration of the growing tendency of shooters and fishermen to take up preserves, Mr. Gregory reports that the Tourili Club, of which he was one of the founders, and which is made up of Canadians and Americans, enjoys possession of a territory which practically is boundless. As we have said, Mr. Gregory has been for a quarter-century making pleasant the way of the sportsman from the United States, and he has done this largely through his lasting relations with the FOREST AND STREAM; and that reminds us of a little angling incident on a Canadian river some thirty years ago. Two anglers, who were entire strangers, were fishing for trout from opposite sides of a pool, when it happened that in casting their lines became entangled, and a momentary embarrassment ensued, quickly to be dissolved, however, when the casts were parted. One of the men was Chas. Hallock; the other was Mr. Gregory. The acquaintance thus begun ripened into friendship, and when, shortly thereafter, Mr. Hallock projected the FOREST AND STREAM he found in Mr. Gregory a warm supporter of the enterprise; and from that accidental tangling of fly-fishing casts on a backwoods stream in Canada came an association which has endured to the present day.

Among the multitudinous attractions New York city has for visitors is the American Museum of Natural History, with its superb collections. We have reason to suspect that the Museum is not so well known as it should be to many who are interested in natural history, and this hint will be acceptable to those who have opportunity to avail themselves of it.

Superintendent Colvin, of the New York State Adirondack Survey, has issued a statement, showing that the holdings of the State within the forest preserve are 1,058,444 acres, while 20,169 acres have been contracted for.

The Sportsman Tourist.

A Trip to Georgia.

BALTIMORE, March 2.—Early in November I was invited by my friend Mr. Pascal N. Strong, of Savannah, to take a cruise in his schooner, and try the fishing in the salt waters of Georgia, near Savannah. I left this city on the A. C. Line train at 2:25 P. M., and arrived in Savannah the next morning, and found my friend waiting for me at the depot. After getting breakfast and making a few arrangements for our cruise, we started for Bieulieu, which was to be our point of departure. We took an electric car, which carried us six miles; then we changed to a tram road, the equipment of which consisted of one car, which was drawn by a mule, and driven by a small boy. When we boarded this car, I noticed a double-barrel gun up by the front door, and a mongrel pointer lying on the floor. After we had proceeded about two miles the boy who was driving, wound up his brake most furiously, bringing the car to such an abrupt stop that half the passengers were thrown from their seats. The conductor rushed through the car in an excited manner, seized the gun, and asked the boy where they were. I could not imagine what was the matter, whether it was an attempt to hold up the car, escaped convicts, or what it was. But my fears were allayed when the conductor with true Southern hospitality handed the gun to my friend and asked him if he would not like to take a shot, at the same time pointing out where a covey of partridges had alighted in the scrub palmettoes. Mr. S. took the gun, got out of the car, the passengers all waiting patiently, and killed one of the birds, which the conductor added to a string of five he had shot on previous trips that day.

We finally arrived at a cross-road, where we left the car, and a short walk brought us to our destination. Here Mr. Strong has established a very large terrapin farm, which is called Bieulieu. The place is beautifully situated on a wide salt-water river, and contains a good many acres. There are several substantial buildings, and the immense "crawl" for the terrapins. Several years ago there was a very large and handsome dwelling house on the place which was occupied by Mr. Strong's family, but unfortunately it was destroyed by fire, with all its contents, the occupants barely escaping with their lives, and my friend, having to make his escape by the aid of a sycamore tree that grew near the house. The crawl was an object of great interest to me, and I never expected to see so many diamond-back terrapins in one place as I did then. The crawl is several hundred feet long, and about 60ft. wide, and contained at the time I saw it about 40,000 terrapins. On the north side there is an incline covered with cement, which leads up to a wide shelf or bench, also covered with cement. On the south side is a wide ditch of mud and water, the tide flowing into it through inlets from the river. The terrapins of all sizes crawl up this incline and lie basking in the sun on the bench. When we entered the inclosure, there were thousands of them upon the bench, nearly all of which on our approach turned tail to get away. But notwithstanding this apparent fear or shyness, they become more or less tame in confinement, and when feeding time comes will crowd like a flock of chickens around the person feeding them.

These terrapins are all grown when placed in the crawl, and are not bred in there, as many suppose. There are, however, some few hatched in the crawl, and after the last severe hurricane that visited the Georgia coast, quite a number of very little fellows were found, not larger than a nickel. The terrapin are purchased from men who make it a business to catch them, which they do in nets from 15 to 25ft. long. They row slowly through the salt creeks, and occasionally rap on the gunwale of the boat with their oars. This noise attracts the terrapin, which stick their heads up to see what is making such a racket. The catcher, who is keeping a sharp lookout, as soon as he sees a head, shoves down in the mud near shore a pole, to which it attached one end of his net. He then rows his boat rapidly in the direction in which his knowledge of the ways of the critter tell him is the right one to catch it, and endeavors to get his net around the space occupied by the terrapin. He then gathers up the net in shore toward the first pole, and generally finds he has entrapped his prey. The terrapin are bought by count, the bottom shell being measured with a notched rule, and all measuring 6in. or over are called "counts." Those of less than 6in. and more than 5 are called three-quarters, and eighteen of them are called a dozen. Those under 5in. and more than 4 are called halves, and two dozen count as one. Those under 4in. are classed as bulls, and command a very much lower price than the larger ones.

Lying out in the stream in front of Bieulieu was the trig schooner Doris, in which we were to take our cruise, and we were not long in going aboard. "Get under way!" was the order given by Capt. Strong, as we stepped upon the deck. We had a spanking breeze, and went skimming along the deep river, through the salt marshes. The first thing I did was to get off my store clothes, and tumble into a flannel shirt and old suit, and then I felt like lounging about the vessel, and enjoying the varied changes of the landscape. These inland waterways of the Georgia coast are wonderful. There is a network of creeks, slews, guts, rivers and bays that would prove a perfect labyrinth to one unacquainted with them. All the coast and Sea Island negroes in this section are fine sailors and pilots, and our crew was no exception. To illustrate, we would be sailing along with a fair breeze in one direction, which seemed to me to lead exactly to where we wanted to go, but suddenly our course would be changed, the vessel brought up into the wind with a tremendous slashing of ropes, hammering of blocks and slapping of canvas, and we would glide into a narrow creek, the vessel's sides almost touching the marsh, and away we would go at a tremendous pace on a course at right angles to the one we had been sailing. On asking Jake, our mate, for an explanation, he would say, "Dis yer crik heads up da," or "dis is a cut-off," but day or night he never failed to find them, nor faltered a moment in his way. But it is not all such plain sailing, for

there are many banks, points and shallows that have to be avoided, all of which were well known to our crew. In fact, most of these negroes know these creeks and rivers just as well as a boy of sixteen knows the streets of the town he was raised in.

We stopped at several places as we went along to try the fishing, but did not have much success. The negroes call these places "fishing draps," they never say fishing. One day we anchored opposite St. Catharines Island, and made arrangements with a coal black fellow named Lewis to drive us across the island to a celebrated fishing place called Bluff Creek Hammock. As it was necessary to make an early start to catch the right tide, we breakfasted at 3:30, and on rowing ashore found Lewis waiting for us. His wagon was an old four-wheeled affair, with every tire tied on with wire, each wheel having a different squeak of its own, and each hub looking as if it had never known what grease was. Pascal (who is generally called Pat for short) and myself sat on a board, that had quite a good spring under it, and Lewis sat on a box to drive. But the funniest part of the whole rig was George, the motive power. He was a cream-colored mule, a little larger than a jack rabbit, but as tough and strong as a steam engine. He trotted along sideways, with one eye on the road and the other on Lewis. The latter was armed with a long supple switch, with which he larruped George the whole time, and every time he brought that switch down on the mule's ribs it sounded like hitting an empty flour barrel, and caused George to jerk back his enormous ears, switch his tail up and show a disposition to let fly his heels. Lewis got out at one place to let down some bars and handed me the lines to drive through. When we were through I tried to stop George to let Lewis get aboard, but stop he would not. Pat and myself both pulled as hard as we could, but the mule walked steadily on, pulling the wagon by the lines. Lewis seeing the situation, yelled out, "Whoa, da, mule, doan' I tole you stop," and the mule stopped as if struck by lightning.

The trail we took across the island led us through the wildest and most beautiful thickets of semi-tropical growth, interspersed with enormous live oaks (festooned with the beautiful Southern moss), magnolias, pines and other trees. The ground was covered with scrub palmettoes, ferns, many beautiful flowers and coquina bushes, with dark green leaves and bright red berries and several varieties of creeping vines. These woods and thickets abound in deer and rattlesnakes, alligators and other varmints. We at last reached the place where Lewis had his boat, and started for Bluff Creek Hammock. This place is at a sharp bend of Bluff Creek, where the tide has eaten away the banks of the hammock, and undermined the trees, which have fallen into the water. The trees soon become encrusted with barnacles and oysters, and sheephead and other fish come here to feed. Such a place is a very trying one to fish in, as the fish when they are hooked make for the stumps and branches, and it is very difficult to keep from getting hung. We had not been fishing long before I was fast to a sheephead, which I knew by his tremendous pull was a large one. Lewis became very much excited, and kept calling out to me, "Gie him up, boss; gie him up." But it was easier to say "gie him up" than to get him up, but a steady, strong strain lifted him free of the snags, and after a fight of five or six minutes I landed him. He was a beauty, and weighed close on 9lbs. We spent four days' fishing at this place and another called McQueen's Hammock, and had magnificent luck, catching 216 fish: sheephead, stag bass, drum and trout.

St. Catharines Island is about eighteen miles long and from two to four miles wide. It is owned by Mr. Raters, of Savannah, who keeps it solely as a game preserve. He has a fine mansion on the island, and entertains the friends whom he invites to share his sport most hospitably. While we were there fishing, he had four gentlemen from Savannah deer shooting with him, and they killed ten deer in the four days. Mr. Raters has bored several artesian wells in different parts of the island, all of which are flowing wells and supply an abundance of fine water to the many head of stock he has grazing, and also to the deer. One well near his house flows a steady stream into a tank in the second story. There are about twenty-four hundred acres of cleared land on this island that formerly produced abundant crops of the finest Sea Island cotton, but now nothing is raised.

As we had had about fishing enough, we continued our cruise to a place called Harris' Neck, which is a tract of many acres, owned and occupied entirely by negroes. Pat expected to get some terrapins at this place, as many of the negroes follow catching them for a living. On arriving we had hardly gotten our anchor down before the "Coota niggers" began coming aboard. They filled the cockpit, and all jabbered at once until Capt. Strong demanded silence and proceeded to business. He has a black man at this place named Grant, who acts as his agent, and who is far above the average negro in shrewdness, but is just as full of superstition as any of them. It is his duty to measure the "cootas" (as the blacks call terrapin), which the catchers bring in bags. Each terrapin as it is brought out is held against a notched measure, and Grant would call out the size to Pat, who would put it down in his book. Grant would hold up a terrapin and say "count," the next one being short of the measure, he would say "three-quarters"; then the fellow who caught it would make a great fuss, wanting to see it measured over again, and trying in every way to stretch it to a count, but Grant was inexorable, and what he said first went. These fellows in the height of the season make from \$15 to \$20 per week.

While at Harris' Neck we heard of some fine lumber that has been picked up adrift after the last hurricane, and Pat concluded to buy some of it, and return to Bieulieu with a deck load. As soon as loaded we got under way, and had a pleasant sail until we entered St. Catharines Sound. Night was fast approaching as we entered the sound, and there were indications of the weather thickening up. Our course was S.W., which we had to hold until we were below a can buoy that marked the outer edge of a large and very shoal bank that ran out several miles from the shore. After passing this buoy our course would have been S.E., and we would

have had a clear run across to Ossibaw Island. The weather continued to thicken, and we were soon in a dense fog, but having held our S.W. course for quite a while, we thought it safe to haul up toward the eastward. We had hardly changed our course before the piping voice of Cleveland, our cabin boy, sang out, "Dat center-bode done drug," and we were hard aground. The swell was coming in pretty lively from the ocean, and on our starboard quarter we could hear it breaking. We got out a kedge anchor and tried to work the vessel off, but could not budge her. Every large swell that came in would lift her, and cause her to pound the bottom. Fortunately the tide was coming in, and we knew that in about an hour she would float. After rolling and pounding for some time, we got her off into deep water and anchored to wait for daylight.

I was particularly struck with the blackness and ignorance of the negroes we were thrown in contact with on our cruise. They have a lingo of their own, and one not accustomed to hear them talk cannot understand them. I asked one of them one day how old a particularly venerable looking ducky was, and he said,

"I can' rightly tole you, boss. When I come here I be chillens, and he be old man."

They say that a Georgia man once made a bet with a Massachusetts man who had not been accustomed to hear these people talk, that the negroes at a town they were approaching talked the Indian and not the English language. To prove it the Georgia man got out of the car and approached an old negro, who was leaning against a post, while the Massachusetts man listened from the car window. The following dialogue then took place, the old negro talking in that deep guttural voice peculiar to so many of them:

Georgia man—Uncle Lish', wha he?

Uncle L.—Wha who?

Georgia man—Epehe.

Uncle L.—Da he.

The Massachusetts man paid the bet, as the language used was as much Indian to him as the genuine thing.

EDWARD A. ROBINSON.

The Alum Bank.

Look, what thy memory can not contain,
Commit to these waste blanks, and thou shalt find
Those children nurs'd, deliver'd from thy brain,
To take a new acquaintance of thy mind.

—Shakespeare: Sonnet 77.

THE Alum Bank was, and is, a steep sloping hillside half a mile or so in length, and 150 or 200ft. high, and crowned through nearly its whole extent with a precipice 25 or 30ft. in height. This slope extends to the edge of the Conemaugh River, and in my boyhood was thickly covered with forest trees. Wild flowers also grew in profusion there, asters, sweet williams, wild honeysuckles, the wake robin or Indian turnip, with its bunch of shining scarlet berries. The cliff on the summit of the hill had crevices and niches in its face, caves, we called them, though none of them was of great size, and in these we sometimes made fires and tried to imagine ourselves the survivors of a shipwrecked crew on some desert coast. I pity the boy of twelve years who has never read "Robinson Crusoe" and "Peter Wilkins," or who, having read them, can ever forget them.

Opposite the Alum Bank the country is generally low, and stretches with a surface more or less broken across the foot of the Chestnut Ridge, two or three miles distant. Through this interval and near the river, the old Pennsylvania Canal dragged its slow length along, where the white-painted freight boats moved on leisurely under the motive power of a solitary crowbait at the end of a long towline, and the more gaudily bedecked packets shot along at the fearful velocity of four or five miles an hour under the impulse of a team of three spanking horses.

The canal has long since fallen into disuse, and few vestiges of its former existence remain. Three or four years ago was dug up in one of the principal streets of Pittsburg, a portion of the forward part of one of the ancient canal boats, and it was an object of a good deal of interest. It must have been buried there for forty years. It was one of the last relics of the raging canawl. Along the further side of the open country and close to the foot of the ridge, now stretch the iron tracks of the great Pennsylvania Railroad. In my early boyhood all that region which now lies exposed to the sun in cultivated fields was a thicket of vines and undergrowth, where were to be found fox grapes, wild plums, and huckleberries, in abundance. Two years ago I wandered over there across the fields, and in a hollow I found a remnant of the ancient thicket, and I gathered a handful of wild plums; but somehow they did not have the flavor of those I gathered in my boyhood. Perhaps the change was in myself.

It was a fair prospect that showed from the top of the Alum Bank. A writer in a newspaper published in a distant town more than two-score of years ago, in speaking of the Alum Bank, says: "This is a bluff of rocks at the Conemaugh River, which ascend about 200ft. perpendicular from the water, from the summit of which a most beautiful view of the country for miles around is afforded. In the distance rolls up in majestic grandeur the summit of the Chestnut ridge, at whose base are situated some of the finest farms in the country, through which winds the Pennsylvania Central Road. The view is delightful, and one would not tire of the scenery in a day. Here in front, through a fertile valley, quietly glide the silvery water of the Conemaugh, along whose margin, as far as sight can reach, are seen waving fields of grain, and dotted on the whole expanse are fine residences and barns." I like this outside testimony to the beauty of one of the favorite haunts of my early years.

For a short distance at the lower end of the Alum Bank the conditions are reversed—the cliff being at the foot of the hill, at the water's edge, while the hill slopes back to the level above. Trees grew on the top of the rocks here, and from their branches one could look almost vertically down into the water, which here formed a wide quiet pool or eddy. Upon some of the larger limbs of one of the greatest of these trees, Master Parker, the teacher of the village school, had laid a slight platform; and here on a Saturday afternoon, when there was "no school," he frequently repaired to shoot the fish in the water beneath.

Often on those same sunny afternoons a group of boys on fishing or swimming intent, have been halted by a voice from aloft—"Don't scare the fish, boys"—and looking up they have beheld Master Parker, gun in hand, on his lofty aerie; and a moment later, when his rifle rang out, there would be a rush of bare-legged boys into the water, each eager to be the first to seize and bear ashore the trophy of the master's skill. I think that few school teachers have been more beloved by his pupils than was Master Parker, notwithstanding his strictness and severity in school. Perhaps but a few hours before the boy who now bore in triumph the fish to the land, had been severely reckoned with by the master for delinquency in the hateful and hated weekly review in arithmetic; but no grudges were kept, and the boys rejoiced in the master's good luck as much as if it had been their own.

Along the top of the Alum Bank and the breadth of only one field distant, was the turnpike, which crossed the distant hills and led to unknown realms beyond. It was a wide, smooth, sandy highway, over which the gaily painted and gilded stage coaches passed and repassed every day, the driver, the envy of the small boy, seated aloft with his long lines and whip in hand. The passing stage coach was a vision of glory. But to what base uses we may come! The railroad put an end to both canal and turnpike. The last of the old stage coaches that I remember to have seen, was in the back yard of one of the citizens, its gilding sadly dimmed and its gay colors faded, where it did duty as a hen coop. On the highest point of the turnpike back of the Alum Bank was a toll-gate, and a small brick house in which the gatekeeper lived. Just opposite the house was a broad field, usually in wheat, and rare blackberries grew along the fences. From this point eastwardly the view took in a wide scope of cultivated country—a garden little less fair than that other which "stretched her line from Aurant eastward to the royal towers of great Seleucia." A few rods to the west where the descending highway made a bend around the shoulder of a bit of woodland, the town came into view on the flat by the river side below.

"Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn!"

How often of an evening have I stood there when silence brooded over the village sleeping in the shadow of Baird's Hill, and contemplated with a full heart the roofs and smoking chimneys of my native place. It was a scene out of Virgil.

Here the turnpike crossed the Conemaugh by a wooden bridge of a single span, which was once the most wonderful structure of the kind in the western country, and which for a generation was the special pride of the worthy townspeople. The bridge was built in 1821, and stood for about sixty years. It was covered and weather-boarded, having a small window on each side, which served little purpose except to show when you were half-way over. It was dark in there, and suggestive of hobgoblins. He was a brave boy that would venture to cross the bridge alone after night. The outside of this bridge was painted in white and yellow, which produced a pleasing effect. I record these petty details, because it remains one of the most vivid of my youthful impressions.

But change has been busily at work everywhere. A railroad now runs along the foot of the Alum Bank, and the despoiling axe has invaded the wooded slope. The musical notes of the boatman's horn and the bugle of the stage driver have given way to the screech of the steam whistle. The pheasant no longer drums from her log in the glade. Master Parker long since fired his last shot from his platform in the tree. The turnpike has been degraded to a township road. The wooden bridge has been supplanted by a modern one of iron. The wheat field is now a thickly populated city of the dead.

T. J. CHAPMAN.

A Brother-in-Law of Antoine.—I.

As Uncle Lisha was rasping with his float at a hidden peg in the toe of a newly tapped boot, his unemployed eyes staring idly out the window caught sight of two approaching figures. They were evidently engaged in earnest conversation, each in turn gesticulating violently, while the other listened intently.

"One of 'em's Ann Twine, but who t'other is, is more'n I know," the old shoemaker soliloquized, while the float went wide of its mark. "He's one o' the same breed, I know, by the motions on him, talkin' wi' his arms as much as he does wi' his mouth. I wonder what the critters du in the dark, or haow they make one on 'em onderstan' when he gits blind. If one on 'em was struck dumb he c'd keep on a-talkin' jest the same. What a tarnal language, anyway."

Then giving the boot a final inner thrust and pitching it aside, "There, I guess that won't hurt more'n tu make Jozeff pick up his quates lively."

Antoine now entered with his companion, a man of his own build and complexion, but younger and dressed completely in Canadian homespun. Uncle Lisha welcomed them with boisterous heartiness.

"Come in, Ann Twine, come in, and come massy vaw. Who's that you've fetched wi' ye?"

"Good mornin', Onc' Lisha. Dis was one mah rel-lishin', one mah beau frere, wat you call mah brudder-law. Hees name Jule La Roche."

"Jule, Jule?" Uncle Lisha repeated. "Why, that's a she name, short for Julia. Haow come one o' yer brother-in-laws tu hev it? Was the' so many on 'em 'at the' wa'n't 'nough men's names tu go 'raound?"

"O, we gat Jules for the mans an' Julie for de womans. Dat better as for de Yankee had Jesse for bosc of it sent Ah'll hear sometam." Antoine retorted and took up the broken thread of his discourse. "Mah brudder-law ant hable for spoke Angleesh, not mos' leetly mite. Ah do' know 'f he ever goin' be hable, lak me."

Antoine continued the introduction in French to his brother-in-law, who grinned affably, while he heroically endured Uncle Lisha's clamp-like grip.

"Hope I see you well? Take a cheer an' set daown," cried the old man, cordially. "Praw gaddy that three-legged one; he tippy ovy toot sweet. Dumb it, Ann Twine, he don't onderstan' French no better 'n he does English. Give him a cheer 'at won't cast him. So he's r'ally one o' your brother-in-laws, hey? Wal, I've wondered more'n a thaousan'-times 'at some on 'em didn't

spill aouten Canerdy oncte in a while, for it must be pooty nigh runnin' over wi' 'em."

"Yas, one udder mans come wid it for week in hayin' can' spik Angleesh no more as he an' he want haire aout, bosc of it, an' he can' haire aout, so he come gat me for haire it aout on some dat big hol' farmer daown to de lake. Udder man on mah haouse wid hees hoss an' cart. He coozin on Ursule."

"So you're goin' to intarpret for 'em, be ye? What you goin' tu make out on t'?"

"Wal, seh, Ah don't know if Ah'll ant haire aout mah-se'f, prob'ly, w'en Ah gat dem feller all haire aout, too. Oh, Onc' Lisha, Ah'll naant never see so fool lak mah brudder-law, me."

"S-s-sh, don't talk so right ty his head! You'll hurt his feelin's ef you don't mad him," Uncle Lisha whispered gustily behind a waxy palm. But his anxiety was at once relieved, not only by Antoine's assurances, but by the grins and nods of the subject of his remarks, bestowed impartially on both speakers.

"O, don' you 'fred, Onc' Lisha. He can' on'stan' Angleesh more as geeses, an' dat was mek it so fool for come on de State, two of it, bosc can' on'stan' Angleesh no more as he talk aour language. Wat s'pose prob'ly dem two fool goin' do 'f he ant fin' me, hein?"

Then he explained in French to his brother-in-law, "I am telling the old shoemaker what beautiful mocassins you make." Whereupon the brother-in-law grinned more complacently and modestly thrust forth a mocassined foot.

"Sem tam he so fool, he sma't lak ev'ryt'ing." Antoine continued, addressing Uncle Lisha. "He mow mos' more as Ah can. He jes' good for all hayin' work, pitch load, ev'ryt'ing, an' he could rip an' bine de grain so you never see to beat it. He could chawp de hwood lak hol' hurrycane. O, all kan' o' work he can do an'



THE QUEBEC HEAD SHOWN AT NEW YORK.

he f'ile lak forty bobolink singin', so you can' kept you fouts on de floor. Oh, bah gosh, Ah'll wisht he gat hees f'ile so you can heard it play. Bah gosh, he can play t'ree four tune all de sem time, yas sch! Oh, Onc' Lisha" (Antoine's face assumed an expression of awed solemnity), "de t'ing he do mos' hardes' was faght. Yas, seh. He mos' more hugly Ah was."

"Shaw, Ann Twine; you don't say so," Uncle Lisha remarked, looking with amused curiosity at the terrible little brother-in-law.

"Yas, he awfly mans. He leek all de mans all 'raoun' where he leewe an' wat he ant leek he scare mos' to deat, an' w'en dey an't no more he scare hese'f, too."

"Scairt hisself? Wal, that is cur'us. Haow come he tu?"

"Wal, seh, dat was de tam he have de wors' faght he ever have. It was be awful, but it was kan' o' funny, an' Ah'll was goin' tol' you dat story. Don't you 'fred, 'cause he can' on'stan' what Ah'll said. I am now telling the old Bostonais what a terrible fighter you are," Antoine said in French to his brother-in-law, who thereat swelled out his chest to its utmost extent and looked exceedingly fierce, as he filled his pipe and savagely smote a flint with a curved steel, showering sparks upon a bit of punk that served him instead of matches for lighting his tobacco. Antoine also lighted his pipe, though with little chance of keeping it in blast if his story should be long, and Uncle Lisha, following his example, settled himself to comfortable attention with his elbows on his knees.

"Wal, den," the former began between explosive puffs, "Ah'll goin' tol' you. You see, up dere in Canada, w'en mah brudder-law leewe on de beeg river, de peop' gat some dey livin' for sol' hwood on stimboat. Oh, dey lot of it go on de river, en' it took lot of hwood for bile hees biler. De peop' sol' dey hwood raght 'long for one dollar 'n half for cord, ev'ry year, ev'ry year 'fore bombye one man want for sol' more hwood as somebody, so he was tol' de stimboat he'll sol' it de hwood for one dollar 'n quarter an' den dat all de stimboat goin' give anybody."

"All de peop' was be pooty mad, but he can' he'p hese'f. Den, after 'noder w'ile, dat feller, Jacque Boulanger hees nem of it, took motion he chawp hwood more cheaper, an' he do it for jes' one dollar, an' den Ah'll tol' you, de peop' was mad, an' oh, haow mah brudder-law he was mad. He say he goin' leek Jacques?"

"Some folks tol' it he can' leek it, 'cause Jacques more as two tam bigger as he was. He tol' 'em wait leetly w'ile, dey see some day w'en he'll gat drunk at Jacques Boulanger, den he leek it, he ant care if he big. Wal, it ant be long, 'fore mah brudder-law have it some wiskey en esprit, an' he ant mix it very weak, an' he took pooty good drink an' he took it pooty often, an' he'll gat drunk at Jacques Boulanger."

"Naow, you see his lan' an' Jacques' lan' stan' close apart, jes' leetly brook run 'tween it in bottom of holler. Jacques' hwood behin' it one side an' mah brudder-law hees hwood on tudder side."

"Mah brudder-law look over de brook, he'll see Jacques walkin' aout wid hees axe for go chawp an' dat mek him some madder so he go aout an' holler some swear at him, an' Jacques hear it an' holler back some swear too."

"Somebody hear bosc of it an' de story go, dat Jule was gat drunk at Jacques, an' was begin for leek it, an' den lot of de folks come for see de faght, but all stan' back so not for get hurt, bosc side de holler behin' Jule an' Jacques, an' dey was 'baout twenty rod one nudder, prob'ly."

"Den mah brudder-law holler some more laouder an' Jacques holler back more laouder too, an' de echo behin' bosc of it holler, too, so if dey was ten mans on de hwood. Den mah brudder-law trow hees cap an' jomp on it awful fugly, an' Jacques, he paoun' hees breas' of it wid hees fis' an' say he big man, more strong anybody."

"Den mah brudder-law call him dam hol' hog an' jack asses an' betc puate, dat's skunk, an' great many kan' o' t'ing an' haow easy he can leek it."

"Den dat Jacques pull off some hees hairs an' say he can heat mah brudder-law, an' den mah brudder-law lif' hese'f by hees traowser an' holler, 'Brooo,' an' echo come back, 'Brooo,' pooty hugly, Ah tol' you, raght behin' Jacques so de peop' begin for be scare some, an' Jacques, too."

"Den mah brudder-law drink big drink off hees bottle an' gat more drunker at Jacques, an' more madder at it, an' he hopen hees maout' for mek de wors' holler he'll make yet. Bah gosh he hopen it so wide de folks behin' see it comin' raoun' hees head of it an' tink it goin' for crack off, an' w'en Jacques see it raght biffore, he t'ink prob'ly mah brudder-law goin' for swaller it, an' he start for run, an' w'en de peop' over dar see dat big Jacques run dey t'ink it 'baout tain for go, too."

"Den mah brudder-law mek so awfly roar you never hear. Oh, it shake all de hwood for mile, an' w'en de echo come back more laouder an' more of it 'Brrooo, brooo, broooo,' mah brudder-law t'ink de dev' an' forty louns gareau comin' aout de hwood at him, so he'll jes' turn hese'f raght raoun' an' run fas' he can 'cause he ant come dar for faght all dat hell t'ing, honly jes' man, he gat leek already."

"Naow de peop' behin' it, see he'll runnin', dey knew it was danger for dem an' dey'll ant wait for see no more, but jes' run so dey never was afore. An' one hwoman she faint 'way off so dey mos' can' brought it back. So you see it was pooty scary tam."

"Wal, seh, mah brudder-law ant run great way 'fore soon he slip hees foot an' tumble, flop, right in leetly holler full of leaves, an' he ant hear no more nowse, so he ant want for got up. Mebby he can' prob'ly, so he jes' lay still an' go sleep all de res' dat day."

"Dat big Jacques Boulanger, he fall too, w'en he runnin', an' chawp hese'f on hees axe so he can' chawp no more hwood for tree mont', an' dat broke up de cheap chawpin', so de peop' got dollar 'n half for cord ag'in, an' I tol' you dey was t'ink plenty of my brudder-law. Ant you t'ink he'll do grea' deal good for jes' leek one man so hard, hein?"

"Sartainly," said Uncle Lisha. "Sartainly, and at the same time not hurt no one."

"Wal, naow," said Antoine, after getting his neglected pipe in full blast, "I'll goin' took mah brudder-law down on de village, for show it de Forge. He'll ant never see it w'en it goin'. They ant gat it where he live."

So the two departed, mingling the odor of their rank tobacco with the sweet scent of the blooming clover, and their gabble with the voices of the rejoicing bobolinks.

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

Natural History.

The Quebec "Elk."

NEW YORK, March 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The supposed elk killed on a tributary of the Metapedia River in Bonaventure county, Province of Quebec, turns out, as stated in last week's FOREST AND STREAM, to be a caribou.

Mr. L. Z. Joncas, Chief of the Department of Lands, Forests and Game, of the Province, tells me that this animal was killed by one Alfred Blair, who wrote to him, saying that he had killed an elk. Mr. Joncas, knowing, of course, that elk are not found in that section of Canada, wrote Blair, telling him to send on the specimen to Quebec, and saying that if it proved to be an elk he would give him a high price for it. It was a caribou, and its head was pointed out to me by Mr. Joncas this week at the Madison Square Garden, hanging on the west side of the westernmost Quebec cabin, about half-way back from the aisle. It must not be confounded with the caribou head hanging higher up at the southwest corner of the same cabin, which carries remarkably flattened horns.

The three elk heads from the neighborhood of Lake Victoria, P. Q., naturally attracted my attention. The smallest of the three hanging on the east side of the more westerly of the two Quebec cabins, has nothing specially characteristic about it. But the other two, one of which hung high up in the space between the two Quebec cabins, and the other on the easterly front of the easternmost cabin, were remarkable for the stoutness of their antlers compared with the length. Moreover, on each of these two heads, the antlers do not show nearly so wide in the spread, as is common in the average Western elk. On the other hand, I have seen Western specimens which did not differ markedly in these two respects from the two largest Quebec heads.

The color of the head and neck of the largest head, which was the one hanging between the two cabins, is,

however, worth noting. The usual color of the head, throat and foreneck of the elk is a dark wood brown, growing lighter on the nape and back of the neck. But the specimen in question appears, seen from a distance, much darker and of quite a different shade from any elk head that I have seen. It is a very dark brown, but with a distinct shade of red in it; a color quite different from the tinge of yellow which marks the usual elk head and neck, and which in fact was seen on the two other heads from the same locality. On the whole, this head gave one the impression of being quite unusual.

GEORGE BIRD GRINNELL.

Domesticating Wildfowl.

BY FRED MATHER.

THE term "wildfowl" is restricted by sportsmen to web-footed water fowl, and is never applied to any other bird or birds, not even to the waders, and in this sense only will the term be used here.

When man domesticated the mallard and the muscovy duck of tropical America he stopped because he had breeds which gave him all the meat he could expect from ducks. He then began to encourage "sports," as odd specimens are termed, and produced the white ducks, some with top-knots and the dwarf "call ducks." He tamed the black duck occasionally, but as it was no improvement on the mallard, he seldom bred it in a pure state. Within the last quarter of a century he has bred the so-called "Cayuga black duck," which he falsely claims are an improved black duck bred from wild stock caught on Cayuga Lake, N. Y. These "Cayuga" ducks are fine large birds, but will not become popular with market breeders because of black pinfeathers, which disfigure them when dressed. But, these alleged descendants from wild black ducks show mallard blood in the greenish heads of the drakes; and that inevitable badge of mallard blood, two curly feathers near the tail. The black drake has no green in its head and no other drake but the mallard has those curled feathers.

With these birds the maximum of duck meat was attained and all other experiments have been made by men who either loved to have beautiful, if not profitable, birds about him, or by some sportsman who loved the companionship of the fowl which he seldom saw alive at close quarters. Perhaps it was a little of both sentiments which induced me to spend time and money to try to domesticate such of our wildfowl as could be obtained, with no questions asked about the game laws of the States they came from nor how the specimens were procured. I wanted the fowl for a good and righteous purpose, and "the end justified the means."

Geese.

Greene Smith, long since dead, had the greatest collection of mounted birds in any private collection in America. I don't know where it is now, but it was offered to the Smithsonian Institution as a gift, on condition of its being kept together and known as the "Greene Smith Collection." It was declined because the authorities had no idea of its extent, but when they learned what this man had accumulated at an enormous expense, they reconsidered the decision; but too late, the collection went elsewhere.

I was fishing with Smith one day when my wildfowl were mentioned, and he told me that he was closing out his live stock, giving it away, and if I would accept his geese he would be glad to give me them. He sent me ten Canada geese, six snow geese, nine white-fronted geese, four blue geese and three black brant. Here was a wealth of geese, which was beyond my dreams of avarice. In my poor way it would have taken years to get these birds, not to speak of dollars.

Be it known to all men that the common names of these geese, as used above, are unknown to many gunners who shoot these birds, especially west of the Mississippi River. There they know but one "goose," the Canada "honker," all other geese they call "brant." For instance, the snow goose is "white brant"; the white-fronted goose, with the white strip across its forehead, is "speckle belly," or "speckled brant," from its variegated breast; the blue goose is "blue brant," while the only bird called "brant" by gunners on the Atlantic coast is the "black brant" of the West. So much for names.

A Digression.

In place of a foot-note, which is an abominable thing, both to writer and reader, I wish to ask for information about Greene Smith. If enough of this can be had, with photograph, he will go in with "Men I Have Fished With," for while I only knew him slightly and fished with him one day only, years ago, I know little of him except that he was a son of Gerritt Smith, the famous Abolitionist, who did not approve his son's sportsman's tastes. We had a pile of fun on a fishing trip, but the fact that I only knew the man slightly was the reason for not including him in the list. He is dead; his cousin, Charley Baccus, the minstrel, is dead, and all the Fitzhughs of Michigan and Virginia, who were cousins, are dead, so far as I know, but some living men can tell me something of the man; just enough to show who and what his great work was, and leave the fishing story to me. As a raconteur, he could discount Baccus, and was up to the standard of Amos Cummings, Polk Miller and the late "Billy" Florence.

Domesticated Geese.

The origin of our common tame white and gray geese is involved in obscurity, there is no known wild species which resembles them enough to be assigned as the progenitor of our domestic bird.

If guessing were allowable, I would guess that the white-fronted goose or "speckle belly," *Anser albifrons*, was the parent bird, basing the guess on shape, carriage, habits and voice, as I have observed the bird in confinement. The change in plumage is what has come to all domesticated birds, there are even white turkeys and guinea fowls, as short a time as they have been tamed. Then there are the great China and Poland geese, with knobs on their bills, yet no more strange than top-knots on ducks.

The Canada goose is not the parent of our tame bird,

for the "honker" is nearer to the swans than the geese, and while it will cross with our tame goose, the product is a mule. Large numbers of these mongrel geese are bred for market, making fine large tender birds. The Canada goose has been domesticated, and by this is meant unrestricted freedom without wing clipping or a desire to migrate.

The brant, "black brant" of the West, has not been domesticated. It has been held in captivity with a range of grass and water for ten years, and has not laid an egg in our latitudes. This is the goose that the arctic explorers always saw going north, and on which the theory of an open polar sea was based. Up to some twenty years or so ago it was said that no man had ever been far enough north to find the nest of this bird, but I have an impression that a few have been found in late years.

The blue goose was once thought to be the young of the snow goose in immature plumage, but is now known to be distinct. These birds become "blue brant" and "white brant" in the West, where, as has been said, there is only one "goose." Neither of these birds have been bred in captivity, as far as I know, and I had them in my grounds at Honeoye Falls, N. Y., for three years, and gave them to the Philadelphia Zoo and to Central Park in 1875, where they may be yet. Mr. T. Treadwell, East Williston, N. Y., has had them for ten years without getting an egg from one.

The Egyptian goose is a small bird, the shapeliest of all geese, and is most beautifully parti-colored; it is to the geese what the wood duck is among ducks. It is seen at our poultry shows as a curiosity, but is not common in America; it is said to have been bred in England.

The Ducks.

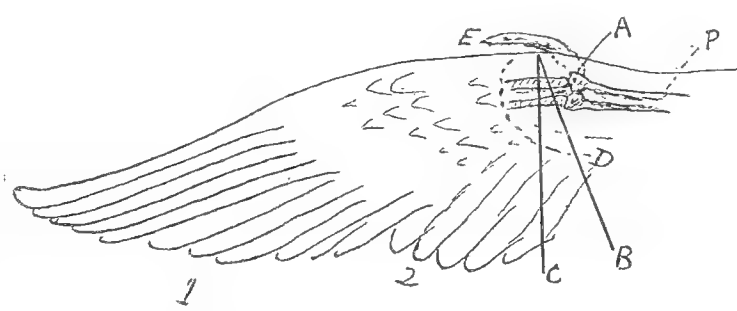
Leaving out the three sheldrakes, Jordan records thirty species of ducks, "in the district north and east of the Ozark Mountains, south of the Laurentian Hills, north of the southern boundary of Virginia, and east of the Missouri River, inclusive of marine species." This from his "Manual of Vertebrates."

Discarding all the "old squaws," "sea coots," whistlers and other birds, which cannot be confined to a diet of grain, vegetable and such animal food as our tame ducks get, there are ten American ducks well worthy of domestication and of keeping pure, by one who loves to have such things about him. Few know how beautiful a living wood duck or teal is, or how one gets to love them and have them about. What if a green-winged teal, the smallest of all ducks, is no larger than a pigeon; the question is not one of meat as it was with primitive man when he domesticated the mallard. I have spent more dollars than I could well afford on this fancy, and if wealthy would prefer it as a "fad" to any other. A few surplus birds were sold, but not enough to pay for many wild birds which came dead, when the only thing being left was the express charges. Then there was food, loss by minks and other vermin; but I never faltered. When I was forced from my home in the country by a contemptible politician, who did not know that a canvassack in evening dress was a bit better than a clam chowder in shirt sleeves, my pets had to find other quarters. All my work in this line was broken up, and it is well worth while for some man to take it up and carry it on. The fact is that I did it *con amore*; but really could not afford to carry out the work as it should be done; see my remarks on canvassack ducks below.

Pinioning Wild Birds.

When you get a wild bird never clip a wing, unless as a preliminary to pinioning shortly after. When you cut the stiff quills of the primaries, they will split in time and become like "hang nails" on a human hand; they split up into the flesh and become sore, and do not shed, sometimes causing blood poisoning. If they shed and new feathers grow, the bird must be caught and clipped twice a year, with a chance of its escape.

A bird once pinioned needs no more attention and is prevented from flying while it lives. Only one wing must be pinioned so that an attempt to fly turns it over on the ground. Lay the bird on its back, wrap a towel about one



wing and the body, leaving the other free. Have your assistant, who holds the bird, press his thumb on the main artery where he feels the pulse, at the point marked P in the illustration. Pluck the fine feathers between the joint A and the line C, and also four of the secondary feathers whose quills come in the line of the proposed cut, B. Never unjoint the wing at A; it leaves a large knuckle which will continually get bruised and sore. No surgeon would amputate a leg or an arm at a joint.

Having bared the part of feathers, make a cut on the line B, from close to the junction of the little thumb E, to the wing. If you cut on the line C, there will be several secondary feathers left, and birds so pinioned can often fly over a fence and for some distance. There is merely a skin over the two bones on the line B, and but a trifling cut need be made. Then with a stout knife cut the bones, taking care not to cut the skin back of them. Turn up the ends of the bones; skin back to the dotted line D, thus leaving a flap to turn over the amputation. Stitch this flap over the wound with three or four stitches of sewing silk, no cotton; bend down the little thumb with the silk so that the scar will always be protected, and let the bird go.

Properly performed there should be no loss of blood, to speak of, and the wound will heal in three days. I once pinioned twelve ducks inside an hour, and if they had been handed me without delay, I could have easily made the number fifteen. Care must be taken that no bone pro-

trudes or the wound will never heal. I have brought pinioned birds with protruding bones, where some thoughtless fellow had merely chopped the wing off with a hatchet. Such birds are always poor and will never breed. Of course, I amputated the wing above the joint A, and made a clean job and a healthy bird.

With young birds, at six or eight weeks old, or as soon as the pinfeathers start, all that is necessary is a pair of sharp scissors to clip the line B, leaving the thumb.

Ankylosis.

Now I am not a surgeon, if what is written here has a flavor of the scalped; but by the way, I own a set of dissecting instruments, picked up in a Bowery pawn shop for a trifle many years ago, when I began to study the anatomy of fishes, and found that some knowledge of all vertebrates was needed. Then, to work out those pharyngeal teeth which cyprinoid fishes carry in their throats, and by which the scientific differs separate them from others which are outwardly like them, I had to learn to use a watchmaker's glass and hold it in one eye, while with a toothbrush in one hand and a bone in the other, a few faint teeth were brought to light before the double-jointed name of a 3in. fish could be recorded. That's ichthyology; but that eye glass is used constantly on slivers and other things; couldn't keep house without one.

If the boys on the back seats don't know what ankylosis may be, let some body tell them that it is merely a Greek term used in pathology for a stiff joint. Our joints must be used or they protest, as we see when we have been "cramped up" in a car or coach all day. Keep an elbow or knee in a fixed position for three months, more or less, and it is no longer a joint, the disease known as ankylosis has set in, and there you are.

When a bird is pinioned, the mutilation is plainly shown when it stretches its wings for exercise of its joints, but when the wings are closed, only a careful observer would note that the primaries of only one wing reached above the back. I would not now pinion a bird larger than a mallard; because the bones are large, the birds are heavy, and there is a better way to do it, so that when at rest, the birds are perfect, and only when they stretch their wings is there any evidence that they are not symmetrical.

This plan is best for geese, pelicans, sandhill cranes, swans and other large birds. The tools are fine soft copper wire and an awl of proper size.

Have an attendant, or two to hold the bird, which must be blindfolded. Draw the wing back at the joint marked A in the cut; drill holes in several of the primaries and secondaries, marked 1 and 2; put the wires through in several places so as to keep that joint from moving; fasten the wires and the job is done.

The joint will become ankylosed before the next moult, the feathers will be shed, but that wing can never be extended for flight, yet the bird is perfect. We occasionally meet men with stiffened joints, caused by improper treatment, but there is no suffering after the first few days of so confining a joint, nature cares for that, and while this treatment is best for large birds, I am not sure but it would be best for smaller ones.

The Teals.

Of the cinnamon teal I know nothing, but have owned and bred both the blue-wing and the green-wing. If there is a wild duck that inherits less fear of man than these two teal I don't know it. Of the two perhaps the slightly larger blue-wing is quickest to make friends with man, but here is a story of the green-wing.

At the New York fish hatching station at Cold Spring Harbor, Long Island, I had a fair collection of my pets. There was a long, no-account pond made by throwing up a highway, and in this the tide rose and fell. A picket fence on one side and poultry netting on the other, held a few ducks, some green-wing teal among them. Every day, and several times a day, I took them water cress, duck weed, lettuce, cabbage, or other delicacies, in addition to their grain and animal food, and always talked to the birds as they fed. Talking is a most important thing in the domestication of wildfowl, as it is in the training of domestic animals. The talk was always the same: "Hello, little birds; I never did see such pretty little birds; come up here now and get some good things." There was no thought that the words would be understood, but there was finally a distinct connection between them and the feeding that when the corduroy working coat was left off and a morning trip to the city in frock coat and "nail-keg" hat was in order, the flock would follow me when I was outside the picket fence if I saluted them with: "Hello, little birds," etc.

May came, and the flock was short one female green-wing. With an anathema on all minks and weasels, there was work to be done in the hatchery, and the little teal was forgotten until one morning she appeared on the pond with four fluffy little balls of down, about as big as a piece of soap after a hard day's washing. They could swim well, and had implicit confidence in their mother, who evidently thought them young teal, but they could have taken refuge in a .10 bore gun with room to spare. I called the men from the hatchery, and we netted the family out. Mr. Teal was off conviving with friends, and paid no attention to the raid on his family; but, Mrs. Teal, when captured, looked up at me and remarked: "Quack, quack," and was answered in the same language. This was satisfactory, and when she was put in a special pool with her young, she seemed to realize that man was not only her friend, but the friend of all that she held most dear, and would, mother-like, give her life for.

As the blue-wing teal is the easiest to approach of all wild ducks, so their young are naturally tame. I would much like a chance to try the effect of keeping the young of both these teal without pinioning, as has been done with mallards.

Wood Ducks.

I have bred more of these beauties than any other duck. When I began the work they were the only wild duck that I could get in quantity. They were netted in great numbers in Michigan for market, and as I would pay several times the market price, I bought large numbers, and helped stock zoological gardens in Europe. In the late 60s and early 70s not one bird in ten would lay eggs for me, but I raised a few. Then when I left Honeoye Falls,

N. Y., in 1876, the flock had to be disposed of. From that time until 1883 I had no country home, where my pet fancy could be resumed. Then these birds were scarce, the once prolific Michigan lakes where Northern-bred birds stopped to feed on their way South in early fall no longer paid the netters, but I got a few.

Let some one should rise and accuse me of aiding and abetting the netters, and so being responsible for the diminished number of wood ducks, let me say: The game laws of Michigan and Iowa, where I got some birds later, were not then so strict or as well enforced as now. The netters would have netted the ducks for market just the same, getting 50 cents a pair for the birds; and my standing offer of three times that figure more than paid them to keep them alive, box and deliver them to the express. Then, my aim was a grand one; to try to domesticate this beautiful bird, and as before said, the end justified the means. If I needed birds for this purpose now I would not hesitate to employ men to get me a dozen pairs and ask no questions, but it is not necessary to do this if one wants wood ducks, for many men are breeding, but not domesticating them.

I doubt if this bird can ever be domesticated. I learned how to breed them with certainty, but after being bred for ten generations in confinement, they would escape, if possible, and never return. They distrust man after he once catches them to pinion them, when a few weeks old. They have been so tame as to run to meet me with a dish of bread and milk, or other food, and climb into it and feed greedily until once taken in hand. Then they became suspicious. No bird likes to be taken in hand. The stiff quills must hurt when pressed into the flesh. Pigeon men handle their birds by a grip on the wings close to the body, ducks should be so handled. Domestic hens may be handled by the legs. The man who takes a duck by the legs will have a crippled bird that must be killed, for their legs are weak and all attempts to heal a broken leg by splints or plaster bandages, by me, have been failures, but then it is recorded that I am not a surgeon.

On a later trial of breeding these birds, there was a train of thought something like this: In nature every female breeds; with me it has been only one in ten, the climate is right, for they breed here; the trouble must be in the food. In western New York I have fed corn, wheat, rye and oats, with such vegetation as lettuce, purslane, "pusley," young cabbage, water cress and duck weed, all of which they were very fond, yet they laid their eggs sparingly. Evidently something was lacking, and then the fact that they had been seen to pick insects from overhanging leaves, eat frog spawn and gobble up pollywogs and snails as well as small frogs, suggested that what was needed to round out their natural diet was animal food. When the new ration was issued in the next February, there was rejoicing in April and May, when every pair of wood ducks began nesting.

The Hollow Tree Nesters.

All the wildfowl of my acquaintance nest on the ground, with the following exceptions; some "tree ducks" of Central and South America, wood ducks, Chinese Mandarins and the pretty little "hooded merganser," also called "little saw bill." If the other mergansers, or "Sheldrakes," nest in trees, I do not know, but suspect them of it.

The ducks which nest on the ground may be left to their own devices, if you give them a chance for seclusion, but for those which nest in hollow trees, we must provide natural conditions. Take a box 12 in. high by 7 in. square inside, tight on all sides, but with a round 4-in. hole in the middle of one side, set it on a post, 2 ft. above ground with a slanting board leading to the hole, in which fine straw and leaves are placed, and the bird will do the rest. The male wood duck and Mandarin will stand guard at the entrance for a while, but tires of it before the four weeks are up, and abandons the job. Some males injure the young, and it is best to remove the drakes before hatching. I have had two broods in a season by removing the first nesting eggs, but otherwise one brood is the rule. The male moults in June, and will not take any part in a second brood; he then resembles the female, and does not get his bright plumage again until August. Young drakes show red on the bill at two months old.

Hens are useless for hatching the small tender ducks, and the little woodie is very tender. The young ducks come to her for shelter, and she kicks them to death by scratching for them. I have lost several broods in this way. Then I got the "call ducks," those dwarf, or bantam, mallards bred in Holland for calling wildfowl; cute little ducks, the female being persistently noisy; separated from her mate, but the "calls" were not broody when I wanted them to be, or I did not have enough of them.

The first year a wood duck has four to six eggs, next year eight to twelve. The greatest number that I ever got from one was seventeen.

How a Young Wood Duck Leaves the Nest.

Some writers claim that the mother takes them in her bill and others say that she carries them on her back. I had a string of pens back of my house; a pair in each, for they are better to be separated, and usually I found the mother and her brood on the water in the morning; but, on two occasions I saw them leave the nest. The mother went first to the pool and called; she had brooded them for twenty-four hours, or more, and they were strong. Then one after another the little things climbed out of the box and tumbled to the ground, or to the water.

They had to climb 4 to 6 in. of plain board, but they did it. I have seen them climb a roin. base board and go through rin. poultry netting when alarmed. They weigh nothing worth mentioning, and they have claws as sharp as cambric needles. They have pricked my hands until they bled when pinioning them at eight weeks old. I can easily believe that they can climb up a hollow tree and drop 20 ft. into the grass without injury. What need of such sharp claws and climbing ability if not for leaving the nest?

I once had a wood duck that climbed 3 ft. of poultry netting by aid of wings, and then sat on the selvage wires, which were less than 1/4 in. in diameter, and this shows how small a thing their feet can grasp. She went out-

side, into a swamp every day, and tried to coax her mate out, but he wouldn't, or couldn't, and she gave it up and nested in the box provided for her. Usually there was a jin. strip on top to prevent this.

I have spoken of the Mandarin duck. It is a Chinese bird that in everything but color is a wood duck. The prevailing hue with them is old gold. The male has two "fans" on its wings, broad-webbed single feathers, which it can erect, swan fashion. Tastes differ in comparing the Mandarin with our native bird; the colors are not so bright, but there is the softness of hue which we admire in oriental rugs.

Other Ducks.

The redhead is bred in Europe, where it is known as "pochard," but the canvasback they have not. I had many inquiries for this bird from over the water, and went to Havre de Grace, Md., to try to get cripples or netted birds, but got only promises. The gunners there get \$3, and over, a pair for them, and I offered \$15, and would take ten pairs, but got none.

The widgeon, both American and European, I have had, but never bred from them; the minks would not permit it. The pintail I bred once, but lost the brood.

If I ever try to breed our beautiful wildfowl again the pools will be made mink proof by a brick or stone foundation 2 ft. under ground, and 1 ft. above it. The fence on this, with inviting openings for a mink to enter and remain in a trap until he has an interview with me.

There are a few fanciers of wildfowl in America, and the taste for it is growing; in England, France and Germany, there are hundreds of men who breed wildfowl, and it is a most attractive "fad," for want of a better name, and a man must have a fad of some kind, or he will become a lonesome, miserable money grubber. What better sport than feeding your flock of beautiful wildfowl, which most men only think of in connection with the pot? I have bred pheasants, golden, silver, Lady Amherst and others, but they never were as dear to me as the little mother teal, who looked up and said "quack, quack" when I placed her with those little things which she thought to be teal, just because she had laid the eggs and hatched them. To me they looked more like a bunch of catskins from the pussy willow than like anything which might develop into a duck. And yet, a beastly, hairy caterpillar is said to resemble a buckwheat pancake because it is the "grub" which makes the butterfly. We can't tell how the "ugly duckling" may turn out.

Range of Stone's Sheep.

NEW YORK, March 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I talked recently with a Stony Indian from the reservation of that people in western Alberta, and questioned him about the mountain sheep found in that region.

The Stonies are known all over the Northwest as being remarkable mountain climbers and hunters, and they subsist largely on the sheep and goats which they kill among the high peaks.

It occurred to me that Nessadero might know something about more than one sort of mountain sheep, and I questioned him closely on this point. He talks very fair English, and submitted gracefully to cross-examination. He told me that in his country there are two sorts of sheep, one small, dark in color, with slender horns, which are seldom broken; and another sort, larger, pale in color, with heavy thick horns that are often broken at the points. He went on to say that these small "black" sheep are all found north of Bow River, while on the south side of Bow River the big sheep only occur. The country referred to of course lies all on the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains.

Nessadero's verbal statements as to the characteristics of these two kinds of mountain sheep were confirmed by the signs which he made; for, like most Western Indians, he talks more or less with his hands. The shape and slenderness of the dark sheep's horns, as well as the shortness of its back, were explained by signs, while its color was indicated by touching the dark fur on his shirt. On the other hand, he showed that the horns of the big sheep were at the base nearly as thick as his leg above the knee, "eighteen, nineteen inches," that their backs were longer, and that the color of the hair was gray.

Subsequently I unfolded a map before him, and we went over the matter again, while he pointed out on the map the locality of the two kinds of sheep.

This information is of considerable interest as bearing on the question of the range of Stone's sheep.

In the Bulletin of the American Museum of Natural History (Vol. XII., p. 2, March 4, 1899), Dr. J. A. Allen prints an interesting note on this same subject, recently received from Mr. A. J. Stone, who writes:

"I traced the range of *Ovis stonoi* or black sheep throughout all the mountainous country of the headwaters of the Stickeen and south to the headwaters of the Nass, but could obtain no reliable information of their occurrence further south in this longitude. They are found throughout the Cassiar Mountains, which extend north to 61 degrees north latitude and west to 134 degrees west longitude; how much further west they may be found I have been unable to determine; nor could I ascertain whether their range extends from the Cassiar Mountains into the Rocky Mountains to the north of Francis and Liard rivers. But the best information obtained led me to believe that it does not. They are found in the Rocky Mountains to the south as far as the headwaters of the Nelson and Peace Rivers, in latitude 56 degrees. But I proved conclusively that in the main range of the Rocky Mountains very few of them are found north of the Liard River. Where this river sweeps south through the Rocky Mountains to Hells Gate, a few of these animals are found as far north as Beaver River, a tributary of the Liard. None, however, are found north of this, and I am thoroughly convinced that this is the only place where these animals may be found north of the Liard River.

"I find that in the Cassiar Mountains and in the Rocky Mountains they everywhere range well above timber line, as they do in the mountains of the Stickeen, the Cheon-nees and Etsezas.

"Directly to the north of the Beaver River, and north of the Liard River below the confluence of the Beaver, we first meet with *Ovis dalli*."

GEORGE BIRD GRINNELL.

McKinley.

The History of a Vermont Deer.

On June 8, 1897, Mr. James H. Hoadley, of South Woodstock, Vt., found a male fawn by the roadside in the town of Reading, too weak to stand, and apparently deserted by its mother. It was left for two hours to see if the mother would return and care for it. At the expiration of that time, Mr. Hoadley returned, found the helpless fawn and took it home. It then weighed 3 3/4 lbs. It was fed and cared for like a baby. It occupied a cot in the house, and Mrs. Hoadley fed it warm milk several times during the following nights and days, when the hope of saving its life was almost despaired of. When it had recovered strength, I was requested to name it, and at my suggestion it was christened McKinley. Its rescuer wrote: "The name of McKinley is in every sense appropriate, and as it thoroughly agrees with my political proclivities, McKinley it shall be." As it became strong enough to run about the house and yard, a wigwam was built in the yard and an enclosure around it to keep out dogs, rather than to confine the deer. The enclosure encompassed the back piazza of the house, and whenever McKinley wished to enter the house he would get up on the piazza and look into the kitchen window. If this did not attract sufficient attention, he would rattle the latch of the kitchen door. If that was not noticed, as his horns developed, he would rake the door with one of his horns. Nov. 21, 1898, Mr. Hoadley wrote: "Mac is still one of the family. He is in fine condition. His first and only antlers are a foot long, and there are three points on each." This rather explodes the theory that deer have only spike horns the first year.

During the stages when this animal was being nursed so carefully night and day, its rescuer wrote: "What was at first a work of charity has become a work of love." Since the accession of the horns, however, McKinley has not been a plaything for children, although he still has the run of the house. Yielding to an urgent request and hospitable invitation, I visited McKinley during the February blizzard. He was all that had been represented, three pointed horns and all. He entered the house and sitting room, showed no fear of the visitor, and, in fact, began to rummage in my pockets. A handful of fine cut smoking tobacco was the result of his search, and he immediately proceeded to eat it, as if it had been some sweetmeat. I had wondered how so large an animal could be allowed the run of a well-kept house (and surely I never visited a neater one), but discovered that the deer was house broken, and as clean as any dog or cat. There was not the slightest odor about his body, either. Inquiring about his food, I learned that he had an assortment of grain in his wigwam, as well as a good supply of hay. He prefers the diet of the rest of the family, however, and this is his menu, or a list of what he regards as delicacies: Apple, apricot and mince pies, cucumber, pickles, soap, crackers, cooked meat, fried pork rinds, lard and tobacco. He has oatmeal for breakfast nearly every morning. If not watched he will go to the pantry and steal lard, soap or any other food which may present itself. He will lie down on the rug in the sitting room and when asleep will snore to beat any human being on record.

I have just received a letter under date of March 4, which reads as follows: "Mac shed his right antler Sunday, Feb. 26. He was in the house at the time. Mrs. Hoadley was feeding him apples, when, much to the surprise of us all, it tumbled off on to the floor. He carried the left one until March 1, and we found it in his 'eating' house. There was not a drop of blood nor any visible pain—just a dry and dead bone that had got ripe and was ready to fall. He is meek and gentle, and seems to know that some of his weapons are gone, and he is much less on the offensive."

Here is a wild herbivorous animal, eating meat and all the luxuries of a good table, and thoroughly house broken. Who says we cannot domesticate the Philipinos?

St. JOHNSBURY, Vt., March 7.

JOHN W. TITCOMB.

A Hot Water Lake in Alaska.

FATHER TOSI, a Jesuit missionary among the native Alaskans on the upper Yukon, gives to the Catholic Columbian religious journal a description of a warm water lake, which lies not far from Dawson, as he says.

"It is sixty miles long and about fifteen miles in width. It has no evident communication with the ocean, yet when the ocean is at its high tide on the shores of Alaska, up goes the water of Lake Selawik, and when the tide of the ocean goes out down comes the height of the waters of the lake."

This statement, if scientifically verified, would be of the utmost importance to hydrography, as it would help to solve abstruse problems, regarding fish distribution and other natural phenomena, which could be intelligently accounted for were this underground communication with the ocean positively known to exist.

The reverend father goes on to say that, "notwithstanding this sympathy with ocean waters, the water of Lake Selawik is fresh at all times. The most remarkable feature of the lake is that it never freezes over in the coldest weather, and the colder the atmosphere in its neighborhood, the warmer its waters seem. For this reason Lake Selawik becomes a kind of Mecca in winter for all kinds of fish and water animals, which are found in the various rivers that pour into the lake during summer. The waters of the lakes swarm with fish, and the improvident goldseeker from the United States who has failed to strike that "pile" he anticipated, and who, owing to the fabulous prices of eatables in Alaska, in winter, would otherwise starve to death, has only to borrow a sled and a couple of dogs, and go over to Selawik, where, in a couple of hours he can kill with a boat hook more salmon than he can eat in a fortnight, for after the capture of the fish the excessively cold climate keeps them frozen until they are ready to be eaten. Lake Selawik will also relieve the miners from the disagreeable necessity which they contemplate at present of spending the whole winter without taking a bath. The water in winter is of just the right temperature to make bathing both wholesome and agreeable."

Two Bird Papers.

LAST year's report of the Farmer's Institute of Ontario contains a paper by Mr. Chas. W. Nash, of Toronto, on the Birds of Ontario in Relation to Agriculture. This is based in part on the author's own observations and in part on the investigations made by Dr. Fisher for the United States Department of Agriculture. Mr. Nash's conclusions correspond very well with those of the earlier paper, and he calls particular attention to the very great value to the farmer of the rough-legged hawk. While the owls are regarded by Mr. Nash as of very great use for their mice-destroying proclivities, he mentions a practice of the short-eared species of killing great numbers of small birds, apparently for the sport of it, which is not generally known. He says: "Near my home there is a large marsh, partially surrounded by meadows, which supports a rank growth of grass, rushes and reeds of various kinds. This place is much frequented in the autumn by sparrows and warblers migrating southward; in fact, at times the place fairly swarms with them. Suddenly, a number of short-eared owls will appear on the scene, and then numbers of small birds will be found lying about dead, some partly eaten and others with only the skull crushed and a few feathers plucked off. At these times I have shot many of the owls and have found the crops and stomachs to contain mice and small birds mixed. This will go on for a few days, or until the owls leave, and each morning the number of dead birds lying about will have increased. After the owls have gone, the destruction ceases, only to begin again when the next lot of owls arrive. Mr. Nash next considers the crows, blackbirds and orioles, the woodpeckers, nuthatches, titmice and so forth, the thrushes, sparrows and swallows. The conclusion of the whole matter is that it is worth while to protect our birds. Mr. Nash's paper is written in simple, popular style, and should do much good. It is illustrated by thirty-two figures of different species of birds.

The interest taken in birds by agriculturists is constantly on the increase, and is certainly most interesting, and a hopeful sign of the times. The paper just referred to shows one phase of this interest, while a preliminary list of the birds of Belknap and Merrimack counties, New Hampshire, with notes by Ned Dearborn, shows another. The paper in question was presented to the faculty of the New Hampshire College of Agriculture and Mechanic Art last summer as a thesis for the degree of M. S. This list represents nearly 200 species of birds, and while incomplete is authentic so far as it goes. It is not surprising that the list of marine birds is a brief one. The duck hawk is not rare in the region where Mr. Dearborn has carried on his observations. The occurrence of the summer tanager, reported on the authority of a Franklin observer, is surprising.

Further observations will, undoubtedly, considerably enlarge this list.

Jaguar Ways.

I WISH to say something about jaguars. I have lived here in Mexico for the past twenty-five years, and have always been a great hunter, and kept a pack of dogs.

Jaguars are very hard to hunt, as there is no telling just where to find them. The best way that I have found is to go down on the ocean beach and hunt them on moonlight nights, or with a jack lamp on dark nights. The jaguar comes to the beach, nearly every night, to hunt sea turtle, as they come out on the beach to lay their eggs. I have seen the tracks of three and four, where they had traveled up and down the beach in search of turtles. I have seen them out on the beach until 7 o'clock in the morning, but they generally get back into the forest before sunrise.

The jaguar is very different from the panther or mountain lion. He takes to water freely, will swim a lake or river without any trouble, and strange to say, an alligator does not seem to touch him. An old Indian hunter once told me a fable of the alligator and the jaguar, and how, through an agreement which they made, neither one will trouble the other. A jaguar nearly always kills calves and hogs; a mountain lion will always kill dogs and colts. The lion here very seldom troubles cattle, and they never come down on the beach after turtle. I have never known a lion to swim a lake or river. They both, however, will climb trees. They have from one to two cubs each. A jaguar here is much larger and heavier than the panther or mountain lion. The jaguar will nearly always come back after his kill, even after the bones; the panther very seldom comes back. More deer are killed by the panther, and I think they are much more agile; the jaguar kills more wild hogs; one always sees the tracks of a jaguar behind those of a band of hogs. The best way to shoot them, as I said, is on the beach, for going in the jungle with dogs is hard work, and one gets so full of insects that he is unable to sleep for a week after the trip; besides, the heat and the cutting to get through the forest are something beyond belief.

The best kind of dogs for this kind of hunting is a cross of fox terrier and hound; or cur dog of some large and fierce kind and hound.

Some other day I will give an account of how I killed the largest jaguar I ever saw in this country; I was after him for nearly two years before I got him. I always knew him by his large track. I used a .45-110 double-barrel express. I do not believe in small bore rifles for big game, and I have been hunting for over thirty years, and killed more game than most people. I like my .40-70 Winchester for deer, but nothing smaller. I think, however, better shooting can be done with a double-barrel rifle, and also quicker, than with the magazine rifles.

When I speak of panther and mountain lion, I also include the puma, which is the same animal.

MEXICO.

GUATEMALA.

Spring Arrivals.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., March 8.—Yesterday, during the storm, I saw nine bluebirds and about twenty robins; today I saw twenty blackbirds and the same number of robins. That looks more like spring, doesn't it?

T. H. G.

The Loon's Flight.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I notice in your issue of Feb. 25, in Mr. Sawyer's very interesting account of a vacation on a wayback farm, he says, in speaking of the loon: "He is so heavy for his wing size that he has hard work to get out of the water, and if he were in a very small pond with high trees all around, he would be obliged to stay there, as if he were in a trap."

I wish to inquire if that is generally accepted as a fact, for it is not in accord with my experience.

In 1872 I was one of a party of three landlookers locating pine lands, in northern Michigan. We discovered a small lake of a type common to some portions of the State; a rather large sinkhole, filled with water to within 25 or 30 ft. of the top. This lake, as I remember it, was about eight or ten rods wide, and perhaps forty rods long, with no shore nor shelving beach, the banks going right down at the same steep angle to an unknown depth. The lake was a dark blue, though the water was as clear as a crystal. It nested in the heart of a Michigan forest, surrounded by high trees, without a break in its banks to denote an inlet or outlet. It was an ideal place for a camp, and we pitched our tent on the banks and stayed as long as our work would permit, for there were more black bass to the square rod in that little lake than any water I ever found.

The first morning early I was out on the lake on a small raft, and had bass enough for the day, having just wound up my line, when over the treetops came a loon and dropped into the water within 20 ft. of me. He gave me one surprised inquiring glance, and down he went. I could see him in the clear water, as he went straight down until he was lost to sight in the deep blue of the depths. In a moment, as I stood watching where he disappeared, I saw him coming up; with incredible swiftness he shot into the air like an arrow, and I only had time to doff my hat and call a hasty good-by, as with a mocking laugh he disappeared over the treetops.

G. O. BIGNELL.

A Singular Rabbit.

CORNISH, Me., Feb. 21.—Mr. Win. C. Ayer, of this village, an ardent sportsman in general, and especially devoted to hunting rabbits, bagged a specimen of his favorite game yesterday, which differed materially from anything in the rabbit line ever seen about here.

In size it was about two-thirds that of the ordinary rabbit, its color, instead of white, a dark gray, mainly, with irregular lines of black showing on the back, the gray passing into a bright fox color (red) on the lower parts of the body and legs, with a spot of same on the back of the neck. The body was quite compact, the legs short, the ears comparatively small, but the head and face presented the most singular feature, the fore part of the skull being broad and flat, the chops full like those of a chipmunk, and the shape and expression of the face decidedly cat-like, in striking contrast to the stupid frontispiece of the common, every-day sort of rabbit.

"Some one's pet bunny gone astray," will doubtless be the verdict of many who read this, but no one seeing the animal would entertain that idea for an instant. Old hunters who have shot hundreds of rabbits declare they never saw anything like it before. What think you, readers of FOREST AND STREAM, is it a hybrid, a stray from some variety not common here, or, in fact, what is it? Can any of you name it from my imperfect description?

TEMPLAR.

[If Templar would send us the skin and the skull, identification might be made.]

Game Bag and Gun.

Anti-Hounding Laws.

LAWS forbidding the use of hounds for deer chasing are in force in Wyoming, Montana, Idaho, Oregon, Vermont, New Hampshire, Pennsylvania, South Dakota, Minnesota, North Dakota, Michigan, Maine, New York, Washington, Colorado, Utah, British Columbia, New Brunswick and Quebec.

The Adirondack Deer Law.

THERE are eleven Adirondack guides, all members of the Guides' Association, at the Garden. Some were sent to represent the Association, and others came of their own volition. The men are representative of Franklin and Hamilton counties, in the heart of the Adirondacks, and the sentiments they express conform very closely, as far as your correspondent has been able to ascertain, to the sentiments of hunters who live in most of the other sections of the Adirondacks. The Fulton chain hunters, however, and those living on the southern edge of the woods are probably an exception.

The names of the guides at the Garden are as follows: E. E. Sumner, Saranac (president of the Guides' Association); B. R. Moody, Saranac; H. S. Moody, Saranac; Fred Sheldon, Saranac; Warren Cole, Long Lake; Lucien Trim, Meacham Lake; J. Howard Slater, Saranac; Fred Colbath, Saranac; E. J. Chase, Newcomb; Florimund Chase, Newcomb, and A. N. Billings, Lake Placid.

Seven of these eleven men were seen and talked with, and all expressed themselves in favor of hounding. Of the other four, three are said with certainty to be in favor of a law permitting the use of dogs, and the other man was said to be on the fence.

These guides are thoroughly representative, and the fact that there is such a practical unanimity among them on the hounding question indicates the current of local sentiment throughout the entire region. They want the month of October for hounding. For years Adirondack hunters have asked no more than this, but their wishes have received little attention, and they have grown accustomed to having laws forced upon them which they did not want, but had to obey.

There are some apparent contradictions in the situation, which need explanation. Last year some of these

same men who now express themselves in favor of hounding voted an indorsement of the non-hounding law. These men are some of the most intelligent and far-sighted of the guides. They explain their position by saying that they believe it would be a good thing for the game of the Adirondacks if an effective prohibition could be put on the use of dogs. They argue that other States have benefited by such prohibition, and they are thoroughly acquainted with all the evils of a hounding system. On the other hand, they say the anti-hounding law is a kid glove law that is not enforced, and that it has turned out a boomerang, as far as game protection is concerned. It works hardships on honest men, and, like the excise laws under some political regime, gives dishonest men unusual advantages.

It is a matter of common knowledge that under the law hounding has been carried on in every section of the Adirondacks. This journal has printed something about the laxness of protectors in the eastern Adirondacks.

Touching on the same subject, as regards the western side, Mr. Colbath states, "They have hounded right along, and there was more hounding last year than ever before. You couldn't go through the lakes anywhere in the season but what you'd hear dogs hounding. Of course any man knows that spoils all still-hunting."

Mr. Sheldon said: "There have been hounds running all summer, and more deer killed under the anti-hounding law than any law we ever had. I come right out and say if the law can be enforced I believe in it; but I don't want any more of this farce we have been having."

It is only the minority of these guides, however, who believe that the prohibition of hounding if effectual would be beneficial. Most of the men present come out flat-footed for hounding, and nothing but hounding, and say that for a number of years past, with hounding permitted, deer have been on the increase all through the Adirondacks. Major Fox's forestry reports indicate this. The great hubbub against hounding was the spasmodic outbreak of a number of men, most of whom never killed a deer, and none of whom lived in the country for which the legislation was originated. Theoretically, it is a good law, but it isn't always wise to force a good thing on people who have no use for it, simply because it is a good thing. Theoretically, religion is good for the savages, but when the Spaniards undertook to inculcate it with blunderbusses and swords they made a mistake.

The reason that the anti-hounding law has not been enforced in the Adirondacks is that it wasn't wanted, and that it is an infringement of the principles of home government. The men who fostered the law tried to make it appear that the law was acceptable to the native sportsman, and for a while they exerted a strong influence on the guides, with the result that to the casual reader of the sportsman's press the law was apparently regarded with favor in the region which it affected.

They could not, however, reach the majority of the hunting population, and many of these men disregarded the law, and as no one liked the law, they were not punished.

It looks very much as if the anti-hounders have been going ahead too fast. Their wisest course apparently would be to open a campaign of enlightenment throughout the hunting country, and try and win over the hounders to their side. That is the only way to bring about effective legislation in this country. It is not the part of wisdom to misrepresent facts and bolster up an unpopular law by allegations that it is what the persons most interested wish.

There seems to be a growing sentiment through the Adirondacks in favor of putting the deer hunting on a new basis, from that which has ruled for many years, but till this becomes the majority sentiment the sponsors of the anti-hounding law are committing an injustice in forcing it on the people, and may expect to see it largely a dead letter.

B.

At the Sportsmen's Show.

Nesodaro's Bear Story.

Nesodaro, the Stony Indian, entertained some visitors with the following bear story:

"Me hunt grizzly in deep snow on the mountain," he began. "Me and twin brother, name Joshua. Me got big cartridge forty-four caliber; Joshua, short forty-four caliber. Joshua like go hunt marten; got four little traps. No like hunt bear."

"Me see track; grizzly come down mountain, so," and Nesodaro walked his clenched hands pintoed fashion across the top of the desk that occupied the center of the tepee.

"Me see track. Grizzly stand up this way, all same man. Broke tree down on snow. Went up same as man, caught tree in mouth. All cut 'em!" Nesodaro snapped his jaw to on the last words, and threw into his expression something of the savage ferocity of the beast.

"Joshua he say, 'I think grizzly pretty bad?' I say, 'Ah t'ink so, too.'"

"Joshua say, 'My gun no good.' Go more; small trees bent down; all cut 'em. Joshua say, 'Look out!' Very bad bear; me no like hunt bear; me go hunt marten. You like hunt bear, all time; you go."

But Nesodaro had no intention of letting Joshua back out. To assure the wavering hunter he said:

"My rifle pretty good; bullet go quick!" and he slapped the open palm of his left hand a resounding blow with his right clenched fist. Then Nesodaro told how the bear turned up a dry creek and climbed up to a grove of timber and began searching for a place to make a den.

"Not too far; bear make hole in snow. In ground find 'em big stone. No make hole; no take 'em 'nother place hunt; no take 'em. Hunt, hunt. Oh! lots of times no take 'em."

"Little coulee come down. Bear make hole now—way down. Three big tree fall 'cross. Branch reach down to ground. Bear go under. Last night take grass into hole; little hay."

"I say, 'What do now?' Which side shoot?"

Nesodaro took a pencil and drew the three big fallen

trees propped up a few feet above the ground, with their drooping branches shielding the entrance to the den. Then he stood up, threw his body back and extended an imaginary gun at ready with his finger on the trigger.

"Me stand here," he said, placing himself directly in front of the opening under the desk, which he characterized as "all same as hole." "Joshua stand there," and he waved his hand in the direction of the swimming pool roys. away.

"Me go up to hole four time. No see bear. Go close. Now bear come out." Nesodaro emitted a snappy growl to indicate that the bear wasn't in any better humor than had been when he showed his surly temper by breaking down the trees.

"Me jump back. I t'ink six feet. Bear catch pants. cut 'em my pants." The Indian's face grew tense. He pointed his imaginary gun toward the floor in front and pulled an imaginary trigger. "No good; no shoot." He made the motion of cocking the rifle and pulling the trigger again. "No shoot." Apparently bear and man were standing face to face, separated by only the shortest interval of space.

"Joshua take gun." Nesodaro made a slow, clumsy motion, as if cocking the rifle, to show the other Indian's backwardness in the fight.

"Pretty soon Joshua shoot. No good shot. No shoot a bone." Nesodaro put his finger to the side of the neck to show the spot where the bullet hit. Then he growled again, and announced that the grizzly retreated. Nesodaro had at last succeeded in getting his rifle in working order, and as the bear turned tail, he shot at it four times in quick succession. The bullets hit the bear in the back and came out its shoulders on each side of the neck, but did not seriously injure it. Nesodaro called himself "bad man" for not placing his bullets to better advantage.

"I want to shoot you, bear," he said. "I want kill you to-day, I say."

The bear back-tracked toward the spot where the Indians had tied their ponies in the timber, and Joshua said:

"I t'ink horses catch 'em."

The bear did not, however, attempt to molest the ponies, and when the Indians came to the place where they were tied, they mounted and continued the chase on horseback. As for the grizzly, it never swerved from its course, and Nesodaro realized that it was going directly toward his camp. He knew that his wife was in the immediate neighborhood setting marten traps, and it became his turn to be alarmed.

"Oh, I t'ink my squaw catch 'em," was Nesodaro's way of expressing his fear lest the bear should kill the woman.

But the impending tragedy betokened by the serious expression of the Indian's face passed quickly into farce.

"Three marten traps finish my squaw. Go more; now, away up mountain."

"E-e-e-e-e!" Nesodaro was imitating the shriek of his terrified spouse. "Bear no see squaw; my squaw see bear." He grinned. No one need say an Indian hasn't a sense of humor.

"Down mountain come bear. Down mountain come squaw. My squaw's tongue come out, I t'ink, six inches." Nesodaro bent his head to one side and let his tongue loll out, at the same time making a noise in imitation of labored breathing.

"Squaw scared now."

"Go back home to tepee!" I say. "Go back home, quick!"

"Little coulee, squaw jump up; my squaw jump fast. She say, 'Yes, I see pretty big bear, pretty close.'"

"Pretty" was the Indian's strongest word to qualify size and nearness. The woman's expression interpreted means that she saw a regular mastodon of a bear right on top of her. The lady had reason to be alarmed, and allowance should be made for the tongue. It was a nerve-shattering incident, and Mrs. Nesodaro hadn't been educated up to the point of going into hysterics.

"Oh, ho!" I say. "Bring my dog; ask him br-r-r."

Nesodaro made a sound which no doubt was the Indian equivalent for "sick 'em." "My dog name Dick. I say, 'Come on, Dick; come on, Dick; come, Dick. Go now, hunt bear.' Pretty soon, 'Wah! wah! wah!' Catch 'em dog back leg."

The dog caught up with the bear and was worrying it. The hunters followed on their horses by a rather circuitous route, as the bear had taken a path through a very thick place. Presently Nesodaro sighted the grizzly laboring through the deep snow, bleeding freely and panting "haw, haw, haw."

He shot three times and only succeeded in breaking one of its forelegs. Joshua came up and shot once, but "bear no dead." The poor grizzly made a final rally, and standing on its hindlegs faced the hunters. Nesodaro ran in close and shot it in the head, and down it came, done for at last.

It was an all-day hunt, and the men were so fatigued by their exertions that they barely had strength to regain their horses and make their way back to camp.

Nesodaro Acts the Knight for a Lady in Distress.

On one occasion, when Nesodaro was in the eastern part of British Columbia on a hunting trip, he ran across "Shuswap Indian horse, got no man." There was an Indian woman with the horse, however, and this woman, with the guile of her sex, told Nesodaro that all Stonies were good hunters and he among them, and that she wanted a proof of his skill. She was "pretty hungry," she said, and she intimated that it would be an easy matter for such an accomplished gentleman to take her horse and go off and get her some meat.

So Nesodaro, feeling as if the whole world was contained under his old felt hat, mounted the horse, and accompanied by a dog named Jack, which had been given to him at Banff Hot Springs, set out in search of game.

"Pretty soon me see grizzly. Me go quick now. My dog smell 'em bear now. I say, 'Go, Jack; quick, now.' The dog turned the bear and it charged the hunter. He stood his ground, expecting to get a head shot; but the bear kept its mouth open wide and he could see no sure place at which to aim. Finally he fired at the neck, but the shot did not stop the animal, and again Nesodaro's "pants" were in danger.

The dog came to his rescue, however, and turned the bear, giving the Indian a chance to put a ball through its shoulders, which ended its career. After skinning it Nesodaro packed a quarter and the hide on the horse, and then mounting himself on top of the load made down the mountain to where the Shuswap woman was waiting. He gave her half the meat and seemed to think she was very well satisfied with the bargain.

Snaring Bears.

"We catch bears up in our country in three ways," said Willie Paulson, the moose hunter from the Temagami region on the upper Ottawa. "Sometimes we use steel traps, sometimes dead falls, and sometimes snares. For making snares we take along with us a kind of hemp line imported by the Hudson Bay Company. This line has twelve strands, but it is a very small line, no thicker than that," and Paulson reached out and caught between his fingers an insulated electric wire, connected with an incandescent lamp, which was suspended from the roof of the make-believe tepee put up for the entertainment of the grown-up children in the Madison Square Garden. "We select a good place on a bear road for setting the snare, where a good stout sapling for a spring pole happens to be growing with a fair sized tree nearby, and then we cut two poles 8ft. long or so and sharpen each at one end. We drive these poles into the ground side by side and on a slant so that their upper ends will come one on each side the large tree at a place 3 or 4ft. above the ground. Then we lash them firmly to the tree, so that they will stand the yank of the spring pole, and also the struggles of the bear after he is caught.

"Then we trim the spring pole for 20ft. or more and lop off the head, leaving a crotch. We get other poles over this crotch and bend the spring pole down till the end just touches our slanting poles, which were lashed to the tree, and then we tie our snare to the spring pole and also to a short piece of wood, which we lodge crossways under the slanting poles, and that holds the spring pole down. A slip noose is made of the rest of the line and hung under the slanting poles, fastened to little sticks to keep it in shape, and then we take fir boughs and lay them against the snare so the bear won't see the line.

"The snare catches the bear around the neck, and when he struggles to get away it releases the short cross piece of wood and the spring pole flies up and draws the bear's neck against the slanting poles. That shuts off Mr. Bear's wind and he soon chokes himself to death."

Moose and Caribou.

"I've done a lot of hunting since I was able to hunt," says Paulson. "I began as a little boy, going off on a hunting trip with a man by the name of Jimmy Ellis. We spent the winter making dead falls for marten and fisher, and running moose on the crust, after the snow got deep enough. I followed a moose one time all alone, and the first thing I knew he got tired of being chased and made up his mind to chase me instead. I looked up and there he was a-coming, making the snow fly and looking ugly. Moose 'aint pretty no time, and when they're mad they look like the devil.

"I stood my ground and never stirred, and when the moose got up to 20ft., I shot him square in the forehead, and he dropped in his tracks. I had a rifle. Some Indians who use smooth bore shotguns and bullets, say the ball won't go through a moose's head. I don't know about that; I know a rifle ball will.

"It used to be that long ago the further north you went the more caribou you'd strike. It is not so now. I had a friend who went there last winter who said there were not many caribou. Where I live there are a great many. I used to see them come out on the lake every day to eat slush. This was Barrier Lake, up toward Abitibi. All through the winter the ice cracks and water comes up through and melts the snow. Caribou like to eat that, and that is the reason they come on the lakes."

A Bear Murderer and Canibal.

"Jimmy Ellis was following the track of a bear one fall when he seen where it killed and ate another bear. It was a big lean bear, and it found where a little fat bear had denned up, and it pulled the little fat one out of its hole and ate it.

"The big bear commenced to eat the other bear along the breast bone, and he ate him all up, just like a bear turns over a porcupine and eats him out of his skin.

"Jimmy Ellis' chum was with him, and he said 'I'm going to take this skin and stretch it,' and the lad took it home and got \$10 for it.

"They followed the big bear up for a whole day, but they couldn't catch him. They runned him with dogs, and camped out at night, but he traveled faster than they could. They only had their dinners with them, and they were pretty hungry when they got home."

Bear Character and Habits.

"Young bears come out in the spring sooner than the old ones. They're not so used to starving as the old ones, and they ain't got so much sense. You see the old bear knows a good deal; his tracks will be seen in the snow.

"The bears come out pretty fat, but they get poor in about a month. There ain't much feed for them in the spring, as early as April. They eat bark off the trees before the leaves come out. Don't know the kind of trees you call them; they grow along the shore. I think it a kind of willow. Then they eat these ants on the trees, and a kind of grass that looks like the Scotch thistle, only it has no thorns. That comes up through the snow and keeps green all winter. They eat it, right down to the roots. Some bears that are hungry come out all through the winter to look for something to eat.

"Jimmy MacDonald saw a bear catch a young moose. He saw the bear sitting on a side hill, lying beside the trail for the moose. Pretty soon the moose come along and the bear jumped and caught him by the top of the neck, and dragged to pull him over. The moose just kicked once, no more, and he broke the bear's back, and that bear didn't try to catch any more moose.

"Bears bite trees all through the summer. I think they do that to see who is the tallest one. Only he bears bite trees. They bite them along their roads, and the one that makes the tallest mark bosses the road. After

you kill the big one you don't see another he bear for a long time on that road. She bears pass any time."

Opinions of a Courier des Bois.

Alfred, or Fred, Lavoie is a short thick-set little Frenchman, with a swarthy complexion, black hair and eyes, and a chronic good humor. I asked him if he ever knew of one bear eating another, and he replied:

"Oh, Lord, yes. See that a good many times, where a bear was caught in a trap. They catch 'em in a heavy deadfall; heavy as ten loads a man would carry. Yuther bears come along and eat 'em out.

"Mink 'll eat other mink, too."

Lavoie says that when bears come out of their dens in the spring for the first two or three weeks their diet consists chiefly of "grass balls" from the swamps or rocks, and "bugs," and also the sweet sap of the balsam, obtained by stripping the bark from the tree and licking the sap from the trunk with their tongues. "Bear lak' sweet, sugar," he added. "Dey peel de spruce, and yellow and black birch, too. Var' fond, sugar."

He says that in spring the bears follow the rivers, and in the fall, "go everywhere."

Lavoie was a dog driver for the Hudson Bay Company thirteen years. He has driven as many as fifteen huskies in one train. The leader when in harness was 45ft. away, and to reach him Lavoie carried a sealskin whip between 35 and 40ft. in length. This whip had a handle 15in. in length, and beyond that where the whip proper began, it was 1½in. in diameter. Lavoie always rode with his dog team. He laughed at the idea of running behind as the Mackenzie drivers do a good part of the time.

He has been to Big Lake Mistassini, and made seven or eight trips to Hudson Bay by all the common routes. He says there are few moose and caribou in the neighborhood of James Bay, but plenty of grizzly bears and white bears. The Esquimaux kill the bears with spears.

Bazile Maurice is a man of the same general type as Lavoie, except that his complexion is ruddy and not swarthy. Lavoie speaks of him as "Bozzle," and scratches his head in a puzzled way when anyone asks for "Baz-zeel," with the accent on the last syllable. Bazile Maurice has been in Egypt in the capacity of expert riverman for General Wolseley's Nile expedition. He has seen hippopotami, and other wonders of the ancient river. When he told of the hippopotamus, he described such a remarkable and formless aggregation of flesh, that I somehow got it in my head that the thing was quite spherical and floated on the water, and as Bazile couldn't for the life of him think of the English equivalent for what he called "le pourpatin" (spelling not guaranteed), it was some time before we understood each other, and advanced to the consideration of other strange beasts, such as "leecard" and "black snake."

The "Kroomans," who are "regular niggers what we hired to work for us," eat crocodiles and fish, but the white men abstained from both. Bazile says the fish didn't look right and tasted muddy. On one occasion he saw some great creature pass in front of his boat that he thought was a crocodile. The natives said, however, that it was a fish. Bazile leaped overboard into the shallow water with an axe and succeeded in killing it. The fish was similar in shape to a whitefish, but very much larger. It weighed 112lbs. There are a great many ducks of all kinds in the Nile. Bazile says that in the middle of winter they buried eggs in the hot sand and cooked them in six minutes. He is not certain but that since he left the birds have progressed to the point of laying hard-boiled eggs ready for the table. At any rate, the sand was so hot that the first portage they made it burned the voyageur's red leather moccasins till they broke like dry sticks when bent.

The Quebec Elk Herd.

Bazile has been in the Grand Lake Victoria country, where the only wild herd of Eastern elk, of which anything is known, exists. He says it is a good hunting country, with open woods, through which a man may easily see game at distances of 500 or 600ft. The timber is spruce, birch, white and red; red pine and balsam. He has seen elk there, but never killed them, because he never happened to be there in the proper season.

The Time when Indians Don't Care to Meet Bears.

"BEARS mate in June," said Mr. C. C. Farr, who was fifteen years with the Hudson Bay Company. "June is the only time Indians don't care to meet bears in the woods unarmed. They run in strings of seven or eight at a time, sometimes, and they're ugly. The Indians are afraid of old shes with cubs, but in the mating season they're pretty careful how they go around without weapons. When an Indian sees a bear lying down in a trap, he is pretty careful about not going too close till he is sure the animal isn't only making believe to be dead. Some of them get into awkward situations at times, and some of them carry scars to show for their adventures.

"I never knew of but one Indian that was killed by a bear. That was one of the McDougalls—strange name for an Indian, but he was one all right enough, and pure blooded. This McDougall went out to watch for bears when they were going on the rocks for berries. It was just before sunset, the best time for the bears to come out. He paddled across a lake in his canoe with his boy, and when he got to the place he left the boy behind and went out on the rocks. He had a single-barrel shotgun, loaded with ball.

"The rocks were burned and he could see a way off, and there was a bear feeding on the berries. The Indian got up close to the bear and fired. It fell right over, and very foolishly McDougall didn't stop to load, but ran in with only his axe in his hand. The bear wasn't dead, and when McDougall got close enough it clinched with him, and they had a terrible fight. The Indian killed the bear in the end, but he was so desperately lacerated he could hardly walk.

"He was thirsty after a fight like that, but there was no living water on top of the rocks, and all he could find was stagnant, but he tore right in and drank the nasty rotten stuff and filled up with it. After that he went back to camp and died. I think it was the water killed him much as anything."

"The bear is a strange beast. An old Indian when he kills a bear takes a hold of its paw and says, 'Thank you, Mr. Bear, for giving meat.' If he didn't do that he thinks he wouldn't kill any more bears. If a bear's bowels are out of order, he knows just what plants to eat to regulate them. I don't know exactly what they take, but I think one thing is the kind of Scotch thistle that grows wild."

"In the spring, when the bears come out, they can get very little to eat, and fairly starve. They eat any blamed thing they can get a hold of till the suckers come along. Then the bears stand in the creeks and scoop them out. When fish are plenty they like to leave them on the bank till they get a little high, and then come back later and eat them. This habit gives the Indians opportunities to trap them."

J. B. BURNHAM.

Red Letter Days.

IV.—Caribou Shooting.

THERE is a well-known story—of the accuracy of which I cannot vouch—of the notice in a Western saloon, in large letters over the head of the musician, "Don't shoot the poor beggar at the piano; he's doing his best."

May not this be said, figuratively, of one of the class of "old reminiscences," so-called, in his feeble efforts for the public good? When sympathy for this relic of the past increases as years roll by, and when he "takes stock" of reminiscences, as his only solace, happy the man who can put his hand upon what even he may consider a few "red-letter days," and hold them up to view as things to be admired. Better still, if he can before night sets in, add to his stock of these much-valued days; sympathy may thus for a while be averted.

The writer, though not having yet aspired to the rank of an "old reminiscence," having reached the stage of "take it easy, or if you can't take it easy, take it as easy as you can," or, in other words, being "untasked with needless services," found himself not long ago in company with an old friend one winter's evening engaged in the aforesaid occupation—"taking stock." The smoke curled slowly from the mouth of each. They had, as evening advanced, told their stories, and silence reigned, each being evidently occupied in building castles in the air. At last one of the party, more enterprising than his neighbor, ventured to speak, and this is what he said: "Surely reminiscences are not all that is left for us. We'll do deeds to follow on our words. Some red-letter days still remain for us—even for us."

This speech brought both old sportsmen simultaneously to their feet. Yes! both could still do a good day's work in green woods and on barrens. The hand and eye of each could still work together in that which gives so much thought to the novice in the gun trick business, viz., trigger squeezing, and can only be learnt by that which teaches—experience. They therefore resolved to make immediate arrangements for a few days caribou stalking before the close season then approaching set in.

Two well-known Indian guides in these parts of eastern Canada, the brothers Jim and Joe Paul, were secured; a line of barrens not far distant, Eastbrook Plains, were selected; the usual camp rations were procured; and in a well equipped double sleigh we moved off, a cheery party, reminding us of many a similar expedition in days gone by. The last house in a settlement, ten miles from the plains, was reached at an early hour, and we changed from our comfortable sleigh to a less comfortable country sled. These ten miles over rough woodland roads on one of winter's coldest evenings, were cheerless in the extreme, pointing to the conclusion that even caribou hunting is not all "cakes and ale." Before night set in, however, we reached a spot in green woods not too near the plains affording shelter from the wintry blast, and with a good supply of fuel wood available. Here we decided to camp. Two small lean-to tents facing inward were soon pitched, wood was cut, fire made, supper cooked, and as we sat on our waterproof sheets laid on the snow, discussing the evening meal and the prospects of the morrow, difficulties and drawbacks fled to the winds, and each could say with all his heart, "There is pleasure in the pathless woods."

All save Paul rose bright and early the following morning; the cook, busy preparing wagan (food), we old soldiers looking to ammunition and rifles (mine a Hotchkiss repeater, my comrade's a short Snider-Enfield). The ablutions and toilet of each being minimized, suddenly Paul starts from sleep. "Caribou we get to-day—good dream. Plenty caribou!"

There was therefore, with this good prediction, no time lost in the morning start.

There was but little snow on the ground, with enough in the woods for fair snowshoeing, while on the barrens we took off snowshoes and had good walking in moccasins. With happy reflections en route, we are moving on quickly, but silently, Paul leading, we following in single file. We pass through some perfect caribou country, cranberry plain for the most part, where "browse" (moss well-known as *Lichen rangeferina*) is plentiful, with here and there a few stunted spruce bushes; and here and there the country is broken by an occasional hill or a small ravine. When about three miles from camp, we came upon fresh tracks of a herd of caribou, about ten in number, judging by the "beds" in the snow (their last night's resting place). There was also abundant sign of their search for food (the many holes made with forefeet when uncovering the lichen). Here again we "off snowshoes," there being but little if any wind, in order to creep carefully upon the game.

We had not crept far, when, ascending a small hill, I saw the heads of the herd. A low whistle from me brings our party to a halt, and a short council of war determines our course, viz., to retrace our steps, and then make a cast well around, so as to approach the herd from almost the opposite direction from that we had been taking, and thus to move up wind, if any, and besides gain some slight covert in that quarter.

Stealthily and carefully we move; it seems hours before we gain the desired spot. Paul does the work of commander in chief in these difficult tactics. Not a word is spoken. We arrive at a place where we can only creep on hands and knees without disturbing the herd, the hands and knees of each of those who follow being

carefully placed in the spot previously similarly occupied by his predecessor. Thus we avoid the noise of breaking the crust of snow. Suddenly Paul lifts his head and points, and there, (what a picture for an artist!) we saw the herd at about 300yds. distance, utterly ignorant of their danger. Paul advises opening the ball at this range, but, no; from experience I well know how small an object a caribou presents at 300yds. We decide to creep on further to a bush within about 100yds. of the herd. Careful as we had been hitherto, we are doubly careful now. Could we but hush the noise of breathing! Oh, that we were dressed in snow-colored garments, and thus could avoid being seen and heard! Each yard seems a mile. We had besides lost sight of the quarry in the undulating ground. At last we reach the spot, a motion of my hand brings my comrade to my right side, and as previously arranged, the man on the right takes a caribou on the right, and vice versa. We have only to pick and chose. A fine yellow stag on the left stretches his lordly form. I must have him. I aim—no! I bring down my rifle. A darker one, with good horns appears in view. Ample time for display of "fine discipline." I decide on him. My friend selects another with horns. At a given signal we fire. My bullet reaches the desired haven, behind the shoulder, his falls short. The herd is quickly afoot. My stag plunges forward and bites the dust of snow. This checks the herd in their onward course. They only move about 300yds., with a series of bounds, then stop and turn to seek their fallen brother, then off again. This gives another and yet another chance to us. The game of "hide and seek" goes on. Every bush, every undulation of the ground is taken advantage of. We fire now at long ranges. A well-directed shot from me and one from my friend pull down a couple more of the herd—some more careful stalking. We gain another vantage spot. We again open fire and secure two more of the herd, making a total bag of five caribou. (We had also a wounded one to follow—this we got subsequently.)

It must be stated that this occurred before the day's of limiting the number of caribou for each gun. Anyway, old sportsmen though we be, five caribou "before the sun had crossed the yardarm" on the first day out we considered not too bad, and in "taking stock" of "red-letter days," we can now go "one better."

MIC MAC.

FREDERICTON.

Snowshoes.

Editor Forest and Stream:

IN FOREST AND STREAM of March 4 Mr. Mather speaks of snowshoes and gives an illustration of different shapes. For such uses as I have for snowshoes, I prefer a long, narrow shoe, more like the No. 1, or the Alaska model. I used such a pair one winter on a trip after moose in Nova Scotia. The rest of the party (who were residents of the Province, as well as our Indian guides) used much wider shoes, more after the Montreal pattern. The oldest Indian in our party, after looking at my snowshoes, asked: "What are you going to do with them kites?" I think, however, that he, as well as the others, were convinced before our hunt was ended, that my shoes for practical work were as good, if not better, than the style used by the rest of the party.

What I wish to say relative to snowshoes is principally regarding the filling. Such snowshoes as are for sale in most of the stores, while pleasing in general appearance to a novice, are not as a rule very satisfactory for hard practical work. The filling when wet will sag badly. I was speaking about such shoes to a Maine guide, who uses snowshoes a good deal, and who made those he used. This guide said the cause of many snowshoes bagging when wet was on account of the filling not being properly stretched before the shoe was filled, or, as he expressed it, "The stretch had not been taken out." His method of stretching was to soak well in water the hide used after it had been cut in strips, then to take a flat piece of bone or part of a moose or caribou horn, bore a small hole through it and draw the strips of hide through the hole. This, he claimed, stretched the filling to a certain extent, and also grained it; then the filling was fastened together in the usual way, making a strip long enough to fill a shoe. It was then thoroughly soaked, and then selecting three small trees standing in a triangle a few yards apart, he would wind the filling around the trees, going from one to the other, stretching it all he could; then getting a number of sticks of timber, lay quite a number across the filling between the trees, and let them remain until the filling had dried; by putting on considerable weight he claimed that the stretch would be pretty well taken out. After the filling dried it was again soaked, and woven into the frames. This guide said there was more work in preparing filling in this manner, and that when making snowshoes to sell the filling was not stretched at all excepting what stretching was done when weaving it when wet in the frames. Such filling when dry always seems as tight as possible, but after it gets thoroughly wet it will sag badly.

The filling of about all the snowshoes, I have seen as sold by dealers, was said to be caribou hide. I know those I used which were said to be of such material gave out in a short time. The men with whom I have talked about snowshoes and who made those they used, said that the hide of a three-years' old steer made as good filling as they knew of. A good dead depends on preparing the hide. If the glue is not nearly all removed the filling is liable to be brittle and break when using on cold, dry snow. My last two pairs of snowshoes were made by two of my neighbors. Both pairs were filled with steer's hide. Yet the filling of one pair will and has outworn the other.

There are several methods of fastening on snowshoes. In Maine I found the usual way was to use a long strip of leather or buckskin, which was fastened to the toe loop and then wound around the foot and back of the heel and tied over the instep. It was claimed that when fastened in this way the snowshoe could at any time be kicked off by giving the foot a twist, in case any one should break through the ice when crossing a lake or stream. I could never make this strap

fastening work well, as it was continually getting loose. The fastening I have found the most satisfactory is to have quite a broad strap fastened firmly to the shoe for the toe of the foot with a strip of leather running back under the sole, and a heel strap very similar to the old style heel strap of a skate, and with a strap buckling over the instep. When crossing any place where there is a chance of breaking through the ice I always unbuckle the strap over the instep. The snowshoe will stay on fairly well in this way, and I can kick it off at any time.

Mr. Mather speaks of paying an Indian \$2 to make a pair of snowshoes. I cannot get such a pair as I want for any such a price. My last pair I paid \$6 for, including the fastening, and the man who made them cannot turn out such a pair in less than two days, and he does not care to make them to sell, even at that price. Such shoes as I now use do not compare favorably in appearance with the fancy-looking articles in the stores; but for practical hard work over rough ground, windfalls and such places, I have found them worth several pairs of the fancy-looking ones.

C. M. STARK.

DUNBARTON, N. H.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Goose Shooting at Chicago.

CHICAGO, Ill., March 11.—Mr. Townsend Smith, who lives at Lake Bluff, a suburb some thirty miles north of the center of Chicago, tells me that he has for several years had very decent shooting at wild geese, the Canada honkers, near his home, sometimes killing two or three dozen during the spring season, and one day bagging as high as seven splendid specimens of this wary bird. It seems that there is at times quite a decent flight of geese in and out of Lake Michigan, and I have myself seen these birds dipping down into the lake, a mile off from shore, at a point not very far from the city. Mr. Smith tells me that he gets most of his geese on the cornfields about a mile and a half inland from the lake, where the geese are in the habit of coming to feed. He uses decoys, just as one does in stubble-shooting in Dakota, but does not dig any pits. His way of shooting the geese is simply the old-fashioned corn-shock shooting which we used to practice out in Iowa years ago. There is no better blind than a corn shock, and this sort of shooting has the advantage that one can shift from one part of the field to another, according to the way the flight may be coming in. As I remember this sort of thing, it used to be very exciting to see the long, low, black line of birds coming in from a distance, with the average chance much against their coming within range. I should think Mr. Smith would prize his honkers very much, getting them thus, as he does, so near this big city. He tells me that very often parties station themselves on the bluffs near the lake and shoot at the geese with rifles as they pass over, going high and quite out of range of the shotgun. He knew one man to kill four in this way during one afternoon. One time he caught a flock of honkers in the open lake near the shore, so close that he was able to stalk them and kill three before they got away. When I add that Mr. Smith tells me he sometimes gets splendid snipe shooting near his home on the Skokie marsh, often as many as fifty birds to a pair of guns, I have perhaps added something to the data regarding Chicago as a shooting resort.

From Texas.

Mr. Wallace Clark, of Chicago, recently came back from a shooting trip in Texas, where he was located at Fordham, in San Patricio county. This is near the Rockport country, of which I have written so much. Mr. Clark had all the duck shooting he wanted, and was delighted with his trip. He said that he sometimes saw as many as 20,000 geese, he should think, in one body, such a sight as always sets wild a Northern man who sees these great bands of fowl for the first time.

The Wisconsin Duck Question.

A Milwaukee journal this week contains a strong communication from Mr. L. F. McLean, of Fond du Lac, Wis., who writes to antagonize the views of another gentleman who wants to see killed the bill which is intended to stop spring shooting in Wisconsin. Mr. McLean goes to some pains to score the non-resident shooters, who constitute a good portion of the membership of the leading Wisconsin ducking clubs. There is some justice in his charge in regard to non-resident spring shooting in Wisconsin, supposedly on the deep water ducks only. I take pleasure in corroborating Mr. McLean's statement in regard to one practical example of the wisdom of stopping spring shooting. On the Harrison marsh, of that State, no spring shooting is allowed by the club members, and in the fall there are many more birds to be found on that marsh than on any where there has been duck shooting in the spring. We cannot hope for spring restriction in Illinois, but it is within hope that we shall see spring prohibition enforced in Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota within the next few years. For those who like a somewhat warm statement on the matter we might offer some of Mr. McLean's remarks:

"Is it not a fact that these non-resident club members are about this time down on the Illinois and Sangamon rivers, in Illinois, and the large duck marshes in Indiana, comfortably quartered in fine club houses awaiting the arrival of the aquatic bird? What are they doing there? Mr. Meyer may infer that they are there for the purpose of driving the birds away from the resident shooters, who may not be so fortunate as to be able to support a club house or game preserve, to the boundary line of this State, where the birds are to be protected by the passage of an act now before our Legislature in the interests of these gentlemen."

"Is it not the fact that these non-resident club members are down there for the sole purpose of shooting every duck in sight, and when the flight moves into our State, do not these gentlemen come to their Wisconsin club house, and remain with us until the latter part of April, or until every duck has been driven from the State?"

"When the open season in September comes around, do you not notice the absence of these non-resident mem-

bers at the Wisconsin clubs? Where have they gone? To Minnesota and Dakota, of course, to assist in the further preservation of ducks in these States. I will ask you, why is it that on Lakes Winnebago, Koshkonong, Fox Lake, Poygan, Puckaway, and, in fact, every inland lake and river in the State, that we very rarely see a flock of ducks in the month of September, or until the Northern ducks come from their breeding marshes in Dakota, when during the few years that the ducks were protected in this State we had good September shooting?

"I may flatter myself somewhat by stating that I have had some experience in the matter of game protection in this State, as I am a resident member in good standing in more than one club in this State, where many of the members are non-residents, but I am sorry to say that too many of them are in favor of spring shooting simply for the reasons that I have already stated. "No use for fall shooting in Wisconsin. Dakota is the place to go, where we can kill ducks by the thousand." Now, but a very few of our Wisconsin members can avail themselves of this trip; they cannot afford it; consequently we stand around and look at our Illinois and Indiana members assist in preserving the ducks for us in the spring time, and in the fall months we take a crack at the few that get away from the secondary preservation in Minnesota and Dakota.

"I will give you a brief illustration as to the difference in game protection, and the open door or spring shooting folly. The Horicon Club, of which I am a member, is so fortunate as to be blessed with a constitution and by-laws that prohibit any of the members from hunting (for any purpose) upon the marsh in the spring time, under penalty of expulsion. They must not fire a gun before sunrise or after sunset. They cannot use any gun larger than ro-bore. We keep watchmen during the spring to see that the birds are in no way disturbed.

"Now, should one chance to come this way during the opening day, Sept. 1, I will guarantee to show him more mallard and teal ducks that have been bred upon this marsh than are bred in the balance of the State.

"In justice to this club I will say that it is under the control of the Wisconsin members.

"I am also a member of the famous (for spring shooting) Black Hawk Club, at Lake Koshkonong, the very best lake and marsh for breeding purposes of any in the State. The rules of the club will not prevent shooting in the spring nor at any time of day or night. He can use any size gun that he can load into a flat boat. He can go to any portion of the lake and do about as he pleases. He can fill the club house with all the worthless birds that he can manage to kill with his two heavy guns, and all that is required of him in return for this 'wide open' privilege is that he shall bury or in some other manner dispose of his dead birds.

"A few years ago I made a visit to this famous resort, and I must confess that I was compelled to hang my head in shame for the men who would deliberately go to their shooting blinds or flat boats and unmercifully slaughter from fifty to one hundred poor, miserable and worthless birds, that were so tired from their Southern flight that they would eagerly decoy to anything from a bootjack to a sawbuck."

Buffalo Specimen at the Stock Yard.

The finest mounted specimen of American bison I have ever seen—not the head, but the entire animal—is to be seen at a street place near the Union Stock Yards, in Chicago. I had never heard of this specimen and was much surprised to run across it this week. It has almost no defects, excepting that the horns have had brass knobs screwed on the tips. This was done before the animal was killed. But where do you suppose this big bull came from? Certainly from the last place one would naturally guess—Pike county, low down in the State of Illinois. I could not learn who it was who raised this bull, or where he got it, but there is no doubt that it was a splendid specimen, as photographs taken during life show very plainly. This bull was shipped to the stock yards four years ago and slaughtered there, when the hide was purchased by Mr. Backer and mounted for his place. Mr. Backer rather prides himself on his fine collection of heads and horns. He told me, however, that he would be willing to sell this mounted buffalo, as it takes up so much room. Here is a chance for some academy or institute. It is not easy in these days to get a perfect specimen of the American bison.

Sallie at the Show.

Speaking of the dog show reminds me of a conversation I heard this morning between Sallie and her mistress, the talk being from a standpoint perhaps not strictly professional.

"Mis' Mary Ellen," she said, "I declare to goodness I never was in such a place in all my born days! Such a-howlin' an' a-barkin', an' a-squealin' I never did hear! I was so 'fraid o' fleas I couldn't be right happy for a long time; I jes' lift' up one foot after the other, right high, when I walked down them alleys. They was all sorts of dogs, more'n I ever thought there was in the whole world. First thing I did, I goes and looks at them little fox dogs, same sort as Maudie is, you know, but law! I didn't see ary dog there ez good ez Maudie—lot o' no 'count dogs, somebody was a showin' off. They was a tryin' to sell them dogs, too, an' askin' all sorts o' money. I heard one man say one of them dogs sold for \$28, er else that was what they asked fer it, I don't know which. Then there was a white, bull sort o' dog that had a gold tooth—a man made him open his mouth and I took right hold of the tooth my own self; yes'm, 'deed I did. All them men was mighty good to me. Mr. Gould, he showed me round to all his St. Bernards, and I declare, Miss Mary Ellen, one of them there dogs was this high! (measuring about 6ft. on the wall).

"Then there was a dog that fit through the wah, and two little Japanese baby dogs that was borned over to Maniller, right on to Admiral Dewey's ship while he was a-ffin' the Spaniards. I didn't know whether I would rather have one of them, or the dog with the gold tooth. Then there was some little, low-down, chunky dogs, with their face all drawn in—bulldogs, was them, Miss Mary Ellen? They looked to me just like a' ole-time rusty nigger, too low and homely to be fitten to live! Then there was some more funny lookin' dogs, long, slim ones, with a long, sharp sort o' bill for a head—I

don't know what sort of dogs they was. In one place they had a whole row of right little, black, sawed-off dogs—weepin'-willow dogs, I reckon they call, for their hair hangs down just like a weepin' willow into a graveyard. They had monkeys, too, and a sort of show, like, where the monkeys and dogs sort of performed. I come away then, for some of them dogs didn't act nacherl. 'Deed, Mis' Mary Ellen, they was a-plenty of dogs there that didn't look nacherl, nohow; not to say like a real dog. Twenty-eight dollars for a dog—why, pshaw! they ain't no dog wuth that money! I'd rather have Maudie than any dog in the show, and she ain't worth more'n about \$3. But you ought to go there and see them dogs. The policeman at the door, he lets you right through, and all them men they show you the dogs. It was right fine, I tell you."

A Shootingless Shooting Trip.

We have all heard of the songs that were never sung and things of that sort. I am thinking of writing something about the shoots that were never shot. At least, I am but recently back from a shooting trip in the South, which was perhaps the most shootingless shooting trip that ever was. Mr. W. R. Sims, of Memphis, Tenn., writes to me under recent date with the purpose of communicating to me what he considers to be information not already in my possession. He says:

"I have some sad news to tell you about our mutual friend, Mr. Divine. He is at his old tricks again, borrowing fine dogs and losing them. I thought the 'exposure' you gave him some time ago would have cured him, or be a warning to all not to loan him their dogs. But you know what a persuasive tongue he has, and the nice promises he can make. One day last week he borrowed the best and finest pointers in the county for 'just one day's hunt,' but alas! for the owner, Mr. Divine came home with that same old tale, 'I lost him.' As good dogs are scarce, and in demand, he must have lost him for a good price. I never did get my dog he lost."

As I missed Mr. Sims during my brief visit at Memphis a couple of weeks ago, he perhaps may not know that I was *particeps criminis* in the loss of this last dog. Mr. Divine told me to come to Memphis and he would take me out shooting, saying that we could easily kill sixty or eighty birds apiece any day that we liked, and giving me also to understand that he had at his disposal a great many fine dogs. In this latter statement he was entirely correct, for without the least difficulty in the world he borrowed two fine dogs as one ever saw, a setter and a pointer. Perhaps I need not mention the names of the victims who owned these dogs. We brought the setter back. What Mr. Divine did with the pointer I never could tell, but I presume he tied him up somewhere out in the woods some time when I happened to be out of sight, and that the next day he went out and got him. I know we hunted all over the country to find the poor fellow, but were forced to go home without him. I thought it was safer to leave town about that time, so I deserted Memphis, and I have always been afraid to write Tom Divine since and ask him whether he ever returned the dog. I hope he did, and if he did not, I am in for half his value, for I was seen riding on the public streets with Mr. Divine, and with the two dogs in the carriage.

But leaving aside Mr. Divine's criminal practice, there were certain operative features to our hunt which entitle it to consideration. It is usually the custom to describe only those hunts which result in large bags of game, but you could carry all the game we got on this hunt in one coat pocket. The participants in the hunt were Mr. Divine and myself, with two Others, if the latter might be said to participate, when most of the time they were picking burrs from their skirts. It was expressly stipulated and agreed that the man who missed the first shot was to buy the dinners that night for the party. The first shot fell to myself, and as I kicked the bird up from under the dog's nose, I felt sure that the dinners would not be on me that time. I had in a load of No. 10 shot, which I had gotten from my friend, Mr. Bliss, over in Michigan last fall, and I was using my scatter gun, with which no man ought ever to miss a bird at all. This particular bird went off over a little gully, and I hit him very hard with the No. 10, so hard that he nearly went down at once, and I refrained from tucking in the second barrel. Yet the bird wobbled on and on, and finally dropped at the edge of a little thicket. Here we hunted, but could not find it! At this Mr. Divine loudly protested that I had lost the dinners. On the other hand I set up the claim that I had not missed the bird, but had killed it. We carried it up to the Supreme Court of the Others, who remanded the case for a new trial.

After a while the pointer made a nice point on a single in the woods. Mr. Divine told me to shoot, and as the bird rose, I again felt sure that I would not be lost at that dinner party. There was a sudden whirr, an agonizing pause, and a soft yielding feeling under my trigger finger! It is one of the peculiarities of my scatter gun that it does not always cock when you open it, the old lady being whimsical in this regard, this was one of the times when she went on strike. In my surprise I forgot again to use the second barrel, and the bird sailed off unhurt. Again we referred the case to the supreme court, Mr. Divine claiming that I had missed, and I claiming that I had not shot. This time the decision was against me, but Mr. Divine was asked to take the next shot. In a few moments he put up a bird and fired twice at it as it crossed through the woods, the bird passing on apparently untouched. I said ha! ha! to Mr. Divine in a loud and harsh manner. All at once there arose excited callings from beyond the wood at the foot of the hill, where we had left our colored boy with the carriage.

"I reckon I've killed the nigger," said Tom; "but that's a heap better than not killing anything, the way you do." We went on over toward where the boy was calling, and he pointed to a spot where he said he thought a bird had fallen dead. Sure enough, the dog pointed, and we picked up the bird stone dead! I protested that there was no proof that Mr. Divine had killed this bird, and pointed out that it might have been the bird which rose before me, and which had later dropped dead, either through fright or perhaps through its Southern courtesy. The supreme court ruled against me, however, and I had to buy the dinners that night. This was pretty much all the story. Awhile later

I put up a bevy, and killed one bird all by myself. We marked the singles badly, but approaching one it rose wild and I knocked it down with a long shot. As the dog went to retrieve, a bird rose in front of him and Mr. Divine killed it nicely, but we never got my bird, and concluded that it had got up again and was the one Mr. Divine killed. This ended our hunt, net results three quail, and this was all the shooting I did on my shooting trip of a week. Shortly after this we lost the pointer, and a little after 2 o'clock left the fields. Mr. Divine said he had walked all he wanted to, and didn't believe in walking anyhow. So we took it out in just enjoying the sunshine and the warmth, and the Southern scenes, which were so new to at least one of the Others. A party of negroes who were hunting rabbits along the grassy gullies gave us plenty of amusement. We drove in from our hunt in a leisurely way and that night I settled for the dinners. They were good ones, too.

I proved to my own satisfaction that a shooting trip can be a great success without any shooting in it. Indeed, I took great comfort in lying in my room at the hotel and looking out at the squirrels playing in the beautiful little Memphis park. At last, with one of the Others, who was present at the hunt, I folded my knapsack and slipped still further South, landing in dear old New Orleans, quaintest and most lovable of all American cities. Here we spent some delightful days in plain sight-seeing, most of our time being spent in the pawnshops and graveyards, which, as is well known, are among the main attractions of that city. I should not omit to mention certain angling features connected with this sporting trip. New Orleans, of course, everyone knows, is a great fish market. We saw all sorts of fish in the old French market, and ate all sorts of fish in the many excellent restaurants which we discovered. The pompano of New Orleans is a dream, the red snapper is a reverie, and the tenderloin of trout is pure and delicate imagination. The oysters are beyond description. I was disappointed in only one regard in these sporting investigations at New Orleans. At one of the old-restaurants the menu said that one might have oysters from Bayou Cook, or oysters from Bayou Cypriani, the price in either case being the low one of 15 cents for a dozen, and each oyster, as it proved, being as big as one's hand. "Which one is best, garcon?" I asked in my choicest French (for *ici l'on parle Francais* a good deal of the time). The waiter shrugged a most expressive shrug, evidently having sized us up for pilgrims.

"Bayou Cook, Bayou Cyprian'," he said; "two time on ze print, all same oyst'." By which I presume he meant to say that they were the same oyster under different names! Anyhow, they were very good. Everything in New Orleans is very good. It was very good of our friend of earlier bear hunts, Mr. R. W. Foster, to show us to the depot, as we left, though he was at the time ill himself.

Yes, this was about all the fishing we had at New Orleans. But we had a great many other things, from genuine sugar house molasses up. And the ride through the great sugar plantations was, as ever, a continuous pleasure. A great and wondrous country, this of the South, and much worth visiting, even though one confine himself to the ride in the sunshine, the encounter with the "oyst'" of Bayou Cook, or the matutinal visit to the pawnshop of Rue Royale, eking this out with an awed look into the sawdust precinct of the "Old Absinthe House," where there ought to be some gruesome scenes, but where I am told there never are any.

One should not visit the South and come away without seeing all the Southern friends he ever knew. Thus we wanted sadly to call on Dr. Taylor and family, over at Brownsville, a little way from Memphis; but time grew short, so I had to compromise by telephoning over to the Doctor; and had I not been forty miles away from him I am sure I could not have resisted the importunity of his pleading to come over and have "just one day's hunt" with him. And surely I must do this some time, for a better host or a better hunt never might be found.

And there was Capt. Bobo, Bobo the bear hunter, whom I have ruined in the bear hunting business, and who ought never to forgive me, but who does. We wrote to Bobo at his place, and said we would call, but again time grew short, and we did not hear from him. Yet, lo! on the very last day of our stay at Memphis, who should come into the café and sit down at arm's length from us but Bobo himself, looking just the same and talking just the same as ever. This was sheer good fortune, for he had but that day got our letter at his plantation, ninety miles away. The best we could do with Bobo was to promise to come again. He says he might maybe squeeze out one little, measly, small, poor bear if I should be out of meat. And Bobo promises to come North to see me this spring. All these Southern folk promise to come to see you, but they don't come. They seem to want the balance of courtesy always on their side the house, which is the one thing that can be urged against them.

Thus ended my shootingless shooting trip, but I couldn't say when I ever had a better. Noel Money will see this sometime, over in Siberia, somewhere, where he has gone and never kept his promises to write. Mr. Money will be glad to hear that his friends in the South are well, and that Capt. Bobo has got, at his house east of Memphis, the big set of bear tusks which Noel wants to put in the head of a walking stick. And he has also the curiosity of the claw of a bear, which is white instead of black, it being rarely that the black bear has a white claw. These things Noel Money can have if he will write as a decent fellow should, and tell us where to send them. He may also reflect with gratification, remembering the loss of his own dog at Memphis under suspicious circumstances, that he is not the only victim of his friend Divine's duplicity in dogs. Mr. Divine is old enough to mend his ways, but I am losing hope about him.

North American Birds.

Mr. Ruthven Deane, no doubt Chicago's most distinguished ornithologist, mails me the report of the A. O. U. committee on protection of North American birds, asking mention in the FOREST AND STREAM if possible. The report covers many interesting matters from all the States of the Union, North and South. One matter, from Mr. Mackay's report from Massachusetts, seems to me

to be of especial interest to Western shooters. Mr. Mackay writes:

"I would again call attention to the shooting and shipment East in the spring of certain birds, and strongly appeal to our Western friends to make some endeavor to prevent it if possible, in the case of the American golden plovers, Eskimo curlews and Batramian sandpipers. These birds are permitted to be sold in Massachusetts during the closed season provided they have been taken out of the State. I have tried very hard to prevent such sale here, but without success. These birds are killed in the West and Southwest during the spring while on their way to the breeding grounds. It is a common occurrence to take eggs from the females when cleaning them. Unless protective laws are enacted in the West little can be hoped for in Massachusetts, and it will not be long before these birds will disappear on our coast except as stragglers. In fact, judging from a number of years past in Massachusetts, such conditions have already been reached. Nebraska, Missouri and Texas (Fort Worth) appear to be the principal shipping points."

Our Western game bird are shot at practically all seasons for the Massachusetts game market which is open the year round. If Mr. Mackay can suggest and carry through a measure which will even partially restrict the Boston game market, he will receive the thanks of every sportsman and bird lover who resides west of the Alleghenies.

E. HOUGH.

1200 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Maine Game Interests.

BOSTON, March 13.—So far as it is possible to obtain information at this writing, what may be termed the Maine Commissioners' fish and game bill has passed the Legislature of that State. Its passage through the Senate was unobstructed, while I am informed that it met with no serious change in the House. Doubtless it now only awaits the approval of the Governor, and this it will get without any doubt. The principal changes are that all ice-fishing will be illegal in the counties of Oxford, Franklin, Somerset and Kennebec, instead of the inhabitants of the State being allowed to fish through the ice after Feb. 1, as formerly. The open season will begin, under the new law, as soon as the lakes and ponds are clear of ice, instead of May 1, as formerly. This change seems to have been necessary in order to take care of Sebago and other lakes and ponds in the southerly portions of the State, where the ice usually clears by the middle of April, whereas, in the backwoods and northerly portions of the State, the clearing of the ice is not much before the middle of May.

In the game laws the principal changes are in the clauses which will permit of a deer being sent home by the lucky hunter without his accompanying it by paying \$2 to the State for the privilege. For sending home a moose the State will require \$4 and for a pair of game birds or rabbits of fish a fee is also established, though I understand that some change has been made here since the first draught of the bill. The special change in the game laws providing that camp owners and campers may take one deer in September by paying a fee to the State of \$6, if a non-resident, and \$4 if a resident, has gone through. I have suggested to the commissioners that this will open shooting in September to everybody, from the fact that the taking of a deer is not so easy as it might seem, and while the camp proprietor is the holder of a license the whole party, guides and all, can be set to work after that deer. The commissioners say that as soon as they find that the privileges of the law are abused in any such a manner they shall immediately take away the privilege from that camp proprietor, and he will get no more. Another important change is the closing of the open season on deer Dec. 15, instead of Jan. 1. Caribou are put under complete protection of the law for six years. The punishment for illegal moose killing has been made fine or imprisonment, or both, at the option of the judge.

SPECIAL.

Sportsmen's Show of 1900.

NATIONAL SPORTSMEN'S ASSOCIATION, 280 Broadway, New York City, March 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Congratulations are still pouring in on the management of the Sportsmen's Show, now in progress, as being the best show ever held in the Madison Square Garden, and it is certainly most gratifying to those whose earnest efforts have brought to a successful issue this grand exhibition, and the management, having this opportunity, wish to extend their compliments to the exhibitors and those who have been in any way connected in bringing about this grand result.

It is with pleasure that the management, in behalf of the National Sportsmen's Association, announce that the Sixth Annual Sportsmen's Show will open in Madison Square Garden, New York city, N. Y., March 1, 1900.

J. A. H. DRESSEL, Sec'y-Treas. and Gen. Mgr.

New Hampshire Deer.

CAPE VINCENT, N. Y., March 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Perhaps some of your readers would be glad to know that the "close season" law is beginning to bear fruit in New Hampshire. On a farm which I have the misfortune to own, in the town of Dublin, in that State, the deer are so tame that they come down in broad daylight to feed on the lily pads in a marshy meadow in front of the farmhouse. I use the word tame "advisedly," for the deer have lost so much of what we have come to consider their natural shyness that they will let a person approach almost within a stone's throw and watch them feeding for an hour or more at a time. The farmers are thinking now that their grain fields will be in danger if the deer get much tamer.

LIVINGSTON STONE.

The Old Trapper.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. James Buckham truly says, in his delightful sketch on the old trapper, published in last week's FOREST AND STREAM, that "you will scarcely find a village or a town * * * that has not its representative old trapper." In

my native village, Dansville, N. Y. there were a number of such old characters that excited my admiration in boyhood days. Chief among these was Bob Nicholson, the old fox hunter. I well remember him as a man something above the medium height, spare figure, long, curly white hair, and blue eyes, with an indescribably sad expression. In youth he must have been a handsome man, and his old age still preserved those lineaments to a great extent. He was slow and dignified of step, and always seemed to be absorbed in deep thought. Shy and taciturn, in many respects he was a mystery to us boys, all efforts to draw out some of his boundless store of reminiscences proving unsuccessful. But, oh, how we envied his freedom from all restraint, especially when we contemplated that while we were obliged to be absorbed in irksome studies in school, he, on the other hand, could range the hills in pursuit of the wild creatures! Just to see the old hunter start out for a day's hunt, with his rifle under his arm, and accompanied by his sad-faced old hound, was a sight that haunted us for many a day. How often have I heard the crack of his rifle and the music of his hound echoing among the pines on East Hill! While fox-hunting seemed to be his greatest delight, still, all seasons had special charm for him. I have often met him returning from trout expeditions, and on one occasion, when I was in pursuit of trailing arbutus, and nearing a favorite haunt of the fragrant wood blooms, I found the old hunter there before me gathering the choicest pink clusters. When nature finally called him to her bosom, we all recognized that the village had lost a most picturesque figure.

T. M. S.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., March 5.

Shooting from the Hip.

ST. AUGUSTINE, Fla.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* One swallow doesn't make a summer, and if my friend Jacobstaff knows not only one, but one hundred cases of men who violate all orthodox rules of sportsmanship, it would not be proof that I am wrong in my assertion that shooting from the hip is not the proper thing.

If it is, our old world is inconceivably stupid in not having found it out before.

I don't assert that the thing cannot be done, for there are wizards of the Carver stamp who can do almost anything—even to breaking glass balls over their shoulder with a rifle, but it would not be sportsmanlike, nor respectful to the bird to turn your back on him when he gets up, merely for the sake of spotting him in that way.

I started out in opposition to a Southern writer, who expressed surprise that Northern shooters did not generally adopt a thing that not one in a thousand could even acquire. If our pigeon slaughterers ever succumb to my good friends' powerful arguments, and get up a hip match "may I be there to see," and if I feel disposed to gamble I shall go with a pocket full of rocks. "But why should I run on so garrulously on so palpable a thing?" If my friend will pardon me this time, I'll try in future to write on subjects on which I'm "better posted."

DIDYMUS.

PHILADELPHIA.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have been interested in the notes on hip-shooting; and I would like to ask Didymus (who does not believe in the hip aim) if this is not a style commonly adopted by the Seminoles. I remember seeing some of the Indians shoot from the hip, when I was in south Florida in '95, and I then was told, or got the notion, that it was a quite common mode with them.

L. A. CHILDRESS.

Reason, Instinct, or What?

WHILE reading Mr. Fred Mather's article entitled "Reason and Instinct," which appeared in a recent issue of FOREST AND STREAM, I was reminded of an interesting experience of my own, which happened only a few years ago—an experience which led me to wonder whether animal action could always be accounted for on the ground of instinct or even reason. Rat stories are by no means rare, and one never hesitates to contribute one's own private tale to the common pile, but in view of what Mr. Mather has to say on the subject of animal intelligence, I can't refrain from relating my little yarn, in the hope that Mr. Mather or perhaps some one else who knows more about the subject than I do, will be able to enlighten me as to the brain processes which controlled the strange actions of my particular rat.

It was in the spring of '95. While returning late one night to my room in the school where I was then engaged as a teacher, I noticed a large brown rat sitting quietly at the head of the stairway, just outside of my door. He appeared quite tame, for it was not until I had almost reached the top stair that he dropped on to his four feet and jogged leisurely into the room, where he disappeared down a hole beneath the set basin in the corner. I gave the creature no second thought, and turned in for the night. My sleep had not been of long duration when I was awakened by a racket in the room. At first I was unable to make out just what it was. As my sleep-begoggled mind began to regain its reasoning powers I discovered that my friend of the earlier evening had returned and was evidently playing "tag" with himself all over my room. First he went tearing across the floor, as though trying a rooys dash. Then he indulged in some high jumping, at which he proved an expert, for he had no difficulty in landing on the highest point of every article of furniture in the room. Occasionally he would miss his mark and come down on the floor or bureau with a thud that fairly startled me. But the next moment he was up and at it again. Finally, from the sounds that reached me, I judged that he had improvised some hurdles and was making record-breaking time in that scientific and exciting sport. I was now thoroughly awake, and was beginning to get deeply interested in the proceedings, when there came a lull. For several moments I could hear no sound of my visitor. Evidently his training hours were over for that day. Just at that moment a rustle among the papers on the table at the foot of my bed caught my ear. I turned my eyes in the direction of the sound. A patch of light from the arc light across the street fell on the table, and grad-

ually I detected the form of my athletic friend seated on the table, apparently resting from his exertions. While I was wondering what he would do next, he set my mind at rest by trying a broad jump, which landed him squarely on the spread at the foot of the bed. That was getting a little too familiar, and a vigorous kick from my "No. 9" foot sent him hustling to the shelter of his hole by the water pipes.

Once more I felt myself sinking into sleep, when a now familiar noise startled me. My friend had returned. I opened my eyes and listened. The same programme as before was repeated. Up and down the room he dashed, banging his head against the wall so hard at times that I was sure I could find the dents there in the morning. The next moment he had mounted a tall old-fashioned clock, and from the sound that followed, he must have made the floor in one leap. So he went on for at least ten minutes, and then, followed as before a period of rest. The last sounds that came from him were down near the wash-stand, on the further side of the room; but he had not yet appeared on the table. While I lay wondering what would be his next move, I heard him get under way again. He started leisurely from the wash-stand, following the wall on the other side of the room. I could hear him under my desk, then under the clock, then the bureau, then he turned the corner, and passing beneath the radiator near the head of my bed, proceeded to wind his way beneath me till he reached his old location. I watched him climb leisurely up on to the table, though the hazy light prevented me from following his movements for the next few moments. Evidently he was forming his plans for the next move. This came suddenly, in the form of another jump, which, as before, landed him on the foot of my bed. Again my feet got in some rapid and effective work, and after a stay only a little more prolonged than the first one, he slipped off on to the floor and disappeared in his old retreat.

By this time, I was indeed getting interested, and having made up my mind from his antics that the creature was either starved or crazy, I decided that I would be justified in an attempt to get rid of him. Procuring a few crackers from my bureau drawer, I spread them on the floor at the side of the bed, where I could get a good view of my visitor, should he attempt to make away with them. Then I secured a heavy cane, which I placed on the spread beside me. Thus prepared, I got back into bed and awaited developments.

A longer period of quiet ensued this time, but at length the well-known sounds began again. As usual, all the events that appear in ordinary track and field athletics, were indulged in, and so far as I could judge, a few also with which I was not familiar. Before my reckless acrobat had finished his repertoire, I had fully decided that he was either afflicted with a violent type of insanity or else, like "Micky Brannigan's Pup," "twas the Devil himself in disguise." So I kept a firm grasp on my cane, and strained my eyes as hard as I could in my efforts to follow him in his mad career. But as before, his wind at length gave out, and the usual period of tranquility followed. I kept my eyes strained on the table at the foot of the bed, but no sign of my friend could I see. The crackers too remained unmolested, and I grew anxious. If my weird visitor was planning another assault on my bed I at least wanted to know from what quarter the assault was to come. While I was thus speculating as to his whereabouts, I happened to glance in the direction of the clock across the room, and as I did so I spied the object of my search. In front of the clock was a rocking-chair, on which I always piled at night several sofa pillows that by day adorned the bed. Resting calmly on top of these cushions sat my friend, watching me all the time, and gathering strength and courage for his next move. For several moments we eyed each other. Then without warning he leaped for the bed. He landed near the foot, but the warm reception that met him in the shape of vigorous kicks and cane whacks was evidently unexpected. For a moment he hesitated, then turned and fled.

Now I am not by nature superstitious, but the thing was beginning to get a little uncanny, and I didn't relish it. If the creature was hungry, why did he not partake of the repast I had prepared for him? On the other hand, what possible motive could he have for tearing around the room in such a reckless and insane fashion if he was sound in his upper story? Only two possible solutions of the mystery presented themselves to my mind. Either he was actually unbalanced mentally or else he was a "spook" of some kind with designs on my life. His next move led me to believe that the latter explanation was the correct one.

Fully an hour elapsed before any further developments occurred. I had almost deluded myself into believing that I was at last to be left to a peaceful time of rest before morning appeared. But how vain are man's hopes! Scratch, scratch, came from beneath the wash-stand. Instantly all thoughts of sleep left me, and I grasped my weapon of defense more firmly and waited for the usual performance to begin. But I was disappointed. My assailant had more important business on hand this time. I heard him start on his journey around the room, following the same old path. He scurried along the floor under my bed, and in the dim morning light, which was just beginning to stream in through my window. I could make out his gaunt form as he climbed up on to the table once more. There he sat watching me, as before, and planning for the coming attack. Through the iron bars of the beadstead we eyed each other in silence, and measured our chances of success. Darkness was his strongest ally, and he could not afford to delay. Calculating his distance well he sprang for the bed. Kicks and blows rained about and on him as he landed, but he had sized up the situation beforehand, and the next instant had dashed up the bed straight for my head, where kicks and blows could not reach him. Discovering his game, I dropped my cane and began a fierce hand-to-hand conflict with the foe. Over my chest, neck, shoulders and head he ran, while I pounded, slapped and squirmed in my endeavors to shake him off. But he did not propose to be beaten this time. It was to be a fight to the finish. The next moment my blood turned cold as I felt him down under the sheet and on my chest. I made one wild, desperate grab for him, and fortune directed my aim. I felt my fingers around his warm body, and all

the muscular energy I had in me went into that clutch. He squealed and kicked and squirmed as I rained blow after blow with my fist on his head. At last his efforts grew feeble, and it was none too soon, for my strength was giving out. But still I pounded in a dreamy mechanical way. He was now quite still, and I could feel his warm blood on my hand, but I did not propose to take any chances. Still clutching his limp body, I rolled out of bed, and taking my cane, proceeded to mash his head into jelly. It was only when sheer exhaustion overcame me that I stopped. Life had long ago left him, that was sure. But even if he was an incarnation of the devil, I did not propose to lose any more sleep that night, and so the mangled and battered corpse was locked up in a strong wooden box to await the morning and to bear witness to the truth of my tale, which I felt sure would not be believed by itself. It was as I had expected, but a glance at the blood-soaked sheets and the mangled form of my would-be destroyer served to convert even the most skeptical. The story has now become a school tradition, and the luckless mortal who happens to be assigned that famous room is always waited on by a delegation whose duty it is to make him feel perfectly at home by relating what once happened to a former occupant.

A. E. STEARNS.

ANDOVER, MASS.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing and hunting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in *FOREST AND STREAM*.

A Summer at Seabreeze.

OUR summer at Seabreeze, on the east coast of Florida, was a pleasant one. We went over there in May. The vicinity of the ocean was indicated while we were yet miles away by the bent-over forests, in which each tree trunk has been sprung into a curve leaning from the coast by prevailing winds during the stormy seasons, a result I never noticed elsewhere near the Atlantic border. Our first glimpse of the ocean off Seabreeze was through a depression at the termination of the main street between side banks covered with silver palmettos that made a pretty framing for the picture beyond of wide beach, white surf, and miles of turbulent blue water. Our cottage, which was a few rods to the right of the main street, was shaped like a V, with legs expanded seaward. An upper and a lower veranda, that might have been quarters of a wooden pie, more than filled the angle. While sitting on these and watching the surf, we often felt as if we were on the stern of a steamer with somewhat of a wake behind it. An average tide did not come within 150 yds. of our front steps, but one of extreme height came to the bluff only 10 yds from them.

We spent much of our time out front entertained by what we saw on the beach or out at sea. Often the coast was a thing of wheels. On rare occasions, when it was deserted, trick riders performed for our sole amusement. Day after day bathers bathed and fishermen fished, all of them tumbled and tossed by the surf. Waves like large aprons with white frills would rush in for a while to tear up along shore. These would often be followed by a period of immense rollers that pounded and roared in lines of high breakers. At times the water beyond the surf would be a vivid blue; at others as green as young wheat; and at others any one of a number of delicate tints; and the fish, large and small, tarpon and small fry, sought the pretty color spots to dance on.

The miles of coast in sight formed a straight line. As the wind, for some cause, was either up or down this coast a great part of the time, swift currents had formed inshore channels that became dangerous places where the water swept out to sea and promising holes for fish where the trend was toward the beach. The topography of the bottom was changed, too, by extreme tides and pounding storms; but I easily learned it again by making long casts and then keeping abreast of my hook in the wash of the current. Channels where the outward flow carried line from my reel were considered by me places to be avoided. Days when there were no currents were the best for fishing.

There was good fishing four miles up the coast, where a three-masted schooner had washed ashore stern first with bow far out among the breakers. Long strings of small fish were taken from the hold and great bunches of large fish were caught from the forward deck among the breakers. The forecabin was used frequently as shelter either from passing showers or from the rays of a burning sun. This grand old ship, the Nathan Cobb, after years of cruising, may be to all parts of the world, when she saw that her days of sailing were to end, had settled herself on shore exactly where she would be most useful to man to the last moment of her dissolution, a commendable deed that led us to esteem her as a faithful friend. The fish caught up there were "whiting," weak fighters, not unlike the white suckers of Northern streams, but their flesh made delicious food. As better tackle was unnecessary for such sluggards, stout bamboo rods and coarse lines were used. While we fished unusual waves broke against the bow and sprayed us, the aspect of the ocean changed many times, fish-hawks dropped every moment into the broad belt of surf along shore in sight, eagles came over the green hills of the peninsula to rob the hawks and at times to venture plunging into the sea—we had more amusement than the sport up there.

Most of the fishing, however, was done directly in front of our cottage. Nearly every day there was a sturdy line of bounding fishermen out neck deep struggling with the breakers and fish. Each sport wore a large straw hat. When extended in long rows they were not unlike some of the inner parts of a piano. Oblique waves caused the hats to bound successively as if scales were being run. Waves parallel to the coast resulted in a simultaneous upward move of hats as if a grand "prelude" had been struck. Choppy seas and fast running waves often brought about the wildest confusion of scattered hats and pathetically struggling feet as if some enormous Paderewski

had hold of this human piano and was doing his worst for it. Fishing in the surf had peculiarities of its own. I never tired of watching those hats.

A man from the interior of the State moved into the cottage next door soon after we arrived. From some source he had received an impression that I knew all about the salt water fishing, a fallacious belief which I encouraged, and it was not long before he made overtures for me to show him around. He mentioned an assortment of tackle which he thought might be useful to us, and offered to furnish the necessary bait. We went.

Neighbor had not brought a bathing suit with him, so he costumed his person in shirt and overalls. As the latter were 8 or 10 in. too long for him they protected his feet from the blistering sand above high-tide. He was a veteran of the Civil War, and their bright blue color gave him rather a soldierly appearance. It was something of an honor to introduce my hero-like friend to the breakers.

For awhile my pupil listened patiently to warnings in regard to dangerous currents and to instructions about the proper way to fish. He did not become obstreperous till he saw that he was catching the larger share of our fish. Success spoiled him. He would march ashore with each fish, his head set, his eyes shining, and the surplus of blue trousers beyond his toes fluttering wildly as he walked. I thought it an unnecessary display of vanity. Perhaps my ill success made me envious.

We gradually worked our way down the beach. It was rather unpleasant out in the ocean chin deep, nearly, hopping at every incoming wave to keep mouth above water and performing athletic leaps at the approach of a large "curler." Some times we had to dive to escape annihilation, then search widely for hat and rod when we came up. So much exertion and the steady pounding of the waves were exhausting. I found sufficient amusement near shore, where the breakers were less violent; but my friend ventured further and further out, heedless of my warnings. I might as well have called to the porpoises to come ashore. Perhaps that chap felt as if he knew as much as these lumbering fish concerning the ocean. At last an immense wave rolled in. It really towered up sky high. I could have counted 150 while my friend was extracting his feet from the air. His trouser legs meanwhile were like two blue signals of distress shaken violently. It was some time before he would venture out to recover his hat and rod. From then on he was more docile. He was quite upset by his mishap; but a surf fisherman must expect such reverses.

Very few sea bass were caught during the summer. The whiting were plentiful. The latter were the prey of the "fish hog." Morning after morning specimens of this creature wandered over to the beach with rods to fish the ocean out; night after night they tried to distribute their loads among the residents along the bluff. Some of them even tried to sell whiting, as if it was not a kindness for us to accept their fish as a gift. It must have been discouraging, though, to the man who wanted to catch everything to fish the surf so often and discover each time that the sport was just as good as ever. Why some of his kind did not give up trying or perish of vexation was more than I could understand.

Some of the fishermen contrived subterfuges with which to overcome the surf difficulties. A few of them built four-legged pyramids 8 or 10 ft. high, with seats on top. Such affairs swayed like immense rockers out in the surf. The largest waves would knock these perches over and cause occupants to dodge for life to escape such dangerous drift. Floating timbers were cast ashore by the wash of breakers with terrific impetus. Four sportsmen brought out two immense trestles and lashed a cross-board to them. The perch up there was high and rather precarious. The trestles cavorted and plunged as if frightened horses. It must have been difficult to maintain an equilibrium on a seat of that sort. The rollers were thoroughly aroused. Each wave reached for that board. At last one caught it and overthrew the entire outfit. For an instant everybody near was in flight to escape death from wreckage. Such new ideas were all right for those who wanted to try them; but standing up against the breakers in the usual way was fishing enough for me.

But I tried a different method on one occasion. Masses of leaping fish out at sea tempted me out there in my canoe—the Field's craft. The flow of the surf had been carefully studied and a plan to obviate danger had been decided upon. I experimented one afternoon, when there was only a single line of breakers. A number of passages were made through this without mishap. But it was rather disconcerting to find that the eruption occurred at times near shore and at others far out. I soon discovered that I must take the wash end-on to avoid a catastrophe—knowledge that was useful to me later.

I tried my luck a few mornings afterward. There were two lines of breakers when I went out. The first of these was passed safely by hard paddling at the right moment; the second by pausing an instant for a roller to crash in front and then urging my canoe ahead. Either through my tactics or the aid of a kind providence I reached safe water, where there were only large swells. Once my canoe had stood nearly on end, with bow pointed at a feathery cloud near the zenith.

Much paddling was required to go only a short way seaward. Long distances became insignificant in such an expanse of water. The canoe headed up one side of the large swells and down the other, much as if constantly leaping a single spot in the ocean. From a mile out the town of Seabreeze, on the bluff, had an unfamiliar appearance. Sometimes I saw it from the crest of a very high wave; at others I hid from it in private deep valleys of my own.

Besides the regular ocean swells, cross-seas had been raised by a side wind, and the combination gave my canoe the erratic motion of an agitated corn-popper. Soon I had a bursting headache and a severe pain in the region of my stomach, as if I had been dealt a hard blow there. Other saltwater fishing had not been like this.

My coming in through the breakers was all wrong. There were four distinct lines. I paused at the outer one of these till a large wave broke, and then tried to follow the wash in. Though my pursuit was terrific, I could not overtake that escaping mass. On the way in at least

a dozen old-time breakers, all of them larger than houses, broke around me. There were precipices to look over and precipices to look up at. That 200 yds. toboggan slide through a snow of surf was lightning. For a single instant my canoe had swerved, to be righted by frantic back-jerks on the opposite side with paddle. I crashed up on the beach with the hair of my head erect. For a few minutes nervous exhaustion prevented me from disembarking. But I had brought my canvas canoe, built after a plan suggested by Parker B. Field, through all that wild surf astern without mishap. There was less than a cup of water in it when I reached shore.

I had caught very few fish, so after landing I dug coquinas, clams as small as grains of corn. Great areas of these could always be found imbedded in stratas along the beach between tide marks. Profitable soil was washed in the surf for these clams. Cullenders, sieves, tin pans, anything that would hold coquinas, were used. It was like washing for gold. One citizen had built a cylinder 2 ft. in diameter and 4 ft. long to fill with beach sand and then haul through the surf with a horse. Coquinas were popular. Several quarts of them, if washed in fresh water and then covered with it, after boiling for ten minutes, shells and all, yielded a supply of juice that made a delicious pot of soup for a large family.

Some days we had shrimp, or prawn, served in abundance. The local variety measured from 4 to 6 in. in length. I had overcome a prejudice against them formed years ago because of their resemblance to the crystalis left by a young locust, and found that their tender flesh was far more delicious than the meat of lobster or crab.

The ocean was kind to us. It supplied us with so much good food. Not only that, but it was also such a delightful companion. It washed the smoothest sort of path for our wheels, and dug holes near shore for us to fish in. It was sublime to look at under all conditions. We played with it. At times parties of us grown-up folks would build sand forts on the beach, and the ocean would reach out with tiny waves to level them. When we went out to bathe it would toss us high, as if we were little children. Some times it would be rough and would stand us on our heads to catch our wandering feet afterward and sling us at the beach.

There were days when the ocean carried on a hot weather conversation with the bluff; and there were other days when it was decidedly out of humor and not fit to hear. Its voice always cheered us on at our meals, sung to us through the day, and lulled us to sleep with lullabies when we woke up at night. Every window of our cottage gave a view of the ocean, and stormy days I wished for eyes enough to look out all of them. We were fascinated by the turbulent Atlantic. We feared it and yet exulted in having it so near us. It was a great life, of which each one of us seemed to be an infinitesimal part.

Forests and Trout Streams.—II.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

I send you the substance of an article read before the annual meeting of the Minnesota State Forestry Association, by Frank H. Carleton, of Minneapolis.—Geo. W. STRAND, Secy.

ONE of the sources of food for fish in the beautiful lakes and streams of Minnesota are the crustacea, or small shellfish, which once were so abundant on the sandy and pebbly bottoms of lake and river beds, but the great freshets, by bringing in the large quantities of rich soil from the land, have made a deposit of mud and ooze, which has destroyed the crustacea, and so another great source of food for fish has been destroyed, and the tiller of the soil and the angler have both been injured. The volume of water has been reduced not only by the evaporation and drying up of springs and other sources of water supply, of which we have spoken, consequent on forest destruction, but the water bed has been filled up from the bottom and rendered shallower. And can we wonder that our streams and lakes are growing shallower, and that some have ceased to exist altogether, when we consider that two factors tending to reduce the water supply are constantly at work on our lakes and streams at the same time, one to fill up from the bottom and the other to reduce the quantity of water at the surface.

Have any of you gentlemen ever waded a trout brook in a region where the trees have mostly been destroyed, as the once famous Kinnikinnick, whence so many trout were taken twenty years ago, and notice that the once deep holes have been mostly filled up with the deposits of soil from the neighboring fields, and that now the water for the twenty miles of its course is nearly of uniform shallowness, while once it had its great variety of shallow and deep places? Compare such a stream as this with its monotonously even depth of water with the few streams of northern Minnesota and Wisconsin where the axe-man has not felled the timber, and note the difference in the depth of the water bed. I have waded the Kinnikinnick for miles in my hip boots without once getting out of the water or even getting in over my boot tops, while in forest streams of northern Minnesota or Wisconsin of half the volume of water I have been forced to get out of the water every few rods on account of the impassably deep holes. I was always willing to get out, for in these deep holes we get the trout. But a few more years of forest destruction in Minnesota and Wisconsin will soon cause the deep holes in the streams to be filled up and the trout will disappear rapidly enough.

It is a conceded fact that a treeless country, whenever it has rains, has freshets and inundations. Without forests to hold back the water it at once runs off in torrents, filling the streams more than bank high, and with its resistless current sweeping spawn and young fish away from their habitats, leaving many on the shore to perish with the receding waters and carrying others to the larger lakes and rivers, where they are readily devoured by the larger fish. One sweeping freshet in a trout brook will often work such serious loss to the spawn and smaller trout as to seriously injure the fishing for years. And you know how the flooding of logging streams will in a few years almost exterminate the trout.

The diminution of the volume of water in our lakes consequent upon forest destruction also militates against the fish in two other very serious ways. First, as the water becomes shallower, often freezing nearly to the bottom, the fish have less freedom and air space be-

neath the ice in winter (for be it remembered all fish must have oxygen from the air) and many of them are frozen to death or suffocated; and second, as the waters of the lake diminish and it becomes shallower, the shore line, which is a great feeding ground for all fish at different seasons of the year, is greatly reduced, and their source of food is very materially diminished. As a rule small fish are usually found in small ponds and large fish in large bodies of water, the reason being that the limited shore line of small bodies of water does not yield the relative quantity of food contained in lakes having a large shore line, and consequently relatively larger feeding grounds. The best lake fishing is found in those lakes which abound in deep waters and which have a large shore line for feeding grounds, like Lake Minnetonka and Lobster Lake, in Douglas county. It is this fact which in the past made Minnetonka one of the very best fishing lakes that ever existed. But Minnetonka's glory as a fishing lake has departed, and will not return again until the Forestry Association's work of reforestation has been accomplished.

Again, forests and the trees and shrubs on the shores of streams and lakes are the favorite home of numberless flies and insects, and these, with each breeze, fall into the water and supply that insect food which fish most enjoy. We must remember that our better varieties of fish are not content with one variety of food throughout the year. Catfish, dogfish and reptiles may be the scavengers of the waters and swallow greedily whatever they can find, but our noblest fish, like trout, bass and pike, demand a variety of food and are often very select in their tastes. In the spring they may feed along the shore line of the water and on the bottom, but later in the season, when flies and insects appear, they want them. It is this love of fish for flies and insects which is the secret of fly-fishing, the acme of the angler's art. And this love of fish for flies and insects explains very largely the reason why the worm fishermen in the hot months of summer may wade the brook for hours with scarcely a bite, while at the same season of the year and out of the same water, the angler with his artificial fly delicately cast will in early morning or in the hour before sunset display a creel of speckled beauties. What angler is there who has not from a concealed spot watched the fish under the protection of some overshadowing tree jumping at the flies and insects as they fell into the water? And have not all of us caught our largest trout, the trout of which we boast and in the catching of which we made our record, under the shadow of trees or out from under a "cover" made by the trees or bushes? And not only this, but the trees make the shady and moist banks from whence come worms and grubs and under these mossy banks we know the fish are concealed ready to dart at their prey.

All know that the shade of overhanging trees is agreeable to the fish, and one need only to place a quantity of brush in a stream or lake and make a "cover" and see how quickly the fish make it a resort, to be convinced that fish like shade. What tyro does not know that a shady deep pool is a good fishing point? And what experienced fisherman is there who, when he goes upon a stream or pond does not almost invariably find that the fish have left the hot and unprotected shore and have taken to the shady side, and so he casts his worm or fly on the shady side.

It is a well-known fact that the best fishing is where a forest is near the shore, and, best of all, where the limbs overhang the water. Not only do the trees afford shelter, furnishing food and preventing evaporation, but at the same time they keep the water clear and cool in the summer. In winter the forests afford protection by lessening the severity of the winter frosts, and in all forest regions the changes of temperature are not so severe as in treeless countries and on the open plain; and the effect upon the water is even greater. It is a popular saying in Denmark of the forest streams that they are cool in the summer and warm in the winter as compared with the atmosphere. This truth is not confined to Denmark, for it is the experience of woodsmen everywhere.

Forests not only regulate the flow of water, but they purify it. This is an experience which has been demonstrated in Australia in cases where streams have been polluted by wool-washing establishments. After having passed a few miles through a shady and dense forest the water, according to Mr. Howitz, who was forester in Australia some years, appeared as clear and pure as it was above the wool wash.

In Scotland and other localities where salmon are bred after scientific methods, it has been clearly established that it is not enough to place spawn and fry in the waters, but that they must be provided with food, and that the best means to do this is to preserve the border trees and insure a steady supply of water and food by preserving the forests, from whence a supply of water and food is derived.

The changing of the temperature of the water of a lake or stream by the clearing away of trees and forests has a most deleterious effect on fish. As already stated, not only is the supply of food removed and the spring which should send forth a supply of clear, cool water in which fish so much delight dried up, but more than this, the direct rays of the sun upon the water in summer raise it to a temperature too warm for the abode of fish, while in winter the absence of trees causes an extreme of cold which is equally bad. If one of you gentlemen had a superb trout brook upon your premises, well stocked with trout and well protected by trees, and should ask the surest way to annihilate the trout, I could tell you no surer way than to cut down the trees and bushes. What few trout survived the loss of food and the warm rays of the sun and the warm water in summer, would readily be exterminated by the extreme cold of winter occasioned by the absence of trees. The higher breeds of fish, in which anglers most delight, like trout, salmon, bass, whitefish, pike and muscalonge, must have sufficient shade, depth, and coldness of water in which to live and breathe, and it is in the shade and cold water that the experienced angler hunts them.

Scientists tell us that the ranges of hills and uplands which we now have in Minnesota are the remnants of that mountain chain which once constituted the great divide between the water systems of the Mississippi, the Winnipeg and the Great Lakes, but which by erosion

and other natural forces, working through the ages, have become the highlands and hills of to-day. They also tell us that the lakes and streams of Minnesota have not only reached their maturity, but have passed it, and that under the laws of nature, saying nothing about the ravages which we have already suffered and must continue to suffer through forest destruction, that the tendency of these lakes and streams will be to still further decline. With this tendency of nature to reduce the quantity of water, by natural laws, over which we have no control, is it not a crime to ourselves and to future generations to permit the destruction of forests to go on, and thereby still further reduce the quantity of water and moisture and help on the train of evils which are sure to befall a rainless country? It has been truly said, that there are districts in France and Italy where the olive and the orange once flourished, but where now, on account of the change of climate resulting from extensive removal of the forests, they can no longer be grown with success. This saying involves an agricultural truth as to every country where forest destruction has gone on from the Euphrates to the Mississippi. And to anglers there is a parallel truth, which may be stated thus: There are vast districts in Minnesota Wisconsin and Michigan where fish of the noblest varieties once flourished, where, owing to the diminution of water at certain seasons of the year, and torrents and floods at other seasons of the year, occasioned by the removal of the forests, they have already disappeared, and other parts of these States are rapidly reaching the same condition.

My nearest neighbor, a prominent insurance man, whose early home was in Kentucky, tells me that in the early history of Kentucky its streams were full of trout, but as the land was cleared the trout disappeared, and that to-day, outside of a few private preserves, it is doubtful if a trout can be found in Kentucky, while in Virginia, of which Kentucky was originally a part, in those regions where, owing to the poverty of the soil and other reasons, the forests have not been cut, the trout still abound. Do we need a better illustration of the effects of forest destruction upon fishing than this?

Did time permit, I would like to speak of the vast quantities of money brought into a State by tourists, hunters and anglers, and tell how this money gradually works back to the pockets of our farmers, producers and merchants. I would like to tell how the mountains of New Hampshire, sterile as they are, have through summer months' tourists and visitors, proved a veritable Klondike to the citizens of New Hampshire, and brought into that little State millions of gold. Should the beautiful lakes and streams which center around the headwaters of the Mississippi and St. Croix prove less valuable?

To-day the State spends its money in the propagation of fish and in the stocking of lakes and streams; it has its fish and game laws and its fish and game wardens, and it imposes penalties for fishing and shooting during the closed season (and these laws are all good); but meanwhile the destruction of forests and its consequent evils go on. To use a homely phrase, it is like closing the spigot and opening the bung. To anglers the lesson is apparent that if they desire to preserve what fishing there is left in Minnesota they must join hands with the Forestry Association and help save the forests and rear new forests; for on the preservation of the old forests and the rearing of new forests do fish and fishing depend.

There is only one answer to the question, "How can we preserve the fish and fishing in the Northwest?" and that answer is by preserving the forests and by reforestation, and thereby putting in play again all those manifold influences of nature that can come from the forests. The propagation of fish in State hatcheries and the planting of them in our waters, the operation of fish laws and the acts of fish wardens, good as they are, nevertheless work only on a very small scale, and are ineffectual and futile as against the great evils of forest destruction. Only by the operation of those great laws of nature which come from forests can our fishing become and remain what it ought to be.

Salmon in Monroe County.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Touching the subject of salmon in the fresh waters of this State, it has occurred to me that very interesting facts would be brought to light if diligent search were made among the records of the pioneers who first settled in the territory adjacent to the waters which in old times were frequented by the king of fish. My own experience supports this view, for, while engaged a few years ago in compiling a history of this city, I had occasion to search for information regarding early times, among old publications, and came across many passages calculated to stir the blood in one who lives in a city but has a love for the woods and waters.

Within a hundred years panthers and bears have been shot in the woods of this county, and several of the towns were noted for the abundance of deer. The first settler at the mouth of the Genesee River seems to have had a grudge against the snake family, for it is recorded that on one occasion he alone killed forty rattlesnakes in one day along the river, and was one of a party that destroyed 300 of the reptiles during an expedition organized for the purpose.

The eggs of wild geese and ducks, which bred in the marshes of Irondequoit Bay and the ponds in Greece, were an important article of food to the pioneer. Beaver and otter were common in the waters, and one family of the first named remained in Braddock's Bay for a year or more after the first settler built his hut on its shore. There was until recently, if indeed it does not still exist, a beaver dam in the town of Greece, on a tributary to Braddock's Bay. Allan's Creek was fairly boiling with trout—one of the pioneer anglers said that you could "catch a hundred of them without changing his position." As this creek receives the waters of the Spring Creek on which the State fish hatchery at Caledonia is situated, it is easy to understand that there were trout here in pioneer days.

But to return to our salmon: Enos Stone, who in 1811 cleared a few acres of land on the east side of the Genesee River, just where the Erie Canal aqueduct crosses the stream, and shot a bear that was ravaging his cornfield. Enos in his reminiscences tells of an occasion

when he knew ten barrels of salmon to be caught in a weir on Irondequoit Creek. Mr. Stone was the man who one night, while searching for lost cows at the head of Irondequoit Bay, saw an unexpected camp-fire and made his way thither, to find that it had been kindled by the Indian chief Brant, who said he was on his way from the west to Canandaigua. Roswell Atchison, a pioneer of Parma, said that he one day caught three barrels of salmon in Salmon Creek, which enters Braddock's Bay.

The fountains of Irondequoit Creek and Salmon Creek still mingle with the River St. Lawrence, and the St. Lawrence with the ocean; but if any salmon from the Atlantic has of late years ventured into the bays it probably found the surroundings uncongenial and went back to the salt water to spread a report that a change for the worse had come over the old familiar haunts on the south shore of Lake Ontario. There are still some great pike and bass to be found in Irondequoit and Braddock's bays, but although I have been shooting and fishing and sailing over them for a good many years, it has never been my good fortune to hear of or see any salmon caught there. If the creeks were traced to their present sources they would probably lead to a barnyard, and salmon have not become reconciled to the conditions; 'tis true, 'tis pity.

EDMOND REDMOND.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

A California Reminiscence.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 4.—If old wine is valued for its age, why should not an old story be, provided it is old enough to have been forgotten by present-day readers of FOREST AND STREAM? You ask me what that one was of my earlier contributions touching upon the discovery of a Delmonico cook in one of my trout-fishing experiences. I think I can remember the episode you refer to, if it is worth repeating.

In the earlier days of California there were innumerable streams that had never known the advent of such a thing as an artificial fly upon their water, or for that matter, a hook of any kind, as the early settlers were not educated in angling. In my boyhood the passion for fishing was a pursuit to which I gave more attention than to my books, and an important item of my belongings was always a trout rod and a book of flies. I had a friend who was equally fond of the pursuit; and having heard of a promising stream some twenty miles down in the country from San Francisco, with but a meager description of its locality, we chartered a horse and buggy and set out in quest of it. There were as yet no fences to prevent free going in any direction, so after a drive of twenty miles over the only road the country afforded, we struck off in the direction the creek was supposed to be. The country was flat, with no impediments except the crop of wild oats, affording splendid feed for the band of wild cattle that roamed at will. When we struck the foothills we found several cañons or gulleys that bothered us a good deal, until we came to the edge of a deeper one than any we had met with, at the bottom of which we were gladdened by the sight of what appeared to be as promising a trout stream as one would ask for; but the question was how to get down to it. The banks were too steep to permit of taking our wagon down, and we finally solved the problem by unharnessing the horse and sliding him down, and with a rope we lowered the wagon by taking a turn around a tree. The opposite bank was less difficult, and hitching up we managed to find level ground, and drove along the creek in search of a lone shanty described to us as being the abode of a Frenchman. After driving about a mile, by the greatest piece of good luck we encountered it, a mere shack, set in the costliest of spots under the shade of a grove of trees. The proprietor was swinging in a hammock, smoking a pipe, and at our hail raised his head and answered our hallo, a very much surprised man, as he afterwards told us. We were the only intruders on his solitude for three months. Having unharnessed the horse and picketed him out in the patch of wild oats, we proceeded to get our tackle in order, meantime inquiring of our landlord as to the prospects for trout. He comforted us by saying, "Plenty of fish." The creek ran within a few rods of us, and we were soon ready for the fray. At the first cast made there was a rush, and we landed doubles, and so on every cast. The trout were not large, but of fair size. Our baskets were soon filled, and we adjourned to the shack and dressed as many as we thought we could eat, and that was a goodly number, for we were hungry.

On inquiring of our landlord if he had such a thing as a frying pan, he produced one, and my friend, who prided himself on being an expert camp cook, remarked: "Of course, this tramp don't know how to cook a trout; I will just show him." The tramp looked on, smoking his pipe; but being rather the worse for our day's travel, it was suggested that before eating our supper we would have a bath; so, adjourning to the creek, we had a refreshing dip. Returning to the house, we were surprised at seeing a little rude table set out under the trees, on which were casters, china plates, a white cloth and napkins. Where they all came from was a mystery, but they were there. My friend says: "Now for the trout. I will show you how trout should be cooked." But here came our landlord with a platter piled up with nicely browned fish. How many we ate there is no record. The fish were followed with small cups of delicious black coffee. After smoking our pipes we rolled up in blankets and slept as only tired hunters and fishermen do. Our breakfast was a repetition, with hot white rolls in addition.

We lost no time in refilling our baskets with trout, and prepared to depart. Our landlord would accept no remuneration, only a few flies and a line and a pocket-knife, having lost his. Brown, thinking to compliment him, said: "My friend, there is the makings of a good cook in you. Why don't you go to San Francisco and hire out? No doubt you could get a good situation."

There was a twinkle in the Frenchman's eye as yawningly he replied: "Yes, I can cook a leetle. I was Delmonico's chef for ten years, and I get what you call tired, and come to California to get a leetle rest." Poor Benson. You should have seen his face. The idea of his proposing to show Delmonico's chef how to cook was

too much for me, and I laughed for the twenty-five miles of our drive home.

We kept the secret of our pet stream, rest assured, and made many subsequent trips that spring, until our Frenchman, having had his rest, returned to resume his labors, presumably at his old quarters. We did in one instance impart our good thing to a couple of friends, true sportsmen—Jim Riddle and Ward Eaton, whom old Californians will recollect as prominent business men. They always hunted and fished in pairs. We gave them the directions and they set out one Saturday for the location. Riddle had imported from Boston a light express wagon, with the gear painted bright red. They got along very well until, having to cross a part of the route which was a pasture for a drove of wild cattle. It is well known that such have a bitter enmity for anything red, and it was exemplified in this case.

The first intimation our friends had was the bearing down upon them of the whole herd, headed by an old bull, pawing the ground and bellowing. Jim said: "Ward, I believe that old cuss means mischief; we must run for it." Whipping up the horse they essayed to escape, but it was useless; down came the drove. The old bull, with fire in his eye, charged the wagon, capsizing it bottom up and throwing them with all their belongings to the ground. For protection they crawled under the wagon, while the bull was battering away at the red wheels. It so happened that Riddle's gun had landed within his reach, and crawling out from under the wagon he slipped in a couple of cartridges, and at the next charge of the bull it was a very much surprised animal at the reception of a couple of charges of No. 6 shot in the face. At the report of the gun the drove stampeded, followed by the bull, shaking his head, apparently with a loss of interest in the proceedings, but greatly puzzled to account for the tendency of red wagons to go off in that disagreeable way.

Once in safety, the two fishermen compared notes on damages. The horse had broken loose, but was caught. The broken harness was patched up and a broken shaft was lashed with the halter. Several battered spokes did not count, and loading their traps they started back home in disgust. Monday morning Eaton turned up at his place of business with his arm in a sling, and Riddle with a nose under the shadow of a large patch of court plaster. It was noticed that the next time the pair set out in that wagon it had lost all its pristine beauty and was painted a sober green as a concession to the prejudices of belligerent bovines. All old Californians have an affectionate remembrance of the two sportsmen, who have now gone over the great divide, presumably to happier hunting grounds, where red wagons and infuriated bulls do not exist.

FOUDERS.

Fishing Up and Down the Potomac.

Gravelly Run.

THE law establishing the territorial area of the District of Columbia, defines it as covering that part of Maryland ceded for the permanent seat of government of the United States, "including the River Potomac in its course through the District, and the islands therein."

This has always been held to include Alexander's Island at the south end of Long Bridge, but the jurisdiction has been claimed by the State of Virginia, and it leaves the disputed territory a neutral ground, that has been a great convenience for the sporting fraternity, and an eyesore to the moral element of both State and District. The settlement on the island was at one time expected to be a twin city to Washington, and was dedicated to Jackson at its christening with considerable ceremony, but the primitive bridge on one side, brick yards on the other, and too much liberty between has prevented its growth. The Railroad bridge, a long, low, antiquated wooden structure, an antebellum relic, is a monument to railroad jealousies and power. On the single track, which runs across this, a few feet above the water, run the trains of the Seaboard Air Line, the Atlantic Coast Line, the Pennsylvania Railroad, the Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad, the Southern Railway and the Washington & Mount Vernon Electric Road, and that they can run at all, without daily disaster, is a standing object lesson and advertisement for the block system.

The original bridge was built on piles, and the oldest inhabitant tells of a storm exactly like the one just past, which carried away the Chain Bridge above Georgetown, brought it down on a raging flood against the Aqueduct Bridge, which had a narrow escape, but just let it through with comparatively little damage, brought up against the low-lying Long Bridge, and only got through at the toll of a pier or two.

To strengthen the piers, rip-rap has been placed above them, until it is said the river is partially dammed, and the bridge so easily gorges with ice floods, that the structure is not only threatened, but is itself a menace to the city of Washington, and responsible for damaging floods in the past.

This danger may secure new or other bridges in time, but the present condition is little credit to the railroad and legislative situation, that makes of a single track, the only link between the North and South, across the Potomac.

Between this island and the mainland is a tide water marsh, once good reedbird and rail shooting, but too public now.

Gravelly Run, or Roach's Run, as it is sometimes called, empties out of this into a broad shallow cove, which abounds with perch, minnows, catfish, eels, carp and bass.

In pleasant weather, at almost any hour, men, women and boys, may be seen fishing from the trestles with primitive tackle; the latter sometimes wading in the pools for crayfish, or blood-an-ouns, for bait to use off the Long Bridge, where many fine bass are caught every season.

Further down, past Fort Runyon Hill, much of which has been cut away for brick materials, the wide shallow edges of the cove, bar approach, except for boats, and the ducks still find comparatively safe harbor out of gunshot from shore.

In the deeper water, and about the decaying piles of an abandoned wharf or two, when the tide is up, the perch and sunfish are plenty, and the big-mouthed bass has

planted himself in the last year or two, and promises good sport for the future.

The ring perch or yellow perch comes out of the mud, or wherever he may spend his winters, a sickly bleached color, his stripes hardly showing, and hardly life enough to run with a bait after he has swallowed it, until the middle of April, when he begins to regain both color and life.

They do not grow nearly so large in this country as on the other side. Astley H. Baldwin in 1862 in an article in *Once a Week*, p. 431, declared the perch of the Danube not only the best, but the largest, running as high as 6 or 7 lbs. But more than a score of years before, Yarrell, in his "British Fishes," told of instances of 8 and 9 lb. perch being caught in British waters; while a yellow perch here weighing a full pound is a matter of wonder.

Houghton's "Fresh-Water Fishes of Great Britain," with first-rate illustrations, gives this perch with much brighter colors than ours, the red of his fins rivaling that of the Japanese goldfish, and described as a bright vermillion.

They are voracious little fellows, and Cholmondeley-Pennell relates catching one foul in the eye, and the eye remaining on the hook. The fish being too small for the basket, was thrown over, and the eye left on the hook for bait. A moment later he landed a fish, which to his wonder was the one he had just released. Ghastly enough, but presumptive evidence that that fish did not suffer great pain, or possess very delicate nerves, but Gay thought man as stupid, when he wrote:

What gudgeons are we, men,
Every woman's easy prey;
Though we've felt the hook, again
We bite, and they betray.

Kit North, sixty-odd years ago, reviewing in *Blackwood* (Vol. 38, p. 122), Stoddart's "Art of Angling in Scotland," exhausted his wonderful powers of derision on Stoddart's account of sundry experiences, in looking with a fly, accidentally or otherwise, other objects than the fish it was intended to invite.

North said, among others things: "We suspect the art of angling, as practiced in Scotland, by Thomas Tod Stoddart and his friends, is not generally understood by our subscribers in the south. Besides snipe, bats, wild ducks, flappers, swallows, seagulls, etc., which an accomplished angler would scarcely condescend to capture if he could help it, the author of the 'lunacy' sometimes chances to hook other creatures of various sorts, and a brother of the rod, when trying for a famous salmon cast, hooked an ox."

Christopher North was funny, entertaining, and of all the old writers on the subject (while simply awful at exaggeration), was one of the few whose writings would be missed, but he was not an angler. This may sound like heresy, but in his latest confidences with his readers, he admits spending his holidays near famous waters without touching a rod. Boasting of retaining the requisite strength, he confessed the spirit had departed. He never had it. There is not on record a name among the elect ever guilty of such apostasy, and there is but one charitable construction to be placed on his denial of the faith; he deceived himself when he thought he belonged to the fraternity.

This does not affect his strictures of fly-casting for birds, but a wide acquaintance among fly-fishermen, if he enjoyed their confidence, would hardly have left him shocked or surprised to hear that the fly in its backward flight engages sometimes, strange things, besides trees and haystacks. Trout fishermen in good waters have frequently told of catching fish on the backward cast, where the fly had inadvertently struck the water behind them. A friend who was in charge of a reservoir station saw some bass feeding in the late evening, and at dark when he closed the station, he went down below the dam to try a cast. At almost the first reach behind him he heard a howl of fright and something on the dam behind him ran off with his tackle. His favorite setter had followed him, and running along the top of the bank got in the way of the fly, and it was with some difficulty he succeeded in saving both fly and dog. Another friend has at one time and another in a long experience, caught on his hook nearly everything mentioned with such surprise by North except the flapper, and he may have had one of these, but in the absence of any definite information as to the identity of the animal, this is not insisted upon.

Once this was done deliberately. Coasting along the south end of Gravelly Run cove, a wild duck flew out of the grass and lit a few rods away. It had evidently been hurt the winter before, and unable to join his comrades in their migration, but had since recovered. Here was a chance to secure an interesting pet, and the two boats started after him. By circling far out he was flanked and started toward shallow water, but as the skiffs approached, he flew out between; again he was surrounded as well as two boats could perform that operation, and as he flew past a fly was thrown at him, but he went faster than the light tackle, and was out of reach. The next time he varied the performance by diving, and the long grass in the river prevented his getting far enough below the surface to hide his wake; a sharp spurt with the paddle for a hundred yards, and as he came up the fly settled over him; a twitch of the rod and the No. 10 hook was fastened in the web of his foot. He flew up and the little rod pulled him down; he dived and the little rod pulled him up, but half-swimming, half-flying, he emptied the reel, and when the other boat approached to pick him up he circled round and round, and with the pursuing boat made a first-rate imitation of a corousel, until boat and duck were exhausted, and the latter was brought to the side of the boat and landed unhurt. It seemed impossible then, that perch tackle and a 4½ oz. rod should have held him. He was in beautiful plumage, his snowy topknot and pied body making him the prettiest of our wild ducks, save one, the wood duck.

Kit North's strictures were recalled, about self-respecting anglers, and it was decided that if he had ever had just such an experience, he would be proud of the feat. Another instance recalled is a Western lake, where fishermen set trammel nets and drive the native carp or buffalo into them. One morning on our way to the moss beds, for bass we passed over the muddy buffalo grounds, and the boatman rattled his oars in rowlocks, when the buffalo

in fright, coming to the surface, scurried in every direction away from the boat, with their shoulders out of the water. The line was cast across the course of a big fellow, and as he passed a strike fastened the bass hook into his dorsal fin. Then there was a battle royal, with the odds in favor of the fish. Of course, there was no guiding him, but the water was open, and he performed some wonderful evolutions, for they are a strong fish. He worked all the way up to the moss beds, and when finally netted, was standing on his head in the moss with 6 in. of his tail feebly waving in the air like a flag of truce. It is needless to say he was immediately released, but his memory is honored.

HENRY TALBOT.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Preserving Flies.

CHICAGO, Ill., March 11.—Mr. Norman Fletcher, of this city, is good enough to send me some nicely tied specimens of the black gnat and the Ronald Stone fly. He tells me that he has been very successful sometimes with the black gnat with lead colored wings, on dry, hot summer days. Mr. Fletcher also adds to our angling lore by the following tip on keeping angling gear. He says: "I have kept my fly-books and flies in small bags made of light cotton duck for a term of years, and have never had any trouble with moths that so many complain of. When my fly-books are not in use they are always in these bags, tightly tied at the mouth with strong twine. Some years ago I soaked all of these bags in a solution made by dissolving paraffine wax in benzine. I treat all braided silk lines, that I use for minnow casting, in this same mixture. It makes bags and lines practically waterproof. I have never yet found a braided silk line that would work well all day, casting minnows without a sinker, unless treated in this way. Of course, it is easy to cast with most any line when it is soaked with water if you put on a heavy sinker."

Arkansas Vindicated.

Mr. Joseph Irwin writes me from Little Rock, Ark., to vindicate the honor of that State against my charge regarding its frogless condition. I cheerfully apologize, and am willing to admit that when it comes to general portliness and solid citizenship in frogs, Arkansas leads the world. I really never knew, however, that our speckled frog, sometimes known as the leopard frog, is a stranger to Arkansas. Mr. Irwin remarks:

"I noticed in your last issue that you misunderstood my meaning when I said we had no frogs in Arkansas. What I meant was that we did not have the little green frogs that are so well known by fishermen around the Northern lakes, and so extensively used for bass bait. Speaking of frogs, such as are used as a table delicacy, I will put Arkansas against the world, as I have seen them down here as large as it seems to me possible for them to grow in any country; but with several years' experience on the lakes and streams of this State, I have failed to find the little green frog that I have so successfully used when fishing in Wisconsin, Michigan and Minnesota, where it is only necessary to stretch a net around a little stagnant pool and make a drive, and you have bait enough to last a whole day's fishing, and sometimes enough for a week, provided your frog climbs the line, as I have often seen them do—an act caused by the swift rush of the bass through the water after he is hooked."

"Our fishing season is opening up here very nicely. While but few bass have been taken, except in the running streams, the croppy fishing has been very good the past few days in Scott's Bayou, where our new Old River Club house is located, where is to be had the finest all-round fishing in this immediate section of the country."

The Robbery of the Red Pipestone.

Everybody has seen the red stone pipes of the Indian. You have seen these pipes in all parts of the country. No doubt you have heard, through Longfellow, or otherwise, of the great Red Pipestone quarry. Perhaps you did not know that there was but one such quarry of this stone to be found in all the United States. Perhaps you thought that this main quarry was located somewhere in Dakota. Really, it is situated on the Pipestone school section, in southwestern Minnesota. This land is the property of the Yankton tribe of the Sioux Indians. It lies in the bed of the Pipestone Creek, on one side a cut bank of granite 60 ft. high. Once the soft red stone cropped out all along the lower bank of the creek, but now it has to be quarried from below the level of the creek bed.

This spot has been visited for ages by the Indian tribes of America. It is now the gentle wish of the Great Father to rob the Indians of this sacred piece of earth. Major McLaughlin has been given the delicate task of persuading the Indians that their traditions do not amount to anything, and that they really do not care for this sacred ground, which they say was "stained by the blood of their fathers."

In the old times, after the mysterious way of the wild regions, the fame of this red pipestone quarry was known among nearly all of the North American tribes. It is said that Indians have traveled from the Rocky Mountains, from southern New Mexico, and from Ohio, in order to get some of the red clay for the making of their pipes. The St. Paul Pioneer Press says that it was the custom to wrap the little slabs of the clay in wet blankets in order to keep it soft, until it could be manufactured. It is stated that a red pipe in central North Dakota is worth a pony, and that in Mexico or Arizona it is worth a wife. Certain it is that the spot is considered a sacred one by Indians of many tribes. In the Rainy Lake country there is a deposit of black pipestone, but this seems not to be prized very much. It was once proposed to open up this quarry and divide out the products among all the Indian tribes, but this proposition was vetoed.

Curious enough, this mission of Major McLaughlin's is combated not only by the Yankton Sioux, but by several other bands. In 1858 the Yanktons ceded their reservation and moved to the Missouri River, but stipulated that they should still have title in the pipestone quarry. The proposition to sell this land to the Government has been opposed by the Crow Creek Indians and by the Poncas. The Poncas have been on one reservation in

Northern Nebraska for over 100 years, according to published report. If the wishes or feelings of the Indian are entitled to any respect at all, certainly the Government has a hard task before it in asking them to alienate this unique and priceless possession, around which cling their most sacred traditions. Red with the blood of their departed forefathers, red like the skin of the Indian, when the great quarry is wiped out the red man will soon be wiped out also.

Minnesota Forestry.

There is a bill before the Minnesota Legislature providing for the taking over by the State of non-agricultural lands for forestry purposes. Gen. C. C. Andrews is giving lectures on this subject, and is doing much to extend popular education on forest reserves. I quote a few paragraphs from his remarks:

"Natural forest wealth is one of Minnesota's specialties. The white pine, the most valuable timber tree in the world, is a favorite of our climate and soil. A single acre has sometimes contained 100,000 feet of standing pine, easily worth \$300. A hundred million dollars' worth of pine has been cut in Minnesota, and the supply is nearing the end. Michigan was remarkably rich in pine, but her supply is so nearly exhausted that she now annually imports from Canada \$2,000,000 worth of logs to keep her mills running; but we are too distant to do the same.

"Our supply of standing pine may last fifteen or twenty years longer. On our school and university lands, as well as on private lands, much young pine is growing, and if protected from fire, and especially if some of the waste lands be reforested, the timber can be indefinitely continued. This means much to the general prosperity, for the logging camps and mills together employ 20,000 hands."

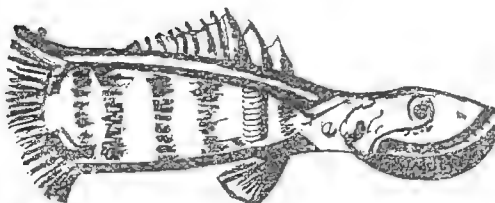
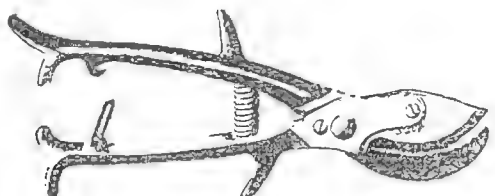
Gen. Andrews made a plea for the acquisition by the State of land that is too sandy, too hilly or too rocky for agricultural purposes. His suggestion was that such wastes should be permanently occupied for forests. On average soil forest growth equals interest on the capital economically expended for planting it. Much of the land on which no taxes are paid would yield a good revenue if forested.

E. HOUGH.

1200 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

Opportunities for Anglers.

It is natural that at this season of the year persons who for any reason may have angling privileges or rights to dispose of should offer them to the public. Our advertising columns this week contain several such offers, which cover trout and salmon fishing and angling combined with shooting. Such opportunities appeal to numbers of our readers.



TRIMIENSIS VINUS.

Upper figure in adolescent stage. Lower figure as captured, identified and sketched by H. C. McDougall. Now biting sharply in New Jersey.

Fresh-Water Turtles.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Since queries of all sorts seem to be most productive of answers when published in your columns, I would like to propound a few concerning fresh-water turtles. I would like to know what varieties of turtles are edible, and how they should be dressed and cooked when intended to be eaten. Any general information concerning turtles will be exceedingly acceptable. The best ways to capture them have always seemed to me to be a set-line or a small-bore rifle, but there may be far superior methods, and of these also I hope to learn. For answers to my queries I appeal in particular to Fred Mather and Kingfisher, the former because he seems omniscient, the latter because he mentioned eating turtles of the pond and river variety. My experiences with turtles have been varied and interesting, but they have never had to do with the culinary department. I have often had my bait, and often even my strings of fish, eaten by these iron-clad pirates, and have taken ample revenge with a .22cal. The most savage fight I ever saw was between two big snapping turtles. Inspired, no doubt, by some fair female of their species, they fought with the utmost ferocity, totally oblivious of everything except each other. I also once saw two small turtles, one of which had the other by the throat, and like a well-bred bulldog, he suffered himself to be lifted into the boat rather than lose his grip. The greatest instance of rustic stupidity I ever encountered was a farmer who had a fine trout pond, which had gradually become the home of turtles till it was almost depopulated of trout. As for the turtles, they were inconceivably numerous and insolent. I succeeded in killing about twenty with stones, but this did not affect the population. The owner of the pond had noticed the decrease of trout, but he treated my suggestion that it might be caused by the turtles with scorn, which can only be engendered by colossal ignorance.

One more question: Has the fresh-water turtle any enemies, the human race excepted? It has always been my impression that if a turtle once got out of the egg he was pretty sure to live to a green old age. To be sure, I once found a small turtle in a black bass, and another in a big frog, but I should imagine turtle, shell and all, as rather too heavy for ordinary diet. RUSSELL MOTT.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

March 14-17.—St. Louis, Mo.—St. Louis Kennel Club's show.
March 21-24.—Chicago.—Mascoutah Kennel Club's show.
April 4-7.—Boston, Mass.—New England Kennel Club's bench show. James Mortimer, Manager.
Nov. 22-24.—New York.—American Pet Dog Club's show. S. C. Hodge, Supt.

Mascoutah K. C. Ninth Annual.

CHICAGO, Ill., March 11.—The ninth annual show of the Mascoutah Kennel Club scored a fair success in the First Regiment Armory, Sixteenth street and Michigan avenue, this week. As a society function the dog show is a fixture, of course, and the attendance was never of higher class. The canine portion of the show also scored at least a success of estimation. There were over 1,000 entries and 575 dogs were actually benched. The conduct of the show was smooth and good. The judging was no doubt as popular as it ever is at a dog show, the work being apportioned as below among the different judges.

Bloodhounds, St. Bernards, great Danes, Newfoundlanders, Russian wolfhounds, deerhounds, greyhounds, Dalmatians, poodles, black and tan terriers, dachshunde, skye terriers, Bedlington and Dandie Dinmont terriers, Pomeranians, Yorkshire and toy terriers, King Charles, Blenheim, ruby, Prince Charles and Japanese spaniels, Italian greyhounds and miscellaneous, H. W. Lacy, Boston, Mass.

Mastiffs, bulldogs, bull terriers, Boston terriers, French bulldogs, fox terriers, Airedale terriers, Irish terriers, Scottish terriers and Welsh terriers. J. J. Lynn, Port Huron, Mich.

Foxhounds, Chesapeake Bay dogs, pointers, English, Irish and Gordon setters, and beagles, Major J. M. Taylor, New York.

Pugs, Arthur Froembling, Chicago.

Spaniels, collies and old English sheep dogs, Henry Jarrett, Philadelphia, Pa.

English Setters.

The class of English setters was not overwhelmingly large, but ran a very good average. One might pick a very fair hunting dog on almost any bench in the setter row. Mr. W. B. Wells, of Chatham, Ont., carried off the principal honors with his string. With Selkirk Dan he took first in the open, first in the limit, first in the winners' and also won the Great Northern Cup for best English setter exhibited, this being the second time he has carried off this trophy. Selkirk Dan was shown in good fettle. He is a fine, upstanding dog with grand body, and running gear all that one could ask. His head is a trifle peaked and bitchy, but not sufficiently to obscure his merit as a good type. He is a strong, useful-looking setter, above the medium size of to-day, with beautiful markings and a fine coat. Benched near to Dan in the setters was Gilhooley, second, a fine big fellow of the Laverack type, with splendid bone and a lot of feather, altogether a likely looking one, barring an unpleasant lightish coloring, his coat effect being that of a dingy gray, with pale liver ticking. Gilhooley shows a head hardly of the pure setter model, but one could hardly help admiring his appearance of power and activity.

In the open, bitches, Mr. Wells again took first with Luna, a good-sized, useful bitch, which carried a beautiful head, and seemed to have stamina, strength and constitution, with a sensible and level-headed look. This bitch was shown in good condition, and looked a winner. Second in this class, Frederica Mathews, is lighter in body than the above. Iris, third, another of Mr. Wells', is well fitted with head, and indeed appeared throughout the hunting dog. Lun won first in the winners' class of bitches.

In the limit class Selkirk Dan and Gilhooley were first and second, third falling to Tony's Hope, which was shown rather light of flesh. Tony might be better in apparent strength of back. In the novice class, bitches, Mr. Wells took first with Selkirk Freda, and second with Selkirk Bretta, another of his vest-pocket ones. Mr. Wells has clung to this small type pluckily and does not give in when cited to his winnings in the open classes with good big ones, such as Selkirk Dan and Lune. In the limit class, bitches, first was Miss Mischief, of Dash Antonio get, a stocky and strong bitch, not large, but of very serviceable look. Mr. Wells came second in this class with Selkirk Freda. Out of all the setters I think one would have most reason to select Selkirk Dan, Gilhooley, and Mr. Wells' two larger bitches for dogs of a practical and workmanlike type. All the Canadian dogs were shown in very workmanlike condition, and made a good string. Mr. Wells also won the setter team prize, and indeed he should feel satisfied, for he is taking back nearly everything but the Armory.

Pointers.

Pointers turned out a good full class, with some good ones, but with an average not up to that of the setters, there being a full showing of weeds. First in the heavy-weight open was Sir Walter, also first in the winners', also special for best dog or bitch exhibited. Sir Walter was shown in flesh fit for a Japanese wrestler, and apparently took naturally to the show business, for he fell into attitudes with the utmost gravity and aplomb. A bit light in color, with pale lemon tickings, this dog is none the less a hard one to get away from, being in every way a model of force and strength, yet naturally, perhaps, not too heavy for requisite activity. He is a big dog, and as he was furnished up to a house-dog standard, he seemed to lack a certain look of activity which one does not dislike in a field dog, yet as to mere faultlessness on the floor he left a very good impression. Sir Walter would have probably weighed very near to 60lbs., as he showed, and reduced to under 55lbs. he would have left fully as good an impression, I should say. Thus Prince's Roy, third in the same class, a slightly lighter dog, of good symmetry, nice head and fine body, seemed so much brighter, quicker and snappier in his carriage as to make one very willing to leave Sir Walter to have a look

at him. Meteor's Dot II., second, is another big one, and no doubt placed rightly.

In pointers under 55lbs., the St. Louis dog, Hempstead Jim, was first, first also in the open, and reserve in the winners' stake. I fancied this dog very much. He is compact and muscular, quick as a cat, yet not nervous, and showing apparently a normal constitution. He is a pointer one might well take home with him. Devonshire Jennie, first in the open, bitches, over 50lbs., seemed a long-coupled and rather coarse-headed bitch.

In bitches under 50lbs., first went properly to Westlake's Startle. Mr. William Werner, of Chicago, secured second with La Luca, the latter of very nice type, but shown rather light in flesh, almost down to field form. In the novice class, dogs, Mr. Werner got H. C. with Sir Buttons. This dog carries a head a bit faulty in stop, and too cheeky. His chest seems too contracted for good heart and lung action. I did not get to see Spot, in the novice class, but Ripstone, first, was my pick of what I saw in this lot. Ripstone belongs, to Mr. Bisbee, of Fargo, N. D., and I should not dislike to own him as a speculation for a field dog. He has good frame and legs, and a head at least plenty coarse enough. He comes from a country where they know what a hunting dog should be. Out of all the pointers I saw I liked Prince's Roy, Hempstead Jim and Sir Walter. The latter achieved first honors, but I cannot avoid disassociating his logy look with the snap and go with one or two of the others. Of course, this is not fair to Sir Walter, for he was heavy in flesh and dull with the circuit. Brighton Joe is another pointer which should not be left out of the mention, placed second in the light-weights, open and limit.

Deerhounds.

It was easy in the deerhounds, Mr. Norvin T. Harris' good young one, Hurstbourne The Sirdar, being the only entry. I mention this dog because he is, or rather will be, a grand one of his sort. He is a bit soft and puppyish yet, but is a splendid animal, of great stature, and that dignity of carriage which gives this breed so great a presence.

In this class there was next to nothing, and it is a bit surprising that out of all this Western country, where we have more than a theoretical idea of what a greyhound should be, there should be no one to send a few representatives. The breed seems losing interest in the West. Mr. Roger Williams' old bitch, Maid Marian, upheld the honor of her kind very nicely. This bitch must be about nine years of age, but looked hardy and fit. She is a handsome tiger brindle, and a very useful looking creature still.

Foxhounds.

Another very light class. Mr. Norvin T. Harris showed Carmen in the open, bitch, class, American hounds. This bitch has a good record East, and seemed a very good specimen of this ironside breed.

Chesapeakes.

Two entries; Chester first, Don Pedro second.

Irish Setters.

There was but limited showing of these beautiful dogs. In the limit, bitches, Biddy Finglas was first, a beautiful creature of fine frame and good underpinning. Biddy's head is good, except that the lips are a bit cut back. In the open class, dogs, Lord Lismore was placed first. This one has a head very hard to get away from, but he was shown poor in coat and flesh. Fred Elcho, second, is a good one and was shown fit as a fiddle. In the open, bitches, Queen Vick was first, a very lovable specimen, which also won the Torrence cup for best Irish setter. This breed is always sure to turn out some handsome animals, and the above mentioned are surely to be so classified.

Gordon Setters.

Only eleven dogs were shown. In the open class, dogs, Heather Lad was first, a handsome animal, and looking a winner all over. There is a look of power and endurance to this breed which gives them many devoted admirers, and Lad very well upholds the credit of his kind. Dwight Grouse, second, is another good Gordon, very high-headed and upstanding, a fine and showy creature. In the open, bitches, Lady Gordon took first by right, a grand bitch, and shown in good shape. Highland Beulah, second, was light in flesh, which detracted from her appearance, and of Dwight Pleasure I could not think much.

Other Classes.

In spaniels, one got a good run for his money. Collies showed fairly full. The Russian wolfhounds had grand specimens, and the St. Bernards offered some of the best ones to be found on the circuit. Besides these, there were dogs and dogs, as one sees at all dog shows, each with its admirers, though none of these breeds, I imagine, would appeal to the sportsman sufficiently to warrant extended comment.

Irish Setter Club's Field Trial Prizes.

THE Irish Setter Club of America, having offered \$10 for each Irish setter running in any public field trial, beginning with the Iowa field trials, Aug. 31, 1898, and ending with the Alabama field trials of February, 1899, desires those entitled to the same to forward their names, address, name of dog and date and place of running to the secretary, George H. Thomson, room 278, City Hall, Philadelphia, before April 1, 1899.

Death of Toledo Queen.

DETROIT, Mich., Feb. 11.—I am sorry to say that Toledo Queen died to-day. While only eight years old this month, she has won many prizes on the bench and in the field trials since your publication of the cut of her by Mr. Edmund H. Osthaus, she being the best all-round dog I have ever raised or owned, and was well known to the fraternity of setter dog fanciers.

CHARLES A. RATHBONE.

Points and Flushes.

The readers of FOREST AND STREAM and his friends generally, will be gratified to hear that John Davidson, of Monroe, Mich., is recovering from the effects of a badly frozen nose. During the severe weather, which pinched everybody more or less in the latter part of February, John had a good solid dose of it one day walking from his home near Monroe to the city. Notwithstanding this, he started to fill his engagement as judge of the bench show, held annually by the Butterflies of Grand Rapids, but the frosted nasal organ aforesaid put in a counter claim that could not be ignored, and John capitulated and went into hospital. He will be all right again in a fortnight.

The premium list of the Duquesne Kennel Club of Western Pennsylvania's first annual dog show, to be held in Old City Hall, Pittsburg, Pa., April 11-14, can be obtained of the secretary, Mr. F. S. Stedman, 215 Lewis Bldg., Pittsburg. Entries close April 1.

We have inquiries for breeders of whippets and great Danes. We lack information of this kind to furnish inquirers, so long as we do not find it in our advertising columns.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

At the Sportsmen's Show.

Revolver and Pistol Contests.

THE revolver and pistol competition, in the different events at Madison Square Garden, had a list of competitors who, at the close of the competition on Monday night, March 13, were among the possible and probable winners:

Match A—Any revolver championship, possible 300:					
Dr A A Webber.....	60	58	58	58	57—291
Dr R H Sayre.....	60	57	57	57	57—288
J A Dietz.....	56	56	56	57	55—278
C Smith.....	57	56	55	55	55—278
E L Salladin.....	56	55	55	55	54—274
A Stein.....	56	55	55	54	54—274
Match B—Military revolver championship:					
Dr A A Webber.....	55	55	55	54	55—274
Dr Sayre.....	54	52	52	51	50—259
C Smith.....	53	54	54	53	53—272
C Meyer.....	49	49	48	48	48—242
H M Olney.....	49	49	48	48	48—242
Match C—Pistol championship:					
Dr A A Webber.....	58	57	57	56	56—284
Z C Talbott.....	56	55	54	53	56—274
J B Crabtree.....	53	54	52	51	50—260
Match D—Police revolver championship:					
Dr A A Webber.....	57	57	56	54	53—277
E Wilson.....	53	52	52	51	50—258
H M Olney.....	52	52	50	50	49—253
E F M Wendstedt.....	52	51	49	49	49—250
H S Seeley.....	51	48	46	45	45—235

Rifle Contests.

At the close of the rifle contest on Monday night, March 13, the contestants and their scores, so far as they were possible winners, are as follows:

Individual championship: F. C. Ross 2425, L. P. Ittel 2419, L. Buss 2412, L. Flach 2409, Geo. Dorr 2403, R. J. Young 2391, W. A. Tawes 2390, Dr. W. G. Hudson 2389, G. Schlicht 2386, Dr. A. A. Stillman 2382, L. P. Hansen 2380, Nemo 2380, P. J. O'Hare 2368.					
Continuous match, 25-ring target, 3 shots, possible 75:					
L Buss.....	74	75	L Flach.....	70	71
E S Pillard.....	74	75	H P Flagg.....	69	71
Gus Zimmermann.....	74	74	Geo Worn.....	69	70
H M Pope.....	73	74	H D Miller.....	68	70
M Dorrier.....	73	73	Dr W G Hudson.....	68	70
F C Ross.....	72	73	Theo R Geisel.....	67	69
L P Ittel.....	72	73	C Meyer.....	66	70
G Schlicht.....	72	72	S W Burton.....	68	72
L P Hansen.....	72	71	J Facklain.....	67	68
S J Lyon.....	72	72	J W Christiansen.....	64	68
Nemo.....	70	72	W A Hicks.....	62	65

Bullseye target, best center shot, by measurement, to count:					
Gus Zimmermann.....	16	G Schlicht.....	22		
F C Ross.....	16	C Meyer.....	22		
Dr A A Stillman.....	16½	E S Pillard.....	23		
J W Christianson.....	18	W A Lempeke.....	25		
P Trainor.....	19	A Stein.....	27½		
L Flach.....	19½	G E Jantzer.....	28		
S W Burton.....	20	Theo R Geisel.....	28		
H D Miller.....	21	S Buzzini.....	29		
J Facklain.....	21	Ignatz Martin.....	31½		
M Dorrier.....	21½	G Worn.....	34		
Premiums for best five tickets on continuous match, five best to count:					
Gus Zimmermann.....	72	72	72	74	74—364
L Buss.....	71	72	72	74	75—364
E S Pillard.....	71	71	71	74	75—362

Trophies.

Trophy winners of Daily trophies: N. Spering, F. Girard, J. Facklain, G. Dorr, S. W. Burton, F. N. Obest, C. T. Schukraft, L. P. Hansen, T. H. Keller, Jr., G. E. Jahnsen, F. W. Green, H. P. Flagg, T. H. Keller, Sr., G. Worn, E. D. Lentilhon, P. J. O'Hare, Gus Zimmermann, J. Bodenstab, E. D. Miller, R. J. Young, J. W. Christiansen, A. W. Tewess, G. Schlicht, S. J. Lyong, L. Flach, C. H. Phelps, P. Stuber, H. Holges, F. C. Bissett, G. Berneus, E. D. Schorninghouse, W. P. Uhler, C. Beyer, O. C. Connolly, W. Fussell, G. Lenzinger, L. Keller, C. W. Horney, S. M. Van Allen, J. W. Johnson, Geo. Zimmermann, R. Goldthwaite, S. Buzzini, W. F. Dilger, W. A. Lempeke, G. Homrighausen, L. Buss, H. Kraus, Dr. W. G. Hudson, T. H. Geisel, H. H. Bahn, H. Von Hagen, P. Trainer, F. C. Ross, W. A. Hicks, A. Ballard, P. D. Fraser, J. Martin, C. Meyer, C. Rein, Dr. A. A. Stillman.

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

Fixtures.

March 17.—Hoboken, N. J.—Hackensack River Gun Club's handicap shoot at live birds, at Heflich's Hotel. Open to all. Main event, 10 live birds, \$5 entrance. John Chartrand, Sec'y.

March 23.—Brooklyn, L. I.—Live-bird handicap of the Brooklyn Gun Club, at Lyndhurst, N. J. John Wright, Manager.

March 23.—Newark, N. J.—Regular club shoot of the East Side Gun Club. L. H. Schortemeier, Captain.

March 25.—Pawling, N. Y.—Postponed shoot of the Pawling Rod and Gun Club. Geo. S. Williams, Sec'y.

March 25.—Newark, N. J.—Monte Carlo shoot of the East Side Gun Club; main event 12 birds; 6 at 29, 6 at 31yds.

April 6.—Richmond, Va.—Tournament under management of W. C. Lynham. Targets and live birds.

April 4.—Chambersburg, Pa.—Chambersburg Gun Club's spring live-bird and target tournament; open to all. J. M. Runk, Captain.

April 11.—Elkwood Park, Long Branch, N. J.—The Interstate Association's seventh annual Grand American Handicap tournament. Entries close April 4. Edward Banks, Sec'y, 318 Broadway.

April 18-20.—Lincoln, Neb.—The Lincoln Gun Club's second annual interstate tournament; targets and live birds; \$500 added. Geo. L. Carter, Sec'y.

April 18-21.—Baltimore, Md.—Prospect Park Shooting Association's tournament; \$500 added. Stanley Baker, Sec'y.

Sportsmen's Association's Tournament.

THERE was much to do in all parts of the Garden on the opening day of the Sportsmen's Exposition, so much so that it was impossible to get the magatrap and motor in place in time to begin before near the middle of the afternoon. Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, the manager, was a very busy man, and but for his energy there would have been no shooting on the opening day. The Garden carpenters were in demand everywhere, and it required close attention and assertiveness to keep them at work on the roof. The weather was too bad. A high wind, catching the targets at the highest altitude of their flight, made them erratic, and the scores suffered in consequence.

The targets had a flight of 40yds. to the foot of the high board fence straightaway, and all the flights were little less than a field of 90 degrees of a circle. The shooters stood on a raised platform, 16yds. from the traps, and behind them was a space which was occupied by spectators and crowded most of the time. The tournament so far has been one of the most sought attractions of the Exposition.

The tournament was held on the west end of the Garden, high above the street, yet far up high was the airy figure of Diana, nearer a goddess in fact than she had ever been since she took up her lofty perch on the Garden tower. A high board fence surrounded all open parts where shot could fly out into space. A broad belt on the fence gradually growing darker as the days passed, indicated where thousands of loads of shot struck.

There was no more popular section of the Exposition than that devoted to the tournament. The space allotted to spectators was crowded continuously with gentlemen and ladies, who watched the competition with the keenest interest. The competition never lagged for a moment. On several days the entries of shooters were necessarily refused by Mr. Shaner, and re-entries also were refused. On reference to the scores the reader will note that this tournament engaged the interest of many of America's most famous shooters, professional and amateur, and the scores made are of a high order.

The targets were not so easily smashed as the flights would seem to indicate. When there was a wind, it caught them at their highest flights, and as there were many swirls and eddies of wind about the nooks and corners, the flights were consequently at such times very erratic.

On Wednesdays and Fridays the shooting was ended at 2 o'clock, to avoid any annoyance to the matinee people who congregated in the theater underneath. An air shaft from the roof made the reports quite distinctly heard in the parts of the Garden below where the shooting took place.

Mr. Shaner was busier than he ever was at a tournament, for the keeping of the records of a continuous match, with their re-entries, constant dropping out of shooters on misses, etc., made an infinity of detail to keep a record of, and it would be an easy matter to "ball up" the whole shoot if a serious error were made. Mr. J. K. Starr, of Philadelphia, was scorer. Mr. Bill McCrickart, of Pittsburg, was referee. Mr. J. Regan was cashier. The continuous match was a miss-and-out, re-entries unlimited.

Thursday, March 2, First Day.

As beforementioned, the shooting began so late that Sportsmen's Association championship was the only event shot. The scores follow: O. Hesse 57, W. W. Linthecum 81, O. R. Dickey 92, J. R. Hull 67, J. Tallman 89, Capt. Money 89, Harold Money 88, Dr. Knowlton 84, Le Roy 81, R. G. Clark 77, J. J. Hallowell 93, Wanda 52w.

Friday, March 3, Second Day.

The weather conditions were unfavorable for good scores. The light was good, and there was no wind, though there was a raw coldness to the atmosphere quite enough to make one feel uncomfortable. In the Continuous match, Mr. R. O. Heikes was high for the day with a run of 85.

Continuous match:					
R O Heikes.....	85	27	26	49	7
B Le Roy.....	33	16			
J J Hallowell.....	25	22	2		
E Banks.....	19	11	9	6	1 1
H Money.....	7	4	4	3	
O R Dickey.....	24	13	8	6	2
Dr J G Knowlton.....	4	3			
J R Hull.....	11	10	4	3	1 1
Phair.....	4	4	3	2	2 1 1 0 0 0
I Tallman.....	19	6	3	2	0
Clark.....	5	3	2	1	1 0
Capt A W Money.....	31	14	12	3	2 1
L B Fleming.....	14	9	7	2	
B Waters.....	4	4			
J S S Remsen.....	3	0			

This match begins at 11 A. M. and continues to 1 P. M. each day. The re-entries are unlimited. There are four prizes, which go to the four men making the four longest runs. There are additional prizes to the man making the longest run each day.

Association championship: J. A. R. Elliott 98, Fleming 92, Miss Kay 79, H. Money 86, Dr. Knowlton 90, Du Pont 70, Swivel 52, withdrew, J. von Lengerke 91, B. Waters 66, U. M. C. 60, Tallman 82, Dr. O'Connell 89, Henderson 85, Fairmont 83, R. O. Heikes 89, Banks, re-entry, 20, withdrew, Weightman 5, withdrew, Gadin 73, Capt. A. W. Money 90, I. Tallman 89, J. S. S. Remsen 71, Appar, withdrew at 64th, 64; Park 81; Heikes, re-entry, withdrew at 58th, 44; Hallowell, withdrew, 63; Le Roy 93; Dickey 91; Banks, withdrew, 44; Remsen, withdrew, 56; Capt. Money, re-entry, 95; Hull 82; Phair 58; Von Der Bosch 76, re-entry 83; Fairmount, re-entry, 88; Moffett 57.

Saturday, March 4, Third Day.

A matinee performance, held in the Garden Theater in the afternoon, caused the management to end the shooting at 1:30, and only the Association championship was contested. The weather was rainy and uncomfortable. A stiff wind made the shooting difficult. The scores follow:

Association Championship: W. W. Linthecum 86; R. O. Heikes 96; O. R. Dickey 90, re-entry, 44, w.; Harry Welles 82; Crosby 84; J. R. Hull 37 w.; Phair 79; Le Roy 95, re-entry 45, w.; Van Allen 93; Robinson 65; T. F. Allen 72; B. H. Norton 44; F. F. Wood 60; C. C. Brinton 80; I. Tallman 96; J. A. R. Elliott 92; J. J. Hallowell 86; Capt. Money 88; Miss Kay 39, w.; Wanda 13, w.

Monday, March 6, Fourth Day.

The weather was really good, and favorable for high scores. The high runs were: Heikes 79, Elliott 51.

Continuous match:					
S M Van Allen.....	14	5	4	0	0 3 2 25 12 6 3
T Keller.....	9	4	2	4	
C Phair.....	8	0	0	1	4 0 0
G S Mott.....	10	8			
T W Morley.....	12	8	2	0	0 16 13 0 0 6
B Le Roy.....	4	20	18	6	
Capt A W Money.....	0	2	13	10	37 0 0 14
L B Fleming.....	11	6	6	1	7
R Heikes.....	79	3			
H Money.....	20	16	8	11	9
J A R Elliott.....	51	11	4	23	19
O R Dickey.....	11	1	5		
J J Hallowell.....	3	17	13	0	
L C Cornell.....	5	3			
F Wood.....	1	1	2	2	
E Banks.....	11	3	6		
Ph Daly, Jr.....	7	3	9	0	
H Myer.....	2	1	1		
W Galloway.....	0				

Association championship: G. Mott 76; E. D. Lentilhon 86, re-entry, 76; B. Norton 74, re-entry 70; Ed Taylor 87; Capt. Money 91, re-entry, 91; re-entry, 86; Ph. Daly, Jr., 93, re-entry 86; Fred Wood, withdrew, re-entry, 30; H. Hesse 88; J. A. R. Elliott 95; re-entry, 95; L. Fleming 80; H. Behrman 55; L. C. Cornell 85; R. O. Heikes 98; J. J. Hallowell 92, re-entry, 85; B. Le Roy 93; Ed Banks 88, re-entry, 97; O. R. Dickey 90; Paul North 71; H. Blauvelt 76; H. Money 91; T. W. Morley 86; R. Parker 22; G. E. Avery 86; G. D. Libby 77; Chas. Phair 82; R. Swiveller 78; H. Welles 79; Dr. O'Connell 90; S. M. Van Allen 90; Ray Godiom 67; A. Robinson 58; Wanda, withdrew; A. Doty 65; Geo. S. McAlpin 92.

Tuesday, March 7, Fifth Day.

There was a big snowstorm and a strong wind, which made

the most difficult kind of shooting. Shooting began at 1:30, and only one event was shot.

Championship match: Chas. Phair 55, re-entry, 68; R. O. Heikes 88; B. Le Roy 81; G. E. Avery 68, re-entry 67; Ph. Daly, Jr., 68, re-entry, 69; McDuff 72; Capt. Money 87, re-entry, 76; Ed Banks 60, withdrew; Dr. Weller 35, withdrew; Geo. Patterson 63; Wray 24, withdrew; H. Colt 35, withdrew; W. H. Sanders 48, withdrew; A. Schnebel 63; F. E. Fredericks 73; W. M. Smith 74; J. Dawson 48; E. D. Lentilhon 74; B. H. Norton 71; E. D. Fulford 85; C. Evans 70.

Wednesday, March 8, Sixth Day.

This was matinee day, and only one event was shot. There were signs of rain and the light was dark.

Association championship: B. H. Norton 76, re-entry 82; H. P. Collins 50, re-entry 53; C. Mager withdrew, re-entry, withdrew; R. Swiveller 54 out of 75, withdrew; S. M. Van Allen withdrew, re-entry, 90; H. Colt, withdrew; B. Le Roy 90; J. S. S. Remsen 82; J. R. Hull 74; Chas. Phair withdrew, re-entry 78; R. E. Wigham 55; O. R. Dickey withdrew; J. P. Howe withdrew; Gus Greiff 76; Ed Banks withdrew, re-entry, 93; G. W. Beadel 80; E. D. Fulford 85, re-entry, 90; J. A. R. Elliott 92, re-entry, 89; R. O. Heikes 93; J. J. Hallowell 85; H. Martin 61; L. B. Fleming 89; O. Hesse withdrew; Capt. Money 87.

Thursday, March 9, Seventh Day.

The weather was dark and raw. There were so many shooters, however, that Mr. Shaner refused many entries, as it was impossible to finish more, than he had in hand, and he also refused re-entries.

Association championship: O. Hesse 91, A. Betti 68, Colin R. Wise 86, J. R. Hegeman 78, J. R. Hull 90, E. B. Coe 75, D. J. Peters 79, Capt. Money 88, H. P. Collins 68, E. du Pont 74, J. S. S. Remsen 82, L. B. Fleming 91, Dudley 83, S. M. Van Allen 92, Galloway, Jr., 81, G. Mosher 75, W. Torpey 88, E. D. Fulford 92, N. P. Pechin 78, D. W. Coats 78, B. Waters withdrew, J. R. Elliott 94, B. H. Norton 67, P. Daly, Jr., 78; Fred Wood 35, W. Sanders withdrew, C. H. Brockway 48, G. Hatfield 79, E. D. Miller 68, Dr. Jackson 85, J. Miller 57, C. G. Blanford 68, W. P. Hall 75, C. C. Brinton 66, F. B. Tracy 80, R. O. Heikes 94, Ed Banks 86, B. Le Roy 91, O. R. Dickey 82, J. J. Hallowell 96.

Continuous match:					
Elliott.....	39	16	6	0	26 21 13 1 0 31 0
Remsen.....	0	18	14	0	2 1 1 3 0 6
R O Heikes.....	13	0	7	17	9 10 18 14 15
E D Fulford.....	0	12	14	2	0 1 6 22
C Huppenstedt.....	3	0	4	0	5 0 1 0
C R Wise.....	3	3	1	2	3 0 0
G W Galloway.....	0	0	0	0	0 0
K R McAlpin.....	1	0	0	0	1 3 1
A Betti.....	2	0	1	3	
B Le Roy.....	0	11	6	11	
Tomlinson.....	17	3	4		
O R Dickey.....	0	4			
L B Fleming.....	20	35	5	8	2
E B Coe.....	0	4			
Ed Taylor.....	9	9			
J J Hallowell.....	7	0	2		
Ed Banks.....	16	1			

Friday, March 10, Eighth Day.

This was a fine spring day, favorable for good scores. There were many shooters who came late whose entries could not be accepted, for want of time.

Continuous match:					
J A R Elliott.....	85	53	11	23	37 8 46
Ed Banks.....	3	17	2	0	18 7 18 0
B Le Roy.....	16	3	0	1	
H Colt.....	7	7	0	6	0 10 8
R O Heikes.....	33	13	12	7	39 36
O R Dickey.....	1				
J B Fleming.....	5	1	4	0	
E D Fulford.....	0	2	7	0	9 1
H L Gates.....	4	0			
W Simpson.....	7	1			
Fairbanks.....	0				

Team race, both teams from University of Pennsylvania, 50 targets per man:

Team No. 1—W. T. Singer 36, W. C. Neilson 47, F. L. Cooper 33, B. D. Parish 37, Oglesby Paul 45—198.

Team No. 2—W. M. Swain 43, W. Ray Baldwin 37, S. F. Weaver 34, W. A. Steel 26, Fred Law 31—181.

The weather was pleasant and favorable for good scores. Association championship: Norton 61, Collins 73, Fleming 80, W. Simpson withdrew, E. D. Fulford withdrew, Heikes 95, Hallowell 86, Le Roy 81, Banks 96, Dickey 96, F. Tracy 88, Hull 84, F. Mason 84, J. Miller 73, Fairbanks 74, D. N. Coats 73, J. Elliott 98, H. L. Gates 83, D. Peters 76, P. Hagenow 64, Swiveller 75, E. B. Coe 82, Fred Wood 31, P. Brinton 65, J. Delany 84, C. H. Moyne 49, C. C. Brinton 70, Wanda withdrew, F. M. Embree 73, A. Scheubel 78, F. Bissett 74, Ph. Daly, Jr., 82, W. M. Smith 72, J. H. Cummings 57, J. Williams 74, W. H. Sanders withdrew, Heikes 89, Banks 80, Hallowell 84, Le Roy 91, Swiveller 71, F. Wood 37, R. L. Packard withdrew, E. D. Lentilhon 76, E. O. Weiss 46, B. F. Amend 90, C. D. Sutton 57

ON LONG ISLAND.

Brooklyn Gun Club.

Brooklyn, March 11.—The regular club shoot of the Brooklyn Gun Club brought out quite a nice attendance, considering that the Garden tournament was in progress and was a star attraction to the shooters. The main event was for the Marshall trophy. Dr. Douglas and Waters tied for it, the former winning easily in the shoot-off. The conditions in this event were 25 targets and a handicap. The scores and handicaps were: Dr. Douglas 15, with 6 handicap, 23; Waters, 18, with 5 handicap, 23; G. S. Wood 15, and 6, 21; Dr. Kemble 12, and 6, 18; Dr. Creamer, 13, and 8, 21; Dr. Stillman 15, and 6, 21; Lane 15, and 7, 22; W. Hopkins 19, and 3, 22; J. B. Hopkins 16 and 4, 20. In the shoot-off, Dr. Douglas scored 16; Waters 11.

The light was dull and the shooting difficult. Dr. Douglas has now two wins out of three for this trophy, Dr. Kemble being the other winner. The contest is now narrowed down to these two gentlemen. If any one else wins it in the next contest, it belongs to Dr. Douglas, as he then will have won a majority of the contests. If Dr. Kemble wins in the contest of this week, Saturday, then these two gentlemen will shoot off a tie.

Birds:	10	10	15	15	15	10
Douglas	6	5	12	9	11	9
Waters	6	8	13	12	15	10
G S Wood	4	4	11	11	11	11
Dr Kemble	5	5	10	11	10	5
Dr Creamer	4	6	9	6	10	4
Dr Stillman	4	7	11	11	11	4
Lane	4	7	11	11	11	11
Skidmore	6	6	13	12	11	11
W Hopkins	7	9	13	13	14	11
J B Hopkins	8	8	13	12	14	11
Babcock	3	13	9	11	11	11
Courtney	3	2	11	11	11	11

GEORGE B. PATTERSON, Sec'y.

New Utrecht Gun Club.

Woodlawn, L. I., March 11.—The live-bird shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club, held here to-day, was well attended. The birds were a good lot, and some good scores were made. Dr. Wynn carried off the honors, missing only one bird all day. Event No. 1 was the club shoot; No. 2, New Utrecht handicap; No. 3, quarterly shoot; No. 4, monthly merchandise shoot, two shoots to qualify on point system; No. 5, sweep. Next Saturday the return match between the Crescent A. C. and the New Utrecht G. C. will be shot on these grounds. The teams will be made up of twelve men each, and each man will shoot at 25 targets. Following the team shoot live-bird sweeps will be shot. Scores:

No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.
Dr Wynn, A, 29.....1111211112	10	11211-5	1122-5 022-2
B Henry, B, 28.....1221112021	10	12100-3 020-1
F Thompson, A, 29, 1222*11221	9	02000-1	21001-3	1*121-4 022-2
M Otis, B, 29.....2022122020	8	01001-2	0202*-2	12000-2 022-2
S B Topf, B, 28, 11110002121	8	10011-3	02222-4	01021-3
E G Frost, B, 28, 0121012021	8	20212-4	20111-4	222*-3
W Allen, B, 28.....1*21220201	7	00101-2 120-2
A Eddy, B, 29.....22101010110	7 010-1
*W Horn.....1220122222	9 012-2
J Gaughen, 29.....	21222-5	22211-5	212-3

E. G. Frost, Sec'y.

*Guest.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Oceanics—Hudsons.

Jersey City, N. J., March 13.—The second of the series of matches between the Oceanic Gun Club, of Rockaway Park, L. I., and the Hudson Gun Club, of Jersey City, took place on the grounds of the latter, and resulted in a tie, the match being closely contested from start to finish. Woods was the star performer, scoring 24. The conditions were unfavorable for good scores, the wind, stiff and steady, blowing from left to right across the traps. No. 5 threw a target which dropped quickly, while No. 1 threw a target which rose high against the wind. The light during this contest was dull and bad. The return match is fixed for April 3. The greatest good fellowship prevailed. At the first count, the victory was conceded to the Oceanics, and the Hudsons heartily cheered them. On a recount, it was discovered that the race was a tie, and the Oceanics heartily cheered the Hudsons. The men were sandwiched in, a member of each club alternately. After the first two squads had shot, the Hudsons were but one ahead, 97 to 96. The two next squads tied on 81, so that when the last squad went up, there was but one target difference in the score. The squad of the Oceanics came out one ahead, which just made the tie. It was a contest of extraordinary closeness throughout.

Oceanic Gun Club's Team.

Douglas111000101111111100010111	17
Josh110101010110100111111110	18
Schneider1101011111011101110111	21
Waters101111111111111111011111	23
Jones011001111101001001111111	17
Diffley001010101010110010001001	13
Coleman110100110101010111011111	18
Loeble10001001010100111010010	13
Steffens10010011111110010000010	13
Woods111111111111111111111111	24
Schaubel0110101111010100101100	15
Dudley1111111101110111111111	23
Schorty1111010111011101010111	20

Hudson Gun Club's Team.

Von Lengerke110101011111111110111111	21
Alst1111011111010101110011	19
Tommy0010101010110101011001	16
Kelly001111001001111101111111	18
Schields111111011111011111111111	23
Heritage00100101101010101100101	14
Hughes101101010101010101011111	17
Beck001010010010100100010011	12
Delong11110111111111111101001	21
Van Dyne1110010101001110101011	17
Fairmont0010111111111111010111	21
O'Brien11011110010101111010010	16
Banta11011111111101010111011	20

Sweepstake events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	10	10	10	10
Dudley	13	11	12	13	13	15	12	7	5	7	7
Sneider	9	11	12	9	13	11	8	7	9	4	9
Schorty	12	10	13	14	12	11	11	14	8	9	6
Scheubel	6	8	9	8	8	11	10	8	6	8	6
Douglas	11	12	9	7	13	12	4	8
Woods	9	11	12	14
Diffley	9	7	10	4
Waters	11	12	12	11
Van Dyne	10	14	12	10	11	10	9	5	8	10
Schields	11	12	12	10	11	12	11	6	7	7
C V L	14	11
Fairmont	13	13	12	12	13	7	6
Banta	13	10	10	12	11	11	13	10	7	10
Beck	10	8	6	8
De Long	10	13	11	13	8	9
Wright	9	12	6	7
Hansen	4	6	5
Banta	3	5	6
Steffens	9	7	6	7
Loeble	8	11	11	5	7
Hughes	12	12	7	8
Giles	7	5	8	7
Heritage	7	1	4
Alst	11	10	11	10	6
Coleman	11	10	7	7

Passaic City defeats Boiling Springs.

Rutherford, N. J., March 4.—Following are the scores of the Passaic City Gun Club and the Boiling Springs Gun Club, shot on the grounds of the latter on March 4:

Pierson010101000111000010101001	11
Paul1011000011100001111001010	13
Jeanneret000001001001110101010101	11
Huck11101000111111011000000	14
Everitt110100111111110101010101	7
Collins000001001011000010100100	1
Shaler000101000000000000000001	4
James100100100111100000000001	8

Broshart110001110010011111111110	17
C Collins000000011010000010101000	7
Frank010111111110101001001010	16
Brown000000010100000010000000	3
Dunkerly0100001010000111100000010	8-136

Passaic City Team.

Hall010001010000111000100010	13
Platt011110011000110010101000	9
Palmer110001000100001111000000	9
Kelley1010100000111100110000	13
Bowes010011111001001011001111	15
Wise1000010000011010101111	12
Jellum10000100010000101010101	10
Lenone0011010110110010101111	17
Hill1110111110011091100101	17
Spiegle1010101101110111101010	17
Van Nordt10001010110010000010000	8
Kevitt00010000111011110010000	11
Coman01011110000100000100000	8-159

The club contest, 50 targets per man, resulted as follows:

Pierson0101011000111000010101001	11
Paul001101111000101000001011	12-23
Wise10100001100001111001010	13
E Jeanneret1110111110100011110111	19-32
Huck10000101000001101010111	12
Everett0110100101100000101111	13-25
Moffet000010001001110100110111	1
Frank00100001011000011001000	8-19
111010001111011101100000	14
1101001110010111111111	19-33
1101001111111010010101	17
1011111000011001031111	15-32
01100000000100111101010	10
0110011000100100100000	9-19
0101111111011010010010	16
1100001010101001010101	13-29

W. H. Huck.

Woonsocket Gun Club.

WOONSOCKET, R. I., March 11.—The Woonsocket Gun Club held a shoot here to-day. There were eleven participants. Four new members were added, and a successful season, the fifth of the Club's existence, is predicted for 1899. Each man's best score was as follows:

F H Mills1111111111011101111110	22
H E Getchell0111011111011111111111	22
H D Barber0111101111111111101111	22
A Seagrave11011011111111011001001	20
C E Cahoon10100100111111111111101	19
C E Balcom1011010111100011111111	19
L A Campbell0101001111101111111110	19
E R Darling0001011110101111011111	18
J A Staples01000100111001001001001	11
W H Bethel01000011100001110000100	9
B P Fortin01000000110000000100111	8

A. SEAGRAVE, Sec'y.

Trap around Reading.

READING, Pa., March 10.—In a team shoot to-day at the Spring Valley grounds Kerr and John Dando defeated Shaaber and Harrison by the score of 82 to 80. The match called for each shooter to shoot at 50 live birds, 28yds. rise, Hurlingham rules to govern. The score: Shaaber 42, Harrison 38; total 80. Kerr 42, J. Dando 40; total 82.

March 7.—In a live-pigeon match at W. D. Gross' Three-Mile Shooting Park to-day, Harry Coldren and John Dando, both of this city, met in a 100 live-bird match, loser to pay for the birds. Quite a large crowd was present to witness the match, which resulted in a victory for Dando by the score of 90 to 88.

Immediately after the completion of the match John Shaaber challenged Coldren to shoot a 15-bird race, for \$5 a side, and loser to pay for the birds. Coldren accepted, and the match resulted in a tie, each killing 11.

DUSTER.

Palm Beach Gun Club.

PALM BEACH, Fla., March 4.—The scores in a handicap at 10 live birds, under the auspices of the Palm Beach Gun Club, at Palm Beach, Fla., resulted in Felton winning first prize, a handsome bowl; Jones, second prize, a handsome cup, and Kaisner, third, also a cup. Mr. Parker was referee. Mr. Dandus, scorer; Mr. Dietsch, puller. Three sweeps, amounting to \$50 each, were divided between Messrs. Kaisner and Wheeler, with 7 kills straight:

Jones111111111	Disston00
Kaisner011111111	Carley103
Cook101110	Hall00
Dolan00	Reynald11111010
Bernett101110	Wheeler00
Felton111111111	Brokaw00
Toland111110	Conaway1010

Shoot-off:	
Jones11101
Felton11111

Mr. F. C. Ross, of Brooklyn, was shooting in great form in the rifle contests at Madison Square Garden. He broke previous records, and was a most promising candidate for leading winner.

Yachting.

As the yachting journal of America, the FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of communication between the maker of yachtsmen's supplies and the yachting public. Its value for advertising has been demonstrated by patrons who have employed its columns continuously for years.

A Modern Centerboard Boat.

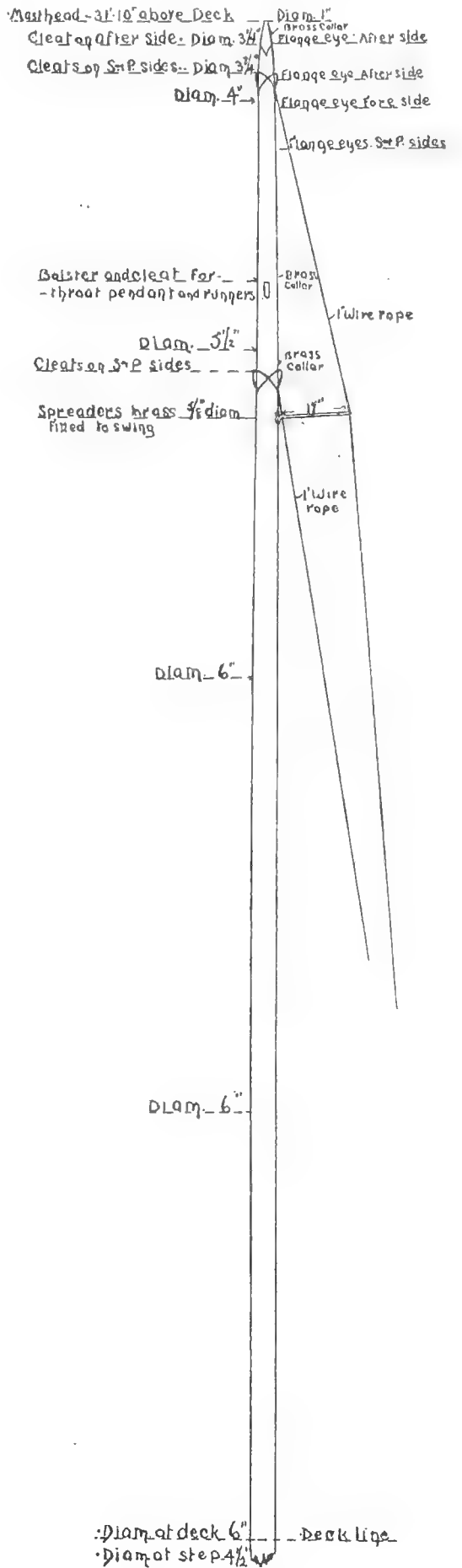
THE Cape Cod catboat as she existed a few years ago was one of the most useful but at the same time the most crude and inconsistent of small yacht types. The numerous good qualities of the type among all others of similar light draft, and safety from capsizing, the accommodation, power to carry sail and ability for rough water work, have been demonstrated time and again; and yet when the boat is carefully studied, she presents but a collection of bad features. The proportion of beam to waterline was excessive, the forward waterlines were very fine and the after ones disproportionately full, the plump stem and the mere suggestion of an after overhang cramped the buttocks and diagonals badly, and the sail plan was about as bad as it could be, with one big mainsail, a heavy mast stepped to the fore end of the fine waterline, and a boom extending far abaft the counter. The very name of catboat was a contradiction, as many of the type carried jibs either from choice or necessity, though they could be used in a way without them. The good points of the type as demonstrated in actual use and the bad points which disclosed themselves in any analysis of the design indicated great possibilities for improvement, through the use of various modern features, but the first steps in this direction, as illustrated at times in the FOREST AND STREAM, were crude and unsuccessful.

Within the past year or two, however, a great deal has been accomplished in the improvement and development of the light draft centerboard type. The design here shown, the work of Mr. W. H. Hand, Jr., of the Buzzard's Bay Yacht Agency, New Bedford, Mass., is in modern parlance a "knockabout," and far removed from the old Cape cat, both in appearance and performance; but at the same time it represents really the development of

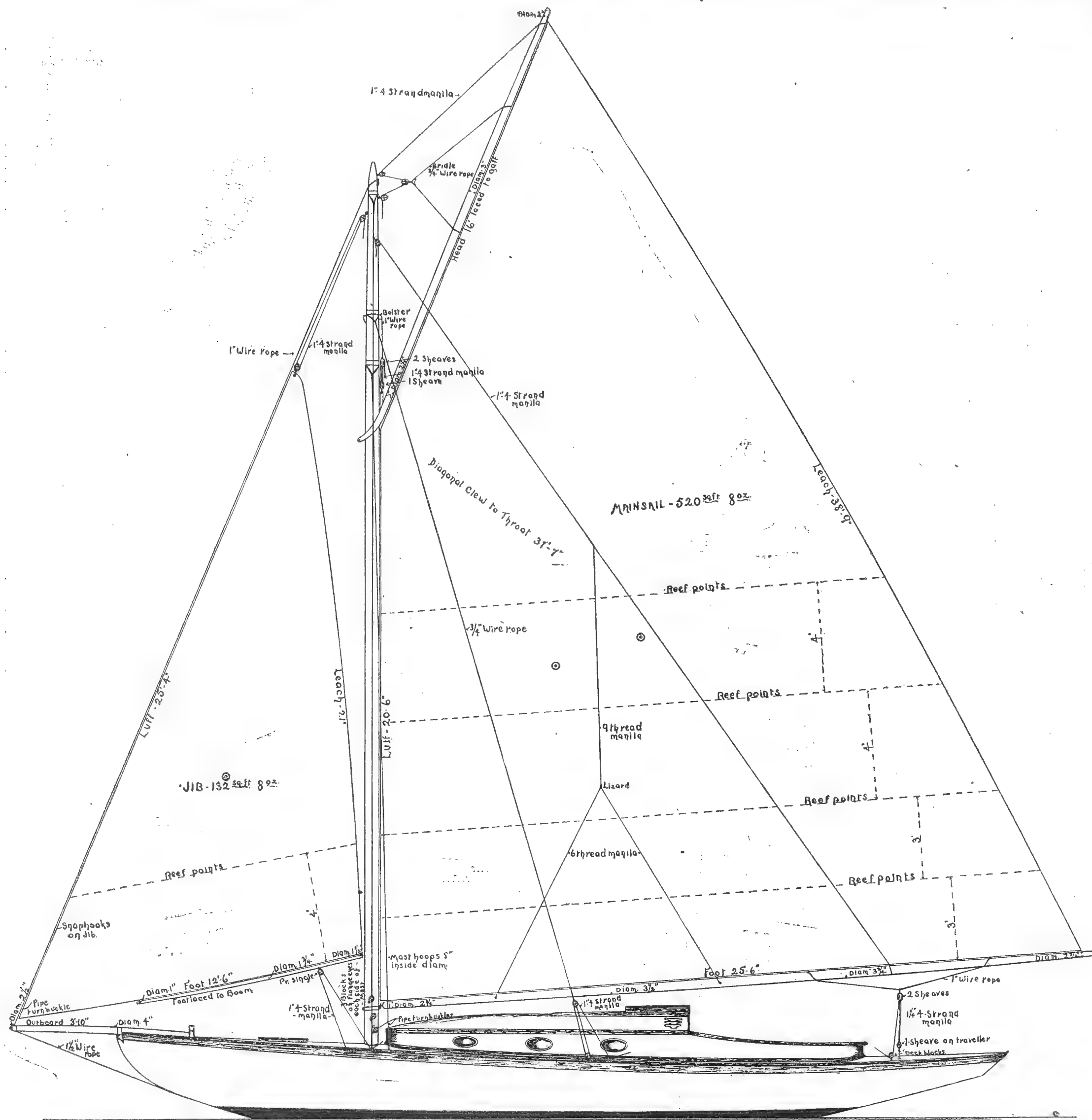
those essentials which made the old "Caper" so popular in her home waters and along the Atlantic coast.

The yacht is of about the same waterline as the average Cape cat, 21ft., with the characteristic midship section and about the same depth of hull. The beam, however, has been reduced and the waterlines better balanced, the bow being filled out and the quarter fined away, greatly improving the main body of the boat, and at the same time the diagonals have been extended fairly and harmoniously for their full natural length, forming good overhangs forward and aft. The least freeboard has been somewhat increased, and the longer ends have made it possible to reduce the freeboard at bow and transom, giving a much more sightly sheer.

The sail plan is from the outset a sloop rig, with mast properly placed, instead of a "morfydite" sloop with mast originally stepped for the cat rig and a jury bowsprit with no support from the hull. The added deck room and better proportioning of all parts gives space for a large cabin house amidships in place of the cramped cuddy of the old catboat, while at the same time the big cockpit that was such a feature of the old boat is retained in the new. While the draft has been increased about 6in., it is



still light enough for general use in all localities along the Sound and the Eastern coast, and the addition takes the form of an iron keel, that makes the yacht practically non-capsizable, and at the same time helps her to windward with but a moderate-sized board, or in fact with no board at all in shoal water.



CENTERBOARD KNOCKABOUT—DESIGNED BY W. H. HAND, JR., 1899.

Mast—		
From stem at L.W.L.....	4ft.	1 in.
Deck to hounds	24ft.	9 in.
Deck to truck	31ft.	10 in.
Bowsprit—		
Beyond stem at L.W.L.....	8ft.	9 in.
Outside gammon iron	3ft.	10 in.
Boom	26ft.	6 in.
Gaff	16ft.	4 in.
Sail Area—		
Mainsail	520 sq. ft.	
Jib	132 sq. ft.	
Total	652 sq. ft.	

One important result of the improved proportions and form is the facility which they afford for a simple and comparatively cheap construction. The fore and aft members, keel, clamps and bilge stringers, can be run from stem to transom in single lengths with no scarfs nor abrupt bends, being easily worked and yet giving great strength with little weight. The old square trunk log, heavy and entailing much labor in the workings, is replaced by a flat plank keel of oak, $10\frac{1}{2}$ by $3\frac{1}{2}$ in., from the scarf of stem to the transom, the arched form serving to stiffen the hull vertically with no weight of deadwoods forward; the iron keel and after deadwoods backing up the middle of the wood keel.

The frames are steamed and bent, sided $1\frac{1}{4}$ in., moulded $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. at heels and $1\frac{1}{4}$ in. at head; spaced 10 in. The clamps are of oak, $2\frac{1}{2}$ by 2 amidships, and 2 by 2 at the ends. The bilge stringers are of yellow pine, 5 by $1\frac{1}{2}$ amidships and 2 by $1\frac{1}{2}$ at the ends. The main deck beams at ends of trunk, are of oak, $2\frac{1}{2}$ by $2\frac{1}{2}$; the others, $1\frac{1}{4}$ by $1\frac{3}{4}$. The planking is of $\frac{7}{8}$ in. white pine. The cabin is 11 ft. long and 6 ft. 9 in. wide, with 4 ft. 8 in. head room. The cockpit is 6 ft. 3 in. long and 6 ft. wide.

Gasolene Engines and Launches.—III.

BY F. K. GRAIN.

(Continued from page 176, March 4.)

INSTALLING.—Next we come to the matter of installing the motor in boat. If possible, by all means put it in the stern, and place the gasolene tank in the bow. Fit some good hard wood keelsons on top of the timbers running parallel with the keel, but in no case allow the timbers to rest on the planking; place your motor on these timbers, using as many of them as possible. Then bore down through the bolt holes in your motor, and through the bottom. Have bolts made to fit these holes, with flat heads on the outside, and good nuts inside, this will hold the motor in place as long as the bottom remains in the boat. Be careful to have your shaft, bearings, etc., in perfect line with motor. Do not place motor too low down, as it only makes it more liable to injury from slopping of bilge water, it also makes it more unhandy, and sometimes very difficult of access to clean or repair.

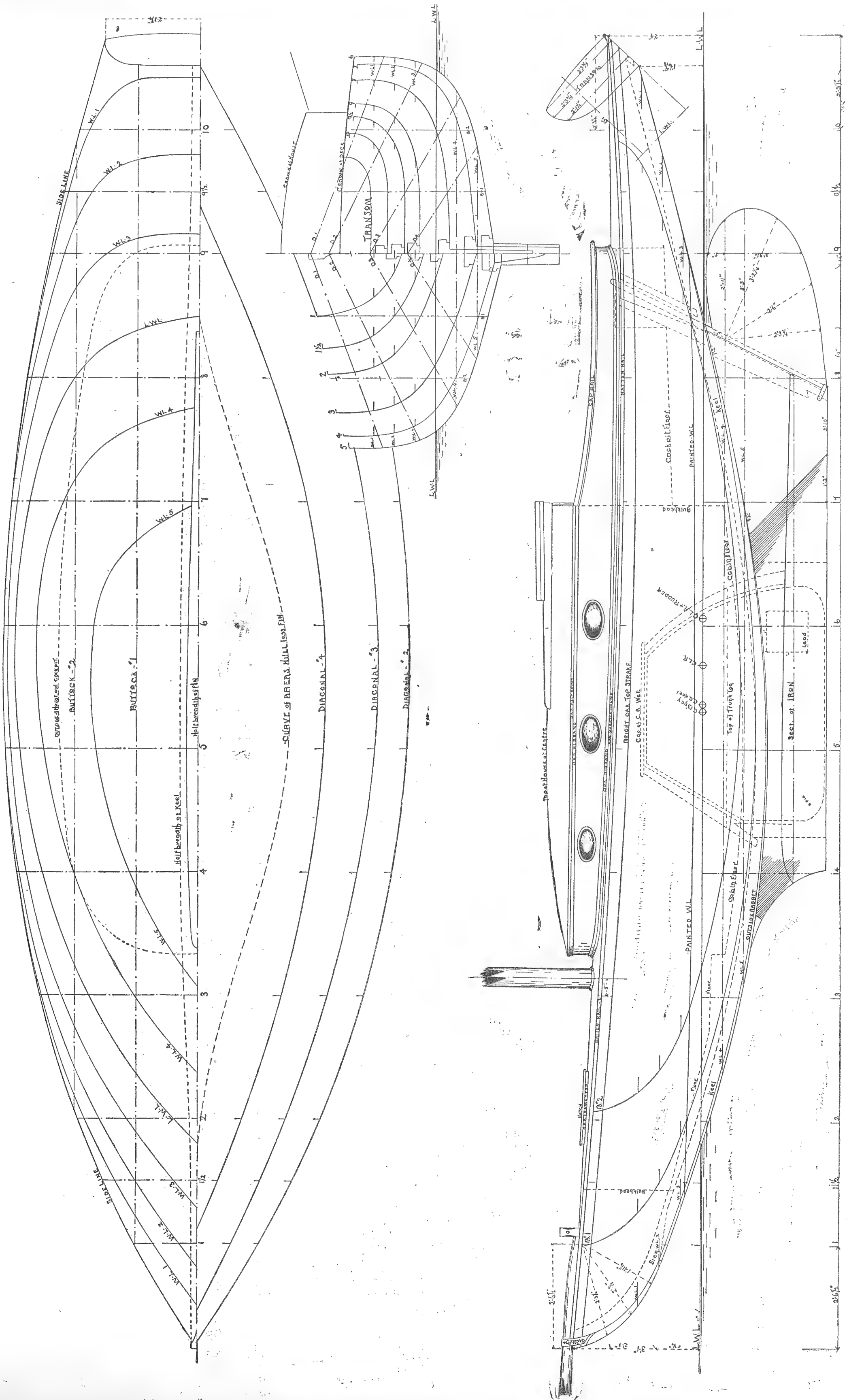
For the hot air and exhaust connections use common iron pipe, but for the water pipes by all means put in brass, and in both cases use unions with ground joints for connections. The gasolene pipe should be of heavy lead, not less than $\frac{1}{4}$ in. inside diameter, and should have a brass union and stop cock at motor and tank ends. A copper tank should be used for the gasolene and provided with one or more bulkheads, or wash boards inside in order that the fluid will not swash when the boat is laboring in a seaway.

Your batteries should be placed in a dry locker or forward, with the tank, and in racks so that they cannot fall out or tip over; they should be located where they will at all times be accessible.

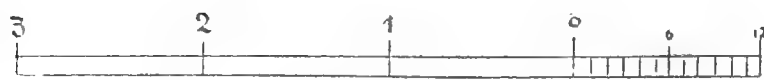
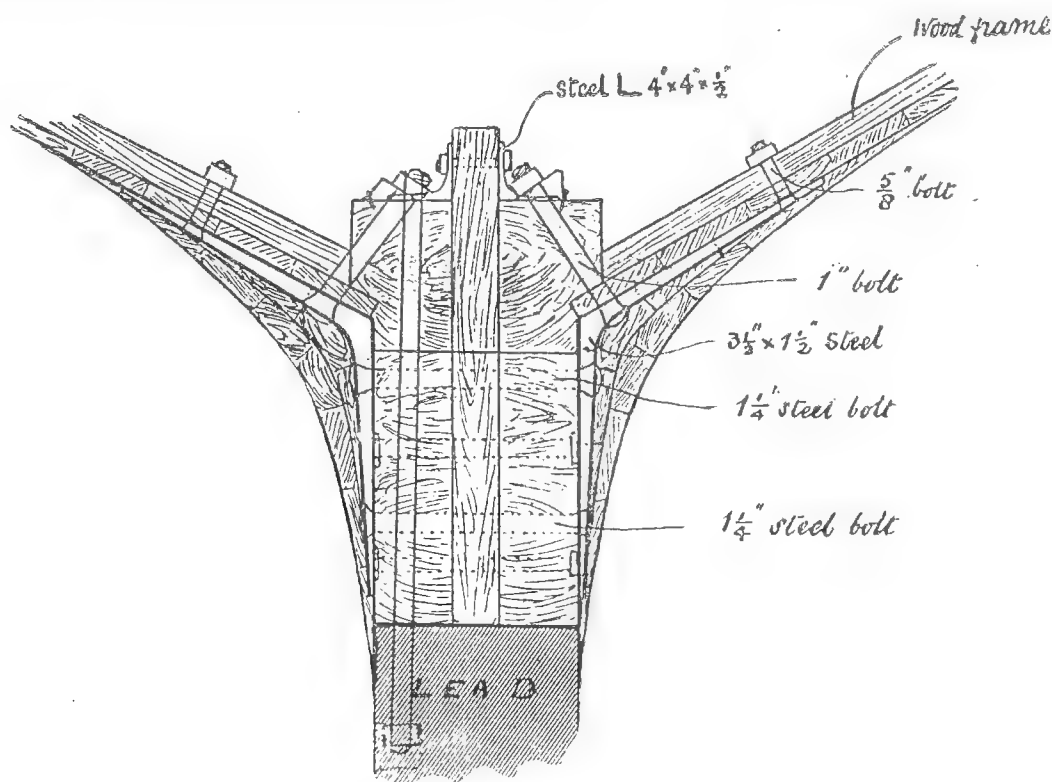
DIFFICULTIES TO DETECT AND OVERCOME.—We will now assume that you have your motor in place and have learned from the book of instructions how to operate it. Something goes wrong, however, and the question arises, What are you going to do? Suppose your motor thumps or pounds; in most cases a few raps of a hammer driving in the key holding the fly-wheel will help matters; fly-wheels generally, particularly on gas engines, are prone to work their keys loose. Perhaps the trouble still continues; look at the crank pin brasses on the connecting rod, throw the motor on its upper or lower center, place the second finger on the brasses over the joint between the upper and lower halves of the brasses, now move the fly-wheel from side to side so that the piston will travel over the center and back again, then, if your brasses are loose you will at once feel it. They must, however, be tightened with great care.

If the noise still continues, look next to the set screws in the shaft coupling, this failing, you will do well to experiment with the firing mechanism; it may be firing either too early or too late, which will cause a thumping. With most all motors either an excess of or insufficient gasolene, which causes either an early or late ignition, will produce the same trouble. If you do not get a clear, sharp, even, exhaust, it is as a rule caused by insufficient atmosphere in the mixture of the gas. A lack of air will also cause your motor to act sluggishly, and to produce the best results it is always well to give your vaporizer all the air possible, it not only produces a good, quick, easy action to the motor, but prevents any residue overcharged burnt gas from forming a deposit of dirt in the cylinder and valves.

By giving the motor more or less air, the speed can be controlled, but we strongly advise you against this practice; it is not only bad for your vaporizing apparatus, but harmful to the motor in many ways. Be sure your sight-



CENTERBOARD KNOCKABOUT—DESIGNED BY W. H. HAND, JR., 1899.



DETAIL OF KEEL

feed cylinder lubricator is working, and always start it feeding before you start the motor. If there is a grinding, rubbing or squeaking noise that seems to come from the cylinder, it will in most cases be found that the cylinder is not getting sufficient oil, in which case open wide the feed screw or lubricator, and cause the cup to flush a quantity of oil into the cylinder at once. While on the subject of lubrication let me say it is of the utmost importance that all parts, especially the cylinder, should receive a sufficient supply of the best lubricating oils.

Now your motor is running along, and all at once there is a kick, as if something inside the motor had hit and obstructed it for a fraction of the stroke. Also, there may be a puff of smoke from around the valve stems or igniter spindle, and in many cases out of the exhaust also; this is caused by what is known as a late or back explosion, that is to say, the gas is too poor in gasoline, causing it to fail to thoroughly ignite until the piston is about on its lower center. The remedy, of course, is to give the vaporizer less air.

Skipping explosions is a very common occurrence, and is in most cases laid to the batteries becoming weak. This is, however, not by any means the cause in every case, and many times the igniter spindle or shaft fits so tight that when it becomes hot and expands, the spring that operates it is not sufficiently strong. Do not tighten the springs except as a makeshift, but remove the spindle and ease it up a little with fine emery cloth, this not being at hand scrape it with the back of a knife, but never attempt to file it.

The wires connecting the batteries together, also to the motor, are liable to work loose, and, although they may not look so, will often be found by testing the thumb screws to be ready to drop off. It often happens that in the use of old or cheap insulated wire, that, although it looks all right, and the covering perfect, the wire inside will be broken, and as the motor vibrates, these ends will make and break the circuit. Care should be taken to keep all the poles, on both batteries and motor, bright and clean.

In motors of the two-cycle type failure to ignite on starting is at times caused by the gas being too rich, it in many cases igniting once or twice, and then after turning the fly-wheel until tired, the operator gives it up. This rich gas must be gotten out of the motor before it will ignite, and if there is no outlet at the top of cylinder it is apt to stay there to a certain extent. It is always best to have an air cock of say 1/4 in. size tapped into the cylinder head so that in such cases the cock can be opened, allowing the gas to escape and fresh air to be drawn in on the motor being turned, taking care to shut off the gasoline supply entirely.

LUBRICATION.—Want of lubrication or dryness of the cylinder will at times cause the motor to diminish its speed and will result in the stoppage of the machine if allowed to continue, also cutting the surface of the cylinder and piston ring. It often produces a rubbing and squeaking sound. To trace out a foreign sound, locate as near as possible the affected part, then take a stick the size of a lead pencil, place one end on the suspected part, holding the other end between the teeth, holding both ears closed. It will be a surprise how clearly a sound of any kind can be located by this means.

DANGER FROM OPEN COCKS.—Never place any part of the body in range with an open cylinder or relief cock when handling the motor, as when the charge is ignited these cocks discharge burning gas.

THROTTLING.—Gas engines cannot, for numerous reasons, be throttled down as low as steam or other constant pressure motors, and care should be taken when doing this or approaching a dock, as a failure may at a critical moment result in the stoppage of the motor, leaving you helpless to control the boat.

A Few Wrinkles.

OILERS.—Oil cans can be had in copper and brass, of all shapes and sizes, but the most useful is a common zinc one-pint oiler for machinery oil, and for the cylinder oil a ten cent tin (one quart) coffee pot is the quickest feeder and handiest can to be had.

OILS.—Always use best and pure oil, a little at a time, and often, is the invariable rule. Do not put graphite in your oil, as they are especially made for that purpose.

CLEANING LUBRICATORS.—To clean the lubricators use gasoline, the same will clean them, and also all grease in the bottom of your oil can. The cock put

in your gasoline tank so that you can draw off gasoline for cleaning independent of your motor connections.

CLEANING MOTORS.—Don't wipe your motor after using, the oil will keep it from rusting. Clean it before use.

RUST PREVENTER.—To keep springs and bright parts from rusting, oil them when they are hot.

CLEANING BRASSWORK.—After cleaning your brasswork, if it is to stand any length of time, cover it over with vaseline, it preserves it from corroding, wipes off easily and does not hurt the hands. Treat your wrenches and tools the same way. A small paint brush is the best thing for putting on vaseline, as you can reach the small places most apt to rust and hardest to clean.

Do not cover your motor, whether in open or cabin boats, as it causes it to sweat and consequently it will rust quicker than if exposed to rain.

LEAKY JOINTS.—If joints of cylinder, etc., leak, repack them, using thinnest asbestos paper; be sure the surfaces are perfectly clean, then give both surfaces and paper a coat of shellac before putting together.

TIGHTENING BOLTS.—To tighten up bolts of cylinder head or any similar place, start by putting down one moderately tight, then follow with the opposite one, then the one at right angles, working from side to side, and after all are in place and tight, follow in like manner and screw down hard.

JOINT FINISHES.—Shellac is the best medium for use on all joints, either flat or threaded, as it is not affected by gasoline; common brown soap is a good substitute, and leaks in gasoline tanks can often be temporarily repaired with a piece of soap stuck on over the leak or forced into a seam.

DEFACING SURFACES.—Do not pound on any of the metal parts of your motor with a steel hammer or wrench, as it is sure to deface the part struck. Hold a piece of hardwood on the part to be struck, or still better, provide yourself with a copper hammer, it is always useful.

Do not use a pipe wrench on a nut or any surface that is liable to be defaced; if you must, wrap a piece of tin around the object or stick a piece of wood under each jaw of the wrench. If you have use for a pipe wrench and have none, put your monkey wrench over the object and then hold a file into the angle between the object and the forward jaw of the wrench. If you have a pipe to take down that is too large for your wrench, make a loop around it with a piece of marlin and then around a stick, using the latter as a lever and pry against the slip of loop.

Nuts, pipes, etc., that will not move readily, can be started by pounding all sides with a hammer, holding an iron or stone weight against the opposite side, then apply wrench.

PAINT FOR MOTORS.—Good paint for gasoline motors are the various bronze powders put on with shellac. For very hot pipes, common stove blacking is as good as anything, and always leaves the pipes clean.

CEMENT FOR FOUNDATION.—To mix cement for foundation under or filling around motor, use one part Portland cement with two parts clean sharp sand mixed with fresh water.

SPARK COIL AND CONNECTIONS.—Keep your spark coil dry, otherwise the iron wire core will rust and spoil it, if the coil becomes thoroughly wet, it will short circuit and become useless until dry. Always keep connections on ends clean, and in good contact. A good plan is to fasten the coil up under a dry place under the deck, first having it nicely boxed.

SWITCH.—The points of your switch will often corrode and should be scraped or sand-papered off occasionally. A good serviceable switch is made by fastening a brass screw into the bulkhead, attached to one wire, then place another attached to other end of wire about 3 in. below the former, connect the two by the means of a spiral brass spring, having the spring fastened permanently to one screw, and on other end turn a loop. To connect draw spring down and hook loop over the under screw head, this makes a good connection that is not knocked off or disarranged easily.

PACKING FOR SHAFT.—To pack stuffing box of propeller, get square Italian hemp packing laid up in grease, cut a piece that will reach around the shaft, first binding both ends with thread so it will not unravel, then fill stuffing box half-full of grease and with a stick of proper size force the packing down into the bottom of the box, put in another proceeding as before, taking care to break joints

with the packing, fill the box about half-full, then replace gland and screw up moderately tight, then slack away one or two turns backward on the gland, so that the packing does not bind shaft. If ready made packing is not at hand, use lamp wicking, braiding it round in four parts, first greasing the strands so as to braid in the grease.

WIRE CONNECTIONS.—In making all wire connections always coil the wire a half-dozen times over a lead pencil at the ends, as this allows for breakage, wear, and makes a flexible joint not liable to pull or jar off the connection.

KEYS.—If the key of fly-wheel works loose, cut a strip of thin tin from top of a milk can, or a tin type will answer still better; put this in on the slack side of the key and drive both in, taking care not to buckle up the tin.

PUMP.—If your pump refuses to work on first starting hit the inlet check valve or pump a sharp rap with a stick, and nine times out of ten your difficulty is over. Pumps need repacking, and also tightening up on the packing at times, when this occurs use great care not to get the packing screwed down too tight or it will either buckle the connection or cause the packing to cut the plunger.

USE OF LEAD ON JOINTS.—Never use either black, white or red lead on any joints on a gas motor or its piping, as the gas will cut it out in a short time.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Conversion of Inyoni.

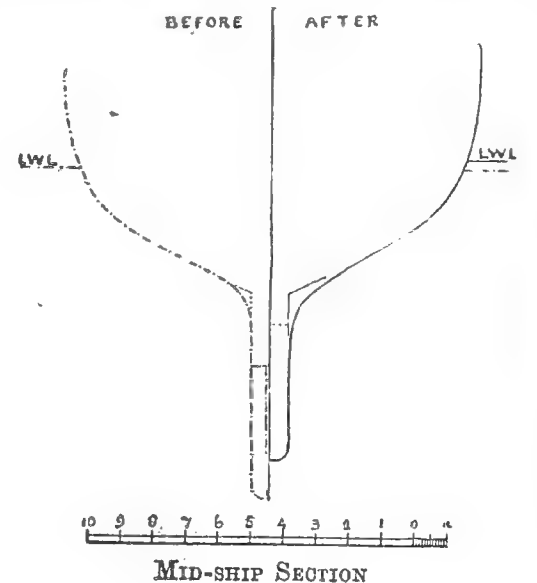
BY COLONEL BARRINGTON BAKER.

From the Yachting Monthly Magazine.

The mainsail was then reduced to 1,200sq. ft.; 3ft. was taken off the foot of the spinaker, some slight alterations to the sharp-headed topsail (the only one I take when cruising), and about 6 in. from luff of No. 1 jib—nothing else required alteration. The jackyard, topsail can still be used for racing, and of course both jibtop-sails fit, and are very handy in light airs.

She steered easily in moderate winds; but when she got her sail down in a strong breeze she wanted more weather helm than I liked, so I gave her a new bowsprit (only a stump, after all), 18 in. longer, and now she steers beautifully in any weather.

She is quiet in a seaway and easily handled. Our crew this summer has usually been three ladies and two other amateurs, beside myself (no paid hands), and we have had some rough weather off the Longships and Lizard,



in which she behaved very well. We worked her six miles up the Fal to Tregothnan Pool in a strong N.W. wind, which is a good proof of her handiness; and we logged 21 knots from Falmouth to Fowey in two and a quarter hours, i. e., nine and a half knots an hour, towing our boats, one of the girls steering all the time; wind, N.W. strong.

We find a Simplex stockless anchor of 112lbs. most useful, and I think this pattern holds as well as that of any other of the same weight, but I also think it requires more scope of chain.

Inyoni's dimensions are now as under:

Length—	Over all.....	67ft. 7in.
	L.W.L.	46ft. 9in.
Beam		12ft. 10in.
Depth to platform		6ft. 5in.
Draft		8ft. 9in.
Displacement, about.....		25 tons.
Lead keel, etc., about.....		13 tons.
Area—		
	Mainsail	1,200sq.ft.
	Jib	270sq.ft.
	Foresail	220sq.ft.
	Topsail (cruising).....	200sq.ft.
Total cruising sail (exclusive of spinaker) ..		1,690sq.ft.
Total Y. R. A.....		2,510sq.ft.
Two boats on davits.		

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

The Week's Record.

This is the Way Advertisers Esteem "Forest and Stream" Advertising.

Dan Kidney & Son, boat builders, of West De Pere, Wis., write: "Please keep our ad. in the FOREST AND STREAM till we tell you to take it out. It is good enough for us." The Chicago Varnish Co., write: "Inclosed please find contract for our advertisement in your paper for the following year. We are glad to renew the contract, as we feel that we get good results from it."

Both Ways Across the Pond.

FOREST AND STREAM advertising covers the world. Messrs. W. J. Cummins, of England, tell us that their advt. in FOREST AND STREAM makes business for them on this side of the Atlantic, and in return the Horton Manufacturing Co., through the same medium, have been filling orders for the Bristol steel rod to go to Great Britain. Christiania, Denmark, sportsmen are luring game with the Canvas Decoy Co.'s artful simulacra, and they found out about them in FOREST AND STREAM. The world is small when you use FOREST AND STREAM to encircle it.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO.

TERMS, \$4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY.
SIX MONTHS, \$2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 25, 1899.

VOL. I, 11. - No. 12.
No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, \$4 per year, \$2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iv.

O. C. MARSH.

PROFESSOR O. C. MARSH, the eminent paleontologist, died at his home in New Haven, Conn., on Saturday, March 18, aged sixty-seven years.

He was born at Lockport, N. Y., in 1831, graduated from Yale in the class of 1860, and devoted the next five years to the study of science at New Haven and in Germany. In 1866 he returned to New Haven to occupy the chair of paleontology, which had just been established for him, and which he continued to fill to the time of his death. His labors in science were purely those of love, for he received no salary from the university, and besides, up to the year 1882, he himself paid the wages of many of his assistants.

Professor Marsh's services to science were very great and of many sorts. It was through his influence that his uncle, George Peabody, of London, gave to Yale the fund from a portion of which the Peabody Museum at New Haven was built. He superintended the construction of this building, of which he was Curator, and it was his hope that he might live to see the central and main structure completed.

In 1868 Professor Marsh made a short excursion to the Rocky Mountains, and from information acquired on this trip, he learned and appreciated, as no one else had done, the vast possibilities of the western country as a field for the collection of vertebrate fossils. In 1870 he took out West the first of the expeditions, which afterward became so well known, and which in later years have been followed by so many similar expeditions from other institutions of learning. These parties, and others which followed them, gathered the treasures which made Professor Marsh's collections famous throughout the world. Of them Professor Huxley said in 1876: "So far as my knowledge extends there is no collection from any one region and series of strata comparable for extent, or for the care with which the remains have been got together or for their scientific importance, to the series of fossils which he has deposited there." Charles Darwin wrote: "Your work on these old birds and on the many fossil animals of North America has afforded the best support to the theory of evolution that has appeared within the last twenty years."

The number of new forms of animal life brought to light by Professor Marsh's researches is very great. Among them were the first monkeys, bats and marsupials discovered in America, besides such amazing forms as birds with teeth, vast and monstrous forms of dinosaurs, remarkable pterodactyls, or flying reptiles, and the strange many-horned dinocerata and brontotheridæ. The titles of his papers on scientific subjects number many hundreds, and he was the author of several elaborate quarto monographs, among them being one on Birds with Teeth, on huge Dinosaurs and on the Dinocerata. His demonstration of the ancestry of the horses many years ago attracted wide popular interest.

Although so enthusiastic a devotee of science, Professor Marsh was also a keen sportsman; an exceedingly good snap shot and an expert fly-caster. The work of collecting fossils on his Western trips was varied by big game hunting, grouse shooting and trout fishing, and in all these different pursuits Professor Marsh proved himself skillful and successful.

In his earlier expeditions to the West, it was often necessary to pass over the hunting grounds of hostile Indians, and so to have the protection of escorts of United States troops. But it was not only on hostile grounds that he met the Indians. In 1875 he learned of the Indian Bureau frauds committed on the Ogalalla Sioux, and called public attention to them; a course which led to a great improvement in the Indian service. Old Red Cloud and the other chiefs of this band ever afterward held Professor Marsh in grateful remembrance for his services to their people. Professor Marsh's achievements received the

high appreciation of scientific men. He was a member and fellow of many European scientific societies, had been President of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and of the National Academy of Sciences.

A little more than a year ago Professor Marsh presented to Yale University his six superb collections of vertebrate and invertebrate fossils, osteology and ethnology to be forever held by it under the charge of the trustees of the Peabody Museum.

SINNAKER BEARS.

In recent communications from North Carolina, Mr. Charles Hallock has several times spoken of a particularly large, powerful and ferocious sort of bear, known to the North Carolinians under the name of sinnaker or sinnaber, the last probably being merely a misprint. He speaks of these as "cattle bears," not "hog bears," the distinction carrying with it the idea of strength and energy. Some curiosity has been manifested as to the etymology of this word, which in fact is interesting.

In the history of the early settlements of Virginia and North and South Carolina, there are frequent references to the "Sinnagers" whose ferocity is dilated on and whose cruelty is complained of. This word, "Sinnager," appears to have been a generic term applied to all tribes of the northern Iroquois, and is unquestionably merely a different spelling of the word Seneca, one of the prominent tribes of the Six Nations which made up the powerful league of the Iroquois, long famous as the most advanced political institution devised by North American Indians.

Early writers of the southern colonies, which of course means only the narrow fringe of English settlements along the coast, tell us much of the continual raids made by the New York Iroquois upon the Algonquin and Siouan tribes inhabiting the coast region and the higher wooded lands of the southern Allegheny Mountains. So fierce were these assaults and so continuous this warfare, that the tribes attacked frequently appealed to the English for help against their northern foes, and at length a number of them deserted their villages and came to live near to Fort Christian in the hope of escaping the incursions of their enemies. Even this, however, did not protect them, for the Iroquois attacked and killed them under the very guns of the fort. It was not until 1722 that through the effort of the colonists a permanent treaty was made by which the Iroquois agreed hereafter to forego their attacks. The peace came too late to save the southern tribes. Broken and decimated by the hostility of their Indian enemies, and still further enfeebled by their closer association with the whites, they melted away and disappeared, some joining other tribes, by which they were absorbed, while others in small companies moved away westward and in name still exist, though represented by few or no individuals of pure blood.

That the word Sinnaker should have persisted as a local term for 250 years is certainly interesting. Originally applied to a people possessing certain characteristics, it came at last to stand for those characteristics, and finally became merely an adjective meaning strong, fierce, ferocious and perhaps masterful.

SNAP SHOTS.

We print elsewhere a dissent from some remarks made in these columns last week, the general tenor of which was to point out the futility of the coarse abuse so commonly resorted to in the application of the epithet "game hog" to all whose shooting restrictions were not in accord with the notions of those most given to the use of the epithet when speaking of their fellow men. We allude again to the subject here, to point out that what was written is not to be construed as in any way offering a defense for intemperate game destruction. The particular point referred to by our correspondent, of the fifty-bird bag, for instance, was not a justification of the killing of fifty birds in one day. We wrote:

Fifty birds in Mississippi or Louisiana in a day would be far less relatively than five would be in Connecticut. Fifty birds might serve to supply one man with an abundance of game; the same amount might be wholly inadequate for the needs of another. One man might shoot one day in the year and kill one hundred birds; another man might shoot ten days and kill ten birds on each day, so that the sum total which each one took was the same; yet the ten-bird man might feel that he was warranted in denouncing his fellow as a "game hog."

It was rather to suggest that the spirit controlling the killer of the five might be precisely that of the killer of the fifty, each being governed by his opportunities; and the killer of five thus being without his justification in denouncing a brother, whose score was fifty.

Much of this "game hog" denunciation is in truth an aggravated case of the very black pot calling the kettle black and there is no greater humbug in the history of field sports than some of this same "game hog" reiteration, by those who are intent by vociferous and shrill-keyed outcry upon concealing their own brutish performances as wanton destroyers of animal life, game and otherwise. Mr. Schenck tells us that he now views the making of a large game score in a light different from that in which he regarded it years ago; and in this he is relating an experience common to most of us who learn wisdom as we count the years behind us. But will he go a bit further, and tell us whether the change was wrought in his heart because some holier-than-thou brother pointed the finger of scorn at him and objurgated him as a "game hog?"

The notes with the photographs of captive moose in the Providence Park, which we publish this week, deserve more than a passing mention. Mr. Talcott's observations, though not very long extended, are interesting and valuable, and furnish a good example of the useful work that may be done for his fellows by an intelligent man who is willing to take the trouble to observe, and to set down on paper the things which he sees. It must be acknowledged that the ability to see, and the impulse to write down what has been seen are not too common. It is gratifying to receive from old friends, as we so often do, notes of real value. Mr. Talcott's observations on the increase of the moose's bell during the growth of the antlers, and its decrease in length after the antlers drop off are of extreme interest, and so far as we are aware this phenomenon has not hitherto been noted. It suggests a number of interesting questions. We do not know that the function or purpose of the moose's bell has ever been determined; but these observations would seem to indicate that bell and antlers are subject to the same influences. As the antlers grow large, the bell increases; when the antlers disappear, the bell grows smaller. Now the antlers, of course, are a part of the moose's breeding dress. Is the bell also a part of it? Among birds remarkable changes of dress—usually decorative—commonly take place at the approach of the breeding season, and special appendages often make their appearance at this time, of which the breeding plumes of herons and the crest on the pelican's bill are familiar examples. These like the antlers of deer are directly connected with the reproductive function. Is the moose's bell an ornament of this nature?

The Albany Senate bill No. 179, introduced by Mr. La Roche to restore spring shooting on Long Island, opening the season May 1, should be opposed, and is actively opposed by friends of protection. Mr. Robert B. Lawrence, Secretary of the New York Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, described the situation succinctly and accurately when he said that, whereas, because of the dearth of game at the time when the law against spring shooting was originally under discussion, the marketmen did not think it worth their while to oppose the measure, now, when in consequence of the operation of the law the game stock has been replenished, and there is something for them to shoot in the spring, they are bent on the law's repeal. In this new condition of a restored game supply for Long Island is found the unanswerable argument for the retention of the law which has worked the restoration.

Governor Voorhees, of New Jersey, has named for fish commissioners Messrs. Howard P. Frothingham, of Mt. Arlington, and Wm. A. Halsey, of Newark, Republicans; and Benj. P. Morris, of Long Branch, and J. Frank Budd, of Burlington, Democrats. The Governor has given out that he has the new commission pledged against the reappointment of State Game and Fish Protector Charles A. Shriner, of Paterson, because, as Mr. Voorhees explains his action, Mr. Shriner opposed his election. Mr. Shriner has been an intelligent, alert, discreet, honest, faithful and efficient official; he has conducted his office in a way to serve the public interest in the highest practicable degrees. His dismissal now would be a public outrage.

The Sportsman Tourist.

An Alaskan Moose.

THE first of March, 1898, found me in company with my partner and several thousand others, bound for the interior of Alaska on a prospecting trip. In making such a journey, where everything has to be packed by man or animals, every pound of unnecessary weight must be dispensed with, and therefore I was for some time in doubt as to whether or not it would be advisable for me to take in my rifle and a stock of ammunition. As to this, I consulted with several old miners residing in Victoria, B. C., who had been in Alaska, and they unanimously advised me to take my rifle by all means, as, if I should be so fortunate as to secure a single caribou or moose, it would more than repay the trouble the rifle and cartridges would occasion.

We arrived in Skagway on March 11, and, after a month of severe physical toil, had packed and sledded our outfit as far as the middle of Marsh Lake. Here we went into camp while we constructed our boats, suitable timber being found about a mile back from the lake. Trees were felled, sawpits constructed, and whipsawing begun, and by May 4 we were ready to start on. Our boats were well made. They were double ended, 30ft. long over all, 30in. wide on the bottom at widest part, and 5ft. wide on top. The bottoms were of 1in. and the sides of 3/8in. lumber. They were well stiffened by longitudinal strips, and, though capable of carrying safely 3,000lbs. and two men, they were easily carried by three men. For our party of eight, we made three boats, but found it necessary to construct a fourth boat to relieve the others, as they were far too heavily laden for safety. This we did at a point about fifteen miles above Miles Cañon.

At this time there were immense numbers of geese in the country, feeding on the flats, from which the snow had recently melted, but they were very difficult to approach, and we did not succeed in getting any. There is a splendid fish, a species of trout, I believe, very abundant in Lake Marsh. We did not succeed in catching any, though we saw many, but I was told afterward by a man who daily secured a plentiful supply, that he learned from an Indian that in angling for these fish it was necessary to allow the bait to move about on the bottom and agitate the mud slightly. This procedure, it seems, imitates to a certain extent a small crawfish, upon which these fish feed extensively. There is no large game to be found in the vicinity of the river and lakes forming the highway of the miners, but the Tagish Indians kill moose at some distance back from the lakes among the mountain valleys.

On May 12 we ran our boats through Miles Cañon, lined them through the White Horse Rapids, and on the 16th had gone into camp on Lake Le Barge to await the breaking up of the ice; then too weak to bear our weight and too strong to force the boats through. Little game is to be found in this vicinity. Lake Le Barge has for years been a halting point for the miners, and, as many of them improve their time hunting, game is correspondingly scarce. One party succeeded in bringing in a mountain sheep—all the game they saw—but stated that they had crossed over three ranges of mountains to find it. Another party had killed two bear, and still another a moose, but hundreds returned from the hunt empty handed. I spent two days in a vain search for game, seeing nothing but a spruce partridge similar to that found in the spruce and tamarac swamps of northern Minnesota. There are numerous fish in Lake Le Barge, similar to those in Lake Marsh. Many of the miners were provided with gill nets, and these men had plenty of fish. I did not see or hear of any being caught with hook and line.

On the 26th we had succeeded in making the foot of the lake, and next day ran the gauntlet of Thirty-Mile River. On the 29th we lost the contents of one boat in the Five-Finger Rapids, and, after taking a day to dry out, arrived at Fort Selkirk on the afternoon of June 1. Here the party divided. Three went on to Dawson, but the rest of our party determined to go prospecting up the McMillan River, which empties into the Pelly about eighty miles above the confluence of the latter with the Lewes to form the Yukon at Fort Selkirk. Taking with us about two months' supply of provisions and securing suitable poles, we began poling our two boats up the swift Pelly, now at flood stage. When only four miles above Fort Selkirk we found it necessary to wait until the flood had somewhat abated, and so lost two days.

There were several parties ahead of us, and more than 100 to follow, but owing largely to the superior construction of our boats, we had no difficulty in overtaking and passing everyone. It was hard work. The river was deep and very swift; sweepers innumerable hung out from the bank and had to be cut before we could proceed. There is little chance for towing, so steep are the banks and so dense the growth of willows thereon. There are no very serious obstructions to getting up the river. In many places, it is necessary to haul the boat by main strength past some projecting rock, so swift runs the current. One place in the Pelly Cañon it is necessary to climb up on a high rocky point then down on the other side to the edge of the rim, where a float is tied to the end of the tow-line, and by this means it is passed down around the rock, where it is made fast to the boat to be hauled up. In rounding this and other rocky points in this manner, it is essential that the one who steers the boat keep the stern well out into the stream. The tendency of the eddy is always to throw the stern up stream and the bow down, thus causing the broadside of the boat to be presented to the swift water, with the result that the boat will be capsized, or the tow rope dragged from the hands of those hauling on the line.

On June 9 we left the Pelly and entered the McMillan. After passing the mouth of Kalzas River, the next day, which connects a lake of the same name with the McMillan, we saw nothing whatever to indicate that white men had ever preceded us. There were, however, occasional deserted fish camps of the Indians, but as we progressed, these became less frequent, and finally ceased altogether. That they do reach the extreme head waters of these rivers at rare intervals, I have no doubt, for I myself found the remains of an ancient camp near the headwaters of the McMillan, and fully 2,000ft. above the level of the stream. While on the Pelly, we saw no game and

very little signs of any, but as we poled our way up the McMillan, we saw increasing indications that we were in a big game country. Tracks of moose and bear could be seen along the banks at almost any time, and judging by the havoc wrought among the willows and balm of Gilead trees there were plenty of beaver, though we did not see many.

The mosquitoes were now as bad as at any time on the entire trip, yet no worse than I have seen them in the jungles of the Orinoco River delta, and not nearly as bad as I have encountered in northern Minnesota. We were provided with good nets to cover our beds, and did not suffer any very unusual annoyance. The big stories of the Alaska mosquitoes apply to the country around Circle City and Fort Yukon.

After having poled our way up stream for twelve consecutive days, we made a camp and spent ten days prospecting without result. Then we continued up the river five days more, and again constructed a prospecting camp. At this time we were joined by two more men, who had followed closely behind us from our last camp, and when we started out prospecting, we went for convenience in three parties, each intending to be gone a week. At the end of that time, two of the parties came in empty handed, but the third brought in about four dollars' worth of gold, which they had panned off the rimrock about twenty miles up one of the mountain streams. Next day we all set off for the scene of the discovery, where, after panning a few pans to satisfy ourselves as to the value of the discovery, we pitched a camp and agreed on plans for working.

We had now been over four months without fresh meat, and as mine was the only rifle in camp, I was frequently requested to try for some moose meat. So one day at noon I threw down my pick and announced that I was going for that moose. After some simple preparations, I set off up the valley of the creek upon which we were camped. My rifle is a Winchester .40-65, fitted with Lyman near sight, and a strap for carrying. It weighs nearly 10lbs., and is a splendid shooting gun. With it I have, while in South America, killed alligators 8ft. long dead in their tracks. Beside my gun, I carried my machete, which I had also used in South America, and it served the double purpose of knife and axe.

I proceeded up the stream very leisurely, seeing many signs of bear and moose, but none of the animals themselves. After passing a willow marsh bordering the creek and situated between low hills, I came to a lake about an hour before sundown (10 P. M.), and concluded to watch for a time. It was very still, the wind just a breath from no direction in particular. Two miles to the northeast a noisy stream from the snow-clad heights above poured its icy waters into those of the lake. To the west and north lay a huge mountain, upon the sides of which grew a remarkably thick growth of spruce to an altitude of about 600ft. above the lake. Above that only brown grass could be seen to the snow line. Far away among the mountain crags I could hear in the perfect stillness of the summer night the ba-aa of the mountain sheep. It was not dark, though the sun was below the horizon; a strong twilight made objects almost as distinguishable as in daylight.

I had not long to wait. As I lay wrapped in my blanket—for the night was chill—watching the shore of the lake and the dense growth of spruce above, I saw four dark objects move into a small opening on the hillside, and a second glance showed that they were moose, three of which had horns. They were about 600yds. away, but were working toward me, browsing as they came. As I watched them from a thick growth of stunted mountain birch, it seemed as if they intended to enter the lake at a point about 200yds. from me, and wishing to shorten the range, I crept along the shore of the lake for some little distance. From my new place of observation, I could see the moose continue to approach, but before they were within range, they changed their direction, entered the thick growth, and I saw them no more.

At midnight I decided to change my position, and so moved back down the creek to a knoll near the center of the willow marsh before mentioned. From this knoll I could watch a grass marsh adjoining the willow marsh which I particularly desired to do, for in my ignorance of the habits of the moose, I supposed they fed on grass whenever it was obtainable. By creeping through the stunted willows with which the knoll was covered, I could see a considerable portion of the willow marsh, and I examined this carefully at intervals of about fifteen minutes.

About 3 o'clock in the morning, just as I was about to creep over to scan the willow marsh, I plainly heard a maugh! of a moose and knew that my chance had come. Seizing my rifle, I crept rapidly through the willow, and there in the clear morning light stood a large bull moose with a magnificent set of horns, about 100yds. away, quietly browsing the tops of the willows, and utterly unconscious of my presence. I will never forget the sight. For a moment I was lost in admiration and felt loth to destroy, but a recollection of my hungry companions as well as my own cravings overcame my scruples, so I raised my rifle and making allowance for the hump on the shoulders, took careful aim and pulled the trigger. The cartridge did not explode, the moose heard the sharp click of the hammer and started to trot off. In the next ten seconds, I fired five shots at the moose whenever he appeared through the trees, four of which, we afterward found took effect. He ran in a semicircle with me as a center for about 100yds., finally stopping in plain sight about the same distance away as when I first saw him. The next shot was aimed at his fore shoulder, and I plainly heard the bullet strike the massive bones. Down he came with a grunt, and the deed was done.

What a problem presented itself to me then. I know nothing of butchering, but after a few trials, I succeeded in cutting off a hind quarter, a portion of which I carried to camp, where, you may be sure, I was accorded a royal welcome. Mining was for the time being suspended, and all hands returned with me to bring in a load of meat. One of our party, an Australian, was familiar with the butcher business, and under his skillful manipulation, the moose was skinned and the meat separated from the bones in a very short time. It was a matter of deepest regret with me that I was unable to preserve the magnificent head. The spread of the horns was several inches over the length of my rifle, and they, together with the head and a short portion of the neck,

must have weighed over 200lbs. Yet I would have cheerfully carried this load the thirty miles to the boats had there been any possibility of getting it to a taxidermist before it spoiled. How I wished for my camera! I laid the head reverently aside, and with genuine sorrow left it to waste and decay.

Though we ate as only hungry men can eat, the meat lasted us a considerable time. A rack was built, the meat hung thereon, and a fire kept smoldering beneath for several days. Very little of that moose went to waste. A week later, I chanced to pass the spot where the moose was killed. Not one bone remained attached to another. The bears had been having their turn. The splendid horns were in the velvet, and all the points were gnawed down. The skin was torn to shreds and dragged several hundred feet.

Though it is not at all probable that any of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM will ever visit that virgin wilderness for big game, I have no hesitation in saying that if they should, they would be well rewarded. There are no grouse, partridge, squirrels or rabbits to speak of, neither are there any wolves, but bear, moose, caribou and mountain sheep abound. It is not a country for long distance shooting, for the game, never having been molested, is remarkably tame, the bear in particular. There are three kinds there that I have seen, the brown, the cinnamon and the black bear. At one time I saw five brown bears climbing up a bluff. Two of our party had to make a long detour to get past a cinnamon bear that refused to let them pass in a narrow gorge. A brown bear and her two cubs paid no attention to a charge of shot fired, not at but toward them, by one of our party, who was alone in camp, but came right up to the tent and played havoc with the things outside, but did not enter the tent, to the intense relief of the trembling inmate. While making my way with two companions up the narrow valley of a mountain stream, we came suddenly upon a black bear and two cubs feeding in a small grass plot. Thinking to see her run, we shouted, and waved our hats, but to our amazement and alarm, for our only weapon was my machete, she walked deliberately up to within 40ft. of us, and then raising upon her hind legs, looked us over critically, while the cubs took to cover. Then she slowly followed the cubs, stopping many times to look at us, as if to warn us not to disturb her in the future. We did not follow.

To reach that far-off country involves some personal risk and a vast amount of severe physical toil, yet those of us who admire nature in her various phases feel well repaid for the trip. Though a desolate wilderness, and destined ever to remain so, there is something indescribably attractive in exploring the country and being the first to set foot in these mountain fastnesses. It is enough to stir the blood of the most sluggish to gaze on those rugged peaks of dizzy height with tops covered by the everlasting snow and lighted by the midnight sun—scenes few human eyes have ever observed; certainly never raised before the eyes of white men previous to ourselves.

W. C. WEEKS, C. E.

Havre de Grace, Md.

A Parting.

WITH the requirements of a duck hunter about us, we waited for the word to board the sloop. There were sounds of creaking cordage, burdens dumped upon decks, and the humming of boatmen's voices about us in the evening air. "It's going to be a kam night, Bill, and we will have to stay at the dock, same as we allus, does, and you city fellers can sleep to the hotel; we'll call yer in the morning." I was grumbling at the decision and about to comply, when the skipper whispered to me: "That's the usual bluff; the laws says you can't go down to the line till sun-up. Sneak on board and lay low; something will happen." It did, and I noticed about 11 P. M. that the lines which held us to our moorings had parted—probably by chafing. The accident was noted by all and the crew labored with poles to push the outfit back to its place. After four hours of work they discovered that the needle of the compass had been deflected by the cast iron stove, and that we had pushed ourselves four miles out into the fog. Discouraged and tired, we dropped the mudhooks and sought rest. I suppose we had the "Larboard Watch" out for safety, or for some time, or for instance.

At times a heavy foot pounded the deck over my face and 6in. above, while I tried to be comfortable in a coffin-like space 18in. wide, 12 high, and 5ft. long. When the feet above did not disturb me, the absence of feet in space and the presence of the feet of my bunkie kept me cognizant of time and wondering how it would seem to be buried alive. We were boarded in the night by a garrulous old neptune, who crowded in among us and kept his yaw pumps working off a stream of personal brag. I have one fairly good ear and one very bad one. When the good ear was down his volubility did not disturb me; when the good ear was up his verbosity was unbearable. A rubber boot shot through the dark cabin in the direction of the voice. On its way it accidentally united with the coffee pot and they landed together on and about the speaker. He had "grounds" for complaint. As an amateur engineer, I explained that the lid to the coffee pot had rusted in place, and this, in conjunction with the fact that a potato had been driven into the spout to prevent the escaping steam, had confined it and an explosion followed. The victim seemed satisfied, inasmuch as he had something else to think about, and he gave his vocal organs and the rest of us a rest.

An hour before dawn we had the double battery anchored and two hundred or more decoys bobbing about it. To those not familiar with this sport, I would state that the battery is a floating platform about 8 by 10ft. square; in the center and in direction of its length are two depressed boxes barely large enough to admit a man's reclining body; on the outer edges are hinged flaps of canvas that rise and fall with the waves and prevent the wash of water from filling the sunken parts; the whole is nicely ballasted with iron decoys, and this weight, with that of the occupants, sinks the whole to the level of the surrounding water.

My companion of many trips wished me, as usual, to have the best of everything, and insisted that I take the

first spell. When the first gray light appears, when you hear the honk of the wild goose and the quack of the mallard and see not, when single dark objects come slatting by in the mist like shots from modern ordnance, when whole flocks of ducks come upon you like the rush of cavalry and break to the right and left and you rise up to juggle your fowling-piece for their destruction, then does your blood tingle, your deep breath come and go quickly, and you feel the spirit that has animated man from primeval times to the present and will continue to so stir them till long after the last sparrow falleth.

The guns boomed again and again in the dense fog and canvasbacks, mallards and redheads struck the water with a sloping splash, never again to travel north or south with the changing seasons. The sound of oars creaking in their locks and of broken waves slapping under the bow of an approaching boat warned us that we were called in for breakfast. Ten handsome birds satisfied my desires, and I did not enter the battery again. At other times have I lain flat in the battery and stuck up a foot to attract the ducks; times when far away could be seen some hurrying bird flying low and with tremendous speed, ready to alight among supposed kindred. When the bird discovered the nigger in the wood-pile the attempt to back-pedal or to fly off on a tangent was ludicrous.

My companion drank much of the Chesapeake Bay water, contrary to advice. He was reminded that he was not in the best of condition and that such water was usually saturated with deleterious substances.

Climbing the hill that night to the railroad station my foot unearthed a stone tomahawk, a relic of the fierce tribes whose habitat was the Susquehanna. It may be that the relic split the head of some good Fennimore Cooper Indian, or was the first implement used in a feast of boiled dog.

Having but little time for a change of cars at Philadelphia, we employed the Pullman porter to transfer the ducks. In doing so he was chased by a Philadelphia bobby, who evidently thought the goods were hypothe-cated. Maybe he liked ducks. It took some persuasion to convince him that we had shot them; it took more to convince him that he had displayed a wonderful burst of speed considering his locality.

Part II.

With those who sneer at the lovers of the rod and gun and the associations therewith, I will not quarrel.

With those who from preference reach for a "high ball" before the bar rather than on the diamond, or with those who prefer the seclusion of a beer tunnel to that of a woodland glen, I am not in touch. I am sitting beside and talking to such of your readers as have in boyhood days known and can recall some companion with whom they have scaled some lofty cliff or by whose side they have wandered along with the purling brook in the meadows below—meadows where the bobolink sang to them long years ago, where the daisies, fleur-de-lis and wild honeysuckle lifted their blossoms in friendly nods—I am in sympathy with those of mature years who, racked with care and worry, have sought the fellowship of some kindred spirit and have roamed among the trees of a hillside or by the sunny shores of some pond or river. As the sick dog seeks darkness, so had my friend and myself sought quiet in nature's solitude many times. They tell me that he had his faults; I have been reminded of my own by interested parties, and yet, while together we never allowed our actions to offend. A man is bad if others say so, and often the judges are spiteful because the victim is not plastic in their hands.

The time required for the germs of typhoid fever to propagate had elapsed since our return, and my friend was tossing upon a bed of fever. The turning point was not in his favor. If I record that I liked him, that I had found in him all the essential characteristics of a gentleman, and that I grieved at my loss, am I sentimental or is there "milk of human kindness?"

As the disease progressed, so did he depart from his former self. With parched tongue, burning skin and racking pains he passed the weary hours. Huge unknown shapes moved down upon him as though to crush him. Again was he dropping from some great height into bottoms that were not reached. One day a few lucid moments were allowed him, as though in pity for his sufferings. He called the nurse to his bedside and requested that his gun be given to me, and with it came a message of regard and hope.

Anon in his delirium he thought us fishing together. He called my name, saying: "You have a bass; strike! Why don't you strike? Ah, you have lost him. We'll pull up and try another place." As the long days and nights passed he became weaker until, worn out and emaciated, he no longer spoke, and the fingers that had so often toyed with the reel were now picking at the blankets. The last spark of life's camp-fire died away and he went out on that long trail called "Death." Silence—oblivion—closed about him for awhile until he emerged higher up and in broad fields, into the presence of that true Guide, of whom it is said, "He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; He leadeth me beside the still waters."

W. W. HASTINGS.

North Carolina Wildfowl Law.

MOREHEAD CITY, N. C., March 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have put myself to no little trouble and some expense to have our duck laws made so the sporting men of the North could come and kill some of the many ducks that use in our waters during the winter season. I inclose you a copy of the law as it now stands, and hope you give it space in your valuable paper. It has been so for the last eight years that we could not use the battery in our county, but I am glad to say that we can now use it, which is the only means of killing the redhead ducks that use in our waters.

The law relates only to Carteret county, and provides that it shall be unlawful for any person to shoot wildfowl from a battery or sneak-boat on Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays of any week; or to use a battery or sneak-boat before Dec. 1 of any year; or to shoot wildfowl with fire or light between an hour after sunset and before the hour of daylight; or to use any other than a shoulder gun.

E. D. ARTHUR.

Told at the Sportsmen's Show.

[Continued from last week.]

A Man who Sees Bears when he has a Gun.

W. S. "Win" McKenney, of Patten, has the reputation of being a lucky man for running across bears in the woods at times when he has a rifle with him, and pumping them full of lead with a repeating rifle. McKenney generally finds his bears when hunting other game. Last fall a year ago he was on the west branch of the Penobscot and got so close to an old bear and two cubs that he could have touched any one of the three with his rifle barrel. The scene of the incident was in the "beater piece," lying in the angle between the West Branch and Sardnahunk Stream. Most of this triangular section of land has been burnt over in time past, and is grown up to birch. At one side, however, is a belt of black growth, with a springy, moss-carpeted floor that a man can walk over without hearing himself step. McKenney followed the edge of the black growth in the hope of finding a deer or moose feeding on the succulent young growth in the adjoining burnt ground. Before he had gone half a mile he heard an odd noise. He stopped and listened. He could distinguish subdued grunts and whimperings that seemed to come from a point only a few feet away at his elbow, but crane his neck as he would he could see nothing. The hunter knew that the sounds could come from nothing else than an old bear and her cubs, but there was a ventriloquistic quality about the cries that was very puzzling.

"Seemed 's though the bears was close enough to spit on," says McKenney, in telling the story, "but though I worked first this way and then that, and pecked around among the little cat spruces, I couldn't see nothing at all. I just made up my mind there wasn't going to be any more suspense about it, and I took a run and a jump right out into the burnt ground where the sounds came from.

"An old pine-tree stub had fallen over, with its roots sticking up in the air, and as I landed beside that I see the old bear shoot out from under my feet. She just made one bounce and shifted ends in the air and came down facing me. She was so devilish close she didn't dare put, otherwise, I guess she'd run for the black growth.

"I see out of the corners of my eyes a big cub at each of my elbows, facing just the same that their mamma was, and it kind of occurred to me that I might have got too much bear, and I wished I was just about 25 ft. further off, for I couldn't face three ways at once.

"I opened up on the old lady, and gave her a shot through the back of the neck. The blood spurted from both nostrils, but she managed to make one damned good lunge, and my pants was in danger, so I gave her another, and then switched around and begun to operate on the cubs. I fired twice at the first and fetched him, and wounded the second, but that one managed to get to the black growth, and then it was anybody's bear, for I couldn't follow it there. The whole thing was over in about the whisk of a cow's tail, and then I begun to look around to see why I hadn't been able to locate the bears. The reason was plain enough. There was a hole under that fallen stub, and they'd been in there out of sight. That mossy ground in the black growth gave me the chance to get right up on them before they heard me, and then they didn't have time to get away."

Last October McKenney went up on the ridge to the north of Dwelly Pond, which lies among the foothills of Katahdin, in search of moose. Just as he came to an open space 60 or 70 ft. across, from which all the spruce had been cut and hauled away, he heard a grunt, which sounded like the grunt of a young bull moose. McKenney advanced cautiously to the very edge of the opening and peered across. He could hear a rustling of the dry leaves on the ground at the further side, and knew that the game, whatever it might be, was close at hand.

While he stood waiting for something to turn up a shift in the wind or some slight noise which he made alarmed the game. He heard a crash, and the next instant a large bear appeared, running unwittingly directly toward him. McKenney waited till the bear got within ten paces, and then raised his rifle and fired. As luck would have it, the bear saw the hunter the second before he pressed the trigger and made a sudden leap sideways, with the result that he was only slightly wounded by the bullet creasing across his chest. He swung around in the direction he had come, and then McKenney saw that the first bear, which he judged to be an old male, had been followed into the open space by a she bear and two cubs.

"The male bear ran directly back to the others," says McKenney, "and then stopped. They let out a few of those little grunts they was making when I first heard them, and the first thing I knew the old she bear humped herself and started right across the clearing in my direction. I think it was the smell of the blood on the wounded bear that made her savage. She came straight for me, and I figured that the straighter she came the better it suited me. I thought that when she got so far she'd stop and set up, same as they do when they first come out with their cubs. But that setting-up business wasn't in her head for a cent. She came right on, and when she got 20 ft. away she had full steam on still and her ears was laid back and teeth a-showing, and I see that she meant business and no mistake. I hollered, thinking that 'd stop her, but she never let up a particle. And about the time I got that holler finished I tried it again, but it didn't work any better, and then I thought the old gun 'd holler best.

"There was a windfall right in front, not over 8 ft. away, and when the bear got her front feet on that, right up to my nose, I let her have it. The ball struck her fair, and she turned a somersault and landed t'other end to, right at my feet, and before she had time to think about I got another into her and pumped her so full of lead she had to give it up; but she made some awful struggles to get to me, and after it was all over I kind of felt as if I'd been a-monkeying a little too close to the buzz-saw.

"The cubs had gone off somewhere, but all the time I was dressing the she bear the old he fellow that I wounded kept traveling steady around the edge of the clearing. I could hear him snarling, but I couldn't get a sight of him. Bet your boots I was quite a time dressing

her, too. I had to spend so much of my time watching the other one.

"When I got the job done I went down to Dwelly Pond, and there at the big spring I met my brother Frank. Nothing would satisfy Frank but we must go back. We went up on the ridge again, but the old he bear 'd found out he wanted to know, and he'd cleared out. He wasn't quite so crazy for fight as his mate, and perhaps I'm just as well satisfied that he wasn't. By the time I got to skinning the she bear my nerves was acting kind of treacherous, and if the old he fellow 'd been a mind to make a good dash like the first bear he might have had better luck and put my folks to the expense of providing a new suit of clothes to bury me in."

Bear Cubs in Captivity.

In a cage of wire chicken netting near by were two of the tiniest imaginable specimens of black bear cubs. They burrowed down among the leaves with which the bottom of the cage was thickly covered and hugged themselves into little spherical nonentities about the size and shape of croquet balls. Anyone with half an eye could see that they were orphans, and that they were having poor success in their puny efforts to get from the leaves the warmth and comfort they had reason to expect from their shaggy mother bear.

A sign on the cage gave the information that the cubs' names were Tom and Jerry, and that they were eighteen days old on March 8. Bazile furnished some additional facts bearing on their history. "Dey was born between big pine stomp," he said. "A lumbermans throwed a big pine on the other pine stomp, and that made a noise, and the lumbermans heard the old bear make noise on the snow. The lumbermans killed him with his axe." After that the man heard the cubs whining and he enlarged the opening into the den and captured them. At that time their eyes were not open, and they were so small that the man put one in each side pocket of his coat and carried them home that way.

Feeding the Cubs.

Bazile acted as wet nurse for the cubs, and his attentions were not received with favor by Tom and Jerry. Nature had intended them to get their dinners and suppers and little lunches in between in a much easier way than Bazile provided. Consequently, when meal time came there was much squawling.

Bazile took the cubs in turn, lifting them from the cage by the napes of their necks, and afterwards clasping the little balls of black fur around the forward parts of their bodies with one hand, whereupon the cubs would brace their hind feet against the hand and push with such good effect that their unpopular wet nurse was obliged to take them again by the nape of the neck and get a new grip. When at last Bazile had the cub's legs doubled up so that he could in a measure control its contortions, he put the index finger of his free hand in its mouth and held it open, and then dipped the cub head first into a can of milk. For a second or two no sound would be heard. Then there would be a convulsive spluttering, followed by the wildest kind of squalling, as the cub's head was raised to give it air. One of the cubs had a very human cry. Ladies from all parts of the Garden were attracted by the sound. They said the cub said, "Mamma," just like any baby.

When the bears had eaten enough to satisfy their un-sentimental nurse, Bazile wiped their wet little noses with a wad of leaves and put them back in their nest to dream of the warmth and comfort that should by rights have been theirs.

Bear Weights and Growth.

At the present time Tom and Jerry apparently each weigh about 2 lbs. In another place in the Garden is the boxing bear, Pete, in his cage with the bull pup, Doctor. This bear is estimated to weigh a hundred and eighty or two hundred pounds. It was raised in captivity from a cub, and its owner, Sam Castle, of Ottawa, says that it is only eighteen months old. Warren Wing, of Flagstaff, Me., who is a bear trapper of long experience, says that black bear cubs when they first come out of the den with their mother in the spring never weigh more than 5 lbs.

Here are some interesting facts showing the rapid growth of young bears. They emphasize the economy of nature in caring for the mother. No other large wild animal gives birth to offspring in the depth of the winter's cold or under similar conditions. In the den the mother bear gets no food, and her vital functions are necessarily at a low stage of activity. To bring forth large cubs or a large litter would undoubtedly be a tax upon her system greater than she could respond to. She would, moreover, be incapable of supplying nourishment to offspring that made large demands upon her. Consequently she is given the tiniest of progeny. Their wants are so trifling that the mother is capable of supplying them from her reserve of fat, though she partakes of no food whatever herself. The cubs grow very slowly up to the time of leaving the den. As soon as other food is to be found they make up for lost time, and increase in size with surprising rapidity.

Number of Cubs in a Litter.

FOREST AND STREAM recently recorded two instances where four cubs were born to a litter in captivity. In one instance, at least, and no doubt in both, the mother bear did not regularly go into hibernation, and was supplied with food all through the winter. These bears existed under very much more favorable environments than if they had been at large and dependent upon their individual exertions to provide for the coming of their offspring.

Apparently this condition was directly responsible for the large size of the litters.

To find the number of cubs which the mother bear rears in a wild state, a number of representative hunters and woodsmen were interviewed at the Garden. The result is given below.

Nessadero, the Stony Indian from the Rockies, says that he has never seen or heard of more than three cubs with an old bear. He has had a long experience both with grizzlies and black bears.

Fred Lavoie, who has been all over eastern Canada, says that personally he has never seen more than two cubs with one mother bear.

Warren Wing, of Flagstaff, Me., and John Cushman,

whose camps are on Katalhdin Lake, Me., say that three cubs is the largest number of which they have knowledge, and that two cubs with an old she, or even one, is much more common. Mr. Cushman says bears average about the same as deer in the number of young to a birth.

Willie Paulson, from the upper Ottawa, says three cubs is the largest number of which he has knowledge.

E. E. Sumner, Saranac Lake, N. Y., says he has seen three in a litter, but that this number is very unusual.

Wm. E. Cushman, of Sherman, Me., says the average number of cubs is two, but that he has seen three.

W. S. McKenney, of Patten, Me., says he has never seen more than two cubs with the mother bear.

Bazile Maurice says the same thing.

Cary Wright, Salmon, Idaho, says he never saw more than two.

Beebe Sivette, St. Raymond, Que., says the common number of cubs seen with an old bear is one. Occasionally, however, two or three cubs are seen, but never four.

Warren W. Cole, Long Lake, N. Y., has killed an old bear and three cubs at one time.

F. C. Chase, of Newcomb, in the Adirondacks, knows of similar instances, but says two cubs are more frequently met with in company with the mother.

Natey Fogg says a Maine hunter named McPheeters claims to have seen four cubs with the old bear near the head of Nicotous Lake. He captured two of the cubs alive, and said that two others which had been in their company escaped.

Jack Darling also used to tell of following in the snow one winter the tracks of four small bears and one large one. He seemed to think, however, that this old bear might have taken the orphan cubs of some other bear under her protection.

The men whose names are mentioned are all bear hunters of experience, and representative of a large extent of bear country. Not one of them has certain knowledge of four cubs reared by one bear mother at one time, which shows at least that such events are of extreme infrequency.

It is, of course, possible that in many instances more than three cubs at a time may be born to wild bears, and that limited food resources prevent the survival of the entire number. As touching on this point, Mr. Sumner mentions the fact that while on one occasion exploring a she-bear's den that had just been vacated he found the body of a dead cub without scratch or mark to indicate a violent death. Apparently the mother had been unable to supply sufficient nourishment and the cub had died of starvation.

Oddities

Warren W. Cole, of Long Lake, saw a deer killed by Orin Lapelle at Flatfish Lake, Hamilton county, N. Y., that had five legs. The superfluous member started from the gambrel joint of the right hindleg and terminated in a perfect hoof. Mr. Cole tells of a very old and very large bear killed as it was coming out of its den on Vanderwalker Mountain which was estimated to weigh 600lbs. Its cleaned hide weighed 59½lbs., and twelve and a half gallons of oil were tried out from its fat. This bear's nose was full of porcupine quills and it had lost one foot in a trap. It had also been shot years before through the middle of its body. The ball, which was found lying next the skin on the opposite side from that where it entered, was from an old-fashioned muzzle-loading rifle, and the mark of the patch was still in evidence.

Ranson Palmer killed a deer near Long Lake that had carried a bullet in its heart for a considerable period. The wound had healed perfectly and the deer was fat and in fine condition. Dr. Wallace, of Philadelphia, has the heart preserved in alcohol, with the bullet, just as it was found.

E. J. Chase, of Newcomb, N. Y., killed a horned doe near the Adirondack upper works eight or nine years ago. The horns were spikes 6 or 8in. in length. The animal was a young doe and had never bred.

Fayette Moody, Saranac, Lake, killed a horned doe with three prongs on each antler.

E. R. Starbird, Brunswick, Me., has killed two albino deer. He has photographs showing a number of albinos killed at different points in Maine, and it seems that albinos are perhaps more abundant in the Pine Tree State than elsewhere.

Mr. Hall, of Trout Brook Farm, Me., says that old Con Dohaney tells a story of felling an elm tree across Soper Brook one fall from which to dip up water for camp use. The next spring when he returned to the spot he found that beaver had used the log for the basis of a dam spilling down from it after the fashion of lumbermen.

Mr. Samuel L. Crosby exhibits a blue-black trout from Rangeley, taken by a member of the Ogoosoc Angling Association trolling in Mooselumaguntic Lake. The trout is remarkable, says Mr. Crosby, because it is found nowhere else on the continent. The specimen is a slender, handsome fish, weighing 1½lbs.

Moose Shanks

When Willie Paulson wanted a suit of clothes he went out and shot a caribou to get them, and up in Maine every time a hunter kills a moose he gets a pair of shoes. Capt. Edgar E. Harlow, of Moosehead Lake, exhibited a pair of moose shank moccasins which had been stripped from the hind gambrel joints of a moose and partially tanned with soapsuds and salt and alum to prevent the hair coming out. The only sewing required was a few stitches across the narrow part of the shank, which now formed the toe of the moccasins. A strip of skin was run around the top so that the moccasin could be drawn firmly about the ankle of the wearer.

Back in the woods, when a moose is killed all that is necessary to convert the shanks into footgear after they are stripped from the moose are two wooden skewers. The small ends are bent back on themselves and fastened with skewers and there you are. The woodsman throws them in a pail of water at night to keep soft, and doesn't bother to tan them.

Everybody remembers how Davy Crockett met an emergency when there was a demand for ready cash, which he did not possess, by going out and shooting a coon and hypothecating the skin. The expedient of levying on wild nature for the wherewithal to meet pecuniary obligations suggests itself naturally to woodsmen. It is

not every one, however, who has the wit to put the idea to good account. This is the way Natey Fogg drew his check for \$5:

"When Mose and I went up to Sebois Grand Lake to build a hovel for the horses," says Natey, "we expected to stay there all summer and into the hunting season. We took rifles and grub along, but very foolishly forgot about our money and had very little cash between us."

"The mosquitoes and flies were awful bad, and before we got the hovel half finished I made up my mind that I wasn't going to stay there a minute longer than I could help. I needed more than I had with me to get home, for railroad fare and other expenses on the way, and it would have taken no end of time and trouble to go out to Patten and write home for it and wait till it came, so I made up my mind the money had to be forthcoming right where we were. There were some old bear traps in the camp, and I took one of them and caught a string of pickerel and set the trap in that burned land near the head of White Horse Lake, in a likely looking place for bear, and went back to work on the hovel."

"That next week the mosquitoes were worse than ever. Mose said the only way to get the better of them was to sleep with an iron kettle over your head and a hammer in your hand, so that when a mosquito drove his bill through the kettle you could rivet it in the inside with the hammer and hold him there. I tried to rout them out by making a fire in a tin pail and raising a smoke. I went to sleep one night with the pail over my head. After a while I woke up with the side of my face kind of warm and found that the pail had set fire to the bedding, and burnt up half of my pillow and the corner of the mattress and part of my blankets, and was eating through the floor."

"Well, as I was saying, the mosquitoes was mighty bad, and I wanted to get out. I hadn't much faith in that bear trap, but as soon as the hovel was finished I went down to look at it, and when I got there the trap was gone. I followed up the trail, and after a while I found the bear in a place where the trees grew just about as thick as the hairs on a dog. He had wound the chain around two little firs and that held him; but to get a good sight on him I had to walk up within less than 15ft. His hide wasn't any good, but there was \$5 bounty on it, and I'd rather be chewed by a bear any day than eaten alive by mosquitoes, so I got right down into that hole, and when I got my chance I fired and killed the bear. The next morning I took the hide in my canoe and went out to Patten and collected the bounty, and then I made tracks for home."

J. B. BURNHAM.

The Yellowstone Park Game.

YELLOWSTONE PARK, March 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I'm home once more. I find a hard winter here—hard in every respect. I see lots of game everywhere I have been since my return to the Park, and much of it is looking very thin, and the conditions are such that there will be considerable loss. One of the good things that has happened here is the killing of seven mountain lions, while down the river a few miles and close to the Park boundary three others were killed. These animals are the worst poachers we have in the Park. They are very destructive to sheep and deer, for deer, being smaller than elk, it takes so many more to feed them.

I came up here the other afternoon on the mail sled, putting in my time locating and counting the bands of deer and other game along the road. I saw five bands of mule deer close to the road, counting five, sixteen, twenty-four, fifteen and twenty-eight. There were old ones, too, here and there between the bands and bunches of three and lone whitetails. I did not see any sheep while coming up, but before we left Gardiner I was looking at them with a glass on the bench back of the Eagle's Nest and cliffs, and McMinn bench. I saw hundreds of elk before starting up, but only a few in sight of the road after we entered the cañon. The day was rather bright and warm for game to be out very much in sight, still I counted several small bands along the side of Mt. Everts, one of thirty-four. Antelope I saw before starting, but not one from the road. Still, I saw several trails where they had crossed both the road and Gardiner River. Unfortunately, I saw many coyote tracks, and lately I have heard their very disagreeable howl. They are back here in considerable numbers, but not as bad as two years ago. I saw less bird life along the river, but there is yet quite a number of ducks.

One always sees fish in the Gardiner when the water and day are clear. I saw a few, but could not tell what kind of trout they were. Lately those who catch fish here get three kinds of trout—native trout, brook trout (of the East) and Loch Leven, the two last from plants made by the United States Fish Commission on the upper waters. I saw several Loch Leven of 1½lbs. each. This is very interesting fishing, as one is wading through warm water one moment, and the next is on the banks in 1 to 2ft. of snow. Often the line is frozen in a moment while out of the water.

Reaching the Springs and Ft. Yellowstone, I saw in the inclosure for game the five bulls I captured while young and two wild cows. I learned from Capt. James B. Erwin that they were taken from an old corral or pen where he has two whitetail deer. The captain proposes to add all kinds of park animals to his collection for the benefit of the visitors, who, traveling wagon roads, as they do, see so little of the great amount of animal life in the Park. This collection will give them a near view. The Captain says his scouts and men at stations have reported in all fifty buffalo, twelve of these being calves. I won't say where they are, except this: They are in the Park, and it would not be healthy for any one to attempt to get one. They are to be left undisturbed by everybody.

Several important changes have been made since I left here last fall. One, granting the transportation company the right to build permanent camps, like the Wylie Camping Company's; another, the rumored sale of the hotels to Dr. Seward Webb and associates. An order from the Interior Department greatly restricts the number of licenses to be granted to private teams, and in no case will more than one license be granted to one man, and that for one wagon only; also requiring the holder to accom-

pany his wagon during the trip. Another order permits these licensed teams to carry their parties to the hotels if they wish or camp where before they were compelled to camp.

Capt. Erwin's scouts and men stationed at Soda Butte report the elk in the East Fork country very thin and weak. They say that they have to make some of them get out of the road or else must run into them on their snowshoes. There are thousands of elk in the northern section of the Park, and unless we have an early spring there will be a great loss later. I am sure of this by the way range horses are starving. There is deeper snow lying on a level along the foothills and in the Yellowstone Valley than for many years. It is a harder winter in this section than the winter of '86 and '87, when there was such a great loss of stock. At this date the snow at the altitude of Gardiner and Cinnabar is almost a sheet of ice.

A good many coyotes are killed. They are shot on sight. Some wolves are said to have been killed in the northern part of the Park; one man claims that he got six wolves and four coyotes near Yancey's. There is no mail route now through the Park to Cooke City. One must snowshoe it to get there or to Soda Butte or "Uncle John's" if they wish to see game. Standing in the streets of Gardiner one day and looking into the Park, I saw bands of elk in hundreds and bands of antelope, in all about 150, sixteen mountain sheep and a few black and whitetail deer. Had I taken time and looked carefully I could have seen coyotes, but I did not want to see them.

E. HOFER.

Natural History.

Notes on Park Moose.

FROM November, 1896, to the time of their death in December, 1897, a pair of New Brunswick moose were an attraction and subjects of much interest at our Roger Williams Park, in Providence, R. I.

The development of antlers of the male seemed a matter of some interest, and with the assistance of the park officials and friends with their cameras, I have secured some photographs showing the size and form of these antlers at certain dates. It is impossible to give the exact date at which this growth started. Through the winter the pedicles on which the antlers grew were bare and prominent spots. At length these show an increased prominence, begin to lengthen, the velvet appears on them and the new antlers are in process of growth. This change began to occur in the latter part of March, and by May 8 the new growths were 7 or 8in. long. At this time the beams were straight round, and the full diameter they were to attain. Then there was a broadening and flattening at the end of each beam, followed by a division, and May 23 a length of 12in. had been attained, and the appearance shown in the photograph taken that day. The next photograph was secured June 13. The antlers were then about 15in. long, with a spread of the tines on each of 14in.

From this time to the latter part of July the growth was rapid, and when our third picture was taken, Aug. 1, the antlers were complete and perfect, except as to the ends of the points. There were eight points on one side and seven on the other.

When these moose were brought here the bull was said to be six years old. His antlers had a spread of 47in. with eighteen points. Those shown by our photographs also had a spread of 47in., but the points had decreased as above stated, and the weight was also much less. Those who were interested hoped for an improved set, but evidently impaired vitality prevented a vigorous growth.

As the antlers increased in size the bell also increased until 13 or 14in. long, and after the antlers were dropped. Dec. 1 the bell decreased in length.

May 19 the cow gave birth to a female calf. The calf weighed about 30lbs., and was a light bay color. This gradually changed, the ends of the hairs first, to a brown like the parents. We secured a very good portrait of this young moose when twenty-four days old. For the purpose of taking these pictures we went several times into the paddock with the moose without their showing any ugly disposition, but in the fall the bull became dangerous. These animals were confined in an enclosure about 15ft. square, containing a grove of trees, but no bushes. For the want of bushes to rub, or from some other cause, our moose never entirely cleared the velvet from his antlers, nor did they attain the dark color natural to the antlers of the wild moose.

The evening of Oct. 1, 1897, having just returned from a moose calling trip to New Brunswick, I went to our park to try the effect of an imitation of the defiant note of the bull moose, as I had heard it in the wilds of the Mirimachi country. The family of moose were lying together in the grove of trees in their paddock, 50ft. or so from the fence; bright about us shone the electric lights, and nearby the passing of steam and electric cars gave sounds not usually associated with moose calling. At the first sound of the horn, the bull sprang to his feet, giving his answer and starting toward me, and the cow answered with a long call. I thought also the calf answered, but of this in the excitement and noise I could not be sure. At the second sound of the note, the bull answered again, and without an instant's hesitation charged against the fence in the greatest fury. As he came on his head was lowered, bringing his antlers about on a line with his shoulders.

At other times, both day and evening, I tried to deceive him, but without success. The cow would repeatedly answer, always with a short call, quite different from the long call imitated to call the moose of the wild woods. A number of different notes, this cow used, usually in a tone that could be heard only a short distance.

The life of these interesting animals here was short. The older moose both died in December, 1897, having lived here about a year, and the calf died in the spring of 1898. The conditions under which they were kept were not favorable. They had no access to any body of water, and evidently suffered in the summer heat, nor had they sufficient room for exercise.

FRED TALCOTT.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Feb. 14.

Instinct.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. Fred Mather, in his paper, "Reason and Instinct," intimates that he expects the other fellow to whack him. In this case I am the other fellow, and I am going to whack some of the instinct out of his argument if I can express my ideas in words.

The ideas conveyed by the word instinct, had their origin when ignorance and superstition swayed the mind of man. When it was the belief that there was an impassable gulf between man and brute. When all mystery in animate nature was explained by the term instinct. All this is changed. True, it may not be known to the casual reader, but it is a fact that scientific investigation has swept away the last vestiges of these old delusions.

Science teaches us that the tissue that renders mental faculties possible is not confined to man, but is shared by other animal life. Mr. Mather's observations of the lower animals has led to this conclusion, hence he grants reason to the brute creation, thus far overthrowing instinct. But he does not go far enough. He yet holds to the word instinct to explain a seeming mystery. His statement that instinct closes the eye of man to protect it, is one of the old delusions that science has exposed and annihilated.

Forty-four years ago, when I was about sixteen years of age, and was attending Hampden Academy, Me., I heard the Professor in a lecture make the same statement. It was a puzzle for me. I could not grasp the idea. What is instinct? Where is it located? How does it get control of the muscles of the eyelid? These were questions I asked myself in vain. In my study of mind and matter, it was a mountain in the pathway, and at last I asked the professor to explain. My thirst for knowledge received a setback, when he smilingly



JUNE 13.

Why does science claim that there is a consciousness that protects and controls the animal organism? Science claims it because the existence of the organism is absolutely dependent on some such power. All the facts point in one direction. The mechanism is perfect and its action proves the theory. All the organs necessary

with Mr. Mather, while fighting the battle for the lower animals. I shall use my knowledge of animal life to show how unjust are the arguments advanced by the opposition. If words do not fail me, I believe I can prove that the line of reasoning deduced from hypothetical idiotic actions of the lower animals is unjust and will not stand the test of common sense.

HERMIT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. Wade's so-called argument is so incoherently weak that it falls of its own defects.

The attainment of particular ends by the combination of materials and labor is the result of education, not of reason alone. I will gamble that if brother Wade wore out a hunting shirt he could no more replace it by making one himself—though surrounded by materials and machinery—than the dog could build the fire, and he might "hover around" a plate of pate de foies gras till the same was exhausted and he could not produce another dish if the streets swarmed with geese—he confounds reason with education. His allegations in regard to the calf and the pups is without weight, as there is no means of proving that the mother is deceived. I have known of a cat suckling a rabbit, but was never of the opinion that the cat was fooled any. I believe the mother instinct to exist to greater or less extent in all animals.

When a dog hovers around an "expiring fire" or any other kind of a fire, he "deduces inferences from the premises"; being cold, he reasons that the fire will warm him, and governs himself accordingly.

Out of his own mouth shall he be judged. He says "I never saw an intelligent act in one of my dogs that was not readily accounted for by its previous acts and experiences." Just so; they "deduced inferences from the premises," i. e., their experiences. This very abil-



MAY 23.

MOOSE HORN DEVELOPMENT. PHOTOGRAPHS BY O. R. MITCHELL AND WM. R. DUTEMPLE.



AUGUST 1.

said: "Master Walton, I frankly admit that I don't know anything about it."

I think if Mr. Mather were hard pressed he would have to make the same reply.

Now, in the light of science, let us see what takes place when an eye is threatened: The dangerous object is focused on the retina, thus brought in contact with the optic nerve. The optic nerve conveys the image to the area in the brain, where the knowledge of sight exists. Consciousness takes alarm and calls upon the proper muscles to close the eyelid. How do we know this? We know it because consciousness must be properly alarmed. If the mechanism of the eye is imperfect, protection will not take place. If the optic nerve were severed, the eye would be sightless, for the reason that there would be no connection with the area in the brain, where the knowledge of sight exists. Under such circumstances consciousness could not be alarmed by the sense of sight. But science teaches us that consciousness may also take alarm through the sense of feeling, even if the eye were sightless.

Removing the foot from a burning coal is not dependent on instinct, as Mr. Mather seems to think. It is wholly unthinkable that instinct can control the proper muscles to remove the foot. Here pain conveys the alarm. The nerves connect the burning flesh with the spot in the brain, where the knowledge of pain exists, and consciousness does the rest. If the nerves were severed, no pain would result, and no alarm and protection take place. The sight or smell of burning flesh could carry the alarm to the brain, and consciousness would afford protection just as in the case of pain.

The inability to feel pain when the nerves fail to connect with the brain is often emphasized when we lie on an arm in the night. I awoke one night not long ago and found that in some way I had stopped the nerves of my left arm from communicating with the brain. For a short time my hand was completely paralyzed. It did not feel natural to the touch of the other hand. There was no reciprocity of feeling. I sharply pinched the fingers without producing pain. A live coal would have had no power to insure protection by the burning of the hand, because the brain being disconnected, there could be no sensation of pain. Pain is a necessary provision of nature to protect the flesh of animal life. If there were no pain animals would be careless, and doubtless their bones and muscles would become exposed through ragged wounds.

to prove the theory of consciousness are provided, including nerve, muscle and gray tissue. This holds good in relation to the lower animals as well as to man.

I do not want it inferred from what I have written of consciousness that I indorse that old definition: "Man is an intelligence served by organs."

Man is an organism, the whole dependent on the



MOOSE CALF.

Williams Park, Providence, R. I.

parts. The service is reciprocal. Man, with all his boasted intelligence, may be sent to the mad-house by a slight change in his nerve tissue.

I hope Mr. Mather, when he writes for FOREST AND STREAM, will kindly substitute the word heredity for instinct. It is a much better word, and it expresses all that the word instinct can without partaking of the supernatural.

In my next paper I shall stand shoulder to shoulder

ity to profit by experience or the results of previous acts is the strongest possible proof of reason. Shelter cannot be had in the claim that this is memory, for memory unassisted by reason would but record the result in a specific case; it could not connect that result with the probable result of future acts. Man at birth is as feeble and helpless as is the dog, and the development of his ability to reason is based upon his experiences and the experiences of others. The child may once grasp the hot iron, but he seldom does it twice. The pup may once put his nose on the hot radiator, but he refrains thereafter. The child and the dog "deduce inferences from the premises." Is there any possible warrant for the claim that one travels the road of reason and the other than of instinct? As I said before, our friend Wade confuses reason and education.

No one will for a moment contend that the possibilities of education in the dog are equal to those in most men, but the fact that they are circumscribed does not confute their existence any more than would the fact that one man's mental grasp is greater than another's prove the absence of mind in the weaker.

I am well aware that in some of our modern dictionaries reason is given as an attribute of man only, as distinguished from the intelligence of the brute creation, but in the definition given by Mr. Wade, and the generally accepted use of the term, the position of the ant is untenable.

COUNSELOR.

The Flight of an Eagle.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., March 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* My friend, Charles C. Sedgwick, the well-known sportsman of Dansville, N. Y., who, by the way, is always on the lookout for something interesting in the doings of wild creatures, writes under a recent date that some weeks ago, while absorbed in some work in the house, his attention was attracted to a passing pedestrian looking intently at the sky. Throwing open the window he beheld a large eagle come sailing up the street. To quote his own words: "The air was heavy after some rain. I ran down stairs just as the great bird passed over our house. He was flying quite low, and had to flop heavily to get on. He passed over the Rhoda farm and then turned to the southwest. It was a grand sight. He looked to spread 6 or 7 ft. At first I thought he had been wounded, but later made up my mind that he was all right."

J. M. S.

Sheldrakes.

COL MATHER, in his article on "Domesticating Wild fowl," under the section, "The Hollow Tree Nesters," says: "If the other mergansers or sheldrakes nest in trees I do not know, but I suspect them of it."

His suspicions are correct in regard to the American merganser (*M. americanus*). These birds nest in hollows in trees. I have seen twelve eggs taken from a nest which was in a hole in a green maple overhanging the water. They sometimes nest quite a distance back from the water. A friend in whose word I place implicit confidence told me that once when lunching with some river drivers under the shelving bank of an island in Penobscot River, a sheldrake passed directly over their heads and just skimmed the water as she struck, and spilled off some four or five young which she was conveying from the nest to the water. Although I have never personally seen this done, I have no doubt that they take their young to the water in this way.

On the contrary, the red-breasted merganser (*M. serrator*), as far as my observation goes, always nest on ledges. In many lakes in the northern part of Maine their nests can be found on low, ledgy islands every year. I have once found sixteen eggs in one nest. The nest is usually placed under some low, spreading bank. I have found their nests and those of herring gull, tern and sandpipers all on one small ledge. If their eggs are taken they will lay a second time, and I have good reason to believe even a third time. I have one mounted which is in the down, which I took Aug. 26, 1888, at Cancom-gammock Lake. There were six in the brood to which this belonged, and I saw another brood of four only a few days old. On speaking of this to a hunter of my acquaintance, and expressing surprise at birds being in the down so late, he said: "Oh! I can tell you all about that. I was hunting bear up there, and I robbed all the nests there twice to get the eggs to eat, and the broods you saw were a third brood from eggs laid after I left." As the ice begins to form there the last of September, it seems hardly possible that these birds could get so as to fly before it froze.

There is a story of one of our guides eating seventeen sheldrake's eggs at one meal and then remarking, "that he never liked sheldrake's eggs, as they tasted fishy." I have eaten them, and never could detect any fishy taste; but perhaps I did not eat enough to get the true flavor.

While the males of these two sheldrakes differ widely, the females resemble each other so much that one must have the bird in their hand and then look very closely to tell them apart. I have never known the males of either kind to be found near the nests. M. HARDY.

A Trip to Beaver Land.

IN reading a recent issue of FOREST AND STREAM I was surprised to learn that a beaver had recently been captured in New York State. It then occurred to me that the description of a trip to the present home of the beaver might be of interest to your many readers. We were a merry party as we started from Winnipeg, Manitoba, one bright morning in early summer; and an undignified crowd, in spite of our high-sounding title of "Natural History Picnic Club." Taking the train north to Selkirk, we there went on board Lake Winnipeg's finest steamer, the Lady of the Lake. After a two days' voyage full of soft, balmy air and varied and picturesque scenery, we reached Norway House, at the northern end of the lake. This was to be the headquarters of our season's operations.

Norway House is one of the oldest of the old Hudson Bay Company's posts, and was for many years the great distributing point for the whole Northwest. It has lost much of its ancient glory, but is still an important trading post.

We were most kindly received by the chief factor, who offered to give us any assistance in his power, and soon provided us with a reliable Indian guide. During the day we wandered about, and were much interested by the shrewd observations of an old trapper who was engaged in making caviar. This delicious article is made from the spawn of the sturgeon that are caught about this time. There are two varieties, but the black spawn is much the more valuable of the two. By some process, known only to the chosen few, this substance is treated with German salt and packed in barrels. It is finally packed in small boxes and sold on the market at enormous prices.

Early on the following morning we were up, and off down the Nelson in our stout canoes. We had to portage in several places, but luckily we met with no accident. Darkness was just coming on when we reached Cross Lake Post, sixty miles from Norway House. That night we enjoyed the sleep that comes to those who travel all day by canoe or dog-train.

Next day we were up with the sun, and after a hasty meal set out for a beaver colony, which the guide said was not far from here. We went back some distance from the usual course of travel. This northern country is completely covered with a network of lakes and rivers, and with a canoe it is possible to travel anywhere.

At length we reached a little lake, on whose shores we landed. Quite near us was a small clearing, and toward this we now quietly advanced. The appearance of this open space would lead one to suppose that a gang of woodchoppers had recently been engaged here. Creeping quietly forward, we caught sight of the rising village. Some of the houses were finished, while others were nearly so. As no dam was required, this colony apparently took life easy. A few were leisurely building with poplar sticks and mud, but the majority appeared to be taking a holiday.

The houses are dome-shaped in structure, and must have served as models for the huts of the Eskimo further north.

But most interesting of all were the beavers themselves, ranging in size from the 10lb. kitten to the full-grown adult, which would probably weigh 50lbs. or more.

This visit to a beaver village shattered, alas, some of my longest-cherished convictions. I had always been told that the beaver is never idle. Now, I am certain I saw a half-dozen at least who must have been shirking most shamefully. Worse still, not a single beaver used

his tail as a trowel in building all the time I was there. I found it hard, indeed, to give up this last conviction.

The tail of the beaver is about 1ft long and is well adapted to its use, as a rudder. The feet are well worth notice, the front ones being small and flexible and the hind ones closely webbed.

The incisors are important to the beaver, for it is with these that he cuts the material for his food, his hut and the dam, if there be one.

His food in winter consist of the bark of the birch, poplar or willow, which he has stored up during the summer and autumn months. In summer he feasts on the young shoots and the juicy root-stalks of the many water plants that surround his home.

Altogether he is a social and contented little animal, which has furnished the Hudson Bay Company with thousands of dollars, moralists with many valuable illustrations, and Canada itself with a national emblem.

W. E. EDMONDS.

Random Notes.

Wild Pigeon Flights Then and Now.

ALONG about the years 1860 to 1870 wild pigeons were numerous in eastern Indiana and western Ohio. They had a roost near the source of the Wabash River south of Fort Recovery, and they came to it by the thousands from the Northwest. Our farm seemed to be in the line of flight, and the coming and going of wild pigeons was as regular and eventful an incident as the coming of Christmas. Stray flocks settled in our own and neighboring fields, and I trapped a few where scattered corn had been left in the field. We frequently shot at them as they flew overhead, but we had nothing better than an old smooth-bore gun that would not shoot beyond the tree tops, and the flight was out of reach. I believe I killed only one with a gun, until I began shooting a rifle. Then I frequently shot their heads off while they were among the branches of pin oak trees feeding. Men who visited the roost reported that pigeons were so numerous their combined weight broke many branches from the trees. After night hunters thrashed them off the lower branches with long poles, and carried them home by the sack full. I can't recall the time nor place at which I killed my last pigeon. I never considered them a desirable article for food; not much better than a yellow-hammer.

Last August as I was driving north out of town, a flock of about forty birds flew over, going northeast. They were about the right height, and their shape, size, movement, speed and line formation all tallied with the wild pigeon of my boyhood days. I watched them until the line faded away in the distant blue of the horizon's rim, trying to convince myself that they were turtle doves, but all the evidence tended to show that they were wild pigeons. Did any other reader of FOREST AND STREAM see them?

The Dove.

What sportsman has the hardness of heart to kill a dove? I never killed one, and if I did I would be ashamed to tell it. I was under the impression until recent years that doves were looked upon as being almost sacred, a bird blessed by Divine Providence, and I still think that no true sportsman will be guilty of their destruction, and further that they should be protected by law at all times and in all places.

Quail, Corn and Wheat.

From childhood I have known that quail would pull up corn. Like the crow, they take hold of the young shoot when it is an inch or so above ground, pull it up by the root, so to speak, and then eat the grain that adheres to the roots. I frequently replanted where they had taken hill after hill. A few years ago I was in the country and had a Flobert rifle with me. I drove near a Bob White sitting on the fence near a shock of wheat. I violated the law for scientific reasons. When I examined his crop I found forty-one large plump grains of wheat and not a thing else. There were bugs in the stubble, no doubt, but the quail preferred wheat. Nevertheless if I lived on a farm I would protect my quail. When I was a boy we captured game in any manner possible. I shot eleven quail at one shot with the smooth-bore mentioned above. Later I killed four quail at one shot with a muzzle-loading rifle.

Speaking of Shots.

In October, 1893, I shot a small deer in a slashing near the Michigamme River in Upper Peninsula, Michigan, knocking it down in its tracks. It was partly concealed by the weeds and briars, and lay there while I watched a large doe in her wild flight up a crooked ravine. When the doe was out of sight I started down to the one I had shot, and was within about sixty steps of it when it jumped up and started off at a lively clip, but wabbling in a way that showed it had been hit hard. I pulled up my rifle and cut loose at its shoulder, and it dropped as if shot through the brain. When I went up to it, it was dead, but there was only one bullet mark on it, and that was a hole through both shoulders.

In October, 1895, in the same slashing, I walked up a tree trunk that had lodged until I came to a tree against which the leaning one rested some 20ft. from the ground. I stood there probably about thirty minutes with my back against the upright tree, when I heard a rustling among the leafy branches of a fallen sugar to my left. Presently a small deer crept out from among the branches and stood broadside not more than 40yds. distant. I carried that deer to camp. The point to this is that I walked logs 100yds. or more, then the leaning tree to within an easy shot without noise.

Last November, while sitting on a pine stump on the south point of a ridge about four miles west of the place mentioned above I was much interested in the movements of a hunter who seemed to be trying hard to locate something. He circled my perch, coming from the northwest, passing around south and disappearing northeast of me. He came within fifteen steps of me, but did not look toward the hill. A half-hour later as I was going north, he crossed my path going west with his eyes riveted to the ground, and a few moments later as I was trying to locate the whistle of a buck in the distance, the old

gentleman came plump on to me from the west. He was carrying a handsome Winchester shotgun, and explained that a couple of hours before he had put a charge of nine buckshot into the shoulder of a large buck at close range, but the buck got away and he could not trail him. He said he lived on the Michigan Lower Peninsula, and was camped back on Fence River. He seemed very much worried over his misfortune, and I felt sorry, for I concluded it was one of those rare occasions when an old hunter lost an opportunity to score another big buck, and thus fittingly round out a successful hunter's career.

G. W. CUNNINGHAM.

That Alaskan Warm Lake.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: I note in your issue of March 18 an article from the Catholic Columbian, describing a warm water lake named Selawik in the vicinity of Dawson, the waters of which are said to rise and fall with the tides on the shores of Alaska, and stating that "the improvident gold seeker * * * has only to borrow a sled and a couple of dogs to go over to Selawik, where, in a couple of hours, he can kill with a boat hook more salmon than he can eat in a fortnight."

I have spent two and a half years in the interior of Alaska, and have been nine times across the entire territory from east to west, and while I am not in a position to absolutely deny the above statement, I must say that it is most improbable. If it were made by any other than one so well known in connection with missionary work in Alaska as Father Tosi, I should consider it as intended for a bit of humor to beguile the artless "chee-charcô."

I have visited Dawson on many occasions from the spring of 1897 when there were only two or three cabins to late in August when the camp had become a populous city, and spent an entire winter in the vicinity, making trips of from 25 to 40 miles east of the Yukon, and from 25 to 130 miles to the west, and up to that time the existence of such a lake was unknown to the miners. The Yukon River is certainly the lowest known spot in the vicinity of Dawson, and it is an even 1,000ft. above sea level.

Anyone who has tried fishing for salmon in the upper Yukon with the largest nets knows that it is not a profitable industry, so it would seem rather difficult to believe that such marvelous catches could be made in Lake Selawik with a boat hook.

The reverend father has doubtless credited the reports of some imaginative fortune seeker, or the alleged hot spring near Medicine Lake, southwest of Circle City, may have furnished the groundwork for the story.

EDWARD F. BALL.

U. S. COAST AND GEODETIC SURVEY.

Observations.

I.

How these humans do reason about whether the other animals do reason or do not reason. Wonder if the other animals reason about whether these humans do reason or do not reason.

II.

Americans take the time for their pleasures from the hours of sleep instead of the hours of business. So they make an added burden of what should be not only a pleasure, but also a recreation. J. B. DAVIS.

MICHIGAN.

Some Features of the Show.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Merely as a matter of information, will somebody connected with the Adirondack exhibits at the Sportsmen's Exposition please tell where the man dressed in yellow buckskin, with fringes, got his suit of clothes? Additional particulars would be interesting, too. Did the man ever see buckskin clothes previous to his coming to New York; and if he did, was it at a circus? Was the suit a rented one? What was the object of having him dressed up in that style? Was it a sort of jack-lantern to dazzle the innocent crowds, so that they would fall ready and easy victims? Or may be he didn't belong with that exhibit.

Also, was that spotted fawn with a doe a type or indication of anything in particular? There were several spotted fawns on exhibition—lank little creatures, very interesting to contemplate. Where did they come from? What gallant sportsman procured them? Did hounds, "with mellow voices and eager leapings," pursue them to "the death"? Were the fawns there as specimens of the game a sportsman might expect to get while fishing with a 10-gauge shotgun in July?

RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

NEW YORK.

A Fortunate Fluke.

An extraordinary shooting adventure, which has the advantage of being easy of belief, is recorded by A. L. Butler, of the State Museum, Selangor, Malaya, in the last number of the Bombay Natural History Society's journal. One day in last July a Malay woodcutter went out into the jungle to cut fuel, taking with him, on the off-chance of a shot at a deer, an old single-barreled muzzle-loading gun, loaded with the rather unscientific charge of a bullet and four buckshot. Moving quietly through the jungle, he suddenly came upon a tiger feeding on the carcass of a sambhur, and, with touching confidence in his weapon, fired at a distance of twenty paces. The tiger rolled over, and, when the Malay cautiously approached, he found not one dead tiger, but two, the second having been hidden from the sportsman, though only a few feet distant from the animal he fired at. Mr. Butler, who made the post-mortem examination of the tigers, after they had been skinned, found that in each case a single buckshot had gone to the heart; one had also an insignificant wound on the head from another pellet. "For a really appalling fluke," as Mr. Butler says, this achievement of the Malay woodcutter will be hard to beat. It is certainly not a performance any sane white man will try to parallel, much less to eclipse.—London Sketch.

Game Bag and Gun.

A Mowitch Hunt in Southeastern Alaska.

ALL last summer, while occupied at Ketchikan, Alaska, we had promised for ourselves during the coming fall a series of hunting trips after deer, goat and bear; and one of these trips—an excursion to the Prince of Wales Island—after "mowiches," as the Indians or Siwash call the deer of this section, is the foundation for this article.

With the exception of Bill, a Montana man, the party consisted of Bostonians, six in all, and an especially congenial company it proved to be. None were tenderfeet, a few were old rustlers, and the senior member, a campaigner of years standing, whom we all called the Major, proved the very life of the outfit. His dry wit and seemingly endless fund of stories, together with his sunny good nature under the most trying circumstances, soon won for him the affections of the entire "push."

Ketchikan was left late in September, in the four-ton sloop yacht Skookum, Capt. Pete McKinnion, with two sealing boats in tow. These were to be used after reaching the island, as we had only hired the Skookum to insure the safe passage of Clarence Straits, a nasty bit of water some twelve miles in width, facing the stormy Pacific, and which seems to really welcome the southerly gales that come piling in with such ferocity that one can well imagine them as coming all the way from China across the pond.

Although only a distance of thirty-five miles to our destination, it had been agreed to make it in two runs, the first a leg of some fifteen miles, to the Dall Head copper properties, on the southern extremity of Gravina Island, where chef Hunt, whose cooking is noted from Wrangel to Portland, Oregon, kept open house in Hotel de Siwash, and where our former visits had always been hailed as occasions of feasting and song. The day in question was no exception, and we were welcomed royally. Twenty-four hours were lost here on account of storm, but much to our satisfaction, and on the third day, we took leave of our hospitable friend, promising to bring him a pair of mowiche saddles on our return.

It was a clear and aggravatingly calm morning, as, laboring with the long sweep oars, the sloop moved slowly out of the bay; but after rounding the head a fair wind sprang up, and for the rest of the three hours' sail we lay back and talked of our prospective hunt, or listened to the croonings of the Major and Bill, both of whom had soon discovered that peculiar affinity existing between men who have been in the same camps in the different mining sections of the West, and who have known the same men, but not each other. The day proved delightful, and the blue of the mountains gradually dissolved itself into harmonious grays and greens, as approaching the island, Point Adams could be seen, as well as Morris Bay, for which we were heading; but the breeze left us when well within the bay, and another wrestle with the sweeps was necessary to carry us up the long narrow reach of water forming North Arm, at the head of which was the Indian Nowiski's salmon chuck and shack, where we were to make our headquarters.

A Siwash "salmon chuck" is the stream allotted him by his tribe, and on which he has the sole right to fish, with power to forcibly prevent trespassing. This latter right only applies to the Indians, white men going where they chose. It interested those of us who were ignorant on the subject, to learn, that, unlike our Eastern salmon, the fish here, after running up the streams and depositing their spawn, never return to the salt water, but their mission in life being fulfilled, die an ignominious death—the bodies lodged along the banks giving sustenance to hundreds of ravens and eagles, as well as many smaller birds. All the geese killed by the outfit were found to be full of salmon spawn, the meat proving too fishy to be at all palatable.

Big Pete left for Ketchikan the morning following our arrival with instructions to return again in ten days, there being provisions sufficient merely for that time. The days passed only too rapidly, and, although most of us hunted continually and conscientiously, no deer were killed, and but three seen—one swimming so far out in Mineral Lake, at the head of the chuck, as to be out of range, while the other two, a buck and a doe, were fired upon by Dick, who scored a clean miss on two as pretty broadside shots as could be desired. He laid this to overconfidence.

Although the deer here are black-tailed, all right enough, there is a vast difference between them and the same kind of deer throughout our Western States. They are much smaller for one thing, smaller even than the white-tail, of Maine, though resembling the latter animal in color. I have never seen that beautiful squirrel-gray coat one finds on Montana and Colorado blacktail. The antlers too, only in occasional instances have a double prong, branching from the main beam, the majority of horns being formed precisely as a whitetail.

We at first attributed our non-success to the limited knowledge of the habitat of these particular deer, but later it was found that there had been an unusually heavy killing in this same neighborhood the winter before by both Indians and wolves—a single Siwash having killed unaided and in a single day over 100 of these poor emaciated creatures, simply for their hides—the market value being a little less than 12 cents. This may sound a trifle "fishy," and it did to me at first until I heard how it was accomplished.

To understand the situation, it is necessary to state that from about Christmas time until early in March the snows are very deep, varying from 4 to 6 ft. This of course drives all deer on both mainland and islands to the seashore, where at night they bed down within 50 yds. of the water. During the daytime they may be seen in great numbers along the beaches feeding on "kelp," a kind of seaweed left unfrozen by the retreating tides. Three or four weeks on this diet will so weaken them that they fall a ready prey to both wolves and hide hunters. The former is a large timber wolf, black

as a bear and standing nearly as high as a mastiff dog. They are crafty and savage, but cowardly when not banded together, and would have to be exceptionally hungry to attack a human being even then.

A man named Gullet and I spent three weeks in November north of Ketchikan, in a country where they are plentiful, endeavoring to trap one of these black fellows, but we failed to even get sight of one.

It was an easy matter therefore for this Indian to come to North Arm in January, where there had been no previous hunting, and leaving his Klootchmen (squaws) armed with skinning knives to follow on the shore, he in a canoe could paddle leisurely along, and if a good shot not lose a hoof while ammunition lasted. Up to the time of the sloop's expected arrival the weather had been remarkably fine, such days when clear as one finds only in Alaska.

However, on Oct. 8 a series of westerly and southerly storms broke upon us in such fury that it was understood we must give up all hopes of Big Pete's coming. This sort of weather continued for several days, and in the meantime the provisions were getting seriously low. Cream, sugar and butter were of the past, as well as numerous little things which we had brought along to give variety to our bill of fare. Flour we had in plenty, but coffee and potatoes were on the "reduced ration list." On the 15th Dick and the writer returned to camp, after having seen a large black bear without even the chance of a shot, and the climax of our disgust was reached to find the cigarette tobacco entirely gone and the pipe tobacco nearly so.

Then it was decided that something must be done, and that immediately. During the discussion one of the fellows attempted an impossible cigarette with plug tobacco and soap wrapper, which was unanimously voted "out" by the rest of us. After talking it over, Bill and I declared our intention of taking one of the sealing boats, and on the first calm day of rowing over



AN ALASKAN DEER.

to Hunt's, and, procuring the big schooner laying at anchor there, we could return for the rest, regardless of weather.

Two days later found us pulling down the placid waters of North Arm, and when about four miles from camp a sail hove in sight, which proved to be the sloop Star, sent after us in place of Big Pete. As the day looked promising, instead of returning with them, we determined to keep right on and wait for the push at Dall Head. So after begging some cigarette tobacco and papers we were off. Later, when reaching the straits, a breeze overtook us which allowed of our hoisting the sail and eating a cold lunch of bannock and bacon, the best our chef could offer us before starting.

Meanwhile black, threatening clouds worked slowly up from the southward, while our little craft tipped saucily before the rapidly rising wind whistling over the starboard beam. Being fairly out in the middle, it would take full as long to return to the bay as to advance, and in either case, if the storm increased, we would be obliged to turn and run before it.

When therefore a sudden ugly squall blew the sail off into the water, carrying the sprit halyards away in so doing, we naturally thought "discretion the better part of valor," and as I threw the helm hard around, could not but feel thankful that the wind at our backs was not the fierce Taku wind from the north, blowing us out into the Pacific. Instead, it was only a question of the distance up the straits we would be forced before making a landing.

The problem was soon solved satisfactorily, for about three miles ahead and perhaps a mile off shore lay Wedge Island, which would make a capital place to camp, provided the already strong wind did not carry us beyond. The pull proved easier than at first supposed, and we were soon under the lee of the island and in quiet water.

In making the approach there was time for a rough survey, and we found it to be a much smaller body of land than had appeared from a distance. It was not over 600 yds. long by a third as many in width, heavily timbered, with high cliffs overlooking the sea at both ends, while the center was much the lower, making the island look for all the world like the hull of a Chinese junk.

After beaching the boat and depositing our scanty provisions above tide line, Bill and I pushed back through the undergrowth into the interior of the island in search of drinking water. What little we found was full of animal and vegetable life, and too vile and stagnant to drink without boiling, although Bill, who had traveled much in Arizona, pronounced it capital. While making our way back to the boat, much to our astonishment we discovered comparatively fresh deer sign, and although my "pard" laughed at the idea, I at once untied my rifle from the pack and set out along the shore for

the headland, to hunt up wind, while Bill went with the axe in search of tent poles.

It proved an easy place to still-hunt, having plenty of moss under foot to deaden the sound, and yet there seemed to be enough underbrush to give the game plenty of cover, should they be on the island. I was soon convinced that deer were there, for I found unmistakable signs of their recent drowsing on the skunk cabbage, which in this section grows with tropical luxuriance, and the deer and bear both feed upon it. I have seen this plant as tall as a man, and with leaves as broad as the length of one's arm. This is due to the extremely moist climate, the annual rainfall of Alaska being 14 ft.

The first day's hunt, though successful, was uninteresting. After working carefully in about 200 yds., I ran square upon two blacktails—a spike-horn and a doe. Both of these I dropped, making a pretty "right and left," precisely as though bird shooting with a Scott instead of deer hunting with a Winchester. On dressing them both I shouldered the buck, and upon reaching camp found Bill had but two of the tent poles cut, showing how short a time had elapsed since we separated. Although the provisions brought with us consisted only of flour, salt and tea, still with two fry-pans of tenderloin, we feasted royally. Soon after pitching the tent rain set in, and throughout the afternoon and night the storm continued with unabated fury, while I lay awake for hours listening to the mighty pounding of the breakers on the headland, which seemed to shake the very ground beneath us.

It was not necessary to look out upon the water next morning to know that for that day at least we were to be imprisoned on the island. Although the rain had ceased, both wind and sea continued with unflinching strength, to encompass our little citadel, while from the quiet waters of the cove came the clamoring of hundreds of water fowl that sounded much like a caucus of ward heelers direct from New York.

There were kittiwakes and herring gulls, different kinds of divers, red and black Siwash ducks, beside butterballs, teal and brant, while a dozen kinds unknown to us paddled aimlessly about among the drift timber. A sportive family of seals, doing the "Jack-in-the-box" act in the surf outside the point, drew a harmless fusillade from Bill's six-shooter, and reminded me of glass ball practice in a shooting gallery.

To kill time that day every nook and corner of our little continent was explored, and we jumped three more deer in so doing—another spiked buck and two does. They were not molested, however, the rifle having been left behind, for already sufficient meat had been killed for ourselves; in fact, one of the mowiches was immediately reserved for our friend Hunt.

We separated at the lower end of the island, and on my reaching camp the sun was shining brightly. Bill, who had, as he called it, been "prospecting" on the beach, and to whom the creatures of the "briney" were ever objects of unmitigated curiosity, returned soon after, his pockets filled with Abalonia shells, hermit crabs, starfish and all sorts of queer things, and in one hand he waved an enormous red and green sea anemone, saying, "I poked my finger inter this and the d—d thing closed up on me. What-der-yer call him?"

One of the hermit crabs he kept alive in the boat for days—"the little cuss was too cute to throw away." He made a collection of shells on this trip that were intended for his mother in Illinois, who had never seen the salt water.

Being anxious to take advantage of the bright sunlight, I asked his immediate co-operation in a plan just formed to photograph one or all three of those deer. This sort of thing was just "nuts" for him, and he went on to tell how two winters before in Montana he had roped an elk while riding in the mountains, and succeeded in fetching it into the town of Kalispell.

So, armed with the camera, we headed for the vicinity of the island, where the deer had been last seen. We figured that could they be driven to the narrow strip of headland where there were but few trees and very little undergrowth, a good picture might be taken and at close range.

In the low swampy section we jumped them again, but the buck dodged through us, much to the disgust of my partner, who wanted to "corral the whole cheese." The two does bounded along ahead, however, apparently not alarmed to any extent, even stopping to look back occasionally. Fortune seemed to favor us, for without the least hesitation they trotted out upon the narrow strip, which is not over 20 yds. in the widest part. Along this we carefully approached, trying not to scare them. They were bewildered, and did not seem to realize their position until we were fairly close. Then they jumped frantically back and forth, and it was with the utmost difficulty that I prevented Bill from using his Colts. He thought they might become too frightened and jump over the cliffs.

I took a number of pictures from a distance before obtaining the one that turned out to be the best and which is inclosed with this article. At the time of this exposure they had become more reconciled to our presence, and carefully avoiding any sudden movement, I approached to within 40 ft., I should say. Until pressing the button, I fully expected to cover them both, but the larger one, evidently the mother, made a dash by me, and a moment later was followed by her lamb—not, however, before I had glanced through the finder and made the exposure. Seeing this, Bill took his innings, and as he afterward said, "Just turned loose with both hands." There was some lively jumping, livelier shooting and a much-disgusted Bill.

How he ever managed to miss them both is a mystery to me. He seldom has to offer excuses for his marksmanship, and all he could do was to stand and swear. To illustrate his shooting ability I have seen him by the light of a Siwash fire, while lying on our blankets in an Indian shack, kill four mountain rats that were packing off our grub before the last one could reach the door. It was unnecessary after that for him to tell me he could shoot.

During the following night the wind shifted into the northwest, which meant clear weather and a fair wind for us. The sea still ran too heavy for our little craft, however, and it was well along in the afternoon before we ventured out. This time the straits were

crossed without incident. The wind died away, and it was after 9 when Hotel de Siwash was reached.

The latter part of the way we had only what is termed in that country an "ash breeze" (oars of white ash).

Our deer, which Hunt lovingly embraced as his salvation from a bacon and fish diet, was hung in state in the mess-house. And the jovial old chap spread himself that night for a dinner such as had never been eaten at Dali Head. The storm which delayed us had kept our friends as well, and just before supper a volley of shots from the bay bespoke their arrival.

Hunt is wintering up there now; and I will guarantee that as he sits and smokes before the fireplace at the further end of the big house there still rings in his ears the echoes of that night with the "Boston push."

E. W. SHAW.

My Big Bull.

It had long been my ambition to kill a big bull elk. I had tried hard for him on my two previous trips to the Rockies, but fate seemed to be against me, for although the other members of our party in each case got heads, with less work and certainly much less zest than I exhibited, I had never been successful. And now it was 2 o'clock on the last day of our third trip, and, disgusted with myself and everyone else, I had resolved to stay in camp. It was really my fault this time, I thought. I had had a beautiful shot at a grand big bull on the first day out and had missed ignominiously. Besides, what was the use of going again, when we had not seen so much as a fresh track for four days. But my guide felt differently. "Come, Harry," he said, "don't give up so easy; we'll just ride up to the lake and watch a while for him to come and have a drink." To cheer me up the more he saddled up a pack horse "to carry home the head on," he said, but he did not expect to use him for such a purpose any more than I did.

The lake to which Johnny referred lay in a narrow valley, with sides rising rather steeply for a short distance and then selving up more gradually to the top. Looking up the valley the left slope was covered with thick spruce trees, and to the right fairly open, but sprinkled here and there with clumps of quaking-asp, whose little leaves shivered at the slightest breeze. The lake itself was about 100yds broad, there being a large spring on the left or north side near the edge of the spruce. From this spring rose a rock some 50ft. high, over which led a steep trail. And it was toward this rock that we started, intending from there to watch for elk coming to the spring to drink. We found the trail up the gulch so slippery that we had to leave our horses at the bottom and walk up. Our excitement may be imagined when we saw on striking the trail that three big bears had passed and were but a very little way ahead of us, as the water had not yet collected in their tracks. We trailed them to the spring, and as they entered the thick woods, but here we thought it better not to follow further, so we climbed up the rock and sat down to wait, one on each side, behind some bushes at the top.

An hour dragged by and we saw nothing. I was beginning to wish that we had kept on after the bears. What chance was there of their coming back? Then suddenly I heard a rustle in the woods opposite me. I turned my head quickly, but saw nothing. In a minute there was another, and another rustle, each from a different place, and then all was still again, and I could hear only my heart banging away in my breast and the soft click-click, as I threw a cartridge into the barrel of my rifle. Now I heard them again, sometimes separately, sometimes all together, but steadily coming closer and closer. "The three bears!" I thought; "and they will come back up the trail right over me." Should I call Johnny? No, I would try it by myself. I looked back over my shoulder, nevertheless, to see if he was in sight, but no Johnny could I see. I turned quickly back as I heard another noise, and there I saw, not a bear, but the great white hindquarters of an elk. This was all there was; just one big hindleg, and I could not tell whether it was a bull or a cow. It certainly looked big enough to be a bull, but everything assumes gigantic proportions when one is in the condition that I was in. There it stood, it seemed to me, a full five minutes, and then disappeared slowly behind a big fallen tree and all was still again.

I waited to see him reappear, but he had probably smelt me, as he did not so much as break a twig. I was just about to crawl over to tell Johnny, when I felt a touch on my shoulder, and turning saw him pointing up the lake, where two cow elk were just entering the bushes which grew thickly over the bottom of the gulch.

"There's eight or ten," he whispered; "been wallerin'. Oh! but there's a daisy amongst 'em."

I told him what I had seen, but he decided to follow this last herd, which did not suspect us, especially as we knew there was a big bull with them. So we started down the little hill and past the spring, past the "wallow," and then sometimes on hands and knees, sometimes crawling and writhing flat on the ground, we made our way through the tangle of roots and bushes to the opening where we had last seen our game. Just as we reached here, from the timber on the hillside the old bull "bugled." To one hearing this for the first time and from a distance, it is one of the most beautiful sounds imaginable. Rising clear from the silence of the forest, it floats along with purer note than ever man can make, then gradually descends and dies away into stillness again.

We immediately started after him, easily picking his track from the rest of the band by its size and deep impression. Every few minutes, now, he "bugled," sometimes seemingly but rooft. or so ahead; but owing to the extreme thickness of the spruce we could never catch sight of him. Thus we followed him for almost a mile, I stumbling over logs in my efforts to walk quietly, and breaking twigs and branches at every step, and Johnny stealing noiselessly ahead, with his eyes on the big bull's tracks. The high altitude makes it extremely hard for one unaccustomed to it to walk fast for any distance, and so I had to call a halt to get my breath.

As we were about to start on again the bull "bugled" from the open hillside on our right, and we started at full speed down the hill expecting that now we would surely catch sight of him. As we reached the bottom we heard him again, but the echo made it extremely

hard to tell from what direction the sound came. I still thought he was on the right side, but Johnny said he had crossed back into the spruce, so we started up hill again on the run, Johnny carrying my rifle. We went on for about 100yds., when of a sudden the "bugle" came again, the direction unmistakable this time. I turned, and there he stood in plain sight across the valley 300yds. away, his head and antlers held high, looking over at us and "bugling." Johnny gave me my rifle, and I put it to my shoulder, but the last run had so taken my breath that the sight swam round and round and the rifle barrel described great circles in my vain efforts to steady it. But suddenly it flashed across me that this was the last day of the hunt, it was 5:30 in the afternoon, and here was the chance I had been hoping and longing for so long. What would I think of myself if I missed? So I drew a long breath, tightened every muscle in my body, drew the front sight just behind his shoulder, pulled the trigger and at the report tumbled over in a heap in the spruce needles. The bull threw back his head, bounded quickly up the hill and disappeared in a clump of quaking-asps. I couldn't have fired again to save my life.

Johnny picked up my gun and started down through the trees, shouting, "Come on! come on! you may get another chance!" So summoning what little strength I had left I followed him.

When we reached the other side of the quaking-asps we looked for the elk, but there was no elk in sight, and I turned questioningly to Johnny, but Johnny only gave that quiet smile of his and pointed to a branch sticking up out of the grass 50yds. further on, and as I looked, it dawned upon me what that branch really was, and that beneath it lay the great white body that I had coveted so long.

H. S. D., JR.

A Trip for Venison.

ON Nov. 10, 1869, I left the quiet village of Hartford, Van Buren county, Mich., taking my 10-gauge steel double-barreled shotgun and an 18in. gauge .44cal. thunderbolt carbine, and drove twelve miles northwest into what was known as the Fish neighborhood, in the township of Deerfield, which was at that time an almost unbroken wilderness, where wild turkeys, deer and red fox were very plenty. After going to within two miles of Lake Michigan on a newly cut road I came to a log house just built, in front of which a young man about twenty-five years of age was cutting wood. I asked him if I could get board for a day or two, as I wanted to hunt. He said he would board me if I could put up with his accommodations, as he did his own cooking. I told him I thought I could stand it for a day or two if he did all the time, so he told me to go into the house, it being about night, and quite cool, and as soon as he got that tree cut up he'd come in and get supper.

During the evening he related to me the number of deer he had seen in various places in the immediate neighborhood, and I inquired of him the best place for me to go the next morning to find a deer. He said Thunder Mountain was directly west about a mile and right on the edge of the lake. I found that Thunder Mountain was a big, round-topped sandhill of more than ordinary height, so called from the rumbling sound, like distant thunder, which came from it at times. Just north of the mountain was Clay Cliff, a nearly perpendicular cliff. North of this was what was known as the big sand-slide, caused by the constant blowing of the wind from the lake, blowing the sand in different directions, ever changing form.

My host, Mr. Smith, told me that the Carpenter boys, who lived about three miles from there, and kept three or four hounds, were always driving deer into the lake. He said the deer invariably took the route from the timber to the water over these sand drifts, where the shifting sand effaced all trace of their tracks. There was another sand-slide two miles north of this, and the deer were driven to water almost daily through one or the other, for the dogs hunted even if the men did not. He said in all probability, if I stood at the foot of the big slide I'd get a shot at the deer before 10 o'clock the next morning. He had an old hound, so he said he'd take his dog and start him after a deer, who would drive the deer to the lake even if it took him all day. But he had not time to hunt, and after starting the dog he would have to come back to his work. He gave me a lunch of johnny-cake and bacon, and I took my guns and started for the foot of the sand-slide.

A sharp walk of half an hour brought me to the beach of Lake Michigan. I had followed the valley of a little stream known as Stony Creek, which emptied into the lake just south of the base of Thunder Knob. A walk of a half-mile north along the beach brought me to the foot of the sand-slide. I unslung my carbine and hung it on the big root of a pine stump which had been washed ashore and was nearly covered with sand, and got ready to shiver, for the wind was in the northwest and the breakers ran mountain high. The day was cold and chilly, and the roar of those mighty waves was enough to drown the rumble of a thousand cars.

I had stood there perhaps an hour, and was longing to see the graceful bounds of a fleet-footed deer, when I heard a strange noise in the water behind me. Turning, I saw within four or five rods of me a large buck wading out of the water and shaking himself. Knowing that he had been run into the lake away north and drifted south with the wind, and was chilled by cold of wind and water, I sat my shotgun against the pine root, took down the carbine and let the gallant old fellow get to where the water was about knee-deep; then there was a sharp crack of the carbine and the noble deer was dead. I felt almost ashamed that I had killed an innocent beast, which was so chilled and exhausted that it had not noticed me. But setting down my carbine I took hold of the great antlers and drew him out of the surf. I had just finished bleeding him when glancing up the beach to the north I saw three men and two dogs coming toward me. I thought that they were the men and dogs who had driven the deer into the lake.

They approached and said: "Well, friend, you've killed a nice deer; our dogs drove him into the lake two miles north of here two hours ago, and we have been watching for him ever since. Had he got out of the water when you shot him?"

"The water where I shot him was about knee-deep."

"According to the rules of we lake hunters he's our deer. If you had let him come out of the water above where the breakers wet, he'd have been your deer."

"What kind of a law is that?"

"The rules of all hunters on the beach of the lake. The deer belongs to the dogs as long as he is in the water."

"That's a mighty little crack to crawl out through."

"If you doubt our word, ask any man who hunts along the beach, and if he don't say we're right, the deer is yours."

I asked their names. They replied: "Carpenter brothers; we live about one and a half miles from here." Thereupon they took the deer and dragged it away up the beach and out of sight. I felt like a boy who has been chastised in school when he knew the other fellow deserved it. I thought of all the law and gospel I'd ever read, and I could find no law to justify such an act. They outranked in numbers, and I had to acknowledge that under some circumstances might made right. I stood by the lone pine root and watched them until they disappeared around a point of the bluff. After they were out of sight, with my eyes still fixed on the point round which they disappeared, I saw three deer come down to the water. I wondered if Smith's old hound was yet alive, and thought I'd never shoot another deer in Lake Michigan. I watched the deer as they ran out, seeming to dread those mighty breakers. In a few moments I discovered that they were coming toward me, running in the surf. As they came nearer I could see their beautiful eyes and ears, and hoped they'd turn from the water on to the sand. Nearer and nearer they came, and my heart fairly jumped as I thought what I could do to get them from the water. As they neared I made a quick move from the pine root toward the lake myself. As I did so, the doe and two fawns ran out on to the dry sand. There were sharp, quick reports from the No. 10 shotgun and the beautiful doe and one fawn lay on the beach. Quickly putting down the shotgun and catching the carbine from the root as the other fawn made two or three quick leaps, then turned to see where the others were, the report of the carbine was heard and the fawn's body rolled down the steep cliff toward those of its companions. Cutting their throats I quickly reloaded and set the guns against the root, and drawing the deer close began dressing them. Looking up the beach to the north, I saw the same party of men and dogs approaching. Before they had time to challenge my right to these deer I said: "I let them all land." They said: "Yes, we saw them from the time they entered the water, and saw you kill them. We have returned to help you dress and hang them up, and want to know what gun you have." They did not see that I had changed guns, and the three shots were in such quick succession they marveled at it. They said they never saw a shotgun that would kill a deer instantly before. As we stood talking they were facing the north and I the south. I saw a stone roll down from the bluff just south of us, and looking up saw a spike-horned buck come into view; and as he made a leap to come down the steep bank I took my gun and said: "Now, see." As I spoke I shot, and the buck came tumbling down, dead. He was followed by Smith's old hound and was indisputably my game. The men whom I at first suspected of meanness had shown themselves to be gentlemen, and after hanging up all four of my deer we separated.

I returned to Smith's home and reached it in good season for supper. I related my day's experience, and he said he should have told me of the rules regulating the neighboring hunters. After supper he took his yoke of steers and stoneboat and went for my deer. The next day I had a chance to ride in with my booty on a wagon which was coming to Hartford for supplies. Only those familiar with pioneer days can understand the rejoicing when I reached home after so short an absence with four fine deer.

SULLIVAN COOK.

MICHIGAN.

"Concerning an Epithet."

Editor Forest and Stream:

ON the editorial page of the FOREST AND STREAM for March 18, there appeared a well-written—that goes without saying—article on that most despicable type of the genus homo, known in common parlance as the "game hog." As a reader of FOREST AND STREAM from almost the initial number up to that issued March 18 of this year I always have, and do still consider that paper one of the grandest exponents of game protection and preservation; hence it is an unpleasant task to take exception to any item in its columns, more especially when that item is the product of the editor's quill. The item to which I refer is in my humble judgment one that comes dangerously close to a defense, or at least a palliation of the ways and methods of those so-called sportsmen who take more of the public's game than fair-play sportsmanship would warrant. Had the article to which I refer appeared in any of the papers devoted to general topics, no great harm would have been done; but its appearance in FOREST AND STREAM will perhaps be instrumental in causing some, or possibly many, "game hogs" who were beginning to see the error of their ways, to retrograde to the "kill-all-you-can" idea.

I may be a trifle old-fashioned in my ways; if so, my education—want of it, perhaps—is to blame; but in years gone by I was taught to call a spade a spade; and in the part of the country where I grew up and learned to shoot we had a habit—inelegant, perhaps—of calling a man who committed larceny a thief. When a man stole any of his neighbor's cash or property we did not say that he was color-blind and unable to distinguish between his own or his neighbor's hens or horses; didn't even call him a kleptomaniac; just a plain, common, everyday thief. When a man in our locality, under the unchristian plea of "business is business," robbed or oppressed his neighbor, or exacted to the utmost his "pound of flesh," even from the widowed and the fatherless, we had the uncouth habit of calling that person a hog—not a swinish individual, nor a Mosaic outcast, but just a plain hog—not an elegant term, we must admit, but the only one that completely filled the bill, without wasting wind or printer's ink.

Now, Mr. Editor, I am old-fashioned enough to believe that a man who calls himself a sportsman, or even one who does not attempt to assume the dignity of that title, has no earthly right to take more than a reasonable share of the game that is the property of all, and when he does overstep the limit of decency in that direction I know of no term more expressive or more fitting than that of "game hog," however inelegant it may be. Nor can I agree with you that it is a difficult matter to say just what amount of game should be considered a fair take for one day's shooting. Common sense, or a sense of sportsmanlike decency, should teach any man that a hundred, or even fifty ducks, geese or grouse—almost a cart-load—is away beyond that limit ideal which is deep-rooted in the mind of every fair-minded sportsman. Neither do I, nor do I believe that any very large percentage of our true sportsmen will agree with you that fifty birds of any kind—clay pigeons or English sparrows excepted—are a legitimate bag for a sportsman anywhere, whether it be in Mississippi or on Long Island, in Vermont or in Texas. In days gone by in localities where game was plentiful, everybody helped himself to as much as he liked, or at least as much as he could shoot, kill or capture, and what is the result? Look at the buffalo and the wild pigeon—mounted specimens are to be seen in our natural history collections, a few stray live ones, they tell us, are still on earth—their fate tells the whole story, unlimited killing.

I am ashamed to confess that I once killed between sunrise and sunset twenty-two ruffed grouse on ground where at this time it would be impossible to bag a half-dozen in a week. The same cause—the "game hog." I know whereof I speak, for I was one of them twenty-five years ago; but at that time had not sense enough to know how vile a creature my shanks were compelled to carry afield. This happy hunting ground was not despoiled by the market-shooter—none of that accursed breed ever to my knowledge hunted there—but the destruction was the work of Christian, gentlemen sportsmen; at least that was what we thought we were. Admitted that legal restrictions as to bag limit may be and are eminently proper and necessary, it is well known that such restrictions are most difficult to enforce; hence, is it not well for all papers and all persons who have a kindly interest in the matter of game preservation, to let the fellows, who persist in killing more than their share of the State's game, know that we don't care to play in their yard, don't like them, never did like them, in short is it not eminently proper that we should designate them by their proper names, "game hogs," however inelegant the term may sound? If we fail to reform them we can at least show them that we are not of their ilk and detest their unsportsmanlike ways. M. SCHENCK.

On Kansas Prairies.

LOST SPRINGS, Kan., March 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I hear with regret the reports from other parts of the country of the injury to the game by the terrible storms of the past winter, and so I am the more glad that after such investigation as I have had time to make, I can report that both quail and prairie chickens have lived through all right in this section. I have seen a number of good strong bevys of quail and some chickens since the storms, and have found no dead birds. This is owing, I think, to the abundance of both feed and cover furnished by the grain called kaffir corn, and I would recommend this grain as without any exception the best for any game preserve wherever it will grow; I do not know how far north that is, but surely anywhere in line with northern New Jersey, and I think much further northward. It has thick leaves and very strong stalk that does not break with the weight of the snow, and yields twice the grain that wheat does. The height from 4 to 5 ft. All the birds feed on it here from the wild goose down to the English sparrow. Can be obtained of almost any seedsman in Kansas.

I do not think the days of the prairie chicken are numbered as yet, for all reports go to prove that since the law stopping the shipping of them was put in force, they have slowly increased in this section. The residents here pay but little attention to the letter of the game laws; but are very jealous of any shooting for shipment, and that, of course, is the very best of game protection. When I first went to Emporia six years ago the chickens had almost disappeared; but now they are slowly working back there. The great alfalfa fields are taking the place of the prairie sod; but they come to stay, and the chickens are learning to love them as well as the prairie grass. They also seem to follow and increase with the increase of the fields of kaffir corn, of which I have spoken.

I am glad your paper is bringing out so much discussion about the skunk. I suppose I run the risk of ostracism when I say I think them a friend both to the farmer and sportsman. I know they love a good fat chicken, but do not suppose one skunk in 500 ever tastes of one. But let any farmer go into his plowed fields in the fall and count the holes—about the size of a small dog's foot—in a square rod of ground, and for each one give our strong-smelling friend credit for a noxious worm or grub destroyed by him, and he will get some idea of the good he does; and when he finds him under his grain stack or in his corn shock, remember he is after mice and rats and let him go his way. Do not think he injures the game much, for along a certain hillside in Emporia, which apparently has been the stamping ground of the skunk for many years, the quail each year bring out one or more good strong bevys. In my opinion the common brown rat does more damage to the birds than all the skunks, foxes and hawks put together, and the skunk is their inveterate enemy. But the murderous breechloader, and the man behind it, and that means—you the editor, you the reader, and myself—are, after all our talk, the worst scourge of the game.

What a plucky strong lived bird the quail is. A young man with whom I was shooting last fall brought down out of a bevy of good strong young birds what seemed the mother of the flock. She had lost apparently the season before one foot, but had lived and brought up a brood of young birds, part of them for our delectation. When we picked her up and realized her strong courage, we were sorry she had not escaped. But, of course, regrets were in vain and she went the way of so many good quail.

Would like to ask if the ruffed grouse is not to a certain extent like the squirrels—migratory. I have not seen one in Kansas, but when in New England I could not explain their habits in any other way.

March 13.—One of the local papers reports the capture of three beaver in the Cottonwood River, about twenty miles southwest from here. It seems too bad that the few remnants of such wild life as remain cannot be left undisturbed. I would go a long way myself to see one free and living his natural life.

I trust you will excuse the writing on both sides of the paper, for paper is getting very scarce, and I am in camp miles from any place of supply. The geese, duck, killders, plover, blackbirds and some of the smaller birds are here. Meadow larks stayed all winter in spite of the storms.

PINE TREE.

Spring Shooting.

IN the New York Legislature a bill has been introduced by Mr. La Roche, Senate No. 179, to open the season for snipe and shore birds on Long Island on May 1 instead of July 1, as under the present law. Mr. Robert B. Lawrence, Secretary of the New York Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, appeared before the Assembly Committee on Game Laws to oppose the measure. In this connection we give the brief prepared by Mr. Lawrence in opposition to a former bill of like purpose. All that was then said applies now, and always will apply. Measures and men may change, but the principles of the laws of nature as here laid down are immutable. Mr. Lawrence said:

This bill should not become a law for the reason that its passage would be a step backward, and directly opposed to the idea of proper game protection.

In May, 1892, the present law prohibiting the shooting of plover and other birds during the spring months was passed, the opening of the lawful season for shooting them being postponed until July. The result of the five years, in the increase of the numbers of these birds which visit our salt marshes and beaches during the summer and fall months, has been noticed and favorably commented on by many who are interested in preserving our game.

Before the passage of this law, the diminution in the numbers of these birds was so marked that there was but little opposition to the enactment of the law which protects them during their short stay in the spring on their way to their breeding grounds. The numbers which visit our shores in the spring have increased to such an extent that baymen and gunners, failing to realize the fact that the shooting has been improved during the summer and fall months, when a far greater number of our sporting population care to indulge in this pastime than during the spring months, and that the birds, by reason of the fact that they are not molested during their short spring sojourn, have come to look upon our shores as a refuge place, again wish, for the sake of a few dollars, to bring back the conditions which existed before the passage of this present law.

It is true these birds are migratory, and with the exception of the spotted sandpiper (*Actitis macularia*), the piping plover (*Actitis melodia*) and the field plover, or Bartram's sandpiper (*Bartramia longicauda*), do not breed within our borders, and arrive in flocks for the most part. But in many cases they are mated before they leave us in the spring for their northern breeding ground. Particularly is this the case with the big yellow legs (*Totanus melanoleucas*), which soon pair off, and while searching for their food the spring call notes of the males, differing entirely from their whistle of the summer and fall, are recognized by the baymen and gunners as a sure sign of their being mated or about to mate.

The black-bellied plover (*Charadrius squatarola*), one of the most noticeable varieties, also usually consummated its family arrangements during its sojourn with us. Undoubtedly the greatest part of these birds migrate at some distance from our shore, but it is nonsense to assert that the killing of those that do visit us in the spring will have no serious effect on the numbers which return with their broods in the summer and fall. The improvement in the shooting in the summer and fall which we have already spoken of, is certainly proof of the absurdity of this assertion.

These birds are not generally considered hard to shoot at any time. Their gregarious habits enable the gunner to decoy them within range, and while, in the spring they are old veterans, more wary and suspicious, the fact that they are less easy to kill at that time is a poor argument for legalizing their slaughter.

The best traps shots are frequently indifferent field shots, and their judgment as to the difficulty of bagging birds is not entitled to much weight. The old baymen, who would possibly do but poorly at the trap with the crowd around him, seldom fails to down the poor bay bird that comes within range of his shotgun. The numbers of these birds are now on the increase so far as our shores are concerned, and we do not wish to return to the condition which prevented any opposition to the passage of this law, because the birds were so scarce that their killing or non-killing was considered a matter of no importance.

There was a time, as I have heard my father say, when a native bayman would not shoot a single dowitcher (one of the best of these birds for table use), for it was not considered worth a charge. Before the passage of this law an ox-eye was considered a fair mark, at least for a visiting gunner, and a dowitcher a rare prize.

Further than that, they are poor eating in the spring in comparison with their condition in the summer, and the presence of eggs in the female, as frequently happens, is not an appetizing discovery for the one who cleans them, and the physician who would order a big yellow leg killed in May as a delicacy for a convalescent would hardly be considered a gastronomic authority.

"Spring vitality" is not a rule considered a desirable feature in a bird intended for a table.

Spring shooting is allowed in New Jersey, except in the case of the Wilson or English snipe, but a strenuous effort is at present being made to secure in that State the passage of a similar prohibitory law to that in force in New York.

The majority of the States which permit spring shoot-

ing lie to the south of us, and the arguments against their shooting at that time are less worthy of consideration than when the birds approach nearer to their breeding grounds.

Connecticut and Rhode Island permit spring shooting, but in Massachusetts shore birds cannot be killed between May 1 and July 15. In New Hampshire the close season is from Feb. 1 to Aug. 1, and in Maine the shooting of these birds, under the general head of plover, is prohibited from May 1 to Aug. 1.

The shooting season should be entirely restricted to the southern migration of these birds. The present law is directly in the line of game protection, and while now, thanks to the increase in the numbers of these birds, directly attributable to its work, it may continue to debar the baymen and gunners from doing that which a few years ago they did not think worth doing, it should not be said to be legislation directed against them. What they lose in the spring they more than gain during the southern flight.

Those who wish to again have the privilege of shooting these birds in the spring are a very small portion of those who make their livelihood along the bays of our sea coast. "Penny wise and pound foolish," for the sake of a few dollars they are willing to again drive from our salt marshes and beaches these winged migrants.

But the vast majority, in view of the object lesson which our present law furnishes, and the beneficial effect of the abolition of spring shooting, would regret exceedingly a repeal of this present law.

In most of the States spring shooting is being forbidden. You cannot kill your mated birds and expect the broods in the fall.

The law as it now stands is a good one; it looks simply to the preservation of these birds. It cannot be considered unreasonable, and while it may be difficult to enforce so long as a market for dead shore birds exists in New York, still that last statement is a poor argument for erasing it from our statute books.

(Signed) ROBT. B. LAWRENCE,
Of Counsel for the New York Association for the Protection of Game, 35 Wall Street, New York.

JEFFERSON COUNTY SPORTSMEN'S ASSOCIATION.—Watertown, N. Y., March 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* There are two bills of vital importance to the sportsmen of this State that are meeting great opposition in the committee at Albany. The market-shooter and game dealer are fighting against us for all they are worth. There is only one way that we can win this battle, and that is to let our representatives understand that we want spring shooting of wildfowl and the sale of game stopped in this State; and the only way we can do this is to write a personal letter to our Assemblyman and Senator asking him to support these bills. It is of the utmost importance that you write to-day, if you do not the bill will never get out of the committee. W. H. TALLETT.

Game and Fish Map of New Brunswick.

ANGLERS and big game hunters whose excursions in search of game or fish lead them to the little known regions of New Brunswick, will not fail to be interested in a map shortly to be published by the Forest and Stream Publishing Company. This map has been especially prepared for the FOREST AND STREAM constituency by the official draughtsman of the Province of New Brunswick, and no pains have been spared to make it accurate, both as to its topography and as to the points which more especially interest sportsmen—the localities where big game and fish are most abundant. On the map those areas where big game is found are enclosed in wide red lines, the streams where good trout fishing is to be had are marked with blue crosses, and the rivers which salmon ascend are marked by blue circles. Thus, at a glance, the sportsman has before him all the possibilities of the region.

As a matter of fact there are no streams in this region which do not contain trout, and these fish occur also in practically all the lakes. Similarly, salmon are found in varying numbers in all the larger rivers. To pin down the game which roams the forests and the barrens is not so easy, yet on the map in question, this has been done, and we believe with a great degree of success. Of course, moose, caribou and deer do not always stay in one place. They migrate with the seasons, and may occasionally altogether desert a tract where formerly they were abundant. The most that can be done by any map maker is to set down the conditions of to-day, and this has been done in the FOREST AND STREAM New Brunswick Map. The map is 24 by 30 in., is printed on tough linen paper, and for convenience of carrying, is enclosed in a stout manila pocket.

The Expensive Barn Method.

ON Feb. 21, a deer, followed by a couple of hound dogs, passed the residence of Gideon Richie, of Rochester, N. H. Mr. Richie's bull dog was let loose by his master and joined in the chase, rounding up the frightened deer. Richie captured it and locked it up in his barn. He came to this city and notified the mayor that he had an injured deer in his barn. He stated that the animal was badly hurt and asked permission to kill it. The mayor notified John Bulldore, of this city, a fish and game warden, to investigate the case, and if the deer was injured as badly as Richie represented, to kill it. Bulldore went to Richie's place and with him decided to kill the deer. The Rochester warden dispatched the poor animal with a hammer. One of the men took half the carcass and the hide and the other the other half of the carcass. In dressing the deer it was found that it had two fawns. Fish and Game Commissioner Wentworth was notified and immediately went to work on the case. He found eight witnesses who testified that the deer was but slightly injured, having a scratch on the nose and a slight cut on one of the legs. Yesterday he caused the arrest of Richie and Bulldore and tried them before Judge Wentworth, of this city. As a result, Bulldore was fined \$100.

See announcement of the Woodcraft Magazine enlargement of the Game Laws in Brief.

Death of the Last Deer in Tioga County, N. Y.

The last deer in Tioga county, N. Y., met a tragic death, and as far as I am able to learn, the story is correct.

Jerry Van Duser, a farmer living at Catatonk, a small hamlet five miles north of Owego, was engaged during the winter of 1858 in cutting wood. He fixes the date from the fact that it was the year of his marriage. There was snow on the ground at the time.

One morning, while passing through a piece of woods on his way to work, he heard a noise, and turning, saw a buck deer coming down a skidding trail, or wood road. As the animal had not seen him he stepped behind a tree, and slipping the dinner pail off his arm gripped his axe and awaited the deer's approach. When the animal came within reach, Van Duser jumped from his hiding place and hurled the axe at the deer, striking it in the shoulder, but not disabling it. Returning to the house, he procured a gun and started in pursuit, but did not overtake the game before nightfall, although traces of blood were abundant, as were indications of the animal's having laid down. The next day he continued the chase, taking up the trail where left the night before. He soon came up with the deer, which was lying down, and shot it.

It was a four-pronged buck. One of the antlers is now in the possession of a young lawyer in this village, the other having been used in the making of sundry jackknife handles, and other kindred uses.

As far as I am able to learn this was the last deer killed in this vicinity, but if I am mistaken it would be interesting to hear from others claiming the honor (?).

The time is coming when records of this kind will be of value. Let us, before it is too late, record the killing of animals in a country where they are not extinct, that they may be used as reference in years to come. Be sure your records and identity are correct, however.

J. ALDEN LORING.

OWEGO, N. Y.

The Late George T. Freeman.

BOSTON, March 18.—Sportsmen will be pained to learn of the death of George T. Freeman, of Boston, at his home in Arlington. He was forty-five years of age. In his boyhood he conceived a love for athletic sports, as well as a great fondness for natural history. As a young man at work in the watch and jewelry business, he spent much of his spare time in obtaining and mounting specimens. His collection of birds was a rare one, the study leading him naturally toward the woods and waters of Maine. There he took up rod and reel sports with all the zest belonging to a genuine follower of the gentle Izaak. He has visited the Rangeleys almost every year since the early seventies. As a camping companion no man was ever better. Purely unselfish, satisfied with whatever was at hand, it was a charm to be with him. A frequent exclamation of his always spoke volumes: "There, now, I rather see you take that trout than to catch twenty myself!" He was one of the prime movers in the Arlington Boat Club, frequently its president, and always an executive officer. He generally took part in its aquatic sports, and was frequently a prize winner. He was also for some years a crack gymnastic performer in a society of the better class of young men, to which he early belonged. Naturally his love of outdoor life and the beauties of nature led him toward amateur photography, and finally to depicting with the camera some of the finest historic and natural scenes about Arlington, Belmont and Concord. He had also created a series of lantern slides of woods and water scenes about the Rangeleys and in his native town that it is a delight to behold. Last year, though not in the best of health, he packed up fly, rod and camera, and with his long-time sporting friend, O. W. Whittemore, of Arlington, made a trip to the Maine fishing and hunting regions. His purpose was that of photographing live game. He actually stole up to a live moose and snapped the camera several times at him; but alas, the apparatus failed, at a very important moment. Always patient and painstaking, his purpose was to try again, had he lived. SPECIAL.

Maine Deer.

PHILLIPS, March 11.—Word comes from the Megantic preserve by way of Kingfield of a most remarkable deer yard. The yard commences a mile northwest of the base of Mount Abraham and extends in that direction for no less than six miles. A "gummer" from the provinces, homeward bound, told the story to Superintendent Bob Phillips. He was seeking spruce trees in the vicinity, as stated above, when he came into what he thought was an ordinary yard. Finding gum fairly plenty, he worked along slowly and after four days was astonished to find himself yet within the limits of what was unquestionably one mammoth deer yard. He counted no less than ninety deer, bucks and does, and the former had shed their horns, giving parts of the yard the appearance of a bone yard. According to the gum gatherer the deer had not yet begun to leave their winter quarters, although the crust outside would easily support their weight. He traveled entirely without snowshoes, and says the yard, which in places was a mile wide, was beaten down to a regular skating rink surface by the hoofs of innumerable deer.—Portland Daily Press.

A Good Fisherman.

Uncle Barney Cassidy holds the championship as the boss fisherman so far this season. He returned from Fleming Creek last Wednesday with a string containing 112 catfish. Uncle Barney is a man of remarkable physical constitution. Notwithstanding he is between seventy-five and eighty years of age, it is no uncommon thing for him to spend a day fishing on Fleming Creek, oftentimes when the weather is quite cold and disagreeable, and it is seldom he returns home empty-handed. He has lived an out-of-door life and hardly knows what sickness is.—Flemingsburg (Ky.) Gazette.

See announcement of the Woodcraft Magazine enlargement of the Game Laws in Brief.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing and hunting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

In the Pound-Net.

BY FRED MATHER.

A personal note from that well-known sportsman, Mr. J. L. Davison, of Lockport, N. Y., conveying an interesting lot of information about the early fishing in western New York, says: "I am too lazy to fish, but will row a boat all day for some other fellow to do the fishing."

Here is one of the men I should have fished with, but have missed, not one of those "unaccountable misses" that riflemen complain of when they wish to shift the responsibility from their sighting to their nerves, but just because there are so many good fellows whose moccasins tracks were not in my way and I never ran into their camps. In this case there is cause for grief because Mr. Davison and I would have made a complete team; he the rower and I the rowee (and we never would have disputed about the time for changing places. We would camp as happily as those "two little bugs in a rug," with no dissensions looming, he being too lazy to fish and I too lazy to row.

This combination is a rare one. Somewhere in my reading there was a verse which illustrated such a happy partnership, but whether it was by Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Robert Burns, Shakespeare, the Vedanta, the most orthodox of the six Brahminical philosophies, the Sagas of the Norsemen, the Book of Lilies of the Chinese, which was written before the beginning of things, or among the words of that pre-historic writer, James Whitcomb Riley, is impossible to tell by one who is an omnivorous reader. But not only the sentiment remains, but the exact words can be quoted. They are:

"Jack Spratt could eat no fat,
His wife could eat no lean;
So, 'twixt them both they ate the broth
And licked the platter clean."

History records no better mated couple. Surely Xantippe would never have absorbed all the adipose rinds of the mutton chops which Socrates left on the rim of his plate, and that greasy old philosopher would not have the oleaginous trimmings from those chops himself, and so he slammed the door when his long-suffering wife scolded.

This is what Mr. Davison writes:

Salmon in Lake Ontario.

"While reading Mr. Chas. Stewart Davison's article on the 'Salmon of Lakes Champlain and Ontario' I remembered that I had lately read something pertinent to the subject in the 'History of the Holland Purchase,' published in 1849, and turning to page 558 I find the following: 'The salmon in their seasons were abundant in Oak Orchard Creek, in Orleans county, at the early period of settlement, and in fact up to 1816 and '18. In the month of June and September the salmon would ascend the main stream and its small tributaries in great numbers, and were easily taken. Sometimes they would ascend in high water, and when it receded would be left upon the banks. They have been picked up in the cultivated fields along the stream after a freshet.'"

"Again, on page 315, the late John Mountpleasant, chief of the Tuscaroras, who resided on the Tuscarora Reservation, a few miles west of this city, says: 'When I was a boy I have taken salmon in the Eighteen-Mile Creek, where Lewiston road crosses near Lockport, and below the Falls of the Oak Orchard, with my hands, 3ft. in length.'"

"Eighteen-Mile Creek runs through Lockport; the Lewiston road crosses it about three miles north, and about seven miles from Lake Ontario, as the crow flies. I remember Chief Mountpleasant well, as he was sixty-eight years old at the time the book was published. He must have been nearly one hundred at his death."

Here Mr. Davison brings up an almost forgotten incident. In a year before 1888—reports not at hand—I personally made a plant of salmon in the Salmon River, which empties into Lake Ontario near Pulaski, Oswego county, N. Y., at a place called Sandy Hill, where once upon a time the sea salmon were plentiful. There was a dam below, near Pulaski, but if the salmon came back and jumped at the dam then a McDonald fishway would be put in, for the alleged inventor of the fishway was the United States Fish Commissioner. Next year I was ordered to send another lot of salmon fry there, and I sent one of my men with the shipment, and with a written order to change cars and go up the Utica and Black River Railroad to Sandy Hill, and there plant his fish. A brakeman told him that Sandy Hill was in Orleans county, and persuaded my man to take the Niagara Falls branch of the Central Railroad to some other "Sandy Hill," and a telegram came to me saying that there was no Salmon River there. Knowing that he was keeping the fish alive by hard work, I telegraphed to him to find a cool stream flowing into the lake and plant them. They went into Mr. Davison's "Oak Orchard Creek."

My remarks to the messenger on his return need not be quoted *in extenso*, although no man under me, since army times, can say that I used profane language to him, no matter how much I was displeased; but, in the presence of the other employees I announced that as every messenger had written instructions what to do with his fish, he must obey his orders, no matter if he thought them wrong, or he would have trouble. The man was a good man, an easy-going fellow, who was faithful to the highest degree, but he erred thinking that I had made a mistake, on the authority of a brakeman, and so Oak Orchard Creek got a plant of salmon. I wrote the particulars to Col. McDonald, with request to let the error pass, and smoothed it over in the State reports.

McDonald, who was a severe disciplinarian and who had been chief of engineers on the staff of "Sewall" Jackson, wrote me a sharp letter, in which he said: "As an officer in the Army of the Potomac one would expect better discipline among your men. You gave a written order. Why was it not obeyed?"

The only possible reply was that while I might have the soldierly training to obey orders, even in the face of death, my men were not so trained, and, while I would take trout into the desert of Sahara if ordered, it was too much to expect the same from a civilian who had not had it drilled into him that he was to obey orders against his judgment, and that he was a mere machine controlled by another. This incident was productive of good; there were no other "mistakes" due to a misinterpretation of orders, and the man who made the mistake never again took his orders from any man on the road. But at present writing I have no word of a great salmon catch either in Salmon River or in Oak Orchard Creek.

I am too old a fishculturist to expect results from single plants of small numbers of salmon, or other fish, in streams where dams, chubs, perch and other obstructionists are frequent. In order to restore a species in a stream you must restore the old-time conditions. If the chubs have supremacy and gobble up the salmon then sock in the salmon fry in such numbers that some escape and come back to feed on the chubs and so restore the balance. Ten to fifty thousand salmon fry in the Salmon River of Oswego county, N. Y., are as good as wasted; the chubs and other fish will take them in out of the wet. They will do the same with as many yearlings.

Put in fishways of the right kind, and then stock Salmon River with a million fish at and above Sandy Hill for four or five years, and there may be a favorable result. The salmon must be able to turn out the chubs, and they are not well adapted for the work, because few salmon feed in fresh water; but enough of them did in the old days to keep the chubs down.

The altered conditions must be considered; there are newcomers, and they must be driven out before we can have things as they were. The salmon must be made the supreme power in the river, or all our efforts are idle. Instead of scattering a few salmon here and there, they should be concentrated into suitable rivers for several years in order to give them a chance against fishes which have occupied those rivers since the salmon were killed out of it. There is a struggle for life in the streams as well as on the land.

Trout in Caledonia Creek.

Mr. Davison further quotes from "The History of the Holland Purchase," and writes: "On page 382 John McKay, Esq., of Caledonia, says: 'I came to Caledonia in 1803. When I first came to the springs trout were abundant in it; and it will surprise trout fishers of the present day, and would perhaps old Izaak Walton himself, if he were living, to learn that they were comparatively tame. When we wanted them we used frequently to catch them with our hands, as they lay under the roots of the cedar trees that grew along the banks. There would be occasionally one weighing as high as 3lbs. It is the habit of the speckled trout to breed in none but running water, consequently they would never breed in the spring, but would resort to its outlet. There was never any other fish in the spring; they have been gradually diminishing, not only in numbers, but in size.'"

"The publisher appended to this the following footnote: 'This last resort, almost, of the speckled trout in all the northern portion of western New York, has within a few years been threatened with entire desertion, or extinction. There is now (1849) a law in operation, limited to three years' duration, which makes fishing in the spring or its outlet a penal offense. The trout, as if ready to co-operate in this attempt to protect them in this seeming reservation, are now rapidly increasing in numbers and size. It is almost a wonder that some greedy pre-emptionist—say a shoal of horned "bull pouts"—are not contesting their rights.'"

And this a half century ago!

From the St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico.

Mr. Davison further quotes from this book the following very curious statement. He says:

"On page 537 I find the following: 'It will surprise those who are not already acquainted with the curious fact, to learn that there is a spot upon the Holland Purchase where the speckled trout passes from the waters of the Gulf of St. Lawrence to those of the Gulf of Mexico and vice versa. About six miles from Rushford, on the Olean road, in the town of New Hudson, the headwaters of the Canada and Oil creeks approach each other, and in freshets mingle, affording the facility for the trout to pass over the dividing ridge.'"

This new route for fish from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico is probably a pipe dream that was dreamed as lately as 1849.

Is he an Angler?

While Mr. Davison is not an angler, for he has said it, I heard this story of him from a friend. Last summer he was on the beach at the outlet of Johnson's Creek, near Lakeside Park, Orleans county, N. Y., looking for shore birds, when he saw a darky boy who was fishing for perch lay down his pole at the call of his mother to do some errand. Mr. Davison put his gun aside and took the cane pole and fished, adding a dozen perch to the boy's string, and sneaked off without thanking the boy for the chance to practice the gentle art. The friend happened that way, asked the boy the usual question, and got this answer:

"Yess'r deys good fishin' heah, but somehow w'en I stop to run to de sto' fo' to get some cawn meal fo' mam, de perch come outen de crick an' jes' strings dey-selves awn my string. I don' on'stan' it, but dey's jes' as good fo' breakfas' 'sif dey was cotched awn a hook."

The Stripes on Striped Bass.

A correspondent sends me the following slip from a New York city paper and asks: "How about these stripes?"

Permit me to say, in reply to Angler's remarks in last Sunday's Press, that he is right when he says that striped bass come into the Hudson from the ocean in the spring to spawn, but the bass that are caught through the ice come up the Hudson during October and November in great numbers, and remain until March. They are different bass from those that come in the spring. Every fisherman knows this, as a majority of those that run up in autumn have straight stripes, while those that run up in the spring have a broken stripe.

Great quantities of the spring run of all sizes are caught by

seine fishermen after May 1, and during the summer. If a law could be passed to close the season for bass fishing from May 1 to Nov. 1 it would prevent the seine fishermen breaking up the schools of bass and weakfish that remain here from spring until autumn. Under the proposed law many bass will be caught in the nets during the shad season. Capt. N. B. Lent.
Croton-on-Hudson, N. Y., March 6.

There are not two species of striped bass, nor even two varieties, on our coast. It is true that *Roccus lineatus* was divided by the elder naturalists as Capt. Lent divides them; one naming the species *Perca mitchelli*, and a variety *P. mitchelli, interrupta*, from the interrupted lines, but such distinctions are not accepted now. The interrupted lines are individual variations of color, nothing more. Few of the striped bass in New Brunswick waters have complete lines, but they are the same fish as ours, which is known as "rockfish" south of New Jersey.

If Captain Lent's proposition to close the season from May to November was to become a law of the State, what would we do for bass-fishing in Long Island Sound, up the Hudson and off Montauk Point? Thousands of these good fish are taken from the docks of New York by men and boys between the dates named, the fish running up to rolbs., occasionally. As the fish spawn in late May and early June, in New York waters, they should surely be fair game in July. The only New York law at hand is in "Game Laws in Brief" of May, 1888, and there no close season is mentioned; it merely says that striped bass less than 8 in. in length shall not be intentionally taken.

The So-called "Taylor System."

There may be new things under the sun, but this method of splashing flies on the water is not new. Turn back to FOREST AND STREAM of Sept. 4, 1897, and see, under the head of "Men I Have Fished With," the story of Harry Prichard, an English rod maker, who repaired rods for the trade on Fulton street, New York. He it was who introduced the new fly-cast in our tournaments, where the line was not retrieved, which raised such a row some years ago, but we, who saw its value, backed him up until the cast was recognized as legitimate and allowed in the tournaments; but in a distinct class. I fought this, arguing that no matter how a fly was got out by the action of a rod, it should be legitimate in any class; but the enemy were too numerous. Let me quote from the article named:

"* * * Harry's mode was well known in England, but new to us. It consisted of reeling off some 60 or 80 ft. of line in the water, and then by successive whipping, without apparent advancement, the line would roll out like a wave and the flies would be straightened out in good shape. The advantage of this cast is apparent when trees or other obstacles are in the rear, which would prevent the flies from being thrown behind. * * *

"'Harry,' said I, 'such a commotion as this cast makes in the water at your feet would scare the trout away.'

"'That's just where you're w-w-wrong, me boy. The more s-s-splashin' you m-make the m-more hit brings the t-t-trout to see what's hup. When you goes a s-s-skitterin' for p-pike d-don't you s-splash him your bait han' make a fuss a s-s-skitterin' it hon the surface?'

"'Yes, that's all right for pike or pickerel; but I've been taught to keep as still as possible when fishing for trout. I've even read of men who dropped their flies on the water as lightly as a thistle-down falls; but outside of books we never find such casting. I know some of the best fly-casters in the world—men who in the tournaments and on trout streams are marvels in casting delicately and accurately—but they can't do the thistle-down act. Ordinarily we lay the line out on the water, the middle striking first and the rest following and going beyond, making a ripple on perfectly still water, but which is hidden if there is a slight ripple.'

"'C-can't you m-m-make your flies 'light on the water f-f-first?'

"'Yes, at 40 ft. or less, but that's trick casting and of no use in fishing, for the line must come down on the water just after the flies do, and it makes as much disturbance of the surface as if cast in the regular way. It is done by making a high cast in the air and then checking the line with the rod; it merely serves to astonish those who have never seen it done.'

"'Now that's j-j-just the case with a line s-s-splashin' in the w-water, no m-matter hif you're a-fishin' for pike or trout. So long as you d-don't make hany noise in the b-boat or hon the b-bank, hit's all right.'

The story told here is not in the book referred to and may be crowded out of the "second series" which has been called for, and is put in here to show that all men do not believe in the "thistle-down" theory and that Mr. Taylor is not the first man to advocate putting the flies in with a splash to attract the attention of the fish.

As said above, the "thistle-down" act is easy to do, but in actual trout fishing I never tried it, nor did I ever see any angler work his flies that way; it is a bit of trick-casting that is of no use in angling.

Reason and Instinct.

It is a delightful thing to start a fight, and then get out and see other fellows get in and enjoy themselves. Just now I am waiting to see how Mr. W. Wade will come out after some of the critics of Col. Alexander go for him. On the question of "Reason and Instinct" I have "spoke my piece" and helped the fight, but will let the other fellows give and take the hard knocks, even though I get an incidental upper-cut. The differences seem to be along the semi-religious questions, such as this: "If the dog can reason he has a soul; if the dog has a soul where will we stop?" At this stage of the game I cash in and quit. There is no profit in such discussions, and the only ground that I take is that man is an animal with the power of speech, which puts him at the head of class mammalia. For millions of years he knew nothing but speech, and then invented a system of hieroglyphics and stopped at that for a long time. Up to that time his history is more or less mythical, but is partly recorded in written characters. For centuries before he was able to record his doing in pictorial drawings on his wigwams, he was little above the animals which he killed for food and clothing. Selah!

And no Fly-Casting.

I dropped into the Sportsmen's Show last week and

met a host of friends and acquaintances, and I must have said at least fifty times: "You will have to ask the authorities, for I don't know why they left off the fly-casting, nor why they put in diving from a great height." I had repeated this formula uncounted times and was talking with Mr. S. P. Kellogg, of Elizabeth, N. J., when we heard a splash at the other end of the Garden, and he remarked: "Poor devil! He does that for \$15 per dive; he was hurt on the first day; some day he will be killed." Two days later the diver was buried. The only thing I am glad of is that I did not see him dive. But, if the complaint of last year that automatic pianos and magaphones were no part of a sportsman's outfit, we can say that no man lost his life through them.

The show as a whole was grand, the best of the kind I ever saw, but there was no fly-casting, which drew such crowds last year. The swimming contests drew a crowd, but that is an athletic and not a field sport. In this, the finest thing of its kind ever held in New York, the hunter was well provided for, both with large game and water fowl and rifle and pistol practice. The trap shooters had their contests, but the angler was sadly neglected, having only some live fish in tanks to look upon, and that part was excellent, but there was a deal of grumbling that there were no contests with the rod. As a relief I turned questioner and asked Mr. C. H. Mowry why the angling community was in eclipse.

Mr. Mowry gave it as his personal knowledge that the authorities thought that the fly-casting did not pay. Said he: "They say that the money received for entries in the contests last year was below their expectations, but they overlooked the fact that the contests drew money at the door to more than make up for this."

"You're right," I replied; "every afternoon and evening of the contests the benches were lined with men and women who came in only to see these events and left afterward, to return for the next one. I was here every afternoon and evening last year; this will be my only visit this year, and while I have had my money's worth, I will not come again; curiosity is satisfied, and there is nothing more of interest."

An Early Spring.

Prof. F. A. Bates, South Braintree, Mass., who never tires of propounding conundrums, asks: "Did you see the woodchuck come out on 'ground-hog day,' Feb. 2, to look for his shadow?"

Such questions should not burden the mail with answers, so they go into the pound-net. I hereby state it as a fact, and I ask to be believed when I positively assert that I did not see a ground-hog on the day named, and I roamed from the Brooklyn Bridge to FOREST AND STREAM office, at Broadway and Leonard street, then down Leonard to Mulberry bend, and through Chinatown into the Bowery. They may have been there, I can't deny that, but I did not see them.

There is a "Ground Hog Club," composed of men born on Feb. 2, but where the hole of the supremely excellent hog may be, nor that of the custodian of the amassed clover-heads, is located, is beyond my ken. Prof. Frank A. Bates should seek this information, and, if eligible, join at once.

A trip to a familiar Long Island swamp on March 6, with no other object than just to go through the old swamp, was a joyful change from city life. A bluebird warbled on the margin of the swamp, a flock of black-birds sang "Chowee," and three flocks of geese went over talking goose talk. The pussy-willows were wide open. All these things point to an early spring, irrespective of the ground-hog, and when I saw the bloom of the skunk-cabbage and heard a frog make a remark in a tone so low that I did not quite catch his whole meaning, I said to myself: "Spring is here."

Coming out of the swamp a robin remarked "Tuck tuck," which with my limited knowledge of woods-talk I translated to mean what the old-time circus clown always said: "Here we are again." And so the day was passed in the company of old friends; a rabbit chewing some buds sat on his hindlegs to look me over, but went on with his dinner when I merely said "Hello, Bunny," and did not go his way.

On the hillsides the arbutus was about ready to unfold its buds, while in an old garden the

"Daffodils
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty,"

were already in bloom. Surely spring was here.

Next day there was a blizzard. The wind tried to drive the snow away, but only succeeded in making things worse. I got out my snowshoes, but the snow turned to rain and there was a sea of slush in city and country, and there were short rations for bluebird, robin and blackbird, as well as a chill on the skunk-cabbage bloom and the daffy-down-dillies, not to mention a hopeful snowshoer.

Canadian Salmon Rivers.

QUEBEC, March 4.—Salmon fishermen who go to the streams on the north shore of the Gulf of St. Lawrence will be glad to know that in place of the steamship Otter, which was wrecked last autumn, arrangements have been made by the Dominion Government for the carriage of mails, etc., to the Labrador coast during the coming season by the larger and more expeditious steamer St. Olaf, which has hitherto plied between Quebec and the Magdalen Islands. This will probably prove a great bonanza, too, for the provincial government, which has a number of large and important salmon rivers in the eastern extremity of the Province still unleased. Some of them have deteriorated somewhat in late years, through excessive netting, but it will not take long to replenish them, and one of them, the St. Paul, used to furnish 50,000 salmon annually to the net fishermen. There are also still unleased the St. Augustine, the Big Romaine and the Washcotaui. These and others on the same shore will likely be offered at auction during the coming summer.

See announcement of the Woodcraft Magazine enlargement of the Game Laws in Brief.

The Massachusetts Association.

BOSTON, March 17, 1899.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association has completed twenty-five years of its history, and the quarter-centennial was observed by a reception and banquet at Young's Hotel last evening. There was the usual large attendance, and the arrangements being carefully made, the proceedings went off with great eclat. Hon. George W. Wigin, the president, occupied the chair, and at the guests' table were seated Hon. George H. Lyman, Collector of the Port; Hon. George E. Smith, President of the Senate; Judge James M. Barker, of the Supreme Court; Rev. Dr. Arthur Little, ex-Judge James R. Dunbar, Hon. L. T. Carleton, Fish Commissioner of Maine; Edward A. Samuels, Col. H. T. Rockwell, John Fottler, Jr., and Benj. C. Clark, ex-presidents of the association; Wm. A. McLeod, president of the Megantic Club; A. B. F. Kenney, president of the Worcester Fish and Game Club; M. E. Hawes, president of the East Weymouth Fish and Game Club; Wm. B. Phinney, of the Lynn Sportsmen's Club, and Dr. C. W. Raymond, president of the Rehobath Farmer's and Sportsman's Club. There was plenty of music, both vocal and instrumental, a triple quartette organized by Thomas H. Hall, a member of the association, being a novel and decidedly successful feature of the entertainment. The speaking was of a high order, the address of President Wigin being a singularly complete, though brief history of the association from its organization to the present time, showing its periods of depression as well as its splendid success. In full it is as follows:

Fellow-Members of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association:

To-night we celebrate the completion of the first twenty-five years of our existence as a corporation, and I trust I shall be pardoned for referring somewhat briefly to the salient points of our history as an Association.

To most of us the early history of our organization must be new and interesting, for time has dealt no less harshly with our membership than with the rest of creation. Of the charter members named in the act of incorporation, only one survives, and he has ceased to be a member of our Association. Of the seventy-five or more who enrolled themselves as members at the beginning of our career, only three have retained their membership to the present time. They are Col. Horace T. Rockwell, Henry H. Kimball and Daniel T. Curtis. Of all our members at the present time their experience alone covers the entire period of our existence, and I profoundly regret that it did not fall to the lot of one of them to stand in this place in my stead to-night, for no one can speak of past events so clearly and accurately as he who has actually participated in them. They are with us, however, and I trust that we shall have the pleasure of listening to them before our festivities are over.

Our organization was chartered by our Legislature by an act which became a law March 18, 1874, under the name of the Massachusetts Anglers' Association.

It was incorporated, as set forth in its charter, "For the purpose of securing and enforcing proper restrictions upon the taking and killing of fish, shellfish and bivalves, the promotion of fishculture, and the introduction of new species and varieties of fish, and to disseminate information relating thereto." Three years later the name was changed to the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association, and its purposes were enlarged so as to include the protection and propagation of game as well as of fish, shellfish and bivalves.

The original act was passed by the House, March 10, 1874, and is attested by John E. Sanford, Speaker; by the Senate, March 17, 1874, and is attested by George B. Loring, President; and was approved by the Governor, W. B. Washburn, March 18, 1874. The persons named in the act were: John P. Ordway, C. Warren Gordon, Charles Stanwood, Elnathan Delano, James Walker, James P. Richardson, Walter M. Brackett, Baylis Sanford, John F. Mills.

The first meeting under the charter was held at the Parker House, in Boston, March 30, 1874, at which meeting all the charter members were present. At this meeting a president, secretary and treasurer were elected, and a constitution and code of by-laws adopted.

The following vote was then passed: "That all persons who are now members of the Massachusetts Anglers' Association, organized Feb. 7, 1873, and who shall sign the constitution and by-laws of the Association in the roll of membership be, and they hereby are, elected members thereof." The meeting was then adjourned to Codman Hall, April 3, 1874, the date fixed by the by-laws for the annual meeting.

At the meeting held April 3, after the reading of the records, a recess was taken to enable those members of the old organization who desired to sign the constitution and by-laws, and the record states that "seventy-five persons responded on the roll of membership." The meeting then proceeded to elect officers for the ensuing year. Among the officers elected was the Hon. Thomas Talbot, then Lieutenant-Governor, who was elected first Vice-President. Mr. Talbot by successive elections continued to hold this office until the time of his death, in 1885.

Before the month expired, by the resignation of Governor Washburn, Mr. Talbot became Governor of the Commonwealth. This office he held by election in 1879. So that for a portion of the time of our existence, nearly two years, a Governor of the Commonwealth has not deemed it beneath his dignity to serve as one of our vice-presidents.

If the character of an organization is to be judged by the character of its members, and I think it ought to be, we may justly take pride in the high standard of our own Association; for it has carried upon its roll of membership the names of no less than five Governors of the Commonwealth, namely, Thomas Talbot, William Gaston, Alexander H. Rice, Oliver Ames and J. Q. A. Brackett. Among the distinguished names which adorn our roll of membership may be found those of Prof. Alexander Agassiz, Prof. F. W. Putnam, Hon. Theodore Lyman, Hon. Henry L. Peirce, Hon. John E. Thayer, Hon. Daniel Needham, Judge Chas. Levi Woodbury, Judge Asa French and many others, which I will not take time to enumerate.

I do not refer to these things in any boasting or vainglorious spirit, but rather to show you what the member-

ship of this Association has been, in order that we of the present day may strive to maintain and carry forward that high standard which our predecessors have transmitted to us.

Numerically considered, our membership has been somewhat varied. Starting in 1874 with 75 members, our numbers constantly increased until at the end of three years we carried upon our rolls 512 names, divided as follows: Honorary members, 56; life members, 16; yearly members, 440; whole number, 512.

Following the year 1877, the decrease in membership was rapid. At the annual meeting in 1880 only eighteen members were present, and the following year only twenty. Twenty-two members resigned in one month, and meetings were frequently adjourned for want of a quorum. In 1880 the membership probably did not exceed 100. From 1880 to 1885 there was a slight gain in membership, but the Association was in so precarious a condition that at the annual meeting in 1885, four different members were severally elected to the office of president before that office could be filled. For the next five years the membership rapidly increased. In 1889 162 members joined the Association, 52 joining at one meeting. In 1891 we carried more than 500 upon our rolls.

Since 1891, owing to hard times, and a more rigid enforcement of our by-laws as to the payment of the annual dues, our membership has somewhat fallen off. We now carry upon our rolls 230 members, and our numbers are again steadily increasing, 20 new members having joined us within the last two months.

Our financial condition has, of course, varied somewhat with our membership. Starting in 1874 with a balance of \$173.41 in the treasury, at the beginning of January, 1898, the treasury showed a balance of about \$1,500 on the debit side of the account. The officers of the Association, aided largely by the energetic efforts of one of our present members, Mr. Ivers W. Adams, by subscriptions and contributions, succeeded in raising enough money to wipe out this deficit before the annual meeting in April of that year. The treasurer's report at that meeting showed a balance of \$77.47 in the treasury.

From that time to this the treasurers' reports present an unbroken series of balances in the treasury at the end of each fiscal year.

In 1879 our constitution was amended by inserting a provision that "50 per cent. of all surplus money in the treasury at the end of each year shall be added annually to the Association Fund." As to the purpose of this fund, our records are silent, and for ten years from its enactment, this provision of our constitution seems to have been overlooked, or entirely ignored, but in 1889, some of our members insisted upon the observance of this provision. That year one-half of the surplus of \$500 was set apart and deposited in the savings bank as a fund. From that time to the present a similar deposit has been made at the end of each year, so that at the present time that fund amounts to \$2,866.92.

From its beginning, the Association became actively engaged in carrying out the objects for which it had been chartered. The records show that the attention of its members was early directed to such subjects as the preservation of fish in our inland lakes and streams, the decrease of fish in Massachusetts Bay, the destruction of lobsters on our coast, the preservation of trout in our streams, and the seining of smelts in our bays.

That there was abundant need of action on the part of some one is shown by the following lines, which I have copied from those records: "But the most important phase of the subject relates to the future supply of fish. Last year (1874) we were nearly deprived of smelt; full-grown lobsters are now almost unknown; while trout and salmon have hardly yet, under the influence of stringent protective laws for several years, recovered from the effects of their almost total annihilation by being caught while in spawn, before the laws were enforced."

From the beginning our records show an earnest, persistent and disinterested endeavor on the part of the Association to secure such laws as would tend to the preservation and increase of our useful food fishes for all the people of the Commonwealth, and to see that those laws are enforced.

At the very first meeting of the Association a committee was appointed to secure a law prohibiting the sale of fish, particularly trout, during the close season.

At that time, while we had a close season on the taking of trout between Sept. 20 and March 20, it was lawful to sell trout taken in other States, during that time. This led to protests from other States, as well as to great abuses under the law of this State.

Trout caught in this State were openly sold in our markets during the close season, but it was impossible to convict the seller in our courts, because of the difficulty of proving that the trout sold were caught in this State.

The committee secured the passage of a law making the close season from Aug. 20 to March 20, but in other respects it was as defective as that of 1896, which it superseded. No convictions could be secured under it, and for the same reason as before.

In 1876 George D. Robinson, afterward Governor, was a member of the Senate from the Second Hampden District. He drafted a law, and aided in its passage through the Legislature, absolutely prohibiting the sale or possession of trout, landlocked salmon, and lake trout, during the close season, which was made from Oct. 1 to April 1 in each year, and made the possession of such fish during the close season *prima facie* evidence of a violation of the law. Many and fierce have been the contests of our Association over proposed modifications of this law, but its main features have remained unchanged to the present time, and stand as a testimony to the skill and sagacity of our departed Governor.

Year after year committees from our Association have gone to the Legislature and asked for wholesome legislation for the preservation of our fish and game. Year after year those committees have succeeded, little by little, until at last our laws are beginning to assume an effective condition. Those laws to-day are by no means what they should be, but they are infinitely better than they were when the work of this Association began.

Our records abound in instances of convictions secured for violations of our trout laws, our smelt laws, our lobster laws, and other game laws.

One of the cardinal principles of our Association is the dissemination of information upon fish and game culture

and fish and game protection; and the degree of unfamiliarity with those subjects which we encounter whenever we attempt to secure some wholesome legislation, leads to the conclusion that we have still another broad field for useful work. From a somewhat cursory examination of our records, I estimate that from fifty to seventy-five lectures have been delivered before the Association during the twenty-five years of its existence. These lectures have been largely upon subjects connected with our work, and from them we have received and disseminated a large amount of useful and valuable information. In the dissemination of this information to the public, the press has ever been generous in the aid which it has rendered to our cause. It has done more for us than we have had any right to expect; and I hereby take this occasion publicly to express to the press our hearty appreciation of the favors which we have received at its hands.

At the second meeting of the Association, held April 17, 1874, it was decided to have copies of the game laws printed for distribution throughout the State, with the following notice: "The executive committee of the Massachusetts Anglers' Association hereby give notice that the provisions of the above law will be strictly enforced, and any person giving information of the violation of the same will confer a favor by addressing C. Warren Gordon, 47 Bromfield street. All communications will be considered strictly confidential. By order executive committee, Massachusetts Anglers' Association."

The practice thus begun has been followed ever since.

But our work has not been confined to securing and enforcing laws and disseminating information. In 1890 we decided to enlarge our sphere of action, and at that time commenced the work of introducing into the Commonwealth new species and varieties of game birds, and thus far we have purchased and set free in various localities in the State more than 4,000 birds, consisting of pinnated grouse, sharp-tail grouse, and southern and western quail. In going over our records, I have been more and more surprised to see how closely our aims and purposes have been intertwined with the policy of the Commonwealth.

In securing advanced positions our Association has always been found in the first ranks, and there I am sure it will always be found as long as it has an existence. For the future our prospects are bright. We close the first quarter of a century of our existence with an increasing membership, a full treasury and plenty of work before us. Let those who shall round out the next quarter of a century show a record as much better as they can.

President Wiggin proposed the health of President McKinley, which was drank with all the honors, and Collector Lyman followed with a brief speech. President Smith, of the Senate, spoke for the Commonwealth, and Judge Barker made a capital speech from the sportsman's standpoint; he commented on the work of the association in the matter of fish and game protection. Col. Rockwell briefly referred to the work of the Association and proposed a sentiment to the memory of ex-Gov. Robinson, one of its staunchest friends. A letter was read from Gov. Rollins, of New Hampshire, regretting his inability to be present, and then the Rev. Dr. Little made a speech that placed him in the same class with the clergymen who have been guests in former years—gentlemen of the cloth who enjoy a day in the woods and on the streams and know how to describe the pleasures thereof. Commissioner Carleton congratulated the Association upon the work it had accomplished and said that the Maine Association had never asked for a law relating to fish and game that was not granted by the Legislature. There was one very important matter he wished to bring to the attention of the Massachusetts Association, and that was the urgent necessity for a law to prevent the sale in Massachusetts of deer, moose and caribou killed illegally in the State of Maine. That was a crying evil, and one that should be summarily stopped. President McLeod said the Megantic Club and the Massachusetts Association had much in common and should, as they no doubt would, work together in harmony for the common cause. Ex-President Clark brought the exercises to a close with a short, snappy speech, urging renewed energy for fish and game protection.

WM. B. SMART.

The Laurentian Club.

THE first annual dinner of the Laurentian Club was held at the Holland House, on Friday last, some sixty members of the club participating therein. Three of the club guides from the St. Maurice district of Canada were brought in after dinner had been served, and enlivened the proceedings by giving a number of French-Canadian songs. The unavoidable absence of Dr. W. H. Drummond, a member of the club, and a talented author of "The Habitant" and other poems, was much regretted. Mr. W. H. Parker, managing director of the club, was present from Lac la Pêche, and so was Mr. E. T. D. Chambers, of Quebec, who responded to a toast in the absence of Hon. S. N. Parent and Mr. L. Y. Joncas, and was invited to talk about his favorite fish, the ouananiche. Capital speeches were made by Dr. Huntington, by Mr. Justus Coles and others, but for that poetic diction so characteristic of the best literature of angling, the opening speech of the President, Mr. Joseph W. Howe, was the piece de resistance. In part, Mr. Howe said:

Gentlemen of the Laurentian Club and Brother Anglers: It is my privilege and my very pleasant duty to bid you welcome, and to say thrice welcome to those who have come down from the Laurentian land—the club house—the happy fishing ground.

This is a notable occasion, it being the first dinner of the club. We have had many "meets" at the club grounds, as the sportsmen say, but no meetings. It is our first general gathering.

For the first time we have the opportunity to see that expert as the members are in casting flies, "there are no flies on the members."

I shall not occupy your time by trolling a long line of remarks. Others will follow me, and I am sure the click of their verbal reels will be sweet music to your ears.

I should be glad if I could transport you in imagination to-night to the club itself—to the charming Lac

la Pêche and its spacious hall, with the huge granite chimney and the wide, hospitable fireplace, heaped with the blazing hemlock logs, whose crackling is, as Thoreau says, "like mustard to the ear"; to the beautiful Cing, nestling in its amphitheater, of mountains; across the forest trail to the wild, swift Mattawan; up the rocky gorge of the Castor Noir, to quiet Lac Dunbar, and its cabin, standing lonely on its shelf of sand; up to the Grand Castor Noir Lake, with its many green-wooded islands—the gem of the wilderness—to the Wessoneau, with its rushing streams and its lakes, its picturesque scenery, and then down the lordly St. Maurice. But it is not given to man to adequately describe the beauties of the Laurentian scenery in prose—at least not to me. In poetry our own Dr. Drummond has charmed us with his descriptions.

You will naturally expect me to speak of the club, but in doing that you must excuse me from telling "fish stories." For eleven consecutive summers I have visited the club. After my first visits I used to tell my experiences in my enthusiasm for the new found sportsman's paradise to my friends and acquaintances in the city, but I soon learned by visible signs that I was imperilling my reputation for veracity. To-night I shall confine myself to facts, especially as I see before me many fishermen who could always give me odds in the line of "fish stories."

I can say without fear of contradiction that the club is a marvel among clubs. It sprang into existence in the year 1886 under a charter from the Government of the Province of Quebec.

The original idea was evolved from the brain of Mr. William H. Parker. He went through the country and had the good judgment to select the best location for such a club. His associates were gentlemen of the best Canadian stock. When they had secured their franchise, they were generous enough and hospitable enough, and I may say wise enough to open their arms and hearts to us of the States, and receive us to the enjoyment and the development of the chartered privileges. As you know, our lease covers the waters, with riparian rights. Sometimes the question is asked: How many acres are covered by the lease? I do not know—the land has never been surveyed, but in that forest-clad country land is computed in square miles. How many lakes are there? I do not know. Scattered among the hills in the forests, only the loons and wild ducks and the great birds that soar toward the clouds can see them all.

The club so carefully enforces the fishing laws of the Province that the lakes will continue to be prolific of fish. The country is a land of lakes, rivers, forests and mountains; still in its primeval wildness and rugged beauty, with a soft summer climate, a land tempting to the sportsman, the lover of nature unsubdued, and the tired worker of civilization.

We have a right to boast of the character of our membership. We have had the choice of the best club material in Canada, and in twelve States of the Union. Beside our camp-fires sit members, representative men, from Quebec, Three Rivers, Montreal, Toronto, Knowlton; from Houston and Dallas, in Texas; from St. Louis, Columbus, Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Newark, Paterson, New York, Bridgeport, Waterbury, Hartford, Stockbridge, Troy, Burlington, Providence, Boston, Cambridge, and many other scarcely less important places. The membership comprises business men, merchants, editors, publishers, engineers, bankers, brokers, clergymen, physicians, lawyers. Our rolls show the names of seven clergymen, twenty-one physicians, and some twenty lawyers.

The social life of the club accords with the character of its members.

Thus established, we foresee a prosperous future. One of the happiest conditions of the club life is the perfect unanimity of feeling existing between the members living north and those living south of the boundary line, between the two countries. At the business meetings, by the camp-fires, on the fishing grounds, there is no Canadian member—no member from the United States—all are Americans, all are harmonious, recognizing, first, always and only allegiance to the Laurentian Club, a happy augury we are glad to believe of the cordial relations henceforth and forever to exist between the Dominion and the Union.

Among those present at the dinner were: Joseph W. Howe, of New York, president of the club; W. H. Parker, of Lac la Pêche, the managing director; Mr. E. T. D. Chambers, of Quebec; David B. Cowles and H. R. Wooster, directors; Dr. Geo. S. Huntington, Professor of Anatomy at Columbia College; Dr. L. R. Morris; F. H. Gibbens, treasurer of the Del. & Lac. R. R. Co.; Col. W. C. Church, editor of the Army and Navy Gazette; Richard Butler; S. P. Avery; Joseph E. Gray, F. C. Wagner, Jos. Bushnell, Chas. P. Frame, Justus Cowles, C. F. Ludington, Edwin W. Coggeshall, Jas. W. Cromwell, Robt. D. Farlee, A. E. Hart, of Hartford; Edw. Holbrook, Jos. P. Howe, W. H. Kenyon, Jas. McCutcheon, L. A. Berin.

The Pennsylvania Law.

THE regular monthly meeting of the Pennsylvania Fish Protective Association was held at the rooms, 1020 Arch street, Philadelphia, on Saturday evening, March 11, and was largely attended. Many matters of importance to the fish and game interests were considered and acted upon. Messrs. M. G. Sellers, J. R. Sypher and William H. Burkhardt were appointed a delegation to attend a public meeting to be held in Hatboro, Pa., March 17, to advise and assist in the formation of a fish and game protective association at that place.

The Legislative Committee presented a lengthy report and announced having appeared before the Fish and Game Committee of the House in behalf of bills Nos. 220 and 227, which were favorably considered.

Bill No. 227 aims to codify and amend the various acts now on the statute books; to strengthen those which are weak; to correct palpable injustices both to the angling and commercial fisheries interests which now admittedly exist; to strengthen and make more understandable certain acts now notoriously obscure, and to so protect the fish that there will be a greater abundance for the use of the people. As a whole the act is much more liberal in

its provisions than the existing laws, because additional devices for catching fish, both game and food, are permitted, and because in several instances penalties have been reduced where before they were oppressive. In granting additional devices, for commercial fishermen, the Fish Commission has conceded as much as it is possible to do without working serious injury to the future of the fisheries interests. Many commercial fishermen on the chief streams of the State freely concede this, and are satisfied to have the bill become a law as it is drawn. As long as the present minimum limit of 6 in. bass and 5 in. trout is retained, it will be impossible to markedly increase the supply of same in the waters of this commonwealth, as every fish should be permitted to spawn at least once before being caught and killed. Section 17 is inserted with great reluctance by the Fish Commission, for the members believe the fish basket to be a device of greater destructiveness to fish life than any other, except explosives and poisonous substances. It was inserted as a compromise and after repeated conferences with residents on the Susquehanna, who demand the privilege of using it. These have all agreed to the provisions as set forth, including the amount of license named. Should there be any modifications to the section it would be a great misfortune to the State, for the provisions named are as much as can be granted with the least danger to the fishing interests.

House bill No. 220 is a measure designed to retain to the public for angling purposes, such private waters of the State as have not as yet come within the drag-net of control by private corporations for fishing purposes to the total exclusiveness of the public, and tends to break up an unpopular practice, which has closed most all of the "best" waters of the State. This measure appeals to the support of sportsmen and others in that it enlarges the water area for free angling recreation, deals fairly with the land owner, adjusts the annoying and constant recurring differences arising over trespass, permits the State to liberally stock such waters and by prohibiting fishing in the small rivulets or tributaries creates a nursery for annually rearing a supply of mature fish which in turn admits of a reasonable possibility of bringing the main waters up to a standard affording good fishing to all thereby keeping within the borders of the State a vast sum of money which from the constant increasing tendency to lease by private corporations is driven away.

House Bill No. 26, if passed, would create an effective warden service for the enforcement of all statutes governing the fish, game and forestry interests.

The unfortunate loss of trout fry at the Allentown Station was discussed at length, and the Executive Committee instructed to communicate with all applicants accordingly.

Attention is also called to a bill introduced in the House to repeal the act of March 24, 1868, which declared Hyners Run, a tributary of the West Branch of the Susquehanna, in the county of Clinton, a navigable stream for the distance of eight miles up from its mouth. The object of this bill is the first step toward closing this stream to the public and prompt steps should be taken to defeat its passage. Being a public stream, the Fish Commission have not hesitated to furnish fry for the same, and it should be maintained as a public stream for all time.

M. G. SELLERS, Sec'y.

HATBORO, Pa.—A large number of sportsmen of this place assembled at the town hall on Friday evening, March 17, at 8 o'clock, in response to a call issued by Mr. R. G. Fretz, to discuss the subject of fish and game, and take such action as will improve the existing conditions of these several interests in this section. Messrs. M. G. Sellers, J. R. Sypher and Wm. H. Burkhardt, representing the Pennsylvania Fish Protective Association, were present, each addressing the meeting at length upon the benefits to be derived from such action, and the value of organization to bring about the results desired. Addresses were also made by E. E. Shelly, R. G. Fretz and R. Hockman. The discussion was of great practical value to all and evinced a strong desire to more thoroughly protect fish and game in this vicinity. Organization was then effected under the title of The Hatboro Fish and Game Protective Association, and the following officers elected: President, E. E. Shelly; Vice-President, R. G. Fretz; Treasurer, R. Hockman; Secretary, H. Watson. A committee was appointed to draft a constitution and by-laws, and it is the purpose of the organization to procure a charter and the appointment of a warden. Application will be made for membership in the State Fish Protective Association, the delegates from which were accorded a vote of thanks for their instructions and assistance.

M. G. S.

THE PENNSYLVANIA FISH PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION, Philadelphia, March 20.—We respectfully call attention to the following bills now pending in the Legislature, and would ask that your association take prompt action concerning the same, urging your Senator and Representative to work and vote for their passage.

1. House Bill No. 22.—An act to prevent the pollution of the water supply of municipalities.

2. House Bill No. 26.—An act making constables of townships and boroughs ex-officio fish, game and fire wardens, etc.

3. House Bill No. 220.—An act for the encouragement of fishculture. This bill has the endorsement of the Fish Commissioners.

4. House Bill No. 227.—An act to declare the fish that are game fish and fish commercially valuable for food, to regulate the catching, encourage the propagation of the same, etc. This bill has been prepared under the auspices of the Fish Commissioners, and it should be passed without material amendment.

The following bills should be defeated; please take action accordingly:

1. House Bill No. 99.—An act making it lawful to use fish baskets or fish pots, set nets or outlines. This act, if passed, would work incalculable injury to the fishery interests of this State, both as regards game and food fish.

2. Senate Bill No. 61.—An act amending the game law of 1897. The game law of 1897 is, we believe, entirely satisfactory and should stand as it is.

By order of the Association.

HOWARD A. CHAN,
Chairman of Executive and Legislative Committees.
M. G. SELLERS, Sec'y.

A Vermont Fish Lecture.

COMMISSIONER JOHN W. TITCOMB, of Vermont, gave a lecture on fishculture before the farmers of Wheelock and West Waterford the other day.

After reviewing briefly the early history of the fishes of Vermont by illustrating that a little over 100 years ago the shad were abundant in the Connecticut as far as Bellows Falls, and the salmon ascended the Connecticut and its tributaries to their sources, the cause of the depletion in these waters and of other waters of the State were briefly mentioned and then the work of propagation of the trout and salmon was illustrated by the use of the stereopticon, views being thrown upon a large canvas. These views illustrated the collection of the wild trout on their spawning beds, the actual work of stripping the fish and fertilizing the eggs, the various stages of the eggs laid down in the hatching troughs and the stages of development of the little fish after the eggs had hatched.

After briefly illustrating the work of trout propagation as carried on in Vermont, views of hatcheries and practical work of collecting fish and eggs of other fresh waters of the United States and also of various marine species was illustrated by views thrown on the canvas. It seems a stupendous task, for instance, to attempt to stock the coastal waters of the Atlantic Ocean with cod-fish by artificial propagation, but this work is being carried on to-day by the United States Fish Commission. With the improved methods of fishing and the increased number of fishermen, the cod had been practically exterminated from the waters along the Massachusetts coast and fishermen had been penetrating further and further to the Grand Banks every year. With the work of artificial propagation, the cod are reappearing in the bays along the Massachusetts coast.

Some very interesting views of the work of taking the Columbia River salmon of the Pacific Coast were also given.

It appears that there was once a time in Vermont and Connecticut when "shad were a penny apiece," and the hired man stipulated in his contract that he should not be fed salmon more than a certain number of times per week.

Nearly all the ponds of Vermont were originally inhabited by trout. These fish have been exterminated by the introduction of bass and pickerel. In many instances the waters were entirely unsuited to the introduction of the coarser varieties of fish, and, after the introduced bass or pickerel had exterminated the trout, they were unable to obtain sufficient food to sustain themselves, and, as a result, we have in some waters a long, slim and almost useless pickerel, and in some ponds bass which should grow to weigh 4 or 5 lbs., but which do not attain a weight of 1 lb.

The work of the State hatchery was reviewed, in which Mr. Titcomb stated that the commissioners had hoped to be able to begin the distribution of fingerlings instead of fry, and make plants of fish in the public waters of the State in the fall of the year, instead of in the spring. With the curtailed appropriation made by the last Legislature, this work will be practically impossible.

The talk was illustrated by about sixty-five views, most of them on the practical subject of fishculture in its various branches, but some of them contained some very fine natural scenery.

The enemies to the propagation of fish were described showing how eggs naturally deposited by the parent fish are not only eaten by other fish, but by insect larvae, and, as a result, a very small percentage of the eggs naturally deposited ever come to maturity, while by artificial propagation from 90 per cent. to 95 per cent. of the eggs are fertilized and hatched for distribution. A trout weighing 1 lb., for instance, yields about 1,000 eggs. If she deposits these eggs naturally, only a small percentage will be fertilized, and of that small percentage many will be eaten by insect larvae and by other fishes. Perhaps four or five fish, or even a larger number may mature from spawn thus naturally deposited. By artificial propagation these same eggs are taken from the parent fish, and out of 1,000 eggs 900 little fishes can be distributed after they have arrived at an age when they can feed and take care of themselves.

The importance of the fisheries of the United States was illustrated by the fact that about 1,000,000 men, women and children are employed in connection with the fisheries or products of the fisheries, and the annual product of the fisheries is valued at \$50,000,000.

Mr. Titcomb advocated protective laws well enforced and stated that protective laws could not be well enforced unless public sentiment is back of them. In addition to protecting the fish during their spawning seasons, the only method of restoring our waters to their primitive condition or to even approach this condition is by artificial propagation extensively carried on. Vermont is appropriating less than any other New England State for this kind of work. New Hampshire maintains eleven hatcheries and Maine also supports a large number of hatcheries and appropriates liberally for the work of fish and game propagation and protection. As a result of this work, the State of Maine estimates her receipts from that portion of the summer visitors who come purely for hunting and fishing as something like \$4,000,000, and New Hampshire estimates her income from the same sources at about \$1,000,000.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, March 16.—A correspondent of this city writes of the edible qualities of some fish as follows:

Last week Mr. Fred Mather wrote about coot and the eating of them. I have eaten coot or mud hens over in Michigan in the fall of the year. If they are first skinned and then cooked, the same as a duck, they are not bad eating.

I have never tried to eat the sheephead (fresh-water drum) of the Great Lakes, but I am told by those who have tried them that they are tough and flavorless. I think it is this fish that is called in the Ohio Valley the white perch, which is used as a food fish by some of the people in that part of the country, who do not find the same objection to it that is found to the sheephead of the Great Lakes. Difference in the conditions under which

fish live and the character of the water sometimes make quite a difference in the flavor of them. At certain seasons of the year there are caught at the falls of the Ohio River at Louisville, Ky., wall-eyed pike (pike perch) of say 6 to 15 in. in length. These fish are locally designated as jack salmon, and are popularly supposed to be a distinct kind of fish that are only found at or near these falls. As a matter of fact, they are found in nearly all of the tributary streams of the Ohio. I have caught them in the Rockcastle (which is a tributary of the Cumberland River), where they seem to have a golden sheen on their scales when they come out of the water, and are called, locally, "golden salmon." However, the Ohio Falls jack salmon, of length named above, are mighty good eating when freshly caught and fried, with the addition of a little lemon juice or tartar sauce when served. They are of delicate flavor, and better than the same fish in the North. The large "wall-eyes" of the Ohio Valley are usually called white salmon, and are supposed by many to be a different fish from the jack salmon. Wall-eyes from the Maumee are designated as Maumee salmon, at Louisville, and are not considered, by the local epicures, as good as the genuine jack salmon. Probably black bass are better eating if they are skinned before cooking, especially in the spring of the year. For some reason the skin of the bass, frequently in the spring, has a rank flavor, which is imparted to the fish when cooked with the skin on. Dogfish or Johnny Grindles are eaten by many of the negroes of the South.

A party of my acquaintance tried to eat garfish once when out on a fishing trip, but told me he did not "hanker" after any more of it. In the interior of Kentucky many of the country people prefer the mud cat-fish to any other fish found in their waters, for the reason that it tastes sweeter. I don't know that the "mud-cat" is any greater scavenger than the lobster or than chickens, still I would prefer either of the last two.

I notice in the FOREST AND STREAM of this week an inquiry about fresh-water turtles. There are large numbers of turtles in all of the streams of southern Michigan that I have any knowledge of, but I have never seen any of them in the trout streams in the northern part of the State. I do not know the proper name for these turtles. They are clean looking, and are caught for the market during the summer months by men who make a business of it. They are shipped alive, in stout sacks, to New York and Chicago, where I suspect they appear under the guise of "Terrapin a la Maryland" and "Green Turtle Soup" at various hotels and restaurants. I have seen these turtles on sale in Chicago. If you float any great distance on some of the streams of southern Michigan in the summertime you will see many turtles out on logs and on trees that overhang the water. They vary in size from quite small up to some old settlers that look as if they would weigh 15 to 20 lbs. The large ones, when disturbed, will slip off of a log into the water so quietly and easily as hardly to leave a ripple on the surface.

Then turtles are usually caught by the market-hunters in traps and in nets. The nets are short and seem to be made of coarse cotton cord. I do not know just how they use them. The traps look something like short fyke nets with a piece of meat fixed inside for bait. I have seen many of these traps set in rather shallow water in rivers, but never made any special examination of them. I have been told that a turtle was caught in the Kalamazoo River near Galesburg, Mich., some years ago that weighed 80 lbs.

Last August, while fly-fishing for trout on the Middle Branch of the Pere Marquette in Michigan, I caught several speckled trout during a thunderstorm; and I have been told that this is something unusual. Kit Clark, in one of his books, says something like this (quoting from memory), "When a shower comes up you may as well quit fishing (i. e., fly-fishing) for trout."

The Kennel.

Postponed.

Charles E. Baer, in Philadelphia Press.

Come along, old chap, yer time's 'bout up,
We got another brindle pup;
I 'lows it's tough an' mighty hard,
But a toothless dog's no good on guard,
So trot along right after me,
An' I'll put yeh out o' yeh misery.

Now, quit yer waggin' that stumpy tail—
We ain't a-goin' fer rabbit er quail;
'Sides, you couldn't p'int a bird na more,
Yer old an' blind an' stiff an' sore,
An' that's why I loaded the gun to-day—
Yer a-gittin' cross an' in the way.

I been thinkin' it over; 'tain't no fun,
I don't like to do it, but it's got to be done;
Got sort of a notion, you know, too,
The kind of a job we're goin' to do;
Else why would yeh hang back that-a-way?
Yeh ain't ez young ez yeh once wuz, hey?

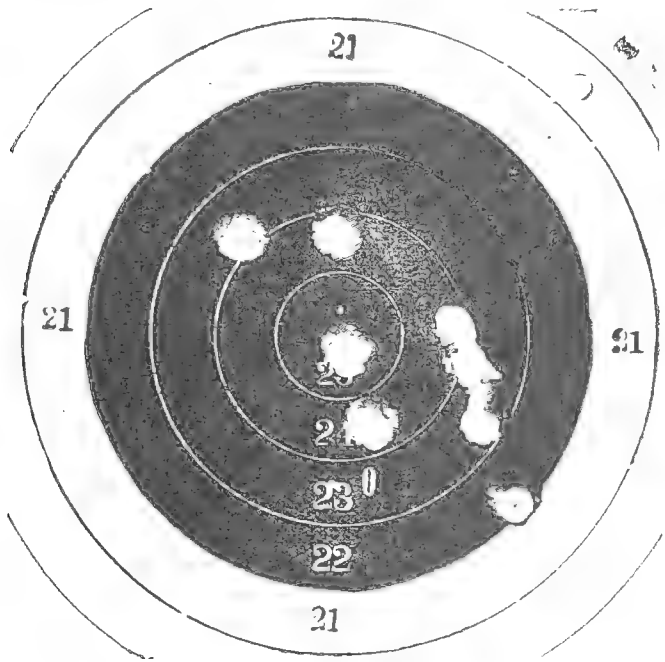
Frisky dog in them days, I note,
When yeh nailed the sneak thief by the throat;
Can't do that now, an' there ain't no need
A-keepin' a dog that don't earn his feed,
So yeh got to make way fer the brindle pup;
Come along, old chap, your time's 'bout up.

We'll travel along at an easy jog—
Course, you don't know, bein' only a dog;
But I can mind when you wuz sprier,
'Wakin' us up when the barn caught fire—
It don't seem possible, yet I know
That wuz close onto fifteen year ago.

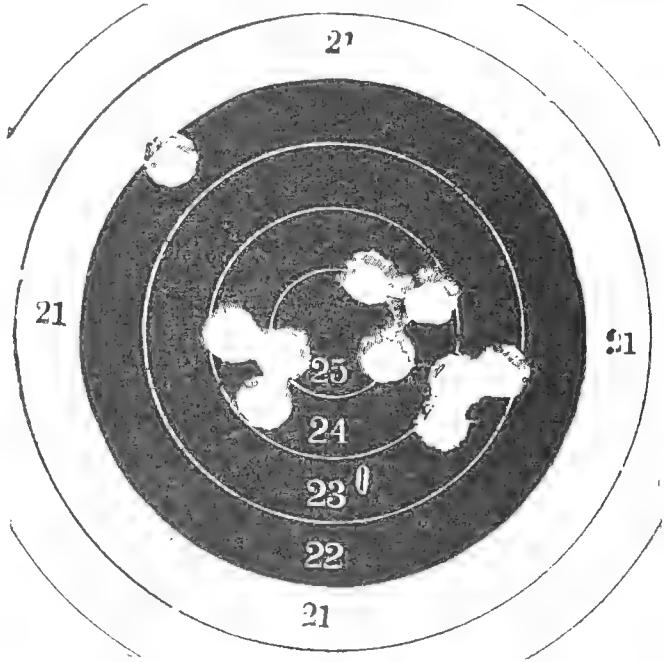
My! but yer hair wuz long an' thick,
When yeh pulled little Sally out o' the crick;
An' it came in handy that night in the storm,
We coddled to keep each other warm.
Purty good dog, I'll admit—but say,
What's the use o' talkin', yeh had yer day.

I'm hopin' the children won't hear the crack,
Er what'll I say when I git back?
They'd be askin' questions, I know their talk,
An' I'd have to lie 'bout a chicken hawk;
But the sound won't carry beyond this hill;
All done in a minute—don't bark, stand still!

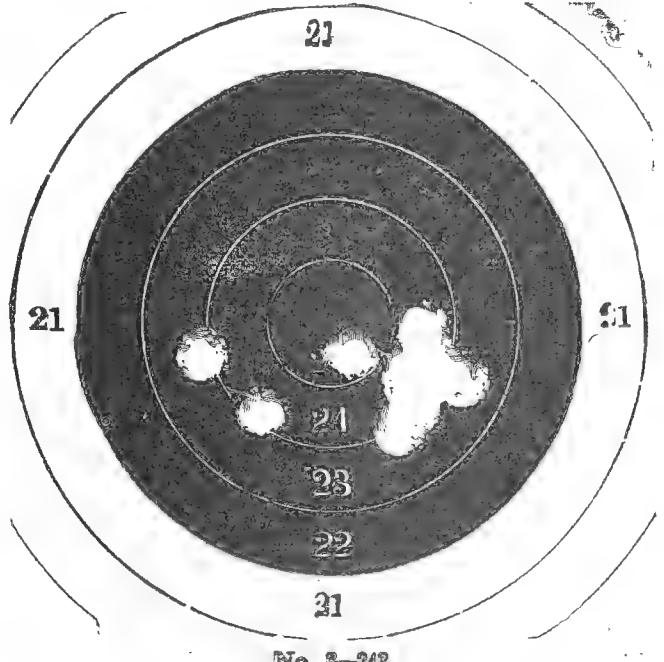
There, that'll do; steady, quit lickin' my hand,
What's wrong with this gun, I can't understand;
I'm jest as shaky ez I can be—
Must be the age's the matter with me.
An' that stich in the back—what! gittin' old, too?
The—dinner—hell's—ringin'—fer—me—an'—you.



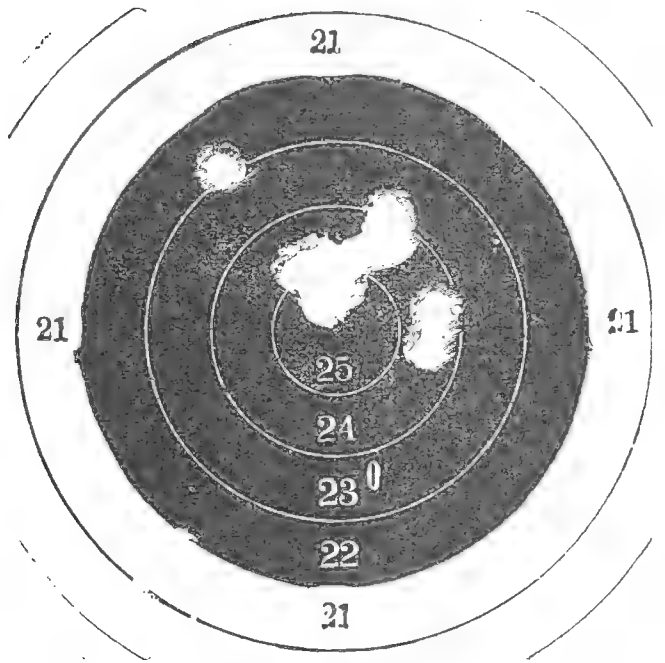
No. 1-239.



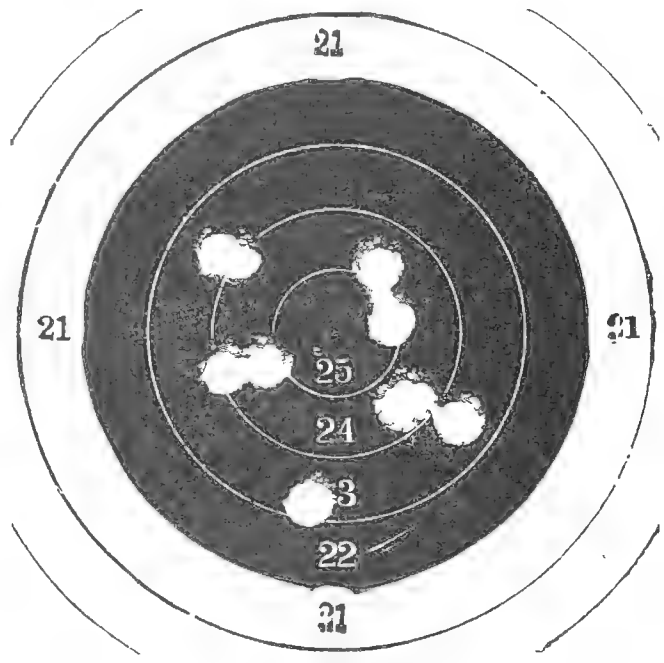
No. 2-240.



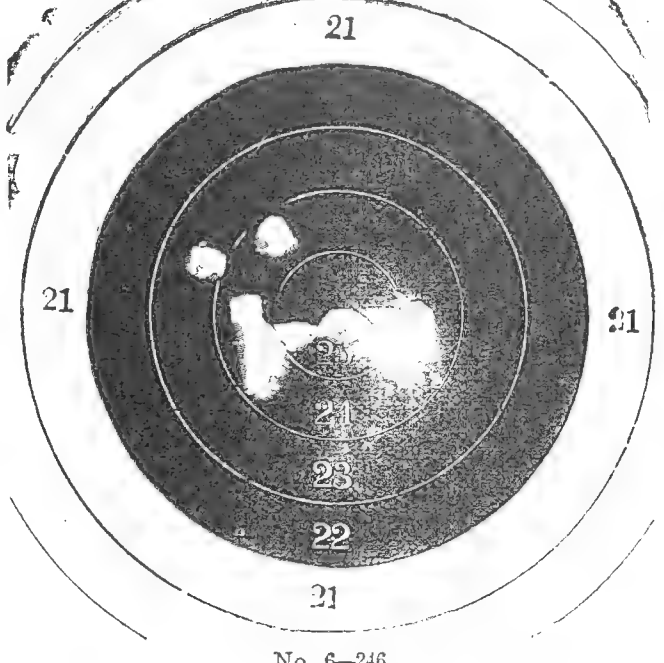
No. 3-242.



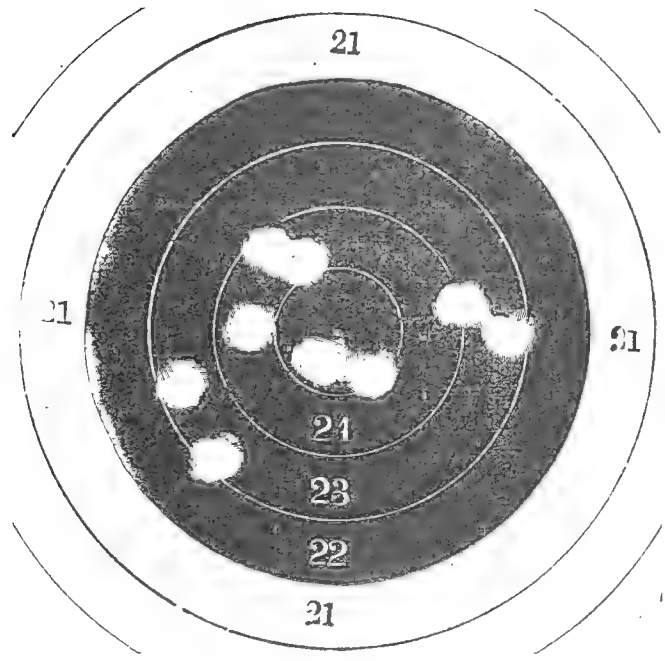
No. 4-244.



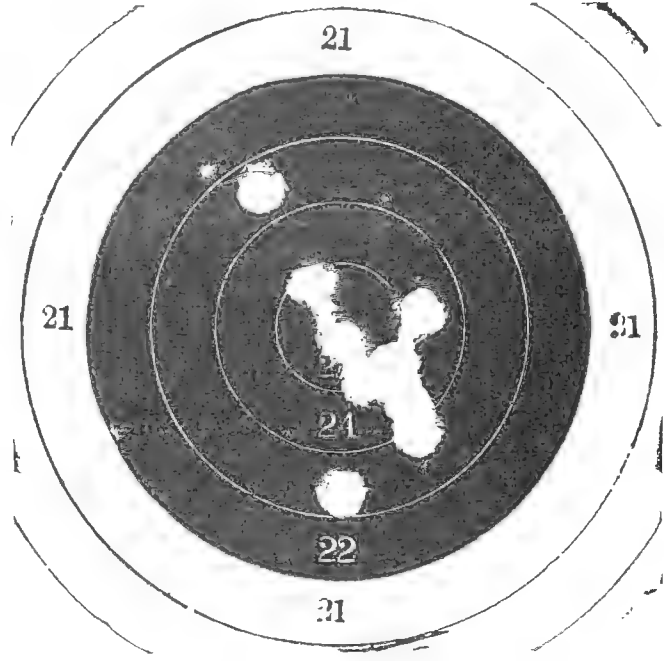
No. 5-242.



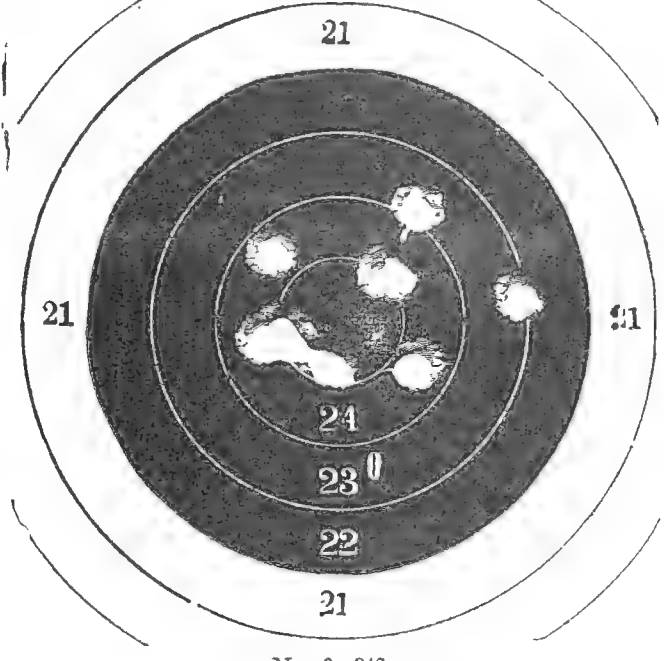
No. 6-246.



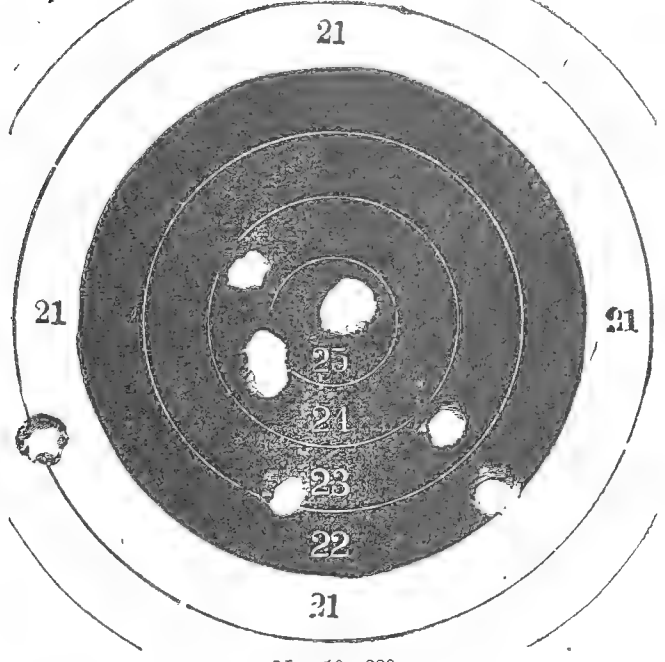
No. 7-242.



No. 8-244.



No. 9-246.



No. 10-239.

SCORE MADE BY F. C. ROSS, MADISON SQUARE GARDEN. TOTAL, 2425; POSSIBLE, 2500.

J A Dietz, New York city	57	57	56	56	56	282
A Stine, New York city	58	57	56	56	55	282
C Smith, Springfield, Mass.	57	56	55	55	55	278
E I. Salladin, Utica, N. Y.	56	55	55	55	54	275

Point winners, any revolver: J. B. Crafton 3, Z. C. Talbott 4, P. D. Frazer 1, E. L. Salladin 2, H. M. Olney 1, R. H. Sayre 1, J. A. Dietz 1, C. S. Axtell 1, E. M. Gordon 6, G. E. Jantzer.

Match B—Military Revolver Championship.—Prizes: First trophy, value \$50; second, \$25; third, \$15; fourth, \$10.

Arms.—Only military revolvers, which are regularly for sale, and which can be bought in the open market on the date of this circular allowed. Sights must be open and fixed military sights with which the revolver is issued. Trigger pull: Not less than 4lbs. Target was standard American, 2 3/4 in. black. Number of shots: This match called for five targets of 6 shots each, a target to consist of 6 consecutive shots. Cleaning allowed between scores. Ammunition must be the regular full-charge service cartridge intended for this arm. Entrance fee \$3, as in Match A. Distance, 20 measured yards. Ties will be decided by draw. Entries unlimited, at 25 cents each, five for \$1.

Dr Webber	55	55	55	55	54	274
A L Smith, Springfield	58	54	53	53	53	271
C Smith, Springfield	58	54	54	53	53	272
Z C Talbott, Springfield	58	54	53	53	51	269

Point winners, military: Sumner Payne 1, Z. C. Talbott 3, A. L. Smith 1, W. L. Humphrey 1, R. S. Hale 1, F. W. Green 1, C. S. Axtell 1, J. B. Crabtree 1.

Match C—Pistol Championship.—Prizes: First trophy, value \$50; second, \$25; third, \$15; fourth, \$10; fifth, \$8.

Arms.—Open to all .25cal. pistols, barrel not over 10in. Sights strictly open, not over 10in. apart. Trigger pull not less than 2lbs. Targets same as in Match A. Number of shots: Best five targets, 6 shots each. Cleaning allowed between scores. Ammunition: Any .22cal. rim-fire. Distance, 20 measured yards. Entries unlimited, at 25 cents a target, five for \$1. Ties will be decided by draw.

Dr Webber	58	57	57	56	56	284
Z C Talbott	56	56	56	55	55	278
J B Crabtree	57	56	54	54	54	275
J W Christiansen	57	56	53	53	52	271

Match D—Police Revolver Championship.—Prizes: First trophy, value \$50; second, \$25; third, \$15; fourth, \$10; fifth, \$8.

Arms.—Only .32cal. police revolvers, which are regularly for sale, and which can be bought in the open market on the date of this circular, allowed.

Sights must be open and not over 6in. apart. Trigger pull not less than 2lbs. Number of shots: Five best targets, 6 shots each, consecutive. Targets: Standard American, 4in. bull. Cleaning allowed between scores. Ammunition: Only factory ammunition allowed, full charge. Entrance fee, \$3, as in Match A. Distance, 20yds. Ties will be decided by draw. Entries unlimited, targets 25 cents each, five for \$1.

Dr Webber	57	57	57	57	57	285
H S Seely	58	57	55	54	53	277
E Wilson	57	53	52	52	52	266

H M Olney	54	54	53	52	52	265
E F M Windelstedt	52	52	51	49	49	253

Point Target Contest for Trophies.—Any revolver, distance 20yds., point target, 2 3/4 in. black; count, 1, 2, 3.

Number of points: To win trophy 50 points shall be made on this target. Entrance fee, 25 cents for 5 shots; re-entry allowed.

Pistol, .22cal: Conditions the same as in Any Revolver.

Military: distance 20yds., point target, 2 3/4 in. black; count, 1, 2, 3.

Number of points: To win trophy, 30 points shall be made on this target.

Entrance fee 25 cents for 5 shots; re-entry allowed.

Police revolver: Distance 20yds., target 4in. bullseye; count, 1, 2, 3.

Number of points: 50 points to win trophy on this target.

Entrance fee 25 cents for 5 shots; re-entry allowed.

T. H. Keller 1, G. Bancroft 1, Dr. A. H. Stillman 1, J. T. Humphrey 1, H. S. Seely 2, J. W. Christiansen 1, C. S. Axtell 1, S. B. Piercy 1.

Point, police: C. Windelstedt, C. S. Axtell.

There was a contest in the Smith & Wesson gallery, in the Sportsmen's show, between members of the daily press of New York, for a S. & W. revolver.

A F Aldridge, N. Y. Times	10	10	9	9	9	9	8	8	7	7	86
O'Neil Sevier, Evening Sun	10	10	9	9	9	9	8	8	8	8	86
E C Carter, N. Y. Sun	9	9	9	8	8	8	8	8	7	7	81
J D Kirby, World	9	9	9	9	9	9	7	7	5	5	78
J B Paret, Commercial Advertiser	10	9	7	7	7	7	7	6	6	6	72
G E Stockhouse, Tribune	9	8	8	8	8	8	7	6	6	0	68
P P Sheehan, Mail and Express	9	8	8	6	5	5	5	5	5	5	66
G Sands, Journal	9	8	7	7	5	5	5	5	5	0	60
W B Hanna, Press	9	8	7	6	5	5	5	5	0	0	43
H A Logan, Associated Press	7	6	5	5	4	4	4	4	0	0	39

Exposition Rifle Tournament.

The scores made in the rifle competition at Madison Square Garden from March 2 to 15 are as follows:

The conditions of the individual championship match were: Open to all, 100 shots offhand, 25-ring target, distance, 100ft.; any .22cal. rim-fire allowed. Entrance \$5, including season ticket to Sportsmen's show. Only one entry allowed to each competitor. Competitors shot their ten strings as they desired. Prizes: First, championship trophy and \$20; second, \$25; third, \$20; fourth, \$15; fifth, \$12; sixth, \$10; seventh, \$8; eighth, \$8; ninth, \$6; tenth, \$6; eleventh, \$5; twelfth, \$5.

F. C. Ross 2425, L. P. Ittel 2417, H. M. Pope 2413, L. Buss 2412, L. Flach 2409, G. Dorr 2403, R. I. Young 2391, W. A. Tewas 2390, Dr. W. G. Hudson 2389, G. Schlicht 2386, H. Holges 2386, Dr. A. A. Stillman 2382.

Premiums: G. Zimmermann 363, H. M. Pope 367, L. Buss 364.

The continuous match was open to all, off-hand, on 25-ring target, 100ft. distance, any .22cal. rim-fire allowed; entrance for ticket of three shots 50 cents, re-entries unlimited, but only one prize can be won by any one shooter. Two best tickets to count for prizes. Prizes: First, \$50; second, \$35; third, \$25; fourth, \$20; fifth, \$15; sixth, \$12; seventh, \$10; eighth, \$10; ninth, \$9; tenth, \$8; eleventh, \$8; twelfth \$8; thirteenth, \$7; fourteenth, \$7; fifteenth, \$7;

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Sportsmen's Exposition.

Revolver and Pistol Matches.

THE scores made in the different competitions with pistol and revolver at the Sportsmen's Exposition were as follows:

Match A—Any Revolver Championship.—Prizes: First trophy, value \$50; second, \$25; third, \$15; fourth, \$10; fifth, \$8.

Arms.—Any revolver not over .45cal., with barrel not over 7 1/2 in. exclusive of cylinder.

Sights must be strictly open. Trigger pull shall not be less than 2 1/2 lbs. Number of shots: This match calls for five 6-shot targets, a target to consist of six consecutive shots. Targets: Standard American, 2 3/4 in. bull. Cleaning allowed between scores. Ammunition: Any ammunition allowed. Entrance fee for this match is \$3. Distance, 20 measured yards. Ties will be decided by draw. Re-entries allowed; five targets for \$1, or 25 cents each.

Dr A A Webber, Brooklyn	60	59	58	58	58	293
Dr R H Saylor, New York city	60	58	57	57	57	289

IN NEW JERSEY.

The Oakley Handicap.

March 16.—The Oakley handicap, at 25 live birds, \$10 entrance, handicaps 25 to 33yds., took place at Elkwood Park to-day. There were eight entries. The trophy, a beautiful cup, presented by Miss Annie Oakley, was won by Mr. Phil Daly, Jr., on a score of 23, a most excellent performance, considering that his gun jarred off twice, his 5th and 11th shots, and that he was therefore disturbed by it in his shooting. Lewis was unfortunate in having his safety slip back on his 13th bird, which escaped in consequence, without being shot at. He made the excellent score of 22 nevertheless. Elliott's 3d was a hoverer, which jumped up and down instantly to the ground. His 5th was a corking fast bird. Ivins had a misfire on his 3d, and got his next bird neatly. Quimby undershot his 24th with both barrels, a fast left-quartering incomer. Wood, who stood at 26yds., shot some of his birds very accurately and neatly, and promises to be a man who should stand down at about 28yds.

There was a stiff, strong northwest wind, which blew steadily and made the birds from Nos. 1 and 2 traps exceedingly difficult. Mr. Harold Wallack acted as referee.

Trap score type—Copyright, 1899, by Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

Wood, 26.....	0 2 2 * 2 1 2 1 1 1 2 2 1 1 * 2 1 0 1 2 1 2 2 1 0 - 20
Morley, 80.....	2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 * 2 - 21
Lewis, 38.....	2 2 1 2 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 0 2 1 2 1 0 2 2 2 0 2 2 - 22
Elliott, 31.....	2 2 0 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 * 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 - 22
Daly, 37.....	2 2 1 2 - 23
Quimby, 29.....	1 2 3 1 2 5 1 3 5 4 1 1 2 2 1 1 5 4 1 3 5 1 1 5 3 - 21
Ivins, 30.....	2 2 2 1 1 1 2 2 0 * 2 1 2 1 1 0 * 1 2 2 1 1 1 1 0 - 19

Sweeps, 5 birds, \$3, and 10 birds, \$5, were shot, as follows:
 Events: 1 2 3 4 5 6 Events: 1 2 3 4 5 6
 Birds: 5 10 10 10 10 Birds: 5 10 10 10 10 10
 Wood 3 4 5 9 7 8 Quimby 4 5
 Morley 5 7 10 9 9 10 Ivins 5
 Daly 4 10 7 9 9 6 Heikes 4 8 4 7 ..

March 17.—The main event of to-day was the sportsman's handicap, 20 birds, \$10 entrance. Mr. Edward Banks captured first prize alone, scoring 19 out of the 20 birds, and having one dead out:

Dec, 26.....	20101212202111101210-15
Ivins, —31.....	2121010102121010220-13
H Delaney, 26.....	220020000001202020-7
Daly, 30.....	10210122102122262221-16
Byrnes, 26.....	12111011222212110121-18
Hoovey, 26.....	12120021122201222221-17
Wood, 27.....	221101122112.2221122-18
Green, 28.....	10232101010022210020-11
Banks, 28.....	2221122222122222221-19
Greighton, 26.....	1212211122.122012222-18
Skidmore, 25.....	20200021222201122212-15
De Vamater, 26.....	20230021222201122212-15
Friley, 26.....	022202222220122222-16

Jeannette Gun Club.

March 17.—The initial shoot on the grounds of J. M. Outwater, on the Paterson Plank Road, near the Hackensack bridge, where the Jeannette Gun Club held its regular monthly shoot on March 17. The birds were a poor lot, and the light wind from the southeast did not help the birds any. H. Otton won Class A, Kid Peters won Class B.

H Ehlers, 25.....	1211111200-8	C Mohrmon, 25.....	0111220012-7
L H Lott, 33.....	2200211012-7	C Meyer, 28.....	112222100-8
W P Rottman, 28.....	2122*21122-9	J Vagts, 28.....	1121111001-8
H Pape, 25.....	2221222000-7	N Karstens, 28.....	0121010211-7
H Otton, 28.....	*12121211-9	G Meyer, 25.....	211202000-5
J Bohlin, 25.....	1102112220-8	J Mohrman, 25.....	222102*110-7
F Forhenback, 25.....	2002102222-7	F Lohden, 25.....	2011002202-6
J Hainhorst, 28.....	2212022110-8	Kid Peters, 25.....	202122212-9
A G Ferguson, 25.....	20220211201-7	D G Peters, 25.....	2221111112-10
N Brunie, 28.....	201122111-9	A Ralphs, 28.....	0012110200-5
C Bohling, 25.....	1100001222-6	C Steffens, 32.....	2121010000-5

Ties:
 W P Rottman, 28.....120 N Brunie, 28.....120
 H Otton, 28.....111

Hackensack River Gun Club.

Hoboken, N. J., March 18.—Herewith are the scores of the Hackensack River Gun Club. The shoot was on March 17. Through an oversight of the sporting editor one score and following article was left out. I send you a few lines, and you can use them as you see fit.

After the shoot was over for the day all those who took part and their friends were entertained to a very fine supper and refreshments at the club's expense. Messrs. Schortemeier, Ch. Steffens, C. F. Lenone and the writer made some very good speeches. Mr. Herman Stude played the violin, while Miss Staude, Mrs. Heffich and Mr. Wm. Clark sang some very pretty pieces. Mr. John Smith also entertained the crowd with his comical songs and buck dancing. After several hours of merrymaking, all those present congratulated the secretary for the great success of the whole affair, and all hoped to be present at the next shoot.

C Billings, 28.....	0120210-4	Wm Hexamer, 28.....	2121022-6
T Langcake, 28.....	2112012-6	H Heffich, 28.....	2020222-5
E R Asmus, 28.....	2222210-5	A T Fletcher, 28.....	2222220-6
Schortemeier, 28.....	2002211-5	Count, 28.....	*1*11-4

Event No. 3, 7 birds, \$3 entrance, three moneys;
 First event, 5 birds, \$3 entrance, three moneys; second event, 10 birds, \$5 entrance, five moneys; third event, 7 birds, \$3 entrance, three moneys.
 JOHN CHARTRAND.

Belvidere Gun Club.

Belvidere, N. J., March 11.—At 20 targets, \$1 entrance, the following scores at targets were made to-day:

C. Cole 2, H. Boardman 13, J. Bears 7, Geo. Keifer 9, Leo Smith 9, W. Rainsner 10, J. Oyer 11, Geo. Boardman 19, H. Heffe 7, E. Mountnout 6.
--

The event at 10 live birds, \$2 entrance, 28yds. rise, 80yds. boundary, resulted as follows:

P Hess20000	-2	L Schmit0011100002-4
H Boardman00101010101-5		E Mountenot00000010210-3
H Heffe00000220	-2	G Lattemann0200202121-6
W Rainsner00021030111-5		Geo K McMurtire.01000120100-4
C B Cole11100010112-7		Geo Boardman120212

GEO. LATTEMANN, JR.

The Grand American Handicap.

NEW YORK, March 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* By the time this reaches the eyes of the shooting public only a very short time will remain before the date for closing regular entries in the Grand American Handicap of 1899 will arrive. Will you, therefore, permit me to call the attention of all intending contestants who have not yet forwarded to me their forfeit of \$10, that regular entries close on Tuesday, April 4. Penalty entries may be made at any time after April 4 until the last man has shot at his second bird, on payment of an extra fee of \$10.

Admission badges will not be mailed before March 25 at the earliest. (This is in answer to numerous inquiries.)

From present indications, and judging from the number of entries received to date, the Grand American Handicap of 1899 is going to assume considerably larger proportions than even the great event of last year, which had a total of 207 entries.

EDWARD BANKS,

Secretary-Treasurer.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Emerald Gun Club.

The handicaps of the Emerald Gun Club are after the manner of the point system, and for 1899 are as follows:

Class AAA, 29yds., 7 points: L. H. Schortemeier, J. S. S. Remsen, Gus Greiff, E. J. Clark, Dr. G. V. Hudson, E. A. Vroom, S. M. Van Allen, Wm. A. Sands, E. Helgains, W. Fred Quimby.

Class A, 28yds., 6½ points: G. B. Hillers, H. P. Fessenden, Wm. Cotton, B. H. Norton.

Class A, 28yds., 6 points: C. W. Billings, Wm. Joerger, J. Woelfel, B. Amend, E. O. Weis, O. Hilmer, J. Pillion, Capt. J. A. H. Dressell, U. M. C. Thomas, J. H. Swan.

Class AA, 28yds., 7 points: Tom Short, Dr. E. Rugle, J. Rathgen, Tod Sloane.

Class B, 25yds., 6 points: W. J. Amend, C. Stutzle, R. Regan, J. Banzer.

Class B, 25yds., 5½ points: G. K. Breit, Dr. J. H. O'Donohue, J. Mohrman, F. Ellerhorst, J. Hogan, R. Roberts.

Class B, 25yds., 5 points: T. Coady, J. Gallion, Dr. H. M. Groule, C. W. BILLINGS.

Brooklyn Gun Club.

Brooklyn, L. I., March 20.—The fourth and last shoot for the Marshall trophy was won by Dr. Douglas, he having won it three times. No. 5 was the cup contest:

Events:	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10	Targets:	10 15 10 15 25 15 25 15 25
Douglas	7 10 7 8 18 10 15 18 14 23	Kemble	7 12 7 10 17 12 .. 13 12 16
Cremer	4 8 3 .. 18 6 .. 8 .. 18	Wright	7 5 11 15 8 12 .. 10 ..
Paterson 19	Van Sise 4 7
Jarvis 4 .. 5	In No. 5, Douglas and Kemble had 6 each added.	

GEO. B. PATERSON, Sec'y.

Oceanic Gun Club.

Rockaway Park.—The regular semi-monthly shoot of the Oceanic Rod and Gun Club was held on the first day of this week at its grounds, at Rockaway Park, L. I., between the showers and a gale which blew 72 miles an hour:

Events:	1 2 3 4	Targets:	25 25 15 25
L H Bill	21 21 11 23	J Jones	11
A Scheubel	15 15 9 18	E Bourke	11
J Stoney	14 17 ..	F Coleman	11
T Diffley	12 9 ..	J. Jones.	

Cresson Gun Club.

ALTOONA, Pa., March 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The new Cresson Gun Club, Cresson Springs, Pa., held their first shoot on St. Patrick's day. A delegation of some twenty-five shooters and spectators from Altoona, and contingents from a dozen other towns arrived on the morning trains. Everything was found in readiness, and the feast of target and live-bird shooting began at 9:30. The day was an ideal foretaste of spring. Sweet singing birds, and all nature did their best to make glad this famous mountain resort.

Among the crowd were S. B. King, of Spangler; Dr. S. M. Richards, Ebersburg; R. A. McNaught, Thomas Dipner and Thomas Hemphill, of Hollidaysburg; L. B. Blair and D. D. Stine, Tyrone; Justus Vogt, Charles Crouse and Robert Tosh, of South Fork; Samuel T. Howard, Williamsport; Capt. Craig and Col. Kerr, Pittsburg; O. C. Brown, Frugality; W. L. Sands, J. M. Dively, U. S. Houck, E. H. Murray, Chas. E. Rhoades, G. G. Zeth, John Schenck, John Keyes, J. S. Stier, C. L. Greek, J. H. Davison, W. W. Wilson, George Smith, Dr. F. M. Christy, L. Feeney, E. T. Drhew and Henry Doerr, of Altoona.

Eleven target and two live-bird events were shot. The Sergeant system and the new Interstate rules prevailed in target events. Five ground traps and revised Interstate rules in live-bird races. The background in both cases was an exceptionally hard one. A half-dozen shades of evergreen, and as many other effects kept the shooter constantly guessing. These conditions, we predict, the Cresson boys will overcome by and by, when they come to select a permanent location.

The live birds were a very fast lot, and very few required any urging to start. McNaught, Clover and Conrad drew the hardest flyers. Blair, of Tyrone, did nice work in winning first in the principal event, as did also Sands and Vogt in taking second place.

Mr. P. Abercrombie, superintendent of the Cambria & Clearfield division of the Pennsylvania Railroad, was present. Mr. Abercrombie is an old-time trap shot, having been formerly located at Williamsport, Pa., where he, Hughes, and Millsbaugh were very prominent in shooting circles. He has lost none of his love for the sport, although business prevents him from taking much part at tournaments.

The committee in charge consisted of C. Wendro'h, Chas. Conrad, J. B. Highberger and A. B. Earhart.

The scores:
 No. 1, 10 single targets: Clover 4, Houck 7, Sands 4, McNaught 8, Craig 2, Blair 5, Murray 4, Rhoades 5, Stine 3, Conrad 3, Richards 3, Kellerman 4, Freeman 5, Dively 5, Crouse 2.

No. 2, 10 single targets: Clover 6, Houck 4, Stine 5, Conrad 4, Kellerman 1, Sands 6, McNaught 7, Blair 4, Rhoades 6, Murray 6, Crouse 0, Meehan 6, Dively 6, Richards 3, Wenderoth 7.

No. 3, 10 single targets: Clover 7, Houck 5, Sands 6, McNaught 8, Rhoades 6, Shaw 6, Blair 4, Meehan 7, Murray 9, Howard 0, Kellerman 4, Charlton 2, Crouse 0, Richards 5, King 5.

No. 4, 10 single targets: Kerr 1, Craig 3, O'Brien 3, Richards 4, King 4.

No. 5, 10 single targets: Clover 8, Houck 5, Sands 5, McNaught 7, Rhoades 4, Kellerman 2, Murray 8, Howard 1, Brown 1, Tosh 2, Blair 8, Stine 8, Dively 8, Meehan 3, Highberger 4.

No. 6, 10 single targets: Charlton 4, Craig 1, Herr 1, Richards 3, King 5.

No. 7, 10 single targets: Clover 5, Houck 6, Sands 6, McNaught 9, Rhoades 6, Murray 7, Blair 7, Kellerman 1, Stine 6, Craig 5.

Event No. 8, live birds:		Crouse	020120*000-3
Clover	012102*01-5	Blair	1221201212-9
Houck	120102*11-6	Murray	1210*10210-6
Sands	1112121*10-8	Tosh	0021201021-6
McNaught	1001*0012-4	Howard	1020020100-4
Vogt	0121*11120-8		
Stine	110210*002-5		

Event No. 9, live birds:		Kellerman	01210-4
Charlton	00212-3	Conrad	*20*-2
Kerr	01201-3	Wenderoth	11112-5
Richards	12112-5	Meehan	12010-3
King	01210-3	O'Brien	11101-4
Craig	*1210-3		

No. 10, 10 single targets: Sands 8, Ferguson 5, McNaught 5, Dipner 6, Houck 3, Rhoades 6, Clover 7, Hemphill 3, Stine 7, Vogt 7, King 5, Wenderoth 2, Conrad 1, O'Brien 6, Meehan 6, Lees 1, Pfeister 3.

No. 11, 10 single targets: Sands 7, Ferguson 0, McNaught 8, Dipner 9, Clover 2, Stine 7, Voght 7.

No. 12, 10 single targets: Sands 5, Ferguson 5, McNaught 8, Dipner 3, Clover 7, Stine 8, Vogt 3, Conrad 4, Pfeister 4, Freeman 7, J. P. C. 1.

No. 13, 10 single targets: Sands 7, Ferguson 2, Clover 6, Stine 6, Voght 7, Meehan 3.

Auburn Gun Club.

AUBURN, Ind., March 11.—The Auburn Gun Club's first shoot of the season was held at the club grounds to-day. On account of wet grounds only a few of the members were present. Conditions, 25 traps, magautrap. The following are the scores:

Tarney	111111111111001011101011-20
Snvder	111011000111101010100010-14
Robbins	110010110111111100011111-18
A B Steele	111011111111111101111111-22
McClellan	0001010101010101010111-14
M A Steele	011111110101010101111111-20

M. A. SEELE.

A beautiful silver chocolate set and an equally beautiful silver tea set were first prizes in the roof target competition tournament. These Mr. Heikes will annex to his large collection of trophies, though he gravely asserts that he will place both sets in commission at once.

Sportsmen's Association Tournament.

THE scores of this tournament were all published in FOREST AND STREAM of last week, excepting those of the last day, Wednesday, March 15. As to the weather of the last day, it was all that was undesirable. There was a cold, persistent rain, a densely overcast sky, a strong wind, and in consequence targets which took sharply erratic flights were difficult to see. Starting where there was a comparative calm, when they reached an altitude where the wing caught them, they might fly true or take tricky turns, as the case might be.

Heikes and Elliott had tied on 85 in the continuous match, which was virtually a miss-and-out, with unlimited opportunities to re-enter. Heikes had made his greatest run, 85, on the second day, and Elliott tied it on the eighth day, he shooting in great form on that day, for in eight attempts he ran 85, 53, 11, 23, 37, 8 and 16, he aiming his Winchester gun with admirable precision. Thus on this day, out of 270 targets shot at, he missed but 7, truly a first-class performance in every particular. He also made 98 in the championship match on three different days—on the first, eighth and eleventh days. Heikes made his longest run, 85, on the second day, though he ran 79 on the fourth day, and a number of runs at different times of between 20 and 40.

A resume will tend to refresh the memory concerning the daily winners in this long race:

Continuous Match.	Association Championship.
March	
2. J J Hallowell.....33	J J Hallowell.....33
3. R O Heikes.....85	J A R Elliott.....28
4. I Tallman.....96	I Tallman.....96
5. R O Heikes.....93	R O Heikes.....93
6. R O Heikes.....79	R O Heikes.....98
7. R O Heikes.....88	R O Heikes.....93
8. Edw Banks.....93	R O Heikes.....93
9. J A R Elliott.....39	J J Hallowell.....39
10. J A R Elliott.....85	R O Heikes.....98
11. S M Van Allen.....97	S M Van Allen.....97
12. B Le Roy.....95	B Le Roy.....95
13. J A R Elliott.....52	J A R Elliott.....95
14. J A R Elliott.....78	J A R Elliott.....98

There were many other good scores, and the winners each day were pressed close for the honors.

Shoot for championship—Heikes and Elliott shoot off the tie for the continuous match in this event, Heikes winning.

R O Heikes.....21 21 21 25-91	I Tallman.....15 23 22 16-76
J A R Elliott.....22 21 22 21-89	J Van Lengerke.....21 11 21 20-76
E D Fulford.....23 18 21 21-86	A B Cartledge.....20 19 15 19-73
B Le Roy.....21 20 20 23-81	Dr O'Connell.....14 20 18 21-71
Capt Money.....22 20 10 22-83	P Daly, Jr.....20 18 17 15-70
L R Fleming.....19 23 21 20-83	Ed Taylor.....18 19 15 17-69
O R Dickey.....23 21 19 20-83	O Hesse.....17 20 17 11-68
T W Morley.....23 21 21 17-82	S M Van Allen.....20 16 11 w
Ed Banks.....21 19 20 21-81	J C Hicks.....23 17 11 w
J J Hallowell.....17 23 19 21-80	J R Hull.....16 w
G Fairmont.....21 20 18 18-77	

Trap and Reading.

READING, Pa., March 13.—The Independent Gun Club, of Sink Spring, Pa., held a sweepstake shoot to-day at targets. The scores follow:

Events:	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14
Targets:	10 10 15 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10
Schaaber	8 9 12 7 8 8 9 8 9 10 5 13 ..
Spatz	9 10 11 8 .. 6 .. 7 .. 9 10
Wertz	9 8 15 9 10 10 10 9 10 9 6 11 ..
Coleman	7 8 12 9 5 10 9 8 8 9 8 15 10 ..
Gundy	6 .. 7 .. 6 6 6 5 .. 10 ..
Reed	4 .. 5 7 7 4 .. 4
Miller	8 .. 5 .. 6
Hainly	9 5
Huntzinger	6 6 .. 8 9
Young	7 9
Rittenhouse	5 6

Mahanoy City March 17.—The first of the series of three live-bird matches between Coldren, of Reading, and Cooper, of this city, was shot to-day on the ball grounds, and resulted in a victory for Cooper, he killing 23 out of 25 live birds shot at. Coldren killed only 21, but had 3 dead out of bounds, while Cooper had but one dead out of bounds. The match was at 25 live birds per man, Schuylkill county rules to govern. The second of the series will be shot at Reading at 50 live birds, Hurlingham rules. In the morning a handicap shoot was held, each man furnishing 11 birds, which were placed in one large crate. After being well mixed among one another, the birds were then trapped. Three traps were used, Schuylkill county rules, and the match was won by Miller, of Mahanoy City, with a score of 10 killed out of 11. Fully 800 people witnessed both matches, and Miller was awarded \$200, the gate receipts, as first prize.

DUSTER.

Centerdale Gun Club.

CENTERDALE, R. I., March

Montgomery Ward & Co. Medal Contest.

CHICAGO, Ill.—The third contest for the Montgomery Ward & Co. medal took place at Watson's Park, on Friday, March 17. There was not as large an attendance as usual on account of the disagreeable weather, and because many of the shooters were absent in the marsh after ducks. Some excellent shooting was done, and Mr. Sturtevant was successful in carrying off, for the time, both medals, the diamond and the high average. Some brilliant shooting was done by Messrs. Sturtevant, White, Steck and O'Brien. The shooting of Mr. Sturtevant was as fine as has been seen at Watson's Park for many a day, indeed the writer has never seen any finer. The birds were good strong flyers. Mr. Sturtevant stood at 27 yds., shot a 16-gauge Parker, loaded with 2 3/4 drs. Du Pont. Smokeless and a scant ounce of No. 7 shot. In the medal contest he killed 15 out of 16 birds, being the only one who scored the possible 15. He also made the greatest number of consecutive kills, which gave him the high average medal for the time. Afterward in sweepstake shooting he killed 24 out of 24, with the last bird dead out of bounds. There was a 9 o'clock wind.

There was considerable good-natured chaffing between Messrs. Sturtevant, Dr. Shaw and Leffingwell about Sturtevant using a 16-gauge gun. Sturtevant said he was going to try it, as he had been successful with it in the field, and Messrs. Shaw and Leffingwell said that inasmuch as he was such a good shot that he should stick to the 12-gauge he had been used to shooting. The advice given to Sturtevant by Leffingwell did not seem to work both ways, for what he intended to warm Sturtevant against he did himself by lengthening the stock of his gun by putting on a thick rubber butt, and the result was that he was clearly out of form, and made about the poorest score of any one. After the medal shoot he removed the butt plate and shot comparatively as well as the rest.

Among the out-of-town visitors who attended the shoot were Messrs. Fred Gilbert, of Spirit Lake, Ia.; and Mr. McKay, of Minneapolis. Gilbert used a Winchester repeating shotgun with great effect. Indeed, it seemed as if Rolla Heikes were standing at the score and pumping it into them, so rapidly did Gilbert work the gun.

The next contest for the medal will be held on March 31, and no shoot will be given on the first Friday in April, the regular day. The reason for the change is that many shooters in Chicago and vicinity wish to go to the Grand American Handicap at Elkwood Park, and if the shoot was held on the first Friday of April, it would interfere with many attending.

J. L. White won the second prize, and Mr. Shields the third. The scores:

E S Rice, 28.....	*112*0112022211	01	—12
O E Seales, 30.....	1021*2110121021	12	—13
J S Boa, 30.....	0222220220 w		
J Elias, 28.....	222110101022100	122	—13
C Plinn, 28.....	12*111100221210	21	—14
J C Murphy, 28.....	21002010110011	00	—9
J R Shaw, 30.....	*22222212*2221	2	—14
W B Leffingwell, 30.....	*2021200110201	02	—10
D Carter, 29.....	021021210201111	10	—12
Ed Sturtevant, 27.....	22222222222222	2	—15
*F Gilbert, 30.....	22222222122222		
*F McKay, 30.....	1202121111100	—12	
J L White, 30.....	01111011222101	21	—14
R Simmetti, 28.....	120222010111021	22	—13
D Bacci, 28.....	*2002201122101	022	—12
D O'Brien, 30.....	222111120122022	1	—14
N Nelson, 30.....	2222*122012211	20	—14
L C Willard, 30.....	22*1221222222	—14	
Ed Steck, 30.....	11121*22111121	—14	
Parker, 30.....	121201202112122	1	—14

*Visitors from out of State.

Ties on 14, 3 birds:	
E Plinn.....012	Nelson.....w
Dr. Shaw.....00	L C Willard.....210
J L White.....111 1*2	Ed Steck.....221 100
D O'Brien.....101	Parker.....220

Ties on 13, 3 birds:	
Seales.....120 211 111 120 221 221	
Elias.....201 111 112 210 211 110	
Simmetti.....w	

Same day, 20 birds per man:	
Gilbert.....022222122222022222—18	
E S Rice.....01110111101202221—16	
McKay.....2122012222010112211—17	
Leffingwell.....2111100112102202112—16	
Seales.....011001112012110w	

Five-bird sweep:	
W B Leffingwell.....22110—4	O'Brien.....10220—3
Steck.....12111—5	Willard.....01210—3
White.....10011—3	Parker.....22121—5
Sturtevant.....22222—5	C Plinn.....00121—3

Five-bird sweep:	
W B Leffingwell.....11122—5 0	White.....11111—5 11
Steck.....11111—5 20	

The day was very bad for shooting; the wind was from left to right across the traps, making the birds mostly right-quarterers. A light rain fell until about 3 o'clock, and from then until the close it came down hard. The day was dark, making it very hard to see a dark bird over the dark grounds. F. McKay, the expert from St. Paul, was present. Sturtevant was boss of the locals. X.

Boston Gun Club.

WELLINGTON, Mass., March 17.—The third last shoot of the Boston Gun Club was favored with miserable weather, yet ten enthusiasts graced the platform March 15, as if nothing was the matter. The poor light, the execrable wind, the cold dampness and the hard targets all came in for a share of bitter criticism to be sure, but not one of the ten would have missed the fun, even had the light been poorer still and the wind much more joyous. Toward the close of the afternoon a sharp snow and hail squall turned loose on the shooters, and to the general discomfort was added the pleasure of biting particles driven in one's face while trying to aim along 30in. of gun barrel.

Small wonder that the shooter saw double or saw not at all, and that more misses than credits fell to the lot of a few. Mr. Woodruff very satisfactorily maintained an average pace; everybody else sadly fractured their averages. Mr. Griffiths, from Providence, R. I., successfully negotiated the leading prize score, though seeking good company in balance of events.

Scores as follows:	
Events:	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13
Targets:	10 10 6 10 10 5 6 10 10 10 10 10 10
Gordon, 17.....	9 7 3 7 8 4 2 3 7 5 8 7 6
Miskay, 18.....	7 5 2 6 7 3 1 7 7 5 4 5 ..
Griffiths, 17.....	4 6 3 6 7 4 5 6 6 7 5 5 6
Woodruff, 17.....	7 6 4 9 8 3 4 8 8 7 8 6 ..
Johns, 16.....	8 3 3 5 7 2 1 4 7 7 9 8 ..
Campbell, 16.....	2 3 2 6 3 4 2 3 6 5 5 3 4
Leonard, 16.....	4 5 1 3 7 2 1 5 3 6 3 4 6
Benton, 14.....	6 7 2 2 6 ..
Horace, 18.....	7 7 5 7 8 3 2 5 5 3 5 3 ..
Spencer, 18.....	6 4 2 5 7 5 4 9 8 5

Events 1, 4, 5, 8, 11, 12 and 13, known angles; 2, 6 and 9, unknown; 3 and 7, pairs; 10, reverse pull. ff

Extra No. 1, 10 known: Griffith 7, Gordon 5.

Extra No. 2, 10 reverse: Spencer 6, Gordon 3.

Extra No. 3, 5 unknown: Griffith 5, Campbell 2.

Merchandise match, 21 targets—10 known, 5 unknown, 3 pairs:	
Griffiths, 17.....	1010011111—7 11101—4 10 11 11—5—16
Woodruff, 17.....	1111010111—8 10011—3 11 10 10—4—15
Gordon, 17.....	1111010111—8 11110—4 00 10 10—2—14
Horace, 18.....	1111011011—8 01101—3 10 00 10—2—13
Miskay, 18.....	1111111000—7 10011—3 10 00 00—1—11
Johns, 16.....	0111001111—7 01010—2 00 10 10—1—10
Leonard, 16.....	1110111007—7 00011—2 00 00 10—1—10
Campbell, 16.....	1000010100—3 10111—4 10 10 00—2—9

Team match, 40 targets, 10 known and 10 unknown each shooter; distance handicap:

Gordon.....	0001010010—3	1001110111—7—10
Woodruff.....	1111010101—8	1010101111—8—16—26
Miskay.....	0001111111—7	0011011111—7—14
Horace.....	1001101010—6	1010010110—5—10—24
Griffith.....	0110101010—6	1001001111—6—12
Campbell.....	0101000101—4	0011011110—6—10—22

There will be an all-day shoot under the auspices of the Boiling Springs Gun Club on Saturday of this week, shooting to begin at 9:30 A. M. Dinner will be served at the expense of the club.

Eureka Gun Club.

WATSON'S PARK, Chicago, March 18.—The Eureka Gun Club finished their series of nine shoots to-day in very bad weather, the wind blowing straight out and from the north; traps facing south. Each man had to shoot in six shoots to count, and his five best scores counted. There are three nice gold badges, one large one, for the best score; one a little smaller for second, and one still smaller for third. L. C. Willard won first, five best shoots, 15 birds each, 75, killed 71. E. M. Steck won second, five best shoots, 15 birds each, 75, killed 66. F. H. Lord won third, five best shoots, 15 birds each, 75, killed 65.

This is the last of the Eureka Gun Club's series of nine shoots:	
L C Willard.....	12201112121221—14
E M Steck.....	201222220121020—11
G Roll.....	022222222210102—12
Mack.....	020112022011221—11
Dr Miller.....	112122211121011—11
H E Wiley.....	122023122201220—12
*Feigenspan.....	010122111210101—11
*Gilbert.....	22222222222101—11

*Visitors.

Five-bird sweeps:	
L C Willard.....	21102 12201 12112
E M Steck.....	21001 10112 11022
Gilbert.....	22012 22121 21012
Feigenspan.....	11022 21112 11211
Miller.....	11020 02111
Roll..... 11022

March 15.—Audubon Club scores:	
N Nelson.....	11010221210200122002—13—2—15
J H Amberg.....	12212211121022121210—18—2—20

March 16.—C. A. A. Gun Club:	
J Sellers.....	22222*1222*1222—13—0—13
E Russell.....	01*010220*101*0—6—3—9
G A Thorne.....	121*20*2121*12—11—1—12

RAVELRIGG.

Woonsocket Gun Club.

WOONSOCKET, R. I., March 20.—The Woonsocket Gun Club held a shoot Saturday afternoon, March 18. Owing to the rain the number of contestants was small, so only about 600 targets were thrown. A high wind made the shooting difficult. The following scores were made on 25-bird strings:

F H Coffin.....	11011111111111111111—22
L A Campbell.....	10011111111001111111—21
F H Mills.....	00110110111110111111—19
A Seagrave.....	0010011001011111100111—16
C E Balcom.....	0010011001111011011010—14
E R Darling.....	000110110010000111100000—9

There will be no more shoots until after the annual meeting, which will be held on Wednesday, evening, March 29.

ARNOLD SEAGRAVE, Sec'y.

Palm Beach Gun Club.

PALM BEACH, Fla., March 15.—Fifty targets, \$2.50 entrance, handicap:

Cook.....	0100111111110101100100111001111110101111100010011—32
Jones.....	1111111000110111010010010010111110101111110111101—38
Parker.....	110111111111011011100101111011111111111111111111—43
Wilson.....	011111001011010111010111000110111100010110110001—22
Suydam.....	111111010111011011010101010111101110011000110—45

Handicaps:	
Jones.....	011110 Suydam.....101111
Wilson.....	0010010 Cook, out.
Parker first prize, Suydam second prize.	
H. Winter, referee; W. Dietsch scorer.	

Yachting.

As the yachting journal of America, the *FOREST AND STREAM* is the recognized medium of communication between the maker of yachtsmen's supplies and the yachting public. Its value for advertising has been demonstrated by patrons who have employed its columns continuously for years.

The Standard Navy Steam Cutter.

IN the paper on The Standard Navy Boats, by Arthur B. Cassidy, Esq., recently read before the Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers, as published in the *FOREST AND STREAM* of Dec. 17, 1898, mention is made of the steam cutter, built in five sizes, for tenders to the warships. These cutters are specially staunch and sturdy in design and construction, fitted for rough and hard service, with no pretensions to high speed and elegance of form; the 28ft. size is expected to make six knots in a sea, and the 40ft. size eight knots. The lines of these boats, practically identical for all sizes, are shown in the accompanying plans, the construction following next week. In view of the frequent demand for something abler and stronger than the average pleasure launch, they will probably be interesting to many of our readers. The details of these boats are as follows:

Principal Dimensions.				Weight	
Length, extreme.	Breadth, extreme.	Depth from top of deck to lower edge of rabbet.	Hull.	Total including outfit.	
Ft. In.	Ft. In.	Ft. In.	Lbs.	Lbs.	
40.00	9.00	4.7 1/2	8,064	18,642	
36.00	8.09	4.06	7,148	15,719	
33.00	8.07	4.05	5,120	12,768	
30.00	8.00	4.02	4,763	10,631	
28.00	7.08	4.00 3/4	3,692	8,889	
Maximum number of men boat will carry.	Weight of provisions and water.	Freeboard with maximum number of men and provisions.			
	Lbs.	Ft. In.			
60	600	1.09 3/4			
53	530	1.09 3/4			
48	480	1.09 3/4			
35	350	1.07 3/4			
40	400	1.08 3/4			
Sail area.	Area of loadwater line.	Center of effort from center of length.	Center of effort above base.		
Ft. In.		Ft.	Ft.		
372.04	212.08	on X	14.33		
318.58	182.00	.127 aft.	13.45		
301.09	172.05	.046 aft.	13.46		
218.82	125.00	.207 aft.	11.77		
283.75	145.00	.27 aft.	12.64		

The boats are rigged as shown, with two standing lug sails, but of small area.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The new catalogue of the Rochester Machine Tool Works for 1899 describes in detail the Acme Automatic Engine, a very compact and serviceable motor using kerosene for fuel. The stationary engine, of which the company manufactures several sizes, can be fired with kerosene or natural gas, as may be desired. The marine engine, made in sizes from one to seven horse-power, has its weights low and is well adapted for yachts and launches. The company makes a specialty of the Buck-

ley Patent Watertube Boiler, a sectional boiler of light weight, easily taken apart for transportation, or installation below decks, and fire with coal, wood or oil, as desired. One of these boilers has been doing excellent work during the past season in the steam yacht *Lucina*, of Syracuse, and many of them are in use in steam yachts and launches. Those who are interested in small power craft will find the catalogue worth their attention.

Yacht Designing.—XXVI.

BY W. P. STEPHENS.

(Continued from page 199, March, 11.)

THE selection of a suitable outfit of drafting instruments is quite an important matter, and one in which it is difficult to give advice, unless all the conditions of the case are known. A great deal of work may be accomplished with such a simple outfit as may be had for very little money; and on the other hand, if the intended use justifies it, quite a large sum may be expended at one time in the purchase of an outfit so complete as to make drawing a pleasure and to produce the best results in the least time. In the case of professional work this last consideration is a very important one, the value of a draftsman's time is so much greater than the cost of tools that it is good economy even in a small office to have the best and plenty of them.

All of the dealers keep sets of instruments already made up, in cases specially fitted for them, the prices ranging from \$5 for the simplest set of half a dozen instruments of good quality up to \$300 for every complete and elaborate outfits of instruments, scales, curves, colors, etc., in handsome cabinet. Where money is no object the choice of such a made-up set settles the question very quickly, but it is better, as well as more economical, to purchase the instruments singly, selecting each on its merits. In the made-up sets there will inevitably be many parts which are of little use for the particular work in hand; and the cabinets, however ingeniously arranged, are not the most convenient receptacles for selecting the instruments as needed and returning them quickly to their places. The best plan, especially for the novice, is to start with a few instruments, adding to the collection as fast as these are thoroughly understood and the necessity for others is apparent.

We will take first the case of the amateur and novice who wishes to try his hand at a design or so, but does not intend to follow the subject indefinitely as a pet hobby. He will presumably work at odd times amid such surroundings as are available, with no special conveniences for supporting the board, storing plans, etc. For such work it is well to limit the work to a drawing board 20 by 26in., which will take the size termed *royal* paper, 19 by 24in. There was a time when *Whatman's* was the one standard make of drawing paper, but now the draftsman has a wide range of choice among different makes and qualities. For study and practice work a good *detail* paper will answer, even where the drawing is to be inked in, at about one-half of the cost of the white papers; but, as stated in a previous chapter, it is usually good economy to buy first-class paper.

For the work now under consideration, and on a small board, a few thumb tacks will be needed to secure the paper to the board. Under the same conditions a *straight-edge* may be dispensed with, the *T square* taking its place. One with a fixed head and a 24in. blade will answer, the next size, 30in. blade, is longer than necessary for this size of board. The cheapest which it is worth while to buy will cost about 60 cents, a better grade, with blade edged with a hardwood, costs about 75 cents. The combination of fixed and shifting heads in one instruments is really less convenient than either one separately; the best perhaps being a single shifting head. This can be set approximately to a right angle and locked there, the lines drawn by it, though not quite at right angles to the edge of the board, being in correct relation to each other whether drawn from the left hand edge or the lower side. If it be necessary to replace an old drawing on the board, the shifting head can be so adjusted as to fit the base lines of the drawing, a much quicker and more certain process than that of so adjusting the drawing on the board that the fixed head square will fit the line.

Two or three *triangles* or *set-squares* will be needed, say one of 60 and 30 degrees, 11in. long on the longer side, one 45-degree triangle with 6in. side, and one with 4in.

The *set curve* or *Copenhagen ship curve* is both a necessity and a luxury to the marine draftsman. A few curves are absolutely necessary, but if much work is to be done the more one has the better, and it is an easy matter to expend as much as a hundred dollars in a complete set of rubber curves, including some of the circular sweeps of different radii for deck beams. At the outset half a dozen small pearwood curves will answer, at the expense of some labor and ingenuity in fitting each to the required lines, but this of itself is excellent training in the use of a large collection. Other curves may be added, one at a time, carefully selected as experience indicates.

For this size of board and the work proposed, a simple outfit of splines will be sufficient, two 24in. splines, one of rubber and one of celluloid, the former as stiff as can be had for the sheer, etc. The latter should also be as large as can be had, about 3-16 by 1/8in., this size being retained in the middle half of the length, but the ends may be planed down to a fine taper, for the level lines. A light celluloid batten 12in. long, similarly tapered on one end, is also useful for the sections of the body plan.

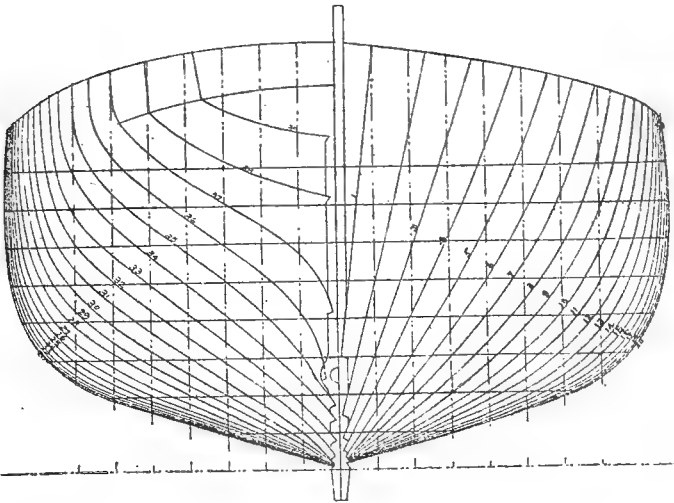
The question of the proper spline weights for this work is an open one; they may be of the smallest size, but not less than ten or a dozen in number, and this involves quite an expense if lead is used unless the amateur can cast them for himself as previously described. We hesitate to recommend a plan which is unworkmanlike, but there is a third alternative other than an outlay of six to eight dollars on the one hand, and the holding up of the family wash by the summary requisition of all the flat-irons in the house, our first resort, and that of many other beginners. Apart from the unsightly injury to the paper, making it look when removed from the board, like a chart of the heavens in June, very good and rapid work can be done by the use of fine pins driven through the paper and into the board to confine the battens. It is a good plan to cultivate from the start a care of the paper, keep-

ing it as clean as possible, free from needless thumb-tack holes, knots and erasures, and when the drawing is completed with title and number for filing, to trim the edges straight. The practice of making innumerable holes in the course of the work leads the beginner to treat his paper carelessly at all times; but to some it will be the best and most convenient way, saving the expense of weights and avoiding the difficulty of handling them near the edges of so small a board.

Useful as it is, the compass, for sweeping circular arcs, is not indispensable in this class of work, and it may be omitted at the start, the set curves partly taking its place. While a fairly serviceable set, compass with pen, pencil and needle points, can be had for two to three dollars, a really good set will cost two or three times as much. A pair of spring bows, for pen and pencil, will be much more useful for the numerous small circles than the large compasses. These can be had in the cheapest grades for about a dollar each.

There is one tool in which it is not possible to economize, only the best is admissible. This is the dividers, the 5 to 6in. sizes. As already stated, this should be of the best make, of light and graceful design, cut from the rolled plate of German silver, not cast, with a joint that works smoothly and evenly at all degrees of opening, the tool balancing well in the hand. One of the nice points in drafting is the proper handling of the dividers, by which the draftsman takes off quickly and accurately a distance and transfers it to another part of the drawing. This can only be acquired by constant practice with a good tool, and the attempt to work with a poor tool is worse than a waste of time. It is possible to make a drawing without the dividers, by taking off all distances on strips of paper with a pencil, and this plan may be followed at the start until a good instrument can be procured.

The hairspring dividers are useful, but not indispensable, as the same work, of numerous accurate sub-divisions can be done with the dividers with some extra care



and patience. The small bow spring dividers, which may be had as low as a dollar, are really more useful than the larger ones, as there will be many very small distances, such as the thickness of planking, widths of deck plank, etc., to be set off with them or the bow pencil.

Where cost is an object, the paper scales have much to recommend them, in spite of the error due to shrinkage of the cardboard, the divisions are even and easily read and the scales are convenient to handle. A set of half a dozen, 1/4in., 1/2in., 3/4in., 1in., 1 1/2in. and 3in. can be had for a dollar. A 5 or 6in. paper protractor, costing about 10 cents, will measure with sufficient accuracy all the angles of a design or sail plan.

A complete outfit of say four of the very best draftsmen's pencils, HHH, HHHH, HHHHH and HHHHHH, may be had for half a dollar, and will probably last for a year, so that the saving by purchasing a poorer grade is too trifling to be counted.

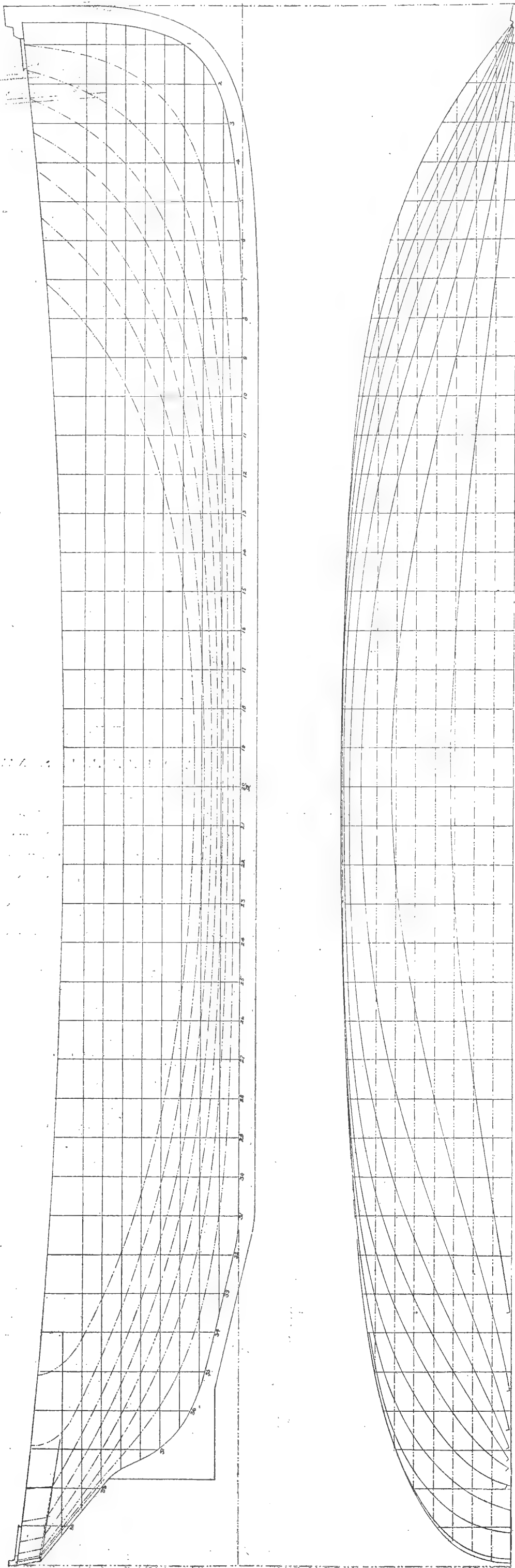
A drafting pen capable of doing good work may be had for about half a dollar, the better grades costing two to three times as much; as the pen is a difficult instrument for the beginner, it will be well to pay at least one dollar, if not a little more, for the certainty of getting a reliable tool. A few fine writing pens, Crowquill, are necessary for lettering and shading. The prepared inks can be had in all colors, the smallest sizes of bottles costing 15 cents, the colors required are black, blue, red and green. This list may be detailed as follows:

Drawing board	\$2.00
Paper, 1 quire of Royal	1.00
T square, 24in. blade75
Triangles, three75
Set curves, pearwood	2.00
Splines, three75
Dividers, 5in.	2.00
Scales, half-dozen paper	1.00
Pencils, four50
Pen, 5in.	1.00
Inks, liquid, four colors60
Thumb tacks, paper protractor, pencil and ink rub- bers, writing pens, etc.	1.00

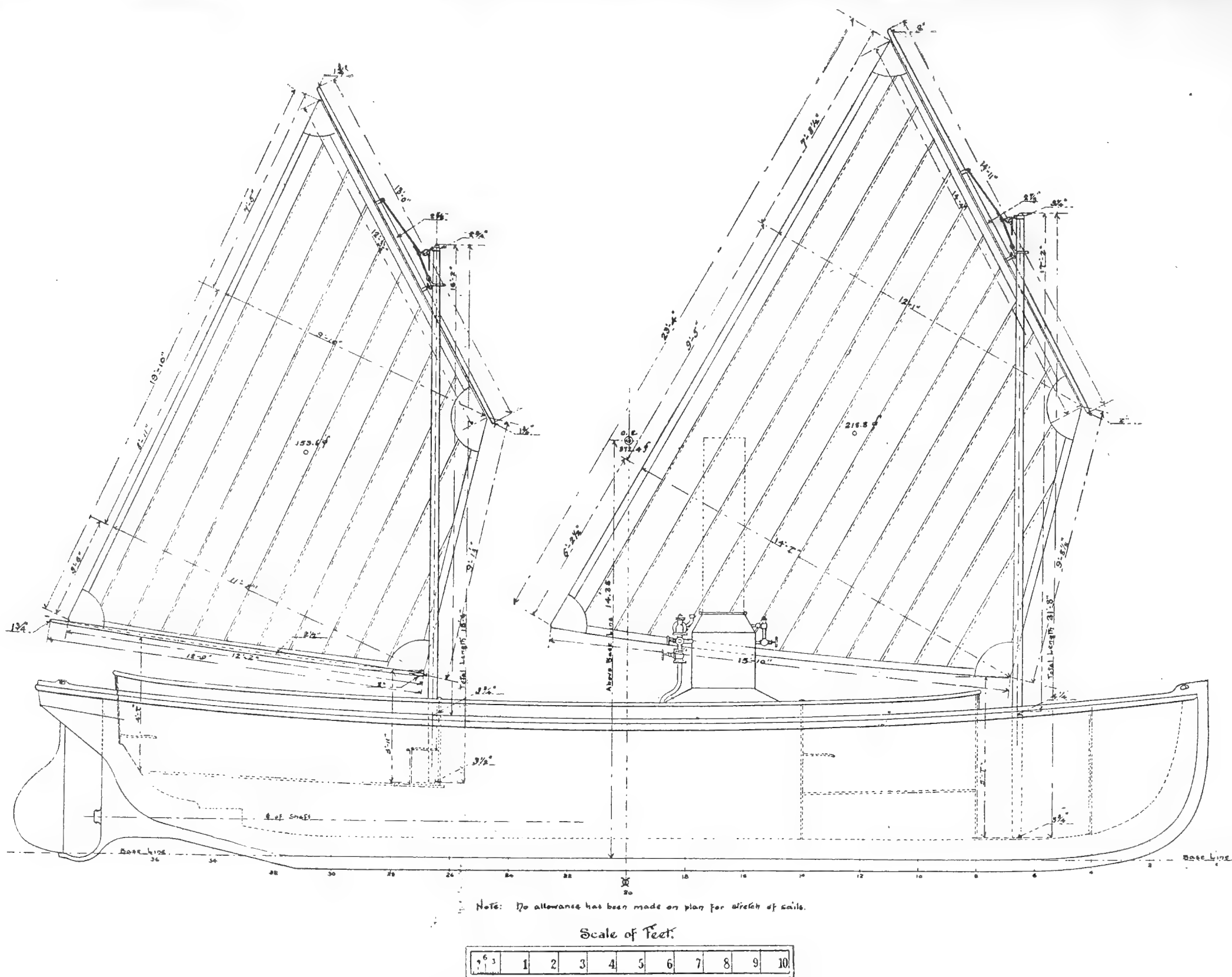
	\$13.35
Bow spring set, dividers, pen and pencil	3.00
Spline weights	????

These prices are closely approximate and represent about the least possible outlay with which it is worth while to begin the practice of marine drafting. The articles enumerated are all standard, such as may be had of any reliable dealers in the larger cities. Most of these firms issue illustrated catalogues describing minutely the various grades of goods, a great help to the intending purchaser. The amateur who possesses sufficient mechanical skill to make his own drawing board, T square, weight and possibly splines, as many do who are interested in yachting, can provide himself with a good working outfit at a small expense. If good work is not accomplished, even with this unpretentious outfit, it will be from lack of skill and care or from over-haste on the part of the draftsman.

If the work is to be carried on on a more extensive scale, as in the case of the amateur who proposes to de-



STANDARD LAUNCH, U. S. NAVY, 40FT.



STANDARD LAUNCH, U. S. NAVY, SAIL PLAN.

vote serious attention to it, or of the builder who feels the need of working from detailed plans, it will be necessary to have a small room which can be specially fitted up. A drawing table 5 or 6 ft. long and 30 in. wide may be rigged on two trestles, as illustrated in previous chapters, taking care to have a good light, preferably from the north. Some provision must be made in a cabinet of shallow drawers or otherwise for storing the drawings flat; a rolled drawing is a nuisance only to be tolerated in case of necessity, and every drawing that has been rolled should be rerolled the reverse way and placed under pressure to restore its flat shape. Several drawing boards of various sizes, 12 by 17, 20 by 26 and larger, will be needed for sail plans and details, the sheets pinned on the boards and left there until completed. The designs proper will be made on the large table, preferably on paper not fastened by pins, but merely laid flat, as described in Part XVII., being taken from the drawer when needed and replaced after use. This relegates the T square to the background, except for the smaller plans, and calls for a true and reliable straightedge of wood or metal. The choice between the two, apart from the price, which is greatly in favor of the wood, is perhaps a matter of individual preference. A really accurate steel straightedge is a valuable tool, but on the side of the wood it may be said that it may be kept true or refaced if necessary, and it is much lighter and more convenient to handle, using a couple of lead weights to hold it in place.

The stock of paper will be increased by the addition of a roll of good white paper, 48, 58 or 62 in. wide, a similar roll of the better grade of detail paper, and possibly one of cheap rough detail paper for templates and large sketches. The sheet paper is, as a rule, less economical than the roll; the latter may be cut into as large sheets as can be placed under pressure in a large drawer, being cut up as wanted. If left in the roll it must be well pasted or pinned to the board before it will lie flat. A roll of tracing cloth will be needed and possibly one of tracing paper, though the fragile nature of the latter makes it desirable to use cloth for most work.

A plant for blue printing, even if of modest size, will be very useful, unless some blue printing establishment is near at hand.

The outfit of battens must be much increased, including a variety of lengths and shapes, and an ample supply of weights will be needed. The paper scales must be replaced or supplemented—for they are always useful in a way—by a collection of standard scales, preferably of wood faced with a white substance now used for this purpose. The number of scales will depend upon the amount and importance of the work; a good deal of time may be saved by having a flat scale with just the right divisions on the different edges. The stock of set curves, straightedges, triangles and similar tools will grow as necessity indicates. The outfit of dividers, compasses and similar tools should be large enough to allow of the use of exactly the right tool for any particular purpose, thus saving time. As a rule combination tools are to be

avoided, a suitable collection of special tools which may be used without change or readjustment saving valuable time.

The number of pens can hardly be too great, as it is very desirable to have the right size of pen for the special work in hand and yet be able to change it for another if it refuses to work. A stick of the best india ink, with a suitable rubbing slab, will replace the prepared black ink, the liquid blues, reds and other colors being retained.

The Quincy Cup Challengers.

A most interesting trio of 21-footers are the challengers for the Quincy cup, for they represent wide differences in design and promise to keep every one guessing until actual trials of speed shall show their respective merits. One of the trio is a high-powered centerboard while another is of comparatively low power, and the third is a semi-fin, or a combination of the plate fin and centerboard types. All are allied to the "scow" type in model, and one is an extreme in this direction, while each has special features in its design not common to the others.

The high-powered centerboard is C. D. Mower's Heiress. She is of his own design, and build, and in model and construction may be described as an improved Duchess, last year's champion Y. R. A. 18-footer. She is 38 ft. 6 in. over all, 10 ft. 6 in. extreme beam, and less than 1 ft. draft, and is to carry close to 1,000 sq. ft. of sail. In model she is more on the "scow" type than Duchess, although not the extreme in this direction, and shows full waterlines, a flat floor, an easy bilge and a flaring side. She is of light construction, and her outer skin is of canvas, as in Duchess. She is nearly completed, so far as her hull is concerned.

In sharp contrast to the Heiress is the boat which John R. Purdon is designing for Walter Abbott, to back up the latter's challenge through the Hull-Massachusetts Y. C. She is of the extreme "scow" type, with square ends, a flat floor, hard bilge and very full waterlines. She will be 36 ft. over all, 8 ft. beam and 9 in. draft. Instead of flaring sides she will have them "tumble home" to such an extent as to round into the deck without an angle. The idea of this is to save weight and the dragging of the rail through the water when heeled. She is to have about 850 sq. ft. of sail. Purdon is busy on the design and Fenton, of Manchester, will build her.

The boat with which W. E. C. Eustis will back the Beverly Y. C. challenge is an enlarged Capelin in model, with the improved "scow" bow, which Mr. Eustis has tried successfully on that boat and on his 33-footer, Cero. The new boat will not be centerboard, like Capelin, but a semi-fin like Cero, with a short fin through which a dagger centerboard can be thrust. She will be about 39 ft. over all, 10 ft. 6 in. beam and 3 ft. draft. She will show a marked "tumble home" to her topsides, and it is understood that in her construction, as well as in that of the Abbott boat, the frames and deck beams will be practically in one curved piece. She is expected to carry

about 1,000 sq. ft. of sail. Howland, of Monument Beach, is building her.

It is too early to estimate the chances of the boats as against each other, but the Eustis boat should certainly be a powerful sail-carrier, while the Mower boat shows fine light-weather qualities.—Boston Globe.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications.

N. C. L., Salem, Mass.—Kingfisher's mosquito preventive is this: One-half pint tar, half-pint lard (or vaseline is better), half-ounce pennyroyal, three drops creosote; mix with heat and can or bottle for use. Nessmuk's recipe is: Three ounces pine tar, two ounces castor oil, one ounce pennyroyal oil; simmer together over a slow fire and bottle for use.

M. S., Illinois.—What is the latest work on angling, and name of publisher. What line capacity of reel would you recommend for bait fishing for black bass, and reel, multiplier or quadruple multiplying? Is it unlawful for a non-resident crossing a State having non-resident game laws, to kill game for his own use? 1. "Fly-fishing and Fly-making for Trout," by Keene. Forest and Stream Publishing Co.; price, \$1.50. 2. Capacity of 100 yds., 12 or 18-thread. 3. Yes.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

On to Washington Under Personal Escort.

The fourth of the present series of Pennsylvania Railroad three-day personally conducted tours to Washington, D. C., will leave Tuesday, March 28. The rate, \$14.50 from New York, \$11.50 from Philadelphia, and proportionate rates from other points, include all necessary expenses during the entire trip—transportation, hotel accommodations, and Capitol guide fees. An experienced chaperon will also accompany the party.

For itineraries, tickets and full information, apply to ticket agents: Tourist Agent, 1196 Broadway, New York; 789 Broad street, Newark, N. J.; or address Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.—Adv.

The interesting announcement is made by the Pennsylvania Railroad Co., of a personally conducted Easter vacation tour to Washington, which will start on Tuesday, March 28, and will last three days. The entire necessary expenses of this trip are to be only \$14.50, which is not very much more than the mere fare to Washington and return.

To those who are familiar with Washington in the early spring this excursion will appeal with much force. While the people of the North are shivering in heavy overcoats and declaiming against March weather, those in Washington are going about in an atmosphere of May. Spring birds are singing and spring flowers blooming in the parks, trees are thrusting out their leaf buds, and the grass is growing green.

Nothing need be said of the attractions of Washington as a city, nor of the interest which attaches to its legislative and executive buildings. These are two well known. We may remind the Forest and Stream readers, however, of the National Zoological Park, where are to be seen in captivity many species of North American game, which one would be obliged to travel far to see in their native haunts. Besides this, there is the National Museum, crowded with objects of art and of natural history, which one might study for years without learning all about them, and the recently completed national library, which deserves at least a day.

Applications for information with regard to this tour should be made to Tourist Agent, 1196 Broadway, New York, or to any ticket agent. J. B. Hutchinson, General Manager; J. R. Wood, General Passenger Agent; Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent.—Adv.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO.

TERMS, \$4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. }
SIX MONTHS, \$2. }

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1899.

VOI. LII.—No. 13.
No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, \$4 per year, \$2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iv.

THE WHITE FLAG.

The white flag shown in our illustration supplement to-day is one dear to the heart of many a sportsman, and the picture, as it travels here, there and everywhere over this land, will call up ten thousand memories of days afield. Some of these were successful and some unlucky; some were dreams of delight unmarred by any mishap, others were days of discomfort and misery. All of them, however, as seen through the rosy mists of the years are cheery and delightful in contemplation.

How many men, while working their slow way through the forest or the undergrowth have been startled by the defiant waving of this white flag, have seen the beaver bound high in air and come down with a force that it seemed would break his slender legs, have heard the soul stirring thump, thump of his swift feet; and then after a fruitless shot have carefully followed along the track in search of evidence that the shot had told.

We all know it well—the pursuit of the deer; whether moccasin shod we follow him over the soft newly fallen snow through the silent forest, or stand on a runway near the edge of some southern swamp, listening for the faint distant trumpeting of the deep voiced hounds, or on thoroughbred Kentucky or Virginia hunter follow those hounds over hill and dale and through forest and meadow.

There are probably only one or two States in the Union, where deer belonging to the Virginia, or white tail, form are not found; and its wide range and great abundance have made this species regarded as the deer to the exclusion of all others. Wherever we find it east of the Mississippi, it is the deer—the only one—even though moose and caribou roam the same forests that it inhabits. It seems almost impossible to exterminate it and if given a chance, the stock will always tend to re-establish itself even in districts where its numbers have grown very small. The constant pursuit to which the deer has been subjected has taught it many things, and to-day it is the most cunning abundant game animal of this Continent, and the most difficult to circumvent by legitimate means. Many a still-hunter, we imagine, has followed the track of a deer for hour after hour, often crossing his own trail and feeling sure that frequently the deer had him under its eye and was protecting itself by leisurely following the hunter about. This wisdom of the game, of which examples are so often seen and the strong attachment it feels for localities, make it a difficult matter to drive the deer from a home which it has chosen. Men may hunt it and dogs may chase it, and it will make a long round, but, after the pursuit is over, it comes strolling back in a leisurely way to its chosen home.

Naturalists have named several subspecies or geographical races which belong to the Virginia deer group. As a rule, the deer of the North differ markedly in size, and to some extent in coloring, from those in the South. The deer of Canada and Maine are much larger than those of North Carolina and Florida. The big deer of the upper Missouri are giants when compared with the little fellows of Arizona and Mexico, and the non-scientific person who should compare specimens from the North with those from the South might easily enough imagine that these differences were greater than they really are.

The habits of the deer have been more fully written of than those of any North American wild animal except perhaps the bear. Yet of all that has been written, there is little that is of any practical value to the young hunter who is starting out on his first deer hunt. For in deer hunting, more than in almost any pursuit, experience is the only teacher whose instructions are actually useful, and unless a practiced companion or a special providence takes the novice under protection he is not likely to kill a deer by any legitimate means during the first season of his hunting. And yet—as the exception to prove the rule—the hunter on his first hunt sometimes brings veni-

son into camp when the veterans are baffled and unsuccessful. There is adorning a home in this city a handsome deer head from Maine, concerning which, should you ask, your hostess would say, "Yes, we were out of meat in camp; and they told me I could take the gun to get some meat; they thought I could be trusted with it, and, of course, it was all a joke—as they saw it. I hadn't ever had a gun in my hands before; but I took it and went into the woods. And the first thing I saw was a deer; and the first thing I did was to shoot at it; and that's the head; don't you think it's a pretty one?"

THE WYOMING GUIDE LICENSE SYSTEM.

The State of Wyoming has taken a giant stride in the direction of efficient game protection by adopting legislation which is based upon the Maine system of licensed guides. The scheme is one which goes to the foundation principle of the State's ownership in its game as a valuable resource, the use of which must be controlled and restricted in such a way as to provide for preservation within reasonable limits. The new statute says in effect that the elk and the deer and the mountain sheep of Wyoming belong to the State, and the State will permit them to be taken by individual citizen or by visitor on certain conditions carefully laid down in the law.

The most interesting feature of the new law is the establishment of the guide license system. No person may engage in the business of guiding without first having procured from the justice of the peace a guide's certificate, which certificate shall state the name, age and residence of the holder, and shall recite that he is a person of good moral character. Every licensed guide becomes by virtue of his occupation an assistant game warden, and must file his oath of office as such when he receives his certificate; he is held equally responsible with his party for any violation of the game law, and if he fails to report the offense himself, is liable to the penalty and to forfeiture of his license for a period of five years. A guide is defined as any person who shall, for pay, aid or assist any person or party in locating, pursuing, hunting and killing any game. It is unlawful for a non-resident to kill game unless accompanied by a licensed guide; and at the end of every hunting trip the guide must report to the justice by whom his license was granted the number of days he has been employed, the numbers of persons guided and the game killed. The license fee is ten dollars per annum. In keeping with the principle that in the end the consumer pays the tax, this money will come out of the pocket of the non-resident sportsman; for the guide will recoup himself out of his employer.

If the manifest intention of the framers of the Wyoming law had been embodied in the text as enacted, the non-resident would have been obliged also to pay a hunting license fee of forty dollars. The phraseology of the statute is such, however, that the provisions relative to a license are permissive in character, and not prohibitory nor obligatory. The clauses bearing on this point read: "Any person who is a bona-fide citizen of the State of Wyoming shall, upon payment of one dollar to any justice of the peace of the county in which he resides, be entitled to receive a gun license, which shall permit such person to pursue, hunt and kill any of the game animals mentioned in the section." etc. But the statute does not say that a citizen must procure a license to kill game; nor that he may not kill game without a license. In like manner the provision as to non-residents reads: "Any person who is not a resident of the State of Wyoming shall, upon the payment to any justice of the peace of the State, of the sum of forty dollars, be entitled to receive from such justice of the peace a license; which license shall permit such person to pursue, hunt and kill any of the animals mentioned in this section, during the time allowed therefor of the current year." There is no specific obligation to buy a license, nor any prohibition of hunting without one. Nowhere in the entire text of the statute, is the procurement of a hunting license made obligatory on resident or non-resident.

The water killing of deer is a method of hunting which certain interests in Ontario are striving to have legalized. It is a mode which is almost universally prohibited in this country, and law against it should be restored in the Province.

SNAP SHOTS.

A common method of fish stocking in the West consists in rescuing the fish from places in which the receding of the water threatens their destruction, and transferring them to other bodies of water which are of permanent supply. In Utah the value of these enterprises is so well appreciated that it is made by law the duty of county fish wardens "to take or cause to be taken in the best practical manner any imported fish, mountain trout, bass or herring, found in pools or other places in which receding waters of the rivers, streams, canals or other waterways have left them, and which are likely to become dry, and to carefully put the live fish thus taken into main bodies of water, and to make the best disposition of the dead fish in the interest of the county treasury."

One of the first American victims, if not the first, of the American-Spanish war, was a marine killed by the accidental discharge of a revolver in the hands of a comrade. In a New York street last Monday a returned volunteer was explaining to a policeman the manipulation of his Krag-Jorgensen rifle, when the weapon was accidentally fired, and the bullet wounded three men across the street. What can be expected of the green-horn sportsmen, when professionals drilled in the use of arms perpetrate such acts as these?

Mr. Mariner A. Wilder of Warwick, New York, who died on March 9, at the age of eighty-five years, was a notable example of the substantial and successful men of affairs who find their best recreation in field sports. Mr. Wilder was for years known as the largest shipper of southern pine in the United States; his business connections extended to all parts of the globe; and yet for a half-century, from young manhood to the age of seventy-four at least, as Mr. Charles Hallock tells us, he never missed his annual moose hunt in the Canadian wilds. The health and vigor he found in these wilderness outings are aptly demonstrated by an incident Mr. Hallock recalls when Mr. Wilder, at the age of sixty-four, packed his bark canoe over the portages in the Muskoka country. Mr. Wilder had been a reader of FOREST AND STREAM from the first number.

We present to-day Mr. Chittenden's series of photographs of a Maine moose which were awarded the first prize in the FOREST AND STREAM's Amateur photography competition. Mr. Chittenden has supplemented the pictures with an account of the circumstances under which they were secured. How suggestive of new days and new ways is that point in the narrative where it is written, "We dropped our paddles and seized our cameras." Not many years ago the story of a Maine moose hunt, even in summer, would probably have read, "We dropped our paddles and seized our guns."

The new Maine game law might be termed a measure for the relief of burdened consciences; for assuredly under its provisions the summer visitor who shall lawfully kill his game this year will eat the meat thereof without those qualms which have impaired his appetite for the venison illicitly brought into camp under previous conditions. The new rule is that upon payment of six dollars if a non-resident, or four dollars if a citizen, an individual may kill one deer for food purposes in September. Just what the effect of the system will be as to the actual number of deer killed is, of course, a matter of speculation, and cannot be otherwise, since while the deer which henceforth may be killed will be reported by the guides and enumerated, no one can ever know how many have been killed unlawfully in past seasons. We may reasonably assume, however, that the number will be largely increased. The Maine Commissioners have thoroughly considered the situation and hold the belief that the stock can stand the drain upon it, and that the interests of protection will be served by the plan.

"Skipper, the master of a fishing or small trading vessel, hence, the master, or captain of any vessel." "Skipper, one who, or that which, skips." These definitions are from Webster. For an example in point, see the item of marine intelligence sent by our correspondent Special.

We regret to record the death of Mr. J. George Stacey, of Geneva, N. Y., one of the older sportsmen of the State, well known to a large circle of friends and by them sincerely mourned. Mr. Stacey passed away on March 19.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Highways and Byways.—V.

THE fishing season had long been past, chickens and grouse had left the open for dense thickets and upland pines. Even the October glamor of the duck season had worn away. Little by little the snows crept down the mountain sides until the mantle of white was within 500ft. of the valley. Little by little the ice by the margin of the lake grew thicker, and the steam that arose from the warm springs and hung over streams fed by artesian wells assumed the cloudlike appearance indicative of early winter. A long, dry, dreary autumn for the farmland; only along the slopes of the Wasatch the clouds lowered, left their fleece-like burden and then melted away in the heavens where they were born!

At length there came a change. The winds tossed the dried leaves hither and thither, moaned by day and shrieked by night, through naked branches and around fireless hearths. The sky was overcast, and the chore boy cut an extra supply of maple and aspen. Down from the far North on the wings of the storm came the ducks and the geese—the reserve corps of that mighty migratory host that had been hurrying in squads, in regiments, in brigades, for six weeks toward the flower-land of Mexico. Somehow the weather just suited my frame of mind, and when George H. dropped in to say:

"See, here, old man, you've simply got to get away from yourself and your surroundings," I knew that he wanted me to go after ducks. I looked at the gun that I had left uncleaned in its case for seven long weeks. I almost dreaded to take it in my hands, and yet—So I simply asked him what was up, and found that he had made all arrangements for one of our oldtime outings.

George and I, armed and equipped for anything that might come in our way left Provo on the 6:20 train that evening bound for the South. The feeding grounds of our erstwhile pleasure resort (Utah Lake) have been so destroyed by carp that there is not one duck now where there were 100 five years ago. Hence we were seeking pastures new. A ride of twenty-four miles brought us to the little village of Santaquin, where we were soon in converse with the local sports. There were tales galore of deer and chickens, but as for ducks, no one could speak authoritatively, although the spot where we intended going was only eight miles away. However, the two young men who had arranged for our team on the morrow and who were to accompany us, assured us that if we did not find ducks we could get plenty of jack rabbits.

Off goes the alarm! It is 5 o'clock, but dark as midnight; cloudy, cold and promising a good day for ducks. An hour later we have had breakfast and five of us—George H. and I, Goff and Reese, with Peter, the charioteer, climb into the farm wagon and drive off through the darkness. Long before we had reached the summit of the divide between Utah and Juab counties my partner and I decided that we had better give the slip to the rest of the party before commencing active operations for the day. Not but what they were good fellows and all that, but they would point their guns about in a most careless way, carry them loaded when it was dark as Erebus, and we were not accustomed to that kind of a crowd.

Just as dawn flushed into daylight we rattled down the slope toward the south. Before us lay the reservoir of the Mt. Nebo Canal and Irrigation Co., looking like a natural lake. This body of water is four miles long by one-half mile wide, and as it is comparatively shallow and its inlet contains the best of feed it is just the place for ducks and geese. As we drew up and uncoupled the horses we arranged the details for the day's sport. Geo. H. and I were to pre-empt the east side of the lake, while the others were to hunt the west side to their hearts' content. My partner found a sand spit, where he could build a blind, and I went on to the summit of the next ridge, and suddenly stopped. Before me and less than one-fourth of a mile away was a tremendous flock of geese. The intervening stretch was flat and open, so I lay down and watched the sun break through the clouds over the summit of Nebo—only five miles away and nearly 8,000ft. higher than the level of the reservoir. By and by the geese that had been standing like statues grew uneasy. They seemed to be holding a council. Then they arose simultaneously. I expected to see them rise high in air and soar away in regulation phalanx.

But no; they merely circled directly behind me and went down in the stubble, and at no greater distance than they had been before. Of course I tried the sneak act, with the usual result when one is after the wary goose. I tried to get them at a distance of 125 paces, the nearest that I could crawl under cover. If feathers fell I do not know it. George had also been crawling, and we arose together.

Then we went back to the reservoir, and coming to it at a little bluff, a flock of teal arose almost under our feet. We gave them both barrels. Three fell dead, and a couple of cripples escaped. George set these up for decoys, and lay flat on his back, covering his boots with moss. A few hours later he did some excellent work in this position. I went to where the geese had first been, made a blind of sagebrush with a moss bed, and esconced myself to await developments. Alas! there was no breeze; the threatened storm had melted away, and the ducks were enjoying themselves in the middle of the pond. Eight o'clock came, 9 and 10 had past. I had not had a shot. Presently the wind began to rise; a fog-like mass crept up from the southwest. Then came a gale, and there were snowflakes in the air. How those ducks came in and circled. I had scarcely time to set up the decoys. George, too, was exceedingly busy. At 1 o'clock I had to go back to the wagon for more shells. In passing my partner, I observed that he had a large pile of teal and one goose. My ducks were all grey ducks and redheads.

At the wagon I found the three boys around a sagebrush fire, getting dinner. They had secured two ducks

to our thirty-seven. They were going to devote the afternoon to jack rabbits. It was needless to urge me to remain for lunch, I had more important business elsewhere. In the afternoon George took my station and I chose a new spot, where there was fine feed. After putting out seventeen decoys, I sat with my feet in a ditch, and a single scanty sagebrush for a blind. The sport here was just as good as at the other places, but unfortunately all the other gunners about the lake became envious of our luck, and soon we had more shooters about us than ducks. Twenty-two was our afternoon bag. We were satisfied. At 4 o'clock we cried "enough," and in the gloaming, just as the snow commenced to predicate the first sleighing of the season, we drove back to Santaquin. When we reached Provo at 9 o'clock the next morning and felt sufficiently elated to take a hack at the station and pile the ducks up around "cabby" we were the observed of all observers.

The new Utah game law makes one very important change. Heretofore the open season on ducks has extended until Feb. 15, with no spring shooting. Now it closes Dec. 15, but the month of March is open. The reasons are obvious. Ducks that winter here breed here. Migrants do not breed here, and we have been preserving them solely for the sportsmen of Idaho and Montana.

The law passed Feb. 28. At 5 o'clock P. M., March 10, the Governor signed it. At 5 o'clock the next morning my alarm went off. I did not want to exhibit unprofessional zeal by starting out the evening before. In the chill of the dawn I was joined by Leo and Lester, and a five-mile walk brought us to Spring Creek, bordering on the preserve of the Salt Lake Sportsmen's Club. Sprigtails and teal were very much in evidence. They frequented the large and more open pools, while the larger birds were found solitary or in pairs in the small sloughs and ditches. We had a royal day's sport. The breath of spring was as exhilarating as the sport itself. From the rushes came the mingled croak of frogs, carol of blackbirds and querulous voice of the omnipresent muskrat, while from the distant meadows came the spring song of robin and lark. In the clear waters of the brooks we could see great trout working upward, and here and there the disturbed gravel showed that spawning had already commenced. Under the spring starlight we went home in Leo's buggy, which had come to bring back the trophies, and now I think the gun can rest until next summer's trip.

SHOSHONE.

Provo, Utah, March 16.

Just About a Boy.—XIX.

"Nothin' can't be much nicer 'n that, can it?" asked the boy as he stood looking up at the mist-hung peak of Inyan Kara Mountain.

The first rays of the rising sun were penciling the fleecy clouds with gold and crimson, while the lower bulk of the great hill was still a mass of indigo blue and a blended pile of rocks and timber reaching up to the sharply delineated crest.

"Say; I reckon ut a feller livin' down 'n th' flat country 'long th' river doanno what he's missin' tull he sees this kind o' sights, does he? Gee! don't seem s'ough juss light 'n' air'd do that, but I reckon that's all they is to it—ceptin' th' rocks 'n' timber 'n' things.

"Looks purtier 'n any picture 't ever I see—them kind ut fellers 'n' girls paints to hang on th' wall, yer know—on'y th' girls mostly allus seems to paint flowers 'stid o' mountains 'n' things; ut is, things like that. Reckon that haint th' girls' fault, though, 'cos they mostly stay where they's people 'n' don't come galevantin' round 'mongst th' mountains wher th' snakes 'n' bugs 'n' critters is; reckon they'd git th' life 'bout skeart out of 'em ahuner times a day if they did; so they natchelly just have to paint flowers.

"Course th' flowers ut they paint don't look much like reel flowers, but then th' girls is satisfied, I guess, so what's th' odds?"

"Well, young man, you'd better stop moralizing and get your pack sack on if we are to climb that hill and get back to camp to-day," I said, as I threw my traveling pack over my shoulders.

"Aw right, I'm with yeh," he replied, slinging the straps up over his sturdy arms and giving the pack a shake to settle it into position.

"Go ahead, 'n' I'll keep yer moc'sins a-movin'." Then we slowly conquered the pitching trail that led ever upward over steep slopes covered with smooth pine needles, where a misstep would have sent us crashing down into the gulch—on up over great masses of tumbled rocks that had ridden some snowslide half way down the mountain in former days and over all the little narrow ledges, where we must needs face the cliff and cling with our finger tips and moccasined toes and not look down into the dim gulch, with its mass of seemingly needle-pointed pines, pointing upward, so far below.

Past the sunny, moss-covered rocks, where the yellow violets grew in the crevices and the quaint, waxy mountain flowers sidle up against the boulders for protection from the winds that forever moan across the high places of the earth.

Then at last we came to the great cliff where the south side of the big mountain is broken sheer off and is only a smooth wall of rock 4,000ft. high.

Flat down on our stomachs, with the packs and guns left behind, we crept right to the edge and enjoyed the prospect that flattened away below like a play world in a sand heap.

"Gee!" said the boy; "this makes a feller feel creepy 'n' sort o' funny all over, like he's goin' to juss tumble head-fo'most away down there ont' them rocks 'n' trees 'n' things, don't it? Looky there! There's a big bird, a neagle, ain't it, sailin' 'long, 'way down there, 'bout half way to th' ground! Gee! don't it look funny to see a bird a-flyin' 'long 'n' us a lookin' at his back 'stid o' his breas'? That's th' first time I ever se anything like that."

"Lay still," I answered, "I'm going to roll a big rock or two over the cliff—you watch them and see what happens when they strike the ground."

Then I scrambled back up and started a big boulder to rolling out and over the cliff edge—then another.

Both slipped over the edge and no sound came back as they plunged downward into space.

"Gee! they're a long time fallin'" said the youngster. "There's th' first one—'n' there's th' other! Gee! They're knockin' trees down like pipestems—juss jumpin' 'n' rollin' like er couple o' cannon balls! Gee! but they're smashin'—there! one of 'em's busted all smash agin' 'nother big rock 'n' they's a sort o' smoky lookin' place, 'n th' air like ye'd fired a gun."

All this was a strange, new experience for the boy, and I smiled as I thought how I had long ago enjoyed the same "creepy" feeling that the boy described and watched big rocks crash down among the pines in the Uintah range, far beyond the Western horizon from our present perch on Kara's side.

"Come on, lad," I said; "we can't lose much time if we make the peak and back to camp before night. The trail from here on is smooth and easy, but it is long, so if you want to look at the rest of the world to-day we must be going."

Presently we were traveling the "hogback," where the trail was all the flat ground there was, and on both sides the mountain fell, steep and tree-covered, away to the lower world.

Above us were the junipers clinging downward from the great mass of creviced rocks that formed the peak.

The boy had a volume of comment and questions for me to listen to as we pulled ourselves up over these last obstructions and then stood on the top of the world, panting for breath but safe and glad that we were there.

When our pulses were normal and we breathed naturally again, the boy began:

"What's that sort o' a cloud 'way off over there?"

"Mountains. Probably some of the main chain of the Rockies; perhaps one of the high peaks in northern Colorado. This range over here to the northwest is the Bighorn chain away west of Powder River, where Custer was killed.

"That queer pile to the north there is Devil's Tower, just a strange freak of nature that has forced that pile of basalt up into the air and left it. Inyan Kara is formed of the same kind of rock. This little mountain all alone here to the north is Sundance Mountain, where the Sioux Indians hold their sun dances. These to the east and northeast are the Black Hills, each little chain having a name of its own. The nearest range is called Black Buttes; that's the Bearlodge Range just north of Sundance, and that one away off to the east, the one that only shows its top, is Custer's Peak."

"Gee, but they's lots of 'em ain't they," said the boy. "Say, I'm hungry, less eat."

His last remark brought a hearty laugh from me, and the old mountain top rung with more hilarity perhaps than had broken the silence of the upper regions of the world for many days. It struck me as a laughable thing when the boy abruptly mixed the grandeur of the view with the very material and commonplace idea of hunger. At any rate the lunch was produced, and the youngster did ample justice to the cold venison and hard biscuits that we had carried all the way up in our pack sacks.

"Gee, I'm thirsty 's a fish," was his next remark. "Where'll a feller git a drink?"

"Well, I guess we are a good way above the nearest running water. You didn't think that you'd go so high that there'd be no place for the water to run down from, did you, when you left camp?"

The boy looked blank.

"I never thought o' that," he said.

"No, I know you didn't; what are you going to do about it?"

"Go 'thout, I reckon," he answered.

"Well, you see you won't have to this time, my boy, because a good fairy told me there was no water up here, and I just put a canteen full into my pack for fear we might need it."

"Gee, but that's good fere sure," he answered with a grin, as he passed the canteen back after he had absorbed one-third of its contents.

"Now," I said, "let me tell you a few things that may be useful to you some time. Always remember that the peak of a mountain, unless it is a snow mountain or unless it is early in the season, is just about the driest place you can find on the face of the earth, and don't go up for any length of time unless you carry at least some water with you. Next, never drink very much at once up here, because it makes you unsteady on your feet if you climb in any of the bad places you are more than apt to find along the trail. Don't eat much for the same reason. You can get along very well on a mouthful or two of water at once, and just enough to eat to keep from feeling hungry is far better than a full meal in this high country. Then, you can travel better, are steadier and surer footed. Wait until you get lower down to eat or drink much and you will get along all right."

"Reckon I won't forget that—not after this here lesson sure," said the boy. He was a regular sponge when it came to just simply soaking up lore of the wilderness, and I knew would need no second prompting.

"You see where the sun is, don't you?" I asked, after we had sojourned for some time in the upper country. "We had better be going if we are to get back to camp. This is not a pleasant place to be after the sun gets down, for it gets pretty cold and does it very quickly, so let's go."

"Here—not that way—we'll go down the cliff. That is why I brought the ropes. Give me yours and we will knot them together in the loop ends, then we can double them around a tree trunk or pointed rock and slide down some pretty steep ground with safety."

The boy looked on while I explained this method of mountain travel, and then we started down the almost straight northern side of the great hill, rather than to take the time to retrace our steps over the long trail that wound up from below, and followed the great ridge of rock, which winds half-way around the peak just like the thread of a screw and gives the mountain its name.

"Ropeing" is a fast way of traveling down hill, and in an hour we had slid, clinging like flies, from the peak downward until we stood among the nervous, quaking aspen trees that grew in the bowl-like head of a little cañon. Down this cleft we traveled easily, and came out into the little glade where the grass grew and our transient home had been left early in the morning.

"Gee, it don't look like it was a day's travel to go up

there 'n' back, does it?" asked the boy, as we watched the blinking stars come out one by one and hang glittering in the blue-black dome of old Inyan Kara, the pile that had been named by the Sioux in the name of "a mountain within a mountain."
EL. COMANCHO.

Hunting Moose with the Camera.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As the season for hunting moose in Maine has been cut down to such a short one of late years very few people are able to go there in the hunting season. A good deal of fun, however, may be obtained, in trying to get some snap shot pictures of moose. This is not so very difficult in July and August, for at this season of the year the moose are very tame, for they do not hear the reports of rifles, nor see so many people as in October. This is the season when they like to wade out into the lake, to eat the pond lily leaves, which lie on the surface of the water. When they are occupied in this fashion a person can frequently paddle up between the moose and the shore, and drive it into the lake, where it is comparatively easy to take several good snap shots.

We had been encamped for several days on Eagle Lake, a small sheet of water in the northern part of Maine, but owing to the unpleasant weather we had seen but a few deer. At last, however, a sunny day came, and early in the morning my friend and I, with the two guides, jumped into our canoes and set off in search of something to photograph. We paddled down the lake about two miles and saw no signs of any game. Just as we reached the lake's outlet, however, we happened to turn around, and there, about half a mile from us on the opposite side of the lake was a cow moose. She had her back turned to us, and as a stiff breeze was blowing from her direction the guides thought that we ought to get pretty close, before being discovered.

We all began to paddle hard, but when we had approached within about 100 yds., my friend and I put down our paddles and took up our cameras.

The guides meanwhile paddled the canoes slowly forward until within a few yards of the moose, when she suddenly turned toward us; but it was too late, for we were already between her and the mainland. Without any hesitation she hurried off into the water. A long sand bar stretches out into the lake at this point for half a mile, and as a moose cannot travel very fast in water up to its haunches, we soon caught up to her. After fifteen minutes of chasing and picture-taking the poor animal became so tired that we let her go ashore, where she soon disappeared in the bushes, and was lost to our view. The pictures will give a clear idea of the different positions of the moose, as the canoe gradually approached her.

S. B. CHITTENDEN, JR.

Natural History.

Butler's Birds of Indiana.

MR. AMOS W. BUTLER'S Birds of Indiana, while published as a part of the report of the State of Indiana for 1897, is really much more than it purports to be. The author calls it "a descriptive catalogue of the birds that have been observed within the State, with an account of their habits." As a matter of fact it is an ornithology of Indiana, covering 321 species, to which is added a hypothetical list of 81 species, most of which may reasonably be expected to occur within the State, because they have been taken in neighboring States or because their known range seems to include Indiana. There are some species, however, in this hypothetical list, which having been found in neighboring States only as accidental stragglers, are hardly to be considered as possible Indiana birds.

The present work is an enlargement of Mr. Butler's "Catalogue of the Birds of Indiana," published in 1890, brought down to date by the insertion of additions made since his previous work was published and also expanded by considerable new material bearing on the habits of Indiana birds. Descriptions of the species are given, as well as a number of artificial keys taken from Mr. Ridgway's "Manual of North American Birds," and also from Jordan's "Manual of Vertebrates" and Coues' "Key to North American Birds." In fact, Mr. Butler has reached out in all directions, to gather material which should make a present catalogue as complete as possible, and besides the literature consulted, he gives a long list of zoologists whose individual assistance he acknowledges.

The author's experience with the birds of Indiana has extended over many years, and his familiarity with its avifauna is great. He is therefore well qualified to write about the birds of the State a volume which shall be not only useful to the ornithologist, but interesting and valuable to the popular reader as well, who, in these days when the true relations of birds to agriculture are beginning to receive attention, is anxious to learn more and more about them.

Mr. Butler's introduction treats of the physiographic characteristics of his State, and deals also with certain general conditions which influence the movements and the abundance of birds. He follows his introduction by several pages of bibliography of Indiana ornithology, and then come his keys to orders and families. Keys to the genera are found under the family titles, and those of the species under the generic titles. Then follows the name of the species, its description, range, nesting habits, and more or less material concerning its ways of life, with especial reference to its sojourn in the author's State. The volume is illustrated by many cuts, of which the greater number are taken from the various publications of the Department of Agriculture through the kindness of Dr. Merriam, while others are from Coues' "Key to North American Birds."

Throughout the volume Mr. Butler keeps always clearly in mind, and before the reader, the usefulness of most of our birds to the farmer, and urges their proper protection. His work is extremely interesting and cannot fail to be useful.

New York Audubon Society.

SEVERAL women among those who attended the annual meeting of the Audubon Society of this State in the lecture hall of the American Museum of Natural History yesterday morning wore birds' wings and feathers on their hats, although sentiments condemning the destruction of birds were applauded with marked unanimity.

In the absence of the President, Morris K. Jesup, Mr. Chapman presided, and made a brief statement, based on the society's records for the past year. The treasurer's statement showed a balance on hand of \$111. Mr. Chapman said that the work of the society was dependent largely on voluntary contributions of money, and he made an appeal for such contributions.

The following letter from Gov. Roosevelt was read:

My Dear Mr. Chapman: I need hardly say how heartily I sympathize with the purpose of the Audubon Society. I would like to see all harmless wild things, but especially all birds, protected in every way. I do not understand how any man or woman who really loves nature can fail to try to exert all influence in support of such objects as those of the Audubon Society. Spring would not be spring without bird songs any more than it would be spring without buds and flowers, and I only wish that, besides protecting the songsters, the birds of the grove, the orchard, the garden, and the meadow, we could also protect the birds of the seashore and of the wilderness.

The loon ought to be, and under wise legislation could be a feature of every Adirondack lake; ospreys, as every one knows, can be made the tamest of the tame; the terns should be as plentiful along our shores as swallows around our barns. A tanager or a cardinal makes a point of glowing beauty in the green woods, and the cardinal among the white snows. When the bluebirds were so nearly destroyed by the severe winter a few seasons ago the loss was like the loss of an old friend, or, at least, like the burning down of a familiar and dearly beloved house. How immensely it would add to our forests if only the great logcock were still found among them.

The destruction of the wild pigeon and the Carolina parakeet has meant a loss as severe as if the Catskills or the Palisades were taken away. When I hear of the destruction of a species I feel just as if all the works of some great writer had perished; as if we had lost all instead of only a part of Polybius or Livy. Very truly yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

The Rev. Dr. Henry Van Dyke sent a letter, in which he said: "The sight of an aigrette fills me with a feeling of indignation and pity, and the skin of a dead song bird stuck on the hat of a tuneless woman makes me hate the barbarism which lingers in our so-called civilization."

Mme. Lilli Lehmann was introduced as "a distinguished and loyal friend of the birds." She from time to time smilingly appealed to the audience to supply the proper English word to express her obvious meaning, but no difficulty was experienced in following her discourse.

Mme. Lehmann said that every person could do something toward protecting the birds. They could teach themselves and their children what humanity meant, and how much of human interest and loveliness there was in bird life. To be of service in this cause men and women must feel a sympathy for the birds. Their whole hearts and souls must be in the work. A very important thing was for all persons and societies interested in the cause to unite and work together. In that way their efforts would be most effective. In Europe there were many societies for the protection of the birds, and they all worked in harmony. Any person could become a member of these societies upon the payment of a nominal sum, equivalent to 2 or 3 cents. Their main purpose was to enlist all kinds of people in the movement for the protection of birds.

"I am sorry to learn," said Mme. Lehmann, "that there are no places in Central Park expressly for the purpose of feeding birds. I have eight places in my gardens where the birds may come and be fed, and they get just what they like."

Mme. Lehmann had prepared the following "appeal to women," which she desired the officers of the society to circulate as widely as possible: "I beg all women and girls not to wear birds or birds' feathers on their hats any more. Every year 25,000,000 of useful birds are slaughtered by this terrible folly. The farmers are already suffering from it, and women enjoy wearing feathers like savages. Flowers and ribbons are a thousand times more beautiful and more becoming. It is the duty of every woman and man to battle against this gruesome folly. For years my hats have had no feathers."

Prof. Albert S. Bickmore, curator of the Department of Public Instruction, exhibited a series of stereoscopic pictures of birds, such as are furnished by him to the normal schools in this State. During his address Mr. Chapman interjected a statement that the widespread use of the quills of the brown pelican for hat trimmings was fast bringing about the extinction of that species.

Morris K. Jesup was re-elected president, and nearly all of the other officers of the society were also re-elected unanimously.—New York Times, March 24.

Migration Routes.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Many writers and observers of birds have commented on the spring and fall routes of migration. It is stated on various and apparently indisputable authority that birds go north along the coast in the spring and south by inland routes. Is it true that the inland route is taken because the birds dread fast wind storms from the North and West, which would drive them over the ocean and to destruction?

Incidentally the introduction of migratory European species to Eastern parts of the United States seems to be a foolish proceeding, considering that the birds, seeking a winter residence, find themselves over the trackless and merciless ocean the day after the first long night journey. Have European birds been taken to the Mississippi Valley and freed?

It seems to be a fact that birds of a species arrive in Central Park, Manhattan, anywhere from a week to a month earlier than in Prospect Park.

RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

The Loon's Flight.

PROCTOR KNOTT, Minn.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have noticed what two of your correspondents say in regard to the flight of the loon. My observations not only agree with Mr. Sawyer's, but carry me a step further, and have led me to believe that a loon cannot rise from the water unless aided by a pretty good breeze used as a head wind.

I have shot at loons a great many times on the lakes of northern Wisconsin, and on Lake Superior, and have never known them to attempt to escape from danger unless there was a wind of which they could take advantage in their attempts to rise. I remember once, in company with my brother, trying to secure a loon as a specimen for mounting. The bird was in a lake about three-fourths of a mile long and about 200 yds. wide in its narrowest part. My brother was secreted at one end of the lake, and I in a canoe kept the bird in motion, trying to get it within range of my brother's gun, and giving it a shot whenever a chance offered. Although harried for two or three hours, it never once attempted to rise from the water. There was a slight breeze, if I mistake not, but not enough to be of any use in the loon's attempt to escape by flight. During the chase the loon swam a distance of 200 yds. or more under water, repeatedly, without appearing above the surface. Lake Superior fishermen tell me they have caught them in their nets at great depths.

Among those with whom I have talked on the subject, it is believed that a loon cannot rise from the water without the aid of a wind blowing directly opposite to the line of flight.

I was interested in Mr. Bignell's statement. What a storehouse of knowledge of natural history one can get by a constant reading of FOREST AND STREAM.

J. W. G.

Cats, Too.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the collection of bear stories from the Sportsmen's Show, published in FOREST AND STREAM of this week, I notice a curious misprint.

Speaking of McKenney's bears, the article says—the scene of the incident was in the "beater piece," lying in the angle between the West Branch and Gardnahun Stream. This should read "heater piece." The term was common in early times in New England. It often appears in old papers, and was applied to triangular sections of land on account of their supposed resemblance to the household flat-iron.

As an admirer of Mr. Mather's writings, I hope that the off-shore stakes of the pound-net are well set; the Major is in for heavy weather, sure. Reason, instinct and heredity will all be after him. I agree with Hermit that heredity should be substituted for instinct, as in the case of young chickens scratching a board floor; but permit me to tell a cat story. A family cat became the proud mother of a large litter, and in a thoughtless moment the whole litter was ordered destroyed. The old cat's condition soon becoming uncomfortable by the pressure of the milk, she secured relief by cornering a half-grown cat, surviving member of a former litter, and making him take the place and duties of the late family. The substitute did not do his work willingly and was frequently cuffed into a proper sense of his maternal obligations. Did the old cat show reasoning power or only instinct?

A. C. STOTT.

STOTTVILLE, N. Y.

Eyes which see Big.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The other day a man spoke in my presence about a certain real or fancied peculiarity of the eye of certain animals, which, he said, caused the eye to dilate when the animal is subjected to sudden fright, thus transforming the pupil of the eye into a magnifying glass of high power. "Why," he said; "if a wildcat frightens a horse, his eyes enlarge so that the wildcat looks to him as big as a tiger." I have quit saying I don't believe things just because I never heard of them before, but, now, what do you think of this? I can imagine a man of the stone age telling this sort of tale to his offspring, the while their prehistoric little eyes grew wide with wonder and amaze; and then, when they ran out of the cave to play, I see him looking over at the old lady and smiling.

GEORGE KENNEDY.

SECURITY BUILDING, St. Louis, Mo.

Age Attained by Birds.

WE are often asked how long different species of birds live, but there is little definite information to be had on the subject. Recently Mr. J. H. Gurney, in a paper in the Ibis has brought together a number of statements on this subject, and discusses this at some length. Mr. Dresser, in his "Birds of Europe," gives an instance of a raven having lived sixty-nine years. Mr. Meade-Waldo has in captivity a pair of eagle owls (*Bubo maximus*), one of which is sixty-eight and the other fifty-three years old. Since 1864 these birds have bred regularly, and have now reared ninety-three young ones. A Bateleur eagle and a condor in the Zoological Gardens at Amsterdam are still alive at the respective ages of fifty-five and fifty-two. An imperial eagle of the age of fifty-six, a golden eagle of forty-six and a sea eagle of forty-two, and many other birds of the age of forty downward are also recorded.

Wild Ducks in Captivity.

Mallards and black ducks, as well as Canada geese, have been hatched under tame ducks, and have taken to the barnyard habits of their foster mothers without fear or distrust of man; still it is safe to pinion the first generation with scissors, as described. It is my opinion that both the blue and green-winged teal may be as easily domesticated; but, the early domesticators of beasts and birds looked entirely to utility, and so the smaller wildfowl were neglected. Taking the different ducks, which may be worth domesticating, I will give what I know concerning their dispositions, for they differ greatly; leaving out the mallard and black duck, which have been mentioned.

FRED MATHER.

The Vermont Animal not an Elk.

SHELDON, Vt., March 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have received a number of replies to inquiries made concerning the moose, caribou or elk that passed near here in December, 1897, and one of them—from an observing hunter and reliable man—I consider of value, though it is quite different from other letters received. Mr. Kittell first thought that the animal was a hybrid, but the description given in his letter is decidedly moosey.

STANSTEAD.

FAIRFIELD, March 11.—The animal you mention I will try to describe as nearly as I can remember it. I should think that it was as tall at the shoulders as a good sized horse, say fifteen hands, but not so high at the hips. In color the back and upper part of the body were dark, with legs and lower parts a fawn color. The horns were large and as nearly as I could judge were not round. I tracked the animal for several rods in the soft earth. It had rather a pointed toe with a very long and pointed dew claw and stepped along with a swinging gait.

J. W. KITTELL.

[We print this, as it seems to pretty well show that the mysterious animal about which so much conjecture arose was nothing more than a wandering moose.]

The Wild Animals of Wyoming.

A LANTERN lecture on the wild animals of Wyoming will be given at the Carnegie Lyceum, April 4, at 11 A. M., by Mr. Ernest Seton Thompson, in aid of the Edwina Free Kindergarten. The talk will be on the lines of Mr. Thompson's well-known book, "Wild Animals I Have Known," and will be fully illustrated with sketches and photographs of the wild animals themselves and the places they inhabit. The entertainment is especially interesting to boys. Tickets, 75 cents, may be had of Miss J. Lewis, 35 Gramercy Park, city.

Game Bag and Gun.

Game Laws in Brief and Woodcraft Magazine.

See announcement elsewhere. As the April issue will be governed by the advance orders, it is requested that subscribers will order now either for the year or for the April number.

On Kansas Prairies.

LOST SPRINGS, Kan., March 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* This town is situated on the old Santa Fe trail. It received its name from some springs of water bubbling up here on the prairie. In the freighting days this was the only water to be obtained along the route for (as near as I can learn) about forty miles. It was of such value that the springs were kept under lock and key, and the water was sold as called for. A saloon was also established here and a gentleman of my acquaintance has a .44 revolver bullet he picked up where the saloon stood. What stories that bit of lead could tell if only it might speak. The town lot was originally laid out around these springs, but with the coming of the railroad was moved three miles eastward and with their abandonment the springs for some cause, probably from the tramping of the great herds of cattle, ceased to flow. Hence the name. They have since come to the surface and flow steadily.

But it was to speak of the rabbit and his interests that I began to write. The rabbit season is over so far as their use for the table is concerned, although here they are shot the year through. I have been figuring a little about the number of rabbits killed in this section and am simply astonished at the result. Six hundred and seventy-five rabbits were, in a few days, shipped from the little town of Ramona, and I think this was not one-tenth part of the number killed in that vicinity. Two hundred and fifty of these (part jack rabbits, but mostly cottontails) weighed 1,100 lbs., giving an average of over 4 1/3 lbs. per rabbit; this multiplied by 675, would give an aggregate of over fourteen tons of rabbit meat raised in that one town. Multiply this by the hundreds of small towns in the State, and it reaches a total simply astounding and yet this is the true state of affairs. Yet bunny holds his own and if the season is any way favorable will be ready for next winter's sport.

Western-like, much of this supply of meat is wasted. Many of the cottontails are thrown away, and as most of the people here are prejudiced against their use, the greater part of the jacks are left where they fell, or fed to the hogs or chickens. One young man of my acquaintance kept a bunch of hogs several weeks mainly on jacks he shot and bought. As he could buy them for 3 and 4 cents each, they were cheap feed, but it looked too bad to one who loves the wild creatures for their very wildness to put them to such an ignoble use.

With the Kansas hunter the rabbit occupies a peculiar place. He is everywhere. I have seen his tracks leading under the platform at the railroad station; the school children have great fun chasing him from under the board walks about the schoolhouse; he investigates the cook shack each night; looks over the threshing machine, and we have even found him hid in the separator; hides under the barns and outhouses in the very faces of the dogs, springs out from the cornshocks and feed stacks, and even the feed racks of the cattle, is cursed for gnawing the young fruit trees, is anathemized for cutting the vines and rose bushes, and shot, trapped and otherwise disposed of at any and all times, but in spite of all, continues to increase, multiply and fill the land.

I for one am glad of it, for he makes pleasant many an otherwise dull hunting day. But there are days when, although the snow may be pressed solid all around you by his gambols of the preceding night, hours of tramping will not start a single rabbit. I thought I had his ways well learned, but either he is learning new tricks or is not the simple creature I had thought.

There are many ways of hunting practiced here. Many prefer to take a team and driver, with from two to six hunters, and go through the cornfields, shooting from the wagon or spreading out on each side, in this way covering a large space in a day's shooting, or what is much more deadly when the snow first comes, and is well drifted, tak-

ing a narrow unmowed slough. The rabbits at such times leave the cornfields and uplands and hide—in the daytime—under the slough grass, bent over by the snow. The team follows the center of the slough, and with the hunters on each side starts the rabbits, which are shot as they try to gain the cornfields on either hand. Others prefer to shoot from horseback, following much the same tactics, only that each hunter is mounted. Either way is very successful so far as numbers is concerned. The owner of the threshing machine that I am with has a little terrier dog, no bigger than a cat, that delights in following the rabbits through their burrows under the snow and slough grass, and will, if they are plenty, keep two guns busy until she gets tired out. But I do not care to have a hand in such slaughter.

I usually prefer to hunt with no company but my gun. If the snow is drifted, I find my way down through the cornfields to where it has drifted into the slough. The corn is full of rabbit paths all leading to the nearest slough, but there is not a rabbit in sight. Soon on the sunny side of a drift there is a burrow where Bunny is enjoying himself in fancied security. Stepping back of this I stir him up with my foot—could often easily catch him with my hands, but that would not be any sport—let him get off three or four rods and then the old gun speaks out. Perhaps he turns a few somersaults and stops, or perhaps covered by the flying snow, keeps on; but if the cornfield is not too near, the second barrel usually stops him. A little further on I kick one out from the grass and snow, only to see a bunch of brown hair and ears, or white tail and some paws disappear into the next bunch of grass. A little further and one has bored into a bunch of old hay. I stamp on this and there is another bit of fun. Again one has hid in a corn shock and I rattle and kick that until the game comes out running for dear life into what I suppose seems to him thunder, lightning and hail. And so I keep on until I have secured from three to six, when I think that is enough for once. But mixed in with this are the quail. Out from a bunch of unharvested cane or kaffir corn, or from the sunny side of the slough, with their quick whirr, so pleasant to us all, comes a bunch of these electrified muscles and feathers; and a few of them stay with me. And then—usually out of gunshot at this time of the year—occasionally there rises a few of the great brown-backed grouse of the prairies. I stop one if I can, but they are shot so close that (especially if it is some other sportsman that starts them) I do not feel badly if they are cunning enough to get off unharmed.

But what fills out the pleasure of the day are—if one has the eye to read them—the stories of the wild life written all around—stories of midnight tragedy or noonday comedy—revealed by the tracks of the untamed denizens of the prairies. I note here the track of the snowbird and lark, the quail and prairie chicken, the hawk and owl, and with them the track of the mouse and rat, and on up through the catalogue of the rabbit, skunk, mink, coon, coyote and very rarely the great timber wolf, each in its way revealing the character and life of its printer on the snow. May their numbers never grow less.

PINE TREE.

Some West Virginia Game Notes.

Just about a year ago a gentleman wrote to the FOREST AND STREAM an account of killing a fox with his cane. It had been tired out by a hound which was walking in behind the quarry. I do not remember who wrote it, but the incident impressed me. A short time since a similar occurrence was reported in this county.

A farmer living on the head of Williams River heard the cry of a hound coming into the river and supposed it was running a deer. He hurried down to the stream to take it off the trail, and saw it coming up the hill in his pasture. About 5 yds. in front of the hound was a large red fox. They were both walking slowly. When they topped the hill they trotted down, but it was evident that both were thoroughly tired out.

A farm hand saw them about this time and tried to encourage the hound by cheering him on; but at the first yell the hound quit work and sat himself down on his hind-quarters. This is often the result of yelling at a young dog.

No sooner had his pursuer given up than the fox laid down a few steps further on, in the open field, in plain view of his enemy. The two maintained their respective positions until the gentleman who had first noticed the hound came up and shot the fox with a rifle.

He gave the hound (a noble-looking dog, with signs of blood in him), a good home. He does not come from the immediate neighborhood, for no one knows him, and our people have good eyes for a dog. As near as can be ascertained, this same dog had been running the evening before on the opposite mountain, and probably had been on the trail many hours. Nemesis would be a good name for him.

Yes, we shoot the fox here, and trap, and poison, and destroy him in any fell way, and we have no apologies to make for such practices. He is a destroyer of small game, to say nothing of lambs and chickens. An Englishman once refused a good opportunity of killing a fox, and his reasons were a revelation to the people. There ought really to be a price put upon the fox's head.

My sympathies were aroused, though, at the miserable tale of the trapping of a fox on the mountain overlooking this village. A fox had been put in a hole in the rocks and a trap set for him. Fourteen days after that fox came out and submitted to his fate. When found he was nothing but a skeleton and was so weak that it showed no fear of the trapper, who put him out of his misery. A story of such suffering is painful to consider.

On Back Run a farmer found a fox in his barn the other day, just as it had killed the bunty hen. He went for it with a club and killed it. He considered it right remarkable that a fox should be so bold until it developed that he had killed the pet of a neighbor's boy, who had refused \$5 for it out of pure love and affection for the creature. A compromise was effected by the owner paying for the hen and taking the skin of the fox.

Poison was put in the carcass of a dead sheep on Williams River and one of the victims was a raven. About a quarter of a mile from the bait the dead body was found in the snow. Its size was noted. The raven here is a remarkably shy bird, and they had been considered about the size of a crow. But this bird would have weighed at least three times as much as a crow.

In my last letter I spoke of a sheep which was paralyzed by the effects of a little laurel which it had eaten and lying near the buzzard's nest, having its eyes eaten out by turkey buzzards, and afterwards recovering. I have been informed by competent authority that this was the fine Italian hand of a raven, and not of a turkey buzzard, as some of us had arbitrarily decided.

In the same article mention was made of the killing of a black fox, an animal that inhabits trees, making its home in a hollow trunk and jumping from branch to branch like a gray squirrel. It was once comparatively plentiful in this county. The female's maternal instincts are developed to a wonderful extent, and one of the wiles of the hunter was to pound on the trunk of the tree where one might be expected to have its abiding place, and if a mother fox was in the tree she would take a young one or two and try to escape by running from tree to tree. This looks like a pronounced case of nerves. A hunter saw such an animal jumping from bough to bough and shot it, as has been duly reported, but thereby hangs a tale.

The pelt was brought to a local merchant and it looked very valuable. After a good deal of bargaining it changed hands at the price of \$5. It was sent to a commission merchant in Chicago as a part of a consignment of furs. The returns were satisfactory in the main, but where the black fox skin should have appeared in the list the anxious merchant read: "One cat skin, 15 cents." There was a good deal of gloom in the store that evening.

An immense pulp mill is to be established on the beautiful Greenbrier River, about forty miles from its mouth, and all our people are in a state of exaltation over the matter, for the big industry, which was compelled to move on account of the pollution of the Potomac, was sought for by every section. This means much to the fishing below the mill, but there is plenty of room above. I wish some one would tell me, in case the washings from the mill cause the fish to leave the stream below it, whether the fish will be killed or simply driven to purer waters? The bass fishing in the Greenbrier is second to none.

We got no mail one day. Business was badly tied up. Cause: The colored mail-carrier killed a big otter in the Greenbrier and had to attend to the skinning thereof. The people on his route, not being informed of his sufficient reason, were very indignant until he explained. An otter skin is worth about \$8, and that is no small matter.

In Will Book No. 1, of Pocahontas county, is a will containing a clause which is indicative of game conditions seventy-five years ago: "Item. I will that my rifle gun remain at the homestead, to provide meat for the family."

In the records of the same county, about the same year, is the levy laid for wolf scalps. The fiscal affairs were in a good shape. The honorable court found that \$625 were needed to liquidate the expenses incurred the year before, and there being 559 tithable persons in the county it was ordered that \$1.10 be collected impartially from each. In looking over the items the greater part of the record is taken up with the allowing of bounties on wolf scalps at \$4 each. The wolves have all been exterminated, and gone are the days when the good wife would say, "John, the venison's out," and when John would take the rifle gun and hunt until he found a fat buck and killed it. In those days there was an iron-bound ——— against the killing of mother deer, though there was no close season. The man who violated this rule committed the unpardonable sin—it was decreed that he "should be a man abhorred!" We need ethics or a system of moral principles in preserving game as well as law.

ANDREW PRICE.

MARLINTON, W. Va.

Game in Jackson Hole.

JACKSON, Wyo., March 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At this time it is evident that all the game in the Jackson Valley will survive the winter. About 5,000 head of elk are wintering among the settlements at Jackson and vicinity, and about 10,000 are estimated as wintering on the Grosventre and tributaries, but among these there will be more or less loss of calves. I have a letter from the upper Grosventre country, which indicates that the elk are playing havoc with the settlers' hay stacks, and that they have to watch them nightly; also that on Crystal Creek there are wintering about 400 head of ewes and yearlings, with very few, if any, large rams.

I have also reliable information that two different persons are capturing elk calves on Pilgrim Creek, north of Jackson's Lake. Whether or not the State game warden will proceed with prosecutions remains to be seen. The law, however, refuses the right to capture for domestication or speculative purposes; and the law being violated so early after its passage, we think bodes evil for the future.

More or less game is being killed in different localities, we fear, in violation of law, but it is to be hoped that with the State game warden a resident of Jackson Valley, the slaughter will be nominal, if not entirely restricted. A great many elk are killed every spring by persons who go into the mountains to trap bear. An attempt was made two years ago to prohibit the trapping of bear, and using as bait the game animals. It unquestionably can be stopped at the present time if the law is enforced. It is the opinion of a great many that for every bear trapped or captured, ten head of elk are killed and wasted, hence many desire that in relation to this matter the executive officers having in hand the protection of the game will, from this time on, do something toward, at least placing a barrier against this unusual and unnecessary slaughter of game for bait.

The appointment of the State game warden from among the residents of the Jackson Valley, was a just recognition by the Governor of Wyoming of the game interests of the State. We have no hesitancy in predicting that the game law will be enforced without fear or favor and with no discrimination as to persons; for certainly, it must be either enforced literally or it becomes null and void.

WILL L. SIMPSON.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

"MACKINAW, Ill., March 16.—I cannot refrain from expressing my thoughts over Mr. R. R. Wiley's letter published in *FOREST AND STREAM* of March 11. He has surely hit the nail on the head with regard to Illinois protection. Sure enough, 'What's the matter with Illinois?' I live within thirty miles of Mr. Wiley and can bear him out in everything he says. Here opposition toward game protection is so strong in some that threats are made on game wardens. Everything is shot regardless of open seasons or anything else, and it is getting so there is not much to shoot, either. Prohibition of spring shooting will surely help us out, for as to ducks, off the Illinois out on the prairies, there are none to shoot. Public sentiment is what we will have to have, to back up the laws, but the question is, how to arouse public sentiment? I for one will welcome anything in this line that will stop the slaughter and sale of game and fish.

"Quail are not injured the least in this section. We had no snow or sleet, and no dead birds are to be found. Squirrels will be pretty fair too. ILLINOIS."

As to Spring Shooting.

There is a fight on in Wisconsin this season against spring shooting. What the result may be is not yet evident, though it would be very gratifying to see this grand State swing fairly into line in favor of advanced protection, and abolish spring shooting altogether. Wisconsin has for some time held to the dog-in-the-manger policy that she will stop spring shooting altogether as soon as Illinois does. I think this is perhaps the most childish bit of legislation on record in the world. The thinking sportsmen of Illinois would stop spring shooting if they could, but if they can not, that is no reason why the thinking sportsmen of Wisconsin should not if they can. If Wisconsin stops spring shooting she benefits Wisconsin. Her unmolested birds will breed there by thousands. Mr. C. C. Chase, of Oshkosh, Wis., whom I take to be a thinking sportsman, encloses me a little slip which he has been circulating in his State to aid, as it may, in the fight against spring shooting. The same reads as below:

"1. Wisconsin sportsmen are about equally divided on this question of shooting water fowl in the spring. Those favoring it have had their own way for a long time—give the other fellows an inning.

"2. Prohibition of spring shooting for the next two years can certainly do no harm, and it is worth trying, if means are provided for enforcing the law.

"3. If a female duck escapes the Illinois hunters on her way north there is no reason why she should be killed in Wisconsin. Returning from her Northern nesting grounds, or, undisturbed by a roar of artillery in Wisconsin marshes, doing her hatching here, she will have about her a brood of young ones whose flesh, like her own in the fall, will be fit to eat.

"4. A farmer has a flock of farmyard fowls. Let some gunner in the months of April or May slay a large part or all of them. The number of fowls left to the farmer in the fall will be determined by the accuracy of the gunner in destroying the source of supply. Had he deferred his onslaught until the close of the nesting and raising season, the destruction of an equal number would still leave the farmer with a large increase in his original flock and a certainty of a still further increase the next year in case the gunner again postponed his operations until fall.

"5. Take your pencil and figure out the progeny of one pair of ducks in four years, assuming that they and their female descendants will raise an average of six male and six females each year. Deduct 80 per cent. for every possible interference, including fall shooting, and there are left 622 ducks to gladden the sportsman's heart and to help perpetuate the duck family. Make a guess on the number of female ducks destroyed every spring in Wisconsin (25,000 would be a low figure) multiply it by 622 and make up your mind as to what spring shooting is doing toward duck extermination.

"6. Don't wait until the horse is stolen before locking the door. Save the game while there is some left to save. There is no justice in allowing the present generation of gunners to 'hog' all the game away from posterity.

"7. Stop spring shooting for the sake of decency, good sportsmanship, conscience and posterity.

"8. Prohibiting spring shooting will be legislating in the interest of the whole people. The rich can always buy their way to good shooting. Unless the poor have it at their doors they cannot participate in it. A surplus of ducks would do away with closed marshes; there would be no necessity for the expense of guarding them from the public. This surplus can be speedily realized by the abolition of spring shooting."

Ex-Warden Fullerton.

Mr. S. F. Fullerton is now ex-Warden of Minnesota, a fact which his many friends will regret, though I am sure all lovers of protection will do everything possible to uphold the hands of his successor. Mr. Fullerton retires leaving countless well wishes, and I am sure I hope we shall often hear from him in the columns of *FOREST AND STREAM*. Under date of March 13 he writes to me: "Well, I will be an 'ex' to-morrow, and I thought I would write you a letter before quitting the office, as I wish to thank you for your many acts of kindness to me during the past four years. Some men complain that the newspapers always misquote them, and give them the worst of the deal, but my experience has been just the opposite. No man who ever held office could have received kinder or more considerate treatment from the newspapers than I have received. They have in many cases overlooked my shortcomings and given me full credit for any good I might have done for the cause of game protection.

"The president of the new board, Mr. Williams, is a very fine gentleman and a game protector. Mr. Cramb, the new treasurer, and Mr. Ward, the secretary, are both game protectors, and I do not think Governor Lind could have selected two better men in the State as members of the Game and Fish Commission. The man who takes my place I am not acquainted with, neither am I acquainted with Mr. Dantz; but I have no doubt that they are good men, and we all look forward to good results from their work, and I hope every game protector, regardless of politics, will 'buckle' in and help the new board as effectually as they helped me. I shall certainly

still continue to take an interest in game protection whether I am in office or not."

Michigan Game Matters.

In his sixth biennial report, Warden Chase S. Osborn, of Michigan, touches on some interesting points in regard to the game and fish life of his State. He admits that the flight of wild fowl is less than it has been, urges a limit to the bag, and strongly favors the continuance of the law forbidding spring shooting. He says that the ruffed grouse is about holding its own. A very remarkable increase of quail life has been noted, and Warden Osborn mentions the rapidity with which this bird is working northward. He states that the commission will try to introduce this bird into the north peninsula of Michigan, and thinks that the hardy little Bob White will hold his own even that far north. Thus far, Mackinac Island is the furthest northward that a quail has been seen. The bird is following the farms into the old lumber regions.

Warden Osborn has on the whole a sad story to tell about his game and fish. He says that squirrels and rabbits are less each year, that the fur-bearing animals are decreasing, that the bear is disappearing, that the wolverine is practically extinct, that the elk and wild turkeys have disappeared. He cites the killing of one moose in Mackinac county last fall, but learns of no caribou.

Warden Osborn speaks with pride of the game laws of his State. The State itself, and all its sportsmen might well speak in the pride of Warden Osborn when he utters the following words of wisdom in regard to the sale of game:

"There is probably no agency for the protection of game of greater influence than prohibiting its sale. To take game out of the market shuts off the market-hunter and the 'game hog.' I am not sure that it is at all wise to prohibit the sale of game and hook and line fish until the conditions make it absolutely necessary. The conditions of quail, woodcock, partridge, brook trout and grayling life in Michigan demanded the most stringent measures and led to the passage of laws interdicting their sale. As a result of this law and other regulations for their protection, these game birds and fish are on the increase all over the State, and have so firmly re-established themselves in field and stream that to perpetuate them indefinitely we shall only have to give them wise care. There are those who believe that at this time all game should be taken out of the market, and I am convinced that the time is coming when deer and ducks may not be sold with safety to their existence. The tendency of all forms of wild life is to extinction, and it is only by profound study and the application of the most earnest effort that we will be able to keep the inhabitants of forest and stream with us."

E. HOUGH.

1200 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

Ontario Moose Opening.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

There has just come from Ontario a case-hardened statement that protection does not protect. This refers not to an economic assault upon free trade and a tariff, but instead to the question of moose. It appears from this Canuck report that Ontario is dissatisfied. In the beginning, the Ontario Government set out to insure absolute immunity until 1000 for all moose within its borders, and, in a measure, it has done so. But by protecting its moose, the Government has unwittingly developed the art and trade of pot-hunting and poaching, until the state of Denmark were a veritable posey compared to the stalwart aroma of this game-law scandal.

Now, to offset this evil, it proposed to repeal the act protecting moose until 1000, and behind this appeal to repeal I am informed are many prominent citizens. It is their effort to have Ontario thrown open next September to moose hunters, or, in other words to lop off one year from the restriction.

The statements made by these gentlemen is that the close season has had the successful effect of driving away all the visiting sportsmen, to the benefit of the Indian and half-breed head and skin-hunter. No man, abroad for pure amusement, desires to antagonize the laws. He may, of course, go out on occasion and play ducks and drakes with the most ponderous statutes of a community, but I decline to believe that he obtains more than a fictitious enjoyment out of the anarchy. This, as it will be understood, has effectually kept sportsmen from straying into Ontario, and, on the other hand, has simply passed over their privileges to the aforesaid Indian and half-breed.

In consequence of the close season, Ontario has been stripped of the income from visiting sportsmen. In addition, the close season has lulled the game wardens into the belief that there was no one in the woods likely to slay the prohibited game. Like other game wardens, these Ontario officials spend all their time searching out substantial offenders and ever refrain from annoying the local poacher, in this case the Indian and half-breed. So the Indians and the half-breeds slay moose where and whenever they choose, and the only result obtained by Ontario is the price of experience.

To remedy this state of affairs, it is proposed to organize an association of guides formed somewhat on the order of the Maine Association. It is asserted that if many of these Indians and half-breeds were able to obtain employment as guides they would give up the occupation of pot-hunting. In organizing them, there will be an effort to point out the value of preserving the game. It will be shown to them that the revenue from sportsmen is much greater than that from pot-hunting. Once they come to understand this, it will be plain sailing.

In order to give these men an interest in their work, it is proposed that all members of the association be made deputy game wardens. They will be held personally responsible for the conduct of their parties, and will be required to report on the killing of all game by persons whom they conduct.

In relation to this matter, I have talked to Mr. Colin Rankin, of the Hudson's Bay Company, of Mattawa, and to Mr. C. C. Farr, of Haileybury. Both are in favor of opening Ontario next September. Moreover, they declare that public sentiment in Ontario is for it, and that no opposition has been organized. Mr. Rankin says that

the restriction upon moose has certainly increased the supply, but that it would have increased equally with a limited open season and a suitable protection in force from January to September.

"The sportsmen, as a class," said he, "kill the fewest moose. When they have killed the number allotted by law they cease hunting. With the pot-hunter it is different. He keeps on killing as long as he can find moose to kill. With an open season there would be game wardens in the bush and these game wardens, if properly instructed, would keep a strict watch upon the pot-hunter and sportsman alike."

Mr. Farr has personal knowledge of the slaughter done by the pot-hunters. He is convinced that if the guides were made game wardens they would find it to their interest to prevent pot-hunting. After talking with these two gentlemen and others, I am convinced that they are right and that it would be the best thing for Ontario to give up protection that does not protect, and permit its people to once more enjoy the income from which they have become separated.

M. H. F.

American Game Parks.

The "Forest and Stream's" Fifth Annual Report on Game in Preserves.

Moosilauke Fish and Game League.

Replying to your inquiry of the 16th, would say that I have not the good fortune to own either a fish or game preserve, but am pleased to be able to tell you that the results of the efforts put forth by the Moosilauke Fish and Game League have been very satisfactory.

This league was organized something over four years ago, for the purpose of securing the co-operation of the farmers, and other residents of the farming districts, in this section toward securing a better observance of our existing fish and game laws. We have succeeded even better than expected, having at present nearly 200 of this class on our membership list, the majority (or a large number) of whom, previous to the organization of our league, were either actual violators of our fish and game laws, or, at best, were not in sympathy with them; inclined rather to oppose any action of our State Commissioners looking toward any appropriation for these interests. The result of the changed state of feeling among this class of our population is very apparent in the very marked increase of brook trout in our mountain streams, and of lake and salmon trout and bass in our ponds and lakes.

The increase in deer the past three years, not only in my immediate section, but throughout the State, has been nothing short of phenomenal. During the season just closed (Dec. 15), some thirteen deer have been shot within a radius of twelve miles of the railroad station at this point. The largest number in any previous season, so far as known, is four. In the more thickly wooded sections north of here, where ten years ago a man could tramp all day without coming across a deer track, he cannot now go twenty rods in any direction without crossing several, and in certain favored localities the tracks are as thick as sheep tracks in a farmer's barnyard. We have not yet gotten together the figures on the total number killed this season, so far as reported, but it is safe to say the number will exceed the total of any three previous years together. Should the present increase continue, it will be but a short time when the shooting and fishing of northern New Hampshire will be inferior to that of Maine only in expanse of territory.

Several game leagues in the State, as well as a number of private individuals, have turned loose ring-necked and Mongolian pheasants within the past two or three years, but after the first season they seem to disappear completely. We occasionally hear reports of a scattered bird or two being seen in the neighborhood of Corbin's Park, but in most sections none are reported after the first season, notwithstanding every sportsman is on the watch for them. This would indicate that these birds leave the country after the first severely cold weather. We should very much like to hear from leagues and sportsmen in other northern States who have tried this experiment.

With best wishes for the success and increased prosperity of *FOREST AND STREAM* during the year, I am,

E. BERTRAM PIKE.

Woodland Caribou for Game Preserves.

During the past two years I have imported three woodland caribou. The States of New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey have preserves well adapted for the habits and browsing propensities of this deer, yet it is a question if a single animal can be found therein.

The distinctly hardy qualities of the caribou render it capable of existing in low, marshy forests, where most other varieties will not thrive, and in many instances when its more delicate congeners are not available, this animal will be found valuable for stocking inexpensive tracks of swamp forest land. It is equally well adapted for preserves already in existence, and will browse comfortably along with the other cervidæ.

It is a mistaken idea that this deer can not endure the midsummer heat of a temperate climate, and also that lichens are absolutely necessary for its health and existence.

The caribou, while not large and powerful, is exceedingly refractory as a rule, having a very nervous and restless disposition, and it consequently requires the seclusion or a dense undergrowth. A lowland range, where the more tender watery substance plants and shrubs, such as lichens, willows, birch, etc., may be found, is very desirable.

The success of propagation depends greatly upon the manner of transfer from the place of its nativity to new ranges. It is needless to say that many failures in the propagation of ruminants are more directly due to inefficient care and protection while en route than to changed climatic conditions and food.

I am deeply interested in the propagation of game animals and birds, and trust the day is not far distant when our preserves will show rare collections of deer and other

ruminants, together with specimens of the rapidly-disappearing water fowl of the country.

C. LINCOLN FALL.

Sportsman's Association of Cheat Mountain.

The Sportsman's Association of Cheat Mountain have within the past two years started a very successful brant hatchery, under the care of Mr. A. G. Buller, formerly of the Pennsylvania State hatchery at Corry, Pa.

The first year we hatched over 200,000 purchased eggs and secured about 15,000 brood trout. The results have far exceeded our expectations, and the operating expense is quite small comparatively. We have twelve large ponds supplied by springs from the mountain side, and from a branch of the Cheat River above the club house. The association contemplates putting in an artificial lake in the near future. The fish grow very rapidly in these waters. Since the lumber camp has been removed from the vicinity, we notice a marked gain in the number and size of the trout caught. The railroad is now completed to within ten miles of the club house, thus cutting off seventeen miles of rough staging. The association, as usual, is in a good financial condition, and is constantly making improvements. Hunting is prohibited for five years in West Virginia, and our steward tells us that there is quite a large increase in the game noticed in the neighborhood. We have hatched out a great many Mongolian pheasants, but it is too soon to give a report on the ones liberated.

W. F. ROBESON, Sec'y.

The Upper Saranac Association.

Dr. Samuel B. Ward, President of the Upper Saranac Association, writes: "We have turned over to the State most of our township and no longer possess any preserve to speak of."

The Caton Park.

Judge Caton's game park at Ottawa, Illinois, was the pioneer fenced preserve of the modern type. While deer parks were common before Caton's time, especially in Virginia, his was the first park of which we have any knowledge where general stocking was attempted with the different species of American game. Mr. R. F. Prettyman informs us that at the present time there are thirteen deer in the park. One escaped recently and was killed. In Caton's lifetime it is probable that there were never more than 100 animals in the park at any one time.

Jerseyfield Preserve.

Your favor asking for any recent information regarding the Jerseyfield preserves is at hand. In reply would say that the trout (*fontinalis*) caught the past season, during May and June, averaged smaller than is usual. The cause for this fact is not evident, but I have noticed from past fishing records that every third or four year seems to have been an off year for large fish. We do not fish after the middle of June. Ruffed grouse are still scarce and wild, conditions which again emphasize the necessity of the adoption of the FOREST AND STREAM Platform Plank, as this vicinity is a natural breeding ground for these birds, and none have been killed on this preserve for two years past. Deer I believe to be slowly gaining in numbers, although some hounding and illegal killing is practiced outside our preserve by the residents of the adjacent settlements. These violations of the law it is difficult to prevent or punish without the favorable support of public opinion in the localities where they occur. Although the number of deer in the whole Adirondack region seems to have increased during the last two years, due, no doubt, to the facts that the present game law covering deer is the best so far enacted in this State, and that the majority of our people are law-abiding, it is my belief that if the game supply in this State is to be preserved for many future generations, more interest in and intelligence concerning the subject must be shown by the general public, and sufficient funds must be appropriated to accomplish the proper enforcement of the existing game laws, which will then be continually improved as public opinion requires. It is gratifying to note the good work which is being done by FOREST AND STREAM and the protective associations throughout the State and elsewhere, in educating the public in fish and game protection. Let the good work go on.

CHAUNCEY P. WILLIAMS.

Adirondack League Club.

In the matter of cultivation of game, the work of the Adirondack League Club during the past year, as in previous years, has been entirely devoted to the propagation of the different varieties of trout and to the protection of the deer in its 100,000-acre preserve. We have not undertaken to sow any land or cultivate any crops to furnish additional food for the deer, for the reason that the spring, summer and fall food seems to be ample, and the providing of additional winter food is a large proposition. We believe that the difficulties of protecting and of rigidly enforcing the game law and the club law have been almost entirely overcome. We kill about fifty deer a year, and we have evidence for believing that only one deer was killed during the past year in violation of the game code.

The period of experiment at Combs Brook hatchery is ended, and the methods are so well established that we shall next season quadruple its output. We distribute no trout that have not been fed and reared to a self-protecting age, but that age varies from two or three months to two or three years. During the past season we have distributed 155,669 brook, salmon and lake trout, and the capacity of the hatchery has been increased so that we expect to have about 1,000,000 eyed eggs, of which about two-thirds will be brook trout and the balance Atlantic salmon and Great Lake Salmon. We are avoiding any further experiments with other varieties of trout, in which we have had a somewhat mournful experience. So far as the law will permit us to do so we are getting rid of the predatory brown trout. In spite of their quick growth we do not want to have anything to do with them. One of our plant of brown trout was taken this summer, which weighed 9lbs.

We find on our tract the ruffed grouse in considerable numbers, and we have been frequently urged to introduce the Mongolian pheasant, but so far we have not been able to see our way clear to getting sport from these beautiful birds in our region. There is no difficulty about food or successful wintering, and by so much as we could reduce the foxes and owls the game birds would surely in-

crease. But hunting these birds without a dog is rather dull sport, and a setter dog is rather out of place in the Adirondack woods. The *Erethizon dorsatus* exists a good many to the acre, and he has a singular attraction for a blooded dog. A setter with his mouth full of hedgehog quills is an unhappy and useless animal, and a sore trial to his owner. He learns nothing from his bitter experience with the hedgehog, but will attack them again and again, so that it is practically impossible for us to use bird dogs in our region.

Have any of our brother sportsmen any suggestion to make in this matter?

Macgrane Coxe.

Mr. Macgrane Coxe has a preserve consisting of about 500 acres of land at Southfields, in Orange county, about 100 of which is surrounded by a wire fence 8ft. 2in. high, and containing fourteen strands of wire. The property is stocked with trout and some birds, and is preserved. Mr. Coxe is also a director of the Sterling Iron Railroad Company, which has in the same region a tract consisting of 22,000 acres of land, which has been for some years preserved under the statute.

Tranquility Park.

Mr. Rutherford Stuyvesant's game preserve at Allamuchy, N. J., includes an area of about 4,000 acres enclosed with a close board fence 9ft. high, with one barb wire at the top. Mr. C. W. Puffer, superintendent of the park, writes:

The game are doing well. The elk number seventy-six. Last fall five were killed, and we had one die this winter. The deer are doing well. There are, as near as we can estimate, about 300. The beaver are increasing and building dams on the streams. It is impossible to tell their numbers, for they are very shy and only work in the night. There is a lake in the park of about seventy-five acres, and it has been stocked with black bass. The bird department is managed by Duncan Dunn and Adam Scott. They have succeeded in hatching and turning loose about 2,000 birds. These birds are the English pheasant; they are hatched in April and May, and kept in a preserve until the last of August, when they are turned loose, so a great many of them migrate all over the country and get wild, so it makes good shooting. I wish to make a comment in regard to our game laws in New Jersey. The deer law is undoubtedly all right, except as regards deer in private parks. As it stands, it only allows park owners ten days to kill and ship deer. It seems to me that a gentleman owning a private park which is fenced should have the privilege to kill and ship his game at such times as deer are allowed in the markets of New York city.

Kildare Club.

Game conditions in the Kildare Club park were never better than now. The rabbits and hares are a continual prey for owls and foxes. Birds, other than native, do well except pheasants. They cannot procure feed in the winter.

The deer would do well all around here if the law was enforced. I think the State ought to pass a law to oblige every person that is not a citizen of the United States to pay a license of \$20 to hunt or fish in this State, and to put up a bond of \$100 to respect the game laws, and that the implements of hunting or fishing should be proof of the misdemeanor. The Canadian-French are the worst enemy the deer and trout have in these parts of the woods, and they don't care for the law or anything else. When an American goes to Quebec to hunt or fish he must pay \$20 or \$25 for a license.

HENRY DAY.

The Liberty Club.

Mr. T. A. James, Meriden, Ct., writes: I visited the Liberty Club ground last October, and the warden reported quail more abundant than usual. Partridge and gray squirrels were fairly plentiful. The pheasants have not done as well as anticipated. I think there has been quite a number liberated during the past five years, but it is very seldom that any are seen in the woods. I am hoping to see the day when more interest will be taken in stocking our Connecticut woods with deer, as I think they will give better returns to the sportsman than quail or pheasants. Foxes have not been so numerous in years as they are at present, and one fox will kill more pheasants and quail in one season than a sportsman would in ten years.

Mr. Charles T. Barney.

Mr. C. T. Barney writes: In regard to my small preserve at Southampton, Long Island, it has not been very successful. I am on the south side of the Peconic Bay, and as a consequence feel the full effect of the northerly winds of winter. Therefore the country is too cold for quail to thrive.

Adirondack Timber and Mineral Company's Park.

The park now contains 31,000 acres. Deer in this park are increasing rapidly since the abolition of hounding. The reason for this is twofold. First, there has not been over one-fourth as many deer killed in this vicinity since hounding was prohibited, and secondly, deer have wandered in here from adjacent parks, where they have been longer protected and have become more plenty, not being harassed by dogs, have remained here. Many thousands of deer winter on the park. Last winter there was a yard of deer containing an estimated number of 500 deer wintered within two and a half miles of my house. A thing that has not occurred before for fifteen years. Partridge are quite plentiful. Bears were also quite plenty last fall. Trout in ponds where I can effect perfect protection from the public are getting much more plentiful. Have not introduced any exotic game.

CHARLES FENTON.

The Dot Island Preserve.

The preserve of the Yellowstone Lake Boat Company is located on Dot Island, in Yellowstone Lake, in the National Park. Mr. E. C. Waters, President and General Manager of the company, writes as follows:

In our game preserve in the Yellowstone National Park during the past two years all of our animals have done well. We have raised two young buffalo, one last year

and one in 1897. The elk are in fine condition, and I think we will have three young elk next season. The antelope and mountain sheep are doing well. I would like very much to buy some more mountain sheep and antelope, but they are hard to find. I send you for your information a photo of the elk, buffalo and mountain sheep. These animals are, of course, now in winter quarters, and have to be fed. The steamer on its trips stops each day at the island, where these animals are kept, and it seems a source of much pleasure to the traveling tourists to see them. We have one little antelope that comes down to meet the steamer upon its arrival, and she is shot at from once to twenty times each day by the kodak carriers while she is eating sugar or cakes from the hand of some of their party.

Our game preserve is located on Dot Island, in Yellowstone National Park. The buffalo bull, McKinley, every one says is the finest specimen they ever saw. I killed a bull that weighed 2,600lbs., and he, I think, is larger than the one I killed.

E. C. WATERS.

Utah Notes.

THE new fish and game law of Utah is a compromise measure devised by a joint committee of the sportsmen on the one hand and the commission men and sciters on the other. The principal provisions are as follows:

It is lawful to take bass and trout, with hook and line, between the 14th day of June and the 15th day of December following; unlawful to have in possession during closed season or less than 7in. in length. Deer, male or female, may be killed during October. Season for partidge, chicken, pheasant, grouse, from Aug. 15 to Dec. 1; for mourning doves from July 1 to Dec. 1; for quail (only in counties of Kane and Washington), between Oct. 1 and March 1. It is unlawful to ship out of the State any game animals, game birds, or game fish at any time, but lawful to ship out of the State carp, chubs, suckers, mullet and bullhead, catfish, during time when it is lawful to take the same, and then under the direct supervision and inspection of game wardens; and all packages or boxes or other receptacles containing fish must have a tag attached bearing the signatures of the warden making the inspection, the name of the shipper, date of shipment, and number of pounds shipped. It is unlawful for any express company or any carrier to receive or carry any box, package or parcel containing fish without said tag attached.

The late Legislature appropriated \$5,000, for the establishment and equipment of a fish hatchery. This will be located either at Springville, Utah county, or on the Weber, near Ogden. The advantages of the proposed locations are equal.

The unusually heavy snows in the Wasatch have driven the deer down into the lowlands, and, especially about Springville and Provo, there has been considerable illegal slaughter. On Feb. 16, Game Warden Newell found near the mouth of a cañon opening on Provo Bench a couple of deer just killed, and in wretchedly poor condition, also a saddle horse. The tracks of but one man were found. He had evidently spied the officer a long distance off, and had made good his departure. The deer were disposed of according to law, the horse was retained. In due time the owner of the horse put in an appearance. He remembered perfectly well to whom he lent it. The borrower had also secured on the same day a rifle from Indian Jim. The result was the arrest of one Marion Draper, of Pleasant Grove. Draper endeavored to prove an alibi, but it was no go. He was in really indigent circumstances and Justice King let him off with the light fine of \$15 and costs. The money not forthcoming, Draper will languish for forty days in the county jail. This does not seem much, but will have a good effect, as it is the first conviction of the kind in Utah that has been made to stick.

SHOSHONE.

Green Mountain Notes.

MILTON, Vt.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: I am glad that I am at last able to report that the wild pigeon can now be classed with the birds that breed in this State. For the last half dozen years I have frequently seen wild pigeons in this town, sometimes single individuals, and again in small flocks of from three to a dozen. With but one exception all the birds were seen on the border of one of the large Lake Champlain marshes, where the low, marshy land is overrun with a dense growth of willow, a spot which a bird of such a shy, retiring nature would be most likely to select for its home. Last season a colony of perhaps half a dozen pairs nested and reared their young without molestation in one of these willow thickets, and two or three pairs nested in other portions of the same tract, seeming to prefer to be by themselves. None of the birds fell as prey to any of the local gunners, so far as I know, and I trust that they may make this their summer home when the nesting season comes again.

Ice-fishing is just now the prevailing sport along the lake, and during the past two weeks many large catches of perch have been made. The record catch at this place thus far is thirty-one dozen of perch in a day, with only one line. Most of the fishing is done from fish shanties, which are diminutive structures, but warmly built, and fitted generally with a small stove, so that no matter what the weather is, the fisherman can fish through his trap door in the floor of the shanty without entailing a penalty of chilled feet or frost-bitten fingers. The ice-fishermen make use of a very clever device for luring the fish to the vicinity of the opening. It consists of a perch closely modeled from cedar or pine and weighted with lead; attached to the sides of the decoy are metal fins that extend parallel along the body. The fish is attached to a small cord and is lowered to the proper depth, when a sharp jerking of the cord sends it darting about in a way so natural that the average observer would be willing to take his oath that a real perch was cavorting about in the depths below. Often the decoy is sadly scratched by the sharp teeth of the pickerel, which, thinking a genuine fish is before him, snatches the prize and dashes madly away with it, only to drop it in disgust when it is found to be only a bit of wood and metal. A few whitefish have been caught this winter, but the chief winter fish are perch, and anywhere a hole is made through Champlain's icy skylight perch in plenty will generally be found.

It is gratifying to note that in spite of two open seasons deer seem to be still plenty in this State, notwithstanding the predictions made on every side that one open season would exterminate them. Only to-day a neighbor saw a fine buck and two does a short distance from my house, and several others have been reported near by, all quite tame and permitting a close approach before they took alarm. The chief obstacle to increase does not seem to be so much the slaughter of the open season as the dogs that run at large in every community and chase and kill deer. This winter several instances have come to my notice, and the State commissioners have investigated several cases where deer have been run to death by dogs.

KENEWAH.

"Concerning an Epithet."

Editor Forest and Stream:

Anent the question propounded by you as to whether the writer of this "bit" became a convert to the creed of moderation in game killing, because of being called a "game hog," he begs to say that he did not; in fact he claims to be a charter member—so to speak—of the grand guild of game bag reform. He in fact reformed long before that inelegant epithet was coined, or even before sportsmen generally discovered that the game was disappearing so rapidly that it was necessary to curb the piggyish propensities of the market shooter and of many others who dubbed themselves sportsmen. He, however, thanks *FOREST AND STREAM* for having in years past, in very many ways, taught him sportsmanlike methods, which teaching may have perhaps been instrumental in bringing about his reformation.

If you will refer to any of the occasional squibs contributed by him to your paper during the past dozen years or so, you will find him always an enthusiast—a crank if you please—on the subjects of game protection and forest preservation, and not much given to the use of intemperate language, but he still insists that some epithet should be used to designate the "sooner" who usually begins shooting a few days before the season opens, and the "pig" who usually kills several times as much game as he ought in season, so that the lay mind shall not confound these creatures with legitimate sportsmen who observe the game laws and who are content with a limit which any fair-minded sportsman would concede to be a fair bag for a day's shooting.

At this late day when we have so many papers and magazines devoted to the subject of field sports, there is no possible excuse for the plea of a want of knowledge as to what constitutes a fair and reasonable "take" or "bag" for a day's fishing or shooting, and when we find a fellow who is not willing to confine himself to a decent limit, there is no earthly reason why fair, legitimate sportsmen should not designate him by some term that will indicate that they are not fond of him.

S.

Troy, N. Y., March 27.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have read your editorial remarks about the epithet of "game hog." You are right. Conditions alter cases. I don't know that I should like to wear the bristles of a true "hog," but yet at the end of the season my score stands well up on the slate. Still, it is the work of many days, and every one of them enjoyed—the birds never go to waste. And yet if I only had one day afield during the season, I don't know as I should quit after three birds—one for the wife, one for the boy and one for myself—if I could find more. Your remarks are just, and I doubt not that many of these "better men" who cry out so loudly and diligently have at some time had a decided curl in their own tails. There are birds galore here—I can start fifty grouse any day, and I don't hanker after them all. There are days when I get one, and my companions get more; yet at night I don't bag the knees of my trousers chanting thanks to Heaven that I am not as other men: because, in truth, the only reason I didn't get more was because I couldn't hit them. Go ahead—if a man is in a condition to try out lard he shows it by pen and ink as well as afield.

W.

FITCHBURG, MASS.

PHILADELPHIA.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I read your editorial, entitled "Concerning an Epithet." Mr. Schenck's criticism thereon followed in *FOREST AND STREAM* of March 25.

By way of illustrating how variously different minds will vary on the same subject, I wish to say that to me the editorial seemed sound and its position well taken. To me it did not in the least seem to be a defense of the so-called "game hog." It deprecated the use of intemperate language in dealing with him.

The bandying of epithets does not appeal to the reason of anyone. Their use shows, however, that the one who uses them is unpleasantly emotional. A man in bad temper is never a good judge of what is best for himself; much more than is he unfit as a judge to determine what is best for others. The calling of names is a grade of mental exchanges which is at its best in your Bowery in New York, and other places the world over where billingsgate takes the place of reasonable argument; and this is far more likely to provoke hostility than it is to induce reformation. Of course, a mild epithet is not to be classed as billingsgate, though as an expression of ill-temper it may be remotely allied to it, but so far as having any reforming effects it is exactly like it. Men do not like the crack of the whip, figuratively or literally. Most men are reasonable and will do right if they are persuaded that a proposition is in itself right; most men will purposely refuse to follow any proposition right or wrong if they are coerced.

Mr. Schenck interweaves some fallacy in his argument. A man who steals is a thief. That is all granted in regard to the cash, chickens, etc. Those matters are a subject of statute law, and have so been from time immemorial; but when he shifts his ground and deduces from matters of statute law that matters of opinion are equally well established, he weakens his case by its evident fallacy. If I think that my neighbor is killing more birds than in my opinion he is justified in killing, and therefore, because I think so, am justified in calling him a "game hog," there is no reason why some other man

who also was displeased in some way with my neighbor or myself should not therefore call him or me some other epithet, and justify it because in his judgment that epithet was what he felt like calling him or me something offensive, and therefore he was right.

The phrase "killing more than their share," used by Mr. Schenck, carries with it an admission which would seem to indicate a denunciation of the "game hog," from the standpoint of individual resentment rather than a philanthropical yearning for public good.

Your editorial impressed me as a call for other than the old methods in dealing with men who killed a quantity of game, more perhaps than the supply would warrant. How many converts were ever made by the doctrine of oburgation? Let those who thunderously hurl the term "game hog" show how much their pet anathema has done for game protection. Let them show how many men have restrained their killing proclivities because some individual asserted that they were "game hogs." Let your readers hear the experiences of the reformation whose magic lies in the one epithet, the one potent word, "game-hog." Men have indeed changed if they will cease to do ill and strive to do good at the uttering of an epithet.

Would it not be better to try the doctrine of reason? Why not show the offenders that their course is really prejudicial to the interests of the community and therefore to their own? Why not exercise some forbearance and charity with the offenders? Why not patiently work to have the legal limit made a matter of statute law, thereby taking it out of the realm of private opinion into that of a fixed rule of action for all? Why not also recognize that personal spleen is not necessarily a public principle?

If sportsmen are gentlemen, as I believe them to be, then their utterances, actions and instincts should be those of gentlemen. All need forbearance and charity. If I, myself, am a model in regard to game protection, perfect in this I may be an offender in other relations. A wise and good man once remarked, "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone," and that voice has been echoing down through the centuries.

L. A. CHILDRESS.

A Maine Skipper.

Boston, March 27.—According to special dispatches to the daily papers it seems that the shipper of seventeen or eighteen saddles, arrested some weeks ago, already mentioned in *FOREST AND STREAM*, has escaped. He was the captain of a small water craft, and was arrested at Eastport, March 3, for attempting to ship the saddles to Boston. He was under \$3,000 bonds for his appearance in court. On Wednesday last he was again arrested for the same offense, that of shipping deer saddles from Cherryfield to Eastport and on board the steamer there, doubtless for Boston. The warden allowed the fellow to complete the unloading of his craft, after he had arrested him, which took but a few minutes. He was then allowed to step into the steamboat office to sign his bills of lading. The warden remained outside. Soon the warden, thought that it was time for his man to appear, and begun a search for him. He could not be found anywhere about the wharves or other craft. He then sent another officer over the ferry to Lubec to watch for the deer shipper there. On the way over the ferry a small schooner was passed, and behold, there was the little deer-shipping boat hauled up on to the deck of the schooner, and a glass showed that its owner was there also. The schooner was under full sail up Pembroke River. The chase was abandoned for the time being, the officers feeling sure of their man later. Other cases are being followed in that section, and it is worthy of note that no new venison is coming into Boston markets. I am informed, from authority that cannot be denied, that the game wardens have been instructed to stop this shipment of deer to Boston at any cost. One case of extreme poverty has been followed up, and unmistakable signs of deer slaughter by dogs discovered. But a family of small children touched the hearts of the officers, and the man promising to kill his dogs and give up the business, he has not been prosecuted.

SPECIAL.

Boston Notes.

Boston, March 25.—The first shooting party of the season, for the preserve of the Monomoy Brant Club, left Boston on Wednesday for that well-known hunting ground. The party is made up of A. H. Wright, Captain E. Frank Lewis, R. S. Gray, H. D. Reed, Joseph Dorr, Henry Colburn, R. H. Gardiner, and one or two others. These gentlemen have visited Monomoy together for many seasons, and though they are pleased to style themselves "The Boys' Party," there are several senior shots and hunters among them. This is the first brant shooting party of the season of 1899, there being four or five parties every season visiting the preserve for a specified number of days. The parties alternate; that is, the last party of a preceding season is the first one of the following season. The present season is very late, however, the boxes not yet being all ready. The weather has been exceedingly stormy and rough, with but little time for getting the shooting boxes or pits in shape. Members of this, the first party, are expecting good shooting. They feel that they were too late last year.

Boston hunters and fishermen seem to be highly pleased with sport in Florida the past season. Charlie Brown, himself a lover of rod and reel as well as shotgun, presents a letter from his shooting and fishing friend, C. H. Alden, at Homosassa, Florida, not far from Tampa, on the Gulf. This letter says that all the fishing and shooting one need ask for can be had in six hours a day, and loafing or resting the rest of the time. He says: "My first day fishing I took 88 trout, the string weighing 103lbs.; all on my small rod." He does say what sort of trout they were, but visitors to that part of the country will understand that. "My friend has also taken in one day eight red bass, weighing 212lbs. The same day I took forty bass. We have had great fishing from the start. Gunning for woodcock, quail, wild turkeys and snipe here is great sport, and one is sure of a good deal of success. I have succeeded in shooting an eagle, with a spread of 8ft."

SPECIAL.

Massachusetts Notes.

DANVERS, Mass., March 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* An act of the present Legislature approved March 1, provides that "every Lord's Day shall be close season. Whoever hunts or destroys birds or game of any kind on the Lord's Day shall be liable to the penalty imposed for violations of the law during other closed seasons, and such penalties shall be in addition to those already imposed for violation of the laws relating to shooting upon the Lord's Day."

This will be a little tough for the poor man that is confined to his labors six days in a week and would like to go out in a decent way and get a shot or two. Such a man never would have been legislated against. It is because of the rough city rowdies who want to go out on a spree and shoot every songbird they find, insult the farmers who object to their invasion, and finally end up the day by shooting 100 shots of black powder cartridges at a mark back of some church where religious services are being held. That is the reason we have to have such laws.

This law will make quite a fuss with the beach bird shooters around Ipswich. All along that coast and tributaries are summer cottages that are owned by city people. Saturday afternoon the sportsmen all come up to their shanties and have a grand old time all day Sunday, with more or less shooting. It is an out-of-the-way place, and probably disturbs no one, but there is a good chance to make it unpleasant for them if one is so disposed.

The brant shooting season will open in Chatham, on the Cape, this week. The first party will be of Boston gunners, who will occupy the club house for a week. Then other parties will come for six weeks or so. Off Morris Island is one of the best feeding grounds on the coast. Most of the shooting is from large boxes sunk in the sand and live decoys are used. The Monomoy Branting Club was organized more than thirty years ago and more than 10,000 birds have been killed. It has a large membership, each member paying \$15 for one week's board and guide whether he goes or not. This fee is used to support the club and to pay the expenses of preparing and caring for the blinds.

Reports on quail are not very encouraging; don't hear of any dead, or even live ones very often.

JOHN W. BABBITT.

Vermont Deer.

A TOWNSHEND correspondent writes under date of March 21 to Commissioner Jno. W. Titcomb: "The deer in this section of the State are doing finely, and are on the increase. There are three yards within five miles of this village. Parties keep coming to me saying that dogs are chasing the deer every few days; also in the towns of Winhall, Wardsboro and Grafton that dogs are doing bad work. Two have been killed by dogs in Winhall, and steps must be taken to stop it. There must be in the first yard, only one and one-half miles from the village, at least twelve or fifteen. The other yard they say has eight; did not say how many in the third yard. So you can see they are doing very nicely, and I am glad it is so."

"H. T. E."

Commissioner Titcomb has just captured a poacher in Essex county who had killed a call moose near Island Pond, and is now under \$200 bail. The head of the moose was confiscated.

Mongolian Pheasants in Virginia.

CHARLOTTEVILLE, Va., March 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I regret to say, in reply to your inquiry, that the Mongolian pheasant enterprise of our gun club has not been what we expected. While it has not been an entire failure, it has not been an absolute success. The birds didn't seem to nest, and aside from that, we think the "pot-hunters" destroyed some of them.

The gun club, however, are not entirely discouraged, but are going to give it another trial this summer. The climatic conditions are all right, but the fault may have been with the birds themselves. The change from the far West (Wisconsin is where the birds come from) to the South may have had all to do with it, that they didn't nest. Probably some of your readers may be able to shed some light on this phase of the matter.

While the partridges suffered a great deal during the cold weather, and a great many were frozen, reports from the country are that there is enough left for this year's crop.

J. H. F.

Spring Ducks and Sitting Hens.

IN spring there is no sport in shooting ducks the way the blue bills work here. They are like a lot of sitting hens, and there would be about as much glory in shooting the former. It is no trick at all to shoot from 50 to 100 ducks a day, and any man who will shoot that many ducks a day cannot expect to be considered anything but a game hog. Two dozen ducks a day is enough for any man to shoot, and a man who is not satisfied with that many is no sportsman. Of course, a market-hunter wouldn't be satisfied with that, but then such people wouldn't be satisfied as long as there is a duck unshot. Prohibit the sale of game at all times, limit the bag to twenty-five ducks a day, prohibit spring shooting at least for two years, and stop open water shooting, that's our platform.—Fox (Wis.) Representative.

A Woodcock in Philadelphia Streets.

PHILADELPHIA, March 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* While passing Seventeenth and Chestnut streets I was surprised to hear that sound pleasant to every sportsman's ear, the woodcock's whistle, and looking up saw the bird going north, dodging under the trolley wires, then rising over the buildings. It is an uncommon place to see this bird on the wing, but it is not an uncommon thing to see game of all kinds at the groceries and provision dealers offered for sale. When will this ever be stopped?

C. F. S.



Sea and River Fishing.

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, \$4 per year, \$2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iv.

To the Occasional Angler.

If the times are unpropitious and you find your "catch" of fishes, As the sun is sinking westward, hasn't panned out quite the thing; There's a method, "on the quiet"—ah! how many experts try it! That may, despite your failure, send you home with quite a "string."

There are natives on the lookout for the man with pocket-book out,

On a fun-and-fishing frolic, when the fates don't use him well; And he feels his reputation on a slippery, slim foundation— They've a remedy convenient—they have always fish to sell.

Do you ask me how they get them? Why, they snare them and they net them,

With the aid of vile "contraptions," which the game laws quite condemn;

What they're after is your money; that's their manna, milk and honey,

And the "modus operandi" matters not a jot to them.

If, by look of by suggestion, you their plans should seem to question,

You are simply wasting time, my friend; the truth they cannot speak.

Ananias isn't "in it," they can tell more lies per minute Than that star prevaricator could engender in a week.

Though of aspect dull and drowsy, though of locks unkempt and frowzy,

Though of soiled and freckled cuticle, and costume rude and strange;

In their frowziness and freckles, they're as keen in quest of shekels,

As the diamond-decked deceivers that vociferate "on 'change."

In their nasal, jangling jargon, they're the boys to drive a bargain,

And their weird and woful bearing knocks expostulation dumb; As they swear in gibbering gammon, they're the prey of pinching famine,

Though their beards and breaths betoken much tobacco juice and rum.

Well, ignoring their devices, be prepared to pay their prices;

For, with india-rubber consciences, they'll "salt" you every time;

Promptly pour them forth your treasure (you can curse them at your leisure),

At the rate of, say, a dollar for a fish that's worth a dime.

Then, triumphant, home returning, you will gratify the yearning,

Of admiring friends and family, and thrilling tales you'll tell; Of the deep pools where you sought them, how they "struck" and how you "fought" them,

While you picturesquely pose, a perfect Isaac Walton swell.

So, when cometh your vacation, and, as means of recreation,

You proceed to plot and plan a piscatorial "jamboree"; Bear in mind no bait nor tackle, fluttering fly, nor fluffy hackle,

Will be half as efficacious as the greenback marked with V.

ED. LEGGO.

HARTSDALE, N. Y.

In the Pound-Net.

BY FRED MATHER.

If a "fish hog" is one who catches more than he can use, then I am right in his class since the pound-net was set in the extensive waters within the jurisdiction of FOREST AND STREAM, for the net, now only a few weeks old, is capturing more than I can market each week, and there is a fear that the Board of Health may come down on the catch if it is held too long. That's only what Mrs. Partington would call "a paralogical way of putting it." The only thing that really disturbs the relations between the supply and demand is the blue pencil of the editor. He is analogous to, if not homologous with, the Board of Health, which often orders tons of fish, meat, game, poultry and vegetable thrown off the docks of New York or to be taken to Barren Island to be cremated and is to be honored and respected accordingly. He is the auto-



HUNTING MOOSE WITH A CAMERA.

By S. B. Chittenden, Jr.

crat, not of the "Breakfast Table," but of that greater lay-out, the FOREST AND STREAM, and, as he sits in the clock tower, he carefully scrutinizes all things. Hence, he is the man to be dreaded. The things which swim or drift into the pound-net have to pass his olfactory before the public are allowed to sample them. That's an awful state of affairs, but "what are you going to do about it?" as an old-time politician asked.

Fresh-Water Turtles.

Mr. Russel Mott, in FOREST AND STREAM of March 18, asks some questions under this head. It is a poor way to get anything from a man by abusing him, and, notwithstanding the fact that Mr. Mott has branded me as "omniscient," whatever that may be, I will ignore the aspersion and go on to talk about such turtles as have met me in the ponds or in soups or steaks.

If Mr. Mott; I refrain from calling him hard names, will turn over his files of FOREST AND STREAM and read my "turtle talk" in the sketches of "In the Louisiana Lowlands," Sept. 24, and Oct. 1, 1898, he will get some descriptions of Southern turtles and also learn how to bake a soft-shelled turtle, the best of all the fresh-water species.

The small pond turtles found north of New Jersey are edible, but too small to bother with, for it is more of a job to disjoint one turtle for soup or stew than to do the same thing for a score of chickens, for the turtle is put together to stay there. In Virginia and the South there are the "sliders," both red and yellow bellied, so called because they slide off the logs when danger comes. They will measure 10 to 12 in. on the under shell and are worth dressing. They are shipped to Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York in great numbers to help out their aristocratic relative, the diamond-backed terrapin of the salt marshes in his, or her, attempt to provide terrapin stew for epicurean palates at \$1 per taste, for the rapidly disappearing diamond-back now costs from \$60 to \$100 per dozen for "counts," i. e., females which measure 6 in. on the under shell. As the extreme size is 8 in., and males seldom reach five, is it any wonder that the sliders desire to get into such company and be served to guests in evening dress who know that choice old Madeira is the only admissible beverage with terrapin stew?

I have several recipes for terrapin stew (for this princely reptile is never in the soup) two of them given me by the late Sam Ward, America's most famous bon vivant, but that's another story.

After the soft-shells, which are unknown east of the Great Lakes, come the sliders, but none have the gelatinous flesh of the terrapin as the diamond-back is called. Then the snapper comes next, and no others except the big land gopher of the pine lands of the South are worth notice as food. The Northern land tortoises are poor and stringy.

A snapping turtle weighing above 15 lbs. should be skinned, because its skin may retain a trifle of the musky odor which is exhaled from the animal in quantities proportioned to its size. If under that weight it may be scalded and the outer cuticle rubbed off; of course having been beheaded long before. Then turn the turtle on its back, separate the under shell from the upper at the joint and cut out the under shell or plastron. Then remove the department of the interior, saving the liver, with care in excising the gall, and then you will see that neck, legs and tail are about all that is left, and you

learn much when you try to separate these from the upper shell, or carapace. Opening a sardine can with a penknife is nothing to it, even if you have a butcher-knife and a hammer. After you have the neck, legs and tail unjointed, there is still left a bit which should not be thrown away.

A turtle is curious in its anatomy; part of its skeleton is inside and part outside. It does not shed its shell, like a crustacean, but the shell grows in plates, with sutures like those of the human skull. Each rib is attached to a plate of the carapace and to the vertebrae below. Between the ribs and the upper shell lies the tenderloin, and to get it each rib, which is the only soft thing in the skeleton, must be cut and the connecting membrane skinned out.

With wholesome meat of any kind some sort of fry, roast, broil, soup or stew can be made, but the subject is too large to even touch upon in a pound-net where so many things are found.

Mr. Mott asks: "Has the fresh-water turtle any enemies, the human race excepted?" The question would imply that there was only one species and does not permit a categorical answer. His reference to taking small turtles from black bass and frogs apply only to infantile specimens whose shells are very soft and are easily digested by fish. After a snapping turtle gets to be 8 in. long, man, or one of its own kind, seems to be the only thing that can kill it; possibly the same may be said of the savage soft-shell species. But the raccoon catches and eats the smaller pond turtles, and digs them out of their shells. I have never seen a coon do it, but have found where it has been done, with coon tracks as very strong circumstantial evidence. Since writing this I have been asked to go into the turtle question in *extenso*, giving all American species, marine and other, with recipes for their appearance on the table. Perhaps it may be done.

Making Long Casts.

A correspondent asks: "What is the weight a trout rod should be to get the longest distance casting in trout fishing—caster 5 ft. 9 in. and 160 lbs.? My 10½ ft. 10½ oz. for bass is too heavy for trout. I have 6 oz., 7 oz. and 8 oz. rods, but they are too willowy to handle a long line in bad conditions."

I have a 10½ oz. split bamboo that is 10½ ft. long, and it has cast 90 ft. in other hands. The records in Central Park and other places show that 50 z. rods have cast further. Therefore, it is not the weight of the rod nor its length that makes it lay out a line so far. It is entirely in the action of the rod with the know-how behind it. No slim-jim, limber-go-shifless kind of a rod could get there, no matter who was behind it; there must be backbone that springs to it when trained muscles call for a supreme effort, or the records will not be approached.

Then, the line must fit the rod and be a heavy one: heavy in the middle, for you can't throw a nickel as far as you can cast a silver dollar; there must be weight up to a limit, to anything we can throw. Personally I have no use for light lines, because I use a stiff rod, which will not cast them. I have several rods, one as light as 6 oz., but my 10½ rod is the only one I use for trout, bass or anything; I would like to tackle a 20 lb. salmon on it.

I do not class the 40 z. rods as toys, because I have seen what work they can do in the hands of P. Cooper Hewitt and other amateurs; my preference being merely



Series of six pictures. First Prize in the FOREST AND STREAM's Amateur Photography Competition.

that the heavy rod tires my arm and gives me a muscular exercise that I would not take voluntarily. It does me good, is dumb-bells and Indian clubs, and has forced me to cast with my left hand. As my left arm has always been weak since the boxing lessons of boyhood and my frontier life of forty years ago, I regard this enforced use of it as a blessing. This is, I think, the first plea in favor of heavy rods in these later days, when the great double-handed trout rods of the last century have become curiosities. While the left soon tires with casting, it is a relief to the right. A young man may strengthen his arms with many devices, but an old man will not take exercise for exercise sake; therefore, the heavier rod is my favorite, for the reasons given.

It is better to put a heavy line on a light, whippy rod than to give a good stiff rod a light line. The whippy, double-action rod, which kicks back when you throw it forward, may be good for those who like that sort of rod, but it will never send out a long line, and I prefer an alder cut from the bank.

Of course our ordinary trout fishing with the fly, is done within 40ft., but many an angler has seen a trout rising beyond that distance when he could not get nearer, and then he wishes that he had the power to make a long cast. It is in preparing for such chances that the intelligent angler wishes to know how to get there. There is no royal road to this learning, nothing but practice beforehand, on the old motto: "In time of peace prepare for war." I like a heavy line and do not believe that its descent on the water alarms a trout, as it strikes some 20ft. away and then unfolds roft. more; the ruffling of the surface is nothing if there is a slight wind making a ripple on the water, while if the surface is still the effect is such as we often see when a gentle puff of air from above strikes the water and moves forward in a wedge-shaped ripple. (See remarks on page 231, last week.) Trout are never alarmed at a falling leaf or twig, nor by the motion of insects on the water; these things they see every day. This makes me an unbeliever in the theory of casting lightly as a thistle-down. What trout fear is the moving shadow of a man or beast on the bank; the waving branches of the trees they know all about.

The Coming Trout Season.

To-day the wind is east, and there is fog, mist, rain and hail alternately in the air. No need to say, "Hail, gentle spring," for it will do it without invocation, and then the rheumatism in that left knee and right shoulder! Yet it all belongs with the spread that spring lays out, and why not accept it philosophically? A fellow who can take things as they come to him in this world and is glad that they are no worse, has all the elements of happiness that are in sight. But this is largely a matter of temperament, as is the disposition to grumble. An optimistic view of things brought me through where others died—but that's not related to the opening of the trout season—yet it has a relation to the selection of trout-companions.

It was not on the waters of the "Bigosh," which the Minnesota maps call "Winnebigoshish," of Itasca county, but on a trout stream of Sullivan county, N. Y., that the thing occurred. It was June—

"And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays."

The trout were rising fairly well and the birds were doing their level best to tell how they enjoyed life as Lowell has described a June day. We lunched at noon and fished an hour, when up came a thunder storm. We trudged through it over three miles of muddy roads, soaked and sodden; shoes ruined and hats wrecked. On the way I tried to make light of the affair, but my companion would have none of it. After a change of clothing, a dinner and a rainbow in the east, my friend remarked: "It's always my luck to be caught in this way and get a soaking, and you made it worse by making fun of it; what fun there was in it I can't see, getting soaked through and spoiling all the cigars in my coat."

On returning to the city I sent this man a box of cigars with a note of commiseration for his sufferings and his loss. His hide was so thick that he asked me to fish with him the next year; but we did not fish.

Where to Fish?

Lest any reader should think that this heading might tell him of prolific trout streams somewhere between New Brunswick and Oregon, I hasten to say: The question is a personal one. An invitation to spend a week at a club where the trout are plenty, but just shy enough to make angling that uncertainty which constitutes its charm to such sportsmen as regard the pursuit of game, and not its capture, as the highest form of sport, has been reluctantly declined. The man who says: "I can fish if they bite fast" may be an estimable citizen, but he misses the spirit of the angler. Walton tersely expressed it when he said: "Angling is somewhat like poetry; men are to be born so."

Then there are other invitations to wet a line in private waters, none of which can be accepted, because I am so chained to business that two days from home just now is my limit, and if my fly is dropped on some Long Island stream at the opening of the season for a day or two it will be joy enough, and thanks have been sent to the kind friends who remembered the scribbler who has a new book—there, I almost said it—but the fact is that there is a big grindstone running, and my nose is on it.

A note from John Patterson, of Ozone Park, N. Y.,—golly, what a name—who has a fishing station at Goose Creek, Jamaica Bay, Long Island, says that the first flounders were taken there on March 15, and promises to keep me advised about their biting, but when the trout season opens the flounder is no temptation. Later in the summer at Patterson's there is sometimes good weakfish ground, as he is near the Broad Channel, the Raunt, and other good grounds, as Goose Creek is the first railroad station on the trestle which crosses Jamaica Bay from Brooklyn to Rockaway Beach. Sometimes other game fishes run in there, but the flounder and the fluke live on that submerged meadow called Jamaica Bay, and hundreds find recreation in catching them, if the sport is not exciting.

Unios for Bait.

In FOREST AND STREAM of March 11 I had something to say of the fresh-water mussel as food. Without any reference to the question of food, "Matasiso" writes of the unio as bait for fish. He says:

"I sat down this evening to compose my mind before going to bed and picked up 'Men I Have Fished With' for the one hundred and seventeenth time (more or less, for I have not kept tabs on the record; but I read it on

an average of once a week, when somebody has not borrowed it). As I read about your old chum Steve Martin (vide page 142), I noted that George Scott experimented with fresh-water clams (unios) for bait.

"I wonder how many fishermen have tried that? If we could go into executive session and moralize over the past what funny experiences we could rake out of the cinders of the old furnaces of fun. But the spirit moves me suddenly to tell you of an incident that occurred in the fall of 1897, in fact, during the same trip to Plymouth, Mass., when I wrote you about 'Nesmuk'."

"I was with S. B. Duffield, Jr., a young and promising artist, and our tent was pitched on a bluff, about one-eighth mile distant from the nearest cart road; and our duffle had to be jackassed (you see I am acquiring Matherisms) that distance through the woods to the lake shore, and we had a tussle getting the canoe in. So we did not get settled and ready to go fishing till afternoon of the second day. Of course, when we started, we found that bait was scarce; we were after yellow perch for supper, and wanted minnows for bait, and not a blamed 'minny' could we find.

"Duff thought we were counted out, and made up his mind for fried bacon; but we got the canoe in the water and I reached down and pulled in a dozen unios.

"What in blazes are you going to do with those things?" says Duff.

"Use them for bait."

"Well, I'll give you my hat, if you get any fish with that bait."

"Now, my boy, you can sling paint and make pretty good johnny-cake; but your Uncle Dudley can show you how to 'catch fish.' 'Tis not the desire for food that calls the fish, but the way you put it before them. If you know how to do it, you can catch fish with a bit of salt pork, if the fish feel like biting, and if they don't, you could not catch a fish with the nicest bait in the country."

"Now, I would rather catch a perch on a rod with a pretty little reel than to land a 4lb trout with a cordwood pole, so I rigged the split bamboo, stuck on a bit of clam, and started in. I had pulled in three or four nice little perch, and found, on baiting up, that I had only a soft bit, which would not stand much chewing; so after throwing in my line I laid the rod across the gunwales and stooped over to open another clam. Suddenly the reel said 'click,' and I grabbed the rod just in time to keep it from going overboard, and the reel kept on with a click-click-c— which, being translated, means 'bass.'

"Now, Duff, though a thorough sportsman, did not know much of bass fishing, so I observed: 'Get your line in and get hold of that paddle, and don't be more than a week about it, either; and if that fish makes for the boat to go under it, you shove her ahead a length, so I can pass the line over your head.' The bass breached so near the boat that he flipped the spray into my partner's face. But I was engaged for a circus just then, and he got the paddle. The bass showed his breeding for a few minutes, and then started for the boat, while I reeled in for dear life. But the canoe did not move, and as the tip of the rod crept down toward the butt I mentally sighed and thought the rod was gone.

"About the time the two extremes met; the bass concluded he had enough and he came up, and I led him to the stern of the canoe. 'Now, Duff' said I, 'you slip that landing-net under him and lift him into the boat, but don't touch the line.'

"Under went the net; but it did not envelop the fish, and he slipped out, but had not strength to break away, and I led him back, and to my horror Duff dropped the net, took hold of the line, and before I could catch my breath stuck his finger down the fish's mouth, and throwing him into the bottom of the canoe, fell on him to keep him from jumping back into the water.

"I then and there offered a few pertinent remarks on methods of landing fish, and I fear offered up a few prayers for his soul's 'illfare,' but he had the fish.

"There was no means of weighing the fish, but it furnished a meal for the pair of us, and there was some left. I presume he weighed between 2 and 12 lbs. I do not dare to estimate closer, for fear you would question my veracity."

"Matasiso" is one of those well-meaning fellows who start in to tell you a story and get switched off on another track. He began to tell of the use of unios for bait and then ran into a bass fight, but as we all do the same thing when we get excited, it's all right. He did, however, show that he took some perch and one bass with this neglected bait.

Trout Flies.

A "Novice" writes: "I will fish for trout on Long Island in April and go to the Adirondacks in June. What flies would you recommend?"

For Long Island in April take the alder, black prince, grizzly king, Montreal, stone-fly, yellow Sally, coachman, queen of the water, green, brown and gray hackles and red ibis. It is the fashion to scoff at the red ibis

because it is like no living thing. The charge is true, but the trout take it at times, and who is to say them nay? For Long Island have these flies dressed on sprout hooks, Nos. 8 to 10. With this outfit you have an assortment of colors to fall back on in case the trout do not care for your first offering. Three of each kind will be enough for a week if you take care of them and do not snap them off or hang them up in the bushes beside the stream, which are ever hungry for flies and take them more freely than the trout will.

For the Adirondacks in June take sprout hooks, but larger, say 4 to 6, and the following flies: Alder, brown hen, coachman, royal coachman, Rube Wood, cowdung, gray drake, Montreal, professor, queen of the water, white miller, yellow Sally, oak fly, the hackles and the red ibis. When you select your flies pay for good ones. Take the ibis, for example; a white feather dyed red is as good as any in the shop; but one day's fishing and drying in the sun and the color is gone. The natural feather does not fade with a wetting, but it will cost more. Tackle dealers must keep cheap stuff for people who want it; but if you go to a reliable house and if you do not know just what you need, tell them so and trust them to fit you out. A novice cannot tell whether a lot of flies are worth \$3 a dozen or only half a dollar, because he is not a judge of workmanship nor of the value of the materials.

Therefore I say to "Novice," keep away from department stores and Bowery pawn shops when you buy fishing tackle, and go to some dealer who makes that his business. He understands his trade, and is not catering to those who want split bamboo rods for \$1 nor flies at 25 cents per dozen, for he knows that no man can make reliable goods at these prices.

If "Novice" should hook a good trout on a cheap fly and have the thing come apart after journeying to a trout stream, he would find that it was not always economy to buy low-priced stuff; yet there is a demand for such trash, and the supply naturally comes; but, when a fellow pays carfare and hotel bills for a few days' fishing, it is the wildest kind of extravagance to buy a lot of low-priced—not cheap—rubbish to bring him disappointment just at the supreme moment which he has dreamed of, and for which he has expended time and money.

My Fishing Bicycle.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It is not intended to intimate by this caption that my bicycle ever fishes. Toledo has one man whose piscatorial tales are told with the especial purpose of seducing the credulous and unwary, but this narrative is not in that category. What I wish to remark, however, is that as a part of the outfit of the stream fisherman, at least in the semi-civilized portions of the country, the bicycle is certainly a most valuable auxiliary, and it seems strange that its utility in this respect is not more generally recognized in the current fishing literature.

Toledo has two excellent streams available for small mouth bass-fishing, the Maumee, whose nearest accessible point for fishing purposes is about twelve miles above the city, and the Raisin, which empties into Lake Erie some twenty miles to the north, running approximately eastward for a distance of twenty miles above its mouth. Both these streams are reached by rail at the distances named, and both have six or eight miles of good fishing water above the villages of Maumee and Monroe respectively. The Raisin is also intersected by a railroad from Toledo, which crosses it at Dundee, some fifteen miles above the mouth (land measure), while there is still about thirty miles of river between the town last mentioned and the lake. Hence, it needs no diagram to show that from either of the three villages named the bicycle affords a quick and easy means of communication with many a stretch of good fishing water, which in the rapids of these streams can only be worked by wading. My own experience with a fishing bicycle has been quite enjoyable during the two past seasons, particularly on the Raisin. It has been quite practicable to leave Toledo any morning on an early train for either Monroe or Dundee, and on arrival at those places, by a ride of six or eight miles awheel reach water that gave very satisfactory sport, and was far enough away from the more accessible portions of the stream to insure little or not interruption. This arrangement permitted a good day's fishing in waters comparatively undisturbed, and a return home the same evening, a thing that would be possible without the wheel only at a considerable expense.

And this brings me to say that having demonstrated, to my own satisfaction at least, the desirability of the bicycle as a fishing companion, I have just completed a contract with one of the big Toledo factories for a wheel designed especially for cross-country riding, such as is usually found on the majority of the country roads which lead to fishing waters in this locality. The brief description which is here appended is submitted with the thought that possibly it might afford a suggestion for some reader of the paper who is making plans for his spring and summer campaigns. My new fishing bicycle will have 30in. wheels, fitted with 1 3/4in. tires. The sprockets are of ten and twenty-eight teeth, giving a gear of eighty-four, which is high enough for all practical purposes. The cranks measure 7in. and are equipped with swinging pedals. The frame is 24in., and has a drop of 3 1/2in. The saddle is open in the center, padded with hair, covered with black calfskin, and mounted on a flat steel spring, which is capable of sustaining a weight of 200lbs. The rear wheel is covered with a permanent wooden mud guard, and the entire machine will weigh in the neighborhood of 28lbs. Its advantages will doubtless suggest themselves. The large tires will enable the wheels to travel easily through mud and sand where a narrower tire would sink more deeply; the low frame and the drop given bring the rider near the ground, so that he sits little, if any, higher than on an ordinary 28in. wheel; the spring saddle permits of riding in comfort and with moderate exertion over roads that are rough and uneven, while the swinging pedals greatly facilitate hill climbing. I shall be quite impatient when the spring fishing begins till I have given the new fishing bicycle a thorough test.

JAY BEEBE.

TOLEDO, O., March 18.

Fishing Up and Down the Potomac.

Riverton.

What magic in a name! Poor Juliet's argument was intended only to deceive herself, for the mind is a mutoscope, and a name is the nickel in the slot that sets before us the moving pictures of memory and imagination.

At a sale of the personal effects of Samuel J. Tilden, Hon. Wm. Scott, of Erie, purchased some of the wine, among which was a rare vintage of Johannisberger that brought \$36 a bottle. A friend who afterward at a luncheon helped spoil a bottle, still recalls with dreamy delight the suggestion of nectar—that liquid sunshine. How much would it have brought unnamed, or how long remembered?

As the name Klondike stands for gold and cold, so Riverton, to the angler who has been there under favorable conditions, stands for beauty and bass.

To reach it one may go west to Harper's Ferry and take the Shenandoah Valley road, or go south to the battlefield of Manassas and take a branch that makes straight for the Blue Ridge and climbing its steep side by the winding stair of a little mountain brook go through Manassas Gap into the Shenandoah Valley.

Along this route you get glimpses of the higher peaks of the nearby Blue Ridge, Buck's Mountain, Rattlesnake, High Knob and others, and then from the summit of the Gap, near Linden, descend quickly to the river.

Riverton is a little country village, though a crossing of two important railroads. It is nestled in the hills, just where the North and South Forks of the Shenandoah River join their waters, while the Massanutten Range, like a tired giant has made his bed between.

Each river is dammed a few hundred yards above the confluence, and each has its turbine driven mill. We have come to fish the North Fork, for our July holiday, and the landlord, who has been wired instructions as to boats and men, informs us he has both ready.

The thermometer was at 107 when we left town, and it was 105 when we reached the hotel; a hot wave that in a few hours is gone, and as we catch the grateful evening breezes down the valleys, we wonder how people will live in New York when that blast reaches them.

The village night is noisy, for patriotism is exuberant as well in the woods as between walls, but fireworks are exhausted early, and quiet reigns save for some cur across the river suffering with insomnia, which recalls that long ago, when "the watch-dog bayed beyond the yellow Tiber," and one cannot but sleepily regret his ancestor had not died, that we might have peace.

The boatmen are waiting at the door next morning as we come out from an early breakfast, and they take our traps to the dam, where the boats are tied.

We saunter along behind, enjoying the cool air, and our morning smoke, for neither is a believer in the dawn hour for fishing.

Lying in the dust of the main street is a sign of civilization—our own, the modern cestus—a pair of iron knuckles, some belligerent, bloodthirsty, cowardly and careless hand has dropped in the throng of the night before; it is rude of manufacture, evidently forged at some rural smithy, but it is a relic at least, as interesting as a cast horseshoe, and is appropriated to hang upon the wall of our den as a souvenir, as strangely out of place in this peaceful valley as would be a stone arrow-head on the city pavement.

We reach the water and find it green and cloudy; not fit for the fly or anything else, but our exclamations of disappointment and disgust are checked by the boatmen, who declare it is all right; that the pool is that way every morning from the emptied duck pond; that it will soon run down, and that we are to fish above the source of trouble anyway.

As we finish our smoke, going up the long pool, where it is useless to cast, they tell us of an incubating duckery nearby, with artificial ponds, sluices, etc., and numerous feathers on the surface confirm their story, as does a barrel and a box of duck eggs we see later in the water—mute, but loud—that would be the better for embalming, so much are they like the offense of Hamlet's uncle. And this water goes to Washington. But presently we reach a cascade, struggle up over the rocks, and the fun begins. The water is fine and bright, and fish in plenty. We make no record-breaking catch, but the hour is perfect. A broad stream, with rocks and grass-puds and bass; quiet pools and raging little rapids and bass; little coves of backwater, dead and warm, teeming with the red-bellied sunfish, whose fatal ambition leads them to tackle a bass fly wherever they see one. Of course a No. 4 fly is too large for them, but, though many miss, it is not uncommon to get twenty-five or thirty in a day's fishing for bass; but they always go back, unless the boatman wants a mess. And getting the sunfish, it is difficult to make them understand why they cannot as well have the small bass, which the angler returns to the water.

Thomas W. Woodward, of South Carolina, seems to have been the first to attempt to raise bass. His efforts were dated as early as 1857, and are graphically described in an article in the De Bow Review (Vol. XXV., p. 442). In this same article he pays an interesting tribute to the red-bellied sunfish, and evidently considered them an object of sport to amply repay the trouble of stocking ponds with them. He also tells of the warmouth perch; he calls it mormouth, though this may have been a printer's error. The boatman calls attention to a bunch of basket willow, which pushes a tangled mass of roots out from the bank, and an eddy making behind it, shoots a strong current around the point that drops over the rocks in a long riffle to a pool below.

Approaching it quietly, a fly is dropped above to bait the edge of the tangle, but as it reaches the water the head and broad shoulders of a bass appears and—vanish the fly. It is a bigger fish than this rod has ever saved; its record is 5 1/2 lbs., and hope and triumph sing a psalm as the big fish rushes out from cover, and head down, goes over the falls with his first rush. The boat cannot follow, but the angler thinks he can, and hastily rises for a jump. There are but 30yds. of line, and before we get to shallow water, the bass has reached the

end, made one tantalizing leap in the air, as if to exhibit his liberal proportions, in "the altogether," and broke. Hope and triumph disappear, and sorrow broods over the silence unbroken, except by a miscellaneous assortment of language as the limp tackle comes trailing in.

Of course it was the leader parted, and two lessons are to be learned over that have been committed many times before.

First, that with small fish and still water 25yds. of line are enough for a fly-rod, but if there is a chance of a good fish, and there is rough water, less than 50yds. will sometimes lose a fish.

Second, that with small fish and quiet water nearly any leader is good enough, the finer the better, but with a big fish and broken water, the best is not too good.

For perch we have been using for a trace two 3ft. leaders that cost 20 cents a dozen. They are thin, but with 3 or 4oz. of rod and not much heavier fish they serve the purpose. We have tried making our own leaders, but there is little advantage we find. Gut can be purchased in strands at \$2 or \$3 per hundred, but to get round, selected gut that is reliable costs from \$5 to \$10, and as the heaviest is the shortest, one only gets 8 or 9in. out of a length, and a 6ft. leader becomes expensive. Of course good leaders can be purchased ready tied, but they cost 75 cents and upward, and economy prompts the use of the cheaper leader until some disaster like the loss of this fish shows how expensive is the habit of poor materials, for monster bass are like Gratiano's reasons, in the proportion of two grains of wheat in two bushels of chaff, and you seek many days till you fasten one, and you had best be ready then or chagrin and self-reproach will be your bitter portion.

The history of the use of silk worm gut for casting lines is not an old one, but its origin is buried in the mists.

One of the earliest allusions which points to its use for this purpose is in Pepy's Diary for March, 18, 1667: "This day Mr. Caesar told me a pretty experiment of his, of angling with a minnikin, a gut-string varnished over, which keeps it from swelling, and is beyond any hair for strength and smallness. The secret I like mightily." The "gut-string varnished" was probably the silk worm, and its first use as a trace for a phantom minnow.

Dr. Henshall tells of some interesting experiments with one of our native silk-producing moths, in which gut was secured three or four times the length of that from the silk worm and of good strength, but the enterprise seems to have passed the experiment stage.

The new process of making artificial silk from woodpulp or celluloid, producing a gum exactly like the natural silk seems to promise that we may yet have a casting line of any length, and any strength, of any shade and without a knot. Hasten the time. When the easy Southern winter's here, not this one, fails to kill the season's slime in the river, that hideous sign and result of pollution, at low water in the next year every stone is covered, and there streams from some, strands of waving green, yards long, like the hair of Berenice. When the leader strikes it, every knot gathers its load of disgustingly dirty thread, that weight the leader and spoil the cast. It makes a splash on quiet water that rivals that of the fly, and not infrequently invites the attack of some careless fish, though for the most part the effect of such a bombardment is to frighten to cover every self-respecting and wary bass.

HENRY TALBOTT.

The Illinois Seining Question.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Relative to proposed legislation to abolish seining in Illinois public waters, much of interest arises. If you bait your hook with a few sharp questions you will make a catch or two as to existing practices that you hardly expect. One thing is sure: The few large seiners are hungry as sharks for seining to continue. But any man who knows a catfish when he sees it understands that thousands of smaller fishermen's rights are swallowed up in the privileges enjoyed and taken by a few men who happen to be more fortunate in having a little more capital. The waters and fish being public property, this should not be allowed.

A petition against seines and drag-nets, signed by 3,000 Peoria citizens and by 2,000 from towns in the adjoining part of the State, was recently presented to the sub-committee on fish and game; since then the large seiners have appeared before the sub-committee with a counter-petition of 300 names from Havana to Chillicothe. It is our position that these "big" seiners wish to continue the use of seines. Why shouldn't they? The pirate lumberman would not wish to be driven by others from stripping timber from public lands, though the forests be ruined. One man might wish to occupy a common to the exclusion of others. It might be comfortable to him; but the people of the State who own the public waters and the fish therein have something to say, and with their attention drawn to the matter they would the State over stand against destructive seining in a greater ratio than 5,000 to 300 on the petitions.

If you will take these big seiners, you will find that they sweep the rivers and lakes of fish to the practical exclusion of all other people from a profitable business; besides the coarse fish, they take the black bass and game fish in the summer, or by early September, and these go to markets and "salmon" canning factories in the East with the carp and buffalo, and at the same cheap prices. They all use illegal seines, in that the meshes are 1 3/8 to 1 5/8 in. square instead of at least 2, as required by present laws. These facts are generally acknowledged; and if you catch a seiner by the gills, give him no time to wriggle off, but whop him on deck and make him open his mouth, you will very soon get such facts out of him, and many others that throw a flood of light on the destruction of fish and the wrongs of those fishermen who would obey the law.

These seiners, knowing the present outrage on the laws is becoming notorious, have the brass to urge not only that their seines (now often from 1,000yds. to sometimes a mile long) be not limited in length by statute, but also that any size mesh be allowed! Do they fear now that the present laws may be enforced, and that desperate efforts only will save their monopoly?

Do we reflect that seining is prohibited (except in some instances as to portions of rivers forming boundaries between States) in the adjoining States of Indiana, Kentucky, Missouri and Iowa? It is likewise prohibited in many other States, and a number provide for confiscation of illegal seines and nets when found. But in the States named, the case as to rivers and lakes and the existence of carp and buffalo, as well as cat, bull-pout and game fish is similar to that of Illinois. Why is seining allowed here, while it is forbidden about us?

The State makes a large appropriation every year for the protection of fish, and yet twenty firms on the Illinois monopolize all the business there. Other States prohibit seining because seining is an improvident and destructive method of taking fish. The fish in public waters are public property. There is the common right of fishing to be enjoyed by all and not usurped by a few.

Seines, as used in Illinois, are engines of destruction—of fish, of the small-fry, of the rights of the mass of fishermen, of the rights of anglers.

Our seining laws are everywhere violated—are unenforced. They are incapable of practicable enforcement. Proof is difficult. The smaller fishermen, who see the wholesale depletion of our rivers by the "big" seines and their own opportunities swept away are many of them in bondage to the large fishermen, to whom they must sell their smaller catches under present methods. There cannot be said to have been a legal seine used in the whole Illinois River last season.

In his report (October, 1898) the Indiana Fish Commissioner states that in his twenty-one months of office he and his deputies secured 244 convictions for illegal fishing, seized 14,400ft. of illegal seines and turned in \$2,239.96 in fines. This sum exceeded his salary (the large sum of \$900) and all money devoted to the enforcement of the laws (Rep. p. 13, 14). In Illinois, where are the convictions and what money has been collected for fines, not for a year, simply, but say for the last five years? We, from answers from fifteen counties along the Illinois, could not learn of \$100 in fines collected. The carp abounding in Indiana waters, and seines, fyke-nets, set-nets and all kinds of nets (except for minnows) and even set-lines being prohibited, he recommends that seines not exceeding 100ft. in length by 8ft. in width, with not less than 2in. meshes, be allowed (Rep. p. 13). Think of it—not yards, but feet! Short seines would not be open to the objections of the long seines. They could be used by the great number of fishermen, and without so great destruction of small-fry. But the necessity for short seines does not exist in Illinois, where fyke-nets, many other nets and set-lines are legal. Such nets are not allowed in Indiana, Kentucky, Missouri and Iowa, where the carp abound. Yet they forbid the seine.

Also Arizona, California, Colorado, Dakota, Ohio, Vermont, and several other States make seining and drawing of nets unlawful (except in some instances as to boundary rivers and certain named rivers; as to the Great lakes and tide waters special provisions are of course made). Wisconsin and Michigan have stringent laws.

In 1898 the river was stripped of fish in July and August, so that from September and on seining was at an end. The thousand fishermen on the Illinois had little to take in their fyke-nets and by other legitimate means. The angler was restricted to perch and small cat.

What an absurdity to appropriate \$10,000 per year for propagation of fish for destruction. Our rivers swarm with the young of bass and other game fish, but they are destroyed before reasonable growth.

These are admittedly the facts. They say when water is high the carp come in from the Mississippi and pass above the dams again. Other States about us, having rivers like ours, tributary to the Mississippi, and fed therefrom, make wanton practices unlawful.

The long seines at every draw destroy hundreds of thousands of small-fry, dragged and frightened into the grass, mud and roily waters where they die. Many fishermen, who have means of knowing, declare that often a million of small-fry are killed at one draw. Thousands of small fish that would escape easily through the meshes, but of unlawful size to take, are frightened on in advance of the large fish thrashing near the seine to escape and are taken or left on the shore to die.

Under present methods the great catch is in the summer, when the price of fish is low; through the later season up to winter, when prices are high, there are few fish—thus we have a great economic loss. During all this time the numerous smaller fishermen everywhere are out of business or eke out a bare subsistence. Without seines, all could be employed and make money with a large output of fish at fair prices. The present vicious system is partial to a few capitalists and prejudicial to all others. The public property is seized by a few. Our commissioners cannot patrol the whole State; they see the large seiners and the smaller fishermen are disregarded necessarily.

Statistics are put forth to show 8,000,000lbs. of coarse fish, carp and buffalo, taken in a season. These same statistics show a small quantity of bass and game fish. The statistics are unreliable. The statistics are exaggerated as to coarse fish and diminished as to the better class of fish. There is design in this. The effort is to show the bass and game fish as gone from our waters—that therefore the seining should continue so that carp and buffalo may be sent to market—to the Eastern markets, including "salmon" canning factories! Large seiners have furnished these "statistics."

The statement for 1898 shows 43,000lbs. of black bass taken in the State, yet 30,000lbs. were taken at one haul near Henry. At an early haul just above Peoria 2,100 black bass were taken. The seining continued and thousands of people in the vicinity of Peoria, taking recreation and seeking a mess of fish, took with hook and line no bass last year to mention.

What is the remedy? Strike at the root of the evil—abolish seining. Such a law will be of easy enforcement, for proof is easy and before the eyes of all interested.

If it be said that short seines will be of no use in some of the large lakes and portions of the large rivers, that is as it should be. No need that the whole territory should be stripped. Give the fish a little chance; no need to take them all. Let other fishermen do business in some places, at least, and give people seeking recreation a show.

It is said by a seiner that the carp, after spawning, go back down the rivers if water be not too low so that they

cannot get over the dams; that therefore the seiners should be allowed to take them. That is it—let none escape! While the facts are not with the gentleman, we have only to carry the argument a step further to show its enormity. If all fish are to be taken, put nets across the mouth of the Illinois, for instance, and at other points, after the carp have gone up, and pen them in.

Give fyke-nets and set-nets, etc., a chance—with smaller meshes, that bull-pouts may also be taken—and make fishing profitable for thousands instead of a hundred of our citizens. There is no destruction of the small-fry in these methods—a well recognized and understood fact. These set nets and the like can be seen and examined by anybody, and illegal nets found. Provision should be made for destruction of illegal nets and good-sized fines imposed. Let us be "business" in all this matter.

Our honorable Fish Commissioners say that "in no State in the Union has nature bestowed a more bountiful supply of waterways adapted for fish than Illinois." (See Fish Propagation and Protection, p. 1, by N. H. Cohen.) Speaking of black bass and the successful stocking of streams in the Eastern and Middle States, the same authority adds: "With our great resources there will be no difficulty in producing similar or even greater results, as our natural facilities in Illinois are far in advance of those of the Eastern and Middle States." (P. 13.) Yet the argument of the few large seiners is that the bass are doomed, and carp and buffalo occupy the waters and (few) want to be allowed to take them.

Some say improvident anglers take bass below dams in spawning season and thus cause great destruction. If so, let the law be made to stop it. But whenever a large catch is made by an angler the story spreads and often grows with the story-teller. It would take a greater number of these catches than you have ever heard of for any one season to cause a destruction equal to that of one of many a day's seining in the Illinois.

Mr. Cohen again remarks: "If these fish (black bass) were left undisturbed for the period mentioned, in five years the streams would be alive with game fish." (P. 14.)

So if the present dead-letter part of our laws, attempting to prohibit seining with meshes less than 2in. square, were abolished and seining (except for minnows) were absolutely prohibited, the people, the fishermen and the angler would be blest and the commercial output would soon exceed its present amount and value. The market output is now a few hundred thousand dollars. The product should soon be several millions of dollars.

As Mr. Cohen, in his pamphlet says (P. 2): "Shall they (the Illinois waterways adapted for fish) go to waste and become barren, or shall they have protection and reach the maximum of their primitive condition?"

Any communications may be sent undersigned.

JOHN KELLY.

713 Third St., Peoria, Ill.

Kit North as an Angler.

CHARLESTOWN, N. H., March 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your entertaining correspondent, Mr. Henry Talbott, falls into an error when he says that Christopher North (Prof. John Wilson) was not an angler. He was taken in by Wilson's "bamming" (short for bamboozling), in which all the writers for Blackwood indulged to a great extent, and in which he delighted to represent "Christopher" as a senile old man. The first angling literature I ever read, when a boy, more than sixty years ago, long before I ever saw a copy of Izaak Walton, were Wilson's papers in Blackwood, since collected as the "Recreations of Christopher North," and the next, was Sir Humphrey Davy's "Salmonia," and these tended to confirm a natural inclination, which has lasted me through life. Later, I read various other angling reminiscences, scattered through the "Noctes Ambrosianæ," many of them given as coming from the mouth of the Ettrick Shepherd, Hogg, who Wilson delighted to simulate. If Mr. Talbott does not know it, let him read the "Memoirs of Christopher North," by his daughter, Mrs. Gordon. It is one of the most delightful books of biography I know of, and I will quote a few pages from it. I will not dwell on his raptures over his fish, described on page 3 of the memoir, when he was only three years old, for I have several times referred to it in my letters to FOREST AND STREAM, but will pop on to page 140; which describes his plunging bodily into Loch Awe to save a huge trout, which he had hooked on a weak line. Page 141 gives an account of his mode of fishing, as ostensibly described by the Ettrick Shepherd, in the "Noctes."

"In he used to gang, out, out, out, and even sae far out, frae the point of a promontory, sinking aye farther and farther doon, just to the waistband o' his breeks, then up to the middle button of his waistcoat, then to the verra breist, then to the oxters, then to the neck, and then to the verra chin o' him, sae that you wannered how he could fling the flee; till at last o' a' he would plump right out o' sight, till the Highlander on Ben Cruachan thocht him drooned. No he, indeed; sae he takes to the sooming, and strikes awa' with ae arms; for the tither had haud of the rod; and could ye believe't, though it's as true as Scripture, fishing a' the time, that no a moment o' cloudy day be lost; ettle* at an' island a quarter o' a mile aff, w' trees, and an old ruin o' a religious house, wherein beads used to be counted, and wafers eaten, and mass muttered hundreds o' years ago; and getting footing on the geen sward, or the yellow sand, he but gies himself a shoke, and ere the sun looks out o' the cl'ud, has hyuckt a four-pounder, whom in four minutes (for it's a multiplying pim the cre'tur' uses) he lands, gasping through the giant gills, and glittering wi' a thousand spots, streaks and stars, on the shore!"

This is, of course, exaggeration; but to say that the man who could write it was not an angler, is like saying that Milton was not a poet, nor Daniel Webster an orator. Let us quote Mrs. Gordon's more sober language:

"With him the angler's silent trade was a ruling passion, he did not exaggerate to the Shepherd in the 'Noctes' when he said that he had taken 150 trout in one day in Loch Awe, as we see by his letters that even larger numbers were taken by him."

On the next page, in a letter to his wife, he says: "What a fishing! in one pool I killed twenty-one trout, all of them about 2lbs. each, and have just arrived in

*Aims for.

time for dinner at Craig, loaded so that I could hardly walk."

To show that the passion did not fade out, I will again quote Mrs. Gordon, on page 446, of "North in 1845," omitting mention of the long pedestrian excursions in the Highlands, of his earlier years: "How now do his feet touch the heather? Not as of old, with a bound, but with slow and unsteady step, supported on the one hand by his stick, while the other carries his rod." * * * "He surely will not venture into the depths of the water, for only one hand is free for a 'cast,' and those large stones, now slippery with moss, are dangerous stumbling blocks in the way. Besides, he promised his daughters he would not wade, but on the contrary walk quietly with them by the river's edge, then gliding 'at its own sweet will.' Silvery bands of pebbled shore, leading to loamy-colored pools, dark as the glow of a southern eye, how could he resist the temptation of near approach?"

"In he goes, up to the ankles, then to the knees, tottering every other step, but never falling. Trout after trout he catches, small ones certainly, but plenty of them. Into his pockets with them, all this time maneuvering in the most skillful manner, both stick and rod; until weary, he is obliged to rest on the bank, sitting with his feet in the water, laughing at his daughter's horror, and obstinately continuing the sport in spite of all remonstrance. At last he gives in and retires. Wonderful to say, he did not seem to suffer from these imprudent liberties." Does this read like a man who was no true angler, or in whom the love of the sport had died out?

Not to be tedious, I will turn to the closing scene, on page 456, of Mrs. Gordon's "Memoir": "Certain it is that the 'Mearns' came among those waking dreams, and that he gathered around him, when the spring markings brought gay jets of sunshine into the little room where he lay, the relics of a youthful passion, which with him never grew old. It was an affecting sight to see him busy, nay, quite absorbed with the fishing tackle scattered about his bed, propped up with pillows; his noble head, yet glorious with its flowing locks, carefully combed by attentive hands, and falling on each side of his unfaded face. How neatly he picked out each elegantly draped fly from its little bunch, drawing it out with trembling hand along the white coverlet, and then replacing it in his pocketbook, he would tell ever and anon of the streams he used to fish in of old, and of the deeds he had performed in his childhood and youth. These precious relics of a bygone sport, were wont to be brought out in the early spring, long before sickness confined him to his room. It had been a habit of many years, but, then the 'sporting jacket' was donned soon after and angling was no more a delightful dream, but a reality, 'that took him knee deep or waistband high, through river feeding torrents, to the glorious music of his running and ringing reel.' Is not this a pathetic picture of an angler's death-bed? I could not wish a better one, when my last cast is made, and my own lines wound up forever.

Vox W.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Light in Indiana.

Mr. Arthur M. Davis writes a very welcome letter from Cartersburg, Ind. It is very comforting to hope that this great angling State of Indiana is to have more adequate protection, and Mr. Davis' pride is very pardonable. He goes on to say:

"Enclosed you will find a short synopsis of the fish law passed by the late Legislature of this State. I have read your space in FOREST AND STREAM very carefully the past few weeks, hoping to find some mention of our efforts to secure a decent law for Indiana, but as you have said nothing about it, I suppose it has not been brought to your notice. At last we have secured a law that, with proper enforcement, will probably be the means of bringing the numerous small streams and rivers of the State back to their former high standing as bass waters. All former laws had practically no provision for their enforcement, but now with a good commissioner and the means at his disposal for enforcing the laws, we may hope to see at least a few of the hoard of trammel netters, dynamiters, etc., who have been the means of depleting our bass streams, brought to book for their miserable ways. Let the FOREST AND STREAMERS know that old Indiana is at last awakened and will, from now on, be found in the company of other States in the protection of her game and fish.

"I have read your articles in FOREST AND STREAM for several years, and they have been almost like personal letters to me.

"I am preparing for quite an extended canoe and camping trip on White River the coming summer, and if I can pick up any items that will be of use to you, would be glad to furnish them. White River covers a part of the State one seldom sees mentioned in the sportsmen's papers, though it abounds in numerous splendid fishing streams and some good shooting country."

One of the best features of the new Indiana law is the appointment of a "Commissioner of Fish and Game" to hold office four years, though the office carries a salary of only \$1,200 a year, with the additional amount of \$1,200 for traveling and office expenses. Here, of course, is the weak point of the law. No man can for any such sum properly cover a fiftieth part of the State of Indiana. There are good clauses on pollution of streams, dynamiting, seining, etc. I regret to see that seines are licensed from July 1 to Sept. 30, and trot line fishing is allowed with fifty hooks on a line. Spearing seems to be prohibited, and a limit of 24lbs. of bass is set for each day. Fishing of all sorts whatever in the months of May and June is prohibited, and I advise all Chicago anglers who intended to go to Indiana on an early angling trip to paste in their hats the memorandum that no legal fishing can be done in Indiana until July 2, not even by hook and line.

E. HOUGH.

1200 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

New Brunswick Trout.

FREDERICTON, N. B., March 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have received a good many letters lately from sportsmen inquiring about trout fishing in this Province. As the Legislature is now in session, and this is one of my busy times, perhaps you will permit me to answer all of these inquiries very briefly through your columns. I cannot undertake, at this time, to enter into detail as to the almost innumerable streams in this Province where trout are numerous. They are also plentiful in nearly all the inland forest lakes. Perhaps there is no better trout fishing to be found in the world to-day than in many of the lakes and lesser streams at the headwaters of the Tobique (both right and left-hand branches), and the Nepisiguit. The fish run from 2 to 4 and 5 lbs. Togue, or land-locked salmon are also plentiful in some of these lakes. July and August are the better months in which to come, as the mosquito is on the grounds with his spear in June. Parties wishing guides and canoes can write to George Armstrong, Perth Centre; Adam Moore, Scotch Lake, or Alex. Ogilvie, South Tilley, and feel perfectly certain of receiving square treatment. Edward Norred, Boiestown, is an excellent man to write to if one desires fine trout fishing in the Rocky Brook and Sisters Lake region.

By the way, I think I can settle this question as to how many cubs are produced by the female black bear. Henry Braithwaite says that the animal only breeds once in every two years; that as a rule the litter is composed of two or three cubs, though he caught a bear last spring that had four cubs with her. He says that he has found the new-born cubs in January and also in March, showing that there is no regular mating season; also that he has seen plenty of undoubted evidence that the old bears, especially the males, frequently destroy their young. Henry knows.

FRANK H. RISTEEN.

Lake Ontario Salmon.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., March 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In the edition of March 18 Mr. Redmond gives some interesting information in regard to the former existence of salmon in the waters of Irondequoit and Braddocks bays.

In July or August of 1896, while fishing in one of the channels of Irondequoit, near the Float Bridge, I caught a fish weighing about 2 lbs., with slate-colored back and silver underneath, said to be a salmon. He took a 4in. minnow, and was a strong fighter. I have not heard of one being caught since.

HARRY B. MARTIN.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

April 4-7.—Boston, Mass.—New England Kennel Club's bench show. James Mortimer, Manager.
Nov. 22-24.—New York.—American Pet Dog Club's show. S. C. Hodge, Supt.

Some Reasoning Dogs.

"I HAD a funny experience to-day," remarked the Colossal Liar, as he made room for his feet near the cheerful camp-fire. The Story Teller pitched an armful of wood upon the blaze, while the Major said, staring straight up into the clear sky, "Looks as though it might blow pretty soon."

"Yes, sir, the most funny experience I ever had; I went over to the little pond (which, be it known, lay about a quarter of a mile behind our camp, in the woods), thinking that I might possibly get a few trout in there. I don't like this bass fishing, anyway; it's too dum lazy, paddling around in a boat all day, only making a cast now and then. You know where the little point juts out about two rods on the south side?" Nobody said a word. "Well, I thought I would stand out on that point, where I would have good, clear casting into the best water; if there were any trout in there, I wanted them."

"I sat down at the edge of the woods, rigged my tackle, and then stepped out on the point. There is a strip of tall grass on the beach, and looking over it I saw one of these 'ere long-legged cranes; he seemed to be asleep, and before I thought I swung my rod and made a lashing cast that carried the line whirling around his legs. He gave a wild screech of surprise, like a woman who has been caught bathing, and started to fly. Then I realized what a scrape I was in. He took that line out faster than it ever reeled off before, and the first thing I knew he was at the end of his rope, and I was hanging on to that rod for dear life; it sprung and bent like a blade of grass, and for one blessed instant I thought the good old friend was a goner. Then old long-legs seemed to lose heart, for he fell with a splash into the water. Say! You never saw such an exhibition of ground and lofty swimming in your day and generation. He spluttered, and spluttered, and splashed around there, with sometimes his head out of water, and sometimes his heels, for a full ten minutes, and would have drowned, I guess, if I had not hauled him ashore, hand over hand."

"He lay still on the sand for a second or two, and I began to consider what on earth to do with him. All at once he started off on a dead run along the beach, like a greyhound. Say! I laughed to see him go it; he put me in mind of Old Redoubtable, there, the day he ran afoul of the hornet's nest. The old idiot had somehow got the line tangled around his legs and wings, so that he could not fly again; but the way he made three-toed tracks in the sand was a caution; and all the time he was yelling and squalling to frighten the devil. Of course, that fun could not last long; pretty soon the line caught around something solid and snapped, and away that fool bird ran faster than ever, and yelling like a scared dog; he's going yet, I know, and he won't stop to-night, either. Ha! ha! ha!" and the Colossal Liar threw back his head and made the woods ring with peal on peal of laughter, in which we all came in strong on the chorus.

"So of course you did not get any trout?" said the Story Teller.

"Get any trout? Say! It was all I could do to get home; I had to stop every rod and laugh an hour over that performance. Ha! ha! ha!"

Then the Inveterate Fisherman joined the circle; he had just come in. "Say, old man," said he to the Liar, "I took your rod to-day; my tip needs splicing; but I knew you were off with your gun, and wouldn't use it. Hope you don't mind, especially as I brought home a few nice ones."

The Colossal Liar straightened up with a jerk; then, seeing some warlike preparations on the part of the Major, he suddenly had business away from the vicinity.

"Cussed Ananias," remarked the latter, wrathfully, as he threw the club which he had seized upon the fire; "making me laugh till my sides are sore over a fool lie that did not come near enough to the truth to impose on an idiot."

And out on the water a loon yelled in the moonrise, "Ha! ha! ha!"

D. F. H.

NEW YORK.

Dogs in Great Britain.

Now our big New York show is a thing of the past, having won the congratulations of all concerned, a glance at the report of the big show held by Mr. Crofts, at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, London, may reveal many interesting items to your readers.

The show appears to have been successful even beyond former exhibitions, the attendance very great, the low cost of admission, sixpence only, between the hours of 6 and 10 P. M., no doubt attracting the dog lovers of the humbler classes, who are numerous over the water.

The gross number of entries numbered 3,435, and among the classes we notice the name of some breeds that are practically unknown among us, even by old fanciers, like myself, who left the other side in the days of our youth.

Griffons Bruxellois had 36 entries, but this dog is a stranger to me, and probably is to many others. I should say it is a small dog, as one class was for "not over 5 lbs."

Maltese had 17 entries, as many as the mastiffs, that grand old British dog. Airedale terriers, the breed that is just now interesting our terrier lovers, had 82 entries, and the class attracted much attention.

Roseneath terriers, whatever they may be, had 16 entries. Whippets, 35, and one solitary Clydesdale appears. This last is beyond me, but we must live and learn, and probably in a year or so we shall have a large class of Clydesdales in New York. The more the merrier. Who knew the points of a Boston terrier a few years back?

Speaking of Boston terriers, Yankee Boy's win at New York was very pleasing to our Boston fanciers.

Retrievers had 117 entries, and to judge from the sales columns in the London Stock-Keeper, the breed is very popular in England, and much used in the field. Of bull dogs, 166 entries show how much the breed is liked. Toy bull dogs had 60 entries, rose ears the rule.

Collies, with 245 entries, were the largest class, and this breed is very popular. A good deal of discussion is going on over there of the matter of faking ears.

Beagles were small in number, but the breed is highly esteemed, the sale of a pair for 100 guineas being mentioned in the Stock-Keeper. Beagles under 10in. seem to be growing in favor; indeed, all the small breeds have a boom, as they have classes for toy bull terriers.

Elkhounds had 19 entries. What manufactured breed is this?

WOMBAT.

BOSTON, March, 1899.

Points and Flushes.

The famous Irish setter Finglas, owned by Mr. W. L. Washington, died on March 25. He was one of the importations from the kennels of Rev. Robert O'Callaghan. He had some reputation as a field trial competitor, but his chief reputation was founded on his long list of bench show winnings made at shows of importance in almost every city east of the Rocky Mountains. He was by Fingal III out of Aveline.

Nachting.

THE following, from the Kansas City Star, is much on a par with some of the expert testimony brought out by the sailing of Dominion last summer:

Having read to her pupils a description of the sinking of the Merrimac, the teacher some days later asked them what the word "catamaran" then used meant. These are some of the answers:

A catamaran is a mounting lion.

The catamaran is a savage officer in the Fillipose Islands.

A catamaran carries clubs in a golf game.

A catamaran is the place in Chicago where the cat show was held.

The catamaran was a convention hall prize.

The catamaran is the proper name for a catboat and war ram together, like the Catadin.

Hobson obtained a catamaran from the Spanish officers, which was all he had to eat.

Gasolene Engines and Launches.—IV.

BY F. K. GRAIN.

(Continued from page 220, March 18.)

PITCH OF PROPELLER.—The pitch of a propeller wheel is the distance the wheel would travel during one revolution if it were a screw working in a nut. For instance, if your wheel has a pitch to the blades of say 30in., it will travel that distance if revolved once, or if the wheel is held stationary fore and aft and revolved once as in a boat, it will move the boat 30in. Of course, this is not making any allowance for slip. The slip of a propeller amounts to, roughly, 15 per cent.

Now we will assume that which is very true, which is

that hardly any two boats of the same length, but of different form get the same results from the same wheel, and in a certain case the motor runs away with the wheel. What is to be done? In most places increasing the pitch of the wheel will remedy the defect; but if it does not, a new wheel of larger diameter will have to be substituted.

Then there are cases where, when sufficient pitch is given the wheel to get the proper speed, it slows down the motor, so that results are balanced.

In such a case begin by cutting off $\frac{1}{2}$ in. from the ends of blades. Make a paper pattern so as to cut all alike. If then it does not work, another $\frac{1}{2}$ in. can be taken off. A good deal will have to be left to the judgment of the owner, as, of course, there are no set rules, and the cutting process cannot be done too extensively. We have seen wheels of 18in. diameter cut to 15in., and one of 36in. cut to 28in., and in both cases the speed of the boat was increased about 25 per cent.

It is a mistaken idea to suppose that you will increase the speed by attempting to overload your motor with wheel. It should be of a diameter and pitch that the motor will handle with ease. Some wheels will slip or race, and not take hold if started at once at or near full speed; in such cases the remedy being to start up slow and gradually bring the motor up to the desired speed.

We have seen cases, especially in launches of 25ft. and under, where the wheel would continue to race no matter how much the speed was varied. This is generally caused by the wheel being too close to the surface. The remedy is, after the motor is started to walk forward so as to throw the wheel out as far as possible. Then move quickly aft on to the stern, which will cause the boat to settle by the stern and the wheel will then take hold and keep itself down in solid water, unless too much weight is carried into the bow.

In all cases have your wheel made of good hard bronze and be sure it is finished smooth all over, as the resistance of a roughly-finished wheel will spoil the best efforts of the designer.

The next point to be considered is the number of blades you intend to use on your wheel. As commonly made, they are furnished two, three and four bladed. For small wheels at high speeds we safely leave out of consideration the four-bladed variety, for reasons too numerous to mention here. The three and two-bladed are the varieties mostly in use. When possible the three-bladed wheel gives the best all-round satisfaction, but the two will give in most cases equally as good results, excepting that there is without doubt more vibration from its use. Mostly all reversing wheels that feather their blades are made with but two blades, owing to the third blade complicating the reversing mechanism. By all means allow the builders of your motor to use their own judgment in furnishing the wheel, as they in most cases know the wheel that will produce the best average results. In event of their failing you can then experiment for yourself.

TOOLS.—If not provided with proper tools, the following will be a good collection of useful and in fact indispensable tools. By all means buy the best and always carry them with you at all times, as there is no telling when you may need any or all of them: One 8in. Stillson pipe wrench; one 12 or 14in. Stillson pipe wrench; one 10 monkey wrench; one small monkey wrench; one 6in. three-square file; one pair pliers; one sheet emery cloth; one hammer; one small roll asbestos paper; 10ft. copper wire.

HULLS.—It is not our purpose to give minute instructions for constructing a hull, but only a few points that will enable you to pick out or order built a craft that will be constructed in the proper manner.

To begin with, your hull should have a good sound oak keel of ample size, set on edge, the stem to be of Hackmatack natural crook, the sternpost of oak, allowing at least 1in. of wood clear of each side of the shaft boss. The sternpost should be dove-tailed into the keel, and the overhang, of oak, into the sternpost. The ribs should be of good young growth white oak, steam bent, and of good size, placed not further than 12in. apart from centers. Fastened to the keel and reaching up from 12 to 18in. on each rib should be a floor timber of natural crook wood securely fastened to the keel and the ribs.

By all means have your boat planked with white cedar and as heavy as possible, as power boats have an inclination to hog, or, in other words, to settle at the ends, therefore, the fore and aft wood is the material that will have to take this strain. White, yellow and cork pine, oak and cypress, are used for planking, but for boats of 50ft. good cedar will always be a favorite, it is light, tough, and very elastic, and under ordinary use will last a lifetime. Furthermore, it will not dry apart and stay apart like many other woods, and is therefore especially adapted for a boat that may lay ashore part of each year.

Be sure the seams of your planking are hard up inside and open slightly on the outside. When the seam is open inside it is what is called a hollow seam, and will not hold caulking of any kind. Such seams are caused by poor workmanship, and will always give trouble and in many cases, especially when under water and hidden by flooring, are a source of danger.

The fastening of the planking should be copper nails, riveted on the outside over copper burrs, but in no case nails or tacks clinched down. At the ends of the planking and in all places where a copper nail cannot be riveted over a burr, the proper thing is a good galvanized boat nail. Be sure all knots have been tested, and when one is loose, knocked out, and a white pine plug fitted in its place. If a check appears in the planking, which is quite liable to happen, especially in cedar, it should be carefully traced out to its limit, then bore at its end a $\frac{1}{4}$ in. hole and plug same with white pine. This will stop any check from running further.

The planking should be carefully caulked with the best quality cotton, care being taken not to drive it through, also not to put it in too tight, as many a good boat has been ruined and made leaky by too much and too hard caulking. As regards width of planking, narrow certainly looks better, and in many cases enables the builders to secure a better finished surface, also lessening the liability to check, but on the other hand, rather diminishes than otherwise the strength of the boat, besides making more seams to look after and leaks. Personally, we prefer wide plankings, but when used and fastened with a copper nail on upper and lower edges, it should have in addition a galvanized boat nail between to prevent any tendency to buckle.

The decks, coaming and joiner work are now most commonly made of oak, finished in the natural wood. When oak is used and finished natural, great care must be taken not to allow it to get weather stained, as it is almost impossible to reclaim it. White pine makes, without doubt, the best deck, but care must be taken not to mar or walk on it with shoes having nails, as it is easily dented, and on light work can not, of course, be planed or scraped very often. Pine, both white and yellow, make very nice wainscoting, seats, etc. Cypress is also used for inside work and finishes very handsomely, it is, however, necessary to paint and varnish it inside and out when being put up, otherwise it is affected by dampness to such an extent that it will shrink and swell to excess and cause trouble.

It is an excellent plan to allow the sternpost to project above the deck to form a good towing post, also to have one in the bow, as a line can be made more secure, and it can be done quicker than on a cleat, especially if the cleat is not very large. Either towing cleats or post should be as far forward of the rudder as possible in order to have the boat steer properly.

When possible have a shoe of oak from $\frac{5}{8}$ to $\frac{7}{8}$ in. planed on the under side of your keel, and when same is put on, let there be two thick coats of paint put between. This shoe will protect your keel from injury and prevent it from being eaten by worms. Should the shoe become worn or eaten, it is but a small matter to renew, whereas, it is a very expensive one to put a new keel in. There should be a good stem band of brass fastened with brass screws.

RUDERS.—The skeg and rudder should also be of brass with a suitable stuffing box for the rudder post. Rudders are made in many different forms of construction, but that most in vogue consists of a post with arm at right angles, to each side of which is riveted a thin sheet of metal, the two sheets then being riveted together around the edge. The best form, we think, consists of a single plate of metal with a heel and rudder post, into which the plate is slotted. This makes a strong and easily repaired rudder, and has the advantage that it can be patched at any place or time. The fittings or hardware even to the smallest nail should be either of brass, copper or galvanized iron. We incline toward brass for all deck fittings, as with galvanized iron, as soon as the surface is worn off, there remains, of course, nothing but the raw iron, which rusts and looks badly; not only that, but brass can be kept bright and adds materially to the looks. There should be a pair of bevel chocks on the bow and a pair of either straight or bevel on the stern. Both bow and stern should be provided with a good sized cleat and a flag pole socket. Care should be taken to have the chocks and cleats of ample size and strongly fastened.

Most all launches are provided with a suitable steering wheel, which, we are sorry to say, the majority of launch owners pay more attention to and think more of than they do the propeller wheel. Be sure that the tiller of the rudder is so placed that in case of accident to the steering wheel or its gearing, that the boat can be controlled by the tiller. Never go out without a good pair of oars, as there is no telling when you may meet with a break down, and when this occurs in a small launch in a heavy sea on a lee shore, it is a serious business.

ANCHORS.—Anchors are the only insurance a small boat owner has, and it behooves every owner to have two good ones, one medium and one heavy weight, both to be provided with ample cable. A spare anchor and cable can be stored under the flooring, they take up no room, and do not cost much, but may at any time be the means of saving your boat. Let me caution you against the universal mistake of not giving your anchor sufficient cable. It must be borne in mind that it is next to impossible for an anchor to hold if hove up short, especially until it has worked itself down into the bottom. If plenty of cable is paid out when the boat swings or rides up her anchor it will only turn the anchor without tripping it, whereas if the cable is short the anchor will trip or turn over.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Work at Bristol.

WITH the arrival of both nickel steel and Tobin bronze plates at Bristol, five weeks ago, came apparently the end, so far as the material for the plating of the new cup defender was concerned, of what C. Oliver Iselin facetiously called the "guessing contest" into which he and the Herreshoffs had lured the newspaper men. Everything pointed to bronze plating below the waterline and nickel steel above, but the progress of work on the boat for the past week has shown that tobis bronze will be used clear to the rail.

The bronze plates are being put on the boat as fast as the workmen can get them there, while the steel plates are going into the bulkheads, floors, deck strapping and deck stringers of the boat, and into her steel spars. Mr. Iselin has scored a point, but the correct information is out at last and with the launching of the boat from her locked and guarded shop still two months away.

Still it is only fair to Mr. Iselin to say that he never expected the "guessing contest" could be kept up until launching time, but was only anxious that it be made as long as possible. Whether or not the cat is out of the bag earlier or later than he expected, he alone knows, but undoubtedly he has had many a quiet laugh over the guesses.

In the meantime the boat is steadily growing under the hands of skilled workmen, and at the same time is showing that something more than "guessing" has been done in giving previous information about her. She is in every important respect, except that of topside plating, the boat that was detailed in The Globe four weeks ago. The construction shows a few differences in minor details, but the model, general dimensions and scheme of construction as then given have been confirmed from reliable sources of information.

The over all length of the boat was then given as about 130 ft. This was before a single frame had been put in place, and was based on the knowledge that 77 frames, spaced 20 in. on centers, would go into the boat. The construction is now so far along as to show that the boat's structure goes about 3 ft. forward of frame 1, and about 2 ft. aft of frame 77, giving very close to 131 ft. over all, or just 7 ft. longer than Defender. Her beam is just over 24 ft., as then stated, or a foot more than

Defender's and her draft close to 20 ft., with the probabilities of something less rather than over that figure.

Her sail plan is still largely a matter of conjecture, in spite of confident assertions as to length of spars, etc. It can safely be said that no one not in her builder's confidence knows her exact sail plan, or just where the additions will be made to give her the greater sail area than Defender that is assured. The sail area will assuredly be materially larger than Defender's, and all indications point to an extension upward rather than on the base line. Such an extension would be in line with the model of the boat, for she is evidently designed to heel well out when sailing, as is shown by the "tumble home" of the topsides to save dragging the lee rail and deck through the water.

This "tumble home" is not in itself a very pronounced one, but is quite marked as against the straight side of Defender or the flaring side of Vigilant. With it the boat will be more easily driven at a great angle of heel, while at the same time she will not throw quite so high a side out to windward as with straight topsides.

The yachtsmen who have been privileged to look at her are enthusiastic in praise of her model and expected speed.

In the big shed of the Boston Spar Company, on Concord street, East Boston, is the longest and handsomest stick of Oregon pine that it has ever been the writer's good fortune to see. Its beauty as a spar would alone make it well worth seeing, but when is added the fact that it is to be used in the new cup defender building by the Herreshoffs at Bristol in case her steel mast does not prove all that is expected, the combination is simply irresistible as an interesting one.

Manager William E. Bailey of the company, at the request of the Herreshoffs, refrains from telling visitors the length of the spar, or its other dimensions, but he makes no attempt to conceal his pride in its beauty, nor could he be blamed for such a feeling. The great length and thickness of the spar, its wonderfully straight grain and whiteness, and its surprising freedom from knots, checks and sap or pitch streaks, together with the excellent job of work done in fashioning it from the rough stick, make it not only a subject of just pride to the company furnishing it, but also to every one interested in the boat for which it is intended.

The spar is finished from the bottom to within about 25 ft. of the top. Here the head has simply been roughed out, and the finishing and fitting of the hounds, caps and other iron work will be done in the Herreshoff works at Bristol. This absence of finish at the head gives opportunity for another "guessing contest" as to the length of the spar when finished and ready to be put in place. The extreme dimensions can be told, but not the amount that Herreshoff workmen will cut away in the finishing.

The length of the spar is very close to 107 ft. As "roughed out" for a 20-foot masthead there is a possibility of a finished measurement of 80 ft. from deck to hounds, or 8 ft. more than shown in the old Defender's mast. Probably the finished spar will show something less than that, but the length of the spar in itself confirms the increased sail plan for the new boat over Defender that has been indicated from her model and the increased weight of her lead keel.

Between 23 and 24 ins. is near enough to the diameter of the spar for any one who is not concerned in making the fittings for it. The spar has been made with the butt end of the original stick uppermost—that is, the head of the mast has been worked out of the lower end of the tree, thus giving the greatest strength at the upper end of the spar, where there is the greatest strain. This has also permitted the working of the cheek pieces to support the hounds out of the solid stick, so that no bolting on of extra pieces is required.

Making the mast to stand the opposite way from the original tree also brings the few knots that show down close to the foot, and it is doubtful if any of them can be seen above the deck if ever the mast is put in place. The stick has been drying out in the shop since last fall, when the order for it was first placed, and it is in fine shape. It has been smoothed to within a few feet of the head and well rubbed with lard and yellow ochre to keep it from checking.

It is a noble spar, and it seems a pity that it is only being made to play second fiddle to a steel one. Yet its chance may come, since the steel mast is an experiment whose success the very making of a wooden mast shows a possible doubt.

The Herreshoffs have also ordered from the spar company for the new boat, two bowsprits, two topmasts, two spinnaker poles and two complete sets of club topsail poles for topsails of different sizes. Topmast and bowsprits are of Oregon pine and the other spars are of spruce. All are fine-looking sticks and splendidly worked out and finished. No booms or gaffs have been ordered, showing that full reliance is to be placed in the steel boom and gaff now building at Bristol. The use of these spars in the Defender has undoubtedly proved that they can safely be depended upon.

Mr. Bailey has furnished the spars for Defender, Vigilant, Colonia, Navahoe and many other Herreshoff boats. He expects to ship the new boat's spars to Bristol within ten days.—Boston Globe.

The Seawanhaka Cup.

COM. JAMES ROSS, Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., has ordered a new 20-footer, of course, designed by Mr. Duggan, for the defense of the Seawanhaka cup. The two twenties of last year, Speculator and Strathcona, are still available for the trial races, with Glencairn II., but there is comparatively little interest in the class this year, and probably but one new boat, as above, will be built.

A syndicate of the Bridgeport Y. C., headed by Mr. T. H. Macdonald, has ordered a design for a 20-footer from B. B. Crownshield, a centerboard boat about 32 ft. over all, 8 ft. beam and 17 ft. 6 in. l.w.l., similar to Duchess, the 21-footer.

It is reported that the fin-keel Vanenna, of Chicago, built at the same time as Vencador, will be sent to New York by her owner, W. R. Crawford, and raced on Long Island Sound.

Neaera, schr., has been purchased by Thos. A. McIntyre from the estate of the late F. W. Lockwood.

The Canada Cup.

THE contest for the Canada cup promises the most interesting series of races ever yet sailed on the Great Lakes. Prior to the final races for the cup itself, to be sailed off Toronto in August, there will be two series of trial races, one at Toronto for the selection of the defender, and one at Chicago for the selection of the representative of the Chicago Y. C., the challenger.

Of the yachts now building for the defense of the cup the most interesting is naturally the one designed by Mr. G. H. Duggan, of the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., of Montreal designer of Glencairn I., Glencairn II., Sothis, Speculator and Dominion. This yacht, now building by Harry Hodson, at Toronto, is for a syndicate of R. C. Y. C. yachtsmen, headed by Mr. Geo. P. Reid, of Toronto. She will be handled by a Corinthian crew, under the direction of Mr. Wilton Morse, who will steer her. It is very natural that Canadian yachtsmen should have a good deal of faith in Mr. Duggan, and they are anxious to see him succeed in a larger type of yacht than the 20 and 15-footers. Contrary to the general opinion, Mr. Duggan's experience prior to his successes in the 15 ft. class was not in very small craft, but in yachts of about 25 to 28 ft. racing length. In the present contest he goes up into a still larger class. It is positively stated that in deference to the wishes of the owners he has designed a centerboard craft; the question now is, how closely she resembles his famous 15 and 20-footers. It is reported that Com. Jarvis, R. C. Y. C., has ordered a design from Arthur E. Payne, of Southampton, designer of Decima, Penitent and many other noted yachts, and will build at Toronto.

The Hamilton yachtsmen have three yachts under way, with the possibility of a fourth. One is for a syndicate of the Victoria Y. C., headed by Harry Kuntz, the boat being designed by W. Burnside, who has been associated with various fast 27-footers of the fin type. Another, already dubbed a "freak," though little is known about her, is building by the Johnson Bros., under the direction of J. H. Fearnside, of the Royal Hamilton Y. C. The third is being built on speculation by James Weir. There was some talk of a new yacht at Kingston, but nothing has come of it; Com. Strange, of the Kingston Y. C., will remodel his Norma for the trial races.

Thus far the proposed contestants in the trial races of the Chicago Y. C. number four. One of these is building at Muncie, Ind., for what is known as the Whitely syndicate. Another, for Mr. George R. Pearce, of Chicago, is building by A. G. Cuthbert, at South Chicago. Another syndicate, headed by Com. F. W. Morgan, Chicago Y. C., is also building.

The Rochester Y. C. has organized a syndicate in the form of a stock company, with the following officers: Pres., Chas. Van Voorhis; Vice-Pres., T. B. Pritchard; Sec'y, J. E. Burroughs; Treas., F. E. Woodworth; Directors, Jas. S. Watson, Hiram W. Sibley, Alfred G. Wright, Fernando E. Rogers, Frank E. Woodworth, Arthur T. Hagen, T. B. Pritchard, Col. J. S. Graham, Chas. Van Voorhis. The yacht is now under construction at the shops of C. C. Hanley, Quincy, Mass. She will be of the centerboard type, in which Mr. Hanley has been so successful in Meemer, Ashumet, Acushla, etc. A crew from Rochester will take her to the lakes some time in May.

It is reported that the centerboard cutter Valiant, owned by Com. E. C. Berriman, and designed and built by F. W. Martin, in 1893, will be rebuilt to fit the new rule and class, her centerboard being removed and her iron keel replaced by lead, the ends extended and the sail plan remodelled.

Long Island Sound Y. R. A.

THE spring meeting of the Yacht Racing Association of Long Island Sound was held on March 24 at the Hotel Manhattan, New York, Mr. C. T. Pierce presiding. The following delegates were present: Park City, R. S. Bassett; Riverside, Edwin Binney and C. T. Pierce; Huntington, H. H. Gordon; Indian Harbor, Lee C. Hart and F. B. Jones; Huguenot, E. Burton Hart, Jr., and Harry Ward; Hempstead Harbor, Ward Dickson; Corinthian, of Stamford, Mansfield Toms; Norwalk, Dr. C. B. Keeler; Horseshoe Harbor, Frank E. Towle, Jr.; Douglaston, E. M. McLellan; Harlem, W. A. Towner and P. C. Sullivan; Sachem's Head, E. C. Seward; Seawanhaka, Cor. Johnston de Forest and C. H. Crane; American, H. de F. Parsons, and Knickerbocker, O. H. Chellborg and Harry Stevenson.

The following schedule of dates for the season are announced:—

Saturday, May 20—Huguenot special.
Saturday, May 27—New Rochelle special.
Tuesday, May 30—Harlem annual.
Tuesday, May 30—Indian Harbor special.
Saturday, June 3—Knickerbocker annual.
Saturday, June 10—Douglaston annual.
Saturday, June 24—Seawanhaka annual.
Saturday, July 1—New Rochelle annual.
Monday, July 3—Stamford annual.
Wednesday, July 5—American annual.
Thursday, July 6—Indian Harbor annual.
Friday, July 7—Sea Cliff annual.
Saturday, July 8—Riverside annual.
Monday, July 10—Seawanhaka trials.
Tuesday, July 11—Seawanhaka trials.
Wednesday, July 12—Seawanhaka trials.
Saturday, July 29—Indian Harbor annual.
Saturday, August 5—Hempstead Harbor annual.
Saturday, August 12—Horseshoe Harbor annual.
Saturday, August 19—Huguenot annual.
Saturday, August 26—Huntington annual.
Saturday, August 26—Douglaston special.
Saturday, September 2—Indian Harbor special.
Monday, September 4—Norwalk annual.
Monday, September 4—Sachem's Head annual.
Saturday, September 9—Seawanhaka fall regatta.
Saturday, September 16—American fall regatta.

Messrs. F. B. Jones, C. H. Crane and Ward Dickson were appointed a committee to nominate an Executive Committee for the coming year, which they did as follows, the ticket being unanimously elected: Charles T. Pierce, Riverside; C. H. Crane, Seawanhaka, Cor. F. B. Jones, Indian Harbor; E. M. McLellan, Douglaston; F.

M. Hoyt, Stamford; Stuyvesant Wainwright, American, and Charles P. Tower, New Rochelle.

The following resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That it is the sense of this Association that the eligibility to the cruising division of any yacht of 30-foot racing measurement or under that was in existence December 1, 1898, shall, in case of dispute, be passed upon by the official measurer of the Association and approved by the Executive Committee.

Resolved, further, That as the sense of the Association it is not the intention of the Association in creating a cruising division, to exclude therefrom any boat already in existence that is of a wholesome type and of seaworthy condition.

An amendment to the racing rules, providing that in Corinthian races the helmsmen must be members of organized yacht clubs. It was also decided to abandon the system of blanket entries. A special meeting will be held on April 3, of delegates from clubs giving races for the dory class.

Y. R. A. of Massachusetts.

The annual meeting of the Y. R. A. of Massachusetts, was held on March 16, the following officers being elected: Pres., A. H. Higginson, Manchester, Y. C.; Vice-Pres., Henry W. Little, American Y. C.; Sect'y., A. T. Bliss, Winthrop V. C.; Treas., I. H. Wiley, Winthrop V. C.; Executive Committee, Walter Burgess, Boston Y. C.; C. Edwin Bockus, Dorchester Y. C.; John T. Hurley, South Boston Y. C. The following dates were announced:

May 30—South Boston, open, off City Point.
June 17—Hull-Massachusetts, open, off Nahant.
June 28—Mosquito fleet, open, off City Point.
July 4—City of Boston, open, off City Point.
July 15—Quincy, open.
July 22—Burgess, open, Marblehead.
July 24 and succeeding days—Quincy challenge cup races.
July 29—Winthrop, open.
Aug. 3, 4, 5, 7 and 8—Manchester, midsummer series of open races, off West Manchester.
Aug. 9, 10 and 11—Corinthian, midsummer series, Marblehead.
Aug. 12—Corinthian, open, Marblehead.
Aug. 12—Wollaston, open.
Aug. 14—American, open, Newburyport.
Aug. 26—Duxbury, open.
Sept. 4—Lynn, open, off Nahant.

Dates for open races will be announced later by the Savin Hill and Old Colony clubs, and also by the Plymouth, Kingston and Cape Cod to complete, with Duxbury, the "South shore" circuit.

The Dominion—Yankee Match

ONE of the events of the season on fresh water will be the match between the Duggan 20-footer Dominion, of the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., and Yankee, the representative of the White Bear Y. C. The challenge was issued by the latter club, being specifically directed at Dominion; it was accepted on Feb. 27, and a date about June 12 was agreed on. The challenging yacht is described as follows by the Mail and Empire, of Toronto:

Yankee is owned by Messrs. L. P. Ordway, George Thompson and M. D. Munn. She will be sailed by Mr. Ordway, and her crew will be Messrs. Reid, Douglas and Ramaley, all members of the White Bear Y. C. Yankee is 35ft. over all, 7ft. 8in. beam, and 6in. draft of hull, 6ft. with centerboard down. Her midship section is scow-shaped, giving her nearly 6ft. 10in. beam at load waterline. Her keel line is a true curve. She is without reverse curves in any part of the hull. The gunwale lines are slightly curved, and the bow is a half-circle. The freeboard is 13in., and the deck crowned 3in. Her displacement in racing, with crew, is about 1,900lbs. She is built with bent oak ribs over longitudinal ribs, each 8in. apart. These are framed together so as to be flush when they receive the planking. The plank is 5-16in. by 8in., single, with joints in center of longitudinal ribs. The centerboard is of steel, and weighs 200lbs. Her mainsail is long on the boom and the gaff is peaked high. Her mainsail contains about 380 sq. ft., with a jib that makes her total sail area nearly 500ft. when measured in accordance with the rules. Her sections are carefully designed so as to make her displacement curve conform with the wave line theory, when keeled to an angle, excepting that this curve was corrected so as to allow approximately for the displacement caused by the rise of water at bow and stern, when in motion. She gains on the waterline as rapidly as she is keeled, and when sailing free, uses apparently about 32ft. of her hull.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Gossoon, cutter, has been sold by P. T. Dodge to T. L. Arnold, of the Atlantic Y. C., and Walter A. Peck, Rhode Island Y. C.

The sloop Sasqua, built in 1882 for Morris Ketchum by C. & R. Poillon, from a model by Philip Ellsworth, has long been known as one of the best of the type of purely American centerboard sloop. She has been owned since 1883 by ex-Com. Henry Andruss, of the New Rochelle Y. C., who has used her constantly for cruising about Long Island Sound, and as far east as the Vineyard, and has also raced her successfully in her day. She is 39ft. over all, 33ft. l.w.l., 14ft. 3in. beam and 6ft. draft, a good deal for 1882. During the past winter Mr. Andruss has had her hauled out at City Island and has removed the centerboard trunk, replacing the board with a lead keel of three tons, the greater part of the old inside ballast, the draft being increased about 1ft. 6in. A new mast has been stepped and the rig overhauled. The removal of the trunk has practically doubled the size of the cabin, giving a fine room, with wide floor and sufficient length for two berths on a side. The yacht is as strong to-day as when launched, being timbered as heavily as a working schooner, with big hackmatac knees wherever space could be found for them.

Alcedo, steam yacht, G. W. C. Drexel, arrived at Key West on March 23 from the West Indies.

The Sachem's Head Y. C. has just issued its first year book dated 1898-9. The club was organized in 1896, and

it has now a picturesque house on the rocks at Chimney Corner, Sachem's Head, Conn. The membership numbers eighty, and the fleet mustered twenty-four yachts last season, while some new ones will be added this year. The club burgee is a simple and easily distinguishable design in red and blue. Mr. W. E. Peck, 100 William street, New York, is the secretary.

The sixth volume of the Transactions of the Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers, for 1898, has just been published, containing the report of the last meeting, and the full text and illustrations of the eleven papers then read, with the discussions. The volumes thus far published make of themselves a large and very valuable library of technical papers relating to naval architecture and marine engineering. The book is edited by the secretary, Mr. Francis T. Bowles.

Mr. G. L. Watson has received an order for a cutter of the largest size for Mr. C. D. Rose, former owner of Satanite, Aurora and Dusky Queen. She will be ready for the season of 1900, and Capt. Sycamore will command her.

Com. Morgan presided at the meeting of the New York Y. C. on March 23. The following resolution was adopted: "Resolved, That the squadron rendezvous for the annual cruise on Aug. 7 next at such hour and place as the commodore shall designate in general orders." Upon motion, the commodore was requested to appoint a committee to draft resolutions upon the death of Mr. Richard Suydam Palmer. The committee will be named at an early day. Vice-Com. Ledyard reported that the club's charter had been so amended by the Legislature that it can in the future hold property of the value of \$500,000. The sum of \$16,000 has been set aside for the use of the Regatta Committee during the year. Twenty-three new members were elected, as follows: George W. Scott, Seymour L. Cromwell, William H. Granberry, Lewis B. Curtis, Addison G. Hanan, Henry R. Ickelheimer, John P. McGowan, M. D.; Edward Weston, George De Forest Barton, Charles E. Tilford, Daniel Bacon, Payne Whitney, Percy R. Payne, William Henry Patterson, R. C. Alexander, Joseph T. Tower, George A. Freeman, William S. Edey, C. K. G. Billings, Robert P. Doremus, W. J. W. O'Shaughnessy, Lloyd Warren, Joseph J. O'Donohue, Jr.

Articles of association were signed last night at the Morton for the formation of the Macatawa Yachting Club. The committee on subscriptions reported that about \$1,500 had been raised for the erection of a club house. This committee consists of Charles Logie, C. W. Baxter and Charles Luce, of Grand Rapids, and Charles Skates, Judge Everetts and C. B. Conkey, of Chicago. The Chicago members of the committee have assured the club that \$1,500 will be raised at that place, which will make a total of \$3,000. Of this sum the club expects to erect a club house at a cost of about \$2,500, thus keeping a reserve of \$500 for incidental expenses. The committee on organization, which consists of R. W. Irwin and H. W. Hompel, to this city, and Charles Skates, of Chicago, are to be commended for the excellent work shown in organizing the club, which has over fifty members already, with a prospect of about 150 more. The first formal meeting of the club will be held one week from to-night, when the officers will be elected.—Grand Rapids (Mich.) Democrat, March 23.

The Newport Y. C. announces the following events for the season: Tuesday, May 30, Memorial Day, club race; Monday, June 19, ladies' cruise; Tuesday, July 4, annual regatta; Tuesday, July 18, ladies' cruise; Thursday, Aug. 17, ladies' cruise; Monday, Sept. 4, Labor Day, club race; Thursday, Sept. 14, ladies' cruise. "Ladies' days" will be given the second and fourth Thursdays in each month of the season. An open race will also be given, date to be announced later. The club numbers 112 members and forty yachts.

The library committee of the New York Y. C., Messrs. Fordham Morris, Arthur H. Clark and Theodore C. Zerega, is doing good work in building up a complete and permanent yachting library that will in time be a credit to New York city, as well as to the club. The report of the committee, just issued, shows many valuable additions to the already extensive collection.

Canoeing.

A Few Stray Leaves from the Log of the Frankie.

BY THE "COMMODORE."

VII.

WE found a beautiful place for a camp across the river from the village in the shape of a long, smooth, level shelf of hard sand, a few feet above the water, beautifully shaded with a fine growth of young willows; and, although it was but 2 o'clock, we went into camp here for several days, to rest and refit and overhaul our outfit, which had been well tested by our three days' cruise.

My recollections of the three dreamy, lazy days, which drifted slowly by us as we lay here, are very pleasant ones. The long, narrow strip of sand, the rough plank fence parallel to the river, with the tented canoes strung along it in a long row; the river rippling and sparkling in front, gleaming in the sunlight through the soft, feathery plumes of the willows, with the deep, hoarse roar of the rapids above droning musically in our ears day and night; the Mac moored at the door of the big shore tent, occupied by Prof. Murray and the boys, doing duty as a tender, and pretty generally employed in taking some of the members of the party over the river or back again for water from the spring in the bank directly across from us, for little fishing jaunts, for trips over to the old tumbledown village (Porte Crayon, in a paper on Weyer's Cave, published in Harper's Magazine some years before the war, describes Port Republic as a dilapidated little village, and it has not improved to any appreciable extent since that time), for supplies or for pleasure.

The bridge was close at hand, but the skiff was so much handier, and then it was so much fun for the boys to paddle it back and forth! The heavy rain of Wednesday evening, which came upon us suddenly as we were finishing our suppers and drove us off to the shelter of our tents for the night as early as half past seven and lulled me to sleep with its soft, murmuring patter on the roof of my snug, tight little tent; the two heavy rains of the next day—Thursday—which we sat out under the trees clad in our oilskins or rubber suits, perfectly dry and comfortable; the canoe tents down, the hatches battened tightly, as the little boats lay there as impervious to the rain which splashed from their decks and collected in pellucid little pools in the hollows of the waterproof canvas aprons as so many logs of wood; the rapidly rising river after the rains, and the tramp around through the wet weeds and grass on the top of the hill behind our camp, in company with Prof. Murray and the Doctor, in search of a higher and safer site for the tents in our uneasiness lest the river should continue to rise and flood our camp (which was but 3 or 4ft. above the water) in the night, and our hard work relaying the floor in the capacious old ferry boat, which lay moored a short distance below our camp, after hitting upon the happy expedient of pitching the tents, canoes and all in it, until we discovered that the river was falling as rapidly as it had risen, when, having by this time worked some of our uneasiness off, we wisely decided to remain where we were and take our chances.

The bright, sunny, balmy day that followed this day of storms, during which we all took occasion to apply a fresh coat of oil to our tents and I paid a visit to my friends, the Scotts, living close by, who had entertained me kindly and hospitably while cruising in these waters a couple of years before; Gibbs' fall into the river while attempting to launch the Kathleen to come over and set me across the river, that coquettish craft gently but promptly slipping out from under him as he stepped carelessly in and landing him on his back in the drink, on which occasion he favored the company with a few choice quotations from the Koran as he scrambled dripping up the bank.

Perhaps the pleasantest of all is the recollection of our last night in camp here. Gibbs and I were over in town on some errand or other after a bountiful supper of bass, catfish, eels and bacon; and as we crossed the long, lofty bridge on our way back to camp, the moonlight effects on the water, with the camp-fire burning brightly on the bank and the lanterns glimmering among the trees, reflected back again from the mirror-like surface of the water, were most exquisitely beautiful, and we lingered a long time on the bridge to admire and enjoy the scene; the soft, balmy breeze from the wooded slopes of the adjacent mountains caressing our faces, and breaking the long silvery sheen of the moon in the river below into a million diamond points. A young man and a couple of young ladies from the village were leaning over the railing near us, enjoying the beauty of the scene, and they evinced great interest in the camp and the cruise. We invited them to go over with us and visit the camp, but they did not like to undertake the difficult climb down the hill across the bridge, and so declined.

In response to a prolonged blast from my hunting whistle, one of the lanterns came glimmering through the trees, with its reflection dancing along on the water, climbed up the bluff, was lost to sight, and presently reappeared at the further end of the bridge and soon joined us, in company with the Doctor, who, after we had exchanged good-nights with our companions of the moment on the bridge, lighted us down the rough, narrow path under the bridge, down the face of the steep bluff and back to our camp, where we gathered companionably around a rousing big camp-fire, smoking and talking until a late hour before we turned in for the night.

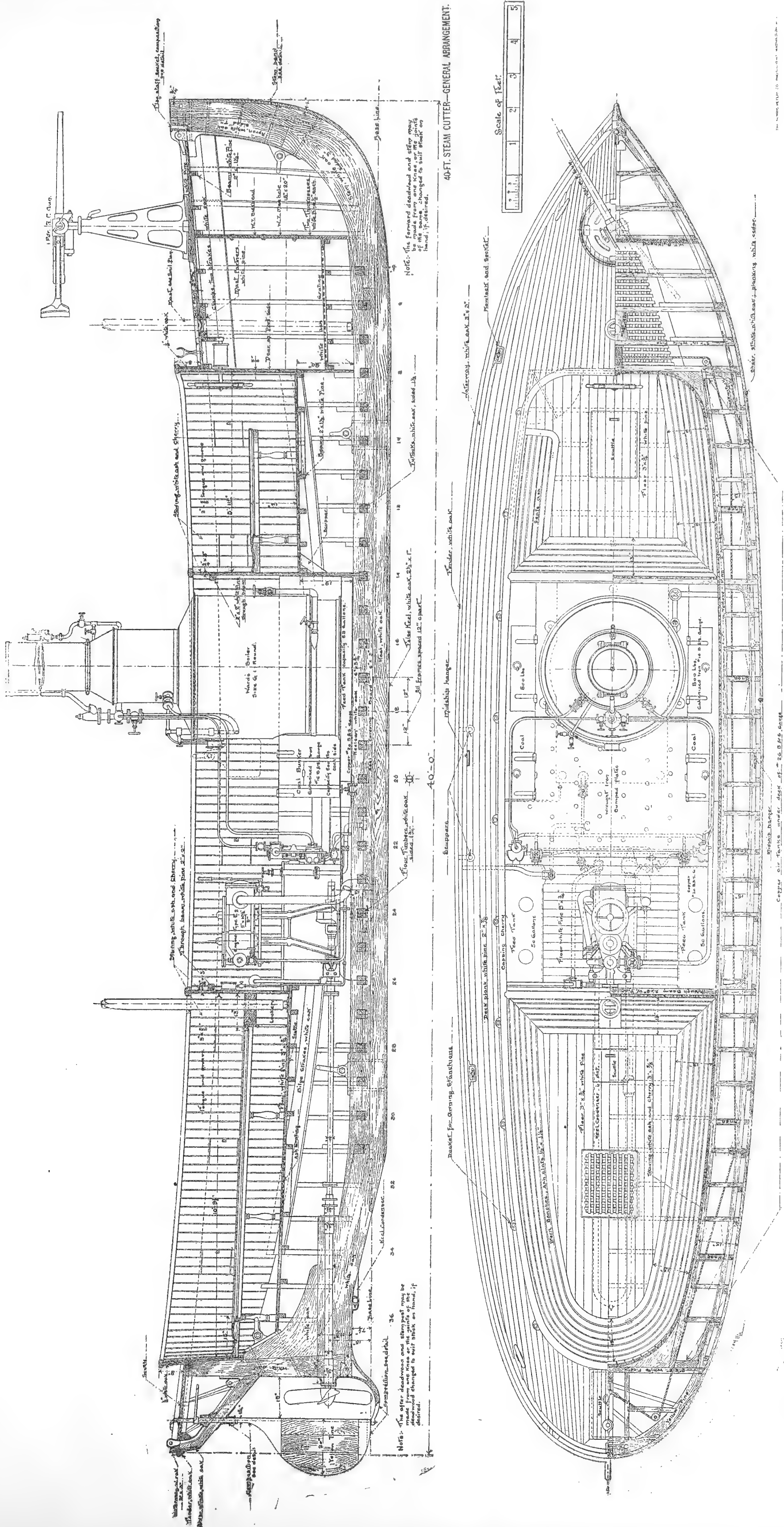
VIII.

A bright sunny Sabbath in the country! Around us nature's grand cathedral of smiling fields, leafy woods, sparkling river and majestic, cloud-capped mountain peaks, overarched by the blue dome of the heavens! The lowing of the cattle in the fields, the voices of the birds and the myriad insects and invisible, sound-producing things that go to make up the life of the forest for the choir; and the murmuring treble of the breeze through the leafy tree tops, the rippling wash of the river in front of us, and the deep-toned, heavy, dominating bass of the rapids just above us, whose white, foam-crested waves leaped and sparkled in the sun, for the organ! Who but would be impressed with such surroundings, and feel his mind and soul elevated and refreshed, as he bathed in the free, pure mountain air and the bright, invigorating sunlight that flooded and sparkled everywhere?

We unconsciously reveled in it all day as we rested quietly and pleasantly in camp. Our wet blankets, clothing and other belongings were spread out over the fences, bushes, trees and the generally adjacent country to dry and air, until it looked as if twice as many boats would never contain them all again. Letters were written to loved ones at home; plans were discussed and speculations indulged in as to the unknown river before us, its dimpled, smiling waters inviting us on. Those of us who were equal to the task brought forth shaving materials and removed the week's growth from our bronzed and sunburned faces, much to our relief and satisfaction. We were visited by Mr. Coffman and his pleasant family, among them two charmingly handsome daughters, who instantly made a profound impression on our young men, though owing to the general disreputable appearance of the party, I have grave doubts as to whether the impression was at all mutual or not, who showed us many attentions and supplied us with everything useful.

And the day drifted quietly by. The cattle in the fields, the birds and innumerable flying and creeping things in the forest, and the sighing breezes in the tree tops, the musical murmur of the river, and the deep, hoarse roar of the rapids kept up their ceaseless pastoral symphony all day long, and night came all too soon.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



THE STANDARD NAVY LAUNCH CONSTRUCTION PLAN. See page 238, March '95.

Red Dragon C. C.

THE Red Dragon C. C., of Philadelphia, suffered considerable loss by fire to their club house at Wissinoming, Pa. on Tuesday, March 21. The fire was discovered about noon by the janitor's son. The alarm was immediately given, and every effort made to save the property. Owing to a tin roof covering the house, the flames made slow progress, but the rooms on the third floor were entirely gutted and considerable loss incurred before the fire department succeeded in extinguishing the flames. The individuals occupying the rooms on the third floor carried insurance, which will cover their loss. The damage to the property will amount to nearly \$1,000, which is also covered by insurance.

The trap-shooting match between the gun club of the Red Dragons and the Philadelphia Y. C. was carried out as originally arranged on March 25.

Com. Murray is working hard to place the Red Dragons in a more prosperous condition, and the repairs to the interior of the club house, when completed, will make it an ideal home for a canoe club. The recent fire will not affect this, as little damage was suffered by the lower portion of the building.

The series of talks to the club members upon "Accidents and Emergencies," by the fleet surgeon, Dr. F. O. Gross, ended on Wednesday evening, March 22. These talks were of unusual interest and value, and were remarkably well attended. After the last talk Com. Murray, in behalf of the members, presented Dr. Gross with a handsome gift in appreciation of his generous services.

The boating season is now drawing near, and soon the guns and traps will be laid aside and the canoes, half-raters and launches placed in commission. The prospects for a prosperous summer season is very encouraging, and unusual interest is already being shown.

W. K. P.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Conlin's Tournament.

CONLIN'S Jubilee Tournament, at the old stand, Broadway and Thirty-first street, New York, was concluded on March 25, with the following winners. Rest rifle match: First, J. W. Christiansen; second, J. T. B. Thomas. Rapidity and accuracy match: First, Geo. I Hermann; second, Peter Denise; third, F. E. Haynes. Pistol match: First, F. T. B. Collins; second, T. H. Keller; third, W. J. Clark.

The outdoor shooting of the Zettler Rifle Club, at the 200yds. range, will begin in April. At the weekly shoot on March 22, at the indoor range, off-hand shooting, 50 shots each man, ring target, 75ft., possible 1,250 points, the scores were: L. P. Hanson 1,224; Fred C. Ross and Michael J. Dorrier 1,212 each; W. A. Hicks 1,203; Charles G. Zettler, Jr., 1,199; C. G. Zettler, Sr., 1,189; Henry Holges 1,183; Renhold Busse 1,151; Jacob Schmitt 1,174; S. W. Benton 1,171; S. O. Buzzini 1,164; Barney Zettler 1,156; T. H. Keller 1,142; Henry Muenz 1,126; Thomas P. McKenna 1,106.

The Smith & Wesson gallery in the north side of the main floor at the recent Sportsmen's show was the center of attraction to lovers of displays of skill with revolver and pistol. The gallery was neatly fitted up, and in a case, was a fine exhibit of the famous products of the Messrs. Smith & Wesson. Mr. C. S. Astell, the expert, was in charge, giving exhibitions, Mr. C. Smith participating, and bullseyes and centers were so common that missing the bullseye seemed to be the real marvel.

Trap-Shooting.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

A new arrival in town last Monday was Jim Elliott's "little brother" Dave from Kansas City, who is the advance guard of a strong delegation of Grand American Handicap candidates from that sporting city. Mr. Elliott, who, by the way, is now practicing on live birds, along with J. A. R. down at Easton, Md., mentions the following as having their eyes on first money and the cup in the G. A. H., all hailing from Kansas City, Mo.: Messrs. Chris. Gottlieb, Ed Hickman, George Cockrell, J. E. Riley and E. Branch-hall. Eastern shooters will extend a warm welcome to this bunch, none of whom have ever taken part in any Grand American Handicap.

Paul North, of Cleveland, O., and of magautrap fame, is one of the entries in the Grand American Handicap. In making his entry, Mr. North wrote to the secretary of the Interstate Association in the following strain: "It is rather hard that so many men who have been trying for several years to win the Grand American Handicap and who have failed, but who will try again this year, should be disappointed. Thus, writer, who has never shot in it before, will win it this year. Such things will occur." It is hoped that this statement of Mr. North's will not keep many away. Second money is well worth winning.

The exposure to the weather during the two weeks' tournament on Madison Square Garden roof was too much for Elmer Shaner and for "Brother Bill" McCrickert, the well-known squad hustler of many Grand American Handicaps. Mr. Shaner has been quite ill, but is now well on the road to recovery; "Brother Bill" was kept in bed several days with an attack of sciatic rheumatism; he, too, is understood to be convalescent, and to have retained his full lung power unimpaired.

Jack Fanning writes from the Coast in good spirits, although at the same time lamenting that he has not been shooting quite as well as he usually does. Too much sight-seeing and hand-shaking must have had its effect on Tom Sharkey's nerves, for he does not often lose a live bird. He will be on hand at the Grand American Handicap, and will try to overcome that hoodoo of "all but one, and that dead out!"

Under date of March 27, Mr. H. A. Penrose, Baltimore, Md., writes us: "I see in 'Fixtures' that you have only claimed from the 18th to 22d for our tournament. Please be kind enough to change same, claiming the entire week, as we have had inquiries from so many live-bird shots who are going to attend that we have decided to have live-bird shooting Monday and Saturday, which will be April 17 and 22; the other four days will be devoted to target shooting."

Louis Harrison, of Minneapolis, wants to know where he is at. Our Western cotemporary in its recent issue stated that he "was in Chicago last week, Saturday, visiting old friends." As a matter of fact, Mr. Harrison has not been out of Brooklyn, N. Y., having been confined to the house with a bad cold for the past few weeks. He has now recovered, and will be seen at the traps this week.

The Hunters Arms Co., Fulton, N. Y., have manufactured a gun of special elegance for Miss Annie Oakley, and to her order. It has a fine pair of chain Damascus barrels. On the right lock a portrait of the owner in stage costume is engraved, and on the left her portrait, familiar to all shooters. Inlaid in gold on the guard is Miss Oakley's name in full.

John Wright, of the Brooklyn, N. Y., Gun Club, says that his club's shoot last week was so successful, that he will get up another, and run it shortly after the Grand American has come and gone. He states that he will again choose the Lyndhurst Shooting Association grounds as the scene of the shoot.

Mr. S. M. Du Val, secretary-treasurer of the Milwaukee Gun Club, under date of March 27, writes us as follows: "The Milwaukee Gun Club will hold a grand tournament during part of the Milwaukee carnival week; date of tournament, July 1 and 2."

We regret that Mr. Louis Erhardt, of Atchison, Kas., well known and highly esteemed by all, is seriously ill. We hope to learn of his speedy recovery.

POMPTON LAKES, N. J., Feb. 20.—This table is intended for clubs where the average percentage of each member is known or can be accurately approximated. In order to explain the table, let me give you an example.

Suppose two men are shooting at any number of targets, say, for instance, 25. Now, let one man's average be 80 per cent., and the other one's 60 per cent. Of course the man with 80 per cent. to his credit is the better shot, and should allow the other one a certain number of extra targets. Now, take the table and run along the top line of figures till you get to 80, and then drop down this column till you get to the line that commences (on the extreme left) with 60. This will give you the figure 33.2. This figure represents the percentage of extra targets that the 80 per cent. man should allow the 60 per cent. man to shoot at. If they are shooting at 25 targets the 80 per cent. man should score 20 of them. The 60 per cent. man has 25 targets, plus

	50	52	55	57	60	62	65	67	70	72	75	77	80	82	85	87	90	92	95	97
50	0	4.0	10.0	14.0	20.0	24.0	30.0	34.0	40.0	44.0	50.0	54.0	60.0	64.0	70.0	74.0	80.0	84.0	90.0	94.0
52	0	0	5.7	9.6	15.4	19.2	25.0	28.8	34.6	38.4	44.2	48.0	53.8	57.7	63.4	67.3	73.0	76.8	82.7	86.5
55	0	0	0	3.6	9.1	12.7	18.1	21.8	27.2	30.9	36.3	40.0	45.4	49.0	54.5	58.1	63.6	67.2	72.7	76.2
57	0	0	0	0	5.2	8.7	14.0	17.8	22.8	26.3	31.6	35.1	40.3	43.6	49.0	52.6	57.9	61.4	66.6	70.1
60	0	0	0	0	0	3.3	8.3	11.6	16.6	20.0	24.9	28.3	33.2	36.6	41.6	45.0	49.9	53.3	58.5	61.6
62	0	0	0	0	0	0	4.8	8.0	12.9	16.1	20.9	24.2	29.0	32.2	37.0	40.3	45.1	48.4	53.2	56.4
65	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3.0	7.7	10.7	15.3	18.4	23.0	26.1	30.7	33.8	38.4	41.6	46.1	48.8
67	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4.4	7.4	11.9	14.9	19.4	22.4	26.8	29.8	34.3	37.3	41.8	44.5
70	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2.8	7.1	10.0	14.2	17.1	21.4	24.3	28.5	31.1	35.7	38.5
72	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4.1	6.9	11.1	13.8	17.0	20.8	25.0	27.7	31.9	31.7
75	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2.6	6.6	9.3	13.3	16.0	19.9	22.6	26.6	29.3
77	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3.9	6.5	10.4	12.9	16.8	19.4	23.3	25.9
80	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2.5	6.2	8.7	12.5	15.0	18.7	21.2
82	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3.6	6.0	8.7	12.2	15.8	18.3
85	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2.3	5.8	8.2	11.6	14.1
87	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3.4	5.7	9.2	11.5
90	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2.2	5.5	7.7
92	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3.2	5.4
95	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2.1
97	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0

E. A. WHISTLER EVERITT.

Under date of March 20, in a personal letter, Mr. Herbert Taylor, one of the Association directors, writes as follows: "The amateurs, I hope, will turn out in such numbers at this tournament, and be so well satisfied with our programme that other tournaments will adopt a similar plan. The twenty acres of the Du Pont Park is slightly rolling; it has a creek running through it. We have straightened this creek and will use the old bed of the stream for our target pits. This will do away with the necessity of a blind. Each trap will be placed on top of a 6in.x6in. post, set solid in the ground, with shelves behind for the targets. The ground on both sides of the creek is level, with a perfectly clear sky for background. Two sets of traps will shoot to the Northwest; the third will point a little to the Southwest and will be difficult shooting late in the afternoon, on account of the sun, but we do not hope for such a large attendance that will compel the operation of three sets of traps all day long. The only novelty to the average shooter will be the absence of a screen; this may throw him off for a time on account of the target being visible from the moment it leaves the trap."

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat we take the following: "Considerable interest is already developing in the trap-shooting tournament of the Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association, scheduled to be held in this city in May. It is the first pretentious tournament projected in St. Louis in many years, and the success of the city in securing the tournament was largely induced by the splendid scores of the St. Louis marksmen, who won the principal team trophy and broke the world's record at Kansas City last spring. To make this interest as widespread as possible, quite a number of St. Louisians will attend and take part in the Great American Handicap tournament, to begin at Elkwood Park, Lakewood, N. J., next month. Among those are Dr. Smith, who has shown a high standard of work during the past year; Sumter, Bert Taylor and probably Billy Nold. Frank Stockton, of Hannibal, who shoots a lot here, will also accompany the party, which will join hands with the Chicago shooters and go East in a special car."

Live-bird shooting is lively in every section, the forthcoming struggle at Elkwood Park stimulating the gladiators to get into their best form. At Watson's Park, Burnside Crossing, Ill., John Watson is flying birds quite regularly; those of his famous brand, with his trade mark blown in every bird. They are not easy to kill. On March 23, in a very strong wind, Fred Gilbert killed 28 out of 30. Mr. Feigenspan killed 45 out of 50. Gilbert on March 24 killed 22 out of 26. On March 22, C. B. Dicks and Jim Stuart, in a 50-bird match, killed 41 and 46 respectively. The wind was straight out, and the ground was covered with snow, and it snowed through a part of the race. The birds were mostly right and left-quarterers, and very hard to see. Two team races were shot on March 21, between S. Palmer and E. S. Rice on one side, and J. Stewart and Fred Gilbert on the other. First race, Palmer 21, Rice 18; total 42. Stewart 20, Gilbert 23; total 43. Second race, Palmer 22, Rice 19; total 41. Gilbert 24, Stewart 25; total 49.

Tom Morfe provided some excellent birds for the guests of the Brooklyn Gun Club to shoot at last Thursday, March 23. It is a pity that the wretched weather of the previous day and of the early part of the 23d stopped so many shooters from going to the Lyndhurst, N. J., Shooting Association's grounds. Had they braved the weather, they would have seen as good a lot of birds as were ever trapped, and have enjoyed the fine afternoon. As it was, there were about a score of shooters present, and only one, Capt. A. W. Money, was able to kill 15 straight in the main event.

Oscar Hesse, of Red Bank, N. J., defeated Harold B. Money in the match for the New Jersey target championship, and took the E. C. cup home with him to his residence by the sea. Mr. Hesse represents the Walsrode powder interests in this country, and was naturally more than pleased at the result of the match. He is not to have undisputed possession of the title and the cup for long, for immediately after the match, he received a challenge from Capt. Money, and equally promptly accepted it, promising to name date and place in a few days.

Admiral A. G. Courtney was a visitor at the Brooklyn Gun Club's shoot last Thursday, March 23. He was accompanied by U. M. C. Thomas, Rolla Heikes and John J. Hollowell, so the Remington-U. M. C. aggregation was well and strongly represented. After the shoot the Admiral sailed for Syracuse; Rolla Heikes and Hollowell left for Philadelphia, and U. M. C. took the train for his bailiwick on the north shore of Long Island Sound.

W. Cashau and R. L. Packard, both of this city, are matched to shoot quite a sporting race. The former stands at 30yds.; the latter at 28. The event is to come off on Thursday of this week, March 30, and is at 50 live birds per man, for a stake of \$500 a side. This sounds tall, but a forfeit of \$100 is already in the hands of a stakeholder. The match will be shot at Morfe's, Lyndhurst, N. J., and nothing but the very best birds will be trapped for the occasion.

Entries for the Grand American Handicap—that is, regular entries—close on April 4, Tuesday of next week. Secretary Edward Banks informs us that the entry list is swelling very rapidly, and that the number of new men to the Grand American Handicap is something astonishing. He confidently looks for 250 entries, and perhaps more. The man who wins out in such a crowd may well be proud of the handsome cup he will have thoroughly earned.

On April 5, at Singac, N. J., commencing at 12 M., there will be a 25 live-bird handicap, 24 to 32yds., \$10 entrance, birds extra. Mr. Arthur Bunn, Singac, N. J., is manager. All entries must be sent to him, each one with \$5. Sweeps will follow the main event. Trains leave Chambers street at 10:30 and 12 o'clock for Little Falls. Electric cars from Erie Depot at Paterson to Singac. Stages meet all cars.

At Frenchtown, N. J., March 22, John Rehrig, of Leighton, Pa., defeated George Cubberly, of Yardville, Pa., in a match at 50 birds per man, \$100 a side, cost of birds to be paid by the loser. The scores were low, 39 to 34. Cubberly defeated Rehrig in a match at 25 birds, March 9. Same day and place George Page, of Trenton, N. J., tied with J. Warford, of Frenchtown, in a 10-bird match, each killing 6.

In our columns elsewhere is a diagram of a target and live-bird grounds, designed to give the most economical results in the space usually devoted to one or the other of the specialties of trap shooting; that is, live birds or targets. The diagram has the necessary explanatory matter printed upon it. The whole is designed by the famous trap shot Mr. E. D. Fulford, of Utica, N. Y.

Rolla Heikes is shooting live birds well, and says that nothing less than "25 straight" will satisfy in the G. A. H. He is liable to do it too. He got there last year, and he means to be the exception to the rule, showing that lightning does some time strike in the same place.

an extra allowance of 33.2 per cent. of 25, or a total of 33.3 targets. Now, if he shoots his average gait he will score 60 per cent. of this number, or 19.98, practically 20, thus tying the score of the 80 per cent. man.

On the same principle, a 90 per cent. man would allow an 80 per cent. man 12.5 per cent. more targets to shoot at, and so on. You will notice that this table is intended to put the good and the poor (no insinuations intended) shooters on a footing such that if each man shoots his average gait the number of targets scored by each man will be the same. Of course if a man shoots more or less than his average, he will win or lose, as the case may be. I am aware that this matter is by no means new, and possibly some one has devised a system long before this; but this table seems so simple (and is theoretically correct) I offer it for criticism.

A pleasant companion and a gentlemanly shooter, who has been shooting in various matches around New York during a number of weeks under the shooting name of Dr. Douglas, left for his home in Wyoming last week, much to the regret of the many friends who learned to esteem him in his too short stay. May he join us again soon.

It is understood in shooting circles that Neaf Apgar will shortly shoot Du Pont powder and do his best to serve the interests of the manufacturers of that powder at all the shoots in and around New York for the next twelve months. It will be quite familiar to see the southpaw Jerseyman facing the traps once more.

On March 31 Mr. Geo. B. Bliss, Stamford, Conn., informs us that there will be an all-day shoot, the magautrap recently used at the Sportsmen's Exposition tournament serving to throw the targets. The shoot is open to all. The main event is a ten-men team race, with the White Plains Club.

Messrs. Harvey McMurchy and S. A. Tucker participated in a live-bird shoot of the Olympic Gun Club, San Francisco, not long since. McMurchy killed 24 straight, 12 in the club event and 6 in each of two other events. Tucker killed 10 in the club event, losing one dead out.

A new gun club, the Kingsbridge Gun Club, has been formed at Kingsbridge, N. Y. It purposes to hold a live-bird and target shoot on the second Saturday of each month. Mr. B. H. Norton, of the Hazard Powder Co. is one of the chief promoters of the organization.

Rolla Heikes and Jim Elliott are still circulating somewhere in the vicinity of New York, but there is very little, if any, talk of a match at either live birds or targets between these two good shots. Something of the kind would live up matters considerably.

Harold B. Money and W. Cannon, the one-armed shooter, of Newark, N. J., are matched to shoot a race at 100 live birds per man, for a consideration, but no date has as yet been set for the match.

On April 6, Smith Brothers' grounds, Foundry and Ferry streets, Newark, there will be an open shoot at 20 or 25 live birds, commencing at 11 o'clock. A wagon will meet the car. Automatic traps.

On Thursday of this week the Riverside Gun Club will hold a handicap shoot at 25 live birds, \$10 entrance, at Riverside Hotel, Carlstadt, N. J., commencing at 12 o'clock.

The return match between the Oceanic Gun Club and the Hudson Gun Club has been postponed to April 17.

BERNARD WATERS.

Pawling Rod and Gun Club.

DOVER PLAINS, N. Y., March 26.—Herewith are some complete scores of our tournament. We shot through the programme twice and ended with some miss-and-outs at \$1 apiece, at which nobody got hurt. Elliott and Tallman shot at 9 in 10-bird events; 13 in 15-bird events, and 17 in 20-bird events, after the four rounds of extra events. I wish to claim the date of July 4 for an all-day shoot at targets. Liberal programme; also I am going to try and arrange to run a two-day affair Oct. 6 and 7; first day at targets and second day at live birds. We will hold this on the Pawling Fair grounds, which has large club house and perfectly fitted for a big affair. All income and surplus of our shoots go toward stocking streams with trout and the fields with birds, and this should appeal to all true sportsmen to help along the good work. I claim date thus early so that other clubs will not conflict with us.

No. 11 was at 10 pairs.	No. 12 was the merchandise handicap:												
Targets:	10	15	20	10	15	20	10	15	20	10	20	Av.	
Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	
I Tallman	10	12	18	9	15	9	14	17	9	14	17	18	.83
J G Dutcher	8	12	15	8	5	10	14	8	12	11	19		.70
E Foster	7	11	14	8	12	9	13	13	6	13	11	16	.72
H Nelson	5	13	14	3	12	8	11	15	9	10	13	20	.72
C Blandford	8	7	15	8	10	6	12	13	7	10	15	15	.68
C Sutton				7	12	4	9	13	4	6	9		.55
Geo Holmes				7	9	5	12	14	5	10			.65
F Fry	1	10	11	5		4			5	6			.36
J A R Elliott							13	19	8	15	17		.90

Extra events; Nos.	13	17	7	8	1	miss-and-outs:													
Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16			
Targets:	10	15	20	10	15	20	10	15	20	10	15	10	15	10					
I Tallman	9	11	18	9	10	15	8	13	15	8	10	15	5	3	4	1			
J G Dutcher	8	13	14	5	10	15	8	9	15	10	11	14	3	2	8	9			
H Nelson	9	11	17	7	10	16	8	12	17	8	13	15	4	2					
C Blandford	9	10	12	7	12	14	8	12	14	9	11	12							
J A R Elliott	8	15	18	10	12	17	7	12	17	9	12	15	6	3	8	5			
E Foster					5	11	13	7		15	9	11							
C Sutton		5	11	15	6	10	10				10								
Geo Holmes	4	11	9		7	8													
F Fry	4			4			4				5	6							
F C Faber							8	3	7										

H. NELSON.

Auburn Gun Club.

AUBURN, Me.—At the annual meeting of the Auburn Gun Club, March 25, the following officers were elected: President, O. L. Barker; Vice-President, H. A. Fletcher; Treasurer, C. E. Conner; Secretary, L. A. Barker. Executive Committee: O. L. Barker, H. A. Fletcher, C. E. Conner, L. A. Barker, A. C. Wills. Handicap Committee: L. A. Barker, H. A. Fletcher, F. E. Francis.

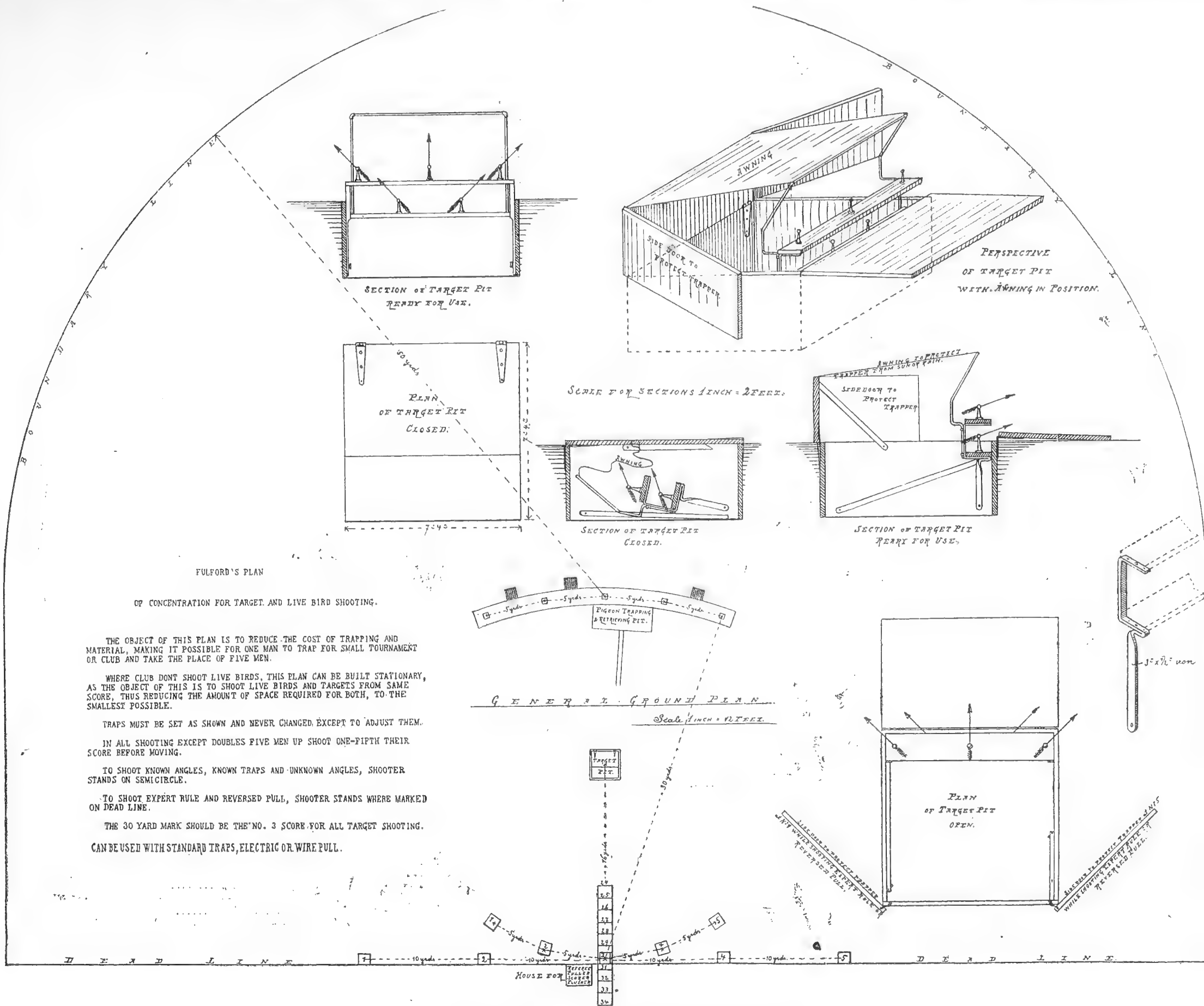
The club had a very successful season for '98, having an increase of 26 new members and a good balance in the treasury. A fine gold badge will be secured and shot for during the season of '99 under a handicap system, 25 targets with an allowance of from 1 to 8 targets. We sent two teams of five men each to the State tournament at Waterville, Aug. 30 and 31 and landed the State championship by a score of 219 out of 250, thus bringing the State shoot to Auburn for '99.

We are negotiating for new grounds within three minutes' walk of the electric cars, and if they are secured, will build a fine two-story club house on them. The badge shoots will be held every Saturday afternoon. Four fine Parker trap guns arrived last week, and there was much rejoicing among certain members of the club.

On Saturday afternoon six of the boys went out to the grounds to trap the new guns. After some difficulty the trap house was located in a snow drift 8 or 10ft. deep, and it was a case of dig before any shooting could be indulged in. As the boys overexerted themselves, the scores were not very large, but the new guns are all right, and will be heard from later.

Our second annual tournament will be held the last of May, or first of June.

L. A. BARKER, Sec'y.



FULFORD'S PLAN OF TRAP ARRANGEMENT.

Boston Gun Club.

WELLINGTON, Mass., March 24.—The second last date of spring series was unfavorable in the extreme for trap-shooting, and with so many of their selected dates murdered by the weather clerk, the Boston Gun Club have come to the conclusion that they have a right to complain. The second half of series have alternated between wind, hail, rain and snow, and the promise of improvement over good scores of first half has not been fulfilled.

To-day was so very rainy that it would have occasioned no surprise had not a shooter attended, yet eight came out by the first train and shot until 5 o'clock, with but one recess for the trappers to dry out. Such devotion to the cause was worthy of better success as regards scores, but the targets were hard to find, and not a straight appeared on the score sheets of afternoon. A 21yds. and two 17yds. shooters divided honors in the individual match; in the team event Leroy and Dennison had a walkover.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	10	10	6	10	10	5	6	10	10	12	10	10
Gordon, 17	8	6	3	4	6	4	5	7	4	6	2	8
Miskay, 18	3	4	2	3	5	1	2	8	8	5	6	7
Leroy, 21	6	7	4	7	5	3	8	8	7	7	7	7
Woodruff, 17	6	7	2	7	7	5	3	9	6	8	3	6
Hollis, 18	6	4	1	5	4	1	2	5	8	7	6	6
Howe, 17	7	8	5	3	4	5	3	8	6	3	5	5
Dennison, 17	8	4	7	7	4	2	9	8	6	6	6	6
Williams, 15	4	5	1	5	4	3	4	3	3	3	3	3

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	10	10	6	10	10	5	6	10	10	12	10	10
Leroy, 21	8	6	3	4	6	4	5	7	4	6	2	8
Gordon, 17	3	4	2	3	5	1	2	8	8	5	6	7
Woodruff, 17	6	7	4	7	5	3	8	8	7	7	7	7
Dennison, 17	6	7	2	7	7	5	3	9	6	8	3	6
Howe, 17	6	4	1	5	4	1	2	5	8	7	6	6
Williams, 15	7	8	5	3	4	5	3	8	6	3	5	5
Miskay, 18	8	4	7	7	4	2	9	8	6	6	6	6
Hollis, 18	4	5	1	5	4	3	4	3	3	3	3	3

Prize match, 21 targets—10 known, 5 unknown, 3 pairs:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Leroy, 21	8	6	3	4	6	4	5	7	4	6	2	8
Gordon, 17	3	4	2	3	5	1	2	8	8	5	6	7
Woodruff, 17	6	7	4	7	5	3	8	8	7	7	7	7
Dennison, 17	6	7	2	7	7	5	3	9	6	8	3	6
Howe, 17	6	4	1	5	4	1	2	5	8	7	6	6
Williams, 15	7	8	5	3	4	5	3	8	6	3	5	5
Miskay, 18	8	4	7	7	4	2	9	8	6	6	6	6
Hollis, 18	4	5	1	5	4	3	4	3	3	3	3	3

Team match, 40 targets—10 known, 10 unknown each shooter—distance handicap:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Leroy, 21	8	6	3	4	6	4	5	7	4	6	2	8
Dennison, 17	3	4	2	3	5	1	2	8	8	5	6	7
Miskay, 18	6	7	4	7	5	3	8	8	7	7	7	7
Williams, 15	6	7	2	7	7	5	3	9	6	8	3	6
Gordon, 17	6	4	1	5	4	1	2	5	8	7	6	6
Woodruff, 17	7	8	5	3	4	5	3	8	6	3	5	5

Centredale Gun Club.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., March 25.—Editor Forest and Stream: I was very much surprised upon reading an article about the Centredale Gun Club, in your issue of to-day. For what reason it was written would perhaps seem a mystery to most persons, but those who are aware of the condition of trap-shooting in this vicinity last season can easily see the motive. I may be mistaken in my opinion, but many of my friends will bear me out that the general tone of the article seems to cast a slur on our club, in a very sarcastic manner. It is all a contemptible falsehood, as we had no shoot on March 11. It is plainly evident that the gentleman (?) who wrote it, is very jealous of the success of our club in the past, and its bright outlook in the future. We do not care to brag, but we can truthfully say that we have a good clean record, and don't owe any bills. If our club has ever done anything which might occasion a person to harm us, why don't he come out like a man and say so, and not try to do it in such an underhanded, cowardly manner, and then we could answer for ourselves.

The members of our club are mostly new shooters at the trap, but they are trying their level best to increase interest in trap-shooting in this State, and for that reason, if for no other, they deserve to be used better than that.

Our programme for the season of 1899 is as follows: The opening shoot of the season takes place on Saturday, April 1, and will continue every Saturday afternoon until Oct. 1. Special shoots on all legal holidays throughout the year. A 25-target, unknown angles, handicap event to be shot for every two weeks, beginning April 1, and ending Sept. 30, under the following conditions, will also be held. On April 1 shooting will commence at 10 A. M. Entrance fee, price of targets. Targets 1 cent each. Winner of each shoot receives 5 points; second, 4 points; third, 3 points; fourth, 2 points, and fifth, 1 point. The person having the most number of points at end of season will receive a beautiful gold medal, suitably inscribed; second highest, leather gun case; third highest, hunting suit (coat and pants); fourth highest, shooting blouse; fifth highest, 100 loaded shells; sixth highest, Power's cleaning rod; seventh highest, 50 loaded shells. Open to any Rhode Island resident shooter. There must be at least five entries, otherwise it will be postponed until next regular shoot. Handicaps from 1 to 10 targets extra to shoot at. Handicaps will be changed at the end of every fourth shoot. Entry must be made at least three days before the first shoot with the secretary. The dates of the handicaps are as follows: April 1, 15, 29, May 13, 27, June 10, 24, July 8, 22, Aug. 5, 19, Sept. 2, 16, 30. Team shooting will also be encouraged by having two shooters choose sides on handicap days. Intervening Saturdays shooters can avail themselves of practicing. Shooting will commence at 2 P. M. It is hoped that every shooter will avail himself of the opportunity and enter every event.

We now have five expert traps in conjunction with the magatrap. N. F. REINER.

The Pawtuxet Gun Club.

PAWTUXET, R. I., March 23.—Editor Forest and Stream: In the issue of FOREST AND STREAM dated March 25 I notice a communication signed Centredale, in which there appears some rather strange statements, or rather misstatements, which evidently need correcting. At different times this winter there have been similar effusions, evidently emanating from the same source, in the Providence daily papers, which we did not think it necessary to notice, but as the FOREST AND STREAM is a recognized sportsmen's organ, perhaps a statement of a few plain facts would not be out of place. Our friend Centredale seems to be either laboring under an unaccountable hallucination or else to be badly affected with moral strabismus, and in either case should be set right if possible. While it is certainly encouraging to know that 64 shooters faced the traps, it would be perhaps more interesting to hear how many actually took part in the shooting. The paragraph, however, to which I especially wish to reply is this: "The Centredale is now composed of all the best shooters in the State of Rhode Island, as the Providence and Pawtuxet gun clubs have disbanded, and the members joined the Centredale, making a membership of 74." Now, we are, of course, glad to know that the Centredale Gun Club is doing so well, but what puzzles us is who Centredale is, and where he gets his information about the Pawtuxet G. C. The facts are that the Pawtuxet Gun Club has not disbanded, has never thought of disbanding, and also has a membership of exactly 74, including some, if not all, the best trap shots in the State. We also hold the championship pennant, representing the five-men team championship of the State, for which, by the way, we have not as yet received any challenge from the Centredales, although holding it over a year. We shall open as usual in April, and hold fortnightly shoots for badges, etc., of which, with your consent, due notice will appear in these columns. In the meantime I would request that no notice of any news pertaining to the Pawtuxet Gun

Club will be noticed by you unless signed by some officer of the club.

W. H. SHELDON,
Vice-President Pawtuxet G. C.

Trap around Reading.

READING, Pa., March 25.—Fen Cooper, of Mahanoy City, and Harry Coldren, of this city, will meet on Friday, March 31, to shoot the second of a series of three matches. This match will be 100 live birds per man, for \$100 a side, Hurlingham rules to govern. The match will be shot at the Three-Mile House, commencing at 1:30 P. M.

March 23.—Arrangements are being made to have Coldren meet Clouser, of Gibraltar, at the Three-Mile House, for \$100 a side, each man to shoot at 100 live birds, 28yds. rise, American Association rules to govern. The date has not been selected, but it will probably be the week after the Grand American Handicap.

Boyetown, Pa., March 22.—A largely attended live-bird tournament took place to-day on the grounds of the Boyetown Rod and Gun Club, of this place, when the following events were shot:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	10	5	5	*10	10	Targets:	10	5	5	*10	10
Benner	8	6	Shuler	4	5	4	7
W Wien	9	5	Trumbauer	4	5	4	9
Buckwalter	9	5	5	4	9	Emmers	4	5	4	5
Nuss	6	4	4	4	9	Lenhart	4	4
Davis	2	5	1	..	H Wien	6
Schaffer	9						

*Miss-and-out. Mahanoy City, Pa., March 22.—Fen W Cooper, of this city, hereby challenges Harvey Clouser, of Gibraltar, Pa., to shoot 50 or 100 live birds, for \$50 or \$100 a side, either Rhode Island or Hurlingham rules to govern, or Cooper is satisfied to shoot Clouser 100 live birds, Hurlingham or Rhode Island rules, loser to pay for all birds, and winner to take entire gate money. Cooper can be addressed, care of Opera House, Mahanoy City, Pa.

Cooper is also willing to shoot Midgey, of Reading, a 50 or 100-bird race for \$100 or \$200 a side.

Pottsville, Pa., March 23.—At Bossler's Seven Stars Hotel, near here, a sweepstake live-pigeon match was shot to-day. There were nine entries, each man to shoot at 7 live birds. Daniel Walkner, of St. Clair, won, killing 6 out of 7, while John Schoenbutts, of Pottsville, won second money with a score of 5 killed. A. E. FINKE.

Palm Beach Gun Club.

PALM BEACH, Fla., March.—A private match, \$25 entrance, 100 targets, all standing at the same distance, was shot here, with results as follows:

Wilson, 11	10	11	10	10	11	11	11	10	10	11	19
Cook, 10	11	10	11	11	10	11	10	11	10	11	20
Jones, 11	11	10	11	10	11	11	11	10	10	11	21
Wilson, 11	11	10	11	10	11	11	10	11	10	11	21
Cook, 11	10	10	11	11	10	11	11	10	11	11	22
Jones, 11	10	10	11	10	11	11	11	10	11	11	20
Wilson, 10	10	10	11	10	11	11	10	11	10	11	19
Jones, 11	10	10	11	10	11	11	10	11	10	11	20
Cook, 10	10	10	11	10	11	11	10	11	10	11	20
Wilson, 11	10	10	11	10	11	11	10	11	10	11	19
Jones, 11	10	10	11	10	11	11	10	11	10	11	19
Cook, 11	11	10	11	10	11	11	10	11	10	11	20

Sweepstake at 25 targets:
Dr Kaisner, 11
Wilson, 10
Jones, 11
Wm. Dietsch referee, Mr. Sanders scorer.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Oscar Hesse wins the Jersey Championship.

March 25.—After holding the New Jersey inanimate target championship for just four weeks, Harold B. Money handed the title and the E. C. cup, emblematic of the championship to Oscar Hesse, of Red Bank, N. J., who represents Walsrode powder in this country.

The match was shot on the grounds of the Boiling Springs Gun Club, at Rutherford, N. J., the conditions being 50 targets, unknown angles. There was a bad light and the targets were thrown exceedingly hard and fast; in fact, the conditions were such that good scores were next to an impossibility. Harold Money started in like a winner, scoring 18 out of his first 19; then he lost, in quick succession, his 20th, 21st, 24th and 25th, going out with 20. Hesse lost four targets out of his first 15, but broke all of the last 10 in the first string save one, thus tying Harold Money's total of 20 for the first 25.

The surprise came in the second half of the match. Money lost just 10 out of the first 20, and also 2 out of his last 5, scoring 13 out of the 25, and making his total for the 50 only 33. Hesse scored 18, distributing his misses equally, but won out with 38 to 33. During the match Harold Money seemed to lose his time, getting quite slow at times, and save in the first 20 targets, did not at any time show anything like his usual good form.

After the match the winner was challenged by Capt. A. W. Money. The date and place for this match will be fixed later.

Scores:
H Money, holder.....11111011111111111001100—20
101010001100101100111001—13—33
O Hesse, challenger.....110111101101101111101—20
110101010111101101001111—18—38

Sweeps were shot as below:
Events: 1 2 3 4 5 6
Targets: 10 15 25 25 25
Huck 9 8 12 21 21 20
Apgar 9 9 10 21 17 16
Moffett 2 10 6 16 16 11
Everett 7 9 13 18 12 12
Brinton 4 5 14
Capt Money 13 12 21 16
H Money 11 11 21 14 17
Hesse 10 9 17
Banks 11 13 18 19
Morfe 5 5

East Side Gun Club.

Newark, N. J., March 24.—The East Side Gun Club's two-days' shoot, which was held on the Smith Bros.' grounds, Foundry street, ended to-day with a 20-bird event, in which three men tied for first place. The events on the first day were at 10 birds, 28yds, rise, and at 7 birds, 28yds. To-day's event was at 20 birds, \$10 entry, 28yds. rise. The weather was raining in the forenoon, but cleared off later. A stiff north wind and good birds made hard shooting. Scores:

No. 1. No. 2.
Schortemeier 2212211222—10 222222—7
Hassinger 21212121—10 1120221—6
Geoffroy 112221212—10 1220110—5
Perment 212210211—9 2*12*22—5
Koegel *112*122*1—7 01112**—4
Reiboldt 2*12220*20—6 0112020—4
Cinchard 1011120010—6
Durr 2200022012—6
Fischer 210*022110—6
Ferguson 2000100001—3

No. 3:
Schortemeier 1222222*222112220102—17
Hassinger 22*111210010211*2012—14
Koegel 212221211212222022—19
Moffett 21212022222112122221—19
Otten 211212110212212211—19
Steffens 121111122112221012—18
Apgar 21201121121022*2112—17
Mulvaney 0111210111111011122—17
Bender 202022222202222222—16
Kleber 21020111000120000*02—9

Hudson Gun Club.

Jersey City, March 27.—The scores of the Hudson Gun Club, made to-day, are given herewith. No. 6 is the club event, and No. 10 a three-cornered match. The scores:

Events: 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10
Targets: 10 10 10 15 10 25 15 10 15 25
Schorty 9 6 9 13 9 22 14 7 7 21
Schubel 7 5 6 11 8 18 9 5
Van Dyne 10 4 12 7 22 13 5
Dudley 8 4 9 23 13 9 15 23
Bock 8 8 9 14 9 9 10 20
Banta 5 9 8 22
Kall 4 3
Whitley 8 14
De Long 8 13 8 17 13
Altz 5 2 7 16
Shields 7 7 8 12 21
C Von L 8 9 22 11
Tommy 5 11
Brewer 8 5 17
Jouls 5 11
Doran 2 3 3 3 3 11 7 5
Hansmann 11 15
Boothroyd 12 7
Geotz 7 4
Oraw 7 4
THOS. KELLY, Sec'y.

Brooklyn Gun Club.

Lyndhurst, March 23.—There was an enthusiastic crowd of famous shooters at the Brooklyn Gun Club's live-bird shoot on the grounds of the Lyndhurst Shooting Association, Lyndhurst, N. J., to-day. The weather was most unfavorable and most unpleasant in the morning hours. The sky was darkly overcast and forbidding. The temperature was raw, and there was a general badness of weather such as would justly spoil the chances of any ordinary shoot. Nevertheless, the shooters came in groups till there were as many as could shoot in the programme.

There were some doubts expressed as to the birds; that is to say, it was supposed that some of the birds would either be calmly contemplative after the traps were opened or would peck tentatively into the ground on the chance of potting a stray worm, but the birds contributed their share, with a bit to spare. In short, they were a corking lot of fast, strong birds, which flew with the most vigorous determination and died with discouraging reluctance, so much so, indeed, that many of them, most inconceivably, it is true, died out of bounds. Any man who imagines that he can admire the planetary system and at the same time kill some of Tom Morfe's good birds would only need to try them to learn that they are a distinct specialty which require the closest attention and the most perfect execution in using the gun.

Mr. John Wright, managed the shoot.
The scores, considering the quality of the birds, were excellent. Had there been a stiff wind undoubtedly there would have been an appreciable cutting down of them. As it was, out of the eighteen competitors in the main event, Capt. Money was the only shooter who killed 15 straight in the main event. Heikes, who was scratch man alone at 31yds., killed 14, in company with Longcake and Martin.

No. 1 at 5 birds, \$3, birds included, three moneys, class shooting, had fourteen entries. No. 2, at 15 birds, \$10, birds included, four moneys, class shooting, handicaps from 26 to 32yds., had eight entries.

The miss-and-outs were \$2, birds extra at 25 cents.
No. 1, 15-bird race, \$10 entrance, four moneys, class shooting, handicaps 26 to 32yds.:

U M C, 27 02121*221011002—10
Hallowell, 29 2102212*222221—13
Courtney, 29 *2222121020021—11
Heikes, 31 222222222022221—14
Langcake, 28 11121112220121—14
Capt. Money, 30 1211111222211—15
Billings, 27 2022121*2102202—11
Asmus, 27 111201012000220—9
Morfe, 30 222222202210210—12
Banks, 29 1210111022121*—12
Moffett, 28 222212002221200—11
C Reed, 28 022220222022220—11
H Money, 29 121122121210221—13
J Martin, 27 2222122222212—14

W Cashau, 27 222202112222220—13
H Blauvelt, 27 211011012200201—10
F C Bissett, 27 21201220220012—11
Fairmont, 28 21221002122112—13

No. 2, 5 birds:

Morfe 22222—5
U M C 01220—3
Hallowell 20002—2
Courtney 21122—5
Heikes 12222—5
Langcake 11202—4
Banks 2*100—2

Miss-and-outs—No. 3:

Hall, 28 2222121—7
Reed, 28 222220—5
Banks, 29 21120—4
Cashau, 27 10—1
Fairmont, 28 0—0
U M C, 27 22110—4
Courtney, 29 11120—4
Langcake, 28 0—0

No. 4:

Hall, 28 221—3
Morfe, 30 20—1
Reed, 28 20—1
Capt. Money, 30 222—3
H Money, 29 110—2
Fairmont, 28 0—0
Banks, 29 12*—2

N. 5:

Hall, 29 21212222—8
Capt. Money, 30 22222220—7
Moffett, 28 2222222—8
H Money, 29 11120—4
Hallowell, 29 2220—3
Banks, 29 22121120—7

Heikes, 31 2222222—8
Bunn, 28 0—0
Cashau, 27 2210—3
Fairmont, 28 12*—2
Morfe, 30 212220—5

Rochester Rod and Gun Club.

At the regular weekly shoot of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club at the Cobb's Hill ranges and traps, Sim Glover, the club's crack-a-jack, announced his intention of going to New York next week. He will remain in the metropolis and practice for the Grand American Handicap. Glover did some excellent shooting. He made a straight string at the traps, and followed this up with a score of 9 out of a possible 10 targets in the double rises. Worth and Weller shot in their usual good form. The former brought out his new Smith gun, and did great execution with it. It was noticeable that a number of the members have purchased new guns this spring, and several of them had them with them.

One of the events was what is called the "25-bird-miss-and-rest." A man shoots until he misses and then steps back and allows his adversary or adversaries to shoot. When all have missed, the first man again takes his position for the traps. Meyer and Weller were the only contestants. He made his first miss on the 7th target. Weller retired with a miss on his 10th target. Meyer shot and smashed the target, but missed the next target and resigned. Weller got a line on 4 targets, and missed his 2d. Meyer broke the next 19 targets, and won the match. The scores follow:

Events: 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
Targets: 10 10 10 10 10 15 10 15
Weller 8 10 7 9 7 13 9 13
Worth 9 7 9 9 7 10 6 8
Borst 6 4 10 7 11
Gibson 5 7 4 7 9 12
McCord 8 8 10 14
Moshier 8 8 10 14
Parsons 7 8 9
Meyer 9 9 15 8 12
Glover 10 10
King 6 6
Rogers 6 7 11 7 10

Doubles, 10 targets:
Meyer 00 11 11 01 11—7
Weller 11 11 10 11—8
Worth 00 11 11 00 10—5
McCord 10 10 11 10 10—6
Worth 10 10 11 10 10—6
Glover 11 11 10 11 11—9
Rogers 10 11 11 10 10—7

Twenty-five birds, miss and rest:
Meyer 11111010111111111111—25
Weller 11111111011110—13

The prize handicap contest, to be shot on the dates of March 29, April 5, 12, 19, 26, May 3, 10, 17, 24 and 31, have for prizes two gold badges, which have been donated, one by Mr. Thos. R. Griffith, of Rochester, and the other by the Dent Dog Medicine Co., of Chicago, together with two extra prizes to be purchased with the entrance money, will be shot for on the above dates.

A single entrance fee of 50 cents will be charged each shooter who wishes to enter the series of shoots, and the money so received will be divided 60 and 40 per cent., respectively, for third and fourth prizes, winner to have selection of prizes purchased. Members may enter the contest on either of the first three dates mentioned and not later. Members missing any single day contest may on the next week, and not later, shoot a score for the one missed. The maximum score to be 25. Members may shoot until their score is satisfactory. At any time after the 10th shot he can re-enter for new score as many times as he desires. Members must notify the scorer before shooting if it shall be his official score or for practice only. Four credits will be given the high guns at each shoot. Members having credits may challenge each other for individual contests by posting such challenge at club house at least one week in advance, with equal notice to challenged party. All challenges must be shot to count. All ties must be shot off. Prizes will be awarded the four shooters having the greatest number of credits at close of shoot, May 31.

The committee reserve the right to change the following handicap at any time: Myers 25, Glover 25, McCord 26, Byer 26, Lane 26, Weller 27, Norton 28, Case 28, Borst 28, Davis 29, Kay 29, Parsons 29, Foley 29, Moshier 29, Tassel 29, Wride 30, Griffith 30, Rickman 30, Galbraith 30, Fulton 31, Kershner 31, McCheyney 32, Wray 32, Summer 32, Lowden 32, Judson 33, Daly 35, Cutting 35, Gibson 33, Hadley 29, Schleyer 31. Members not mentioned in the above list will be handicapped on their first appearance. Committee: W. H. Chase, F. E. McCord, A. A. Moshier and J. L. Weller.

Kingsbridge Gun Club.

NEW YORK, March 22.—We have just organized a new gun club at Kingsbridge, and I herewith send you the list of officers and also of the members up to date. You will from time to time receive scores made by the members of this club. It is our intention to hold a shoot on the second Saturday of each and every month, both for live birds and clay targets.

Officers: President, Mr. Louis Brandt; Secretary, Mr. Cortlandt Godwin; Treasurer, Mr. Oliver Brandt; Captain, Mr. Raynor Godwin; Lieut. Mr. M. R. Weightman; Referee, Mr. B. H. Norton.

Members: C. A. Freese, M. R. Weightman, Raynor Godwin, Cortlandt Godwin, Louis Brandt, Oliver R. Brandt, Carl Moller and Max F. Schmittberger, Kingsbridge, N. Y.; G. W. Silberhorn and Max F. Schmittberger, 218 West 127th street; J. A. 55 West 113th street; J. C. Picken, 61 West 113th street; Gilbert Sutton, 272 West 139th street; B. H. Norton, 46 Cedar street.

B. H. NORTON.

Catchpole Gun Club.

WOLCOTT, N. Y., March 22.—The following scores were made by members of the Catchpole Gun Club to-day. The club will give a programme shoot on March 30, beginning at 1 P. M.

Wadsworth 111111111111100111101—22
10111111101111111111000—20
11101011100111111101111—17
11101011111111111111—20
11101011111111111111—20
1110110110100000100111000—11
001011101001011011000010—12
101100011110000001010110—12
100111111110001—10—45
Burk 001011001111111011011—13
Gillett 01011001111001010001110—13
Dr Hamilton 000110100001100000—7
Fitch 011101111011—11

E. A. WADSWORTH, Sec'y.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Emerald Gun Club.

Brooklyn N. Y., March 21.—The first monthly shoot in the Emerald Gun Club's year was held to-day at Dexter Park. The attendance, as usual, was large, no less than thirty-eight men competing, of which three—Heikes, Hallowell and Courtney—were guests. Scores:

Dr Stillman, 28 1211222221—10
S M Van Ailen, 29 2222222222—10
E A Vroom, 29 2212121111—10
Dr O'Connell, 29 22222121*—9
R Regan, 25 2112212021—9
W A Sands, 29 2222202222—9
H P Fessenden, 28 2221222222—9
B F Amend, 28 2022222222—9
T Codey, 25 2221222021—8
E J Clark, 29 2110221102—8
G E Greiff, 29 *221022222—8
G B Hillers, 28 1001101212—7
E O Weiss, 28 2021201011—7
C Billings, 28 111202*11—7
T Short, 28 112021*0—7
B H Norton, 28 2101001112—7
J Woolfel, 28 0102222202—7
O Brown, 28 2002122012—7
J Rathjen, 28 0010222222—7
*Guests.
Ellerhorst, 25 1120122020—7
G Mohrman, 25 1121100*11—7
Catton, 28 00*0121222—6
Dr O'Donahus, 25 2220020202—6
Scheubel, 25 0200222012—6
R Weightman, 26 220020*212—6
Wm Joerger, 28 21*110120*—6
Dr G Hudson, 29 0012222200—6
G Herman, 25 20*0*01122—5
J H Moore, 28 1101001001—5
J J Pillion, 28 0100202110—5
Dr Grohl, 25 0220021010—5
C Stuetzle, 25 2000201202—5
G K Breit, 25 0120001200—4
H Meyer, 25 00100200*2—3
J Gallin, 25 2*0000010*—2
*R O Heikes, 31 2122222222—10
*J J Hallowell, 30 2*22*22221—8
*A G Courtney, 30 002112222—7
B. F. AMEND, Sec'y.

Brooklyn Gun Club.

Brooklyn, March 26.—Herewith are the scores of Brooklyn Gun Club of Saturday, March 25. We had a very good attendance. The weather was very disagreeable, making hard shooting:

Targets: 10 10 10 10 15 15 15 25 25 25
Kimble 9 6 7 8 9 12 12 10 19 21
Dr Creamer 6 5 5 8 8 7 12 17 16 20
Brigham 6 5 8 8 7 9 11 11 18 22
W Hopkins 8 9 10 10 13 9 13 21 23
Babcock 10 9 10 13 8 9 13 21
Swatwout 3 7 8 8 6 3 11 10
Lane 8 7 13 11 12 18
Follett 8 9 10 8 11
J Hopkins 8 10 9 12 10 11 22
Amend 9 7 10 8 13 12 20 23 21
Dr Smith 9 10 8 13 19 21
David 5 6 15
JOHN S. WRIGHT Manager.

New Utrecht Gun Club.

Woodlawn, L. I., March 18.—The return match between the Crescent Athletic Club and the New Utrecht Gun Club was shot at the grounds of the latter to-day. The race was shot in a pouring rain, which made the contestants uncomfortable and the scores low. The live-bird event, which followed the team race, resulted in a victory for Jere Lott, who was the only Crescent man to kill straight. He was presented with an oak plaque, on which was the emblem of both clubs in silver, and offered by the home club, to be shot for by the guests. Some of the New Utrechts shot along in an optional sweep. Scores:

New Utrecht Gun Club.
H Money 111110111100111111111111—21
Capt Money 11011101111001011111111—20
C W Dudley 11011101111011011111111—20
G H Piercy 11111101100010111111111—18
G E Greiff 11001110110101111111111—18
P E George 01001110111101110011111—17
F A Thompson 1010111101100001010111—15
J Gaughen 10101110010111011110000—15
W H Thompson 10110010110011100110110—15
E Rasch 00010100101111111110010—14
D C Bennett 01001011011100101001011—13
A A Hegeman 0001100110011011010010—13—199

Crescent Athletic Club.
J S S Remsen 0111011111111111111111—22
E H Lott 111100111011011111111—20
L Rhett 001010110110111111111—18
A R Fish 111011101101101111111—18
T W Stake 11100111110011101000101—16
G Notman 11001100010011111001101—15
J H Halleck 0010110111110010010110—15
J Lott 10101111000100100101010—13
G W Hagadorn 10010101010100010101011—13
C A Sykes 01100111001000011101011—13
C J McDermott 1100001000110111000011001—11
D V B Hegeman 00010100001011011001000—8—182

Trophy shoot:
Crescent. New Utrecht.
E H Lott 2202212—6 E G Frost 222020w
D V B Hegeman 220222—6 D C Bennett 212112—7
A R Fish *10w Dudley 00w
G W Hagadorn 00w Herman 1121011—6
J Lott 1112221—7 F A Thompson 1222120—6
T W Stake 020w G E Greiff 12*222—6
L Rhett 2122201—6 Dr Shepard 012222—6
J H Halleck 21*2211—6 Capt Money 1221221—7
J S S Remsen 2222202—6 H Money 1222222—7
C A Sykes 1212022—6 W H Thompson 1221222—7
G Notman 1022212—6 G H Piercy 1222222—7
H Werleman *10w G W Cropsey *22112—6
C G Rasmus 200w

Sweep:
H Money 12112—5 Capt Money 1*21*—3
G W Piercy 12021—4 G H Hagadorn 102*2—3

March 25.—The semi-monthly shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club was held at Woodlawn to-day. The birds were a good lot. No. 1 was the regular club shoot; No. 2 the New Utrecht handicap; No. 3 the quarterly shoot; No. 4 the monthly shoot; No. 5 a sweep at 8 birds. Mrs. Lindsley shot along as a guest, and did well. Scores:

No. 1. No. 2. No. 3. No. 4.
Maggie Murphy, A, 28 *002222020—5 21002—3 21212—5 2010w
F A Thompson, A, 29 0111101122—8 12122—5 11222—5 10231—4
W H Thompson, A, 29 1110101121—8 11201—4
M Otis, B, 29 2201200011—6 20022—3 12221—5 20222—4
S B Toplitz, B, 28 0001121220—7 21222—5 10022—3 02002—2
Mrs Lindsley, guest 2220021220—7 20222—4 20222—4
J Gaughen 22201—4 22010—3 22222—5

No. 5:
F A Thompson 02220212—6 S B Toplitz 20222102—6
M Otis 22200202—5

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

An Easter Outing.

SIX-DAY TOUR TO OLD POINT COMFORT, RICHMOND, AND WASHINGTON VIA PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

The fourth of the present series of personally conducted tours to Old Point Comfort, Richmond and Washington via the Pennsylvania Railroad will leave New York and Philadelphia on Saturday, April 1, affording a delightful Easter outing.

Tickets, including transportation, meals en route in both directions, transfers of passengers and baggage, hotel accommodations at Old Point Comfort, Richmond and Washington, and carriage ride about Richmond—in fact, every necessary expense for a period of six days—will be sold at rate of \$34 from New York, Brooklyn and Newark; \$32.50 from Trenton; \$31 from Philadelphia, and proportionate rates from other stations.

OLD POINT COMFORT ONLY.

Tickets to Old Point Comfort only, including luncheon on going trip, one and three-fourths days' board at that place, and good to return direct by regular trains within six days, will be sold in connection with this tour at rate of \$15 from New York; \$13.50 from Trenton; \$12.50 from Philadelphia, and proportionate rates from other points.

For itineraries and full information apply to ticket agents; Tourist Agent, 1196 Broadway, New York; 739 Broad street, Newark, N. J.; or Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.—Adv.

Books Received.

Sir Roger De Coverley. Essays from the Spectator. The Macmillan Co., New York. Price 25 cents.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO.

TERMS, \$4 A YEAR, 10 CTS. A COPY.
SIX MONTHS, \$2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 8, 1899.

VOL. III, No. 14.
No. 846 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, \$4 per year, \$2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iv.

NOTICE.

THE New York Clearing House has adopted new regulations governing the collection of checks and drafts on banks outside of the city. This entails a collection expense on those who receive such checks. Our patrons are requested, therefore, in making their remittances to send postal or express money order, postage stamps, or check or draft on a New York city bank, or other New York current funds.

AMERICAN GAME PARKS.

We continue in this issue our fifth annual review of American game preserves. The first report of this series was printed in the number for Feb. 17, 1894. In 1895 articles were printed May 11 and 18; in 1896, July 4, 11 and 18; and in 1897, July 24, 31 and Aug. 7.

In the five years which have passed since the first report was published, the number and scope of American preserves have increased tremendously. Previously to 1894 the preserves had not attracted much attention among sportsmen, nor otherwise. Of the fenced preserves, Mr. Corbin's great Blue Mountain Park had only been stocked with game four years, and Mr. George Gould's Furlough Lodge Preserve, and Mr. Rutherford Stuyvesant's Tranquility Park about the same length of time, while Litchfield Park and Ne-ha-sa-ne Park were only a few months old. The period marked the transition from the shooting club, which exercised an often precarious control over leased lands, to the preserve which acquired ownership and set to work on an entirely new basis, not only to protect the game already existing on the land, but to increase it, often by the importation of animals, birds and fish which were not then to be found in the neighborhood.

This journal has chronicled the changing conditions not only in its park reports, but also in such articles as that published some time since, showing the great extent of preserved holdings within the limits of the Adirondack State Park, and also in the articles on Western preserves. The new order has undoubtedly come to stay, and though at the present time a falling off in the number of new parks is noticeable, the halt is apparently only temporary, and one may confidently count upon a steady increase in the number of new enterprises of this character from year to year.

The conditions which favor preserves are cheap land with attractive natural features and trespass laws which are clearly defined and easily enforced. In this country there are large areas of hunting country, where either State laws, public sentiment or natural conditions effectually operate against preserves, and it is not likely that the system will ever attain the predominance enjoyed in European countries, where the wealthy classes effectually monopolize the shooting.

An interesting feature in connection with these preserves, and one which has attracted little attention, is the business of securing and rearing game animals for stocking them.

Elsewhere will be found a letter from a man who has given his entire time for years to this business. The original animals which formed the nucleus for the preserved elk herds have come chiefly from the country lying in the immediate neighborhood of the Yellowstone National Park, either in Wyoming or Idaho. The buffalo came from Texas, Nebraska, Colorado and Montana. The moose from eastern Canada, and the deer from nearly every State in the Union. The various game animals have certain commercial values, which, however, vary considerably from time to time, according to supply and demand.

Here are a few prices quoted from the letter of a dealer in wild game: Canadian beaver, \$50 per pair, de-

livered; buffalo, \$1,000 per pair, delivered; whitetail deer, \$50 per pair; fallow deer, \$50 per pair; wild turkey, \$15 per pair; moose, offered \$175, asked \$250 apiece.

The writer of the letter says: "Moose bring \$350 each on the steamer dock at any port in England or Germany. I do not know much about Caribou; never had them offered to me lower than \$200 each."

Elk are not quoted in this letter, but are said to be worth about \$75 apiece, delivered.

In certain parts of the country farmers and others have taken to raising game as a business. They have begun with the intention of supplying game parks with acclimated animals for stocking, but it is likely that some at least will look for a market for their surplus animals whenever possible by butchering them and selling the meat. Elk and deer can be raised in captivity with good management almost as readily as the ordinary farm stock. The chief requirements are suitable fences and a liberal amount of shade and water, with plenty of grass. Pound for pound, they are worth several times as much as cattle, and are just as easily cared for.

The possibilities in buffalo raising are much greater. In six years the buffalo in the Corbin herd increased threefold. There is no more valuable stock in existence. When FOREST AND STREAM took its census of the buffalo two years ago it was estimated that there were only about 600 American bison in captivity. The wild bison are certain to be extinct in a very few years, and their number at the present time is so small as not to affect the general result. A certain demand for buffalo can be counted upon from zoological gardens in various parts of the world, and also from owners of preserves.

The greatest need of buffalo breeders at the present time is the infusion of new blood into their herds. As FOREST AND STREAM long ago pointed out, a buffalo stud book is very desirable. It would not be a difficult task to record the pedigree and history of every known animal, and such information would be of incalculable value in governing future breeding. The stock now in existence was secured from both the Northern and Southern herds of wild buffalo, and there is ample opportunity for the intelligent selection of strains.

EARLY SPRING.

THIS is no zephyr that comes tearing up from the south, threshing the naked boughs as if it would destroy the last bud before its chance of bursting, and out-roaring the brooks' boisterous rejoicing over their new freedom, yet there is a sweet promise in its gusty breath—a promise that we cherish and believe in, for it has been often given and always soon or late redeemed.

These are not musical notes that the crows utter as they are tumbled and tossed along before it in disorderly flight, but they are notes of rejoicing, and also a promise of sweeter voices that shall presently be heard.

There is a hopeless look in the fields hemmed with soiled drifts and untidy with the flotsam and jetsam of winter storms. No less so is the forest, its once unsullied floor bestrewn with tatters of bark and last year's leaves, yet we see beyond all dreariness of present desolation what has been again and again revealed to us.

Even now we may see where the raccoon and the woodchuck have writ down their faith in the coming resurrection of life with their tracks on the solid page, and we hear it declared by the trumpets of the geese and the shrill pipes of "small fowl making noise" of rejoicing. In the shallow pools of the meadows the blue of heaven is reflected, the whiteness of its clouds, and at night its stars, where by and by shall be the bloom of violets and daisies and dandelions, and bees shall hum to and fro between them in sweet traffic, and fill the empty mouse-nests with brown comb.

Through the roar of the wind and the dash of branches we catch the jubilant song of bobolink and lark and oriole, the call of the cuckoo, the bells and flutes of the woodland thrushes. Finer than the angry turmoil of the brook's yellow overflowing flood we hear its babble of green fields where happy anglers wade ankle deep in lush grass, and the banished kingfisher has come to his own again.

Through the dun of fields and the gray of woodlands as through thin veils we see green grass springing and the burgeoning of branches; ledges, blushing with the

bloom of honeysuckles; the brown floor of the woods dappled with moose-flower and squirrel-cup. The birds are busy with nest building, from his freshly swept-threshold the woodchuck regards the growing clover, and the chipmunk sits at his door in the sun, clucking his contentment.

So often have we seen this miracle of spring wrought, that with the eye of faith, more than of fancy, we see it repeated, and in spite of all delays and relapses of the fickle weather, we hopefully await its fulfilment.

AN INCIDENT OF THE BAD LANDS.

TO HIS intimates the late Prof. Marsh was known not only as a scientific man of great ability and world-wide reputation, but also as a delightful companion, quick and witty, with a keen appreciation of humor, and a narrator of capital stories. One of these, which he used to tell of himself with great effect, dealt with a small adventure had many years ago in the Rocky Mountains.

The first month or two of the trip had been spent on the plains of Nebraska and Wyoming, at that time the hunting ground of Sioux and Cheyennes, who were bitterly hostile, and signs of whose presence near the command were often seen. The whole party realized that they were in a dangerous country, and all hands were constantly on the watch for enemies and were careful not wander far from the command; or, if two or three fossil gatherers did go off from the main body, they took with them a number of soldiers to stand guard while they worked. After leaving this dangerous region the expedition moved on to the bad lands near Fort Bridger, where there were but few Indians, and those friendly ones, and the work of gathering fossils went on.

One day Prof. Marsh was hard at work on his knees in the bottom of the narrow ravine, digging away the soil from a bone which stuck out of the bank. He was entirely absorbed in his task, and noticed nothing of what was going on about him, until the brilliant sunlight, which poured down on him, was cut off by a dark shadow, and he looked up to see standing above him a great grim Indian warrior, holding his rifle at a ready. The Professor's heart leaped into his throat. He forgot where he was. He strove to utter a propitiatory "How," but his dry lips refused to form the word, and he could only swallow trying to get rid of the lump in his throat. Suddenly the savage bent toward him and spoke: "Have I the honor of addressing Prof. Othneil Charles Marsh, the eminent paleontologist of Yale College?" he inquired. The revulsion of feeling was almost too much for the Professor, who was now even less able to speak than he had been before.

It developed that the Indian, as a small boy, had been sent East, Christianized, educated, taught the elements of theology, and sent back to the West to civilize his tribe; but he had not carried the civilization very far.

That is a curious notion expressed by Mr. Mather, but by no means peculiar to his holding, that when a fisherman catches a fish from public waters he has an absolute "right" to do with it whatever he may elect, the law to the contrary notwithstanding. The well-established principle is, on the contrary, that the taking of fish or game carries with it absolutely no "right" except such as the statute itself confers in express terms, or such as may be inferred from the silence of the statute. Thus, referring to the specific case in point, for perfectly good and sufficient reasons the State of New York has enacted that no one may take trout from public waters for the purpose of stocking private waters. A moment's consideration will show the reasonableness of this. The trout in public waters belong to the people for their fishing for fun and food. To preserve them for this purpose the men who would "skin out" a stream of its trout for their own private waters must be restrained. Experience has proved this. The law provides this restraint by forbidding the taking of fish for that purpose. The fish belong to the State; it is for the State to say whether they may be taken at all; and, if so, in what times, in what ways, for what purpose, and what use may be made of them. All this is so clearly set forth in the famous United States Supreme Court decision in the Geer vs. State of Connecticut case that we advise those who talk of fishing "rights" to study it.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Wreck of the Schooner Lupe.

"MADAM," said Captain Wilson most politely, "madam, I have come dripping wet from the sea to protest the schooner Lupe as she lies on the Matafagatele reef and her tackle and appurtenances. Likewise four Savages which Cap'n Harry Smith said you could depend upon, and which you can't. Likewise and also, I protest Cap'n Harry Smith who said you could depend on them Savages and you can't do it, or else I wouldn't be here protesting them three things, the schooner and the Savages and Cap'n Harry Smith."

Now all this sort of thing was manifestly consular business, and as such belonged to the masculine and official member of the household. It is not for a woman sitting on the verandah of the unofficial side of the consulate at Apia to deal with protests of mariners, even though they do come dripping wet from the sea. All this was explained to Captain Wilson, who was leaving a pool of salt water on the verandah where he stood in a respectful attitude. He was told that he would have to await the return of the proper official, who just then was off in the boat in pursuit of some one of those wild nightmares of war which are the sum and substance of Samoan politics. But none of these considerations had any weight with the drenched mariner, he had come right out of the sea to protest and nothing short of a protest would satisfy him. The only way to content him was to rummage through the rack of official blank forms to find a dusty and mildewed copy of Form No. 58 which is provided for mariners to protest on. Then by laying down a string of mats on the floor from the pool in which he stood on the verandah, a way was made by which he could come inside the office and sign his name, a laborious operation but as satisfactory to himself as though the thing had been done in proper form. One may have cherished ideas of keeping floors neat and tidy, but it is impossible to prepare in advance for official calls of shipwrecked mariners just out of the sea in which they have been shipwrecked. That is one of the unusual states of affairs which would worry almost any housekeeper. Still it was in a sense flattering to see that the shipwrecked mariner was content to have his protest taken down by a woman not authorized to the performance of such duties of the consular service of the United States.

When Captain Wilson had dissolved himself out of the office, and the chain of mats had been thrown out on the grass to dry, he insisted on recounting his tale of marine disaster and the shattering of confidence recklessly placed in Cap'n Harry Smith.

"Yes'm," continued Captain Wilson, "if you'll get your umbrella to keep the sun off and just step down on the beach here you can see the Lupe where she lies and where I protest her and her tackle and her appurtenances. You better fetch along that spyglass that was bought at Strutt's auction for three dollars, there may be three dollars worth of seeing in it."

Sure enough, when one stood just at the very verge of the sands it was possible to see a two-masted schooner high and dry on the reef a mile or so up the coast, and with the spyglass it was possible to make out more details of her shipwrecked condition. The glass was all right if only one had learned the knack of keeping it from coming apart at the joint; so long as the big tube did not drop off from the little tube you could see several dollars worth, even though the captain was doubtful about it. With a comprehensive sweep of his arm in that direction he repeated "There's the schooner Lupe and I protest her and her tackle and her appurtenances." Captain Wilson is not the only one who has found a sort of satisfaction in some complicated official formula.

Then turning to a group of four natives who were sitting wet and impassive on the broken mast of the Trenton at the foot of the flagstaff, he repeated his statement that he protested "them Savages." That was one unfortunate feature of treasuring that broken piece of timber which is all that is left of the flag ship wrecked in the great Apia hurricane. It was very nice to have a memento of the historic event, but the mast was a nuisance in that it provided a perch for all the idle Samoans to come and roost on, and a fair half the time was spent shooting them off. When Captain Wilson had protested Savages it created the impression that some dreadful deed had been done by the islanders. But the four on the mast were unmistakably boys from Niue, or Savage Islanders. In the varied mixture of islanders about Apia it is always possible to identify the Savage Islanders through their fondness for clothes; others may be content with a lavalava, but the Niue boys rig themselves out in shirts and overalls with the very first wages they earn. Therefore, when the shipwrecked mariner protested four Savages he meant only his crew of Savage Islanders, whom he had set down there on the mast

where he could keep them under his eye until he finished his business.

Captain Wilson, who had just been wrecked, was some sort of a Finn, but at some time he had been naturalized in some American port and on that score felt himself authorized to do all his nautical business with the American consulate. It turned out on further investigation that this assumption was inaccurate, for his wrecked schooner was not entitled to sail under the American flag. But the mysteries of the navigation laws of the United States are not included in any curriculum of feminine education and mistakes are therefore pardonable. When Captain Wilson was not sailing he was the general mender of clocks for all Apia, a community habitually careless of time and inclined to be content if they find their clocks are keeping the same day when Captain O'Ryan fires a cannon at the pilot station at noon on Saturday so that the beach may know once a week what time it is.

Despite the filling out of Form No. 58 there was nothing to show how the schooner was wrecked and where the responsibility of Cap'n Harry Smith entered into the disaster. That was a part of the narrative which the shipwrecked captain was only too anxious to disclose, for by it he expected to show that the responsibility for the loss did not lie on his shoulders.

He began by telling how he had been chartered by the German firm to go to windward for a cargo of copra which was ready to bring down to Apia. If any keen intelligence discerns any slip in the nautical terms the blame is not to be laid on Captain Wilson who was probably as accurate in the use of his marine dialect as

looking for the land breeze, and Cap'n Harry Smith he sat back in his chair and told me it was a waste of time looking for it to set in until midnight. But I felt it a little fresh, not exactly a breeze, but a good sign it was going to come. So I told him to wet his finger and hold it up and then he'd see whether the land breeze always waited till midnight. That fixed him and he said that maybe it was a little bit earlier for just that once, and that any way a cool feeling on a finger wasn't enough to sail out of harbor on. So I sat down with him just to finish it up, for I was for going off to the schooner and beginning to get the anchor up.

"Yes'm. Where was me and Cap'n Harry Smith all this time? Oh, part of the time at one place and part of the time at another along the beach. But when it came eleven o'clock they shut up for the night and so we finished off at my house where I had to go for some of my things. As I was saying, for when there's been a wreck you've got to tell everything just as it was, I was for going off to the schooner. But Cap'n Harry kept on saying the wind was too light yet, and really it didn't amount to much, only to prove that land breezes do come before midnight. So we sat down with what I happened to have in the house and Cap'n Harry he told me some more about the harbors to windward. By and by I was getting a little bit uneasy about getting off at all, for there was precious little wind, but Cap'n Harry he said that it was all right to leave it all to the Savages, they'd know best of all and they knew where to find me when it was time to go. He said Savages was the sort you could depend on, for they make the best sailors

of all these natives. Samoans are no good at all, they're too lazy, and they go to sleep on watch and you can't get them to do more than just so much. But he said he always took Savages for his crew and glad to get them, because you could depend on them always.

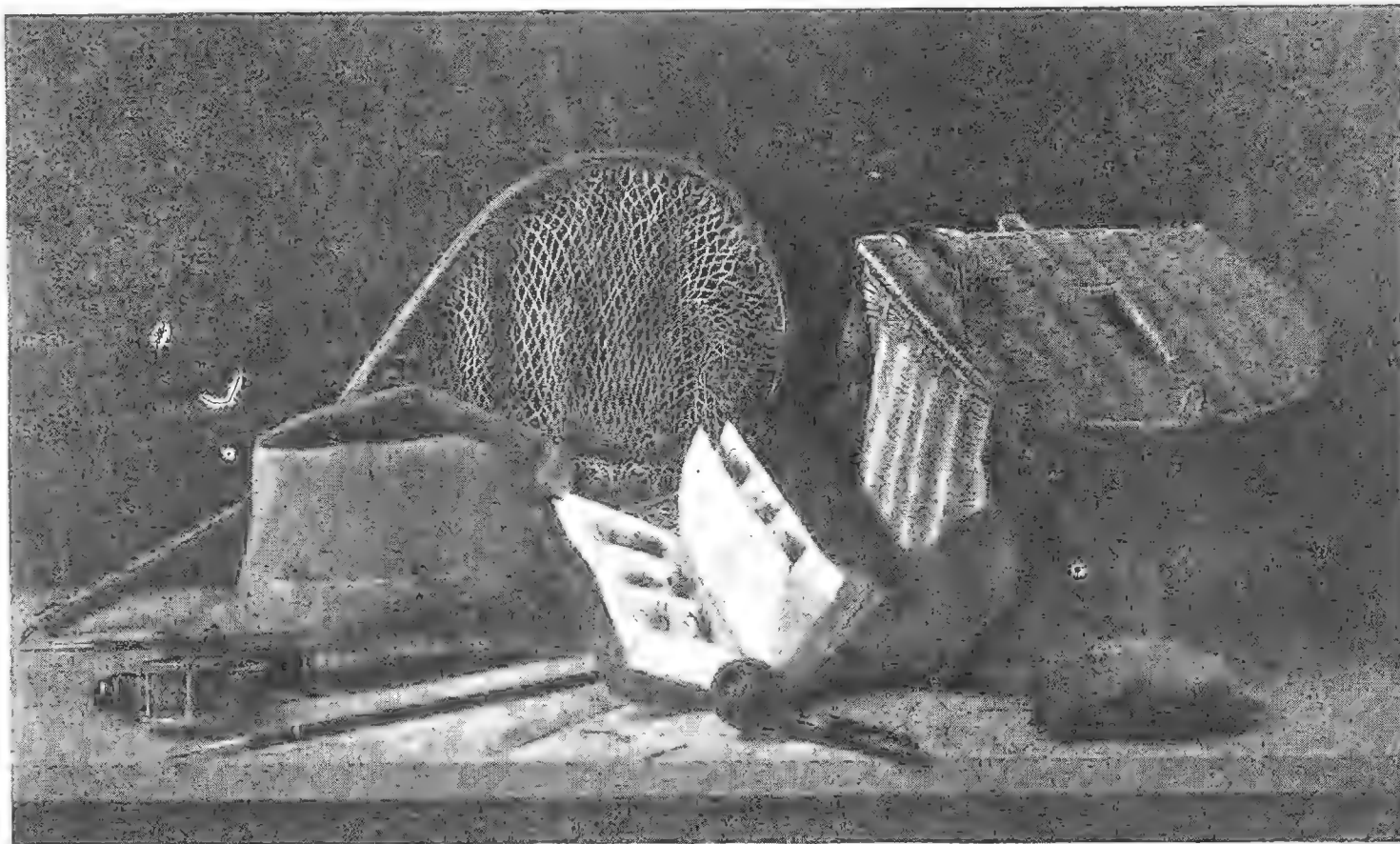
"But how did the Lupe come to be wrecked on the Matafagatele reef? Why, that's what I'm telling you, ma'am. I've got to explain why I protest Cap'n Harry Smith and them Savages, for he said you could depend on them and I've proved that you can't. So when he was telling me how the Savages was the most reliable natives and you could always depend on them—which you can't—the head one of them came along to the house. That's him, the biggest of the lot, him that's leaning up against the flagpole fast asleep. He said that the wind would come pretty soon and he had come for me.

"Then Cap'n Harry Smith, what does he say? He says 'them Savages is the best natives in the South Sea, you can always depend on them.'

Well, it did look that way. So I owned up like a man, for I don't mind saying so when another man happens to know more than me, though as a general thing I know as much about these islands as Cap'n Harry Smith, for all he's been here so long. So we had another just to say good-bye on, and I got into the boat and the Savage rowed me out to the schooner.

"That land breeze was light, just enough to get the schooner out of the passage and out far enough away from the reef so's she would be safe. I was going to make an all-night job of it, and keep the helm while it was dark, but the breeze was so very light and I was sleepy. Then I thought of what Cap'n Harry Smith was saying about them Savages that you could always depend on them. And I began to think that perhaps he was right for he had been cruising about the islands so much longer than I had that perhaps he knew best, for I'm not one of those men who stick to their own opinion just because it's theirs; no, ma'am, I stick to my own way of thinking because I know I'm right. Anyway, I had been hard at work all day and that made me sleepy, and then I got some more sleepy discussing them points of sailing with Cap'n Harry Smith, so I made up my mind I'd depend on them four Savages for just the one night so as to try them. So I called the head man of the Savages and I told him we was bound to windward and I was going to turn in and I depended on him to see that the schooner went to windward all night long. I did not say a word to him about Cap'n Harry Smith's saying that they could be depended on, for it might have made them too set up to do any work if they knew that Cap'n Harry gave them the best name in the South Seas after he'd been cruising about the islands so many years. But I just told him I depended on all four of them and then I went to sleep.

"The next thing I knew was this morning when a raft of Samoans came piling down the companion and into the cabin. I was some surprised, for I thought they was Savages when I shipped them, but I see I must have been mistaken along of all the other things I had to do so that I could get off as soon as the firm wanted me to go. While I was puzzling out how I could come to make a mistake like that, signing Samoans on articles for Savages, then it came over me that Cap'n Harry Smith thought they was Savages too, and I knew I had a good joke on him and his telling me that Savages was the only natives you can depend upon. Pretty soon I noticed that the schooner was lying pretty still. Then I



SIGNS OF SPRING.

From a painting by Claude Raguet Hirst. Copyright, 1894, by Claude Raguet Hirst.

a sailor is expected to be, it is rather due to the navigator's inability to keep a clear idea of directions at sea which chase around after the wind. In this case the impression was clear that the schooner was to go to the eastward islands of the archipelago, to Tutuila or to Manu'a, for in Samoa windward always has that meaning. He went on to explain that because the wind blew against the course all day long it was necessary to make a start at night when sometimes there was a wind outside that would help him along several miles to the east before the tradewind began in the morning. There were other details about the need of making a quick trip of it and the bother he had in getting the Savages to sail the schooner for him.

After all these details had been set out in full, for wet as he was, he would not omit a single item which had even the most remote bearing on his cruise which came so promptly to disaster, he then got to the point which introduced Cap'n Harry Smith and the cause of his difficulty hand in hand.

"Along in the early part of the evening, madam," he continued the narrative of wreck, "me and Cap'n Harry Smith was discussing some points of sailing in these here waters and he was telling me about some of them harbors up to windward. Now I know a great deal more about them harbors than Cap'n Harry Smith does, but I didn't tell him so, wanting to be sociable, and it being my last night ashore with him. From time to time he would get up and have a look at the harbor and come back and say it was dead calm. Then that being so, him and me would have another one, and go on talking about points of sailing, for you've got to be mighty knowing when you're sailing up to windward in these islands. Along after ten o'clock I began to look for the wind to get out of the harbor on, but there wasn't any wind and Cap'n Harry he says there never is any wind before midnight, but I know better than that, and I know that ten o'clock is the time to begin looking for the land breeze. Well the land breeze hadn't begun to blow just then, so me and Cap'n Harry took some more just to keep from dry waiting and then we began to argue about it, me knowing all the time that he was wrong and him trying to make out that I never sailed about these islands as long as he had, and on that account wasn't entitled to know anything about the land breeze at night. We was perfectly sociable in our talk, for Cap'n Harry is a good fellow for all that there's lots of things he don't know about sailing. When it got to be eleven o'clock, or maybe the least bit short of it, I went out

went on deck mighty quick, and I see we had gone clean right atop of the reef and the tide going out we was high and dry on the coral. Of course, being so tired I couldn't be expected to wake up when we struck; you see I was depending on them Savages the way Cap'n Harry Smith said you could. But come to look for them they was all fast asleep on deck, and they didn't know we was wrecked until I went around and kicked each one in turn. You see they got hold of some gin I had aboard in case of cramps or any kind of sickness you're likely to get when you're out at sea. They got hold of it and then they got drunk and let the schooner jump the reef and they didn't even call me, but just slept through it all like logs. And before the Samoans thought to wake us up and let us know we were wrecked somebody stole all the sails and rigging and everything else, and then they left us to wade ashore. But I don't mind that so much as I do them Savages, Cap'n Harry Smith was so sure you could depend on them. Because you can't depend on them and I've proved it; that's why I want to protest them Savages; likewise and also, Cap'n Harry Smith which said so."

Now there is all the narrative there ever was in connection with the wreck of the schooner Lupe, which climbed over a Samoan reef and stuck there until successive gales tore her timbers apart. For a shipwreck it may, perhaps, lack the thrill of dashing waves and drowning mariners and things going by the board, if that be the correct way of putting it. There are a plenty of other shipwrecks which have all that sort of thing, this is only a nice cosy little shipwreck designed to illustrate the great truth that Savages can't be depended on, even if Cap'n Harry Smith does say so.

LLEWELLA PIERCE CHURCHILL.

A Bee Hunting Story.

THE story I am about to relate—hoping that it may find a place in the columns of good old FOREST AND STREAM—has the merit of being a true tale both as to the names of persons given and the names of the places at which the incidents occurred. Many years ago, or to be more explicit, in the summer of 1850, the writer was employed in the town of South Deerfield, Mass., by a mill man and farmer, whose mill was situated on a stream known in those days as Bloody Brook—so called from the fact that the Indians a good many years previous to the time of which I write, had swooped down upon the luckless white settlers who then lived in this vicinity, and had ruthlessly murdered many men, women and children; the stream being dyed with the blood of the inoffensive white settlers who were massacred at and near this point, hence the name of Bloody Brook. One bright September morning Mr. Adams, for whom I was at work, informed me that he was about to take a holiday and devote it to a test of skill with the speckled trout with which some of the nearby streams were well stocked in those days. He also informed me that I could accompany him on his fishing trip if I so desired. Of course I gladly accepted the invitation, and bright and early on the Saturday morning we started, taking for transportation purposes Mr. Adams' bay mare. Five o'clock saw us on our journey, and by nine o'clock we were near its end, the fresh bracing air of the beautiful September morning seeming to put new life into our blood as well as into the pony that hustled us along. Shortly after nine o'clock we arrived at the stream and stabled our pony in an old looking log stable that had been erected adjacent to a log shack erected by my companion and a party of city sportsmen from Boston a year or two previous. We proceeded to our pleasant task without loss of time, and in a few hours had as many fine trout as we cared to take home with us—or rather should I say, as we cared to spend the time to catch, as I had persuaded Mr. Adams to devote a part of our day to hunting bees, we having seen many of the busy honey gatherers plying their trade on the flowers in the clearings that were adjacent to the stream upon which we had been at work.

After securing several bees for lining purposes we liberated them one at a time, following their movements with our eyes across the fields and into the woods. Then we would make a "bee line" in the direction taken by the first one liberated till we feared we might miss our line, when we would liberate another and follow in the same fashion as before. We kept this up for some time till we began to think we would soon be obliged to procure more "liners," as we called our captured bees. But success at last crowned our efforts, and we came to a large birch tree that we felt sure must be the home of the colony we had been lining and such it proved to be; but, alas, upon its smooth bark we found the newly cut initials of a man who had located this same colony a day or two before, and to whom by all the rules of the pioneers of the woods the tree before us now belonged, although he had deferred for a time the collecting of his store of honey. Being young and not over scrupulous about what I would now look upon as genuine robbery, I tried to persuade Mr. Adams that we cut down the tree and carry the honey home, but with all of my pleading he was firm in his refusal to meddle with another person's property.

In due course of time we returned home with our fish, but the "bee tree" still haunted my waking hours, and I decided rightly or wrongly to have a share in that honey. I had little difficulty in persuading Nathan Himes, who was also employed by Mr. Adams, to agree to accompany me on a second trip to secure the bees' store; and we decided to go that same night in order to make sure of the prize and to be more secure from detection while procuring the honey. Shortly after supper Himes and I took one of our overseer's horses and with a wagon in which we had placed a large tub and several smaller pails for receiving the honey, started on our expedition. When we arrived at the clearing, which was some half-mile from the bee tree, it was dark. We drove the horse and rig in the direction of the tree by way of a zigzagging wood road till we were forced to stop by the small trees that impeded further progress. We left the horse, and with cross-cut saw and tubs we made our way slowly through the woods till we at last found our tree again. We proceeded at once to our task of felling the tree with the saw. When our task was about half completed we

were nearly scared out of our wits by a party of men with dogs that chanced to pass quite close to us while on a coon-hunting expedition. We feared that it was the owner of the tree and a party of friends that had got wind of our doings and had come to take forcible possession of the tree. Luckily for us it was not so. After this party had got out of sound of us we finished cutting down tree, which by good luck broke in two just at the point where the honey was stored. The night was rather hazy, and we were obliged to work by the aid of a lantern that contained only a tallow dip. Perhaps it was as well that our light was not more brilliant, for as it was Himes was badly stung by the bees, and several times was obliged to run off howling into the woods to free himself from the fierce little tormentors. I might as well say that though I was better protected than my mate, in the excitement of procuring the honey I lost part of my mask and several times I was obliged to follow the same tactics as the luckless Himes. But we persevered, and along in the small hours of the morning had finished despoiling the bees' store and had all of our pails and the big tub filled with honey, and were ready to start for home. By this time Himes and myself were hardly able to see, caused by the many stings we had received in our faces, and with our dim lantern we went groping through the woods looking for our horse. To make matters worse, what little light we had received from the moon had disappeared, as the moon had gone down, and not knowing the woods very well we got turned around, and it was more than an hour before we could locate the spot where we had left the animal. We finally succeeded in finding our horse and then we lugged our honey to the rig and struck out for home, arriving there just as the first red streaks of dawn began to show in the East that the sun would later on show itself again. We were tired as well as chilled through with the cold night air on our drive home, while as to personal appearances we were frights. We had just 87 pounds of honey—very fine and nice—but we were sure we must have had a ton's weight of experience.

It was a good thing for us that it was now the Sabbath day, so we could hide away with our swollen and half-blind eyes, which we were obliged to do all that day; and, to make matters worse, the owner of the tree went on the same Sunday morning to secure his anticipated prize, and when he found it had been taken he was in a terrible state of mind and declared he would take summary vengeance on whoever had taken the honey—provided he could find out the guilty parties. Mr. Adams fearing for our safety as well as for his team had cleaned all traces of the honey and dead bees from the wagon and refused to believe (?) when called upon by the owner of the tree, that his men had taken part in the robbery. Things looked so bad though that Himes and myself were obliged to leave the place until our faces had again resumed their normal condition. Luckily, Himes had a sister living at Northampton, Mass., several miles distant, whither we went on Sunday night and visited till our faces healed and we felt safe to return to our work. This was my first and last attempt to steal another's bee tree, and though helping to gather in many a store of wild bee's honey since that day, I have always looked back upon that boyish escapade with regret, and to this day consider that we paid dear for our whistle.

WM. BROWN.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

The Story of "Dixie."

It has frequently been the subject of discussion regarding the origin of negro minstrelsy which has brought fame and fortune to song writers, musical composers and minstrel performers.

Negro minstrelsy in reality had its origin with the plantation slaves of the South, but their performances, while amusing, were crude, fragmentary and perpetuated only by tradition.

The period when the white race first entered the field of plantation melodies and songs is within the memory of men still living, your correspondent included.

The first known public performance of that character was "Coal Black Rose," sang with self accompaniment on the piano by a blind vocalist, whose name I do not remember.

The next to obtain notoriety was "Old Zip Coon," which the writer, when a small boy, heard under the tent of a show consisting chiefly of two fiddlers, an elephant, and Shetland ponies, ridden circus style, by equestrian monkeys. This was over sixty-five years ago. The song was sung and performed with dance by three burnt-cork minstrels, and its novelty to both old and young afforded great amusement for the audience.

It is questionable whether later songs have excelled it; and few performers on the stage at the present time, when they dance to the tune of "Turkey in the Straw," know that it is the air of "Old Zip Coon" recently revived.

Almost contemporaneously burst into popularity Rice's great hit in "Jim Crow," performed for the first time by him as an interlude in a theater in Pittsburg.

The next in that line who gained notoriety appeared Christy's Minstrels, and Dan Emmett, both being pioneers in professional minstrelsy, and it is difficult to say which, if either, had priority.

The principal object of this article is to contribute in a small way to perpetuate the memory of the author and composer of the world-wide song and air of "Dixie." Daniel D. Emmett is now living in retirement on a farm near Gambier, the seat of Kenyon College, in Ohio. He is a hale old man of eighty-four, and in full possession of his mental faculties. The writer remembers him as a pleasant, blue-eyed young man half a century ago, when his family resided in Mount Vernon, Ohio. His sister was a fine performer on the piano, and the two would often entertain their visitors with choice music, both vocal and instrumental.

Interest in this venerable minstrel has been recently awakened by an ovation tendered to him on the 1st day of the present month, March, 1899, by the cadets of the Military Department of Kenyon College, to whom he feelingly told the story of his life, and detailed all the circumstances under which he wrote his famous song. A report in the morning papers give the interesting details.

The young ladies of Harcourt Place Seminary were present, and the large assemblage filled Delano Hall to overflowing. The enthusiastic welcome of the young people and the kind manner in which he was introduced by N. H. Hills, senior regent of the academy, so touched Mr. Emmett that he could not at once proceed with his address, which he said was the first oration he ever made. Of Southern parentage, he was born in Mt. Vernon Oct. 29, 1815, and was the first white boy born there. His education was such as he gained in the log schoolhouses of the country in those early days. His father was a skillful and prosperous blacksmith, but the son at the age of eighteen, being a promising amateur, became a musician with traveling shows until he was twenty-two years old. In 1843, in connection with three others of similar tastes, he organized the "Virginia Minstrels," which was immediately successful in New York and other Eastern cities of the United States, as well as in Great Britain.

In 1859 he was engaged by Bryant's Minstrels, 472 Broadway, New York, to write comic songs, negro songs and walk-arounds, and to act as musician when required.

"Dixie," with the music, was composed by him early in the spring of 1859, and sung from that time to July 4, 1865, by Mr. Emmett at every performance given at Bryant's.

His recent address at Gambier was received with great applause, and at the close he sang "Dixie" with a chorus improvised from the school during the day. He was heartily encored, and after the performance, the cadets were all presented to him. He is white-haired, robust and physically shows but little indications of his advanced years. It was an enjoyable night for the venerable minstrel.

S. R. HARRIS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Having seen Mr. Harris' notes on Dan Emmett, I will say: He composed "Dixie" as a "walk-around" in November, 1859. The date is fixed because I came from the West in that month and dropped in to see Emmett, whom I had known, and he was to produce "Dixie" that night, and I heard it. The dancing part is left off now, it is in different tune. The name did not refer to Mason and Dixon's line, but to an old New York City slave holder named Dixie, who was famous for some reason, and as early as 1840 we boys had a game called "Dixie's land." A ring was marked out and one boy was "it." The others would trespass, calling out: "I'm on Dixie's land, Dixie ain't at home." Then, if the first one could catch an intruder, he was "it." Dixie was crowded by the anti-slavery movement and took his slaves south.

FRED MATHER

Natural History.

Handling and Breeding Rocky Mountain Game Animals.

In compliance with your request I take pleasure in giving you such facts as I have gained in ten years handling and breeding game of this locality. The species with which I have had experience are antelope, black-tail deer, mountain sheep, moose, elk and bison. Of the elk I can say the most, having handled something over 300 head that have since been distributed in different parks in the East. A great many of them I caught wild when full grown. The balance were bred in captivity. I find them to be a very hardy animal and one that will thrive under the most unfavorable conditions. They are easily domesticated and become very docile and nice pets. The males at one year old grow a spike horn, and at two years the prongs will vary from three to six on each horn, so the old adage of a prong for each year as the age of a bull elk is exploded.

I had one female elk which grew a horn. She had but one, which came out the summer she was three years old. It grew to be 18 in. in length. It curved down over her face and hung below her nose, and remained that way while I kept her, four years, without shedding the velvet.

After shedding the velvet the males are inclined to be vicious. The old ones will horn the young males, and often kill them, if confined in a small enclosure. I have had several killed that way. To avoid accidents I would dehorn all males more than two years old. As soon as they rub the velvet from the horns they shed the crowns that are left on the head. The next spring the horns grow as usual.

Elk are prolific breeders and drop their first young at three years of age.

Moose, although hardy, tough fellows in their native swamps and hills, in captivity are very tender and soon die, seemingly without any provocation. I have captured several head, all old animals, and only succeeded in keeping one alive. This was a female. She was easily broken to harness, and would come to the call of her name for any distance within hearing. She would eat anything in the line of grain, vegetables, fruit and bread.

After keeping her seven years I sold her to a showman, and she died nine months later in Detroit, Mich.

Black-tail deer do well in a large pasture. They should be captured when fawns, as they are of a very restless disposition and will not do well if caught when grown. They drop their young when two years old, and usually have two each year. Mountain sheep are fast disappearing before the inroads of civilization. They take kindly to domestication, and will breed in a very small place altogether unlike the mountainous range to which they were accustomed. They are most difficult creatures to take alive as the ranges they inhabit are almost inaccessible to man. When a rope is dropped on them they will jump from any height at the risk of injury or death. But if they can be caught and brought down to level ground without being injured in the process the chances are ninety-nine out of a hundred they will live in this altitude. Their food in captivity consists of wild hay, vegetables and, above all, oats. Like the deer, they drop two young and breed at an early age.

The antelope, while not a great success, can be bred with great care and time and a large pasture. I have

been breeding bison four years next May. Last spring I caught two calves, male and female. The cow dropped a fine heifer calf. Last summer I bred twelve Galaway cows to the bison bull. Now I am waiting with curiosity to see what the offspring will be like, as the crossing is an experiment with me and predictions are many and various as to the outcome. DICK ROCK.

LAKE, Idaho.

Weights of Foxes.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The enclosed clipping is taken from the Winchester, Mass., Star:

"Many frequenters of the Middlesex Fells have seen at different times a large black fox—an exceeding rarity. Word has been received from Mr. Gerry, of Stoneham, that this fox was shot last week in Burlington. He weighed 27lbs."

As the item states, a black fox in New England is "an exceeding rarity," but a fox of any color actually weighing 27lbs. is something I never heard of before. I have shot something over 200 New Hampshire foxes and have carefully weighed a good many immediately after they were killed. Our ordinary red fox weighs from 8½ to 9lbs. We consider 10lbs. large, and 12lbs. an unusually large one. The largest I ever killed weighed 13lbs. I usually kill every winter several weighing from 10 to 12lbs., and they are always old doe foxes in fine condition. A fox is very deceptive in appearance, as to his weight. His winter coat is long and the hair stands out straight. Strip off his pelt, and what is left is comparatively very small.

Estimated weight of wild animals, as I have found, invariably exceeds the actual. A black bear was killed late one fall while swimming across Parmachenee Lake, in Maine. This bear was towed to the wharf at Danforth's Camp. There were several sportsmen and guides there at the time, and they all estimated the weight. The bear's fur was full of water, which would greatly add to his weight. The general estimate was 400lbs. As there was a set of Fairbanks scales at the camp, the bear was weighed, and the actual weight was 250lbs. In several instances I have known of the estimated and actual weight of different animals to vary fully as much. If any of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM know anything about this 27lb. fox, the FOREST AND STREAM would be glad to hear of it. C. M. STARK.

DUNBARTON, N. H.

Alaska as a Game Country.

JUNEAU, Alaska.—Editor Forest and Stream: We expect a great many visitors to Alaska next summer. Many of them attracted by the remarkable gold discoveries, the richest of which are so near to Juneau that they can be visited in two days. In addition to this, there will be tourists and others in search of big game shooting.

Upon Admiralty Island, 100 miles from Juneau, reached easily in a day by local steamer, black bear can be found in abundance. The Indians inform me that from a point on the beach where the boat lands to a point up a gentle rise two miles away, they don't care to travel at night, as the bears are very large and ferocious. Some of the finest skins ever brought to Juneau came from that vicinity.

Deer are in abundance. Fishing and duck hunting almost cease to be sport.

On Shelter Island, upon Lynn Canal, ten miles from Juneau, a sportsman can find all the wolves he wants. When the steamer Detroit was wrecked there a few months ago, the passengers and crew had occasion to camp out for two nights, and so numerous were the wolves, big gray fellows, that it became necessary to place a guard at the door of the tent to protect the men and their passengers. W. A. BEDDOE.

Hawk and Grouse.

BERKELEY, IOWA.—Editor Forest and Stream: While strolling through the fields one day in February I was an interested spectator in witnessing the capture of a pinated grouse by a red-tailed hawk. The hawk was observed soaring slowly about over an oat stubble, when he suddenly darted to the ground, and arose with the bird in his talons. As there seemed to be no struggle in the air it must have been killed almost instantly when struck by the hawk. The whole affair took place so quickly and unexpectedly that I could hardly believe my vision. Thinking the bird could not possibly sustain the load for any distance, I followed its flight, but after flying some distance they were obscured by the intervening woods. This is the first incident I have ever noticed where the red-tailed hawk has attempted to carry off anything as large as the prairie chicken, and it was doubtless driven to it through necessity.

The heavy snows and extremely cold weather of the previous three weeks having cut off his food supply, and with starvation staring him in the face it was his only alternative. E. D. CARTER.

The Linnaean Society of New York.

REGULAR meetings of the society will be held in the American Museum of Natural History, on Tuesday evenings, April 11 and 25th, at 8 o'clock.

April 11.—By members. "The Warblers of North America." Exhibition of specimens, with discussion of distribution, habits, etc., of Magnolia, cerulean, chestnut-sided, bay-breasted, black poll and blackburnian warblers.

April 25.—By members. "The Warblers of North America." Exhibition of specimens, with discussion of distribution, habits, etc., of yellow-throated, sycamore, Grace's black-throated gray, golden-cheeked, black-throated green, Townsend's and hermit warblers.

WALTER W. GRANGER, Sec'y.

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY.

A Penobscot Buck.

THE illustration is of a beautifully marked buck, killed by Mr. Fred Hubbard, of East Berlin, Conn., in the East Branch Penobscot Valley of Maine. The party consisted of Messrs. Hubbard, J. N. Akarman, of Worcester, Mass., and Jno. Towne, of Amherst, Mass. This buck was of very large size, and the unusual marking is a white with dun mottling. The mounted effigy now adorns the rooms of the new athletic building in East Berlin.

Crow and Engine.

UTICA, March 31.—Lieut.-Gov. Woodruff and a party of friends came up the Central to-day on an observation engine bound for Fulton Chain, where they are to spend Sunday. Between Frankfort and this city a crow struck the window of the engine and shattered it. Some pieces of glass struck the Lieutenant-Governor in the face and the dead body of the bird hit him on the forehead. Upon reaching this city the Lieutenant-Governor visited a drug store, where a liberal application of court plaster was made.—New York Herald.

Game Bag and Gun.

Game Laws in Brief and Woodcraft Magazine.

See announcement elsewhere. As the April issue will be governed by the advance orders, it is requested that subscribers will order now either for the year or for the April number.

New Hampshire Fox Hunting.

IN FOREST AND STREAM of Jan. 7, a correspondent writes: "In the South they hunt foxes with foxhounds, and join the folk of the old world in calling it treason to kill a fox in any other way. In New England they go not fox-hunting, but fox-shooting, and consider it sweet and decent to shoot a driven fox with any sort of gun. Out in North Dakota they hunt the fox with greyhounds."

To follow a pack of hounds, as is the custom in the South or in the old world, over such rough country as we have, would be impracticable. To use greyhounds or any fast dogs which follow by sight only, would be equally so. Such dogs might succeed where our foxes fools enough to keep on open ground. Our New England method is almost as old as our granite hills. We who follow it are satisfied to call it fox-hunting. Others may call it what they will.

have been asked recently by some of FOREST AND STREAM's readers to give my experience as connected



A PENOBSCOT BUCK.
White, with Dun Mottling.

with our foxes when hunting them in our New England manner. During the past twenty-five years I have hunted them more or less each winter. I seldom begin until snow falls. When I go out it is with the intention of shooting every fox I can, and I do not hesitate to use any means of outwitting them.

A good dog is necessary, and what I consider a really good fox dog is not always easy to find. I do not like a very fast dog, neither must he be too slow. The first drives too many foxes out of hearing, while the latter gives them too much time to play their well-known tricks. I want a dog to have a clear voice and to give tongue fast and regularly after the fox is started. I have found that foxes are often afraid of a coarse heavy-voiced dog, and also of one which only barks now and then. One of the latter sort I have found to be the poorest kind of foxhound, no matter what other good qualities he might possess. A fox wants to know just about where the dog is and will keep much nearer to one which barks steadily. The dog must be a good ranger, hunting the ground well, and should come in at least every half-hour, should he fail to find a track. He must know enough to come home after a run and not stop at the nearest house, no matter how tired he may be. One other point I am particular about is, that he must do his work himself and not go to join any other hounds he may hear. It is comparatively easy to get a hound having some of the above requirements, but one which combines them all is not found so easily.

As for breeding. In this section we do not count on long or high pedigrees. Some of the most worthless foxhounds I have ever seen for practical work were blue-blooded. They might take prizes on the bench but they could not follow a fox. Puppies from a bitch known to be a good fox dog and from a similar dog, almost invariably learn quickly. The dog I now have I consider one of the best I have owned. He is of medium size, standing nineteen inches at the shoulders, black, white and tan and mottled. He is not a fast runner, but still he holes more foxes than any dog I have had. This is the third winter I have owned him, and he has driven in thirty-three. As I seldom try to get a fox after he holes, I do not like this, but know of no way to help it.

For a good foxhound, from two to four years' old, twenty-five dollars is considered here a fair price. Sometimes a good one can be bought for half that amount.

Again there are some for which a much higher price would be asked. Such cases, however, are where the owner of a hound does not wish to part with the dog and would only be tempted by the amount offered.

Speaking of very fast running hounds. Some years since there was such a dog owned a few miles from here. I am very sure that without exception there never has been such a dog in this part of New Hampshire. He was a cross between a foxhound and a bull dog, and looked like a hound, but with shorter ears than our natives. He was not a large dog, but stood up pretty well. Were this dog alive to-day and in his prime, I would like to see him compete in some of the trials where speed and accuracy were the point. He was the only dog I have known which could and did catch our red foxes. He caught and killed fifteen foxes one winter, and not one of them had been previously shot at or injured in any manner. When he got after a fox the latter did not have any time to fool around and when he once got hold of one his bull-dog nature was in evidence, and he never broke his hold as long as the fox had any life in him. He was wonderfully true on a track when a fox ran the roads, on ice or such places. One day when there was a few inches of snow he drove a fox through a field in front of the house, saw the fox when he came into the field and saw him follow around after the sheep which raced off when they saw him. The dog was not far behind and one of the men who knew the dog by his voice said "George's dog will get bothered among all those sheep tracks." The dog, however, never made a skip or a break and was on after the fox and out of hearing in a few minutes. Another time he drove a fox through a small village near here. It is about half a mile in length, and the fox kept in the road with the dog about three rods behind. Neither seemed to gain, and at a turn in the road the fox left and went into a rocky pasture where the dog caught and killed him. A fox was started by this dog near where he was owned. There was some crust on the snow which favored the fox. The dog drove him about ten miles, nearly straight away. During the run the fox passed near where lived an old fox-hunter, who saw him cross a pasture quite a distance ahead of the dog. The old man said to some men who were with him, "He has got after a fox this time that he will never catch, no dog could on such running." But the dog did catch and kill the fox, and his owner followed up the trail and found the fox the next day. This dog did not hole so many foxes as any one would suppose. Perhaps he pushed them so fast that they did not have time to go to holes they knew of. Now I would not care to own such a dog. About the only chance to shoot a fox ahead of him was to get on some runaway before the fox was started; and nearly always to find a fox which he had caught and killed entailed a very long tramp.

Occasionally a rather slow dog will catch a fox. I never knew of but one instance of any of my dogs doing so. On that day there were several inches of very light snow and it was easy running. The dog caught this fox in about fifteen minutes after starting him. I saw the fox cross a meadow some five minutes before he was caught and he was running easily and about one hundred yards ahead of the dog. They both went into a thick piece of bushes and sproutland, and the dog stopped barking. Thinking he had holed him I followed on and found the dog lying on the fox which he had killed. I could not see any signs of the fox having been hurt in any way before the dog caught him, and it has always been a mystery how the dog got near enough to get hold of him.

I usually go alone when after foxes, and I decidedly prefer to use but one dog. There may be (while it can be heard) more music hearing a number of dogs driving a fox, but our foxes when so hunted nearly always run straight out of hearing and often do not come back during the day. Of course, foxes will sometimes run straight away for a good many miles when followed by a single dog and a slow one at that, but I find it is only occasionally, while with a number of dogs they nearly always do so. I have shot a good many foxes during the time I have been after them, and am now pretty well in the third hundred of what I have killed. With one exception they were all killed in this section. I have noticed that our foxes change their routes some years. One winter nearly every fox when followed by a dog will take to high ground, running over ledges and the tops of ridges, while, perhaps, the following winter in the same locality hardly a fox will run in such places, they keep on low ground and in sproutland or thick small growth of pine or hemlock. They have done so almost entirely during the past winter and would seldom go over a hill, keeping well down and going around.

Another change in this vicinity is in the color. We seldom now get a fox of as dark red color as in years past. They incline towards a light grayish color on flanks and back. During the past six months I have seen but one of as deep a red as we used to kill. Foxes, like almost everything which runs or flies, are hunted a great deal more than in years, long past. To-day they are wilder, and run over more ground than formerly. The past winter has been unusually unfavorable for our style of hunting them. Days when it was even fair running, have been few and far between. Yet I know of sixty-one being killed within a radius of seven or eight miles of here. Of this number I shot ten. C. M. STARK.

DUNBARTON, N. H.

There is such a thing as knowing your business too well. Mr. Boodle and Mr. Griffin, of Hampton county, were out hunting wild turkeys in Coosawatchie swamp. Each was "yelping," and their imitations of the movements and calls of the turkey were so realistic that they deceived each other. The result was that after dodging and yelping around in the underbrush an hour or so Mr. Griffin caught sight of something moving and fired promptly, putting four buckshot into the temple of Mr. Boodle, which was the end of poor Boodle. When Mr. Griffin went for his turkey he found a dead man whom he had never seen before. No doubt it was a question of which got the first sight of the other. Each thought he was calling a wild turkey.—Greenville (S. C.) News.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

American Game Parks.

The "Forest and Stream's" Fifth Annual Report on Game in Preserves.

(Continued from page 248.)

Blue Mountain Forest Park.

CHIEF among the fenced preserves, by reason of its size and importance, is the Corbin Blue Mountain Forest Park, near Newport, N. H., south of the White Mountains. The tract includes more than forty square miles, surrounded by a fence, and there are at the present time more than 300 large game animals included in its limits. The park has always been intended for a hunting preserve, and more or less game has been killed in it of recent years, but the hunting idea is developing, and the club feature promises to be more prominent in future. The park enjoys special laws relative to its game. Exotic game can be killed or shipped at any time, and an extended season is provided for hunting deer and moose. The game is especially protected against poachers. Some four years ago the State of New Hampshire passed a law making it a misdemeanor to kill deer in the park. Mr. Corbin at the same time stipulating that the area of the park should never be increased in size more than 1,000 acres additional.

A year ago the State passed a law making a five year's close season on deer. Two counties were excepted, and also by special amendment, Blue Mountain Forest Park. The big game open season in New Hampshire, where hunting is permitted, extends from Sept. 15 to Nov. 30. The laws of 1899, passed two weeks ago, contain an amendment in favor of the park as follows:

"Except that the Blue Mountain Forest Association may kill deer and moose within the confines of its game preserve, as established by Chapter 258 of the Laws of 1895, until Jan. 15 of each year, and may ship them to points without the State at any time when accompanied by a certificate of the Fish and Game Commission that they were legally killed, and the Fish and Game Commission shall provide such rules and regulations as are necessary for the carrying out of the provisions of this paragraph without any expense to the State of New Hampshire."

In 1898 twenty-five deer and six elk were killed in the preserve. We are indebted to Mr. Austin Corbin for the following additional particulars:

"The stockholders of the Association have done little during the past year except keep the property, including roads and fences, in general repair. All classes of game are thriving as well as could possibly be desired. No dead animals are found except such as apparently die from old age; and a few wapiti that have been killed by lice or ticks. The wapiti, and indeed all the game, are getting wilder and afford better sport than ever before."

"The park has been visited by Canada lynx, and I am inclined to think, a big family of pumas, during the past year. They seem to come down from the North to the forest in the fall, and return in the spring."

"The number of foxes is being kept down, but in spite of that the small game, grouse and hare, do not seem to increase."

"The 'Cony' rabbit has secured a foothold in the forest (and in all that part of New Hampshire), and, as usual, is driving out the hare. We should, incidentally, be very grateful for any suggestion that would help us in exterminating these small pests."

"The buffalo in the original herd have increased so that they now number some seventy. They are in fine condition, and are being taken care of during the winter. The boar are also being fed. The buffalo which were returned from Van Cortlandt Park have never completely recovered their health, and we have thought best to keep that herd apart from the other."

"I can give you no figures of the number of game in the forest, as it is utterly out of the question to form any estimate of that."

Wm. C. Whitney.

Besides his Berkshire game preserve of 10,000 acres on Washington Mountain, near Lenox, Mass., Hon. Wm. C. Whitney has secured a large tract of land in the Adirondacks. This lies in the neighborhood of Little Tupper Lake in the northern part of Hamilton county, N. Y.

G Lake Preserve.

"The G Lake Preserve is situated in the town of Arietta, Hamilton county, N. Y., comprising parts of Lots 231 and 233, and all of No. 234, Oxbow tract, 620 acres, owned by E. Z. Wright and John D. Collins, of Utica; E. B. Salmon and J. W. Black, of Syracuse, N. Y. It is kept as a hunting, fishing and timber preserve, in charge of a special game protector keeper. All timber is to be kept intact. None is to be removed or cut. All of the lake is embraced. Two cottages are erected and other buildings. Lake covers about 175, water."

William Rockefeller.

Mr. William Rockefeller, of New York city, is one of the most recent additions to the ranks of Adirondack preserve owners. In August last he purchased 25,000 acres of forest land in Franklin county, abutting on Paul Smith's preserve. The property has been lumbered for pine and spruce, but it still has ample standing timber. Mr. Rockefeller's intentions regarding the tract are not definitely known.

P. H. Flynn.

Mr. P. H. Flynn, the Brooklyn trolley magnate, has bought a large tract of wild land, including a lake at Emmonsville, Sullivan county, N. Y., with the intention of creating a game and fish preserve. It is said that he will put up a handsome summer residence on the preserve and stock with native and exotic game birds and animals.

C. Tielenius.

Mr. Tielenius writes of his preserve: "My deer park is getting along satisfactory in regard to breeding elk. Same is situated near Mt. Pocono, Monroe county, Pa.; an 8ft.

fence encloses about 1,200 acres of woodland, rocky or stony and rolling, watered by two small streams. Four years ago I stocked these streams with about 30,000 small trout and placed twenty-eight young elk from one to two years old, from Wyoming (four bulls and twenty-four cows), in the park. The first year the did not breed; the second year I had six young one; the third year thirteen, and this year from twenty-four to twenty-eight, so that the herd consists of about seventy-five head at present. During the summer they are hard to be found or seen, as they hide away in the woods with the exception of the evening, when they come from the mountain tops to the streams for water. During the winter, in severe weather, they are fed with hay at two feeding stations; only then I have a chance to see them all and to find out exactly how many young ones I have from the past summer; they deliver them during June or July. I have no shelter for them in form of barns against frost or rain. They seem to be weatherproof, and rather lay down on the snow than in a barn. Of the bulls, I had four shot, two four and five years old, and two yearlings; dressed, but in their skin, the old ones weighed about 450lbs., and the yearlings 268 and 276lbs. each. I ought to have lots of ruffed grouse and rabbits; however, I am sorry to say that there are too many foxes who destroy them; and the trout are destroyed by mink. I certainly am trying to keep the vermin down in numbers, but it is very hard to follow the foxes through the thick underbrush and a rocky mountainous district, where they hide and breed. I would be very much obliged to you for your kind information in how far the State game laws interfere with private parks. To protect the cows at the coming breeding season I ought to kill four more bulls. But I am not permitted to do so and to bring them to New York now."

"Concerning an Epithet."

Editor Forest and Stream:

My modest little scrawl relative to immoderate game killing and matters pertaining thereto, seems to have brought down a call-down or two in addition to the mild expostulation of FOREST AND STREAM. It also brought out a few stray flings at alleged use of intemperate language in dealing with the subject.

It strikes me that no unselfish, reasonable sportsman can feel otherwise than "hot" after seeing as we do, week after week and month after month, the pages of nearly every one of the papers devoted to field sports, besmeared with the bloody records of intemperate, inhuman, wanton slaughters; records that make one's trigger-finger itch with murderous intent, or cause him to hanker for the enactment of a law that would land some of these evildoers into the penitentiary. Even FOREST AND STREAM—that great literary mecca of the sportsman—is an occasional offender in this line. Only a few weeks ago one of its brightest and most entertaining correspondents told us that he was especially fond of a certain shooters' club because the members thereof limited themselves—a club rule I believe—to a daily bag of fifty ducks, and in the same item we are also told that several of the club members played the limit on many consecutive days, with the addition of a few geese and turkeys on the side. Ye gods! what a transcendently beautiful limit; three hundred ducks in a week barring the Lord's day; about three-fourths of a ton of game birds slaughtered in one short week by one "sportsman" (limited).

One shudders to think of what such a "sportsman" might do with the limit off, and there are "several of him" in the same club. Armour or Swift ought to throw open wide their abattoir doors and doff their hats to such wonderful talent. Do you wonder at the use of intemperate language by any one of your readers who has a spark of sportsmanlike decency in his makeup after having partaken of such an item as the one referred to? My private views on the subject would not, I fear, look well on the pages of FOREST AND STREAM.

Usually the parties who take most delight in having a fling at the poor devils, who, through ignorance, sometimes scoff at the immoderate shooters are themselves confessed offenders in the unlimited killing line and they always offer as a plea for their want of moderation in the field that same old threadbare story "none of our game was wasted, all was used." Robin Hood, Jack Shepherd, and several other celebrities are recorded as having made the same plea; none of the proceeds of their little pleasantries went to waste, all not used by themselves went to feed and clothe the worthy poor. In this connection I beg leave to recall an incident that occurred at Shinnecock Bay a few years ago, where two shooters in a single day killed four hundred shore birds—a large percentage of which were dowitchers—and upon being upbraided for their action pleaded that "none of the birds were wasted, the hundred and odd guests at the hotel ate them all and would have eaten as many more had they been available."

Just such work as this has made the dowitcher a *rara avis*, comparatively, on the shores of Shinnecock Bay.

Of what possible use would be the enactment into law of that most excellent FOREST AND STREAM platform plank, relative to the prohibition of the sale of game, if unlimited killing is to be permitted to so-called sportsmen who might desire to win applause by catering to the never-failing appetites of countless hordes of gourmands at the seaside and mountain resort hostleries? Of what possible use is a law putting restraints on the willful overcrowding of the game bag? Any one who has had aught to do with the enforcement of the game laws knows that the bag limit statute, especially that pertaining to small game, is a dead letter law from way back, and that the only way to prevent unlimited killing by "sportsmen"—prohibition of game selling will fix the market-shooter—is to educate them up to a higher plane. Whether this education can best be instilled by means of moral suasion or with an axe is a matter I leave to those more experienced than I in the moral suasion or hardware business, and will merely say that I have no desire to pursue this controversy further except to reiterate my firm belief that the "game hog" is utterly unfitted for the company of the grand army of FOREST AND STREAM readers, the vast majority of whom are gentlemen and sportsmen in every sense of those badly abused terms, and the sooner he, the g. h., is brought

to a realization of this view of the case, the better for all concerned.

One of your correspondents, Mr. L. A. C., takes exception to my argument, because it seems to remotely connect the crime of larceny with immoderate game killing, and holds that, while there are statutory provisions governing the one, there is no law to govern opinions as to what should constitute a reasonable bag for a day's shooting; in fact, he in effect holds that in this matter every man is a church unto himself. I beg leave to differ with the gentleman; the great unwritten law of "common honesty" governs in these premises as perfectly as does any law on the statute books relative to larceny, although it does not perhaps affix quite so severe penalties. If the unwritten law named is not sufficient to cover the ground, the "golden rule" indirectly applies, as do many other of the teachings relative to moderation and temperance, of the Great Teacher whom your correspondent quotes. Forbearance in dealing with the immoderate game killer has ceased to be a virtue and the day of retribution is at hand.

In conclusion, permit me to have a word at the item in FOREST AND STREAM that hints that want of skill in the field is perhaps what ails me, and suggests "sour grapes." I have been on earth fifty years, a shooter for forty, and, pardon a little egotism, a fairly good wing shot for upwards of thirty, and can hold my own in the field with any of the mighty killers—barring none—who air their exploits in the columns of the shooting and fishing papers. I can work the slaughter racket, but I won't; I have learned better ways.

M. SCHENCK.

Troy, N. Y., March 31.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The stand taken in your paper toward that class of sportsmen who are inclined to call every other one (able to hit his birds) a game hog, etc., finds my hearty approval and also of thousands of others. The best way to make a market-shooter see into the error of his ways would be, to let the well-to-do sportsmen buy unlimited numbers of FOREST AND STREAM and distribute the copies to them, which would tend to educate and refine them into the ways of true sportsmanship.

CHAS. F. BROCKEL.

The Fox (Wis.) Representative, as quoted in your issue of April 1, says: "Two dozen ducks a day is enough for any man to shoot, and a man who is not satisfied with that many is no sportsman." Should any of FOREST AND STREAM readers be "shy" on what constitutes a reasonable bag limit, this might help him out. I had no idea until recently that there was such a want of knowledge on the subject. I was foolish enough to think that every sportsman knew about what constituted a decent limit.

M. SCHENCK.

ADVERTISEMENT.

D. N. & Co.'s Department Store.

Spring Opening—Special Announcement.

WE have an entire new list of spring goods laid in at very low figures, and which, owing to our enormous capital and facilities for obtaining the entire output of all the live stock on this continent, and also of vast importations from Mexico, Central and South America, we can offer at prices beyond competition. We have departments in every county, in every State and Territory in the Union, and send to each department such stock as has been proved to be suitable to the locality.

Trout.

We can offer this season a fine line of brook, brown, rainbow, Dolly Varden and lake trout, in our different departments. Our trout purveyor was among all the State and private hatcheries two years ago, and secured the entire output, in addition to what we produced in our brooks and lakes. The first fruits of his journeys are now confidently offered to the public as the best that can be found on the entire globe.

Trout of 3 and 4oz, per dozen.....2 artificial flies.
" " same quality per dozen.....1 doz. angle worms.
" " over 4oz. and under 1lb.....4 artificial flies.
" " same quality.....3 doz. angle worms.
" " above 1lb.....special rates.

NOTE.—No worms received at par that have not been well scoured in moss for three days. Flies must be up to the standard of the best makers. We will have a splendid assortment of black bass, pike, pickerel, mascalonge, crappies and other fish later in the season, when we will have a full line of minnows for bait.

Wildfowl.

In some of our departments our customers can obtain a full line of ducks, geese, brant and swans at this time of year, but the goods are no longer fashionable in many States during the spring months, and we do not care to do a big spring trade in this line, nor in fact in any bird line in the spring, for economical reasons, which, however, affect our customers more than ourselves. Every sale we make of a pair of birds in the spring lessens our fall trade by a dozen. The same reasons which govern the poulterer in reserving his spring stock are sound, and we wish to follow them. As some customers demand wild fowl in the spring, we quote:

Swan, per single bird.....3 days' labor and 100 cartridges.
Geese and brant, per single bird.....1 day's labor and 10 cartridges.
Ducks, per dozen.....1 day's labor and 60 cartridges.

In the interests of our customers, as well as our own, we hope that the demand for spring goods of this description will become as unfashionable in all of our departments as it is at present in the best of them, where customers realize that our interests are theirs.

Our firm having been established so far back in the remote ages that its records are incomplete, is too well known from the equator to both poles, wherever man in either savage or civilized condition exists, to need references by the transient people now occupying the earth; we have supplied their forefathers for more thousands of years than they can reckon, and are still doing business at

the old stand. It is our business to supply their needs in every line, food of all kinds, material for fuel and clothing, medicines of more or less value, minerals of all known kinds, and the raw material for many other things, therefore we think that our advice, which is based upon an experience greater than that of any living man, should be considered seriously.

We would like our customers to go on with their breeding of domestic animals, which, under individual ownership, are treated on business principles, and are not slaughtered in the breeding season. Of course this cannot be done in the case of the shad and some other fishes which only come within man's reach when they go to the rivers to breed, but, as all intelligent communities forbid the killing of deer, grouse, quail, woodcock and other wild life during the breeding season, which includes the time of pairing, our firm does not understand why this principle is not applied to wild fowl and other birds.

Once we had on our bargain counters buffalo meat and tongues, wild pigeon and beaver tails. We cannot offer them to-day, because they have not been allowed to live and multiply. The intelligent farmer preserves enough breeding stock to supply his wants. The intelligent Commonwealth should do the same thing. If this could be done all over the land, we could promise more liberal terms, per cartridge, in the fall than it is possible to do now. If we may be permitted to advise our customers concerning fashions to come, we will say: In a few years the sportsman will take up his gun in the woodcock season, say August and September, and in the latter month will look for grouse, quail, wildfowl, shore birds, rabbits, deer and other game until the new year. Then he will clean up and oil his gun and lay it away until the next woodcock season, unless he desires to shoot clay pigeons, which we do not furnish. Then he will sit in the chimney corner o' nights and read what has been published on his favorite sport until the sun comes so far north that it shines on the rod case on top of his books. Then he looks over the whippings on his rod, tests his leaders, examines his fly-books for moths or abraded gut at the heads of the flies and awaits the opening day for trout. After this comes other fishing. Speaking as a business firm, we will say that our very best customers are those "all-round sportsmen" who love both the rod and the gun, and who are happy if they can fish in spring and summer and shoot in the fall. Some men do not care to fish at any time, and it is this class that demand that we should have wildfowl on our counters in spring, but we are glad to say that the demand for wildfowl in the spring months is decreasing, because intelligent gunners realize the fact that they cannot kill a pair of ducks in the spring and expect them to bring down a brood in the fall.

We have spoken plainly on this subject to our customers, because their interests are ours, and, having had centuries of experience in purveying animal life for man, and having seen him waste and even annihilate some species of it, we venture to make the above suggestions.

Very respectfully,

DAME NATURE & Co.

N. B.—No goods sent on approval. Our customers must come and get for themselves what they want.

Some African Hunting Experiences.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Towards the latter end of 1898 a book was published by Mr. Greener, the gunmaker, entitled "Fifty Years in South Africa." The author is an Englishman named Nicholson, who states that "Varied by an occasional visit to England and other parts of the world, the greater portion of half a century has been passed by me under canvas on African soil. * * * My wanderings of more than thirty years ago had made me acquainted with immense tracts of the countries bounded to the north by the Lambesi, to the west by the 'Great Thirst Land,' and to the east by the Indian Ocean."

Although the author hunted for a livelihood, his narrative shows that he was a thorough sportsman in the best sense of the term; never killing game except for food or to obtain ivory and valuable skins. The ideas of a man of such wide experience as to the best weapons for wild sports will, I feel sure, be interesting to many of the readers of *FOREST AND STREAM*, and may also be useful to Americans contemplating a shooting trip into the interior of Africa.

The author began large game hunting about 1845, being then armed with a double flint and steel smooth bore by Purdy. The gauge is not mentioned but it was probably No. 12 or 14, the latter being the favorite size in England at that period. With this weapon he killed elephants, zebras, various kinds of antelope, and lions. Twenty-seven of the last named were bagged in seven days during one hunting journey in the present Orange Free State. On this subject he says: "So numerous were the lions, that, on one occasion near the Kafir River, I counted over forty of all sizes in a single troupe. * * * My impression is that the safest and most effectual method of lion hunting is alone, with a gun bearer carrying a spare weapon or with one trusty fellow-hunter, and I have never had occasion to complain of the behaviour of a native attendant, if isolated from companions of his own race. And here I may remark that although I have been in many tight corners when hunting lions, I have never been mauled, nor has any casualty befallen any of my 'boys' on these occasions."

In 1850, when hunting for guinea fowl with a No. 15 smooth bore muzzle loader, by Beckwith of London, he saw a lioness with two cubs, rammed down a bullet on the shot, and crawling over a rock on which she was lying ready to rush at him, fired between the shoulder blades. The bullet and shot charge "smashed the backbone and made a terrible mess of the contents of the chest." The cubs were caught, put into a strong cage made in the bush, and some months afterwards were sold for fifty guineas to an American shipper at Port Elizabeth.

During his wanderings Nicholson became acquainted with Dr. Livingstone, and also the celebrated hunters Gordon Cumming and Oswald. Livingstone is described as "a little, dark, tough-looking man with a countenance every lineament of which denoted the possession of courage, pertinacity, and intellect." Cumming was, he says, a mighty hunter, but handicapped for such game as

elephants and rhinoceros "by his weight in the saddle and his habit of using a rifle, that weapon in those days being very inferior to a smooth bore, as it could not be used with a sufficient charge of powder to ensure the necessary amount of penetration." (He evidently means that the grooves of the British sporting rifles of that period had too quick a twist to allow of a heavy charge of powder without causing the round ball to strip. Those which I have examined have had one turn in between 30 and 48 inches for ball of 10z. weight, which were very liable to strip if more than 2 to 2½ drams of No. 6 grain powder were used.) Many people in this country, and probably in America, thought that some of the adventures described by Gordon Cumming were too improbable to be believed, but this author says "I don't think such was the case; none of his performances in the hunting field amounting to much more than usually fell to the lot of most sporting wanderers in the same localities." In justice to Cumming it should also be mentioned that Dr. Livingstone, who knew many of the natives employed by him, vouches for the accuracy of his descriptions.

Of the hunter Oswald, Nicholson states, "he was a very light weight, a splendid horseman, always well mounted, and invariably shot with a smooth No. 10-bore, which, in his hands, made short work of all kinds of big game. * * * A grand specimen of a thorough, cultured, English gentleman, brave to the verge of temerity, but brimming over with kindheartedness, courtesy and geniality."

Among other weapons used by the author was a single muzzle loading duck gun (bore not stated), altered from flint to percussion lock, and weighing 14lbs. Of this he writes: "I shot an immense quantity of game with it, ranging from elephant to the small steinbuck antelope, and lost very few animals wounded by its large spherical bullet, which it shot accurately at quite outside distances."

In the advice to those in search of foreign sport Nicholson says: "I have observed that men intending to obtain it usually encumber themselves with batteries as expensive as they are superfluous. In all wild countries it may be taken for granted that transport is more or less difficult, imperfect, and expensive; and the obligation to be constantly on the alert to watch over the safety of a costly battery soon becomes intolerable, and a waste of energy in a profitless direction. * * * Having used nearly every kind of weapon of portable dimensions from the flint and steel days up to 1894, perhaps I may lay claim to some practical knowledge of the subject. * * * Of weapons for the native hunters he states: "Upon the whole I have found it better to arm any of the 'boys' who may have the wish or ability to shoot, with plain single barrel smooth bore guns; with rifles they get into the habit of blazing away at all kinds of distances, and waste ammunition; besides, by giving them a shot cartridge or two, they often bring in a toothsome bird for the larder when one is saturated with dry antelope meat. Such guns can be bought for about £5, and should be sighted for ball shooting up to one hundred yards."

Too much of your valuable space would be required for all the remarks about weapons made in various parts of the book, but the most important ones are as follows, the author's own words being sometimes quoted:

1. Owing to the great improvements in modern rifles, a sportsman need no longer be encumbered with very large bores and their correspondingly heavy ammunition. A ball and shot gun of the Colindian or Paradox type is very satisfactory if of 12-bore, and heavy enough to carry 4½ drams of powder easily. A double rifle of 9½lbs. weight and one of these guns of 8lbs. is an excellent armament for any part of the world and for any kind of game.

2. "Barrels of sporting rifles need never exceed 26in. in length, both on account of handiness and because short guns can be held much more steadily than long ones when aiming, especially in high winds." Aim can be more quickly taken, in running shots, if the stocks have a good bend. For a man of 5ft. 10in. a 3in. bend is not too much.

3. A first rate double barrel is the best and most reliable rifle yet invented, but, if economy be an object, the Winchester repeaters are efficient weapons.

4. Although all soft-skinned animals may be killed with the ordinary short express bullet with its large hollow, its want of penetration makes it fail for general purposes. It is often necessary to fire raking shots at the sterns of good sized antelopes, when a large superficial wound is the result. "with which the poor animal usually escapes." With solid bullets at such game express rifles are excellent.

5. Elephants, rhinos, and similar thick-skinned game fall readily to the bullets of a 45-bore, but it is not good for animals below a certain size, say three hundred weight, because they do not offer sufficient resistance to cause the expansion of the bullet and a large external wound. There is little or no blood spoor to enable the hunter to follow a wounded beast, and almost all African game, except the eland, has such extraordinary vitality that it is liable to escape although mortally wounded.

6. After a sufficient trial of small bores the author reverted to .577 gauge rifles and also to 12-bores, both rifles and specially made smooth bores, "for all kinds of game with satisfactory results. A rifle of .577 gauge and 10lbs. weight is a very efficient weapon."

7. A .577 rifle does not require more than 4½ drams of powder nor a 45 more than 85 grains. For all except elephant or rhino shooting "smaller charges are preferable, giving quite sufficient penetration, being less liable to cause a premature breaking up of the bullet and minimizing recoil."

7. It is very important to have rifles chambered for straight tapered shell as they can be reloaded a great number of times without resizing. Bottle-necked shells very much increase recoil and have to be resized after every shot. The necessary swedging tools for this are very liable to be mislaid or lost. Unless reloaded, a cumbersome quantity of the shells must be carried.

8. A white-tipped foresight is the best of all, and enamel is preferable because ivory is liable to shrink and drop off in hot, dry climates. The rear sight should be as black and dull as possible, as a platina mark in the center is apt to spoil the aim by dazzling the eyes in a glaring sun.

9. The very best South African game shots I have known, have restricted themselves to a single standard sight for all sporting distances. "Only the 100yds. sight

is necessary, for game should not, as a rule, be fired at beyond 200yds., and very little indeed is killed beyond 150 by even first rate shots, no matter what rifle is used. Firing at longer distances than 250yds. entails much unnecessary cruelty."

10. With regard to the new rifles of about .300 gauge with smokeless cartridges and metal patched bullets, their accuracy, flat trajectory and penetration are admitted, and they are considered good for the defensive purposes of an exploring expedition when the weight of ammunition has to be economized. The objections to them are that a few months' hard work causes the grooving to wear away to such a degree as to make their accuracy unreliable; and that they are very difficult to clean, their extremely rapid twist and small bore "retaining and packing the fouling to an inordinate degree." Their long range is of no importance for game shooting. "After the exertion entailed by a gallop or stalk, no man is fit to shoot with tolerable accuracy at more than point-blank distances."

11. As to the various ways of boring, Mr. Nicholson remarks: "I have shot with all kinds of rifles, and have a decided preference for the smooth, oval-bored weapons on Mr. C. Lancaster's principle; which are quite as accurate at sporting distances as grooved rifles, retain their shooting qualities indefinitely, foul and recoil very little, and are especially easy to clean, besides being available with shot when expedient." "They stand rough wear and neglect much better than any grooved ones. * * * and what fouling there is, is evenly distributed over the inside instead of packing in patches, as is the case with all grooved barrels more or less." It appears to me that if some of the manufacturers of repeating rifles would try the oval bore system, they might produce weapons exactly adapted for the woods' loafer, or for hunters who are obliged to subject their rifles to neglect and rough work. Some years ago the editor of the *London Field* reported a trial he had attended of an oval bore .500 express. He said the wind was so strong that Mr. Lancaster had much difficulty in holding the rifle steady, but, allowing for that, the accuracy was very good.

I lately measured the bullet holes in a target shown me as having been made by a double Lancaster oval bore, chambered for the .303 army cartridge. The four shots of the right barrel were in a square 2in. wide by 1 1-10in. deep, and the four of the left in 3 3-8in. by 1 9-16in. The whole eight were in 3 3-8in. wide by 1 7-10in. deep. That is certainly good for open hunting sights even from a rest.

Last summer a friend who owns a double oval-bore, of 16 shot gun gauge, brought it for me to examine. There was no safe range available beyond 50yds., but at that distance its bullets were quite accurate. Being doubtful about the truth of the claim as to its being really useful with small shot, I loaded some 16-bore shells with 2½ drams of powder and 10z. of No. 6 and tried them at forty measured yards. I was surprised to find the patterns not only as close but as regular as those of a good average cylinder bore shotgun.

Mr. Nicholson's remarks about smooth bores will be new to many of your readers, as they were to me. He considers that there is not much practical difference between the killing powers of guns from 20 to 12 bore unless the latter be heavy enough to carry 4 drams of powder and 1½oz. of shot. He seems especially fond of 16-bores, and says: "With a 28-bore I have killed satisfactorily, small antelope, geese and wildfowl, besides several large bustards, with shot of suitable size, No. 1 for choice; but, as it was an extra stout little weapon, I used 2 drams of powder, Curtis & Harvey's No. 4, and the same measure of shot."

"The cylinder barrel of any well-bored double gun with a suitable quantity of metal, if fitted with a folding leaf sight on the rib, and loaded with a thick, soft wad below a hardened spherical ball, will, if the bullet is a close but not tight fit, shoot accurately enough to hit anything of, or about, the size of a rabbit at 100yds." He states that some years ago, with a strong double muzzleloading smooth 16-bore, fitted with a rear sight and front ivory sight, he bagged forty-three buffaloes in a few days, very few wounded escaping, and several being killed by raking shots from behind. A 12-bore of 9lbs. weight, with 4½ drams of fine powder and hard bullets, gave ample penetration for large bull elephants.

By "cylinder barrels" I think he must mean true cylinders, not those which were made to throw small shot well by "opening" at the muzzle, or, as in breechloaders, by compressing it slightly. I have tried numbers of such guns loaded with ball in various ways, and the best of them would not carry accurately enough to be certain of hitting a deer in the thick part of the lungs beyond 60yds. About ten years ago a letter, apparently by the same author, was published in the *Field*, describing a ball shooting smooth bore in similar terms to those above quoted: It was a 12 gauge 8lbs. weight with very rigid barrels, one of which was "a perfect cylinder, specially bored with the greatest accuracy to throw ball." It also had a fixed rear sight like a rifle. I can quite believe that such a barrel might throw ball with the accuracy described. About twenty-four years ago I had a double muzzleloader carrying forty-three round balls to the pound, with a thin patch. It weighed 5½lbs., and had very thick barrels up to the muzzle-bored true cylinders. Finding it very accurate with ball, I fitted a rear sight on the rib, and then found that it would put a succession of shots into one page of the smallest size notepaper at 100yds., carrying point-blank to that range with 48 grains of No. 2 Curtis & Harvey's powder. Of course, it scattered badly with small shot, so I reserved the left barrel for ball, and, with some emery powder, opened the muzzle of the right until it made a close pattern up to 30yds. with ½oz. of No. 9 and 35 grains of No. 2 powder. I kept this little gun two or three years, during which it never made a wild shot with ball. A half-caste manager of a tea plantation in the Himalayas fell so much in love with it on account of the small quantity of ammunition required, that I sold it at a moderate price, less than it cost.

I will conclude with a few quotations well worth the consideration of those now commencing their sporting careers:

"The almost universal use of small bore rifles (inclusive of .450 bores) has played the mischief with the game all over the country, without, I think, increasing the num-

ber of animals actually brought to bay." * * * "One is often tempted to fire a lot of risky and ineffectual shots at long range and without taking sufficient pains to obtain a fairly certain shot." * * * "In the interests of real sport it would be advisable, where a rule can be enforced, to prohibit the use of small-bore, long-range rifles altogether."

"A formidable amount of aggregate skill in the use of their weapons was a noticeable characteristic of the Boers of the period I allude to (say twenty years ago)." * * * "Since the general introduction of long-range breechloading weapons, their shooting powers have steadily deteriorated." * * * "Indeed, ever since the modern rifle came into general use in the Transvaal, the Boers have gradually lost that amount of skill upon which their prestige was founded in former days." * * * "The extreme ease with which breechloading rifles can be loaded, and the long range of these weapons, contributed largely to the deterioration of their original skill, by inducing habits of carelessness as to distances, and a preference for pumping a stream of lead into the 'brown' without much regard to aim. This soon makes the game animals very wild, and, in proportion to the number of cartridges expended, very little game is gathered, and an enormous waste by wounding occurs."

"In the late combat with Dr. Jameson's raiders, the Boers fired from behind rocks, which protected them completely from the effects of the horizontal fire of the enemy, whom they could pot at on an exposed plain on which marks indicating distances had been placed." * * * "With all this in their favor, these burghers were only able to kill twenty-two of Dr. Jameson's men, in addition to a few minor casualties, with an expenditure of at the very least 6,000 cartridges."

There could not be a more striking illustration of deterioration in skill caused by the facility of reloading modern rifles. Of course no one would now think of using any others, but it is not overstating the case to say that, even when armed with the most quick-firing repeaters, every shot should be fired with the same care as was practiced when muzzleloaders were used. We should then find that not only would fewer animals escape wounded, but that the shocking instances of men being killed in mistake for deer would be unknown. Firing at moving leaves on the chance that a deer may be behind them was never heard of in muzzleloading times.

J. J. MEYRICK.

SOUTH DEVON, England.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Check for Illinois Game Bill.

Last week I had occasion to mention the rapid progress of a dangerous measure which bade fair to get through the Legislature of this State, namely, Senate Bill No. 43, otherwise known as the Begole bill. At that time I made mention of the undesirable features of this measure, although stating that the bill was being railroaded and might perhaps reach passage. It did come up for a vote in the Senate, on last Tuesday, March 28, and came within two votes of passing. There were fourteen votes for the measure and sixteen against it. Mr. Begole gave notice of a reconsideration. There is little doubt that every effort will be used to push this thing through. There is a House bill already introduced which is almost as undesirable as this Senate bill, and the sportsmen of the State cannot be too urgent with their representatives with the request that they keep alert for these or any other sweeping measures which look toward the wiping out of our old game law with its well-tested sections.

What we need in this State is not so much better laws as better enforcement of the laws, a statement which applies indeed to all the western country. These new measures contain some good points, of course, but to have them take the place bodily of our former laws would be no gain but a distinct detriment to the people of this State. We do not want any more laws which help South Water street. Any Illinois law which does help the commission men of this city is a distinct hurt to every western State which has any game left to ship. Let us hope that Senate bill No. 43 and all its counterparts will fall by the wayside and rise no more.

The Feud on South Water Street.

The feud inaugurated against Warden Loveday by the Packer and National Produce Review, the alleged organ of South Water street, has taken a distinct and rather ugly form. The paper quoted comes out in its issue of March 25 with further distinct charges of illegality on the part of different game wardens, including the present one. It charges that it has been the common custom among the justices of the peace of Chicago not to turn in any funds to the school board, as directed by the law. Auditor Custer, of the city school board, is reported to have said that during his term of office, covering about fourteen years, there had never been any money turned into the school board from game prosecutions. The Review openly charges that neither Warden Blow nor Warden Loveday has ever turned in a cent. Justice Randall H. White states that he has turned over such funds properly, or stands ready to do so.

These are but part of the intimations made by the paper above referred to. That the war has taken definite shape may be gathered from the fact that President Graham H. Harris, and Attorney McMahon, of the Board of Education, have this week conferred for the purpose of deciding whether or not to file suit for the collection of fees, estimated to amount to several thousand dollars, which the school board claims belong to it, but which have never been turned over under the provisions of the law. It should be borne in mind that these funds are properly to be paid over by the justices of the peace, though I presume the records of the warden's office should tell the amount and dates of all such collections.

I do not know whether or not there is any personal spite actuating the paper above mentioned in its course, and to be sure, both sides of any case should be given in a paper like the FOREST AND STREAM. As I am unable to meet Warden Loveday at present, I hope he will send to me any statement which will give the facts upon the other side of the case. The Review should give chapter and verse, names and dates and not content itself with sweeping as-

sertions. It is in a splendid position to expose a lot of the rottenness of South Water street, having much better access to the dealers than any sportsmen's paper could ever have. If it is sure that hush money has been paid to any warden, it will do a service to all dealers and all sportsmen also, if it will print the names of any firms which have contributed such hush money, stating the amounts of such contributions, with the dates and circumstances. This is a sort of information which I have long been anxious to get during the administrations of earlier wardens, but it is something which no stranger can obtain on South Water street. I once spent a little money in trying to get some facts of this sort, but failed. If the Review can secure these facts, and be sure that they are facts, I should for one be very joyful. It is not right, however, to deal in innuendo or general charges, and the only right kind of journalism is that which is willing to get both sides of the story. For Warden Loveday, personally, I must say that he has been more effective than any warden we ever had, out in the shooting districts, and that he has seized more game on South Water street than any other warden ever did. This I do not take to mean that he has stopped one-thousandth part of the illegal game trade of South Water street. I admit that it is my personal belief that a game warden belongs on South Water street, and not outside the city, and I think that he ought to have a large, active hammer and nail puller always about his person. Perhaps, if I were game warden myself, I would know more about this sort of thing, and could testify to the shrewdness of the great game fences of Chicago, which are forever open to the stolen game of the West. It may be mere spleen on my part, yet I confess to a sort of rage, in which I think perhaps I am joined by many others, that this gigantic system of theft and robbery should go on almost openly under our eyes, and that the machinery of our laws should fail so utterly to reach and check it. It almost makes the word law a mockery. If anyone thinks for one second that no illegal game comes into the Chicago market, or goes out of it, he is in a state of ignorance deserving pity. Yet this thing goes on, and we know it goes on, and we cannot, or do not stop it. I would like to see the Review, as the commercial organ of the street, rip that whole delectable thoroughfare up the back at the same time, while it has out its knife for the officials who have failed to accomplish that purpose.

The Elk of Jackson's Hole.

A while ago I had occasion to print a communication from Mr. Edwin F. Daniels, of this city, describing the unsportsmanlike slaughter of the elk in the Jackson's Hole country by Eastern shooters. For the most part one does not expect to have his hopes and wishes regarding game protection realized, and to make a howl in a newspaper over the slaughter of game usually does little good excepting to make the howler feel a little better at the time. I do this sort of thing chiefly because it makes me feel good, not because I think it jars the world very much. Yet here I have another letter from Mr. Daniels, which would show that this subject has really attracted some attention in the country where the most good can be done. Mr. Daniels is good enough to write me as below:

"My letter to you of recent date relating to the slaughter of big game in Jackson Hole country last fall by prominent people, has had a little effect. It has been read in Wyoming, and I am in receipt this morning of a letter from Simpson Bros., of Jackson, Wyoming, relating to same. This letter fully confirms my previous information, regarding the slaughter. I quote from Mr. Simpson's letter as follows:

"The slaughter by them was awful. Their guide was —, and if ever they should return to the hunting grounds of Wyoming, they should receive summary treatment and dismissal."

"I am glad to note that the matter has reached the right place, and I trust that the efforts of your paper may be so well directed that it will not be allowed to rest here, but that a sentiment may be created in that particular locality that will not fail to make known the fact that such slaughterers in the future will not be tolerated."

"Mr. Simpson says, however, that he is not in sympathy with my view in relation to the residents of the game country being held less liable than the sportsmen from the East. He says he thinks they should be held more liable. I am very glad to note this sentiment from a resident of that country, and I hope that it is widespread and general among the people who live there. From what Mr. Simpson says, I gather that there are, however, some exceptions, and that there are several of what he pleases to term 'hog hunters' who live there. These people will always be found in such localities, and the only thing that can be done is to watch them as carefully as possible, and then pass laws stringent and comprehensive enough to make it a misdemeanor for them to kill more than a certain amount of game, or more than is necessary to furnish meat for their actual use."

"I hope that the reports of the death of thousands of elk, deer, etc., by starvation, is greatly overdrawn, although I doubt not that immense numbers have died from that cause. While at the Lake Hotel, Yellowstone Park, last fall, I met Lieut. Lindsley, who had just been on a scout of 500 miles, and was just about making his report to the Government regarding the condition of game, and their summer and winter ranges. If the starvation story is true, Lieut. Lindsley's recommendation that the Government take into the forest reserve the entire Jackson Hole country far enough so that in the severest winter weather, the game could have a winter range where it could feed, should be adopted at once. This protection would afford both a summer and winter range, and would make it practically impossible for any great number of deaths to occur from lack of proper food."

"Lieut. Lindsley told me that his duties to the Government in the fall and winter of 1897-98, brought him into such close proximity with the game, that he personally saw forty to fifty thousand elk moving from their summer range in the Park to their winter range in Jackson Hole, where, owing to the lax protection in that country at that time, many thousands of them were indiscriminately slaughtered."

That's right. Put a park about them. And incidentally, put a 40ft. stone wall about the park.

Western Game Prospects.

From all I can learn the quail have had a hard time

in Minnesota and Wisconsin, not quite so bad a time in Michigan, Indiana and Illinois. In parts of the South they have suffered a great deal. I do not feel qualified to say how they have fared in Iowa, Nebraska and Kansas, though I am sure the winter has proved more than ordinarily severe pretty much all over the West. In this latitude the weather has been wretched. During the entire month of March we have had only five pleasant days, and it has rained or snowed almost every day for weeks. To-day, April 1, it is cloudy and snowing, at a date when the leaves ought to be sprouting and fish running in the streams. Of course, the quail do not benefit by such severity of weather, but it is very comforting to state that the sum of all reports is far from indicating any widespread cutting down of the stock of these birds. For instance, Mr. W. B. Wells writes me from Chatham, Ontario, along the shores of Lake St. Clair, that the quail have wintered there almost without loss, and now seem fat and strong.

Mr. Wells also reports geese and ducks coming in over the marshes of that country. Now and then he says someone goes out after geese. In our locality, as earlier reported, the first of the flight has been up for several weeks, and some of our shooters got very good bags of birds a month ago. I am disposed to think the weather will render the flight rather long drawn out and straggling. As to the jack snipe, no one wistest where they are.

E. HOUGH.

1200 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

Maine Guides and Game.

MOOSEHEAD LAKE, Me., March 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I've been to New York, seen the Sportsmen's Show, the green grass and "spoutin' fountings" in the parks, a forest of big "buildin's," and a lot of men and women and children, who, mostly, look as if they never had seen the sun rise and needed an "airin'."

There ain't any green grass nor "fountings" down here yet, and it looks as if there won't be for a month to come. Also, there ain't any "big buildin's," so when I think of that it seems to sorter square up for the green grass.

But there is 7ft. of snow in our woods, 26in. of ice in our big lake—more than we shall need all the coming summer—and it looks as though the fishing season will be a little later than usual.

Our big game has wintered well. There has hardly been a day all winter in this big country when a man could run down a moose or deer on snowshoes. Not that a man would do so if he could, but some people never do get to be men, and we have a few such critters here. I've been a great deal in the big woods this winter, and never saw better prospects for a good hunting season.

Our caribou ain't all dead neither. I know where there are eight in one band. Now that the law is on them for six years to come, won't them eight caribou laugh and grow fat and wax mightily in numbers if the commissioners and wardens do their duty. In six years that single band of caribou will increase to fifty head.

I know our moose and deer are increasing each year. I meet deer right in my backyard in this village on the shore of Moosehead Lake, and last fall a big black bear walked across my garden—while I was away, however—and crossed the main road to the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad station. I guess he was lookin' for a free pass!

When we guides see moose tracks, and moose, too, in most every section of our big territory, and even in places where we never before saw any, does it indicate that moose are growing so scarce, they are getting so anxious about it, that they are coming out to be counted! Or does it prove that they are spreading out into new feeding grounds, to get enough browse to keep in condition. Each year more are legally killed by visiting sportsmen, and how would that be so if there were not more each year to kill? Take my word for it, and of our guides as a body, that our big game is still on the increase. And what is more, we guides of Maine intend to keep it on the increase. In the past five years we have learned a lot about game protection; we've been getting to the point where we know that a live moose or deer in the woods is worth more to us and to the State than a dead deer or moose in our camp door-yard. And we know now that just so long as we have the live moose and deer, we will have a whole lot of nice gentlemen—and ladies, too—coming down here to hunt them, and paying us boys those three nice big dollars each day we are with them—just for company's sake, I suppose. So it has come to pass that you now hear the voice of one literally crying in the wilderness, in these latter days, saying in a loud voice to all the great throng of FOREST AND STREAM readers: Behold, the registered guides of Maine are in favor of game protection, for they know on which side their manna is buttered, and locusts and wild honey don't infest this wilderness, and the trout hog and game butcher must go! Yours for health,

ED. HARLOW, Registered Guide No. 92.

Capt. T. C. Barker writes from Camp Bemis: "It looks pretty wintry here in Maine. There must be 4ft. of snow on a level; and some drifts about my camp are all of 25ft. deep, so you see that the April rain will have something to do to take the snow off. I have made a sixteen-mile snowshoe trip to-day taking in the Birches and Upper Dam, and it seems mighty good to get onto them once more."

A wild duck killed by a farmer, brought in and sold on the streets, was dressed in the restaurant of Frenchy's saloon a few days ago, when a fish measuring 12½in. long and 3½in. wide was found on its inside, as perfect as if swallowed only a short time before the duck was shot. It had gone down tail first, and while its head was in the duck's craw, the tail was at the extreme end of the bowel. But what bothered those who saw it was how a fish 3½in. wide could go down the duck's throat when its throat was apparently not large enough to admit of the passage of one an inch wide. The fish was of the tooth herring or "skipjack" variety, but what family the duck belonged to none seemed to know.—Frankfort (Ky.) Roundabout.

The Rock Springs Lumber Company.

ROCK SPRINGS, Wyo., March 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Referring to an editorial which appeared some time ago in your paper regarding the alleged killing of game by our company, we wish to state to you the exact facts in the case. Regarding the charges made against our company, our foreman at the camp writes us that he made use of a few elk during the open season, but that since Dec. 1 there has been no wild meat of any kind used by the company, although the tie choppers, and some others working for us, who are boarding themselves, have killed a few elk for their own use since that time.

You will easily appreciate that it was impossible for us, as a company, to stop this killing of elk by individuals, and as both Mr. Kendall, our president, and myself, were very anxious to have the law enforced, and this killing stopped, we wrote Mr. Schnitzer, at Laramie (he was then State game warden), saying that if he would have a deputy game warden appointed to stay at our camp, we would be willing to pay a portion of his expenses, if necessary, to secure his appointment.

Mr. Kendall and myself are strongly in favor of any measure that will more fully protect the game of our State, and were among the few active sportsmen who were instrumental in having a much more rigid game law passed at the last session of the Legislature.

I intend making a trip to our camp some time this week, and the State game warden, Mr. Albert Nelson, is coming with me, for the purpose of making a full investigation of the game question.

Of one thing you may rest assured, that whatever may have occurred in the past, it was without the sanction of the officers of the company, and we intend giving every possible assistance to the game warden and his deputies to enable them to enforce the law to the fullest extent from now on.

A. M. GILDERSLEEVE, Vice-Pres. and Sec'y.

Snowshoe Filling.

FOX POINT, Ont., March 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Having made and used snowshoes for twenty-five years I may be able to give some of your readers a hint as to how the shoes should be filled to prevent "sagging" in wet snow.

I have tried nearly every kind of filling, from cowhide, horse, moose and caribou to bear and beaver; but must say that cowhide (two or three-year-old heifer) is the most serviceable. Caribou is good, but too thin for real hard work, only making a nice light shoe for snowshoe parties and such like. The others are not worth weaving in a pair of bows; unless it is a case of "Hobson's" choice. I cut my filling lengthways of the grain; that is splitting the hide down from nose to tail, cutting the strips straight, and on no account round and round, as wherever cut across the grain it will stretch every time it gets wet no matter how much it is pulled through bone or stretched around stakes. It must be soaked soft to weave, and in doing that the hide will again contract, when after wearing one's weight stretches it and makes it loose.

I find the best way is to have my filling as soft as possible, and then weave it in as tightly as I can, and I've always had a snowshoe that won't "sag."

I'm afraid if you were to get a pair of snowshoes for \$2 here they would hardly last to walk out of the store with; for from \$3.50 to \$6, about \$4, one can get a good serviceable pair. If I've not made myself very clear, I shall be most happy, on the receipt of a line, to answer any inquiries.

SALMO REX.

Adirondack Deer and Snows.

WOODSMEN who come into the city from the Adirondack region since the snow storms of the last two weeks, report a peculiar state of affairs as regards the deer in that part of the State. The animals are starving by scores, simply because the snow is so deep they cannot get through it to the moss and grass. This condition of affairs, which defies the best the game laws of the State can do for the animals, is not confined to any one locality, but extends through all that section where the sun gets but little chance to melt the snow, and where banks of it are often found when spring is far advanced. Loggers and other people whose work takes them into the forest for any distance are repeatedly reporting the bodies of deer lying stiff, and in repeated cases it has been determined that they died of starvation.

A righteous indignation has been aroused in the ranks of true sportsmen by reports that State employees along the reservoirs and feeders have been allowing their dogs to run loose and worry the deer. Here is found a case where the destruction will be many times as great, and for which there is no apparent remedy. At present there is 6 ft. of snow on the ground in many parts of the woods, and in the settled parts 4 ft. is the rule. This will not melt sufficiently to relieve the deer in several weeks, and the death rate among the animals will probably increase with every day.—*Utica Press.*

Properties to Rent.

THE advertisements of fishing and shooting properties for sale and to rent found in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM no doubt appeal strongly to many of our readers. They cover a wide range, from cattle ranching and big game shooting down through birds, to angling, and the properties advertised extend from Canada to Colorado, and from North Carolina to the Rocky Mountains. The hunting lodge advertised by Mr. Edmond Kelly offers peculiar attractions since it is so completely equipped that he who should rent it would be obliged to take with him nothing except his personal clothing and some provisions. The accommodations are large enough indeed to admit of two or three friends or families joining hands to occupy these quarters together through the summer.

The new State game warden of Wyoming is Albert Nelson, of Jackson.

Sea and River Fishing.

To My Trout Rod.

DEAR comrade of my blissful hours,
New joys again we'll borrow;
If skies are clear or weather lowers,
We seek the brook to-morrow.

Where you and I, my comrade dear,
Have wandered far together,
In many a happy bygone year,
In every kind of weather.

For dreary skies we cared no rush,
And oft despised their warning;
And if they smiled, then with the thrush
We trilled a song at morning.

And where was care when we were out
And by the stream a-fishing—
Save when we hooked the day's first trout
For more we fell a-wishing?

Again, old friend, with cheery pluck
We'll fling the barbed feather;
Kind shade of Walton! grant us luck,
And we'll not mind the weather.

GEORGE DOUGLAS.

Fishin' Time's Come.

BY FRED MATHER.

ALTHOUGH the almanac has insisted that spring was close at hand the east winds, with their fog and chill along the coast, have not encouraged us to put much faith in the calendar. The surest sign of spring that I have seen, notwithstanding the robins, blackbirds and the blooms of the daffodils and the skunk-cabbage, referred to two weeks ago, was several flounder fishermen crossing Fulton ferry a few days ago with their short, stout rods and their peculiar double-lidded green baskets well filled with flounders from Jamaica Bay, Long Island. The early birds are so anxious to get into their old homes in the orchards and swamps where they were bred, that a few sunny days is cause enough to break camp and start for the North. Not so with the cold-blooded flounder, which has been buried in the mud all winter; it takes time and many warm days to stir up his appetite for sand-worms, and when the flounder comes forth, he does not go back as the bear and the ground hog are said to do, if their shadows are in sight, or out of it, I forget which. But, after seeing the baskets of flounders the hum of trolley cars sang, all the way home:

"Spring time ob year am come at las',
Ole wintah he'm done gone an' pas';
Fo' an' twenty boatmen all in a flock,
Down by de ribber an' a-fishin' off de dock.
Den dance, de boatmen, dance;
O, dance, de boatmen, dance.
Dance all night 'till de broad daylight,
An' go home wid de gals in de mawnin'."

For several days after the flounder episode this verse took possession of my brain and every thought had somehow to be brought into its rhythm. This is not an isolated case, for often some air, not necessarily a favorite one, will serve me the same trick, until I am weary, but cannot banish it. No doubt others are also plagued in this way.

Spring starts other things out of the mud beside flounders and snapping turtles. Unfortunately, it awakes persons who think they are poets, and they inflict lines, not 12 or 18-thread Cuttyhunk, nor water-proof silk, upon the public, and the temptation is strong to do it. Here is a bit that I once ground out mainly to show my knowledge of scientific terms, for there seems to be no other reason for its existence, and is merely reproduced as a "horrible example."

Spring.

Now the adolescent homo
Seeks Lumbricus in the shade,
Toiling in paternal garden,
Deftly turning earth with spade,
While the Harporhynchus rufus
Chants his lay in yonder glade.

In this phrase I seek to tell you
That the boy is digging bait
For Salvelinus fontinalis
Near his father's garden gate,
Heedless if the school-bell ringeth
Or the teacher marks him late.

But I see that I've neglected
Adding foot notes to each term,
Hence I'll try to be explicit,
And call on science to affirm
That the Latin name Lumbricus
Is another word for worm

Salvelinus fontinalis—
There is not the slightest doubt
Boys from Maine to California
All would join in mighty shout,
Laughing at your lack of knowledge,
If you don't know that's a trout.

And, likewise, the Harporhynchus,
Which is singing in the bush,
While his mate is incubating,
Pouring forth his soul in gush,
That's another patronymic
For our brown or native thrush.

Hence I only meant to tell you
In the plainest sort of terms,
That this is spring and thrushes sing
'Mid nature's budding germs,
And boyish thought turns toward trout
And agile angle worms.

Many people do not distinguish between poetry and

verse, but there is a great difference which was expressed by the man who objected to having Shakespeare classed with the poets, because, said he: "His plays don't rhyme." Now, I never wrote a bit of poetry in my life, but have written lots of rhymes, mainly travesty, burlesque, parody and that sort of thing which is easy, because it needs little originality. Let me show how this is done:

The Fish and the Ring.

In Rawlinson's translation of Herodotus, the following story is told: "Amasis, King of Egypt, sent Polycrates, of Samos, a friendly letter, expressing a fear for the continuance of his singular prosperity, and, therefore, advising Polycrates to throw away some favorite gem in such a way that he might never see it again, as a kind of charm against misfortune. Polycrates, therefore, took a valuable signet-ring—an emerald set in gold—and sailing away from the shore in a boat, threw the gem, in the sight of all on board, into the deep. This done he returned home and gave vent to his sorrow. Now it happened that five or six days afterwards a fisherman caught a fish so large and beautiful that he thought it well deserved to be made a present to the King. So he took it with him to the gate of the palace and said that he wanted to see Polycrates, and Polycrates allowed him to come in, and the fisherman gave him the fish with these words following: 'Sir King, when I took this prize I thought I would not carry it to market, though I am a poor man who live by my trade. I said to myself, it is worthy of Polycrates and his greatness, and so I brought it here to give it you.' This speech pleased the King, who thus spoke in reply: 'Thou didst well, friend, and I am doubly indebted, both for the gift and for the speech. Come now and sup with me.' So the fisherman went home, esteeming it a great honor that he had been asked to sup with the King. Meanwhile the servants, on cutting open the fish found the signet of their master in its belly. No sooner did they see it than they seized upon it and, hastening to Polycrates with great joy, restored it to him and told him in what way it had been found. The King, who saw something providential in the matter, forthwith wrote a letter to Amasis, telling him all that had happened. Amasis felt certain that Polycrates would end ill, as he prospered in everything, even finding what he had thrown away. So he sent a herald to Samos, and dissolved the contract of friendship. This he did that, when the great and heavy misfortune came, he might escape the grief he would have felt if the sufferer had been his loved friend."

There is a yarn that is very tempting to one who does not take it as seriously as Amasis did, and so I wrote:

The Trout and the Ring.

The tale I sing is a song of spring,
And is true beyond a doubt;
The players are Miss Clara Carr,
Myself, Uncle Jess and a trout.

'Twas Clara's wish to take a fish
From the bridge across the brook;
So I rigged her a line, both strong and fine,
And baited her Limerick hook.

With a spring and a snap a speckled old chap
Snatched the bait and made the line sing.
I gave a shout at the sight of the trout,
And Clara dropped her ring.

We searched for days, in many ways;
We raked and dragged and sounded;
We sifted ooze, but 'twas no use,
In short, we never found it.

Many a trout was taken out
Of the pool where the stream was crossed,
And opened with care, but no ring was there,
And we gave it up for lost.

'Twas a year, I guess, when Uncle Jess
Caught a big trout on a fly;
It was plump and round, and weighed a pound,
And he brought it home to fry.

His eye shone bright as he told, that night,
Of the ring lost a year ago;
On the very spot where his trout was got,
And never found, high nor low.

"Now, what do you think?" asked he with a wink;
'I'll bet you never could guess
What was in that trout," "The ring!" they shout!
"Nothin' but innards," said Jess.

The story of Polycrates, which passed current in the centuries ago could not inspire a modern rhymester to go beyond a bit of burlesque, because the prose part of it has been overworked in many absurd yarns.

Concerning Lent.

Somehow it seems unfortunate for those who live in such northern latitudes as New York, that the lent season should come at a time when fish are scarce, and consequently high. Now that lent is over the fishing season opens, and the markets will teem with fish in a few days. But speaking of lent and fast days, reminds me of a story told me by the late Daniel Fitzhugh, one of the "men I have fished with," but not in the first series, who told to Father Scotius and me, this: "There was an Irish servant at a Cardinal's table in Dublin on a fast day, and there were seventeen courses of fish, 'Bedad,' said the waiter, 'if that's what ye call fastin' it's meself that would stand lent all the year round.'"

As soon as lent has passed the shad begin to arrive in the Hudson, although they have been coming from southern rivers since January, but shad at one and two dollars each are not popular. Then come the mackerel, and by the first of May fish are plenty and cheap in New York markets. Even the nutritious codfish is more costly in lent than at any other season, partly because of the increased demand and partly on account of the severe March storms, which often prevent fishing.

Brook Trout.

To those who wish to know what the prospects for trouting may be on certain streams there is but one answer. Only men who live near a particular stream can

give anything like a guess about the coming season; they see the stream day by day and can hit the answer about right if they note the frequency of rises for the early spring insects, for some of the stone flies and midges hatch from midwinter until May, and are often seen on the snow in cold days. But let two visitors see the stream on different days and one may report the trout as plentiful while the other did not see a rise. Some one has said: "It is never safe to prophesy unless you know."

The market for brook trout in New York City is a short one for large sales, although some are sold all through the open season. Many persons confine their orders to the first fortnight of the season, for no city in the world has such a wealth of excellent fish as New York. Salmon from the Provinces and the west coast; red-snapper, pompano and the best fishes from the Gulf of Mexico, as well as the coast and river fishes near home. Shad soon rival the trout and they are hardly within reach of moderate purses before the mackerel come and drop shad prices, and so it goes through the range of sheepshead, bluefish, Spanish mackerel and an embarrassment of riches.

Yet I estimate that New York City takes 50 tons of brook trout in a season at retail prices of 25 cents per lb. for wild Canadian to 75 cents for Long Islands, and \$1.00 for trout sold alive from the tanks.

Here is another chip on my shoulder, and in a previous article I have intimated a liking for kicking up a row and leaving other fellows to fight it out. Throwing off my coat, stripping to the buff with only shoes and trousers, I put up my "dukes" and say: It has been the fashion for half a century to decry "liver-fed trout" as inferior. I deny the allegation in the teeth of the allegator. Witness the paragraph above. See the prices paid for Long Island trout, which are mainly from private ponds and are mostly "liver-fed," and what the slim, black Canadian wild trout bring. The New York epicure will pay the price for the fat pond-fed trout because he knows that they are best.

Now I "ahsk" you, in all seriousness, if a bit of calf's liver and bacon is not a dainty breakfast dish for a man, occasionally? If so, why should it not be good food for a trout, as good as any fish diet, which trout of over two ounces relish, or, as good as grubs and insects? Of course, we prefer the liver of the calf to that of the cow, and require a bit of bacon to flavor it because we are given to flavoring our foods, but I once broiled a ruffed grouse over coals and ate it without even salt, and it was good, because I was hungry. The trout needs no fried bacon with its liver, but it thrives without that epicurean adjunct. On the slabs in Fulton Market one may pick out the Long Island trout by their aldermanic bellies and amber-colored sides, and these are the fish that bring the prices. Of course, other pond-fed trout from Massachusetts and Rhode Island may be labeled "Long Island trout," but that does not affect the question. In New York market all small clams are "little necks," small oysters are "blue points," large oysters are "saddle rocks," and all asparagus is labeled "Oyster Bay."

I will confess that my estimate of the tons of brook trout sent to New York City is a mere guess based upon the statement of one breeder that he sent six tons of trout to that market in one year, and, no matter if the great demand for this fish is over in a few weeks, every high-class hotel, cafe or restaurant must keep them on their bill of fare, in season.

If fifty tons seems a large amount for one big city, let me say that the city named is a great distributing point. A large dealer gets contracts to supply steamship lines and summer hotels. Say he has a contract with the great Saratoga hotels to furnish a certain number of pounds of trout and other fish each week during their respective seasons. The hotel man has his contract, and when some local fisherman offers him some pounds of trout he has no use for them. The trout are then shipped to New York to the dealer who may possibly send them back to some Saratoga hotel. The hotel man cannot depend on getting a definite number of pounds of trout from local fishermen and consequently does not care to deal with them. A country merchant can buy axes cheaper in New York City than he can in Cohoes where they are made, because his freights will be more from the small town.

On Long Island.

Year by year there is less fishing for the public on this island which once had more trout streams flowing from it than any territory of equal size that I ever knew. The Borough of Brooklyn, now part of New York City, has extended its system of water-works along the south shore of the island and has turned the trout streams into reservoirs which get warm in summer and therefore have no trout in them. One exception is Massapequa Lake, which still has trout, although a city reservoir. Here one must get a permit to fish, if he can, and permits are so freely given that the lake is overfished after the first week. A dozen years ago, when it was the private property of Mr. William Floyd-Jones, there was good trouting there, if one had an invitation from its generous owner.

South side streams, which have not been taken by the city, have mostly been posted, and in some of them an angler can purchase the privilege of fishing, but the streams on the western half of the island are not as plenty as before the water-works invasion. At Yaphank there is a fair trout stream called by two names, the "Conetquot" and "Carman's" River.

On the north side there is Mill Creek, flowing into Oyster Bay, near Locust Valley, where some trout are taken, and from there to Smithtown, where the Nissequogue River flows into the Sound, there is no trouting to speak of. On the Nissequogue the fishing is from boats, and some good trout are always taken there early in the season, but by the middle of May but few are to be had.

Other Parts of New York.

It is not worth while to go to the Adirondacks until the ice is off the lakes, which is usually from the first to the middle of May. There are good streams in all the counties north of the New York Central Railroad to Monroe County, in the Catskills, and west of the Hudson River counties, between Albany and Rockland counties,

including Otsego, Delaware and Sullivan, which are back from the river. In the western part of the State there are many good trout streams along the southern tier of counties where streams head, which flow north into Lake Ontario and others that flow south into Pennsylvania.

New Jersey.

There are a few good trout streams in this State, in the northern part, above Mercer and Middlesex counties, but most of them are posted. Men who know of the best streams in this State, or hint that they do, are chary of giving information about them. Years ago I took some trout in Sussex County, in company with that thorough sportsman, the late Theodore Morford, of Newton, but that was long ago, and it is reported that the streams that we fished are not so prolific of trout as then.

Pennsylvania.

Even the wonderful Pine Creek does not yield the trout that it did in the Nessmukian era, when his "Dah-whoop!" echoed among the pines and the old woodcraftsman cut an alder and murdered trout by enticing them with salt pork, a trout's eye or fin, or whatever came handy, for while he was full of poetry it was not of the kind that stirs the heart of the fly-fisher. I used to give him lectures on this subject, but they never got beyond the whiskers on his ears. Still Pine Creek is a fair trout stream to-day, as Eastern trout streams go; it rises back of Wellsboro, Tioga County, flows through a sparsely settled country and drops into the west branch of the Susquehanna River, near Williamsport, in Lycoming county.

Most of the streams in the east, above Easton, are excellent for trout, whether flowing east into the Delaware or into the east branch of the Susquehanna, and back of Stroudsburg, near the Delaware Water Gap. I have had excellent trouting; see sketch of Hon. James Geddes, *FOREST AND STREAM*, Oct. 30, 1897.

All down those parallel ranges of mountains, east and west of the Alleghenys, there are good trout streams which extend into West Virginia and Maryland.

In the South.

There are some good trout streams along the Blue Ridge, in Frederick county, Md., down along this range through Virginia, West Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, and even to the streams in Northeast Georgia, which form the head of the Chattahoochee River. This is the southern limit of *S. fontinalis* on this continent.

The rivers of the Southern States are very prolific of pike, bass, perch, crappie and other good fish, their warmer waters producing fish food in great quantities. To balance this Nature gave to those rivers great gars, and "grindles" or "dogfish," *Ania*, to keep down the surplus. As man now attends to this business there is no longer any use for the uneatable gars and their fellows and they should be exterminated.

Few of the Southern States have Fish Commissions or pay any attention to the fishes as sources of food. Florida has awakened to her needs and has appointed two Fish Commissioners, both of whom are well-known men of acknowledged ability and would be efficient if the State would give them the means to do something, but up to date they have not an appropriation and are paying their own postage. Florida has seen its green turtle disappearing, its fisheries, which once were a great source of revenue, diminishing for want of propagation and protection, and has so far awakened from its lethargy as to authorize the appointment of Fish Commissioners without money to investigate the needs of the State. Thirty years ago, when fish culture was an experiment, Legislatures proceeded with caution and made small appropriations. That day is gone by and Florida should place \$10,000 in the hands of its Fish Commission to enable it to examine its waters, both fluvial and marine, and decide what should be done to benefit the people. The outlay would not come back this year, nor next, but it would be a most excellent investment.

It is singular how tardy the South has been in the matter of fishculture. The rivers which once supplied a profusion of shad for home consumption are now being netted for the last shad to the great Northern markets. Will they wait until the fish are so nearly extinct that the rivers will not furnish enough breeding fish?

The past quarter of a century has seen a revolution in quick transportation which has enabled Southern waters to supply the great markets of the North. This exchanges fish for cash, but when the fish are gone that ends the exchange.

Southern people are apathetic on this question, because fish food has always been plenty, but they have seen the buffalo and the wild-pigeon go before the rapacity of man until the races are practically extinct. The green turtle is threatened with extinction in Florida because the beach-combers, and others hunt their eggs for food. This should be stopped at once.

The idea that fish culture is merely an adjunct to the sportsman should be combatted everywhere. Of course, when fishes which the angler seeks are made plentiful he is entitled to take his share, but the main thing is to increase all valuable fish and to destroy others, since we have upset Nature's balance by killing only such species as we consume; and protection should go hand in hand with propagation.

I have fished in many parts of the South, and have seen the net fishermen throw back useless fish to live and devour better ones. They need to be instructed in this matter, but, lest I be accused of saying that only Southern fishermen need this lesson, I will refer to *FOREST AND STREAM* of Jan. 7, 1899, page 13, where I say the same thing of men in South Bay, N. Y., fishermen who threw seventy-one dogfish, the salt-water cousin of the shark, overboard because it was too much trouble to even knock them on the head. All net fishermen need to be educated in matters that are of vital interest to themselves. They never look beyond the results of the day or the season. As a class the fresh-water market fishermen are ignorant of everything which concerns their business except where to get fish to-day and where to sell them at the best price. Their motto seems to be: "Eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow ye die." They think that the supply of fish is inexhaustible

and have no idea that each fish has come from an egg and passed through daily perils for years before it met its fate at their hands.

While Northern sportsmen go South in great numbers to catch the worthless tarpon of Florida and to take the black bass and other fishes, they also go North to the salmon rivers of Canada and New Brunswick. Very few Southern anglers go North for sport. Most men like to go away from home for sport with rod and gun. A funny instance of this once happened. I was living on Long Island, and had an invitation from a friend to spend a week at his home in Warren county, N. Y., and shoot ruffed grouse, squirrels and rabbits. I did so and three years later a man with a gun on Long Island asked me where he could find some good grouse, squirrel and rabbit shooting, and, in the talk we had it developed the fact that he came from Warren county to look for good shooting! I could tell him nothing, for I had never looked for game about home, although some rabbits bred in my garden each year, and a few gray squirrels scolded me once in a while when I intruded on their domain, but I never thought of using a gun on Long Island.

None of this relates to fishin' time, but you know how talk on any subject runs. A few of us start in to discuss the proper flies, dressed on the regulation hooks for certain waters and then some fellow remarks that "Peter went a-fishin'," and that if we had been fortunate enough to have been there at that time we might have been among the chosen ones, and then some other fellow asks: "What became of St. Paul?" The merchant from Minnesota moves his ears forward at the name and says: "There's mighty good pickerel in the lakes back of St. Paul, and if you boys will come up there next season we'll have a good time; I'll see to the bait."

"Now, speakin' o' bait," said a traveler, "there's no bait for a dawg like a badger an' it takes an all-fire good un to pull one out of his bar'l, 'less he hooks him right."

"Speaking of hooking," said a man with a bundle of trout and bass rods, "I like small hooks and a little hook will —" Here I have to leave the car and lost the rest of it but it shows how a stray thought will lead one from the main trail.

But fishin' time has come, and this week I hope to take a few Long Island trout and legally eat them in that part of New York City which is on Long Island and is officially known as the Borough of Brooklyn, while those who live across the East River must sneak their Long Island catches to their homes and eat them in fear of game wardens until April 16. Verily our law-makers sometimes do queer things.

Fishing and other Philosophy.

CHARLESTOWN, N. H., March 31.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I enclose you, for "The Game Laws in Brief," copies of the various acts passed by our last Legislature, some of them are good, some superfluous, and one, in part, decidedly objectionable. I refer to the one which opens the lower half of the State to trout fishing on April 1. The part of it, which closes the season, in the brooks of the same section, on Aug. 1, instead of Sept. 1, is all right, for the brooks in this section are nearly dried up by that date; but three months' stream fishing is enough for anybody, and to-day every stream is frozen up solid, and the snow in the woods is 3 ft. deep. Last year the boys who went out at daylight on May 1 got a few half-starved, hungry trout, but I did not hear of another one for a fortnight, and the only success I had myself was on May 14, when after a warm rain, which raised the brooks, I got a dozen nice ones, of which I wrote you at the time. This new law was got through before I knew of it, by a lot of impatient "sooners" down at Nashua, and other towns on the south line of the State, where there is a warm "pocket" covering a dozen or twenty towns in the lower Merrimac Valley. It gives them a chance about one year in four, to "go a-fishin'," as soon as their Massachusetts neighbors, but the date for opening, of April 1, is too early for any part of Massachusetts, except the tidal streams on Cape Cod. It simply opens the streams in the Connecticut Valley to the Vermont anglers, a month earlier than they can fish in their own State, and though, as I said, there is only about one year in four when they can take advantage of it, it throws us out of line with our sister States in the same latitude, Maine and Vermont, to fit the caprices of a few hungry men on the Massachusetts. It is the third time in twenty years, that those men have played the same game, and twice, the common sense of the experienced anglers of the State has put the opening day back to May 1 again and that is two weeks too early in average seasons, and I speak from sixty years' experience, from Canada to Massachusetts.

I have been greatly amused by the "weather prophets" this winter, especially with those who go by the "goose bone." About a month ago I read the account of a man down in Tennessee, who, it was said, predicted a hard winter, because he had killed eighteen geese, and their breast bones were all perfectly transparent, which was a sure sign. Last week I saw an extract from a prophecy in the New York Sun of last October, quoting a man who had killed a goose whose breast bone was entirely white, and not transparent at all, and this was also a "sure sign of a hard winter." "Who shall decide when doctors disagree?" It is wonderful how people of average common sense cling to these old superstitions. In all my long life among the woods and waters, I never saw any difference in the muskrat houses, and the thick corn husks are simply the result of a warm, wet summer, and no evidence toward the coming winter, whose weather matters nothing to an ear of Indian corn, which cannot be frozen, and is only affected by temperature when put in a "popper."

I do not wish to interfere in any of Fred Mather's discussions, which he says, he starts for the fun of standing back and seeing some other fellow do the "scrapping," but I was struck by the way in which Mr. Wade "got off the track" in his letter a short time since, in which he said that "the alligator took no care of its young, and therefore could not transmit the fear of man to the progeny," or words to that effect. Education of the young was not the question under discussion, it was the trans-

mission by inheritance of the results of experience of the parents, and the claim was, that there was such transmission "ab ovo," in generation and conception, it is an important factor in evolution, and agrees with the Biblical maxim that "the sins of the fathers shall be transmitted to the children, even unto the third and fourth generation," and this, I look upon to mean inheritance.

It sometimes skips a generation entirely, to return in full force later. My mother had great artistic taste and talent, my brother and sisters all inherited it, but I was left out in the cold! My children all draw and paint, and my oldest granddaughter gives promise of becoming a decided and successful artist.

In judging humanity, we do not make half enough allowance, good or bad, for the unavoidable and irresistible qualities which are simply the result of inheritance.

VON W.

Boston Anglers.

Boston, April 1.—To-day marks the legal opening of the trout season in Massachusetts, but the weather is cold and the season unusually late. Only two days ago there was a sharp freeze, and the slow running streams were all closed with ice. Indeed the ground is still covered with snow in the western and northern part of the State. Yesterday morning there was an inch of new snow in Boston, which barely went off that day. Such weather is not favorable to whipping the streams, and fewer persons than usual have made the attempt to-day. Mr. Robinson has gone down to his Falmouth brook, but he will stay till better weather before trying the trout. The fishermen at Essex, Byfield and other points along the north shore will not attempt to lure the trout till the weather is better. Two or three gentlemen interested in trout preserves in Connecticut told me yesterday that their rigging is all ready, but that they should not think of going after trout till the weather is better. I have heard the opinion expressed several times, within a couple of days, that the trout season opens too early in this State. In the markets there was to be found the usual showing of trout this morning; from the trout hatcheries.

April 3.—In spite of a very cold day, with a biting wind and the ground frozen in the morning, there were more enthusiasts who went after trout April 1 than might have been expected. Several members of the Monument Club started by first train for its trout waters at Bourne. The Tihonet Club was also represented on its brooks at Wareham. A number of gentlemen started for private brooks in Falmouth. Others will wait for warmer days and less ice in the brooks. Grover Cleveland and A. H. Wood are fitting out their rigging and will try their preserves in the vicinity of Buzzard's Bay early this week, if the weather is warm enough. It will be noted that the season is most remarkably late, compared with a year ago. The ice left Sebago Lake, in Maine, April 6th last year, but reports from that point on Saturday say that the ice is doubtless as thick as at any time this winter, with a great body of snow on it. Landlocked salmon fishing began there last year by the 8th, and good catches were made on the 9th and 10th. Boston members of the Sebago Club say that they shall be more pleased than they expect to be, if the ice is out of Sebago on the 19th, which is a legal holiday in this State, and a time when they always try to be in camp. Billy Soule, of the Pleasant Island Camps, Cupsuptic Lake, Me., was in Boston the other day. He says that the snow is very deep in the woods in the whole Rangeley region, with the ice 20 in. thick on the lakes and at least 3 ft. of snow over it. However, he thinks that this snow may "rot away" the ice, and under favorable weather in April the Rangeleys will clear anywhere from the 10th to the 15th of May. Prospects of early fishing in Maine are not good this year.

Three beautiful trout in Dame, Stoddard & Kendall's window, early Saturday morning, were the first harbingers of spring fishing. One of them is being frozen into the middle of a solid block of ice, to be on exhibition this week. Some of the fishermen are inclined to believe that this has been done to represent their condition after fishing on Saturday in the cold wind, but the exhibition is labeled: "How trout winter." SPECIAL.

Identity of Common and Labrador Whitefish.

THE common whitefish of the Great Lakes was first very imperfectly described by Dr. Samuel L. Mitchell, in the American Monthly Magazine and Critical Review for March, 1818. The description, in fact, is so unsatisfactory that his contemporaries and later ichthyologists for more than fifty years supposed it to refer to the cisco, or lake herring, *Argyrosomus arctedi*. A good account of the whitefish was published by Richardson in 1836, under LeSueur's name of *Coregonus albus*, a name published only a few weeks later than that of Mitchell; but, like Mitchell's, unaccompanied by a sufficient description.

In 1836 Richardson established a new species of *Coregonus* upon a dried specimen which he received from Musquaw River, that falls into the Gulf of St. Lawrence near the Mingan Islands, giving it the name *Salmo (Coregonus) labradoricus*. This has been retained in the literature as a distinct species up to the present time, although its close relationship to the common whitefish has sometimes been observed without recorded comment.

Systematic ichthyologists have found it difficult to show clearly the differences between the common whitefish and the Labrador whitefish, as may be seen by referring to the monographs upon the whitefishes by Jordan and Gilbert, Bean and Evermann and Smith. They have been forced to rely, finally, upon a single character, the presence of several rows of teeth on the tongue to distinguish the two forms, and this was supposed to be constant and infallible.

The writer has recently had occasion, while studying the fishes of the State of New York, to examine numerous specimens of the common whitefish from the Great Lakes and interior lakes of New York and of the so-called Labrador whitefish from lakes of New York and New Hampshire and from rivers in New Brunswick and Labrador. As a result of these investigations he is forced to the conclusion that Richardson's species, *Coregonus labradoricus*, is identical with the common whitefish *Coregonus clupeiformis*, there being no characters by which the two can be distinguished. Every individual of

the common whitefish, young and old, was found to have teeth on the tongue and to possess the other characters by which Richardson's species has hitherto been separated.

This conclusion has an important bearing upon fish-cultural operations by the States and the United States, as it will tend to simplify the work of artificial propagation, and, perhaps, extend its scope.—Tarleton H. Bean in Science.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Gum Hunting.

CHICAGO, Ill., April 1.—I was short of a story this week, but happening into the offices of the Chicago Varnish Co. I ran across something which I thought might perhaps give me the story, and also afford the readers of FOREST AND STREAM a little notion of a new kind of hunting. I had often noticed the fine collection of gums in the show-cases of this concern, which collection has been making for the past twenty-five years and is said to be the finest in the world, even much superior to that of the Kensington Museum, of London, but I had always looked at the specimens carelessly, and had never stopped to inquire where this sort of thing came from. To-day I began to pry into the matter more curiously, and soon found myself in a field of natural history which had hitherto been unknown to me at least.

I suppose we have all read about amber, and have heard the stories how flies and other insects are sometimes found preserved in pieces of amber. Here I saw any number of pieces of gums, clear as amber and containing insects sometimes in hundreds or thousands. I saw some giant beetles, as long as one's finger, embalmed in lumps of gum, weighing perhaps a pound or so each, the preserving substance being so clear that all the luster of the beetle's mail was given out as clearly as upon the day when his legs first stuck fast on the side of some big tree in New Zealand 2,000 years ago. For all this "auri gum" is at least 2,000 years of age, and perhaps much older. The lighter gums are perhaps not so old. The Kauri gum is more apt to be dark and smooth, though some of the lighter colored gums are rather higher priced. I saw one piece of Zanzibar copal weighing about 12 lbs. which was thought to be worth fully \$500, so large a piece of that gum being very rare. This sort of gum always has a surface covered with minute dots, or what is called a "goose skin" surface. It is very rare to see a piece of this gum weighing the half of 12 lbs. The largest pieces of gum are of the Kauri, of which blocks as large as 35 lbs. could be seen in this collection. I saw one 50 lb. lump of Kauri gum, cut and polished until it looked like agate or petrified wood. Again, I saw a piece of jet black gum highly polished, which against the light showed blood red. Again, there was a long section showing the grain of a piece of bark, about which the gum had flowed. There was a big fungus-like piece of gum, as clear as water, and some pieces like oyster shell, which I was told came from a part of the Congo country whose deposits are now altogether exhausted.

There are a lot of curious and interesting things connected with the trades and applied arts which are continually passed over by the public because they are out of the ordinary run of life. Thus, perhaps not everybody knows that the common commercial product, varnish, is all made out of gums such as I have been describing, and that all these gums are not taken from the surface of standing trees, as is the spruce gum of the Northern pine woods, but on the contrary must all be dug up from beneath the ground, as though they were minerals and not vegetable products. All these varnish gums are fossil resins, the imperishable residue of forests which have perished and have been swallowed up by the earth. We dig up these immortal spirits of the bygone giant trees, we treat them in certain ways, and then we spread them over our manufactured woods in order that they may be made proof against time.

The general name for these fossil gums is "copal," which is a generic name in Mexico for all sorts of gums. The chief varieties of these resins are amber, "animi" and "kauri." We all know about amber, or think we know about it. It is found in Eastern Germany, along the Baltic Sea, and in some parts of upper Burmah. Usually it is washed out by the waves from the cracks in rocks along the seashore. Men do not hunt for amber as they do for the other gums. You do not hunt for amber, but fish for it, and fish with nets. After heavy storms the amber is washed out of the crevices in the rocks and rolled about in the surf. The fishermen hold their nets against the waves, and thus catch the precious gum. Yet amber is sometimes mined, being found along with lignite in cretaceous blue clay. Sometimes, also, it is found in brown coal deposits attached to bits of bituminous wood. Of course, whether found on the seashore or under ground, amber is only the surviving spirit of the departed pine tree, which may have rotted quite away thousands of years before the bit of gum was found.

The "animi" gum is found in Zanzibar and Madagascar, usually in a red, sandy soil and about 4 ft. under ground. Sometimes it comes also from Demerara, though not in so valuable forms. Thus we may see that these gums come from widely diverse portions of the earth, East and West Africa, New Zealand, and even South America. The latter country has not yet been much worked. The so-called Brazilian gum is of a pale yellow color. Thus far no one has found any copal deposits in North America, I believe. New Zealand is the great gum producing country, but shipments also come from Java and Sumatra. There is a little district about 200 miles across, known as the Sierra Leone district of West Africa, which sends out some valuable gums, and here one ought to qualify the sweeping statement as to the subterranean nature of all copals by saying that there are certain Sierra Leone forests where the gum is collected like our spruce gums, its deposits being sometimes hastened by slashing the bark of the trees. From Sierra Leone also comes the "shot gum," small, round particles, very rare and very expensive. Yet other bits of gums come from this region, known as "pebble copal," right valuable, too. These round little lumps are found in river beds, washed down out of the mountains by the floods. Then there are other African West Coast gums, such as the Congo, Gaboon and Loango copals, though these do not cut much figure in trade, I am told. Not many parts of Asia produce

copals, yet it may be of popular interest to know that some shipments come from Manila, in our new caught Philippine country. These supplies are not native to those islands, but are gathered from the Malay Islands roundabout.

I recollect that at the World's Fair, in the Prussian exhibit, there was shown what was thought to be a fine collection of amber, the specimens all being those which showed imprisoned insects. Yet in the collection to which I have above referred I saw, here in Chicago, many specimens which far surpassed anything in the Prussian exhibit. There was one piece of Bombay "animi," about 15 inches long, which was literally full of insects. There is a certain fascination in studying these strangely perpetuated forms of animal life. Here they were, all sorts of flying and creeping things, fragile and perishable themselves, but kept faultlessly preserved, with even the sheen of wing and the luster of scale untouched, mocking at the mummy-making of most skilled ancient Egypt. It was enough to give one creeps up his back.

This study of the fossil gums has the most interest to me as applied to the far-off country of New Zealand, the home of those splendid savages, the Maoris. This is the country which supplies the bulk of the demand of the gum market, its exports running about \$3,000,000 each year. Auckland being the great shipping point. From this country, I take it, come the black gums, which make the most lasting varnishes. There still stand in these far-off regions forests of the giant conifers known as the Kauri trees. Gum can be taken from these living trees, but this "tree gum" is not used for making varnishes. It needs first to sleep a few centuries under the earth. I saw a piece of Kauri bark which was perhaps more than 4 ft. long, sawed out of the covering of some old tree which was about 8 ft. in diameter and probably at least 1,000 years of age. This piece of bark was all shot full of exuded gum, which made the whole nearly as heavy as lead.

This Kauri wood is something like the California redwood, but it is much harder. It might be used for furniture making were it not for one singular quality, not known, I believe, in any other wood. You may take a plank of Kauri wood, dry it in the sun for years, and season it in a kiln for weeks. It will shrink until apparently it is perfectly seasoned. Now, you saw this plank in two, and each half will at once proceed to shrink at least a quarter of an inch more! Saw each piece in two again, and each remaining new piece will again shrink in the same way. Cut the Kauri, and it will shrink from the cut, and you cannot dry the shrink out of this wood in any way known to man. I imagine this fact is something not generally known.

In the war which man is waging with nature it is hard to predict all the outcomes. Man prevails for a while, until nature calmly swipes a whole people off the face of the earth with one wipe of her hand. As I looked at all these strange and beautiful pieces of singular products from far-off quarters of the world I naturally asked about the extent of the supply. The answer is what might be expected. From year to year the gum districts are worked out, and from year to year the pieces that come into market grow smaller and smaller, and will some day be only chips and flakes and dust. It is no wonder, for these gums have been dug for over 100 years, and we know that centuries ago amber was used in the varnish making of Europe.

But I must not run on about things which may be more interesting to me than to others, nor forget the implied promise to tell how the gum hunters find their gum. In the cases holding the specimens that I saw I noted also, among the boomerangs, spears, wands, etc., from the far-away Maori country, a little hump-backed, long-billed bird, with hairs instead of feathers, looking like a giant woodcock, or perhaps more nearly like a big woodchuck, with a bill a foot or so in length, standing on his hind legs and resting on his nose. This was a "Kiwi" bird, and I think that from him the natives must have taken a lesson. The Kiwi bird runs along the sandy reaches and sticks his long probe down into the sand in search of things to eat. He digs his things desired out from beneath the earth. Near to the Kiwi bird in the case I saw a long, steel probe, arranged with a shovel handle at the top, the blade being perhaps 4 ft. in length, drawn to a point and much worn from contact with the sand and pebbles. Mr. Maori had evidently made himself a Kiwi bill, in order to see what he could find beneath the sand!

In the open bush land of the province of Auckland there are districts of soil altogether barren of any forest growth. This soil is loose enough for probing. Some Kiwi bird of an old Maori once upon a time discovered that under this soil, some 3 or 4 ft., there lay rotted out forests of the giant Kauri pines. Thus it was that the great gum districts became located, one after another. They are exploited to-day as regularly as the goldmines. When the gold-mining is flush the laborers flock to the mines, and when the mines are dull they go back to the gum fields. Once the Maoris mined the gum almost exclusively, but now the whites take a hand. Armed with a sack and his long steel Kiwi probe, the laborer goes slowly over the loose surface which covers the forgotten forest. He thrusts down the slender steel time after time. His trained touch tells him whether he has struck a rock or piece of gum. On and on he goes, tapping and digging, now and then finding lumps or flakes of the Kauri gum washed up into the sand near the surface, and sometimes having to dig the full length of his probe to unearth what he knows is there. Weird and grotesque are some of the shapes which he unearths, and it is no wonder that now and then he adds a touch which makes one into a fish or another into a grotesque squatting god. Now and then he finds a bit of bark run full of the preserving copal, and again he may unearth a lump holding the lizard or the beetle which centuries ago crawled up the giant tree trunk in search of something to eat, and which was itself eaten by the tree, and handed down to us in the slow, grim sport of the ages.

Odd hunting enough must be this search for the buried gum, which comes on man-back to the little outlying stations, and thence ultimately to the seacoasts by horseback, and thence by water and rail to all the civilized portions of the world. There is something of a story in these flakes and lumps of pale, translucent material, a story which runs back to the boomerang days, the times before gunpowder and steam and newspapers, when the

moa and the Kiwi bird made merry together, and the Maori banqueted upon his enemy unmolested by the demands of a higher civilization.

The Taylor System.

I WAS interested to note in a late issue of *FOREST AND STREAM* the comment of Mr. Mather on what he terms the so-called "Taylor system" of fly casting, which he takes not to be a new but an old thing, inasmuch as a friend of his had previously discovered that a rolling cast, with the line making considerable splash on the water, would oftentimes take trout, as against the old theory of delicate casting. In so far as Mr. Mather has discovered that a splashing fly will sometimes take trout, he has hit upon the Taylor idea, but I could not well conceive two more dissimilar methods than those practiced by Mr. Mather's friend, and by Mr. Taylor, as I noted during my fishing with him, Mr. Taylor being evidently one of the men that Mr. Mather has not fished with. The peculiar thing about Mr. Taylor's fishing seemed to me the very short line which he used. Yet I presume that of this line and leader he customarily allowed not more than a foot or so to touch the water, the fly being used in flicking the water as one would cut at a small object with the crack of a whip. It was in its way very delicate casting, and very accurate, and certainly the line did not roll out, but the fly was always the first to strike the water, being at once removed for the next series of sharp but accurate flickings, always delivered very close to the same spot, which was supposed to be in front of the hiding place of a trout. I once fished a deep bend just ahead of Mr. Taylor, and as he came up I could see his fly cutting the water at the edge of the bank just even with me and about ten feet away. As we stood in these relative positions he took two nice trout, which came from somewhere or other and struck his fly in plain sight of where I was standing in the water but a few feet away. I should think Mr. Taylor rarely used more than 20 or 25 ft. of line, and often very much less than that. Yet he was mighty quiet in a stream, avoiding the grating of stones beneath his feet, and being especially careful not to break up the surface of the water into ripples by his wading. I have always taken much interest in this method of fishing, for which credit certainly must be given to Mr. Taylor for independent and I think original discovery. In all these comments regarding a somewhat similar fishing I have seen nothing which indicates to me that other persons have habitually fished in the same way that Mr. Taylor does. His method is so unique and so distinct a departure from the old ideas that it has fully deserved all the attention it has received.

In this connection it may be of interest to state that Mr. J. O. Averill's very interesting article on Japanese fly casting has received reprint in the columns of the *Fishing Gazette* of London. It would seem that the doctrine of short and heavy as against long and light is actually traveling around the world, even to the home of Izaak Walton, who, father of angling as he was, seems to have overlooked this very heretical but very practical way of taking trout.

E. HOUGH.

1200 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Oneida Lake Fish Pirates.

THE time of year for free newspaper advertising for the game protectors, who are supposed to look after illegal fishing in Oneida Lake, is at hand. From now until next winter we may expect startling accounts, now and then, about how the protectors have "bravely" captured nets and made big bonfires. A Syracuse paper Wednesday published a story under scare headlines relating that Protectors Hawn and Warren had dragged sixteen trap nets from Chittenango Creek and the open waters at Brewerton. The protectors may be depended upon to get full credit in most of the newspapers for every fish net bonfire they kindle.

And while the protectors are making a big fuss over the burning of a few nets, the fish pirates are smiling, putting out new nets and shipping fish as though nothing had happened. If there had never been a game protector, it is doubtful if the Oneida Lake would prosper more than it does. Many fishermen along the lake shore pay more attention to teaching their children to make nets than they do to giving the youngsters a school education. But if a few pirates were prosecuted to the full extent of the law perhaps others of their kind would not exhibit so much friskiness. A few protectors of the William H. Lindley type are needed.—Canastota Bee.

The New York Striped Bass Season.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your edition of March 25, Fred Mather seems to think that I wish to have a close season for striped bass, which would prevent angling, whereas I do not care to prevent angling at any season of the year. The wholesale slaughter of bass is caused by seines and other nets in the summer season.

The close season of the proposed law now before the Assembly at Albany is from Jan. 1 to May 1, which covers part of the shad season, and as striped bass are often caught in shad nets, shad fishermen would violate the law by taking from their nets the small number of bass found therein, but after May 1 the seine fishermen would take bass in great quantities and break up the schools, leaving but few for the anglers.

From observation during the past thirty years, I know that seine fishermen are at work at Croton Point and Haverstraw Bay, from May to November, breaking up schools of bass and weakfish and leaving thousands of small fish, including bass, upon the beach.

What is true in this locality must be the case elsewhere. In framing a law for a close season on bass, use a little common sense, upon which all laws are supposed to be founded.

CAPT. A. B. LENT.

Bangor Salmon Pool.

A special from Bangor, Me., Saturday night, says the open season on salmon in the Penobscot begins April 1, but the river is still full of ice, and it is not likely that any fish will be taken in the Bangor Pool for several weeks. Last year the first salmon was taken there on Friday, April 1, by George Willey, of Veazie, and weighed 18 lbs. This was unusually early.

SPECIAL.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

April 4-7.—Boston, Mass.—New England Kennel Club's bench show. James Mortimer, Manager.
Nov. 22-24.—New York.—American Pet Dog Club's show. S. C. Hodge, Supt.

Some Reasoning Dogs.

BOSTON, March 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have read with great interest the articles which have recently appeared in "our" paper on the subject of animal instinct, or reason, and I submit, for what it is worth, a personal experience which I consider as bearing upon this subject. I have observed several instances of, to me, a similar evidence of reasoning in dogs. I thought this was on a somewhat different line from much that has been printed, but I could cite other cases quite as remarkable.

While living in Worcester several years ago I owned a young English setter, Phil, a dog of more than ordinary intelligence. At the same time I had in my employ a man whose daily duties took him to different parts of the city, and Phil was frequently allowed to accompany him for the exercise it gave him. On one of their trips the man entered a Mechanic street saloon, and while he was busy with his "refreshments" Phil trotted around behind the bar, where a large tabby cat was watching over her litter of kittens. She "lit" on the dog's back and rode him out on to the street, and half way up the block. After his back had healed up and haired out he was as pleased as ever to accompany the man about the city, but he could never afterward induce Phil to enter Mechanic street. I tried it once myself. Although he was too well trained to break from a command to heel, his fear was so overwhelming that I turned back rather than prolong such acute mental suffering as he plainly manifested.

Starting out one day in company with a friend, to do an errand at some distance from the office, I called to Phil to accompany us. As our course took us across the end of Mechanic street, I mentioned Phil's aversion to this street and asked the gentleman to observe the dog's actions when he came to that street. As we approached the corner we both glanced at him occasionally. He was trotting along at heel, but showed signs of nervousness. When about half way across the street I looked around for him, but he was not in sight. Neither of us had noticed when he left us; nor could we see him in any direction. There were very few people on the street at the time, and the only object which it seemed possible he could have dodged behind was a passing horse car. I stepped out into the street, where I could see along the further side of the car, but could see nothing of Phil. We looked in all of the doorways in the vicinity, but could find no trace of him. There did not seem to be any shelter he could possibly reach in the very few seconds we took our eyes from him; but he had disappeared completely, and we returned to the office to wait until he should show up.

At the office we found my wife and the missing dog. Her story was as follows: She was coming down-town on an open car, and as it passed Mechanic street she was startled by a dog suddenly landing at her feet. She recognized him quickly and thought that I had seen her on the car and had jumped aboard with the dog. The car did not make a stop at Mechanic street, but was moving slowly. As she failed to find me on the car, however, she got off at the next stop and came to the office to leave the dog and learn, if possible, how and why he had come to her.

The facts in the case are: The dog had the most intense fear of a certain locality; had not sufficient courage to venture there, even in company with his master; and yet he dare not break away against his command. Suddenly he scented Mrs. M., and whether he figured it out that she would protect him, or that going to her would serve as some sort of an excuse for leaving me, I shall not attempt to say. Whatever he thought, he thought, and acted on it mighty quickly.

We noted that the wind was blowing toward the side of the street we were on and so established beyond doubt the fact that he had "winded" Mrs. M. on the passing car. Therefore it does not seem unreasonable to conclude that this was the influence which determined his decision, worked upon, as he was, by two strong emotions—fear and a sense of duty.

The gentleman with me, who is as familiar with these facts as I am myself, is an old hunter and dog lover. Mr. O. A. Benoit, of Worcester, and I have no doubt he would corroborate my story in all its details.

It seems to me that the mental process shown here indicates something more than mere instinct.

C. HARRY MORSE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. Fred Mather is always entertaining and instructive whatever he writes about; and never more so than in his article on "Reason and Instinct," with its numerous citations and illustrations in support of his belief and assertion that some of the lower animals possess and exercise the faculty of reason.

Heredity is a subject which has so many side avenues that it is hardly safe to dogmatize about it; but as a comment on the sentence (vide, p. 304), "Plainly heredity must be very, very hard on trigger indeed, when we cannot bring it into play even by mutilating the bodies of ancestors and keeping it up for a hundred generations," I would merely state that there is a well-authenticated case of a man who, having had one of his fingers amputated, became the father of one child, and I think of two or three children born with the corresponding finger either wholly absent, or partially developed. It has been the fashion for many years to shorten the tails of fox terriers and it is now not very uncommon for them to be whelped with tails of the regulation brevity. I do not know, but I doubt, whether the breed of polled cattle was always a hornless breed. Certainly the screw-tail bull dog and Boston terrier were not always thus.

I am, however, more particularly interested in this dis-

cussion about reason in some of the lower animals. On that I take the affirmative side most decidedly. Worcester's definition of reason is: "That faculty in man, of which either the exclusive, or the far higher, enjoyment distinguishes him from the rest of the animal creation." His definition of instinct is: "A natural impulse in animals by which they are directed to do what is necessary to the continuation of the individual and of the species, independent of instruction and experience." The definition of reason admits its existence in other animals besides man, but in a lower degree than it is enjoyed by man; and it also suggests a kind of reason which may be enjoyed by man exclusively.

May it not be that some of us are looking at the golden side of the shield and the rest of us at the silver side? Is it not a question of degree—like the difference in value between gold and silver? The reason of the child is not equal to that of the adult. Possibly, if dogs lived to the age of three score years and ten, they might develop reasoning powers in a far higher degree to what is easily shown they now possess. Heredity would come in as an auxiliary to perpetuate and increase what former generations had acquired. Of course, to this some one may object that the elephant, the eagle, and perhaps other animals do now live to an age as great as, or even greater than, man. These animals are not, however, like the dog and horse, the constant companions of man. A child, fostered by a wild animal, and spending his life with them, would not even know how to talk in his native tongue, although possessed of the proper vocal organs.

I would claim, with Mr. Mather, and not with him alone, but with thousands of others who have made the dog and the horse their companions, that they possess what is called reason—and exercise it frequently in an unmistakable manner. The influence of association is perhaps greater than any other influence, both morally and mentally. It is especially so with children. The Moravians, who excelled as educators, had a saying that if they could have a child until he was seven years old, they did not care who had him afterward.

By reason of their usefulness and faithfulness, the horse and dog have been companions of man from time immemorial. The Arab horse is the most intelligent of all breeds, because he has been for centuries the constant companion of his master and family. Certain breeds of dogs are more intelligent than others for the same reason.

I would like to cite several instances where dogs have shown the faculty of reason. I think it is hardly fair to conclude that because some one has never known a dog to do so simple a thing as to "push the expiring brands on a fire," therefore all dogs are devoid of reason. With all due respect to the writer, I think this is rather begging the question. It is like the man who, having been accused of stealing by another man who saw him steal, offered to prove his innocence by bringing a hundred men who would swear they hadn't seen him do it. For my part, I humbly think it is evidence of good sense, if not of sound reasoning, for a dog not to take fire brands in his mouth under any circumstances. If a dog had hands and could use a pair of tongs, it would be different. Shakespeare says:

"This boy that cannot tell what he would have,
But kneels, and holds up hands for fellowship,
Does reason our petition with more strength
Than thou hast to deny it."

Six years ago, a gentleman sent me from Toronto a dog. In his letter, notifying me of his coming, he wrote that there was probably only one other dog in the world like him, and that was his little brother. He said his grand dam had taken first prize in Vienna as a Great Dane, and his sire was a greyhound. He suggested my calling him a Canada greyhound; but I preferred to call him a Danish staghound. Every member of my family believes that this dog understands nearly everything we say to him. That he tries to talk English, and would do so if his vocal organs were like those of a man, we also fully believe. As it is, I know by his voice when he is barking to be let in, or is barking at a tramp or peddler, or at a cat up a tree, or a squirrel, or is only barking to let us know some friend is approaching the house. I will mention only one instance in which he showed the reasoning faculty. One day, my daughter threw him a very hard and dry crust of bread. He took it into his mouth, hesitated for a moment, and then went to a pail of water at the pump in the yard and dropped it into the pail. He waited for a minute or two, and then took it out and ate it. On being told this, I thought it over for some time, trying to account for his action; until I remembered that in the kitchen there was a pail into which the cook puts greasy water, and frequently pieces of bread.

Leopard was in the habit of foraging in this pail. He knew that the pieces of bread in that pail were soft, and so he reasoned that if bread was softened by water in that pail, it would be softened by the water in the other pail. He acted upon this theory, and found his conclusions were correct. There was no "sympathy" about it nor can you attribute it to instinct, for it was not an impulse by which he was directed to do something necessary to the continuation of himself or his species. Neither was it the result of any training, or of imitation. It was an original act with him.

Leopard has done other things which showed calculation and strategy, as well as good logical reasoning. But I never knew him to put wood on the fire—and in fact I don't know that he ever had any opportunity to do it.

The late Hon. Timothy Jenkins, of Oneida, N. Y., a very prominent lawyer in his day, had a horse called Jim, and this horse sometimes interfered. He also had a green Irishman in his employ named John. One day Mr. Jenkins was returning from circuit and John met him with old Jim. As they were driving from the station, Mr. J. turned to John and asked quite sharply: "Does Jim interfere any now?" John didn't know what the squire meant by interfere, but he knew that he must say something, and so he said "Interfere!" Shure, sor, he's an able-bodied horse, and he can do it if it is required of him, sor." And so I think that Leopard could even put a stick of wood on the fire, if it "was required of him." But because he has never done so is not, I take it, any very smart proof that he has no reason.

Some years ago I bred a fox terrier whose name was Philip, A. R. R., 4229, and whose pedigree was long and unsullied. It would take too much space to tell of the many "reasonable" things he did in his short life; but I

will mention one thing, in which I think instinct and reason acted harmoniously. Possibly some may object to calling that peculiar sense which we call "scent" possessed by dogs and other animals, instinct—but we call it that for lack of a better word. One of my sons had been in the woods, and in climbing a tree had lost his pocketbook containing some money. In the afternoon of the same day my two sons were sitting on the front doorstep, when they saw Philip coming from the woods with something in his mouth. He came to them, passed by the younger one, and dropped the purse at the feet of its owner. Now in this case, instinct, or that faculty of scent peculiar to animals, made Philip know that the purse belonged to his friend, my son. Why didn't he leave it, just as he would leave the scent of his footsteps? Something besides instinct told him that his young master valued this purse. In his poor dumb, doggy, grateful mind, he reasoned out that it was his duty as a faithful, conscientious, well-bred, well-treated dog, to carry this purse to his master. And he did it. And that he knew he had done the proper thing, and was as well pleased as his young master was, let no one doubt! His vocal organs were all imperfect. He could not talk; but he wig-wagged his sentiments just as clearly as Dewey or Schley could signal from ship to shore. Faithful and almost human, old Phil! Under the bed of annual foliage plants the remains of his true and plucky little ego rest. Of his sub-ego I am an agnostic.

Two other fox terriers that I bred, both related to Philip—their mother by Perry Belmont's Bacchanal—were very intelligent; perhaps not more so than their brothers and sisters.

One of them I gave to my daughter, living in New York city. She brought him into the country one summer and he got filled with fleas. When she took him to town she put him into the bath tub and scrubbed him with a brush. Some time afterward she went away and left him with the servants, and he went into the coal cellar and got very dirty. When his mistress returned he expressed great delight, and ran upstairs to the bath room, jumped into the bath tub, took the brush in his mouth and whined; asking her as plainly as language could have expressed it, to wash him as she had done before. Memory and intelligence were certainly shown, and I think, there was also a little bit of what we call reason exhibited. And as "cleanliness is akin to godliness," let us humbly regard the dog as not beneath our esteem. In olden times they ate of "the crumbs which fell from their master's table," and these "crumbs" were pieces of soft bread which served the purpose of napkins, and were not the chance droppings.

The litter sister to this fox terrier is the handsomest fox terrier I ever saw. She belongs to Dr. Rodman, of Huntington, L. I., a brother of the former owner of the famous setter known as Scott Rodman's Dash. He had a bull terrier which he kept on the chain. His wife told him that the fox terrier unbuckled his collar and let him loose. He would not believe it, until one day she called to him and told him to watch the fox terrier. He saw her pull at the strap until she got the end out from the loop, then she pulled on it until she unbuckled it—the bull terrier holding still the while—and when she had got the collar off they started away for a frolic. Now I do not think you can call this instinct. I think there was more ego than sub-ego in it; and if there was not reason, what will you call it?

I could cite many more instances equally as strong, which have come under my own observation, but I will close this communication with one more, which I can vouch for as being authentic.

In 1851-3 I was living at the Hague, in Holland. The chaplain of the English embassy then was the Rev. Mr. Harris. He told me that he was visiting at a gentleman's place in England, and saw a large dog chase a rat under an outbuilding. He could not get into the hole through which the rat went. He started for the house and came back with a cat in his mouth, and put her at the hole. The cat went under the building and caught the rat. The dog was on good terms with the cat.

Now there was exhibited in this very good reason, and also quick action upon this reason. There was no instinct about it. It was downright and upright reason. It was a clear case of *ratiocination*. This dog may not ever have put a fire-brand on an expiring fire to keep himself warm. Possibly he might have kept warm in some other way.

Perhaps he would have accepted a calf's hide stuffed with straw for a real calf—as many a child might do—and not have noticed a color in pups that smelt alike, but you couldn't fool him on the size of a hole, and the comparative size of himself and a cat.

The old saying is: "There's reason in all things," and we beg leave to add, "especially in dogs."

DE CANIBUS.

Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels.

Mr. Edward Dexter, of Boston, Mass., whose name is familiar to all sportsmen who are interested in the affairs of the dog and gun, has sold his famous kennel of pointers and setters to Mr. Hobart Ames, of North Easton, Mass. The kennel will be located at Charlottesville, Va., and North Easton, Mass., and will continue under the old name, which has been conspicuous in field trial annals for so many years. We are informed that Mr. Dexter feels that he is in years where he would prefer to see a younger man carry on his good work on the lines laid down by him with such success through so many years, and he feels content in having found that man in the person of the popular sportsman, Mr. Hobart Ames. The policy of the kennel will be to run the dogs to their utmost in every competition, try to breed the highest type and worker possible, the pointer receiving special attention. Mr. Ames will add his own famous bitches, all field trial winners, to the kennels. They are Christina Guenn and Lady Mildred.

Mr. Dexter's name has been associated for many years with field trial competition where it was hottest—East and West and South. He was neither exultant in victory nor despondent in defeat, though to success he was not at all a stranger. His retirement is distinctly a loss. Mr. Ames has been a field trial patron for many years, and now widens the sphere of his action in the sportsman's world.

Jim.

Edmund Day in Detroit Tribune.

Jest an orn'ry yaller pup,
'Thout no breed nor kin.
Eats a heap o' vittles up,
Yet he's allus thin.
'Taint the sleekest kinder skin.
Hides the kindest heart;
Take a costly dog ter win
Me and Jim apart.

Tell yer what the critter done,
He jest saved my life,
That time old Marm Robinson;
Visited my wife.
She's Sue's mother, don't yer see;
Best she ever had,
But we never could agree,
'Cause I made her mad.

Marm staid with us jest a week,
Seemed an awful spell;
Wife an' me, we didn't speak,
Home was jest like—well
'Tweren't jest as nice a place
As it was before.
Frowns and scowls on ev'ry face,
An' a heap o' jaw.

Then I found this yaller pup,
Comin' home one night;
Picked the orn'ry critter up,
I was kinder tight.
Fetched him home like he is now,
Got marm's dander up,
Made her raise an awful row,
Swore she'd kill the pup.

Jim next day got prowlin' 'round,
While marm took her nap,
An' when she were sleepin' sound,
Ate her Sunday cap.
Chewed her knittin' all ter bits,
Chased her Maltese cat,
Scared the critter inter fits—
Wise young pup, sir, that.

Marm she swore she wouldn't stay
In the house with him,
Packed her duds an' moved next day,
All along of Jim.
An' when I come home that night,
'Spectin' frowns an' strife,
Jim he wore that collar bright—
Put thar bv my wife.

Now you see why we love Jim;
Yes, my wife an' me,
Think a mighty heap o' him,
Saved us both, yer sec.
Marm writes that she'll visit us.
When Jim goes away.
Wife an' me no longer fuss—
Jim, you bet, will stay.

Mr. A. C. Wilmerding's Watnong Wiggley.

Mr. A. Clinton Wilmerding writes: I have just lost my well-known working spaniel Watnong Wiggley (No. 38683) by pneumonia. He was a striking dog in appearance, being beautifully marked, and active and stylish when worked with the gun. There are a host of people who knew him who will feel his loss almost as keenly as I do, as he was such a popular favorite. I killed about 200 birds over him last fall. He was about seven years old at the time of his death.

Canoeing.

A. C. A. Regatta Programme, 1899.

SINCE the annual meeting Com. Thorn has appointed a regatta committee, including Messrs. Al. T. Brown and John W. Ely, of Rochester, and F. B. Huntington, of Milwaukee; also Mr. John S. Wright, of Rochester, as chairman of the camp site committee, and Dr. F. R. Smith, of Rochester, as Fleet Surgeon. The regatta committee has issued the following proposed programme for the meet races, to which the attention of all members is called. Com. Thorn has not yet decided on the camp site, though it will be somewhere in the vicinity of Grindstone Island.

Thousand Islands, Aug. 4 to 18 inclusive, 1899.

Members A. C. A.—Following programme of events for the next annual meet of the American Canoe Association has been prepared by the regatta committee. Criticism and suggestions invited. The committee's shell is good and thick; take a hack at it and have done with it. If any member can suggest anything new in the racing line, we want to "get next" immediately.

Sailing Races—Decked Canoes.

Event No. 1—Record Combined Race—Paddling and sailing, half mile alternately, three miles; time limit, one and one-half hours; start to be made under paddle. Aug. 8, A. M.
Event No. 2—Record Sailing—Four and one-half miles; time limit, two hours; same rig and seat to be used in events Nos. 1 and 2. Aug. 8, P. M.
Event No. 3—Record Paddling—One-half mile straight-away. Same canoe as events Nos. 1 and 2. Aug. 9, A. M.
Event No. 4—Unlimited Sailing—Six miles; time limit, two and one-half hours; see rule 1 of sailing regulations. Contestants in Trophy race will be selected in this event under rule 5 of racing regulations. Aug. 9, A. M.

Event No. 5—Trophy Sailing—Nine miles; time limit, three and one-half hours. See rule 5 of racing regulations. Aug. 10, A. M.

Event No. 6—Dolphin Sailing Trophy—Seven and one-half miles; time limit, three hours. Canoe winning first place in Trophy race will not compete in this event. Aug. 10, A. M.

Event No. 7—Novice Sailing—Three miles; time limit, two and one-half hours. Open only to members who have never contested in any but their own club sailing races. Aug. 10, P. M.

Event No. 8—Sailing, Live Man Overboard—Decked sailing canoes, one-fourth mile. At the discharge of gun, the passenger will go overboard, the canoe will pass around the quarter-mile buoy, pick up his man, and then sail to home buoy.

Sailing Races—Open Canoes.

Event No. 9—Open Canoe Sailing—One and one-half miles; one and one-half hour's time limit. Open or partially decked canoes allowed.

Event No. 10—Combined Sailing and Paddling—One-half mile alternately, one and one-half miles; time limit, one and one-half hours. Start under sail. Single blades. Open or partially decked canoes allowed.

Note—In events 9 and 10 the sail area is limited to 40 square feet. No rudder, or seat projecting beyond gunwales, allowed. One pair detachable leeboards may be used. The paddle can only be used for steering except in event No. 10 on the paddling leg. The same canoe, sail and leeboards will be used in both events. Canoes may have the usual bow and stern decks of about 32ins., and side decks of about 2ins. wide with combing about 1½ins. high. Canvas covers or other substitutes for decks will be measured as decks.

Division Sailing Races.

Event No. 11—Atlantic Division Cup.
Event No. 12—Central Division Cup.
Event No. 13—Northern Division Cup.
Event No. 14—Eastern Division Cup.
Event No. 15—Western Division Cup.
Event No. 16—Northern Division Open Canoe Sailing for Orilla Cup.

Note—Division sailing cup races will be sailed on Aug. 14, weather permitting, provided they have not been sailed at division meets and will be sailed under the rules provided by each division, which will be posted on the bulletin board day of race, and called in the order published. Division regatta committees will run their own sailing races. (See chap. 9.)

A. C. A. War Canoe Championship Race.

Event No. 17—War Canoe Race—A. C. A. championship, one mile straight-away. Aug. 16, 10 A. M.

Division Paddling Races.

Event No. 18—Western Division Gardiner cup paddling; open canoes.

Event No. 19—Northern Division war canoe race; open to A. C. A. members only. Aug. 16, 3 P. M.

Paddling Races.

Event No. 20—Trophy Paddling—One mile straight-away; paddles optional. Aug. 15.

Event No. 21—Tandem Paddling—Single blade, open canoes, half mile with turn.

Event No. 22—Relay Race—Open paddling canoes, single blades; one and one-half miles, over sailing course; three men from each club or division. Starters paddle to and around first buoy, pass an article to second man, who paddles to and around second buoy, passing to third man, who paddles to the finish.

Event No. 23—Paddling—Single blade, half-mile, with turn.

Event No. 24—Novice Paddling—Single blade, open canoes, one-half mile with turn. Open only to members who have never contested in any but their club paddling races.

Event No. 25—Four Men Paddling—Single blades, open canoes, one-half mile with turn.

Event No. 26—Tandem Overboard—Single blades, open canoes, one-fourth mile. At the discharge of the gun both men will jump overboard, clear of their canoes, regain their seats in same, and paddle to home buoy.

Event No. 27—Tail-end Race—Single blade, open canoes, one-eighth mile. Paddlers will kneel in bow of canoe and paddle bow first with the wind.

Event No. 28—Upset Paddling—Single blade, open canoes.

Event No. 29—Hurry-scurry—Single blade, open canoes. Run, jump, swim and paddle.

Event No. 30—Ladies' Paddling—Single blade, open canoes, one-fourth mile with turn.

Event No. 31—Ladies' Tandem Paddling—Single blade, open canoes, one-fourth mile with turn.

Event No. 32—Swimming—One hundred yards.

Event No. 33—Tilting Tournament—Sparring poles will be provided by the regatta committee. Each sparrer will stand immediately aft the forward thwart. Both contestants must be on their feet when giving and taking.

Notes.

First, second and third prizes will be awarded in all events except No. 33. Two starters to win first, three starters to win second, and four starters to win third.

Flag prizes will be awarded sailors and paddlers. First prize flag will be blue ground with event in white letters; second prize same as first, except body will be red; third prize same as the others, except body will be white.

Events Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15 will be called on the dates shown in programme weather permitting. The time for starting same will be posted on bulletin board by 8 A. M., date of race. Postponed events will be run off first opportunity.

Events Nos. 17, 19, 20 will be run on dates shown in programme, wind, sea, or rain notwithstanding.

The committee reserves the right to call remainder of programme at any time during the meet when in their judgment the conditions are most opportune notice of which will be posted on the bulletin board at 8 A. M., date of race.

A special banner, emblematic of the "A. C. A. War Canoe Championship," together with a suitable "follow" prize, donated by Com. Thorn, will be awarded the winning crew of the war canoe event. Flags for second and third places will be awarded also. There is promise of a handsome cup, to be either a perpetual or limited trophy, in addition to the banner for the winning crew, announcement of which will be made later.

Entries must be filed with the clerk of the course one hour previous to calling of any race.

All events will be called promptly at hours designated on bulletin board. Events postponed for lack of starters will not be called the second time. Stragglers will be ruled off the course.

AL. T. BROWN, Rochester, N. Y., Chairman.

JOHN W. ELY, Rochester, N. Y.

F. B. HUNTINGTON, Milwaukee, Wis.

A Few Stray Leaves from the Log of the Frankie.

BY THE 'COMMODORE.'

[Continued from page 256.]

All was bustle and confusion in the morning. The camp was struck, the canoes packed and slid down the sandy bank into the river. A big farm wagon was brought down the lane and backed up to the edge of the bank above the camp, and the heavy wooden skiff, Mac, was carried up and loaded on it.

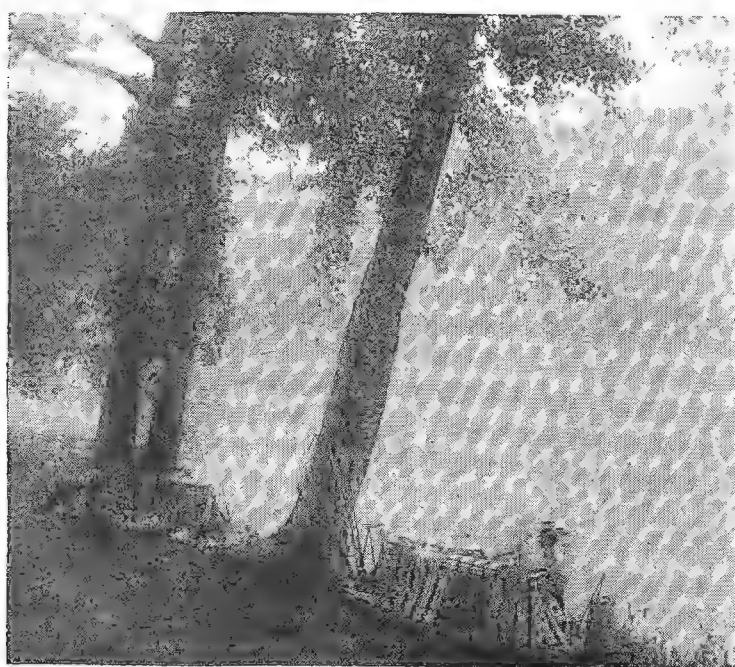
Prof. Murray having declared that nothing could induce him to continue on the river another mile, he decided to abandon the trip right here, so after the Mac was comfortably disposed of, he and Dunbar, and Baldwin Wayt climbed up into the wagon with the boat, and with cordial good-bys and well-wishes, were driven off down the road four miles to Milnes, from whence they would return home by rail. The Doctor and Lacy also intended to abandon the cruise and return home from Milnes, but decided to accompany us down the river that far; so with farewell greetings to Mr. Coffman and his family, who came down to see us start, we stepped aboard our canoes and were swiftly whirled away on the rapid stream.

We found more ledges, fish dams, rapids and rough water generally crowded into the five miles of river between Coffman's and Milnes than we had experienced in any ten miles above, and when we finally beached our canoes on the rocky shingle in front of Milnes after a steady mile and a half of boiling, foaming downhill rush of waters, plentifully strewn with rocks and ledges, where the big waves tossed us around and washed our decks and drenched our arms and shoulders in a way the like of which we had not before experienced, we were very glad indeed that the Mac party had not attempted the run.

We were at Milnes several hours. While here we received accessions to our supplies from Staunton by express, and I gladly embraced the opportunity to express my sail back to Staunton, as I had found it to be but a useless encumbrance. At the express office we found our quondam companion, the Mac, lying on the platform. It was a matter of much amusement to us at almost every ford, camp or stopping place on the trip, from the very start to Coffman's, wherever anybody gathered to see us, to hear the universal expression of opinion in favor of the Mac, and the universal distrust of the little narrow, frail-looking canoes. Every man who had an opinion to express stated emphatically that he would be everlastingly objugated and otherwise imprecated if he wouldn't "take his chances in that 'ere skiff, and didn't want nothin' to do with them 'ere new-fangled, cranky little punkin seeds of canoes!"

IX.

I was awakened very early in the morning by the vigorous crowing of a big red rooster of undoubted lung power perched on the fence but a few feet from the Frankie's tent, and found it was raining heavily;



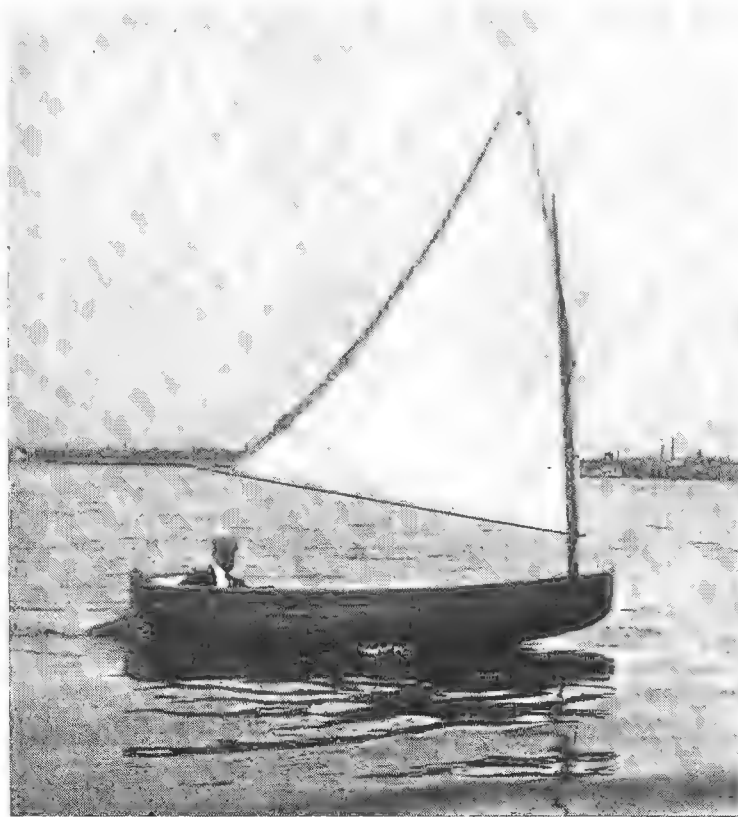
OUR CAMP.

so, after housing sufficiently to shy a convenient club at the rooster as a suggestion to him to sound his morning bugle elsewhere, I wrapped myself snugly in my blankets and turned over and went to sleep again, soothed by the musical patter of the rain on the roof and sides of my tent. A late start was the consequence, and it was 10 o'clock before we were again afloat.

We packed the canoes where they lay and carried them down the high, steep bank, with the willing assistance of the curious little knot of rustics gathered around us, and launched them over the side of the ferry boat, stepped aboard and dropped gently down the smooth, still reach below the ferry, down the swift, gravelly rapid below, around the bend, out of sight

of the little hamlet, and along the giant ragged flanks of the Fort Mountain, which rises directly from the water's edge in a grand, imposing, tree-covered slope clear to its lofty summit, a couple of thousand feet above. The river is very crooked in this region, and pursues a zigzag course back and forth across the narrow valley from east to west and from west to east, in search of an outlet through the mountains, for nearly fifty miles.

In a short time we were off Mauk's mill, and passed the dam with not a little difficulty and danger. The dam, after crossing the river in a straight line until quite near the right bank, turns at right angles and runs for quite a distance down stream parallel with the bank until the mill is reached. Right in this angle there was a good-sized break, through which the water rushed in a furious torrent, with a drop of 5 or 6 ft. in a couple of canoe lengths. It was rough beyond description, but we were game to tackle it, as there was plenty of water. I went first in the Frankie, and passed over the dam successfully, but after pitching and tumbling down the steep slope, smashing upon the hidden rocks at the foot of the break so badly that I was in imminent danger of a capsizing. I threw off my apron and threw open my midship hatch, and gathered myself together for a hasty jump overboard to save my canoe and stores from



A SAILING DINGHY.

irretrievable smash, when, with one or two more parting bumps I cleared the rocks. George pluckily followed in the Rosa, undismayed by my hard luck. He crossed the dam a little further to the left, and although he hung up badly on the dam, he escaped the rocks below, and we shot on down the swift rapid below the dam, waving our helmets in response to the congratulatory salutations of the little settlement around the mill, which—men, women and children, including a sprinkling of pretty girls—were scattered along the bank in the dooryards to see us run the dam, and fully expecting to see us get a spill.

The day's cruise was simply a succession of rapids, falls and dams, interspersed with dams, rapids and falls. On the good water we had we took everything that offered, and although we met with no mishaps, we had a rough, wet time of it.

Late in the afternoon, after picking our way through probably the worst and most troublesome series of reefs we had yet encountered, we reached Goode's mill. The fall of the river was so considerable that there was not half a mile of slack water above the dam, although it was an unusually high one. The channel through the reefs above led us close along the left bank, and as I expected, we found a shoot in the dam on this side also. It was such an unusually rough one that we landed to reconnoitre instead of going right through, as we had heretofore done.

The dam was built on a heavy line of reefs, and ran straight across the river from the right bank until within a few yards of the left bank, where it ended, and was joined at right angles by a heavy wall of timbers and rocks, which extended up the river some 30 or 40 yds., parallel with the left bank, when it made another right-angle turn and came in to the bank. The shoot was formed by merely leaving off the top course of timbers on this short wall extending out from the bank. The fall was a perpendicular one of about 4 ft., over which the water slid in a smooth, deep flow, without apron or other attachment to break its force or give it slope. Immediately below the fall the water reared itself up on end in a huge, foam-crested coamer, nearly or quite as high as the fall itself, followed by a long line of lesser coamers down the swift little canal between the wing of the dam and the bank, which ended in a nasty ragged fall about a yard high, over the rough reef on which the dam was built. Below this was 100 yds. of quite rough rapids.

"Well, what do you think of it?" said I, as we gazed in dismay down upon this unpromising looking hole in the river.

"Pretty rough," was George's not very reassuring reply.

"I believe I'd rather walk," said I, as we made our way down through the underbrush and inspected the rough looking little canal, and the angry ragged fall at its foot.

"What's the chances for a portage?"

"Poor. I don't see how we can get the canoes up this high, steep bank, nor how we could get them through this thick underbrush, after we get them up."

"How about the other side of the river?"

"Well, the bank looks clear over there, but the river

is a quarter of a mile wide, the current is so swift through the mill pool we'll have to paddle back up the river that far before we dare venture to cross above the dam, and after we get over there we'll have to carry the canoes around the mill as well as the dam, as it is built right up from the water."

"That's so. I guess we'll have to run the shoot!"

"Well, here goes!" said I, as I stepped into the Frankie; gave an extra touch to the fastenings of the fore and aft hatches, closed the well tightly in front of me, pulled the apron up to my chin and pushed off, while George remained on the bank, to see me go through.

My canoe slid smoothly over the dam and swooped down the steep fall with a dizzying swing. She stuck her sharp nose squarely in the middle of the huge coamer below and drove right through it. The water rolled in a solid sheet clear over the canoe from stern to stern at least a foot deep, and the foaming crest of the wave struck me full in the face, completely drenching my arms and shoulders, which were above the apron, while the water poured in around the aft corners of my apron by the tubful, pretty effectually drenching the rest of my anatomy below the apron. The canoe shivered and trembled with the weight of water on top of her, and I still wonder why her light canvas decks were not crushed in by the load. She finally staggered to the surface and fled, pitching affrighted down the rough canal and plunged headlong over the 3 ft. fall at the bottom, where she hung up so hard and fast on the reefs that I narrowly escaped a capsizing, only escaping by good management and dexterous, vigorous shoves with my paddle, assisted by the boiling torrent around me.

I finally got off into the smoother water below, where, without waiting to run the rapid, I made a landing and scrambled ashore, and hurried along back up the bank in a quiver of excitement to see George make the plunge.

"Now, darn you; let's see you go through!" was my excited exclamation (so George avers; I have no recollection of it myself), and through he went, pretty much as I did.

He made a landing alongside of the Frankie, and as we sat on the bank, dipping the water out of our canoes, we congratulated each other on our successful passage, the while we vowed we would attempt no more such shoots.

The river ran deep and still, though always swift, for miles. The Fort came down out of the clouds in a long, sloping, gracefully undulating, tree-clothed spur, which lost itself in the heavy woods along the river. The Massanutten range came to an end as abruptly as it began; the historic peak, used as a Confederate signal station, standing like a giant sentinel over the broad, reunited valley sweeping smilingly away to the distant Potomac. The railroad returned to the river again, and followed more or less closely along the bank; now directly along the water's edge, as it lay along some narrow little shelf in the side of the cliffs or hills, now taking a short cut through the level fields across some bend, to reappear again further down. The dense forests along the banks gave place to smiling green fields; farmhouses and mansions appeared here and there, and the lovely, peaceful, twilight, pastoral surroundings were the more welcome after the wild solitude of the all-day-long cruise.

Occasional short, steep, gravelly slopes appeared, down which the river rushed boisterously, but deeply and free from obstructions, affording us fine coasting, with nothing to look out for but the big waves, which our canoes rode buoyantly.

A densely packed excursion train thundered by up the road as we were pitching and tossing safely down one of these rifts, and a whirlwind of handkerchiefs whitened the sides of the cars, evidently a tribute of admiration to our daring, which we returned by waving our helmets.

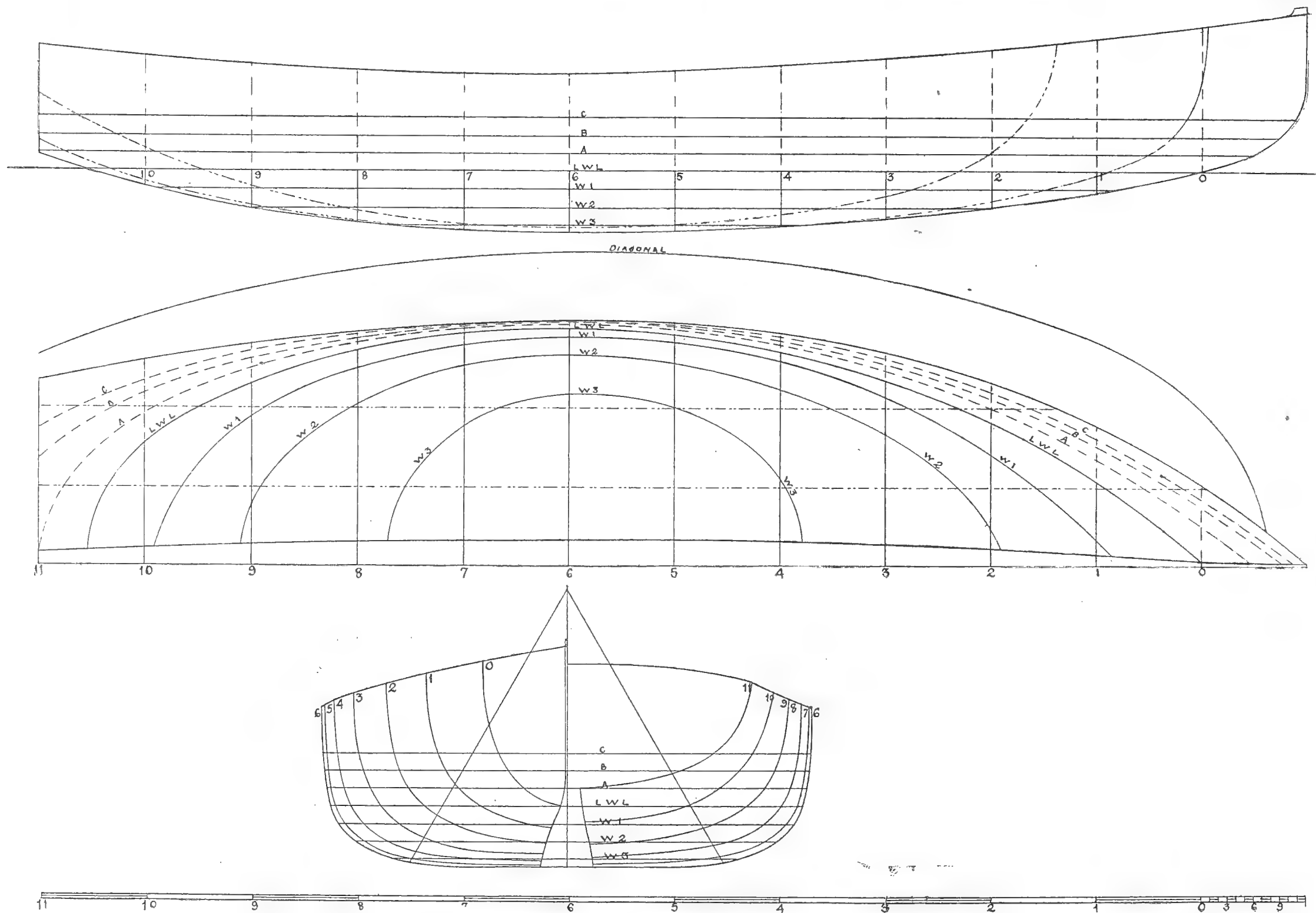
We portaged around the Blakemore dam, although it had an open shoot in it. The dam was a high one, and the shoot consisted of a huge trough of logs, down which the water pitched and roared at an angle of about



RUNNING A DAM.

60 degrees. The floor of the trough did not seem to extend below the water, and the torrent pitched off the end of it like a huge spout, and the enormous wave that reared its foaming, splashing crest high in air at the foot of the spout looked so menacing to small craft that we hadn't the sand to tackle the shoot, and so, very wisely I think, we carried our canoes around.

Twilight had long been stealing its shadowy folds around us, and now darkness began to close in on us, accompanied by a light rain; but still on we pushed as hard as we could drive, regardless of the occasional light rifts, our destination now not far off. We rounded one more bend, and the whitewashed side of the lofty railroad bridge at Riverton gleamed through the fast falling shades of night, and in a few minutes more we were



SAILING DINGHY—DESIGNED BY J. WILTON MORSE, ESQ.

groping around among the gondolas and other craft moored above the mill on the right bank, in search of a landing and camping place, the broken ruined piers of the old bridge, burned during Jackson's historic onslaught on Banks at this place, rising like spectres in the gloom from the deep, still, black waters.

We found no favorable landing on this side, as the bank rose steep and high from the water, and felt our way carefully across the river to the left bank through the darkness, the roar of the river falling over the big old dam but a few yards below sounding startlingly close through the gloom, and stepped ashore at a good landing place where several rowboats were moored just as a small party of young men from the village out for an evening swim reached the spot.

"Hello, boys! How far up you been?" they asked, as we were laboriously pulling the canoes ashore, evidently mistaking us in the darkness for two of their own number.

"As far up as Staunton," George replied. "Will you kindly give us a lift with these canoes up the bank?"

They readily and cordially assisted us, as they discovered their mistake, and carried the canoes for us up on to a nice grassy bank under the spreading branches of the trees, between the roadside and the river, and were greatly interested as we briefly outlined our story. We threw off the hatches and spread our blankets, and put up the tents as hastily as possible to keep the blankets from getting wet by the light rain that was falling with more threatening.

A few sticks were hastily gathered and placed in the camp stove and well saturated with coal oil and lighted; a quick, plentiful supper of bacon and eggs, flanked by bread and butter and steaming hot coffee, prepared and stowed away by the light of my boat lantern, and we crawled into our tents, leaving our supper utensils to care for themselves until morning, and speedily dropped off to sleep, pretty well tired out with our thirty-three miles' battling with reefs, rapids, falls and dams, the rain soothing us with its gentle lullaby on our canvas roofs the whole night long. F. R. WEBB.

Drafting.

Yacht Designing.—XXVII.

BY W. P. STEPHENS.

(Continued from page 240, March, 25).

MANY of the instruments of the draftsman are adaptable to a variety of uses for which they were never intended; for instance, the T square with shifting head is a favorite weapon for broadsword practice among students, the dividers come into play as nut-picks, reamers and awls, and the scales and straight edges serve as guides for a knife in cutting paper. If any such uses are contemplated, only the cheapest instruments should be purchased, to be thrown aside in a short time as worthless for drafting. If good instruments are purchased, they should be used and preserved with the greatest care, as

they are extremely liable to injury and deterioration. Some of the more expensive instruments, such as the long straight edges and the larger triangles, are practically useless after they once become slightly out of truth, with the edges warped or nicked and the angles untrue.

It takes a good deal of time on the part of the draftsman who is working regularly day by day if he has to put every tool away in its own special receptacle at night, and this is seldom done, even where elaborate instrument cases are at hand; the tools are left to lie about from day to day, only being stored in their proper places at long intervals when the work stops for a time. The best plan is to have the drafting room so arranged that everything may be quickly restored to its proper place after using. The weights should have a strong shelf near to the drafting table or in the lower part of it; the battens should be kept in a long box about 2 in. wide and 1 in. deep, with a hinged lid, or there may be separate boxes for long and short battens. The longer straight edges, T squares and curves should hang on the wall, against a piece of baize cloth if the wall is at all damp, and they should always, whether in use or not, be kept out of the sun. It is a great help and comfort in drawing to have a board that is perfectly true and flat, and scales, curves and triangles that lie perfectly flat on it; but all of these instruments, whether of wood, ivory or celluloid, are liable to warp however carefully treated, and are certain to do so if left in the sun. The small curves, of a foot or less in length, are best stowed in a shallow box or drawer, a couple of feet long, 8 in. wide and 2 in. deep; and a similar box will hold all the scales; these being merely laid in loosely and not put into racks.

The most convenient receptacle for the numerous small instruments is a home-made affair, a plain box about 30 in. long, 10 in. wide and 2 in. deep inside measurement, with a hinged lid. This box is fitted with five small drawers or tills, each 10 by 5 by 1 in. outside measurement, made of 1/2 in. wood, these sliding on ledges 1 in. deep along the sides of the large box. One of these tills contains the pencils, one the pens for lettering, one the drafting pens, one the various compasses and dividers, and one is devoted to miscellaneous tools. The space beneath them in the bottom of the large box contains the protractors, reading glass and odd tools not in constant use. None of the tills are arranged with a distinct slot for each tool or part, but they are simply lined with some suitable material, the tools being laid in loosely. With such a box a handful of tools may be quickly gathered up when work is over and distributed each in its proper place, there being no waste of time in changing points, etc., to fit the notches of the ordinary case.

The larger and more expensive instruments, such as the planimeter, integrator, etc., are sold in special cases fitted to hold them without injury, and should always be kept in them. These cases should, if possible, be so made that the instruments can be stored away in any state of adjustment, without being opened or closed to some particular point merely to fit the case. This is an important detail, but one usually overlooked by the makers.

It is impossible to handle instruments without in time dimming the first polish, which can only be restored by the maker, and the most carefully used tools will inevitably show some wear, but they should never be allowed to rust. In the case of such complicated and ex-

pensive instruments as the planimeter, all parts should be wiped with a soft cloth after using to remove dust and the moisture of the hands, which will cause a little rust; but the dividers and other small instruments are hardly likely to get such care, nor do they suffer so much for the lack of it.

The great enemy of the draftsman is dirt, chiefly in the form of dust, which finds its way everywhere. To combat it successfully there is needed a common dust brush or feather duster for the drawing boards, tables, etc., which should be vigorously used before beginning work; a much finer brush reserved solely for the surface of the paper, for removing dust and also the particles of paper, ink and graphite produced by erasure, and third, a dust cloth for the scales, triangles, curves, etc. These all collect dust from the air and more or less moisture and dirt from the fingers, transferring them to the surface of the paper. Some of this dirt may be removed after the drawing is completed by the use of india rubber or of stale bread, but a good deal of it will remain. By way of prevention, the paper should be dusted before beginning work, the instruments should be wiped off with the dust cloth, and occasionally a slightly damp cloth may be used on scales, triangles, etc., to freshen them up. Too much water is likely to injure them, but a little carefully applied will clean them without damage.

The idea of cleanliness is more than a mere sentiment, as when it comes to the inking, good work cannot be done on dirty paper. The use of the drafting pen and india ink is by no means an easy matter, but one demanding skill, experience and care to produce good and reasonably rapid work. Even under the best conditions, with clean paper, clean pen, and ink freshly rubbed in clean water on a clean slab, the result is not invariably satisfactory; and with dirt present anywhere it cannot be so.

As previously stated, the common writing ink is absolutely unfit for drafting, or for use in the drafting pen, corroding the instrument and paper, and making a very poor line. The Chinese or "india ink," in solid sticks, has always been the standard material; but similar ink is prepared in liquid form and sold in small bottles. The use of this liquid ink has become quite general of late years, the quality probably being better than of old, and many professional draftsmen use it entirely. At the same time we know of no reason for so doing good enough to offset its marked inferiority to good stick ink. It is assumed that the preparation of stick ink is a slow and very laborious process, to be performed anew whenever a little ink is needed, while with the bottle ink it is only necessary to draw the stopper. There might be some truth in this if it were really necessary in all cases to follow the directions given for the preparation of the stick ink for the very finest drawing, both with the pen and in shading; to rub the stick of ink on the end of the finger and to rub the latter in turn on the ink slab, thus avoiding all grit and grinding the ink perfectly fine. For shading with the brush this process is necessary, as even the smallest speck of solid ink in the brush would spoil the work; for line drawing, however, it is quite sufficient to rub the stick ink directly in the saucer, or slab. A variety of china and stone dishes are sold for this purpose, a very convenient sort being of slate, about 4 in. square and 1 in. thick, with a



SAIL PLAN OF SAILING DINGHY.

saucer-shaped hollow, about 3in. in diameter and $\frac{3}{8}$ in. deep, in the center of which is a small hollow, like the end of a thimble, about $\frac{1}{4}$ in. deep. With this slab is a cover of plate glass.

The stick of ink should under no circumstances be dipped in water, nor even wetted any more than necessary. A little water is dropped on the slab and the stick is rubbed round and round with a gentle pressure until a sufficient amount of ink is ground off, when the end of the stick is carefully wiped dry. If left wet it will soon check and crack, leaving small lumps in the saucer whenever it is used. The stick should be handled carefully, and laid away in a drawer when not in use, as this ink sometimes cracks of itself into many pieces too small for grinding. A good piece once obtained, it will last so far as use is concerned for many years. After being rubbed, the ink should be tested by drawing a broad line and allowing it to dry, when it should appear of a dense black. It is quite likely that the line first drawn may show thin and brownish, in which case more ink must be rubbed up.

In any saucer like the one described, with an air-tight cover, the ink will keep for an indefinite time, a week or two at least, with no deterioration of quality, the slight evaporation will make it a little thicker and it may be even blacker than at first. If it becomes too thick to work freely in the pen, a drop or so of water may be added, the mixture being thoroughly rubbed up with the finger end. So far as the time and labor of rubbing are concerned, the one reason for resorting to the liquid inks, with the proper appliances, it is but a matter of five minutes in a week. Once prepared, there is no comparison between the stick and the bottle ink, the former is in every way superior. It is not always possible to select the right kind of stick ink, and in its absence, or in fact for those who do only occasional work, the better brands of the liquid inks, in particular "Higgins," furnish a passable substitute; but if one has much pen work to do, the sooner he discards entirely all liquid inks and provides himself with a good stick of solid ink, the better for his temper.

India ink is composed of carbon, sometimes lamp black and sometimes the coloring matter of the cuttlefish, compounded with a mucilage into more than a mere mechanical mixture. It does not soak into the body of the paper, like common ink, but lies on the surface, and if of the proper quality it is very black and practically indelible; though it may be almost completely removed without injury to the paper by means of a sharp eraser. It so happens that the ingenious Chinese counterfeits the shapes and markings of the best inks in the most inferior brands, so that the price alone is no guarantee of quality. Ink is tested by wetting the end of the finger and rubbing the stick; the result being a spot of more or less intense black, showing a luster when dry. A line drawn with the ink should show the same intense lustrous black when dry and should stand a good deal of hard rubbing with a soft pencil rubber (not the ink rubber) without losing its blackness or showing uneven spots; though its gloss and freshness will disappear. The ink should be kept closely covered at all times, even when in use, the cover being removed only for the moment when filling the pen and immediately replaced, both to exclude dust and to check evaporation. Should the ink stand so long as to

dry up entirely, it should not be mixed again, but the slab should be thoroughly cleaned for a fresh grinding.

The colored inks, blue, red, green, etc., like the black, are best ground from solid cakes of the regular artist's water colors; but they are much less used than the black and the small vials of liquid blue, red, etc., are more convenient than the frequent grinding of small lots of different colors.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Canada Cup.

THE dates for the final races for the Canada cup have been decided, Aug. 4, 6, 8, the first being the Civic Holiday of Toronto. The new Hanley boat for the Rochester Y. C. syndicate is described as follows by the Boston Globe:

The most interesting boat of those now under construction in Hanley's Quincy shops is the one for the Rochester, N. Y., syndicate, to compete in the trial races at Chicago to select a challenger for the Canada cup. She is Hanley's first attempt at a design into which so many limitations enter as under the rules of the Yacht Racing Union of the Great Lakes, and he has, therefore, had to modify some of the well-known features of his Eastern boats. She is a "Hanley boat," nevertheless, with the flat floor, round bilge, straight topsides and "long side to sail on" which have marked his latest boats, but shows no reverse curve in the keel line, either forward or aft. She is also considerably narrower than a boat of the same length for Y. R. A. of M. rules, since she is to carry less sail.

The boat is 44ft. over all, 27ft. waterline, 11ft. beam and 2ft. draft. Keel and planking are flush on the outside, and all her ballast will be inside. She will have rather a long centerboard, and her rudder will be hung on a skeg running from just aft the centerboard. In construction she is fully up to the Union's table of scantling prepared by W. P. Stephens, and in some places is a bit stronger. Keel and frames are of oak, the bottom planking of hard pine and the top planking of cedar. She will have a good cabin, with 5ft. head room, but it will be very simply fitted. Her rig will be jib and mainsail.

Hanley's contract calls for the delivery of the boat in New York May 15. From there she will be taken by her owners through the Erie Canal and then sailed to Chicago. He is hopeful of her success, and it would mean a great deal to him. J. E. Burroughs, of Rochester, secretary of the syndicates, expressed himself as very well satisfied with the looks and promise of the boat on his recent visit of inspection, and says that she will be in good hands for her racing.

The boat is nearly planked and shows the usual Hanley excellence of work throughout. Her designer and builder expects to attend the trial races at Chicago.

The Cuthbert boat, for the Pearl syndicate, will be named Veva.

Aphrodite, Col. O. H. Payne's new steam yacht, arrived at New York on March 28 from her builder's yard, Bath.

The Quincy Challenge Cup.

THE cat is out of the bag at last. The Quincy Y. C. will not depend upon Recruit to defend its \$500 challenge cup for 21-footers against the challengers from the Lynn, Beverly and Hull-Massachusetts clubs, but will have a new boat, an up-to-date racing machine of the extreme "scow" type, against which Recruit will be used as a "trial horse" to determine her speed.

At the head of the syndicate, which will build the new boat, is Henry M. Faxon, who so successfully sailed Recruit in last year's races against Duchess, and he will sail the new boat with the best amateur crew the club can give him. Mr. Faxon has been a very successful sailer of catboats, with Rocket, Swirl and Cleopatra, and with his last year's experience with a jib-and-mainsail like Recruit, should be able to do the new boat full justice.

The new defender will be close to 40ft. long and have something over 9ft. beam. Although nearly as wide forward and aft as she is amidships, she will show a flaring side, and so should be better in light airs than those of the "scow" model that have a harder bilge and straighter side. She is booked to carry over 1,000ft. of sail. Some entirely new ideas in light construction are indicated. Her design is credited to Arthur Keith, and an endeavor has been made to improve on Recruit in the points in which that boat seemed weak, notably in stiffness of construction.

Recruit will be put in commission with some minor changes, and will be placed by Com. F. B. Rice at the disposal of the syndicate.

The building of this new boat by the Quincy Y. C. will greatly add to the interest in the races for the cup, and if the promises of improvement over Recruit be fulfilled by the new one, the challengers will have no easy task ahead of them. The races are now scheduled for the week of July 20, and promise to be the most interesting events of the season in strictly Boston waters. With four new 21-footers building there is, indeed, a revival of racing in the class that augurs well for the sport in general.

The Quincy Y. C. can take much credit to itself for this revival, through its offer of the silver trophy, and is entitled to the commendations of all who have the success of the sport at heart.—Boston Globe.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Mr. Isaac Stern, of New York, has placed an order with the Bath Iron Works for a steel steam yacht 200ft. over all, 165ft. l.w.l., 26ft. beam, and with a speed of sixteen and one-half knots. She will be finished by the end of the year.

Mr. W. O. Gay, of Boston, has placed an order at Bristol for a 70ft. l.w.l. cutter, of composite build, to be ready for the New York Y. C. cruise.

Ramona, schr., formerly Resolute, has been sold by H. M. Gillig to Vice-Com. B. M. Whitlock, Atlantic, Y. C.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

THE following scores were made by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association, in regular competition, at Four-Mile House, Reading road, April 2. Conditions: 200yds., off-hand, at the German ring-target. Gindele was declared champion to-day with a score of 219 on that target. Strickmier was high on the honor target to-day with a score of 66.

Gindele	21	23	19	22	20	20	23	23	24	21	—219
Weinheimer	22	21	23	21	24	20	22	22	25	21	—221
Nestler	25	14	14	22	21	17	17	25	19	—195	
Uckotter	23	22	20	22	20	17	18	21	17	24	—207
Drube	15	22	17	23	19	24	18	19	19	20	—197
Roberts	24	21	17	23	22	24	17	23	22	19	—213
Payne	22	16	8	15	11	20	12	21	17	15	—158
Strickmier	18	23	17	16	20	20	22	21	19	—200	
Bruns	19	21	19	17	21	18	22	24	15	15	—191
Trounstone	20	21	17	23	19	21	19	18	24	21	—206
Hasenzahl	21	17	24	21	21	23	24	16	17	—208	
Speth	18	25	22	19	21	20	25	21	20	22	—213
Honor target:	20	23	22	21	13	21	16	22	22	—202	
Gindele	24	22	20	21	23	21	25	19	20	23	—218
Weinheimer	21	18	22	21	17	23	23	20	19	—207	
Nestler	25	25	23	20	15	20	23	22	21	21	—215
Uckotter	20	24	17	7	13	19	15	18	21	25	—179
Drube	15	23	22	16	18	21	23	23	21	14	—199
Roberts	11	11	25	9	20	23	22	22	12	21	—176
Payne	20	24	15	18	19	17	11	16	19	21	—180
Strickmier	22	20	22	23	17	21	23	18	20	24	—210
Bruns	22	23	23	17	23	23	19	22	24	22	—218
Trounstone	23	17	24	25	20	21	20	22	19	18	—200
Hasenzahl	23	24	21	21	23	25	23	14	23	20	—217

Honor target:	24	24	19	—57	Payne	19	21	22	—62
Gindele	20	17	24	—61	Strickmier	25	22	19	—66
Weinheimer	20	19	17	—56	Trounstone	16	19	21	—56
Nestler	21	20	14	—55	Hasenzahl	23	19	20	—62
Uckotter	18	17	19	—54					

Shell Mound Range.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., March 27.—At Shell Mound range yesterday there was a glaring light, with a shifty wind. In the Germania Club contest for Bushnell trophy, 200yds., only one entry, the following scores were made: Faktor 224, Dr. Rodgers 221, J. Utschig 219, Schuster 218. In the yearly cash shoot, re-entry, 3 shots, 200yds., the only high scores were: Dr. Rodgers 73, 71; A. Strecker 73; J. Utschig 70.

In the Glendemann medal contests of the Columbia Club, at 200yds., Columbia Club target, A. Pape made the fine score of 38. Scores of the Columbia Club:

Lewis revolver trophy: C. Roberts 69, 76, 82. Siebe, all-comers' pistol medal: F. O. Young 44, 61, 73; J. P. Cosgrave 55, 64.

Twenty-two and .25cal. rifle medal: F. O. Young 28; Mrs. C. F. Waltham 40, 37; J. F. Twist 43, 49.

Glendemann medal, rifle: A. H. Pape 38, 42, 48, 46; F. O. Young 46, 48, 53.

Members' rifle medal: E. N. Moor 64, C. A. Bremer 72, G. Mannel 95.

Rifle at Conlin's Gallery.

THE rest rifle match, or "go as you please," shot on the seven bullseye target, re-entries, gold medals for second and third prizes, entries 25 cents each, distance 20yds., prize a sporting rifle, presented by Winchester Arms Co., resulted as follows. The first three men in this match tied, making the seven shots in measurement from the center of the bullseye to the center of each shot 1 3-16in. The following are the scores of the first fifteen competitors:

W. C. Southwick 1 3-16in., J. T. B. Thomas 1 3-16in., John W. Christiansen 1 3-16in., J. P. Stagg 1 4-16in., Peter Denise 1 6-16in., C. M. Brownell 1 9-16in., A. C. Goodrich 1 10-16in., W. J. Strong 1 10-16in., J. R. Fink 1 10-16in., John C. Groin 2in., J. W. Wellman 2 13-16in., W. C. Browne 2 14-16in., James Stanton 3in., W. Jackson 3 2-16in., John Williams 3 4-16in.

In shooting off the tie J. W. Christiansen won first, J. T. B. Thomas second and W. C. Southwick third.

The Laffin & Rand Powder Co. have had a multitude of orders for their new powder and samples of it, since they announced that it was on the market. A nitro powder, it is designed for use in rifles and revolvers built for the use of black powders. The company has received many gratifying testimonials of its excellence from men eminent as rifle and revolver shots. Some remarkable scores were made with it in the Smith & Wesson range, at the Sportsmen's Exposition. Dr. Ashley A. Webber, of Brooklyn, who used this powder at the Sportsmen's Exposition revolver competition, writes Messrs. Laffin & Rand as follows: "I used the new S. & W. military revolver, and had no trouble in making the scores I did. There was not a bad cartridge in the lot, and I am positive I could improve my score many points."

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

Fixtures.

April 4-5.—Chambersburg, Pa.—Chambersburg Gun Club's spring live-bird and target tournament; open to all. J. M. Runk, Captain.
April 5-7.—Richmond, Va.—Tournament under management of W. C. Lynham. Targets and live birds.
April 11-13.—Elkwood Park, Long Branch, N. J.—The Interstate Association's seventh annual Grand American Handicap tournament. Entries close April 4. Edward Banks, Sec'y, 318 Broadway.
April 18-21.—Lincoln, Neb.—The Lincoln Gun Club's second annual interstate tournament; targets and live birds; \$500 added. Geo. L. Carter, Sec'y.
April 17-22.—Baltimore, Md.—Prospect Park Shooting Association's tournament; \$500 added. Stanley Baker, Sec'y.
April 19.—South Hingham, Mass.—Annual tournament of the Hingham Gun Club.
April 25-27.—Kansas City, Mo.—Ninth annual tournament of the Missouri State Amateur Shooting Association, under auspices of Washington Park Gun Club; \$100 added money; target and live birds. Walter F. Bruns, Sec'y.
April 25-26.—Gretna, Neb.—Target and live-bird tournament; \$200 added; open to all. H. M. Hardin and C. B. Randlett, Managers.
April 25-28.—Baltimore, Md.—Tournament of Baltimore Shooting Association; targets and live birds; money added. Geo. L. Harrison, Sec'y.
May 2-5.—Lincoln, Neb.—Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association's twenty-third annual tournament, under the auspices of the Capital City Gun Club; six amateur and four open events each day; targets and live birds. R. M. Welch, Sec'y.
May 7.—White Plains, N. Y.—Live-bird handicap. E. G. Horton, Manager.
May 9-13.—Peoria, Ill.—Illinois State Sportsmen's Association's tournament. C. F. Simmons, Sec'y.
May 16-19.—Erie, Pa.—Ninth annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Reed Hurst Gun Club. F. W. Bacon, Sec'y.
May 16-20.—St. Louis, Mo.—Tournament of the Missouri State Fish and Game Protective Association. H. B. Collins, Sec'y.
May 17-18.—Oil City, Pa.—Interstate Association's tournament, under auspices of Oil City Gun Club. F. S. Bates, Sec'y.
May 23-25.—Algona, Ia.—Tournament of the Iowa State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game. John G. Smith, Pres.
May 24-25.—Greenwood, S. C.—Annual live-bird tournament of the Greenwood Gun Club; 25-bird Southern Handicap. R. G. McCants, Sec'y.
May 26-27.—Tyrone, Pa.—Target tournament of the Tyrone Gun Club. D. D. Stine, Sec'y.
May 30.—Canajoharie, N. Y.—All-day target shoot at Canajoharie, N. Y. Charles Weeks, Sec'y.
May 30-June 2.—Erie, Pa.—Ninth annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Reed Hurst Gun Club. Frank W. Bacon, Sec'y.
June 5-10.—Buffalo, N. Y.—New York State shoot, under the auspices of the Buffalo Audubon Gun Club; \$1,000 guaranteed; over \$2,000 in merchandise, and \$1,000 added money in open events. Chas. Bamberg, Sec'y, 51 Edna Place.
June 6-9.—Sioux City, Pa.—Fifth annual amateur tournament of the Soo Gun Club. E. R. Chapman, Sec'y.
June 7-9.—Columbus, O.—Tournament of the Ohio Trap-Shooters' League, under the auspices of the Sherman Rod and Gun Club. J. C. Porterfield, Sec'y, O. T. S. L.
June 14-15.—Bellows Falls, Vt.—Interstate Association's tournament, under auspices of Bellows Falls Gun Club. C. H. Gibson, Sec'y.
June 14-16.—Cleveland, O.—Cleveland Target Co.'s tournament.
June 20-22.—Wheeling, W. Va.—Third annual tournament of the West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Wheeling Gun Club, Wheeling, W. Va. John B. Garden, Sec'y.
June 27-29.—Altoona, Pa.—Target tournament of the Altoona Rod and Gun Club, Wopsononock Heights. G. G. Zeth, Sec'y.
July 1-2.—Milwaukee, Wis.—Grand tournament of Milwaukee Gun Club, in Carnival Week. S. M. Du Val, Sec'y.
July 19-20.—Providence, R. I.—Interstate Association's tournament, under auspices of the Providence Gun Club. R. C. Root, Sec'y.
July 18-20.—Little Rock, Ark.—Arkansas State tournament.
Aug. 9-10.—Portland, Me.—Interstate Association's tournament, under auspices of the Portland Gun Club. S. B. Adams, Sec'y.
Sept. 6-7.—Portsmouth, Va.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Portsmouth Gun Club. W. N. White, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties on all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

Under date of March 30, Mr. J. J. Hollowell, the popular representative of the U. M. C. Co., writes from Cincinnati, as follows: "As you are well aware, the Clay Brothers, of the Hilltop Gun Club, are indefatigable shooters. They have shot sparrows, crows, pigeons, bats and bluebirds on their grounds, but their latest diversion is in shooting bumble bees. They have the niggers busy all summer catching the bees, keep them at a suitable temperature and next winter shoot them off. With that object in view, Mr. G. W. Clay visited Mr. Hill, of Indianapolis, he of sparrow trap fame, and ordered a special set of bee traps, arranged to have hot air connections from the club house. They are considering at the present time a programme for the first annual 'bee shoot.' One of the notes says: 'Mr. Alfred Clay will have his coop of well-trained game cocks to do the retrieving. No shooter will be allowed to retrieve. Shades of our ancestors! but here is a chance for U. M. C. Thomas to formulate a 'bee load' that will go down in history as a world beater. The boys say that have shot everything that flies until it became too easy, and they looked around for something smaller. Well, I think they have it, don't you?'"

Mr. A. Kleinman, of Chicago, seems to be something of a shooter for a man who was considered one whose best was of the past. At Chicago, in a two-men team contest, he killed 23 out of 25 birds, which is a reasonably good gait, and one which many find it difficult to follow. His team mate was Mr. J. H. Amberg, who killed 19, defeating Messrs. E. S. Graham and E. E. Neal, whose scores were respectively 21 and 20.

On Thursday of this week, Smith Brothers' Foundry and Ferry streets, Newark, there will be an open shoot, 20 to 25 live birds. Shooting commences at 11 o'clock. There will be a wagon at the trolley car to meet visitors.

The two famous Pennsylvania trap shots, Messrs. Harry Coldren, of Reading, and Fen Cooper, of Mahanoy City, shot the second of their series of three live-bird matches, at Reading, on March 31. Coldren scored 42 out of 50; Cooper 39.

Owing to pressure of business matters, Hon. T. A. Marshall, of Keithsburg, Ill., we are informed, will be unable to act as one of the G. A. H. handicap committee. The veteran Mr. C. W. Budd, of Des Moines, Ia., has been invited to fill the vacancy.

The long-postponed match between Messrs. Quimby and Banks vs. Keller and Waters, came off on April 1, and those who attended on that day were not fooled. One of the teams won handily. The conditions were: 25 targets and 25 live birds per man. There were quite a number of excuses why one team lost, but the excuses did not count in the scores. Another match may be made and shot some time—perhaps.

In a match at 50 live birds each, for a purse of \$100, Mr. J. A. Lane defeated Mr. H. Steege, at Waterloo, Ia., on March 29. Dr. Kibbey, the well-known shooter, acted as referee. The scores were: Lane 42, with one dead out; Steege, 38, with four dead out.

Mr. George W. Mains, secretary of the Enterprise Gun Club, Reynoldton, Pa., writes us that at a meeting of the club, officers



R. A. WELCH, 1893.

were elected as follows: President, Fred Stephan; Vice-President, John Owens; Secretary, Geo. W. Mains; Treasurer, J. F. Calloun; Captain, Wm. H. Crouch.

The programme of the St. Louis Shooting Association is touched upon by Mr. Herbert Taylor, in Mr. Banks' communication, published in another column. The programme is on perfectly correct lines, guarding the interests of all concerned in a perfectly equitable competition. The amateur who loves competitive sport will find in this programme opportunities seldom offered. H. B. Collins, Sec'y.

The handicap committee of the G. A. H., on April 6 of this week will engage in a task which in the way of handicapping, far exceeds in difficulty anything of the kind which has occurred before in this country. The handicapping of such a great number of shooters, many of them known, many unknown, will probably take two days of diligent work.

The New Brunswick Gun Club, of New Brunswick, N. J., is making an effort to revive interest and activity among its members in trap-shooting matters. It will endeavor to secure new



THOMAS W. MORFEY, 1894.

grounds in a more convenient location. The list of officers elected is as follows: President, William E. Sperling; Vice-President, J. A. Blish; Treasurer, Joseph Fisher; Secretary, Reuben McDowell; Captain, Clarence Oakley.

Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, manager of the Interstate Association, arrived in New York on Monday of this week preparatory to assuming the duties as a member of the handicap committee, and manager of the Grand American Handicap. He is not in the best of health, and further is suffering in spirit from bereavement, having suffered the loss of near relatives.

The entries to the Grand American Handicap, up to 3 o'clock on Tuesday afternoon, April 4, numbered 247. With those which will be received later, and with posted entries this number may be quite materially increased.

It is a peculiar feature of trap-shooting that, though a man may drift into the has-bens, he may revive and become a very lively factor of the present.

In the final shoot of the Crescent Athletic Club's trap-shooting season, April 1, one of the events was the consolation handicap, open to members who had contested, but who had not won a prize during the season. There were five contestants, namely, Messrs. J. S. S. Remsen, Wilmot Townsend, C. G. Rasmus, L. Rhett and Henry Werleman. The prize was won by Mr. Remsen, who broke 23 out of 26. Mr. Charles Sykes won the Marlin repeating rifle.

Messrs. Rolla O. Heikes and W. Fred Quimby, have been discussing their relative merits as pigeon shots, with the result that they arranged to shoot at 25 live birds at Elkwood Park, Long Branch, on Wednesday, of this week for a brand new hat. Whichever wins, the same size of hat will fit after the match that fit before.

Mr. E. G. Horton, of White Plains, N. Y., will give a live-bird shoot on May 6. The programme will be arranged with a view to good amateur competition. He will engage the Fair grounds for the purpose, which are said to be most excellently adapted to a tournament.

Concerning Tom Morfe's birds and the scores recently thereunto appertaining, it might not be amiss for each shooter to suspend judgment till he tries them himself. There are a few here and there which are unkillable, and a few which are unshootable.

The records indicate that Mr. Fred Gilbert has been doing some very excellent shooting with his Winchester gun in his practice shoots at Watson's Park, Chicago, during some days past. On March 27 he killed 31 out of 32, which is a gait to be considered with respect.

The match for \$500 a side between Messrs. W. Cashau and R. L. Packard was shot on Morfe's grounds, Lyndhurst, N. J., on March 30. The former stood at 30yds., the latter at 27. Each shot at 50 birds. Score: Cashau 28, Packard 39.

The Tyrone, Pa., Gun Club will hold a target tournament on May 26 and 27. The club is a new one. In reference to it, Mr. G. G. Zeth gives full information under the head "Altoona Rod and Gun Club," elsewhere in our columns.

The number of reasonably sure winners one hears of in reference to the G. A. H., and the G. A. H. cup, before it is shot may be decreased appreciably toward the latter part of next week.

Mr. L. S. Garnier, of the firm of A. B. Garnier & Son, Easton, Pa., was in New York early this week on a business trip. He is famous in his State in matters pertaining to the gun.

Mr. Irby Bennett, representing the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., in the Southwest, arrived in New York last week and will remain till after the Grand American Handicap is decided.

Leroy is in fine form at present. At Centredale, R. I., recently, he broke 49 targets straight, and finished with 97 out of 100, a score of the highest excellence.

The Boston Gun Club begins a new series of shoots on its grounds at Wellington, Mass., commencing April 4.

BERNARD WATERS.

Trap around Reading.

READING, Pa., March 31.—With the score of 42 kills out of 50 live birds to-day at the Spring Valley Shooting Park, Harry Coldren, of this city, defeated Fen Cooper, of Mahanoy City, who succeeded in killing only 39. The match was the second of a series of three shoots, and was at 50 live birds, 30yds. rise, Hurlingham rules, for \$100 a side. A large crowd of people witnessed the match, among them being a delegation of Mahanoy City rooters, who came to Reading to back Cooper. Betting was quite lively before the match began, and thus a considerable amount of money changed hands. The birds were a fair lot of flyers, and some caused trouble to the shooters toward the end, as a strong wind began to blow toward the end of the match. James Schmeck, of Cacoosing, Pa., was referee, and Arthur A. Fink, of this city, scorer. The score follows:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1899, by Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

5 4 3 4 5 1 4 1 5 5 5 3 1 4 1 4 8 3 4 1 5 4 2 3
 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20
 Coldren, 30..... 2 0 1 0 2 2 1 1 1 1 2 2 2 2 0 0 2 2 0 2 2 1 1 1 - 20
 5 2 1 1 1 2 2 2 1 2 3 2 1 3 1 5 4 4 1 5 1 1 5 1
 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20
 2 1 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 1 0 2 2 1 0 2 1 1 1 2 1 1 2 * - 22 - 42
 4 2 3 1 8 3 1 8 5 1 1 4 2 3 4 1 4 4 5 1 1 4 2 2 3
 H 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20
 Cooper, 30..... 1 2 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 2 1 2 0 2 2 1 1 0 1 1 1 2 0 1 21
 5 2 1 3 5 1 2 3 4 5 5 4 4 5 4 1 2 5 4 1 1 3 4 1 5
 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20
 2 * 2 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 2 1 0 0 1 * 1 0 1 0 2 1 1 2 1 - 18 - 39

Pottstown, Pa., March 31.—The target tournament of the Shuler Gun Club, of this city, held to-day, on the East End grounds, was a grand success. Shooters were present from Reading, Boyertown, Limerick, and shooting kept up until dark. A new feature was the introduction of shooting incomers by placing a trap out in the field to throw toward the score. The special event of the day was event 8, 20 targets. First prize, automatic loading outfit, which was won by Grubb, with the score of 17. The scores of the different events follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
Targets:	10	7	10	5	10	10	10	20	10	5	10	5	5	5	5
Saylor	7	4	6	5	5	14	6	4	7	4	3	6	20
Grubb	8	5	9	3	8	5	9	17	8	..	3	..	8	22	
Kerr	6	6	7	12	7	..	8	
Wertz	5	8	5	9	8	10	12	9	5	
Jack	5	7	4	9	..	8	14	10	5	6	
Smith	9	5	8	9	10	13	7	5	9	6	5	..	21		
Geist	5	..	5	..	5	..	5	..	5	5	7	
Sheeler	10	6	16	8	5	10	
Wein	10	9	12	7	5	8	5	
Livingood	5	4	5	..	5	
Lenhart	6	12	5	
De Witt	12	4	
Wills	12	..	4	
Trigo	12	5	4	
Shaffer	5	4	5	

DUSTER.

Chart Oak Handicap.

CHART OAK, Pa., March 31.—A large crowd witnessed the competition in the Charter Oak handicap, which was contested here to-day. There were twenty-eight entries. The conditions were 25 live birds, entrance \$10, birds at 35 cents per pair, Rose system, Interstate rules to govern.

Two men killed straight, namely, H. B. Fisher and H. E. Buckwalter. Howard Ridge lost but one bird and took second money alone. Schwartz, Greener, Trumbauer and Henry tied on 23. The scores:

J. Edwards, 26	2210111201212221021120212-21
E R Martin, 26	001012211101110210000112-15
J F Klein, 28	022022201012221102121221-20
T Kennedy, 26	200911221002020101111211-18
F Schwartz, 28	11212120221112122120221-23
I W Budd, 28	22121202222122212022022-22
J Shinn, 28	1121221122020201122202212-22
W Cummings, 27	2022100212112122212012022-20
N McGregor, 25	2121112121202020111010221-20
H B Fisher, 27	22222222222222222222222-25
H Greener, 27	0221210121222211121212122-23
J Everett, 30	022211212122211122201002-21
C E Geikler, 28	22220022222202022222222-20
H Traumbauer, 28	22222222222222222222222-23
H E Buckwalter, 29	22222222222222222222222-25
H Ridge, 27	22221212212222122210221-24
P C O'Brien, 27	11222002222222222222222-22
H Sanders, 25	1100112010112010-16
F Stevens, 25	202201102222202002222020-16
C H Fowler, 25	02212002201222012222222-20
E Emmers, 27	120111202121212022100012-19
J Price, 27	11010011122102222101211-19
F A Peterson, 30	122202020221000221220012-17
T Clappe, 30	2222001002102002021120211-16
D Landis, 30	212221201112001212222002-20
J Henry, 30	12211201212212122222202-23
H Johnson, 30	22222222222202222220222-21
G Sterling, 30	2222210122222220210122012-21

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Trap at Lyndhurst.

Banks—Quimby vs. Keller—Waters.

April 1.—No better day could have been selected for the long-pending match between Messrs. Banks and Quimby on one side and Messrs. Keller and Waters on the other. The match had waxed fiercely at times, and waned at others into such attenuation that it seemed lost. Referring to April 1 as being a good day, the weather, and not the associations of April 1st as a day of the unwise, is in mind. It was a true April day, with quick changes from sunshine to shadow, and fitful breezes blowing from 8 o'clock. This match has seen many fluctuations. If any two seemed out of form, the other two were quite courageous and talkative. If any three were ready, the fourth was out of town. If any one was ready, there was something which absolutely prevented the other three from shooting. At length this match, which on Friday of last week seemed to be peacefully dormant, broke forth into an activity which would not be denied. In an unhappy moment T. K. put up a forfeit of \$5, notwithstanding he had put up a like forfeit a week before, which was applied to the purpose of purchasing shad roe and bacon, roast beef rare done and coffee with cheese. Waters received a peremptory notification on April 1 that the match was on. Calling to consult the opposing principals, he pleaded that he had not been consulted in the matter, that he didn't have his gun, that this, that and the other thing interposed, but he was calmly overruled. He took two strange guns to the grounds, then borrowed Mr. Heikes' gun to shoot the match; probably if he had had three or four more guns he might have done better.

There was a good and appreciative audience, among whom was Capt. Dressel, of the U. M. C. Co., and Messrs. Money, Morley, Keegel, Hassinger, and others. Mrs. M. F. Lindsley and two other ladies were present. Capt. A. W. Money refereed the team race most satisfactorily.

En passant, it may be remarked that shooting this match utterly spoiled it. As it stood before it was shot, it seemed a very good match. After it was shot, it was different. T. K. sang a few verses about it, the refrain of which was, "But we'll never shoot this any more." T. K. remarked further that his team had made two mistakes, the first of which was in making the match. The second was in shooting it.

The targets were a hard proposition, owing to the close proximity of trees, and the old barn straightaway in the background.

a side, the largest individual race of the season, and considerable money changed hands in the result, some \$2,000, it is said, was wagered before the match commenced.

Packard won easily, we understand, Cashau being away off. Score 39 to 28.

We arrived a little late, and found the first sweep under way. It did seem good and like old times to meet the old boys, and we were most cordially greeted. The Count, the same erect martial figure of years ago, but with mustache and goatee decidedly whitened, still shoots well, and we were pleased to see how he held his gun well down until the bird was on the wing. That is sportsmanlike, and he was the only one that we noticed did it. His score under such circumstances is the best. Frank Hall, Neaf Apgar and young Money were of course well to the front. The birds were not a fast lot, only two or three showing any

Two 10-bird sweeps followed, 10 birds, \$5, three moneys, Rose system, points 6, 3 and 1:

Morley, 30	2222200222	8	30	2022212212	9
Olsen, 28	0020120222	6	27	0100112012	6
Schoriemeier, 29	2220022122	8	29	0120222201	7
Kehee, 27	22220*2*00	5			
Cashau, 27	2022202220	7	27	*220212012	7
Packard, 28	2200200010	4			
Sanders, 28	0*12100111	6	26	009 w	
Bunn, 28	2100111211	8	28	11*2211101	8
H Money			29	122121112	10
Apgar			28	220222222	9
Wanda			26	2100112020	6

In a miss-and-out which followed, five entries, \$2, Harold Money killed 8 and won alone.

Centredale Gun Club.

CENTREDALE, R. I., April 2.—Editor Forest and Stream: Our opening shoot, held yesterday, brought out twenty-five shooters. The day was pleasant enough, with the exception of a north-westerly wind, which blew right across the field, making the shooting rather uncomfortable. Many visiting shooters were present, among them being Leroy, of Campello, Mass.; Walls, the genial secretary of the Worcester Sportsman Club; Coffin, of Whitinsville, Mass.; President Mills, of the Woonsocket Gun Club; also Leon Campbell, of the same club, and besides these visitors were most of the trap shots of the State.

The remarkable shooting of Leroy won the admiration of all, setting a warm pace, with 49 straight, and finishing with 97 out of 100, which is a very good score in better weather conditions. When Leroy wasn't shooting, he was talking Du Pont powder and Remington gun, trying to convince the boys that that was the combination that would win the American Handicap, and surely no one could have disputed that fact had they been there, watching him smash targets with that quickness in which he easily excels.

The handicap, which was the fifth event, had a large entry, and was won by Dr. Hammond, with a clean score of 25, over which the Doctor was highly elated. Mills was second with 22, including 5 extra to shoot at. Bain and Richards tied for third with 21. Root fourth with 18, and Griffith and Remington tied for fifth with 17.

This handicap will be shot every two weeks until October. The prizes are gold medal, leather gun case, hunting suit, shooting blouse, 100 loaded shells, Powers' cleaning rod, and 50 loaded shells. Winners of each shoot receive 5, 4, 3, 2, and 1 point. One



O. R. LICKLEY, 1896

great celerity in rising or getting away. The Supervisor must do better if he wants to draw the old reliables.

Wanda would not get mad, and we think the gun stock too long for her to shoot quick. We have seen her do much better. The opening was a success; the chowder was excellent and ample; the attendance all that could be asked.

We hope for a golden future in Capt. Outwater's new venture as host.

JACOBSTAFF.

Packard vs. Cashau.

March 30.—The match between Mr. W. Cashau and R. L. Packard was shot at Morley's grounds, at Lyndhurst, N. J., on March 30. The conditions were \$500 a side, Cashau standing at 30yds., Packard at 27. This was really a most disastrous arrangement, for Cashau, as 30yds. on Morley's grounds, with his fast straightaway birds, is about the same as 22yds. on ordinary grounds. Cashau had 6 dead out, which also is a feature of the 30yd. mark, if one is not a shooter of extra quickness.

The old barn close by the boundary straightaway affords a most attractive haven for wounded or missed birds, and perched on the roof, they act as decoys for the birds flying from the traps.



THOMAS A. MARSHALL, 1897.

There are very few incomers. Following is the score, with flights, traps, etc.:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1899, by Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

W Cashau, 30	0 2 2 2 0 2 * 2 2 2 * 1 0 1 2 2 1 0 2 2 0 0 1 0	15
R L Packard, 27	5 2 2 1 4 2 5 4 4 1 3 5 1 1 2 4 4 2 1 1 1 2 4 4	20
	1 1 4 1 2 5 1 2 2 4 3 3 2 4 2 4 5 4 2 1 5 4 1 5 3	
	2 2 2 1 2 0 1 1 2 1 2 0 2 2 0 1 0 2 2 0 2 2 2 2	20
	1 5 2 4 2 3 2 5 4 2 4 9 2 1 3 5 1 2 2 3 3 4 3 1 5	
	2 2 2 1 0 2 2 0 1 0 2 2 2 1 0 0 2 2 1 1 1 0 2 2 2	19-39

having most number of points at end of season wins first prize, and so on. This was the first time we tried the five-trap system, and it worked well, until two of the chains around the pulleys broke, and then we used the magatrap. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	15	20	20	25	10	25
Leroy	10	15	20	18	24	10	
Griffith	9	11	16	18	17	8	22
Bain	7	12	12	18	21		
Hammond		8	16	10	25		
Campbell		9	15	12	12	8	
Walls		6	11	15	21		
Coffin		10	13	16	18		
Mills		11	11	13	22		
Arnold		10	11	10			
Richards		13	15	21			
Smith		9	11	16			
Francotte		16	13	12			
Slade			12	17			
Root			18	18			
Remington			10	17	7		
Harris			10	10			
Webster				8	3		
Sweet				16		16	
Reiner				16		18	

Event 7, 25 targets: Ames 6, Jackson 14, Riley 15, Tate 9, Halding 7.

N. F. REINER, Sec'y.

Buffalo Audubon Gun Club.

BUFFALO, N. Y., April 1.—In the contest for the Hebard trophy, George McArthur proved to be the winner at the Audubon Gun Club's shoot to-day. He now has won it four times:

His score was 26 out of 30, and with 3 added, a total of 29.

Event No. 3 was the club's badge shoot. C. S. Burkhardt won in Class A, T. B. Walker in Class B, and Porter in Class C.

Among the visitors was E. C. Bald, who tried his hand at the trigger and did remarkably well for a beginner, and H. S. Weller, of Utica.

H. D. Kirkover's shooting was wonderful, as he scored 95 out of 100 shot at, in spite of the heavy wind and snowstorm which prevailed:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	15	15	* 15	15	15	Targets:	15	15	* 15	15	15
A C Heinold	12	14	18	21	12	Reinecke	12	8	12	19	
E C Burkhardt	11	13	15	25	11	Shuler	6	11	13	23	9
Walker	6	6	20	20	11	R H Hebard	14	10	19	20	12
C S Burkhardt	13	14	20	23	10	J J Reid	6	10	12	12	
Leuschner	4	6	22	19	10	D C Sweet	9	7	17		
Crooks	9	12	12	23		Lodge	8	9	12	20	
Johnson	8	8	18	20		G P McArthur	10	10	17	26	9
Storey	10	14	12	21		Norris		11	17		
Myers	10	10				H D Kirkover	15	14	23	13	
Porter	10	10	16	21		Warren	11	7		24	12
Willis	10	10	18	19		E C Bald	9				
Talsma	9		16	23							

* Badge. ** Trophy.



JOHN G. MESSNER, 1895.

When it came to live-bird shooting, the old barn, with the chasm in its roof and large open windows, seemed to have a real draft for the birds when released from the traps. They were a corking lot of birds, swift, strong and with unlimited vitality. Most of them were straightaways, which flew direct for the old barn just beyond the straightaway boundary.

Following are the scores of the match entitled:

But We'll Never Shoot This Any More.

Team match, 25 targets, 25 birds:

Targets:	
Banks	1111111111011111011110111-22
Quimby	001111106010011111101101-38
Keller	1001091103111111111010011-16
Waters	1100011010111110111001101-16-32
Pigeons:	
Quimby, 30	1222*202220*222*202212*21-18
Banks, 30	*00102122111012232122*22-17-35
Keller, 30	02222202202020222220202-17
Waters, 28	202*020022202121222*022*0-15-32

Recapitulation: Banks' team, 73; Keller's team, 64. Handicap, 10 birds, \$5, three moneys, Rose system: Morley, 30.....222222222-10 Keller, 27.....*202222222-8 Capt Money, 30.....221222222-10 Waters, 27.....2220*2112-8 H Money, 29.....222222222-10 Keegel, 28.....202020212-7 Banks, 27.....222212122-10 Hassinger, 27.....021022100-6 Heikes, 31.....202221022-8

Trap at Hackensack River.

Carlstadt, N. J., March 29.—Events Nos. 1 and 2 were 10-bird handicaps, \$5 entrance. Some of the birds were good, some ordinary. The weather was pleasant, with a 7 o'clock wind:

No. 1:
N Apgar, 30.....1121211222-10 P W Reed, 28.....110102222-8
H Money, 29.....1112*12121-9 Van, 26.....111220*11-8
Fairmount, 28.....1112222220-9 H M Heflich, 28.....1*12110221-8
F Hall, 28.....1122220222-9 Wanda, 26.....0100012011-5
C F Lenone, 28.....11*1101211-8 H Pape, 28.....1100100200-4

No. 2:
Palmer, 28.....1221212121-10 Reed, 28.....0222222220-8
Hall, 28.....2201211222-9 Van, 26.....112102220-8
Lenone, 28.....2121022111-9 Pape, 28.....1110022122-8
Heflich, 28.....1102111212-9 Fry, 28.....0120111011-7
Steffens, 28.....1012211121-9

Miss-and-out, \$2, 28yds.:
Steffens.....1112111-7 Heflich.....2212110-6

Jersey City, N. J.—On March 29 ex-Supervisor John Henry Outwater, one of the old-time shooters of New Jersey, when pigeons from the trap had a chance for life, and skill and accuracy counted instead of the present merciless system, has recently gone into the boniface business, having put up a commodious hostelry on the further bank of the Hackensack on the old Paterson Plank road, contiguous to the snipe and fishing grounds. He threw open his club house and traps to his many friends. It was a very pleasant affair, though there was not so many present as expected, owing to a certain extent to a big shoot at Morley's grounds, Lyndhurst, between Wm. Cashau, of the Cobweb Gun Club, and Robert Packard, and this took off many of the local shooters. As it was a match for \$500

THE G. A. H. LIST.

SUBJOINED is a list of the competitors, with their handicaps, number killed and missed, from the first year, 1893, to the last, 1898. The letters y., k., m. under the different years indicate yards, kills, misses. This gives a most complete statistical history of the greatest of American shooting events.

	1893.	1894.	1895.	1896.	1897.	1898.
	y. k. m.	y. k. m.	y. k. m.	y. k. m.	y. k. m.	y. k. m.
Apgar, Neaf.....	30 13 3	30 18 3	30 24 1	30 23 2	29 1/2	20 4
Arnold, J. D.....	26 19 3	26 9 2				
Astfolk, Nat.....			27 8 3			
Anthony, J. T.....				27 22 3	26 18 3	
Applegate, J. E.....				28 24 1	28 21 4	
Alkire, F. D.....				29 23 2	29 23 2	
Ayling, C. F.....				27 1/2	24 1	
Arlington, J. M.....				27 21 4		
Anderson, J. G.....				28 22 3	27 14 4	
Bender, W. F.....				27 22 3	27 25 0	
Brewer, J. L.....	32 12 3	33 14 3	33 24 1		32 23 2	
Bartlett, B. A.....			27 10 3	28 23 2	28 1/2	13 4
Bennett, F. E.....			29 7 3			
Bennett, W. W.....			30 18 3			
Bilaney, J. R.....				27 5 3	26 20 4	26 15 3
Bennett, Irby.....				26 6 3	27 9 4	
Burke, S. D.....				27 3 3		
Burkhardt, E. C.....				27 11 3	27 24 1	27 24 1
Beers, M. A.....				27 14 3		
Brown, H. T.....				16 12 3		
Baker, J. M.....				27 1/2	9 3	26 14 4
Bodiefield, C. T.....					27 18 4	
Brucker, G. F.....				28 18 4		
Bacon, A. L.....					28 15 3	
Budd, I. W.....				28 1/2	15 4	27 18 3
Browning, John.....				29 1/2	13 2	
Bingham, Ed.....				28 1/2	13 2	28 23 2
Budd C. W.....				30 1/2	23 2	30 15 3
Brady, W. H.....				27 9 4		
Breit, Geo. K.....						
Bradley, D. J.....					25 1/2	
Baker, E. E.....					27 15 3	
Bleitz, J. J.....					28 18 3	
Bucknell, H.....					26 23 2	
Baer, Robt.....					26 20 4	
Blandford, C. G.....					26 14 4	
Brownell, C. M.....					26 6 3	
Ball, Harrison.....					27 10 5	
Butler, F. C.....					27 4 3	
Class, Frank.....	32 23 2	32 25 0	32 18 3	30 13 4		
Cannon, W. S.....	26 0 3				25 23 2	
Cooper, F. W.....	28 19 2				28 18 3	
Clark, W. G.....		30 14 3	30 1 3			
Cleave, E. J.....		26 14 3				
Coulston, G. W.....		28 22 3	28 24 1			
Cooper, E. M.....			28 23 2		28 24 1	
Claridge, B. W.....			29 23 2			
Cubberly, Geo.....			28 24 1	29 24 1	29 22 3	
Clark, Paul I.....			27 8 3	26 20 4		
Cunningham, S.....			27 9 3			
Coe E. B.....			28 19 3			
Corning, Jr. G.....			27 9 3			
Carver, Dr. W. F.....			32 24 1			
Crosby, W. R.....			30 1/2	16 4		
Coyle, Joe.....			28 11 3			
Coldren, H. S.....			29 22 3			
Covington, J. H.....			27 6 3		27 13 5	
Clover, Seth.....			28 1/2			
Cook, T. McK.....			27 1/2			
Crammer, Capt. 29 8 3						
Colvin, H. E.....				25 10 5		
Crossland, John.....				28 1/2		
Chisholm, H. A.....				26 19 5		
Collins, H. P.....				25 12 6		
Clay, Geo. W.....				26 23 2		
Coleman, Fred.....				28 15 3		
Courtney, A. G.....				27 23 2		
Carson, Dr. C. W.....				27 14 4		
Chapin, Chas. M.....				27 14 4		
Cameron, W. L.....				27 14 4		
Dickson, J. W.....	27 17 3					
Daly, Jr. Phil.....	28 6 3					
Denny, J. O'H.....	27 2 3	26 21 2	28 5 3	28 4 3	29 19 4	
Durkey, L. T.....		30 7 3		30 21 3		
Dickey, O. R.....		29 15 3	28 24 1	30 23 2	29 23 2	
Drake, W. N.....		28 19 3	27 12 3			
Duston, J. S.....			28 4 3	27 18 3	27 17 4	
Du Bray, A. W.....			29 9 3	28 18 3	27 1/2	15 4
Dunbar, R. V.....			28 9 3			
Dolan, H. Y.....	27					
Dunnell, Harry.....				29 15 3	28 23 2	
Dunnell, Wm.....				29 23 2	28 23 2	
Dando, T. S.....				29 1/2	17 4	
David, N. L.....				28 18 4		
Davis, J. N.....					27 23 2	
Deiter, Geo.....					28 23 2	
Dunnell, Albert.....					28 23 2	
Dickson, E. K.....					27 16 3	
Doenick, E.....					27 11 4	
Doty, Aaron.....					28 24 1	
Divine, T. A.....					26 12 6	
De Pew, J. A.....					25 8 4	
Dicks, Benj.....					27 23 2	
Davis, Chas. S.....					25 17 4	
England, J. E.....	26 12 3	28 12 3			29 10 4	28 23 2
Elliott, J. A. R.....		33 23 2	33 25 0	32 7 3	32 19 4	31 25 0
Edgerton, Jr. J. J.....		28 11 3				
Edey, W. S.....			28 21 3	28 4 3	28 11 3	27 15 3
Ellison, J. B.....			28			
Eley, T. J.....			29 8 3	28 23 2		
Emond, F.....			30 21 3			
Elliot, Dallas.....				27 13 4	26 18 3	
Edgerton, H. L.....					26 18 3	
Edgington, J. P.....					26 23 2	
Fowler, Dr. F. C. 26						
Fulford, E. D.....	33 24 1	32 8 3	31 18 3	30 18 4	29 25 0	
Flick, John A.....			26 11 3			
Fanning, J. S.....				29 1/2	21 4	30 24 1
Ferguson, Jr. C.....				29 23 2		
Ferguson, Conny.....				27 14 3		
Forehand, C. E.....					26 18 3	
Faurote, F. M.....					30 13 5	
Felix, Anthony.....					26 23 2	
Fawcett, W. H.....					27 23 2	
Folsom, H. T.....					25 9 6	
Gates, H. L.....		28 21 2	28 12 3			
Glover, Sim.....		30 13 3	30 24 1	30 1/2	11 3	30 24 1
George, E. C.....		25 23 2				
Geoffroy, E. A.....			29 5 3	27 1/2	8 3	27 15 3
Gilbert, Fred.....			31 23 2	30 11 4	32 23 2	
Green, W. H.....			28 3 3			
Greiff, Gus E.....			29 2 3	28 1/2	21 4	28 15 3
Grimm, C. M.....				32 22 3	30 18 3	
Guthrie, C. S.....				29 22 3		
Green, Jas. M.....				27 14 3		
Glover, John.....				27 1/2	14 4	27 8 4
Gravatt, R. T.....						26 15 3
Geisdorfer, C.....						26 18 3
Gaughen, J.....						27 5 7
Graham, Harry.....						26 5 4
Gerbolini, F.....						27 13 3
Goodrich, L. H.....						28 6 3
Hostetter, T. R.....				28 6 3	28 2 4	
Hofmeister, A. C.....				27 8 3		
Hammond, W. A.....				27 6 3		
Hyer, F. E.....				27 1/2	3 4	
Hooper, T. D.....				27		
Hoe, Fred.....	29 13 3	32 2 3	31 10 3			
Hoffman, J. W.....		28 23 2	28 5 3			27 15 3
Heikes, R. O.....		32 5 3	31 17 3	30 24 1	30 1/2	17 4
Helgans, E.....		30 7 2				30 25 0
Higginson, H. C.....			27 20 3			
Hall, Frank.....			27 23 2			
Height, G. M.....				28 2 3		
Hostetter, C. M.....				27 16 3	27 3 4	
Hudson, Dr. G.....				27 19 3	27 1/2	23 2
Hill, Smith.....				28 4 3		27 10 5
Hill, Ed.....				30 23 2		
Harris, E. B.....				26 7 3		
Hunter, A. S.....				27 8 3	27 1/2	
Hand, Jas. H.....				28 23 2		27 23 2
Hepner, G. W.....				29 17 3		
Held, S. J.....				26 2 3		
Hamer, J. W.....				27 9 4		

	1893.	1894.	1895.	1896.	1897.	1898.
	y. k. m.	y. k. m.	y. k. m.	y. k. m.	y. k. m.	y. k. m.
Howe, Thos.....					27	26 13 5
Hyland, W. H.....					27	12 4
Haskell, J. C.....					27	17 3
Hallowell, J. J.....					27	2 3
Harrison, Thos.....						28 21 3
Huckins, Lee.....						26 14 4
Harrison, L.....						28 24 1
Herrington, G. M.....					27½	27 23 2
Hassinger, Wm.....						26 23 2
Hayes, W. N.....						27 15 3
Hammond, Dr. F.....						26 14 4
Halloway, Geo.....						27 21 3
Hildebrandt, L.....						25 13 5
Hutchins, G. B.....						26 13 5
Hunnewell, G. R.....						26 16 5
Hicks, Thos.....						28 21 3
Hebard, R. H.....						26 16 4
Howard.....	26 4 3					
Ireland, W. B.....		28 3 3				
Ivins, A. L.....		31 23 2	30 24 1			
Ingersoll, W. T.....			27 6 3			
Jones, Jr. B. F.....					29	23 2
Jones, W. M. C.....		27 24 1			28½	28 23 2
Jones, J. A.....			28 3 3		16 3	
Jackson, B. V.....				27		
Jones, Chas.....				27	15 2	
Johnson, Stricker.....				27	8 3	
Johnson, H. M.....				27	11 3	
Klein, J. F.....	31 24 1			28		26 23 2
King, W. S.....	27 7 3			30	6 3	
King, A. H.....	29 23 2		28 19 3	30	23 2	
Kelsey, F. D.....			29 24 1	29	19 4	28 23 2
Knowlton, Dr. J.....				28	20 4	29 23 2
Keller, Thos.....				28 10 3	27	27 15 3
Koegel, H. C.....				27½	8 4	
Kibbey, Dr. W. B.....				27	24 1	27 20 5
Kirkover, Jr. H.....						27 21 3
Kuser, B. C.....						27 24 1
Kuss, Ralph.....						27 23 2
Lindsley, M. F.....	29 0 3	29 10 3	27 15 3			27 18 3
Little, Dr. W.....	25 10 2					27 9 6
Lenone, Chas.....		27 3 3				
Latham, T. W.....			28 10 3			
Looney, Jas.....			27 3 3			27
Lewis, C. B.....			27 1 3			
Lair, W.....			28 13 3			
Lenthauer, Theo.....					27	2 3
Lawrence, Frank.....					3 3	
Lindsley, Mrs. M.....			25 3 3			
Leach, E. A.....						28 24 1
Loomis, Geo. W.....						28 25 0
Lafin, Thos. P.....						28 25 0
Lord, Fred.....						28 23 2
Levens, W.....						27 15 3
Laughery, T. J.....						27 24 1
Loening, Albert.....						26 16 2
Moore, F. G.....	28	29 24 1	30 6 3	28 16 3	28	22 3
Money, N. E.....	28 23 2	29 12 3	28 23 2	28 3 4	29	21 4
Morley, T. W.....	27 1 3	28 25 0	32 14 3	30 16 3	29½	18 3
Miller, E. D.....	30 10 3	30 12 3				29 23 2
Myer, E. C.....		28 17 3			28	10 3
Money, A. W.....		30 25 0	31 20 3	29 5 3	28	27 8 4
Macalester, Chas.....		31			18 4	28 24 1
Mayhew, M. M.....			28 8 3	28 11 3		
Messner, J. G.....			25 25 0	29 23 2	29	16 4
Morgan, E. W.....			26 11 3	27 12 3		28
Melot, O. T.....			29 12 3			
Mosher, Geo. A.....				26 9 3	27½	14 3
Marshall, Thos. A.....					28	25 0
Merrill, Richard.....				29 13 3	30	30 23 2
Marshall, A.....					27	8 3
Malone, J. R.....					28	26 14 4
Matzen, Chas.....					28	13 3
Marsh, Clem.....					28	28 23 2
Moines, A. C.....					28	3 3
Marks, Jos.....					28	9 3
Moore, H. H.....					27	12 3
Marryott, H. C.....					28	7 4
Mosher, Dr. D. B.....						
Muirheid, C. H.....						26 23 2
Meyer, C. M.....						26
Martin, Thos.....						26 24 1
Mason, S. H.....						26 5 4
McWhorter, E. H.....	26 3 3	27 12 3				26 15 3
McMillan, M. M.....		26 18 3		28		27 12 3
McAlpin, G. S.....				28 5 3		30 18 3
McKeon, P. F.....				30 3 3		
McElroy, O. D.....				27 3 3		
Nichols, G. L.....				27	18 4	
Norton, B. H.....				28		
Neely, Jr. J. C.....				28 6 3		
Outwater, J. H.....			28 7 3			25 5 4
Oakley, Annie.....						26 15 3
Otten, H.....				27 2 3		
Peck, Wm. A.....			26 11 3			27 22 3
Peacock, Thos.....	29 19 3					27
Phister, Rchd.....		28 13 3				28 13 3
Prose, H. A.....		28 12 3		28 10 3	28	22 3
Post, E. L.....		29 8 3				26 18 3
Paddleford, J. F.....		28 23 2	28 7 3			27 23 2
Porterfield, D. M.....				27 23 2	27½	15 3
Price, E. W.....				29 4 3		
Price, W. C.....				28 8 3		
Painter, C. A.....				28 23 2		
Powers, C. M.....					30	8 3
Patten, W. R.....					30	22 3
Parmelee, F. S.....					28	12 4
Piercy, Geo. H.....					30½	27 25 0
Packard, R. L.....					27	22 3
Plankington, Jr. J.....					27	30 23 2
Palmer, Silas.....					26	26 18 3
Poston, Frank.....						27 23 2
Peterson, Geo.....						27 23 2
Parker, John.....						28 14 4
Parker, W. F.....						28 15 3
Quimby, W. F.....					28	26 15 3
Richmond, J. H.....	25 2 3				11 4	27 15 3
Robinson, G. E.....				26 8 3		
Rice, E. S.....				26		25 24 1
Rensem, J. S. S.....					26	8 3
Rike, E. D.....					28	23
Rehrig, J. S.....					27½	18 4
Roberts, M. F.....					29	22 3
Root, R. C.....						26 15 3
Roll, Geo.....						26 23 2
Ross, J. Anderson.....						29 24 1
Robb, Jr. J. S.....						26 21 3
Rumbaugh, H. B.....						28 15 3
Ramalay, F. W.....						26 23 2
Reynolds.....						26 7 5
Reid, Jas. J.....						28 23 2
Sumpter, J. J.....					29	27 7 5
Snyder, Geo. E.....	26 11 3				23 2	28
Smith, Chas.....		30 22 3				
Speicer, W.....		28 11 3				
Smith, J. L.....		28 24 1				27 15 3
Stewart, H. M.....		28 15 3				
Simpson, W. J.....		29 24 1	29 15 3	29 6 3		
Sedam, J. S.....			29 6 3			
Sweeny, H. R.....			27 20 3			
Schwartz, H. D.....			27 5 3			
Shafer, J. H.....				27 6 3	27	
Schortemeier, L.....				29		
Schmidt, Aug.....				26 0 3		
Shepard, W. L.....				26	26	18 4
Smith, B. F.....				27 9 3		
Steffens, Chas.....					28½	10 3
Sanders, W. H.....					26	
Stannard, W. D.....					27½	17 4
Sherman, A. H.....					27	
Stevens, H. H.....						26 24 1
Shaw, Dr. S.....						28 10 5
Savage, J. B.....						27 24 1
Shattuck, Wm. P.....						25 21 4
Shattuck, M. S. W.....						26 15 3
Stockwell, C. H.....						26 15 3
Small, J. C.....						27 15 3
Swan, J. H.....						27 14 4
Sinnock, F. E.....						26 24 1
Snell, Jay.....						26 24 1
Schwartz, Jr. F.....						26 24 1
Steelman, W. E.....						26 14 4

Confabulations of the Cadi.—XVII.

Pooling of Interests.

THE Cadi and Moke arrived early on the grounds on the morning of the second day, to the end that they might have everything perfected so far as they were able to do so, thereby avoiding many of the unpleasant and unprofitable incidents of the day before. They had learned the lesson that, if the machinery breaks down or stops, the revenue is impaired accordingly.

The Cadi looked rather worn and passed. He was very much fatigued at the end of the previous day, and Hople Jane in consequence was more than ordinarily alarmed for his safety, in so much so that, as he sat lolling in his easy chair, she found it necessary to heat and administer two large pitcherfuls of cider to him, after which he, with seeming reluctance, ate a hearty supper, then took a stiff dose of morphine and slept well through the night.

"Before we begin, good Moke," said the Cadi, "let us sit ourselves down and rest a while, for I am weary."

"Weary!" commented Moke in surprise, "why the day has not yet begun, and you have done nothing yet to make you weary."

"It makes me weary to think of work, my good friend. Men of a gross fiber never have these finer feelings concerning physical or mental effort. Even with them, work is entirely an acquired habit. No sensible man, according to my view, ever was born with an instinct for work. I would do violence to my convictions if I asserted that I liked to work. But now that we are committed to the labors of this day, will you tell me what plans you have made for conducting the live-bird shooting, and thus we may proceed quickly and understandingly?" saying which the good Cadi stretched himself at length on a bench with much apparent contentment.

"We have formed a number of plans for the day, and I think that we should make a little money if they work all right. You know that we will have almost an entirely different crowd here to-day, only one or two of the target shooters of yesterday being live-bird shooters also. Five of our own club members have agreed to shoot the live-bird programme clear through and pool the results. They are pretty fair shots, and as I will do the handicapping myself, I will see that they are not placed too far back."

"If you were to keep in mind that you could also place some of the visitors well back, it would also assist somewhat," said the Cadi, with a most benevolent expression.

"Certainly, certainly," Moke acquiesced. "But we've a pretty safe advantage in another way. Each one of our men will know which trap will be pulled when he goes to the score."

"Oh, yes; I see," said the Cadi, now showing signs of animation. "I suppose the puller will move the rope of the trap that is to be pulled as our man goes to the score, and the wrong rope for the others if they should happen to suspect anything preconcerted."

"N-N-N-No, No," replied Moke, with much rising emphasis, "that would not do with the talent which will be here to-day. They would detect it in a short while. We have arranged a better method. The trapper scratches his head with one finger, or two or five, which correspondingly indicates which trap will be pulled; one of our party stands well away to one side from the trapper and grasps the railing with one hand, showing one finger, or two or five, thus repeating the signal, though it is not visible to those who are not in the pool. Great idea, isn't it?" Both rubbed their hands together and chuckled merrily.

"Who are the members of our club who will shoot?" queried the Cadi.

"Why, Catawauler Tityrus, Sure Thing Twist, Divide Always, Fatty Sliver and Long Green have all pledged themselves to come, and a number besides are in the pool financially, although these mentioned, our best ones, will do the shooting. We should with this combination win everything in sight."

Just then a farm wagon drove up with several crates of birds for the club. Most of them were dull and weak. This the Cadi noted and commented upon. He intimated that Moke should have secured good birds.

"Cadi," exclaimed Moke, with some impatience, "these birds cost quite a sum less than would first-class birds or even better birds. We save good money on the first cost. More of these birds will be killed than would be if they were first-class, and we therefore will have more dead birds to sell, so that, with poor birds, we catch the profits going and coming. Then again, when we get a really good bird, we can have the puller spring it on some of the strangers within the gates, and thus we have a competition which is conducted in a really intelligent manner." Moke closed his left eye and rubbed the side of his nose with his forefinger as he looked at the Cadi, who smiled responsively and seemed to be quite satisfied that all was for the best.

The shooters soon began to arrive, and entries were made in the first event, 15 birds, \$10 entrance, birds extra.

It is a peculiar feature of live-bird shooting that the shooter is nervously keyed up to a much higher pitch and feels altogether different from what he does when shooting targets. He first of all stands at the score alone, and has the center of the stage as it were for the time being, whereas in target shooting his individuality is lost in that he is but one of a squad. Then there is a different emotion when prepared to shoot at something which is actually alive from that which one feels when shooting at inanimate things.

Thus, when Rooney, one of the target shooters, went to the score, his knees were weak and shaky. He had to brace and stiffen himself to conceal his trepidation and to steady himself for the shot. He got a bird from No. 3 trap and killed it with the first barrel nevertheless. As he turned from the score, his face wore the happy look which may be seen on the faces of sleeping babes which are dreaming of angels.

Refereeing Without Thinking.

Sure Thing was next. He got a hot incomer from No. 1 trap, shot behind it with the first barrel, and, making the same error in part with the second, shot one leg and a part of the tail off, which fell two or three yards away, precisely on the boundary. The bird continued on its flight and disappeared in the blue horizon. The mangy dog, which acted as retriever, galloped about frantically, and barked sharply at every jump.

"Dead bird!" said Moke, who was refereeing.

Immediately there were angry protests from every side. "Lost bird!" "Lost bird!" "Where are your eyes, man?" etc., etc., were shouted.

"Easy, friends," said Moke, as he raised his hand to impose silence. "I am conscientiously refereeing this shoot under the rules, and under the rules that bird is a dead bird."

"You're crazy," said Rooney. "A bird which flies away before our very eyes cannot possibly be a dead bird."

"Perhaps you may know more about it than the rules," re-

torted Moke. "But when I say that the bird is dead and have the rules to back me, I consider that it is useless to talk further over the matter."

"Show us the rule!" "Show us the rule!" cried several, impatiently.

"All right; since you insist," Moke replied. He pulled a small booklet from his pocket and read as follows: "'Should any portion of the bird be on the line or touching it, such bird shall be declared a dead bird and shall be scored as such.' Do you see that leg and tail feathers exactly on the line. Aren't they a portion of the bird? If they are a portion of the bird, then the rule is very explicit—the bird must be scored dead."

"But the rules means that the bird is lying on the line, part within and part without," objected several.

"Then why doesn't the rule say so?" Moke retorted. "On the contrary, it says if any portion of the bird is on the boundary line. Now, a portion of that bird is on the line, and that portion you will admit is dead. Even if I were to violate the rule and say the bird was lost, it would not be true, for here is this portion of it on the ground before us, and it is certainly dead. A part of the bird has been saved, so it is not all lost."

"But 'portion' means a part of the whole bird in its entirety," objected Rooney, strenuously.

"Isn't a 'portion' the same also when it is removed," retorted Moke. "When you order a 'portion' of roast beef, do you expect the waiter to bring you the whole carcass of the ox? I believe myself that the bird is a lost bird, and that the rule meant to say so, but didn't. But I can't drag in my personal opinions into the matter, for I am too conscientious to do other than what the rules require, particularly when Sure Thing is a member of our club."

"If this kind of sure thing is going to continue, we'll quit," said Rooney, and several eagerly added, "Yes, we will." But they all continued shooting just the same.

Fatty Sliver rocked easily sidewise to the score, as he shifted from right to left to catch his centers of gravity, which were wide apart. He shot his left barrel first and his second misfired.

"Lost bird!" declared Moke.

"What?" exclaimed several in unison.

"Lost bird, if you must have a decision repeated before you can understand it!" replied the referee.

"Probably you find that in the rules?" commented Rooney, who also wished to be sarcastic.

"Certainly, of course I do," Moke replied, "and to save a long and tiresome discussion such as we had a while ago, I will at once read the rule to you;" whereupon he read it as follows: "'If the shooter's gun misfires with the right barrel, and he does not fire the second barrel, he shall be allowed another bird.' Now you will observe, gentlemen, that it was Fatty's right barrel which missed, and as there was only another barrel that must necessarily have been his second, which he fired. It is true that he technically fired his second barrel first, as it is also true that it was his right which misfired. The right being first under the rules, the wrong barrel was first in fact. Therefore it is a lost bird."

"But 'right barrel' means first barrel," objected several.

"The framers of these rules knew the difference between a first barrel and a right barrel. If they had meant it as you say they would have so said. I am further convinced that I am right because of the caption to the rule, namely, 'Misfires with Right Barrel.' If a shooter shoots his second barrel first under my ruling he does so at his peril," and Moke glared at the throng which gathered about him.

"All right," retorted Rooney. "We might as well go and shoot, for it is a fruitless task attempting to drum any sense into your head."

"Wait a bit," exclaimed Fatty. "I protest the decision on the ground that the referee exceeded his authority and had no right whatever to make the decision excepting by implication. Rule 2, entitled 'Duties of Referee,' declares that the referee shall see that the traps are properly set at the beginning of the match and kept in order to the finish, and kept properly filled; and on request he must test cartridges for improper loading. There is nothing more. That is all allowed the referee in the way of duties. It is not your duty to referee, for the rules, having defined your duty, withhold what is not allowed. You simply look after the traps and loads."

"You are foolish," retorted Moke. "I have it on good authority that any good referee can adjudicate well under these rules."

"The rules are good rules," replied Fatty. "But the fact that a good referee could adjudicate properly under them is outside the issue. Such a referee could act well under any other rules or no rules at all. That plea is a begging of the question. Whether a referee could or could not do certain things has no bearing on inaccuracies of statement, loose construction and redundant clauses. The imperfections are there, just the same, regardless of who is referee."

"The matter is no longer before the referee. It is already settled. Next man to the score," and Moke looked far from pleased with his job.

Long Green stepped to the score with a pump gun. He was unfortunate in having a misfire when he pulled the trigger for his first shot. He handed the gun to the referee, as the rules require. Moke saw that the hammer was down, and he promptly decided that it was a misfire.

"That will not do," said Long Green, by way of protest. "You are a great stickler for observing the rules, and the rule on this point is as follows: 'Whenever a cartridge misfires, the shooter must on no account open his gun, but shall hand it to the referee for his inspection, and it shall be the referee's duty to try both triggers without having previously opened the gun for the purpose of cocking it.' Now I insist that you pull both triggers on that repeater, as the rule requires. It states 'whenever,' and this is one of the whenevers."

"But there is only one trigger on this gun, and you are trying therefore to exact an impossibility," Moke replied.

"The rules are there, it is so in them, and we expect you to work according to them," was the retort.

"But misfires are provided for in case of repeaters," answered Moke.

"Not at all," rejoined Green. "When the brass shell pulls away from the paper, or when the extractor fails to extract, the rule allows another bird; but there is no mention whatever of a misfire."

"Well, then, I allow another bird, because the extractor failed to extract," replied Moke promptly.

"But I did not pump the action," said Green.

"That is not the issue at all. The extractor is the subject, not you. Now, the extractor either extracted or it did not. It did not. It therefore failed. The matter is settled. Another bird."

"Green shot and grassed his bird neatly."

Divide Always was the next man at the score. His bird was wing-broken, and dropped near the boundary. The dog rioted around in a senseless attempt to locate it, but failed.

"Call that dog in!" cried Moke, in a peremptory voice to the handler. Turning then to Divide, he said, "You have just two minutes in which to gather that bird." Divide placed his gun on the platform and was starting hastily for the bird, when Moke exclaimed, "Hold on! You can't go for that bird till the dog comes in to his handler." The dog meantime was running about lawlessly, entirely disobedient, and it was quite five minutes before the handler could get him in hand. "Lost bird!" ruled Moke.

"Lost nothing," exclaimed Divide, excitedly. "I have been studying the rules myself, and this is what governs the case: 'Then, as soon as the dog has returned to his handler, the shooter, or some person designated by him, shall go to gather the bird, and the time limit of two minutes shall commence from the time the dog returned to its handler.'"

"That seems very sound, it is true," admitted Moke, "but I was working on the clause which precedes that one, which is as follows: 'Where a dog is used for retrieving birds, if the dog cannot locate the bird, the time limit shall not be considered to have commenced until the referee has directed the handler of the dog to call the dog in.'"

"Well, which clause governs?" queried Divide.

"Give it up," replied Moke.

"I should, however, presume that the clause you read governs the matter, but if so of what use at all is the other clause?"

When at length it came Rooney's turn again he dropped his bird near the dead line. The bird was hard hit in the body, but was still vigorous, and if the dog rushed upon it, it would to a certainty flutter out. It was weakening as every second passed. Rooney, observing this, stood at the score, and neither turned nor opened his gun.

"Why don't you order the dog sent to retrieve?" demanded Moke, impatiently.

"That's entirely my affair," was the retort. "I am only taking my rights under the rules. I want that bird to die before I call for the dog."

"I will order him sent myself if you do not do so immediately," said Moke, with some asperity.

"That is entirely outside of your authority. The shooter has the authority in this case. Look at the rules and learn all of them instead of a part!" said Rooney, saucily.

Moke read as follows: "'The shooter after firing must call 'Man' or 'Dog'; should he fail to do so, the opening of his gun shall be considered as a signal by the handler to let the dog go.'"

"In that case," said Rooney, "you will please wait till I open my gun before the dog is sent for the bird. I will open it when I feel that that bird cannot fly."

Generosity.

At the end of the day the home talent had most of the money, which had been put up, and a jolly good time beside. Several had lost some money, but Rooney was "broke." He had not a cent left. In this strait, he went to the Cadi and asked for a loan; but the good Cadi, whatever might be his inclination, was never in a position to loan money.

But there is a beautiful trait among the fraternity of trap-shooters, which is that a stranded brother who has lost his money is sure to receive sufficient assistance to insure his return to his domicile, or at least from the shooters' vicinity. There was a little running around and private talking one with another, and after a while a railroad man, who was present, was prevailed upon to furnish him a pass and get him out of the country.

I trust that the wise and gentle reader will excuse the apparent egotism displayed in the use of the personal pronoun, which I find to be more or less essential at this juncture. I thought that a bit of spirited poetry, apropos of the generosity of trap-shooters toward each other under circumstances similar to those aforementioned, would give a touch of color and sweetness to this noble trait, but, rake my memory over as carefully as I would, I could not find anything even remotely worthy of so delicate association. In this dilemma, I turned to our Editor-in-Chief, Mr. C. B. Reynolds, and asked his advice on this point, with a feeling of certainty that I was thereby in a fair way to save the day. After glancing over the MS. in a nonchalant manner for a few moments, he assured me that the matter was one in which the poetry was necessarily made to order to secure a proper fit, as nothing in the regular stock would serve with just precision; then he asked me directly: "Why do you not write the needed poetry yourself?"

I confessed that I had tried some years ago, but did not meet with the encouragement which filigree work in words deserved. "Well," he remarked, "the writing of poetry in general is difficult, if it be good; but writing poetry which is good enough for this is easy. I will assist you myself." Thereupon he calmly wrote, off-hand, as follows:

The Golden Rule.

(In its application to Coon Hunting.)

A sportsman true from Kalamazoo
A-cooning came to the Kanakakee;

For there, 'twas told, the creatures grew,
A flock of coons to every tree.

But lost in the mazes of Kankakee,
He began to boohoo for Kalamazoo;

And since he'd spent his very last V,
Unable to quiet his hullabaloo,

They shipped him free from Kankakee—
Deadheading him through to Kalamazoo.

"For," said the benevolent Kankakeans,
And this they wrote to the Kalamazoans,

"As we'd have you-uns do to we-uns,
The same should we-uns do to you-uns."

BERNARD WATERS.

The third annual spring tournament of the Bison Gun Club, Chas. H. Werlin, secretary, to be held April 5 and 6 has a programme of targets and live birds, the first day devoted to the former, the second to the latter. There are ten target events, varying from 10 to 20 targets, 200 all told, with a uniform entry of 75 cents, a total of \$7.50 for the day. Three dollars are added to each event, making a total of \$30 for the day. Twenty per cent. will be deducted from purses of those making 90 per cent. or better, to be divided equally among five contestants, who make the lowest scores, shooting through the programme. Those who wish can shoot for targets only. On the second day there are three live-bird events. Nos. 1 and 2 are at 10 live birds, \$3 entrance, both open to all. No. 3 is the Bidwell trophy, at 25 live birds, \$13.75 entrance, birds included. Shooting on this day begins at 9:30.

Mr. E. E. Lincoln, Boston, writes us that on April 19 the annual tournament of the Hingham Gun Club will be held on its grounds at South Hingham, Mass. The principal event will be a handicap race of 100 birds, known angles, \$5 entrance fee. This shoot is looked forward to by all the cracks of western Massachusetts, and a large crowd is sure to be in attendance.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Hell Gate Gun Club.

New York, March 29.—The monthly shoot of the Hell Gate Gun Club was held at Dexter Park, L. I., on March 28. Despite the beastly weather, thirty-eight members and three guests faced the traps. The birds were a fast lot, and a strong incoming wind made them very erratic in their flight.

At the last meeting of the club, held at their headquarters, 1355 Amsterdam avenue, the president, John H. Voss, was presented with a diamond charm, as a recognition for his long successful management of the club, and his good fellowship. A good old sociable time wound up the evening or rather night.

J. H. Voss, 30, 7.	2111212121-10
J. A. Belden, 28, 6½.	2121212122-9
R. Regan, 28, 5½.	0020222222-7
P. Garms, 28, 6½.	2*1110*122-7
J. Himmelsbach, 28, 7.	1211102210-8
C. Weber, 30, 7.	1012120211-7
E. Doenick, 30, 7.	1221222222-8
A. Schmitt, 28, 6.	1012121102-8
C. Wigger, 28, 4½.	2202021200-6
F. Wheeler, 28, 5½.	0000*00100-1
J. Neumann, 28, 6.	12*0222*12-7
H. Haften, 28, 5.	0202112221-8
C. Rabenstein, 28, 6½.	2021211111-9
A. Dietzel, 28, 5.	0201110210-6
Van Allen, 30, guest.	2202220222-8
Casper, 28, guest.	1012111000-6
E. Steffens, 28, 6.	1012101010-5
C. Lang, 28, 7.	0*10121*01-5
E. Meckel, 28, 6.	1012001011-6
L. T. Muench, 28, 5½.	0221221211-9
F. Trostel, 30, 7.	0*10212112-7
E. Metz, 28, 7.	2000122121-7
H. Forster, 30, 7.	00*1211102-6
W. A. Noe, 28, 5.	0200002102-4
Wm. Sands, 30, 7.	2222020222-8
E. Marquard, 28, 4½.	0011202020-6
Wm. Sands, 30, 7.	0201101000-6
P. Woelfel, 28, 7.	2222020122-8
Jos. Selg, 28, 4½.	0021002010-4
J. Wellbrock, 28, 6½.	121*122212-9
John Moore, 28, guest.	1012001*12-8
A. Knodel, 28, 4½.	2222020002-6
T. McPartland, 28, 4½.	0010002221-5
John Quinn, 28, 6½.	1111212121-10
E. Petersen, 28, 7.	1212022001-7
P. Brennan, 28, 4½.	*12120202-6
John Schlicht, 28, 6½.	2*1212121-6
C. H. Schmidt, 28, 5.	0100202212-6
H. Carell, 28, 5.	0000220010-3
Chris Fuchs, 28, 5.	011000002*2-8
S. O. Dannefer, 28, 6.	0222220222-8
E. Karl, 28, 5.	1201210201-7

E. DOENICK, Sec'y.

New Utrecht Gun Club.

Woodlawn, L. I., April 1.—A strong westerly wind was blowing, which caused the targets to dip, and made the shooting difficult. In the gun shoot, P. E. George and D. Deacon tied, and in the shoot-off P. E. George won; this being his third win, the gun becomes his property. After this event George challenged Gaughen for the plate, which he won. Gaughen had on five previous occasions successfully defended it.

Club shoot:	011100000000111001001010w
Jas. Brown, 5.	11110001101011010000010010
P. E. George, 3.	0101010001110100101101010
J. Gaughen, 4.	10001011101011010001010100
D. Deacon, 4.	0010001001100011001100100w

Brush gun shoot:	00000000001000000000100w
Jas. Brown, 5.	101011010111111011111100
P. E. George, 1.	011011101110110100100100w
J. Gaughen, 2.	10101110011101001100111001
D. Deacon, 4.	0000011100011101101010w

Shoot-off of tie for gun:	11000000001011111100101
D. Deacon	000110100111111111111111
P. E. George	000110100111111111111111

Challenge plate shoot, 20 singles and 5 pairs:	00010101101101101 10 01 10 00 11-17
J. Gaughen	101111111111110111 11 01 11 10 10-25
P. E. George	

Brooklyn Gun Club.

Brooklyn, April 1.—The scores of shoot April 1 are appended. As you will see by them, the shooting was hard, as the wind blew a gale. The ninth event was a prize shoot, a fine leg of mutton gun case, 25 targets, \$1 entrance, birds included, handicap. Chas. Dudley was the lucky one. The handicaps follow the names:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	10	10	10	15	15	15	15	20	25
Dudley, 8.	6	6	7	12	11	11	11	11	22
J. H. S., 5.	8	7	6	8	7	9	11	11	12
Van Allen, 5.	9	8	6	7	12	7	13	10	16
Babcock, 7.	9	8	10	12	9	6	11	9	13
Scheubel, 7.	5	7	6	10	8	11	9	13	13
Dr. Creamer, 10.	5	5	7	9	10	7	10	10	10
Kemble, 7.	7	7	8	13	9	14	15	11	15
Lane, 8.	7	6	5	9	6	11	11	11	15
Dr. Smith, 7.	3	5	4	10	10	10	14	10	14
David, 7.	4	5	5	8	7	10	10	10	10
Dr. Jackson, 8.	5	6	5	6	10	10	8	9	10
Wright, 8.	8	6	8	10	11	10	12	10	12

JOHN S. WRIGHT, Manager.

Oceanic Rod and Gun Club.

Rockaway Park, L. I., April 3.—The Oceanic Rod and Gun Club held its regular bi-weekly shoot on the first day of this week. The weather was not very favorable for making high scores, a stiff breeze and snow squalls quite frequently prevailing. Scores are as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	25	25	25	15	10	25	25	25	25	10	6
Dr. Hill	18	20	16	10	5	18	18	19	21	8	3
A. Schubel	12	14	13	6	10	15	11	11	11	11	11
T. Dittley	8	11	5	6	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
C. Dudley	19	13	7	18	18	20	17	6	5	10	10
G. Leoble	12	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Jones	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
F. Coleman	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10

Catchpole Gun Club.

WOLCOTT, N. Y., March 30.—Herewith are the scores made at a tournament held by the Catchpole Gun Club, March 30. The programme consisted of twelve events, a total of 145 targets. There was a good attendance, several well-known shots from Rochester, Fulton, Sodas and Sterling being present.

Targets were thrown from the magatrap. Event 10 was at 5 pairs and 10 singles:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Shot.
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	145
C. Doyile	8	6	7	10	6	5	12	7	13	8	10	145	97
Dr. Weller	8	9	10	13	7	8	7	11	9	18	9	145	120
Beyer	10	9	9	12	8	9	9	13	9	17	10	145	130
R. Doyile	7	8	7	11	6	6	10	10	10	10	10	75	52
Cosad	6	7	8	13	6	7	12	13	13	13	13	90	65
Wride	10	10	7	15	8	8	13	8	16	9	10	130	107
Turner	6	9	6	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	8	120	89
Wadsworth	8	6	7	11	8	7	8	11	8	15	10	120	100
Tassell	9	7	5	14	9	8	13	7	15	10	10	120	77
Hopkins	7	6	9	8	8	6	10	6	12	5	10	120	60
Burk	9	8	8	8	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	25	17
Knapp	6	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	25	20
Granger	4	5	5	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	45	33
Dr. Hamilton	5	6	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	45	29
Cumpton	9	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	30	11
White	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	20	11
Wayte	14	10	9	10	12	9	14	9	12	11	9	115	99
Hunter	11	10	9	9	14	7	9	14	9	14	9	95	82
Chapman	9	7	1	1	10	7	14	6	15	6	15	65	57
Boleyu	6	8	10	13	10	10	14	7	10	14	7	70	61
Seaman	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	10	5
Foster	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	10	3
Strait	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	10	4
Cuyler	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	10	4

E. A. WADSWORTH, Sec'y.

St. Louis Shooting Association.

NEW YORK, April 1.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: As you have already announced to your readers, the E. C. cup, emblematic of the inanimate target championship of the world, will be contested for in open competition at the Missouri State shoot, to be held at St. Louis, May, 16-20, under the auspices of the St. Louis Shooting Association.

When the St. Louis Shooting Association first requested the American E. C. & Schultze Gun Powder Co. to place this cup in open competition at its tournament, the secretary of the Association, Mr. H. B. Collins, asked me, in the event of the above company favorably considering the request, to forward to him a couple of photographs of the cup. The other day I mailed him the photographs, and received his acknowledgment through the courtesy of Mr. Herbert Taylor in the following letter, which I take to be of sufficient interest to the shooting public to find space in your publication: (The letter is dated St. Louis, March 27.)

"I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your recent favor; also two photographs of the cup. The photographs have excited unusual interest among the sportsmen who have seen them, and have been of material assistance to us in the way of preparing a design for a beautiful cup, which has been given to this Association by the St. Louis Republic.

"I do not intend to convey the idea that the design has been copied in the slightest detail, as this new cup is a loving cup, with a picture of a trap-shooter at the score in half relief. The cost of the cup will be between \$700 and \$800, and will be emblematic of St. Louis' open for all contest at live birds. The conditions have not been definitely settled, but they will probably follow the rules governing the Kansas City Star cup, which, as you know, is now the property of Mr. J. A. R. Elliott, and no longer subject to competition.

"We are out of the woods now in regard to our tournament; ample money is assured; programme mapped out and adopted, and arrangement of grounds completed. We have now to execute the mechanical work, and will open up on May 15 the best and largest tournament ever held in the country, given by amateurs for amateurs, and for the love of the sport. Not barring any class of men, yet making it possible for the 80 per cent. plan to shoot through the programme.

"We seek to attain these results by adopting the Rose system of division of moneys, and making the man who can only break 11 out of 15 or 15 out of 20 transact a little business with the cashier at the end of the day. It is one of the pleasant features of a tournament, that little interview with the man in the box office. When you say 'Please settle up with me,' and when you stick that money down in your jeans, it comes as near warming the cockles of the amateur's heart as anything in the world.

"We are going to try and make it pleasant for most everybody except the 95 per cent. man. He will have to be content with modest winnings as compared with the old times, when little amateur tournaments paid one or two shooters \$100 or \$200 per day, and when everybody else was loser.

"A man at our tournaments if he shoots like a house afire can make money; an average shot will more than pay his expenses, and the man that plays in hard luck cannot lose very much.

"The Association adds a large amount of money. Just think of it! \$30 added to the 15-bird events, and \$35 to the 20-bird events. Think how many targets that will buy! And we take out only 2 cents for targets! It's a losing proposition on the face of it for the Association. We do not have the support that has been given to tournaments in the past by manufacturers.

"Let me add in conclusion that if any tournament is deserving of a large attendance this one surely is. If any plan for running a tournament will bring the amateur from his hiding place, and put the sport on a proper basis, we believe that we have found the right way to do it.

"The few evils which have crept into the sport we have tried to eliminate, and if we do not succeed in making this tournament in May at St. Louis the best one from all points of view that was ever given, why, we just don't know how."

The above letter from Mr. Taylor speaks for itself, and shows how hard the St. Louis Shooting Association is working to make its tournament a success.

EDWARD BANKS.

Boston Gun Club.

WELLINGTON, Mass., March 31.—The Boston Gun Club held its final shoot in first '99 series Wednesday, March 29, and the most noticeable feature of the afternoon was a gale of wind that beat the record for velocity and general depravity. The little coterie of shooters aboard the usual train were partially prepared for an interesting seance with the targets upon viewing the white-caps and rolling billows of the adjacent river from car windows, and later, while shooting, the surf could easily be seen dashing high on the banks of the same stream, as it narrowly winds in front of the club house some 500 yds. away. It was truly a picnic, and the kind of a picnic where nobody improved on former scores, and all but the 21 yds. shooter succumbed to the inevitable and would prefer the scores not to be printed. Either Mr. Leroy's load had a knack of reaching the right place at the right instant or he just fooled the targets by smashing them so quickly that the breeze was beaten at its own game.

His quick execution was very noticeable, and once or twice it was found necessary to remind him that it would be just as well to allow the target a slight start.

The prize winners and scores are given at the conclusion of this report. Mr. Woodruff is now the fortunate possessor of a B. G. C. watch charm, just beating out Gordon and Miskay by one target. The scores are not so high as in previous series, principally because of so many stormy Wednesdays. One week was missed entirely on account of it being impossible to shoot; this narrowed the fourteen shoots to thirteen, and of these six best scores were selected for prize total. The five best scores counted for the two, or, rather, four team prizes. Regardless of the weather, the shoots have been well attended, and a great deal of pleasure and practice derived from the afternoon meetings. The new series will cover the months between now and shore bird season; and, given more favorable shooting conditions, the scores should show much improvement.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Gordon, 17.	5	8	1	5	4	2	10	3	7	4	5	5
Miskay, 18.	6	7	3	6	5	3	4	5	7	6	8	4
Leroy, 21.	8	7	5	10	7	3	4	10	9	7	7	5
Woodruff, 17.	6	7	2	6	3	5	3	3	6	7	5	7
Bryan, 18.	5	6	2	5	7	2	3	4	4	6	11	11
Miller, 16.	7	8	2	6	8	2	2	2	2	2	2	2
Leonard, 16.	2	5	2	5	4	3	3	3	6	3	4	6
Andre, 16.	4	7	0	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6
Nowelle, 16.	3	2	2	4	6	4	0	4	6	4	7	7
Driver, 15.	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Horace, 18.	4	5	3	6	6	2	2	6	4	7	10	10
Puck, 20.	5	4	2	2	2	7	4	8	6	8	8	8
Henry, 14.	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5

Events 1, 4, 5, 8 and 11, known angles; 2, 6, 9 unknown; 11, the same, use of both barrels; 3 and 7, pairs; 10, reverse.

Final contest, individual, in winter prize series, 21 targets—10 known, 5 unknown and 3 pairs:

Leroy, 21.	0001111111-7	10011-3	10 11 10-4-14
Bryan, 18.	1100111101-7	01100-2	01 01 10-3-12
Miskay, 18.	0100011011-5	10101-3	11 10 10-4-12
Woodruff, 17.	0100010001-3	11111-5	11 00 10-3-11
Gordon, 17.	0110001010-4	01111-4	10 10 00-2-10
Leonard, 16.	1000101010-4	01110-3	11 10 00-2-10
Nowelle, 16.	1101000111-6	11101-4	00 00 00-0-10
Horace, 18.	0011010111-6	00110-2	00 10 10-2-10
Puck, 20.	0100100101-4	00011-2	10 00 10-2-8

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO.

TERMS: \$4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY.
SIX MONTHS, \$2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1899.

VOL. III. No. 15.
No. 246 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, \$4 per year, \$2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iv.

We commonly refrain from killing swallows, and esteem it unlucky to destroy them: whether herein there be not a Pagan relic, we have some reason to doubt. For we read in Aelion that these birds were sacred unto the Penates or household gods of the ancients, and therefore were preserved. The same they also honored as the unncios of the spring; and we find in Athenalus that the Rhodions had a solemn song to welcome in the swallow.
Sir Thomas Browne.

NOTICE.

THE New York Clearing House has adopted new regulations governing the collection of checks and drafts on banks outside of the city. This entails a collection expense on those who receive such checks. Our patrons are requested, therefore, in making their remittances to send postal or express money order, postage stamps, or check or draft on a New York city bank, or other New York current funds.

MOUNDS AND ANIMAL EFFIGIES.

IN his interesting work on the mounds and earthwork of the Mississippi Valley, the second volume of the Pre-historic America, Mr. Stephen D. Peet, gives a vast amount of interesting material, which he considers as bearing directly on the hunting methods of the ancient people who occupied the region where they constructed those gigantic earthworks, which have so long been the wonder of all students of American ethnology. The primitive American was largely a flesh eater, and almost all the old-time tribes of this continent were hunters and depended in large measure on the animal food which they captured in various ways.

These people, as is well understood, were poorly armed, and to be successful it was necessary that they should creep close to the animal which they wished to destroy and should shoot at it, perhaps over and over again, with the stone headed arrow. Among all tribes traditions are handed down telling of the danger to man in primitive days from the animals on which in our time he subsisted, and telling too how in ancient times the moose, the deer, the antelope and the buffalo did not serve as food for the people, but instead devoured the people as their food. Father Marquette, the noble missionary who was the first to voyage on the waters of the upper Mississippi says: "The Indians hide themselves when they shoot at them (the buffalo), otherwise they would be in great danger of losing their lives. They follow them at a great distance, but for loss of blood they are unable to follow them. They graze upon the banks of the rivers."

Many of these earthworks so carefully studied by Mr. Peet consist of ridges built either parallel or converging, and often near some steep high bluff. The author believes that it was the practice to drive the game into such narrow passageways and so to get near to them and to slaughter them with the primitive weapons; and while this may have been often the case, it is also probably true that in other instances these passageways led to pens and corrals into which the game was driven and in which it might be confined while the operations of slaughtering it went forward. These ancient hunters were, of course, as familiar with the ways and the habits of the animals on which they fed as our modern Indians have been. They knew all their haunts and runways, and understood precisely how a herd of animals of any sort would act under a given set of conditions. They knew, for example, precisely where they would find a certain sort of game at any particular season of the year, and when their crops had been gathered in the late summer, they traveled to their hunting grounds, where they found the game fat and abundant.

Mr. Peet has pointed out that the country where these mounds are found was in these ancient times a real paradise for the hunter, for game was enormously abundant; not only elk, deer, buffalo, moose, and all kinds of birds,

but also the carnivores, bear, wolf, panther, fox and lynx. It is not difficult to believe this, and indeed authors who wrote of it in colonial times, picture the Mississippi Valley as abounding in game. Mr. Peet believes many of the animals whose figures he sees represented in these mounds to be in fact effigies of certain animal gods which had the power to assist the hunter in his chase, and that these mounds are analogous to the pictured figures which used to be found on bluffs and in caves. In other words, he looks on them as bearing to the mound builders a relation somewhat similar to the pictures of saints and angels with which we adorn our churches.

If, as Dr. Peet believes, these mounds possessing animal shapes are indeed game gods or gods of the chase, they might well enough be situated near to the drives where the chase was carried on. They would thus be more constantly in the sight of the people and more convenient to be addressed in prayer. Also, they might more readily be dreamed of if they were where they were easily and often seen.

It must be acknowledged that the question as to who built these mounds and why they built them have not yet been satisfactorily answered. The probabilities all seem to indicate that the mound builders were no more than the predecessors, and probably the progenitors of the Indians found in the country when the white man came.

SNAP SHOTS.

In the April session of the Rhode Island Legislature Hon. N. F. Reiner will introduce a measure to provide a game commission for the State, and to shorten the open season so that it shall be for all game birds Oct. 15 to Dec. 15. In view of the decrease of game, due in large measure to snaring for the market, there is urgent necessity of amending the statute, which now permits owners to snare on their own land. This is virtually giving license to all snarers, for experience has proved the difficulty of suppressing the industry of snaring by professional market hunters on the farms of others, so long as any snaring is permitted. As so many of the members of the General Assembly are in sympathy with the snaring element, any change in the present law would be difficult of achievement; but we are advised that Senator Reiner will make the attempt to abolish snaring; and if the sportsmen of the State will lend their assistance the end may be accomplished. The practical way to work is for each sportsman who is interested to see his Senator or Representative and secure his support of the measure. Now that they are assured of representation by one who appreciates the situation so thoroughly as does Mr. Reiner, the citizens of Rhode Island should improve the opportunity to correct this long-standing abuse.

We print to-day the first part of Mr. Harry E. Lee's story of his hunting experiences in Alaska. The concluding portion will be given next week, and will relate to the moose and caribou country. Mr. Lee is now planning another trip to Alaska, this time going in quest of the musk-ox, the wood bison and the bear.

It gives us pleasure to correct a misapprehension or a slip of the pen by Mr. Fred Mather in his notes last week, when he spoke of the late Theodore Morford; for Mr. Morford is living at his New Jersey home, and is in no sense late. Mr. Rowland E. Robinson asks after the veteran poet-sportsman, Isaac McLellan; and a wide circle will be pleased to learn that Mr. McLellan is living, still hale and hearty, in his ninety-third year, at Greenport, Long Island. By the way, we wonder if the school children of to-day number among the bits of verse made familiar by their school readers, Mr. McLellan's poem, so well known and so often declaimed by the boys of long ago:

Wild was the night, yet a wilder night
Hung 'round the soldier's pillow;
In his bosom there waged a fiercer fight
Than the fight on the wrathful billow.

Here once more is the old question of the apprentices who made it a condition of their articles of indenture that they should not be required to eat salmon or shad or canvasback duck more than six days in the week; and we are asked for references to the documents in the case as applying to the shad of the Connecticut River. We cannot give any light on the subject. No authentic data have ever been discovered, though in past years

we have not infrequently requested those who made reference to such stipulations to show the papers. The myth, if myth it be, is an ancient one. Here is a paragraph bearing on it from the autobiography of the artist Thomas Bewick, more than a hundred years ago: "From about the year 1760 to '67, when a boy, I was frequently sent by my parents to purchase a salmon from the fishers of the 'strike' at Eltringham Ford. At that time, I never paid more, and often less, than three half-pence per pound (mostly a heavy, guessed weight, about which they were not exact). Before, or perhaps about this time, there had always been an article inserted in every indenture in Newcastle that the apprentice was not to be obliged to eat salmon above twice a week, and this like bargain was made upon hiring ordinary servants."

The story of an Adirondack moose hunt, as told in our pages the other day by Mr. Peter Flint, has attracted much deserved attention in the northern part of the State, where the moose is now but a memory with some of the oldest inhabitants. Another interesting occurrence in the history of the moose in its old stamping grounds was referred to in a note last week from Commissioner Jno. W. Titcomb, of Vermont, recording the killing of a moose near Island Pond, in that State. This was probably the first moose killed in Vermont for twenty-five or thirty years; at least it is the first during that period made known to the public. Mr. Titcomb sends us a photograph of the unlovely head with its ridiculous spike-horns.

This Vermont moose incident gives admirable point to the plea which our Mississippi contributor, Coahoma, makes for immunity in behalf of the stray remnants of peirshing species. Let such a creature show its head, as did this moose, in a region where it is a rarity, and as certain as fate the human kind will set upon it to do it to death. An entire village, men, boys and women with children in arms will join in the pursuit of a chance doe or fawn. Let a pestiferous bird "collector" catch sight of the bright plumage of a rare bird, and he is on the instant aroused to destroy it in the name of what he calls science.

We congratulate Mr. D. C. Beaman, of Denver, and those who have labored with him to secure the enactment of the game bill to which we have already devoted attention in these columns. In its original form the measure provided for a hunting and guiding license, but this feature was eliminated in the discussion. Another change made was respecting the limitation of the bag; Mr. Beaman's draft put the limit of ducks lawfully killed in a day at twenty-five, and the number in possession at fifty, but these numbers were raised to fifty and one hundred respectively, and a lawful fifty pounds of fish was made seventy-five pounds. The old provision is retained that game may be killed for food purposes only, and a decided step in advance is a further limitation of the individual to one elk, one antelope and one deer (or instead of one antelope and one deer, two of either) in a season. When it is remembered that the mountain ranchmen of Colorado have been accustomed to kill these species by the cord pile of stacked carcasses, the effect of the new rule may be realized. That effect, of course, depends upon how the new statute shall be enforced. For the executive service, there have been provided a commissioner, five chief wardens constantly in service, and ten deputies when required. If the people of Colorado will give the new game protective system a fair trial, we are convinced that the results of the test will be to establish the system in the support of public opinion.

The sportsmen of Illinois are bestirring themselves to prevent the passage through the Legislature of Senate Bill number 43, an act to amend the game law. In its original form Bill 43 was a vicious measure clearly framed in the interest of the game dealers of Chicago, who, if the bill should become a law, would have an open market for venison and grouse.

Dr. Tarleton H. Bean has been appointed to the charge of the Fisheries Department of the American exhibit at Paris in 1900. The appointment is an excellent one; Dr. Bean has had extended experience in this field, and under his direction the United States display at Paris will be a creditable showing of our fishery resources, appliances and methods.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Winning Alaska Trophies.—I.

I AM receiving numerous letters from all parts of the country wishing to know more about my hunting trip of 1898 in Alaska, and as it is impossible to answer all of them, I know of no better way than to just give you a short detailed account of it.

I left Chicago about May 5 and visited friends in nearly every State between there and the Coast, arriving at Seattle June 10. I expected to get a boat at once for Cook's Inlet, but was disappointed, as the mail steamer only leaves once a month for that part of Alaska. I met my friend, Mr. Dall De Neese, of Cañon City, Colo., at Salt Lake, and found him a most enjoyable companion all the way up to Alaska. While waiting for our boat to leave we enjoyed ourselves in going up to Cedar Lake, Wash., and had some fine sport with speckled trout. We also visited a number of places of interest around Seattle and Tacoma.

Our steamer left Seattle June 28, and we had a most delightful trip all the way up. We stopped at Fort Wrangell, Juneau, Skagway, Sitka and other points of interest. It was quite an interesting study to watch the miners and prospectors at each of the steamboat landings, and note the expression on each face. Some were returning after months of toil and hardship without a penny in their pocket nor the slightest prospect for the future. Others were just starting out, their faces all aglow and radiant with hope and confidence. It is surprising to see how many people go up to Alaska and how few there are who know the resources of that wonderful country. Thousands of people go over the trail or around by the Yukon to Dawson City, and hardly one of them ever attempts to penetrate the interior. I had some of the latest Government maps along with me, and was astonished to find that not one of them was correct. I made some special inquiries into this matter, and found that most of the maps were made from supposition, and others from descriptions given by Indians, but none from real observation, for no one had yet penetrated that country. Every little town along the Coast was crowded with prospectors. And such prospectors! Nine-tenths of them acted more like children at a seaside watering place with their little pick and shovel, digging in the dry sand; each one of course expected to find nuggets in every shovelful of sand; but as they did not find the yellow metal as expected they would get together and discuss the situation and then blame the whole country. There are a few men in that country who are not afraid to stem the fierce tides or cross the rugged mountains, and those are the men who will succeed.

The Indians along the Cook's Inlet country are quite different from those in the eastern part of Alaska. I found the eastern Indians between Seattle and Sitka a very lazy, slovenly class, while those further west were much brighter and possessed far more intelligence. Nearly all have neat, comfortable little homes; all spoke the Russian language, and nearly all belong to the Russian Greek Church. I never found a more honest class of people in any part of the country than those western Alaskan Indians. They never think of touching anything that does not belong to them. I left my camp for weeks at a time where Indians passed every day, and not one article was ever molested.

Our first landing place in western Alaska was at Homer, a large mining camp on Kachemmach Bay. From there we took a small steamer which carries mail and passengers up Cook's Inlet. We stopped off at Kussilof, and through the courtesy of Capt. Weatherby were made very comfortable. At this point is located one of the largest salmon canneries on the western coast. Capt. Weatherby is in charge of it, and is a most worthy gentleman in every respect. From this point we took a small sail-boat and visited all of the towns along the coast on both sides of the inlet. It required about ten days to make the trip, as the boat was small and the water very rough. On our return to Kussilof I parted company with Mr. De Neese. He went up the Kussilof River on a prospecting trip, while I returned to Homer, where I made my permanent headquarters. Homer is situated on what is known as the Spit, a peninsula running out in the Kachemmach Bay, about five miles long and only half a mile wide. It is the only place in Alaska which I found entirely free from mosquitoes and insects of all kinds during the summer months. The shores are teeming with waterfowl of every description. The eider duck especially are very numerous, and a great number of other varieties that I had never seen nor heard of before. Wild geese are also very plentiful. Most of the ducks which are raised in this part of the country winter on the west shore of Japan instead of in the United States. The waters are alive with nearly every variety of fish. The silver salmon is the gamiest fish I saw in that part of the country. I have seen those great shining beauties of 10, 15 and 20 lbs. rise to a fly, and maybe you think I did not have fun landing them.

While enjoying these sports along the coast of the Kachemmach, I would gaze away off in the distance to the far off snowy range of mountains, and with my mind's eye could see the great white-fleeced bighorn sheep I had heard so much about, but according to the miners and prospectors and even the Indians, no human being could ever ascend the rugged peaks or cross the deadly glaciers. I had come several thousand miles for this purpose, however, and to see the promised land and not get there was hardly my style of doing things. I tried to engage some Indians, but they all said, "Water too plenty; mountains no good walk"; or in other words, the rivers were too rapid and the mountains too hard to climb; and none of them cared to endanger their precious life, for as a rule they never like to take any risk unless it is absolutely necessary. While debating what was the best plan to pursue, I met with some gentlemen who were anxious to take a little pleasure trip up the bay, and four of us started for the mouth of Sheep River. I thought that if I got up so far as that I would try the ascent of the mountains alone and risk all dangers in order to get one of the much coveted sheep.

Our party consisted of Mr. L. M. Morgan, of Illinois; Mr. Harry Gunning, of Brooklyn, N. Y.; A. J. Hill, of

Paterson, N. J., and myself. Our craft was a whaleboat rigged with sails and having a cabin large enough for four to sleep comfortably in. We reached our destination in three days and found a very pleasant place to camp, which I named Windy Point, as the wind caused from the action of the glaciers blows there continually. You may think it strange for me to call this a pleasant place to camp; but if you knew how much more pleasant it is to endure a little wind, even if it is off a glacier, than to be eaten alive with mosquitoes and sand flies, you would agree with me that it was enjoyable. Mr. Morgan and Mr. Hill were both anxious to see a mountain sheep, and decided to accompany me on my mountain climb. We baked bread sufficient for a four days' trip, and with very scant outfit started. Our route was through a deep swamp, and at every step we went over our knees and very often to our hips in mud and water. This continued for miles and miles, until we thought we could never reach firm footing again, nor even a spot where we could rest for a moment; however, we toiled on until we reached the foot of the mountain, and here our hardships begun in earnest.

I have hunted through the dense forests in upper Canada, the Cumberland Mountains in Pennsylvania, the Ozark Mountains in Arkansas, the Rocky Mountains in Colorado, Wyoming and Montana, the swamps and canebrakes of Mississippi and Louisiana, and the hummocks and Everglades of Florida, but in all my experience I never undertook anything half so bad as this was. My two companions decided to give up and return to camp, as it seemed impossible to go one step further. The underbrush was so dense and matted and the "devil's staff" so plentiful that a rabbit could hardly crawl through. The "devil's staff" is a growth of underbrush averaging about 1 in. in diameter and about 3 or 4 ft. high, and it is ten times worse than briars, for the thorns are long and sharp as a sword and very poisonous. Then the rocks were so perpendicular that we had to climb up on each others' shoulders to get over them. I finally persuaded my companions to keep going, and we would get to the



DALL'S MOUNTAIN SHEEP.

One of the specimens secured by Mr. Lee.

top some time, and by 10 o'clock that night we reached timber line. Here we made a shelter of spruce boughs and rested for the night.

The next morning we found that we were only about half way up the mountain. Each of us had a repeating rifle. Mr. Morgan had a .45-90 Winchester, Mr. Hill had my .30-40 Winchester, and I staked my faith on my little .30-30 Savage. At an early hour we started for the summit of the mountains, and about noon reached the top. We saw several signs of sheep along the ledge, but the animals themselves were nowhere to be seen. At last we looked away across a deep ravine, and saw on a distant mountain four little white specks; we hardly knew whether they were sheep or snow; but finally we could discern that the objects moved, and we were satisfied that they were the long-expected animals we were hunting. Now for the wings of an eagle or some other bird to waft us over that dreadful deep ravine. We looked down and saw the bottom about 3,000 ft. below, and the rocky cliff on each side almost perpendicular. There was no alternative, however; down the rocky ledge we had to go, and inch by inch crawled up the other side. One unguarded step would mark our destiny forever. Finally we reached the opposite mountain and saw the sheep about a mile above us. We were almost exhausted, as we had had nothing to eat from early morn, and the light atmosphere was anything but reviving. It was, indeed, almost impossible to breathe.

Now was the time for the hunter to exert his skill as well as his strength. The mountain sheep are considered wildest of all animals to get within range, and especially at this season of the year, when everything is in their favor. Their great large eyes are always on the lookout and their keen ears are ever on the alert for the slightest sound; their nose is in the air most of the time, and so acute is their sense of smell that it is said they can easily scent danger a mile away; and from my own experience I am satisfied that the statement is correct. I also found that hunting the Alaskan sheep was quite a different proposition from that with those found in the Rocky Mountains. The Rocky Mountain sheep are used to seeing numerous animals, such as deer, elk and antelope, around them every day, which has a tendency to make them less suspicious. The Alaskan sheep sees nothing on those bare mountains but animals which they are in constant dread of, such as bear, wolves and mountain lions. It is therefore reasonable to suppose that they are more watchful and more apprehensive of all moving objects. Our first care was to see from which point the wind was blowing; our next was to keep out of sight, and last, but not least, to be very cautious not to make the slightest noise. Neither of the men along with me seemed to realize how important all of these precautions were, and I had hard work to keep them from making some serious blunders.

The first difficulty was to get above the sheep. To do this we had to make a detour of about three miles. The sheep were disporting themselves in a little valley and

acted more like lambkins than the great, old full-grown males that they were. The females were carefully concealed along the deep ledges of the precipice, guarding their little ones, while their lords and masters were out enjoying the sunshine, and all the pleasures of their mountain life.

We now separated, Mr. Morgan going to a ledge of rock almost over the sheep; Mr. Hill was to go around the hill and cut off their retreat, while I remained behind some rocks about 600 yds. from the sheep. As soon as Mr. Morgan reached the point of rock, which was about 85 yds. from the game, he immediately began firing at them. Naturally, of course, the sheep were surprised, and instead of running direct to the ledges they bunched and looked in every direction to see where all the noise was coming from. Finally, after Mr. Morgan had discharged about eight shots without touching a hair he raised his head and the sheep bolted around the hill and came within 400 yds. of the rocks where I was concealed. I knew it was a long shot and a hard one, as scared sheep do not give a very easy mark, even at close range, but it was my only chance, and with well-directed aim I drew down on the neck of the foremost one, and the ball went crashing through the shoulder. The animal fell at the report of the gun and the others ran around to where Mr. Hill was standing. He shot seven times, but without effect. Mr. Morgan ran down the hill and saw the sheep as it fell, and as he did not see either of us shoot, he supposed he had killed the sheep, and that it had run that far and fallen. I enjoyed his zest and enthusiasm for some time. I never saw a man feel so elated in my life. He danced around and threw up his hat and acted like a boy when he catches his first fish. I was so pleased at his intense pleasure that I decided not to mention that I had killed the animal, for I knew I could easily get another next day. But when he and Mr. Hill began to examine the bullet hole, they discovered that it was a small bullet that had done the work, and as Mr. Morgan was using a .45-90 the fact began to dawn upon them that the shot must have come from some other gun. He looked at me and asked if I had shot at the sheep from such a distance. I said I had taken a random shot; but as he was so close he certainly must have hit some of them. No more was said on this matter, and Mr. Morgan skinned the prize and took the head as a royal trophy. We took the meat and set out to our mountain camp, which was about seven miles from where the sheep was killed.

We reached camp a little before dark, tired, wet and hungry, but soon a big fire of spruce logs was crackling and roaring. Water was brought from the stream a few rods distant, and some coffee was put on. Long green sticks were cut with three prongs on each one, and the choicest part of the fine mutton was broiled, while the spare-ribs were put on strong skewers to broil for later use. It made a great feast. I am sure we ate for three hours, and when we rolled in on our spruce boughs for the night we felt as though we were just as near content as it was possible for mortal man to get. We were hunting mountain sheep all night in our dreams and saw some wonderfully fine specimens.

Next morning, waking bright and early, we decided that Mr. Morgan should take his trophy and the two hind-quarters and go down to our lower camp, which was about twenty miles down the mountain, while Mr. Hill and I should return to the summit and go up on some very high peaks, where I was satisfied there were some monster old rams.

It is an easy matter to talk about it, or read about it, but when it comes to climbing along the edge of precipices thousands of feet deep, where every movement of hand or foot means life or death, and crossing over snowslides, glaciers and peaks perpetually crowned with snow, it is quite a different thing. And it is especially hard when the thermometer is down, down—well, I don't want to say how far down it does go on those mountains; but it got so intensely cold and dangerous that my man could not endure it any longer and had to return to camp; yet he had been raised on the borders of northern Russia and was a fine specimen of sturdy manhood. He tried to prevail on me to return, as he said it was impossible for any one to cross a large glacier which was in front of us and which must be crossed to get to the mountain that I saw in the distance. This glacier was about three miles wide, with chasms and fissures all through it hundreds of feet deep, and so narrow and perpendicular that they could not be seen until one came within a few feet of them. I crossed one which was about 2 ft. wide. I could not see the bottom of it, but could hear the water roaring down some thousands of feet below. I was afraid to step across this death hole with my boots on, as the soles were getting very slippery, and a slip of even 1 in. meant sure death. So I sat down and pulled off my boots and put on an extra pair of heavy stockings, which I carried in my pocket, and digging a rough place in the ice, with the butt of my rifle I had a firm place to step from; but the other side was like a sea of glass, and if I should fall I would have nothing to hold on to, and where I should stop it was impossible to tell. Finally I made the spring and landed safely and squarely on both feet; I jammed the butt of the little rifle into the ice to steady myself. I now had about two miles to go in my stocking feet, but strange to say my feet did not get cold.

When I was within 600 yds. of the opposite side I heard a terrible roaring, but could not locate where the noise came from. I knew it was the noise of falling water; but there was no place visible for such a roaring torrent. At times the sound seemed to come from above, then from one side, and then from another. I then thought that the glacier was splitting open, but as I proceeded I came to the conclusion that it was a river running under the ice. I could not tell how close it was to the surface, and I had to be very careful where I stepped; for it very frequently happens that the ice over those rivers is only a few inches thick, and once the ice is broken it means a plunge of hundreds and perhaps thousands of feet into a watery grave. I continued cautiously until the rough shore was reached, and although it looked rough and uninviting, it was the happiest moment of my life when I felt my feet touch the solid rocks. I sat down for a while to rest, and how I wished I was back across that sea of ice; but my time was limited to a few hours, and I had to make good use of every moment and

had no time to reflect on danger past or danger ahead. At once I climbed up the steep rocks, and to my intense joy I began to see large footprints of sheep on every hand and noticed particularly the size of them. When I reached the summit I saw, about half a mile distant, on a projecting ledge, three large sheep. I dropped to my knees, and as the wind was in my favor, crawled within 200 yds of the game. I examined them carefully with the field glass and noticed that one of them was a monarch of the mountains. I raised my rifle very carefully and took deliberate aim. Sping, went the little Savage, and the great monster fell where he stood. The others at one bound were out of sight, and I was glad they were, as I had all I could attend to.

I worked for about two hours getting the hide and head carefully taken off, and when I got through it was almost night. A thick fog began to settle all over the mountain. I knew it was useless to try and return to camp that night, and so began at once to look for a sheltered spot, as the wind began to blow from the north-west, and with it came a cold, drizzling rain. My feet were already wet from walking over the glacier, and as I had no coat with me my buckskin shirt soon got wet through and the ground was very damp and cold. You probably ask why I did not make a fire. There was neither wood nor brush within twenty miles, and hardly a blade of grass. I had half a hardtack in my pocket and a small piece of raw fat bacon, which I devoured with relish. I now stretched the sheep skin and made a pillow of the head; and it was a little better than a rock. Not expecting anything to disturb me until morning, I closed my eyes and tried to sleep; but the chilly wind and the rain coming thicker and faster, I did not get to sleep for over an hour. About 1 o'clock I was roused by a strange noise close by, and raising up on my elbow I looked in the direction the sound came from, and to my surprise saw on the edge of the rock where I had left the carcass of the sheep two large brown bears, which were fighting over the meat. I thought I would keep quiet and let them have it out. I also knew that if they got filled with the mutton they would not be so likely to bother me, and under the circumstances I did not care to have any closer relations with them just at present; but I did not sleep any more, for it was hard to tell how many other bears there were in that part of the country, and the smell of the fresh meat would attract them from a long way. I examined my little rifle very carefully and saw that it was well supplied with soft-nose cartridges. I also looked at the edge of my hunting knife and rubbed it a few times on the sole of my shoe. I did not want to be the attacking party, but if attacked I should certainly make the best of what I had. The bears kept on growling and eating until they had consumed nearly the whole sheep, and then slunk off along the ledges without even paying me a visit or thanking me for their supper.

It was now breaking day and I had a long, hard walk before me and a heavy load to carry. I got up and stretched myself, and, strange to say, did not feel tired, stiff or hungry. But I was wet to the skin from head to foot. I took a small rope and tied the head and hide of the sheep together, and throwing it over my shoulder started down to the glacier. There was quite a stiff breeze blowing, and I again took off my boots and started across, holding boots in one hand and with the other using the rifle as an Alpine staff. The sharp steel-pointed butt-plate was just the thing, and had it not been for this rifle I never could have gotten across that day, for the wind got higher and higher, until I was compelled to lie down flat on the ice at times; and when I did get across I was almost exhausted. I had now about fourteen miles to camp over a rough and dangerous mountain, and not having had anything to eat for almost two days, I felt a little weak; but I kept right on, and about 4 o'clock in the afternoon got sight of camp. My man soon had a good fire and plenty of meat and coffee ready. He was nearly wild with delight when he saw me, for he had given me up for dead. He examined the bighorn and the faultless white skin, and now regretted that he had not gone with me. I told him I had seen some others on this side of the glacier and I thought we would go back in the morning and get one for him. I dried my clothes and rested that night.

The next morning we were up at daylight and drank a cup of coffee and ate a piece of broiled mutton, and were ready for another day's hard journey. We sighted the sheep about a mile from the place I had seen them the day before. When we got within half a mile of them I made him take off his black hat and black sweater and his heavy boots. This seemed very hard to him, but it was necessary in order to get our game. The sheep were feeding on the edge of a precipice, and we had to steal cautiously to a ledge of rock and then shoot over the embankment. When we got to the desired spot the sheep were feeding about 100 yds down the slope. There were three of them. I told my companion to take the one to the right and I would take the one on the left; he cocked his gun and got up when I did. As we rose the sheep scented us and off they started, two to the left and one to the right. I could only see them as they bounded in the air, but at each crack of the little Savage a sheep fell. I now looked to my right and saw the other one getting away as fast as possible. I leveled my gun on him and he went down. All this time my friend stood perfectly motionless with his mouth open. I asked him why he did not shoot; he said he did not think of it until they were all gone. Then he raised his gun and shot at the one to his right, which was already down. I told him it was no use to shoot at it, as it was already done for, but he was so bewildered he hardly knew what he was doing. We then walked over to the edge of the slope, but could only see one sheep, though we knew that two had come down. On close examination we found that one of them had rolled over the embankment and gone down a precipice about 2,000 ft. The other one was only saved by his massive horns, which struck the ground first and held him. It was a very dangerous thing to go near him, as the slope was at an angle of over 45 degrees, and the precipice was only a few feet below where he had fallen. I worked my down to where he was and tied a rope around his foot, as he was liable at any moment to roll over. I did not care to lose such a magnificent head. I had my little camera along and took a snap shot of him as he lay with his head bent

under him. We propped him up with rocks as best we could and I held to his foot while Mr. Hill got him skinned. We then got the other head, which was over on the right, and with as much meat as we could carry we started for camp. On our way home we saw several ewes and lambs, but did not disturb them.

It was now 9 o'clock, and we had seven miles to go. Our way was around the edge of a deep ravine for about two miles; then we had to go down the steep ledges to the bottom, and from there work our way down through tangled underbrush and deep holes of unknown depths. The fog and rain came down thick and fast, and the wind blew a stiff breeze from the west. We were both tired and almost worn out. We heard a peculiar cry coming from the opposite side of the ravine. I first thought it was a mountain lion, but my Russian friend said not, but that he had heard the same cry a number of times before in northern Russia, and it was that of the black Siberian wolf. He hesitated about going down the ravine. I tried to cheer him up, telling him that they were cowardly animals. But this did not go. He knew what they were and would not go a step further. The cries began to be a little more numerous and much sharper than when we first heard them. We wind was blowing direct from us to them, and we soon began to realize that we were the object of their pursuit. The smell of the fresh meat was what first attracted their attention. We now had either to leave the meat and heads and run for our lives, or else prepare for war. I preferred the latter, as I wanted to get a few of their hides anyway; but my Russian friend did not care to meet them. We could hear them coming down the opposite side of the cañon, and the rattling of loose rocks which gave way from under their feet, mingled with their fierce cries, made the blood curdle in every vein. The night was growing darker every moment, and there was no possible chance for retreat, for the mountain back of us was a solid mass of ice and snow. I demanded that we go right down the ledges into the cañon and meet our enemy face to face, for I was satisfied I could attend to them as fast as they came in view. I kept about ten steps ahead of my man, and on reaching the bottom I looked a little ahead and saw on a large flat rock the form of some animal. I did not say anything until I got within ten steps of it. Then, when I saw it crouch as if preparing for a spring, I raised the rifle and took a random shot, and at the report the animal fell with a heavy thud on the opposite side of the rock. The wolves also stopped their cries for a few moments, and instead of waiting to examine what kind of a beast I had shot we moved rapidly on, as fast as our tired limbs could carry us. I now prepared myself for the worst, as I expected every moment that the black demons would be upon us. Presently we heard some fierce snapping and growling a few hundred yards behind us. Pausing for a moment we could distinctly hear their wicked jaws coming together. The way was now over open ground, and the camp was about three miles distant. The moss and underbrush made it very disagreeable walking, and the rushing streams which came down from the glaciers were not very inviting to wade through; some of them were knee deep and others nearly up to our waists. If you have never taken a bath in ice water you cannot imagine how intensely cold those streams are. The noise of our pursuers was soon left behind. Yet we did not know when they might come stealthily upon us, and our ears were ever on the alert.

The next trouble that confronted us was to find our camp, for it was now dark, and there was no road nor object to mark the location. The camp itself consisted only of a few stunted spruce trees, with some brush thrown over them. My man insisted that it was in one direction, while I contended it was in another. Fellow sportsmen who have lost their way at night know what this means. Again I had to take the command, and after an hour's hard walking we discovered the little clump of trees. It was now about 12 o'clock, and we were quickly stretched along the fire and fast asleep, with wet clothes on. We did not care now for wet clothes, cold winds, wolves, bears, nor anything else. Sleep and rest were what we must have, and we put in ten solid hours before we awoke.

The sun was up several hours high and the spruce logs had long since smoldered into ashes. The day was warm and cloudless (something rare in this part of the country). We ate a good breakfast of broiled mutton, and while my man attended to some camp duties I shouldered my rifle and walked up the ravine where I had shot the animal which the wolves had stopped to devour. On arriving there a strange sight met the eye. The fresh bones of at least half a dozen animals were scattered all around, and the earth was torn up as if a desperate struggle had taken place. Every particle of meat was devoured, and only occasionally a tuft of hair was scattered on the blood-stained ground. I examined the hair carefully and found that some of it was that of a wolverine, and it was this animal that had been crouching on the rock when I shot. I followed up the track of the wolves, and as near as I could count in the wet sand there must have been about eight or ten still left. I kept eyes and ears open, expecting every moment to see some of the slinking creatures, for I did not think they would go very far from where they had had such a ravenous feast. They soon took to the ledges and I could not track them any further. I now thought they must have gone back the way they had come, and accordingly climbed up that side of the ravine. I was quite tired when I got to the top and sat down on a large boulder to examine the surrounding country.

I could not see a living creature in any direction. I sat there for about half an hour, and was contemplating a return to camp, when I heard on the opposite side of the cañon a number of sharp, quick barks or yelps. I looked in the direction of the sound, but could not see a thing. Presently I discovered two sheep coming down the mountain, and about 10 yds behind them five wolves. The pursuers seemed to be gaining on their prey when they reached the cliffs; but the sheep plunged down, down, until they reached a wide shelf, and here immediately they turned around and with heads to the enemy waited the onslaught. The wolves came on barking at every bound, and springing from ledge to ledge. The sheep stood perfectly motionless. The foremost wolf gained the shelf. Quick as a flash the sheep struck him

and hurled him off the cliff down to the depths below. The other four came dashing on. As they stepped on the fatal ledge each one was sent thundering down in the same way. I was spellbound for a few minutes. I would have given almost anything I possessed for a picture of the scene. The sheep walked leisurely to the edge of the precipice and looked over, then gazed around on every side and leisurely walked back and lay down. I could easily have killed both these sheep, but I felt so proud of them that I would almost have sent a shot at any man who would molest them. I am told on good authority that a large ram will defend the whole flock against any living animal that would give battle on their own grounds. I could not believe this until I saw what I have described; but now I am convinced that a harmless looking sheep can make as fierce a fight as any animal I ever saw, when called on to defend his own rights, and so quick and effective are his blows that nothing can withstand him.

I walked down the ravine to where the wolves had been thrown over, and saw the mangled forms of three of them at the bottom. The other two had caught on the lower ledge and were also shattered to pieces on the sharp rocks.

When I returned to camp I found my man had everything ready for an early start next morning, and after a good night's rest we proceeded down the mountain to our lower camp. We arrived there late in the afternoon and found the other two boys eagerly looking for us. They were so delighted with our trophies that we had to sit up until nearly midnight telling them about our adventures. The next day we set sail, and after two days' delightful sailing we came to anchor at Homer.

HARRY E. LEE.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

On Kansas Prairies.—III.

TAMPA, Kan., March 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Don't you wish you were here just for a day. Our motive power, a 10 horse-power engine is stalled by the mud, so the boss and all hands have gone home, leaving me to follow out my own sweet will. Camped here in a "cook shack" with plenty of provisions, a good stove and abundance of coal, I am as free as one of the wildfowl that are passing overhead as I look out. The newly sown wheat fields so lately made desolate by the breath of the blizzard, are greening in the sunshine. The fields of corn and wheat stubble varied by great stretches of unbroken prairie reach away as boundless and almost as level as the ocean itself. As one wanders out into the fields, overhead with honk and quack and whirr of wings, the wildfowl in numbers, at times goodly to look upon, are passing northward; around are heard the notes of the plover, blackbird, robin and many lesser birds; from underfoot the rabbit scurries away; and best of all, occasionally are seen and heard the call and brown back of the prairie chicken. And then in the mud of the sloughs and ponds is written the book of the wild life of the prairie. The ducks, from the mallard down to the teal, waddling awkwardly, but ever keen eyed and alert, have been here. The hawk and owl as well as the lesser birds must stoop to drink. Bunny (for some reason that I do not understand, for otherwise I should think him too dainty to choose such places), makes this his playground. The whole tribe of fur-coated hunters, restless, uneasy and ever bloodthirsty, make this by right of might their highway; and occasionally passing from one hunting ground to another that sly fox of the prairie, the coyote, leaves evidence of his presence. Truly it is a book full of interest to one who cares to read.

A Red-Letter Day.

We were camped down on "The Section" hunting chickens; but it was late November, and the chickens invariably flushed wild; and so far as they were concerned the hunt was a failure. But we found an orchard of an acre or two grown up to sunflowers and other weeds and wholly surrounded by prairie. In one corner of this I unexpectedly flushed a strong bevy of quail; and scoring one, they scattered out through the orchard, and then the fun commenced. One by one the birds were flushed and missed or gathered in as our skill did or did not equal theirs. How many, I do not remember. I know we left some unharmed. But I do and always shall remember the surroundings of that day. All care a thing of yesterday or the future. Ahead, obedient, strong and eager, a very prince among dogs. To our certain knowledge, hidden among the weeds and unwilling to go out on the prairie an abundance of full-grown, strong-flying birds. Overhead the bonnie blue sky of Kansas. All around in their coloring of brown and old gold, flecked here and there by the shadow of a passing cloud, the prairies stretched off and away. The air cool and bracing; and myself, although worn by a long siege of hard work, yet in perfect health. Truly, life was worth living that day, and is richer now as I write, for the memory of such a time.

Mixed up with the rest of the pleasure came one of those incidents so puzzling and yet which go to make up the fascination of a day afield. A quail wholly unharmed was marked down in a patch of tall grass of possibly 10 ft. square; and although three hunters and a dog, that can always be relied on to find a winged bird hidden in grass, leaves or anywhere else, looked that bit of grass through and through, yet it was, I think, fully fifteen minutes before the bird was flushed. It was no "spook" for the lead stopped it the same as the rest; but the question, how did she hide? remains unanswered to this day.

One of your contributors asked what had become of the sand hill cranes. I know but little about them, as they seldom light hereabouts, but pass overhead both fall and spring.

PINE TREE.

A telegraph operator along the Northern line received a slight shock a few nights ago by witnessing what appeared to him to be the Bishop's Falls wolf surveying him through the office window, as though he (the supposed wolf) were meditating on the best plan to secure him for his breakfast. On closer investigation the cause of the alarm turned out to be a dog.—St. Johns (Newfoundland) News.

Camping Ways.

How well I recall my first attempt at camping. Alone and in a dismal drizzle I tried in vain to set up a small tent. Disgusted and disheartened I soon wandered over to a stranger's camp, where I was hospitably received, and inducted into some of the mysteries of camping life. Since then I have lived and learned, and have evolved some practical ideas which may be of some service to other campers.

First the tent. A small wall tent 7 by 7 or 7 by 9 is amply sufficient for one person. And to each man his tent is the best rule. Here is a place where each one can be as orderly or disorderly as he pleases. In tenting with another person one loses somewhat of the pleasant solitude and independence of camp life, and even with the best of companions is liable to some of that social friction from which we flee to the woods. I hinge my top pole in the middle and cut my side poles in the center, joining by a sheet iron tube, which works freely. Thus the whole tent outfit can be folded together into small compass, and put in a trunk strap, and checked to destination. A very convenient form of small tent which would be worth trying would be to do away entirely with guy-ropes, which are always tripping one up, and fasten the tent by strong pockets at the corners, said pockets to snugly fit over iron stakes and tie there securely. I have never found any use for a fly, which is sure to be noisy in a wind. When camping I live wholly outside the tent in the open air except when weather or night drives me in.

For cooking my main reliance is a home-made oven, constructed of a biscuit tin covered with asbestos felt and then with thin boards. A hole in the bottom admits the chimney of a double wick lamp, or better, oil stove. The cost of the whole lamp and all was about \$2, and it fits into a compartment in my provision chest. On awaking I light the lamp, put my breakfast in the oven, and inside of half an hour it will be ready. This oven will warm the tent in cold and rainy weather, and I can camp with it in places where open fires are not allowed, as in the Park at Mackinac Island. I now regard the oven as quite indispensable, and I think every tent in a party should have one. I use the open fire mainly for broiling. This open fire should be built on a heap of earth, turf or sods about 3 ft. high, and hanging your implements around this altar, you can sit in your chair, read a paper and broil a steak or fish in great comfort. As to provisions, get the best. Sink a pail of the best butter in the earth in a cool corner of the tent, and cover with a box, and it will keep in the hottest weather.

For a bed a wire mattress folding cot is best. This with the mattress should be in two sections, and fold with the bedding into a large valise, whose handle will be top and bottom bed rails. The bed sections when set up can be fastened together, staple or cleat, and the near ends should be elastic steel. The whole bed apparatus can then be checked as baggage. If you are skillful you can put your whole outfit into baggage form and limit, namely, bed, provision chest, tent, grip, and save all the bother and expense of freight or express. A party of campers might with these outfits make a very enjoyable and cheap tour of the world, living at their own hotel. Thus, camp on some quiet farm near London, and go in daily by train, and the same for Paris, Berlin, etc. These outfits are also most convenient for gypsying, and can be set up and taken down in a few moments.

The place and time for camping is first of all the Great Northern Lakes, preferably near to rivers and small lakes as on the Lake Superior shore, and after mosquito time, that is after the middle of July. I have camped with little annoyance on Mackinac Island from the middle of June, where for three weeks myself and companion practically had the island to ourselves. The wonderful salubrity of the air and beauty of view are best appreciated by the camper who pitches in the Fort, and I am much surprised that more do not take advantage of the best and cheapest way to enjoy that wonderful island.

HIRAM M. STANLEY.

"The Poetry of Sport."

ALL sportsmen may be divided into three classes, viz., (1) those who, like the proverbial Britisher, say, "Come, let us kill something"; (2) those who have the real love of sport at heart, minus its poetry; (3) those who have the real love, with the poetry of sport.

It is freely admitted that all who have accomplished anything in the field of sport should feel with Whyte Melville that they "have earned for the nonce a consciousness of thorough self-satisfaction intensely gratifying to the vanity of the human heart." We cannot all fully comprehend with the poet the pleasant influences of soft winds and singing streamlets, and shady coverts, of the violet couch and plane-tree shade, nor can we all combine the qualities of keenest sportsmanship with the rare talents of geologist, entomologist and ornithologist; nor can we, on the other hand, quite concur with him who said, "You talk of the poetry of sport; I can see nothing in it but animal excitement," adding, "As a fact, the majority of sportsmen are the most unpoetic type of manhood—men who look upon the primrose by the river bank as but a primrose still." We may, however, sympathize with those who, in lonely hours, in forest and on stream, find pleasure in the song of birds and in the beauties of nature.

Merely to touch upon that most interesting subject, the song of birds, who, at this season, when eagerly looking forward in this northern and eastern part of the continent, to the first cast for trout, does not greet with affection that harbinger of spring, the robin, so unlike his Anglo-Saxon cousin, the redbreast, that warbles round his leafy cove?

The robin, with his accompanying summer tourists—the song sparrow, and hermit thistles, the thrush, and crow blackbird—brings sweet melody.

How unlike his British cousin, too, is our blackbird? Of the former it is said:

"The blackbird's song at eventide,
And her's who gay ascends,
Filling the heavens far and wide,
Are sweet—"

How often are those birds of ours disappointed in their

search for sunshine; frequent snow flurries remind them that summer is not yet.

The hungry crows, as if to poke fun at the new comers, gravely stalk about as if they should have undisturbed possession of the land, their somber coloring forming a marked contrast with the gay plumage of many of the late arrivals from the tropics, who, in common with the flowers of that region, dress in gay and bright colors; but as the flowers have no perfume, their companions, the birds, have no song.

It is remarkable that all migratory birds return to the same spot year after year, the swallows to build their homes without hands under the eaves of church or chapel; others, thrushes and sparrows, robins and blackbirds, return to their familiar groves and hedges, while yet others seek uninterrupted repose in the forest deep.

May we not sympathize, too, in early spring with the fur-hunting trapper or the lumberman alone in the forest awaiting the departure of ice from stream and river. Each counts the hours, the former until he can, on the approach of summer, pick up his traps and seek pastures new in the settlements; the latter until he can exchange the axe for the handspike and follow the course of stream and river to the market of his hopes. He sits awhile in the brief spring sunshine at his hut door; but how cold it is; he still has to wait and watch. In his despondent mood a bluejay, his silent companion during the long winter, appears on the scene, and from an overhanging branch favors him with a cheery, chatty song, and this is what he says: "Summer is coming; summer is coming."

Later on, when even birds are sure of a warm climatic reception, as you are perhaps busily engaged in selecting a killing fly for a monster trout, who, unlike some members of the rising generation, is shy in his desire to rise in his search for food, do you not rejoice to welcome the return of the bobolink, with his merry, joyous note, or the much valued vireos; or, on reaching camp, after a good forenoon's sport, as you smoke your pipe, after the midday meal, do you not rejoice to see your old friend, the moose bird, in his easy going way, in full confidence that he is amongst friends, noiselessly light upon the frying-pan at the tent door and enjoy a luxurious repast from the remains of the pork and beans of your meal? And how eagerly, on your return homewards, you look out in every bit of open country for your friends the thistle birds and yellow warblers; they never fail to bring their music with them.

Thus, so long as summer lasts, we who cast no stone at the poetry of sport, enjoy to the full the presence of our feathered visitors and their joyous melody. The question never enters our heads as to which country or which climate can boast of the best songsters, for as Burroughs says, "The charm of the songs of birds, like that of a nation's popular airs, is so little a question of intrinsic musical excellence, and so largely a matter of association and suggestion, that it is perhaps entirely natural for every people to think their own feathered songsters the best." When winter again sets in, when the silence of the forest, and the comparative absence of bird life cannot fail to strike one, the blackcap titmouse is sure to greet you in your woodland walk with his cheery note, called by the lumbermen "gee up," as it is supposed to give a fillip to the weary team hauling logs to the brow on river bank. The Canada jay, too, seems to follow one's footsteps from the camp to the spot you kill caribou, with his low, soft note, ever soothing, ever sweet, and moose birds, with an occasional member of the woodpecker tribe, with his auctioneer's hammer and a "here-we-are-again," are, like our best friends, ever with us.

FREDERICTON, March 25.

MIC-MAC.

Natural History.

The Northern Porcupines.

A Chapter in Degeneracy.

AS ONLY a probable tenth of the population of North America live where porcupines are found, there is a good share of ignorance regarding them. Early English colonists coming to New England gave the Canadian animal the name of hedgehog, as the nearest approach to the spiny little insectivore which inhabits Great Britain. But the Germans and other immigrants from southern Europe, where the great quilled porcupine, *Hystrix cristata*, is a native, quickly saw the real family resemblance in our species, and stachelochwein, quill pig, porcupine, etc., were the names by which it was most commonly known.

The hedgehog lives almost entirely on animal food and belongs to the same order of quadrupeds as the mole, whereas the porcupine is a vegetable feeder and near kinsman to the ground hog and beaver in the great class of rodents.

In South America and southern Mexico there are tree porcupines, mostly smaller and slenderer animals than the Canadian species, with long, tapering, prehensile tails, which they use in climbing as do the monkey and opossum. They also have a peculiar adaptation of the fore feet which gives them greater grasping power upon the small limbs of trees, and they possess no hair or fur among their thick covering of long quills, as does the northern animal.

The great Cuvier was the first naturalist to undertake the prickly problem of classifying the porcupines. To the Canada porcupines he gave the name *Erethizon* (irritable) and to the long-tailed, tropical forms *Syntheres* and *Sphiggurus* (strangle tailed), on account of their use of that member in climbing. If he had given *Erethizon*, a name signifying club-tailed, it would have fitted the case more exactly, for the whole tribe seem to be alike in their irritability, but the way *Erethizon* uses his tail is the most characteristic thing about him, and has given rise to the popular fallacy that he uses it as a catapult to discharge arrows against the enemy.

Besides, anatomical differences, however, there is an insuperable geographic and climatic barrier separating the monkey-tailed and club-tailed porcupines. Somewhere in the past few thousands or tens of thousands of years our big, lumbering Canada porcupine got separated from

the ancestral stock in the tropics, so that there is now a stretch of country from one to two thousand miles wide, and reaching from ocean to ocean, which is devoid of porcupines, its climate too cold for one and too hot for the other.

As I have just hinted, the Canada porcupines are confined to a cold climate. Their habitat reaches from the northern limit of trees in Alaska and the Hudson Bay regions down the mountain systems to Virginia and Colorado, but they are not found in the lowlands nearly so far south. In this respect they are unique, forming a distinct and isolated climatic group which has no representative in the old world, and are at once separable from all the others in the world by their possession of a true hairy covering, which grows thickly among and overtops the spinous coat in the winter season.

There seems little doubt that porcupines originated in the tropics, and with one exception they yet remain in comparatively warm climates. It is interesting to speculate a little how the cold-weather porcupine, so different from its nimble, spinier, prehensile-tailed kinsmen of the South, should have been banished far from ancestral domain and so effectually kept in exile. Geology essays to bridge the gap and account for these conditions in this wise. The Alleghenies and Rocky Mountain systems in preglacial times formed a passageway from the then cooler tropics to the warm north polar regions. Along this highway to undiscovered lands the ten-thousand year migration of tropical species crept and swarmed and colonized, transforming and transformed as the climate gradually passed from warm to cold again and the unstable land and sea rose and fell. Cut off at last by the transcontinental sea, the animal forms composing the retreating tide of life were given two alternatives, either to accommodate themselves to the changing conditions and "grow up with the country" or to die in the attempt. Among the very few tropical animals which succeeded in passing this ordeal the Canada porcupine is entitled to our respect and, in spite of his ungainliness, our admiration. It seems a plain case of pluck. In the process of acclimation his tail, originally long, pliable and naked, was shortened one-half, at the same time growing twice as thick and strong and clothed with a dense mass of stiff bristles and spines, and was transformed from a delicate climbing instrument to an all-round prop, cudgel and balancing pole. At the same time his legs, feet and claws grew stronger and more like those of a bear; his back and thighs broadened, his skin toughened and became invested with a thick layer of fat, while a warm coat of hair and fur crowded in among the shortening spines and wholly invested the unprotected under parts of his body. This is the scientific explanation of *Erethizon* as we find him today.

The old world porcupines have a much more formidable set of spines than *Erethizon*, and so, in fact, have those of tropical America. The European *Hystrix* has a very handy bobtail. It can make off with fair speed to a place of safety. It also has great burrowing powers and does not trust to trees for shelter, making for itself a refuge in the soil, where it fortifies itself, rarely venturing abroad till night. The Canada porcupine has not such a short tail as *Hystrix*, nor such a long one as *Syntheres*. It is able to do both climbing and burrowing on occasion, but it can do neither well, and has to resort to a bayonet charge to save its neck.

Among the so-called ungainly looking beasts which we meet in the world each seems to have its native element where it appears to advantage and its movements become graceful. The ponderous walrus is transformed by its plunge from the rocks into the sea. The sloth, so helpless upon the ground, rivals the monkey in its ability to traverse the branches of trees. The mole, painfully groping over the hardened surface of the ground, traverses the depths of the soil with a celerity truly astonishing. To this rule of special adaptation to a certain environment the Canada porcupine seems to be the great exception. Under any and all circumstances he is clumsy. Ungainliness with him seems to be a virtue. He can walk, even to galloping a bit in a painful, impotent endeavor to escape insults; but it is merely an effort to turn tail against his pursuer, and, this accomplished, he is content to hunch up and fall around and over himself and sigh and moan like a very Falstaff because he can get no farther. A northern porcupine never seems to have any faith in his outdoor surroundings. Catch one up a tree and ten to one he begins to back down, right into your arms, if you dare to receive him in that fashion. And what a backdown it is! Tail trashing from side to side as if it would cast its owner loose; long claws deeply scratching the tree trunk; snorts and pauses and quill raisings as one foot deviously follows the other, and as a grand finale a tumble of two or three feet to the ground, where he flounders about like a great ball of quills.

If you catch one on the ground and his den among the rocks be not near he is sure to reverse proceedings and make for a tree, perhaps the very one he seemed so anxious to forsake when you chanced to find him in it. Cut him off and most likely he will put his head down and, quills erect, charge for that special tree with fixed bayonets. It takes a sharp whack on the nose to turn him under such conditions. The groan which follows, such a rebuff is pitiful in its human-like tone of helplessness.

Despite these apparently fatal defects in its make-up, the Canada porcupine is not becoming exterminated. Its coat of mail is a most effective protection in 99 out of 100 cases of assault and battery upon it. Mr. E. P. Bicknell, speaking of the stupid audacity of the porcupines on Slide Mountain in the Catskills, thinks that the destruction of such animals as used to prey upon them will result in their greater abundance, regardless of the wanton killing by human beings. Along the southern border of its habitat in the East, in the mountains of southern Pennsylvania, the destruction of its food supply by deforestation has made the porcupine very rare south of the east and west branches of the Susquehanna River. Its abundance in other parts of the State, more suited to it climatically, has not seriously lessened in spite of axe and fire, nor in proportion to the decrease in other forms of animal life in those regions. The panther, wolverine, wolf and fisher are known to kill and eat porcupines, but as these are now practically exterminated in the northern Allegheny Mountains, its only feral enemy is the wildcat, which frequently makes a meal of it in severe weather. Foxes have been

found with porcupine quills in their bodies and mouths, but probably only as pickers at the feast of some larger carnivore or victim of a collision with the porcupine among the rocky retreats which both inhabit. It is not likely that the human consumption of porcupines for food will greatly lessen their numbers. Anyone taking the care and trouble to skin one, however, will find a well-cooked October porcupine that has been fattening on acorns and chestnuts both palatable and nourishing food. Many a hunter and lumberman's camp in the north woods would have sadly suffered for meat if this source of supply had not been available.

Though an indifferent climber, from the standpoint of agility, the porky, as he is called by woodmen, spends a large share of its time in trees, the twigs, nuts and bark of which form its chief food. In securing these its motions remind one of those of a black bear in similar positions, only the bear is by far the more adroit of the two. One habit of the porcupine which I observed last fall in the Pennsylvania Alleghenies not only reminded me of a custom of the bear, but also of the prodigality or vandalism of the squirrel, to which most agile creature, by the way, our sluggish porcupine is not so distantly related. I was hunting for bear signs and came across a large red oak which had been ascended by some animal, apparently a yearling bear, in search of acorns. The ground was strewn with acorn shells and oak twigs from 1 to 3 ft. long, which had evidently been dropped from the topmost branches. I was surprised that bruin could execute such adroit pruning feats without breaking down some of the larger limbs. A few days later, in company with a native hunter, my attention was directed to another sturdy red oak which had a cartload of these terminal branches, each



THE TREE PORCUPINE.

nearly severed as if by a knife, strewn below it. My companion assured me that it was done by a porcupine and that it was a common habit with them. He stated that it was not always done to get at the acorns, but that they often seemed to do it for amusement or to keep their incisor teeth from growing too long. Sometimes trees without acorns were treated in the same way, and in most cases only a small percentage of the nuts were devoured.

While a porcupine has no agility, it has strength, and its powerfully hooked claws and coarsely granulated footpads give it a very tenacious hold upon the trunk or smaller branches of a tree. In securing these slender terminal twigs they gather two or more limbs together, and, if necessary, climb out body downward like a stock until near the end of the branch and then bend the limb inward by means of the strong feet and claws within reach of the formidable teeth, severing it with two or three diagonal bites and letting it fall to the ground. In securing the bark of birch, pine and hemlock, they climb often to great heights, usually girdling the main trunks at considerable elevation where they can sit on a limb to do so, gnawing away the bark and outer wood in the form of a band from four inches to a foot wide. This band rarely encircles the tree at any point, and consequently their gnawing is not so destructive as if the stem were completely girdled.

SAMUEL A. RHOADS.

Reindeer in Sweden.

Consul-General Winslow, of Stockholm, under date of March 3, 1899, says, in part: The only food given reindeer in Sweden is "reindeer moss," a lichen highly prized by the Laps, growing abundantly in the Arctic regions, almost as luxuriantly on the bare rocks as in the soil. It covers extensive tracts in Lapland, making the landscape in summer look like a field of snow. The domesticated reindeer are never as large as the wild ones; Siberian reindeer, domesticated, are larger than those of Lapland. No care is taken of the deer; they thrive best by being permitted to roam in droves and obtain their own sustenance. The moss is capable of being used for human food; the taste is slightly acrid. Attempts have been made to feed hay, roots, grain, etc., to the reindeer, but they have not succeeded.

Near Bangor, Me., farmer George W. Brown chopped down a large dead hollow pine tree for fuel, which as it fell divided into halves, and there in the cavity lay eight fat coons snugly housed away for the winter. Further up in the trunk were two more coons while in the stump was a 50-pounder, the biggest and fattest of the lot. Brown thus got, besides, two cords of dry wood, over 20 lbs. of coon meat.—Methuen (Mass.) Transcript.

"Nature's Compasses."

ABOUT a year ago Mr. G. W. Dearborn wrote an article with this title, in which he pointed out various peculiarities of trees by observing which one could travel in the woods without the help of a compass. Although I had traveled the woods of Maine for over fifty years, and often in company with as good woodsmen as there are, I had never been observing enough to notice any of these signs myself, and had never, among all the hunters I had known, heard anyone speak of being guided by any of them. I thought I would give his theory a fair trial before deciding on its merits.

For nearly a year I have observed as closely as I am able, over a large tract of country, and among all kinds of growth, and the results are as follows: Mr. Dearborn states that the tops of cedar and hemlock always point toward the south. I find that they usually point straight up and when otherwise are as likely to point to one point of the compass as another. If they all pointed as he claims, they would be of little help, as in such places as they grow, it is extremely hard to see their tops even in the clearest weather, and in rain or snowstorms, which are the times when one most needs direction, they could not possibly be seen. He states that trees have more and larger limbs on the south side. I have tested this in scores, if not hundreds of places, in every kind of growth we have in Maine, and I find there is no reliance to be placed in it. Trees throw out the largest and most branches on the side where there is the most room for them to spread. If trees stand alone with room on all sides, most kinds branch out quite evenly on all sides, especially fir and spruce, but when crowded on one side and there is room on the other, they naturally reach out toward the open space. If a road runs east and west the trees on the north side will have the longest branches toward the south; those on the south side will branch most toward the place, where they have the most room to spread and grow without any regard to the points of the compass. Probably at first, about an equal number of branches start to grow on each side, but those on the side where there is the least room either die or are stunted in their growth, while those on the side where there is plenty of room receive all the nourishment which otherwise would have helped the others grow, and so are larger and stronger.

Another point made is that trees have more moss on the north side than on the south. I find that this depends a great deal as to whether the tree is situated in a continuous growth or is more exposed on one side. The exposed side, no matter how it faces, is most likely to have the most moss. I know where there is a long row of maples by the roadside, which are equally exposed on all sides, but every tree is mossed up on the south side. I think this is owing to their being on a southern slope of land and probably face the south wind more than any other. Trees exposed on lake shores will moss most on the exposed side. The same is true on the side of bogs and mountains, those trees most exposed will moss up the most and usually on the exposed side. In the solid woods some have little moss and some a great deal. A sickly or dying tree, often has more moss than the same tree would if healthy. As a rule I find that those trees, especially hardwood trees, if crooked, have the most moss on the concave side; as the crook holds moisture and so encourages the growth of moss, while the outward bend sheds off the water, and consequently is apt to be free of moss. I do not believe that any man who is uncertain about his direction will ever get any help from observing which side of a tree is mossed up. If anyone thinks differently, let him give it a fair trial on different slopes of land where he knows the points of the compass and see how much it would help him if he were lost.

It is also stated that the needles of the pines are longer on the south side. Now if a man were lost in our Maine woods, the chances are very small that he would be where he could find any pine small enough so that he could get the needles, but I tested this till I was tired on our white pine needles and have been very exact about it. Any one who will test it will find that the needles on the white pine tassel are never of the same length on all parts of the tassel. Those at the base are the longest, and grow shorter toward the end. In order to test fairly, the needles to be measured must come from the same relative position in the tassel, on both sides of the tree. I have in all cases taken a tassel from the north side by the compass, and one from the south side, then I have measured a needle from the base of one tassel, with one from a corresponding place on the other; then I have measured one from the end of each. In the many cases I have measured I have never, but in a single instance, found any difference. In this one case that on the north side was the longest.

It is also stated that the gum will be clearer on the south side, while that on the north will be darker and lure more insects to it. As all the trees we have in Maine which has much gum is the spruce, I suppose that he refers to that tree. In the summer time on a hot day the gum on the south side of a tree would be apt to be softer, but the time when men need help to find their way is not in a bright day, but cloudy at best, and more likely in rain or snowstorms, and then all gum would be hard. As to its clearness on different sides, I have talked with one of two men who have just brought in 600 lbs. of spruce gum and he has not seen this difference or anything which would help a man if lost. He says as I do, that owing to gum in hot days being softer on the south side that more insects get stuck on that side than on the north. There is another thing which probably Mr. Dearborn did not think of. It is very seldom that one finds gum on both sides of a tree except on an old spotted line, and then they are as likely to be east and west sides as north and south, to say nothing of the fact that in some cases a man might travel for hours where he could not see a particle of gum on any side of a tree. There are several points which Mr. Dearborn mentioned, but I find them all as unreliable as those cited. No man who is fit to travel alone in our Maine woods, needs any help in keeping his way in a clear sunshiny day. When it is cloudy, or what is worse, a rain, or thick snowstorm, he had better depend on a compass if he feels the need of help, as I do not believe any of the things named will be of the least assistance.

Until something more reliable is discovered than any of

the points of "Nature's Compasses," which Mr. Dearborn describes, it will be safer for any one traveling Maine woods, who needs any help, to stick to the old-fashioned compass. I remember hearing of an old Irishman who tried to ship as a sailor, when asked, "Do you know the points of the compass?" replied, "It is not only a compass that I have, but a pair of them, that me brother Tim, the carpenter, left me when he died. But the devil of a point is left to him, for the childers broke them off boring holes in the flures wid 'em." If nature ever had any compasses the points must have all been broken off before she got to Maine.

M. HARDY.

Game Bag and Gun.

Game Laws in Brief and Woodcraft Magazine.

See announcement elsewhere. The April number is now ready.

Man and Other Animals.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Some expressions in Mr. Hough's last interesting contribution on the subject of game protection lead me to put into words some reflections that have frequently passed through my mind, and doubtless through the minds of many others. I quote from Mr. Hough's article:

"Warden Osborn (of Michigan) has on the whole a sad story to tell about his game and fish. He says that squirrels and rabbits are less each year, that the fur-bearing animals are decreasing, that the bear is disappearing, that the wolverine is practically extinct, that the elk and wild turkeys have disappeared. He cites the killing of one moose in Mackinac county last fall, but learns of no caribou."

The question to be asked is this: Amid that gloomy array of desolation in the game resorts of Michigan, why was that last lone moose destroyed? The inference is that if there had been one caribou left, and its destruction could have been compassed, the caribou would have gone the way of the moose.

One is reminded of the "widow woman" of Zarephath, who said to Elijah, "I have not a cake, but an handful of meal in a barrel, and a little oil in a cruse; and behold, I am gathering two sticks, that I may go in and dress it for me and my son, that we may eat it and die."

It is not assumed as literally true, that the last moose and caribou in that part of Michigan have been destroyed. But the above episode is taken by way of illustration, "to point a moral" if not "adorn a tale." Not infrequently has been seen in print, some such statements as the following: "Mr. Brown reports that he saw last week a remnant of the once numerous flocks of wild pigeon, the first that have been seen in these parts for many years. There were seven pigeons in this flock. Mr. Brown succeeded in securing three of them."

Or this: "A few days ago a deer was discovered in Black township, the first one seen in this county for many years. Several of the neighbors gave chase, and succeeded in killing it. The animal was a large doe, in good condition."

Or this: "Early last week a wild deer came up to farmer Smith's barn with the cattle. This is a remarkable occurrence, as no deer have been seen in this part of the State for at least twenty years. Mr. Smith was fortunate enough to kill the deer, which proved to be very fat. The animal was quite tame, which gave rise to the suggestion that it might have escaped from captivity."

And so on, *ad nauseam*. I presume that most of your readers will recognize the above as familiar specimens. Last fall my family took up their abode in a house in Memphis, Tennessee. There are some fine old forest trees in the yard and those adjoining. Early one morning my ears were greeted with the familiar sound of a squirrel's teeth on the shell of a nut. I soon discovered a couple of gray bunnies in a black walnut tree in my neighbor's yard. They continued to be a source of delight to us, until the Christmas holidays, when, during the general license prevailing in the use of explosives, some boys shot both of the squirrels. What a great loss for so small a gain!

Now, brother sportsmen, let us enter into a little wholesome self-examination. The "epithets," "game hog," "trout hog," have been much discussed of late in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM. Likewise, many brave narrations have appeared in its columns, reciting enormous quantities of game and fish destroyed by sportsmen in various parts of the land, with much self-approval. Occasionally there is evidence of self-restraint, but not often. We can all see clearly enough the "game hog" in others, but can we see him in ourselves? "Oh wad some power the giftie gie us," etc.

Now let us all lay our hands upon our hearts and repeat after me this formula: "If I should see a remnant of seven wild pigeons in my neighborhood, I would not shoot one of them."

"If a deer should come up to my barn with my cows (or any other man's barn), and was in easy range, I would not shoot it."

"If an eagle should light on a tree near me, and I had a gun in my hand, I would not kill it."

"If I were in a hunting party in the Rocky Mountains and had a chance to kill ten elk, I would kill only two or three."

"If I had a chance to kill twenty-six ducks, I would stop at twenty-five."

"If I had a chance to catch one hundred 5 lb. trout, I would stop when I had caught 100 lbs."

"If game should become very scarce in my neighborhood, I would refuse to kill any more until the supply was increased."

Can we all repeat the above sentences with clear consciences? I do not quote, with Mr. L. A. Childress, "He that is without sin among you let him first cast a stone." But I say, we are all rank sinners (or the majority of us). Let us all pelt one another roundly until we all show marked improvement in our habits.

Man has inherited from his remote ancestors two very powerful instincts. One is to "look out for number one" first of all. The other, to kill—bipeds, quadrupeds

and no-peds; feathered and unfeathered. The natural impulse of children, grown up and ungrown up, is to kill, everything that is not protected by some special reasons for curbing this inclination.

It is the office of "civilization" and enlightenment to furnish these special reasons for self-restraint, both as to selfishness and the killing proclivity, and to broaden these special reasons into general reasons—to make self-restraint the rule instead of the exception.

As Governor Roosevelt happily suggested, in a recent plea for the protection of bird life (and I resolved then and there to vote for him if I should have the chance for any office he might run for), let us all teach our children, after having first taught ourselves and our neighbors by our good example—let us guide them, along lines of broad enlightenment to a right conception of our proper relations to our fellow-men and to all of nature's children. And in this connection, allow me to say, under forbearance, let us not forget to embrace, among nature's great family of children, that member so long persecuted under the spur of superstition and ignorance, the non-venomous snakes. I said snakes. COAHOMA.

APRIL 4.

A Jolly Camp in California.

"Boys," said Josh one day in the latter part of June when we three met in "the city," "let's go over to my cabin in the woods and slay a buck or two. Season opens on July 1, you know, and I can promise you lots of game."

Ned and I jumped at the idea, and at once agreed to the proposition, acknowledging at the same time the brilliancy of our friend's intellect.

Josh was the proprietor of a ranch two hours' journey from the city, and, in a wild cañon, had, one summer, with a great deal of trouble on account of the inaccessibility of the situation, built a rough cabin in which four could sleep, cook and eat very comfortably.

It was located at the bottom of a deep, rocky gulch in a little glade covered with magnificent pines, laurels and other evergreens.

The cabin of rough redwood boards, with a substantial roof of shakes, was 20 by 16 ft., lighted by two sliding windows and a wide door. The broad fireplace, built of stones and clay, where large pine logs blazed cheerfully, supplied the hot coals for roasting the venison to perfection, and in cool nights gave forth a genial warmth and cheerful glow throughout the room.

A pretty brook of pure water that thus far in its course never saw the sun, always as cold as one would care to drink, danced by the cabin among the pines, its volume increasing as it went along; its gentle murmur gradually turning into a roar as, further on, it dashed recklessly over the huge boulders and fallen trees, making in one place a wild plunge of 30 ft. clear, and finally emerged into the sunlight miles below.

The spot had been selected on account of many trails leading to the best hunting grounds in the neighborhood forming a junction there.

According to agreement, on the afternoon of the last day of June, we three started out from the farmhouse for the cabin, with a pack horse, plenty of provisions, Josh's celebrated dog Smith and our Winchester rifles. The trail led over a high range of hills through a plateau which looked as if, ages ago, some enormous meteor had burst directly over it and scattered millions of fragments of all sizes from a speck to a meeting house upon it, and since that event chapparal, heath and chemical had grown wherever a little soil had collected.

Finally the trail turned off from this plateau and plunged down the steep side of a cañon through the wild oats and poison oak bushes and we rushed along with a celerity which made up for the slowness of our ascent on the other side of the range.

We clattered down as fast as the old packhorse could slide along, even the dog full of excited anticipation for the coming hunt. He had "been there" before.

Josh remarked that we had better get that horse down "right side up," for if he fell it would take us all night to sort out horse from grub, and he didn't like horsemanship anyway.

Arriving all serene at last at our destination, we stowed things away, picketed our horse, had our supper and smoke, and "turned in" to lie awake for a long time, listening to the soft night sounds of the forest, watching the ever varying glow of the burning logs in the fireplace, and inhaling with delight the cool spicy air loaded with the scent of the pines.

It seemed as if sleep had only just come to us when Josh threw one of his spike-nailed hunting boots against our side of the cabin wall, and, as the crash ceased reverberating through the cañon, queried in a very calm way. "Are you fellows going to sleep all day?"

"Let us now be up and doing,
While the muley cows are mooing,
While the whiskey-jack is cooing,
And the gentle buck perambulates the vale."

Josh is always calm, but humorous.

To our surprise, we found that it was only 3:30 A. M. In spite of the early hour the odor of steaming coffee arose enticingly from the region of the fireplace. We rather sleepily began to tumble out of our bunks and asked Josh if he had been up all night. "Oh, no," said he, "I just slept twice as hard as usual for the last three hours, so as to come out even."

After making a temporary breakfast of hardtack and coffee, with our rifles on our shoulders, and old Smith at our heels, we commenced the ascent of the opposite side of the cañon.

Slowly we climbed the steep trail in the dim light of the early dawn, out of the pines, through open wild oat glades, where Josh cautioned us to keep our eyes "peeled" for a buck; again through chapparal that met over our heads across the path, finally emerging on the top of the ridge.

"Josh," said Ned, as we were leaving the camp, "why do you call your dog Smith?"

"Well," was the reply, "I once knew a man who called his friend Bob, because his name was William, so I called my dog Smith because he was brown—sabe?"

It was light enough to see clearly by the time we reached the backbone of the ridge. Josh, who was in the

lead, suddenly ducked down and whispered, "Deer just going over the edge of the chemical point ahead of us, but think it is a doe." We quietly crept along to get a better view, but found the deer had already moved behind the point.

All excitement, we trod as noiselessly as possible in the direction the deer had taken in order to find out whether it was a doe or a buck; Josh being very particular about not having does shot on his ranch.

We had not gone 50 yds. when our leader made a low whistling sound, that brought old Smith to his heels, and dropped behind a bush.

We dropped also, and looking in the direction he indicated, saw two fine bucks in the shadow of the cañon rooyds. below us, their antlers thrown back and their heads high in the air, evidently suspicious of danger.

Josh whispered, "Now, boys! take 'em right and left as you stand and fire when I count three. Aim low, and darn the man that misses. Ready? One—two—three!"

The simultaneous crack of the rifles rang out on the still morning air and echoed from peak to peak. One buck fell. The other, only wounded, bounded off over the low brush. Before he had made a dozen jumps, however, Josh, who was prepared for just such an emergency, pulled the trigger, coolly remarking, "That fellow might just as well stay, too."

The buck gave a tremendous bound, but came down, made two or three somersaults down the steep hillside, kicked desperately a few times and—staid.

"Rah for our side," we shouted, and Ned and I plunged wildly through the brush, regardless of skin and clothing to where our game lay. Josh, to whom all this was an old story, picked his way more leisurely; but Smith, even more excited than we were, rushed yelping ahead ready to grasp the throat of either animal which might not be quite dead.

"Well done," said Josh, on joining us as we were examining the effects of our shots, "a three and a four-pointer. Your first deer, too, Jay. You didn't kill him outright, but he would not have gone far with that hole in him. By the way, you should always aim for the spot you intend to hit, and not for the whole deer. Overshooting is the beginner's great fault, but next to it comes that of trying to hit the whole animal at once—sabe?" I acknowledged that I had not stopped to pick out any particular spot, but promised to do so in future—if not too excited.

While we were dressing the game and preparing the legs in such a way that we could shoulder the deer like knapsacks, old Smith disappeared. In a short time we heard his familiar "Yap! yap!" down the cañon, accompanied by the almost unmistakable jump, jump of a deer in the bushes. We looked round and seized our rifles just in time to be too late. A fine buck was coming toward us, but on seeing our heads above the bushes wheeled like a flash and was out of sight in the chapparal before we could draw a bead on him.

"That buck jumped as if he'd been wounded in the leg last year," said Josh. "Wouldn't be surprised if Smith treed him before long."

We swallowed our disappointment, and concluded that we already had enough to carry up that brushy hillside anyway.

Shouldering our game, we climbed, pausing many times for breath and rest, now and then making wild grabs at the bushes to keep our balance, and working laboriously upward toward a spot to which the horse could be brought. It finally ended, however, in Josh's carrying one of the deer most of the way to the top, and then coming back after the second. He is tall and very slight, but apparently made of india rubber, and he could beat us heavy fellows all hollow at this sort of work. He said, when we utterly collapsed and sat down to wipe off the perspiration, "You city boys are not used to eating your bread with the sweat of your brows. One does not mind it when one is used to it." I frankly acknowledged that I usually preferred my bread dry; but could stand a little moisture on an occasion like this.

We drew lots to see who should go back to camp to get the pack horse, and this duty fell on Josh. As soon as he left we took out our tobacco pouches and settled down to await his return, enjoying meanwhile, most thoroughly the magnificence of the wild mountain scenery, and watching, with a pleasure which strangers to such scenes can hardly appreciate, the light from the rising sun as it lit up hillside after hillside in the apparently unending series of cañons and gorges whose depths seemed so dark and cool in comparison with the now bright peaks.

As the sun rose in the cloudless sky we sought the nearest shady spot and began to speculate upon Josh's long absence, finally deciding that he must have stopped to repair the horse or something of the kind. At length, however, he appeared, and without explaining the cause of his detention, but with a twinkle in his eye, which we did not understand, proceeded to load the game.

We retraced our steps of the early morning, and finally plunged into the refreshing shade of the pines around the cabin with a feeling of relief, the rays of the July sun seeming "a foretaste of the future" as Ned remarked.

To our astonishment we found another buck hanging in front of the cabin door. We looked at Josh, who only smiled and said, "I told you Smith had taken an interest in that fellow. Guess the old cuss found out the deer could not run very fast, and staid by him until he rounded him up; thought I might just as well gather him in."

It turned out that the dog had bayed, or "treed" the buck, as Josh quaintly expressed it, within a hundred yards of the camp, and, on his way down for the horse Josh had "gathered him in" without our hearing the shot, and had dragged him to the cabin.

We hung our game on a stout pine limb and the three bucks in a row looked very imposing.

Ned remarked that he knew lots of fellows in the city who would give fifty dollars for such sport as we had just enjoyed that morning. "Guess some of them must be like the chap I had such a laugh over last summer," said Josh. Knowing there must be a good story behind the remark, we both immediately demanded it.

"Well, it isn't much of a story, but you can have it. A young fellow I had known for a number of years asked me one day if I wouldn't give him a chance to shoot a deer. He said he would give anything to shoot one; he knew he wasn't much of a shot, but was sure he could hit an object as large as a buck.

"I told him I'd give him all the chance he wanted, but if

he'd never seen one before it would either look big enough to scare him, or else so small that he would wish his rifle were loaded with a few pounds of buckshot instead of a single bullet. Still he was certain he could hit one, and that such a thing as 'buck fever' would never bother him.

"Well, I took him out one day and placed him in a mighty good stand to get a shot, and put the dog in the brush right below him. From the tracks around there I was almost certain there must be a buck not far off.

"Pretty soon Smith gave a couple of yaps and I saw a big fellow jumping over the bushes toward my confident friend.

"Just at this moment I heard a succession of shouts and shrieks and saw him jumping up and down like a crazy man, waving his rifle in the air. Thinking he must have stepped on a rattlesnake and got bitten, I was on the point of starting to run toward him, when I began to make out the words: 'Josh! Josh! for Heaven's sake! there's a buck! shoot him! shoot him! Look out, he'll get away! Shoot him quick! quick!' Well, boys, I did shoot him as he came right up to me, but was shaking so with laughter that I nearly missed a dead shot.

"I asked my friend why in blanknation he didn't shoot the deer himself, as that was what he had come out for. 'Jerusalem,' he said, 'kick me; kick me hard! never thought of it.'

"I couldn't keep this affair all to myself, you know, and he had to set 'em up pretty often for a while afterward; and I hear he is very touchy ever since when you discuss the different forms of buck fever in his presence."

While Josh was telling his story, we were making preparations for breakfast, which soon appeared. Deer's liver broiled on hot coals was the principal dish, and it vanished rapidly before our ravenous appetites, well sharpened by the morning's tramp.

The rest of the day was spent in the usual camp style; that is, we swept the cabin, got wood for the fire, straightened things out, had dinner about 5 o'clock, and afterwards strolled, or rather climbed, up on the top of a hill to watch the shadows deepen in the valleys until the sun finally disappeared behind a distant pine-fringed ridge. The stars commenced to speck the eastern sky, and the poorwill's sweet but melancholy notes were breaking the evening stillness as we slowly descended to the darkness of the forest camp, each deeply impressed by the quiet beauty of the scene and loth to leave it.

While chatting and smoking around the camp-fire we decided to kill no more deer this time, having as much venison as we could use, but to try to find a short cut to a ridge near by, which Ned and Josh had always reached by an old trail a long way round.

Next morning we got a regular breakfast before starting on our explorations, and then went to the ridge by the long way, intending to make an attempt to cut back to camp through the timber.

Old Smith did not seem to understand our want of interest in deer that morning, and after a while we missed him. While we were, all three on top of a pile of rocks, looking about for an opening in the forest, we heard his sharp bark coming in our direction, and in a few moments a large doe came bounding along, pausing a second to listen within a few yards of us. Smith showed up on the deer's track just as we jumped down from the rocks. He seemed rather confused. Josh called to him to stay close. He took two or three steps in the direction the deer had followed, stopped, looked back at us and again toward the deer, and finally, with head and tail drooping dejectedly, came back to Josh's heels. The latter remarked that our not potting that deer had taken the wag out of Smith's tail, and he looked disgusted.

We missed him again shortly after, but thought no more about him until we arrived at the camp after a hard struggle through brush and timber in a vain attempt to find a serviceable short cut.

When we had absorbed a comparatively large proportion of the deliciously cold water in the little brook we unlocked the cabin door, and, to our utmost astonishment, there was old Smith, curled up most comfortably on Josh's bed. As the windows were closed and the door padlocked, it beat us completely; and at intervals through the rest of the day some one would remark—to the trees, apparently—that he "gave it up."

We took a cold lunch and loafed around, enjoying the shade and the afternoon siesta until the lengthening shadows and the delightful coolness that comes on toward evening warned us that it was time to think about supper. We were suddenly startled by an exclamation from Ned: "Great Scott! I've got it!" Without deigning to notice our inquiry as to whether he ever took any thing for it, he rushed out to the gable end of the cabin, where he found what we had not before noticed, a rough ladder left standing against the clay chimney, which was about 10 ft. high. We followed in hot haste, only to hear him wonder "how in blazes did that old duffer know that the chimney opened into the house."

The mystery was solved. There were the dog's tracks in the ashes of the fireplace, where he had jumped, or rather slid down the chimney.

"Talk about horse sense," said Josh, "dog sense beats it from Alpha to Omaha. I'll bet a dollar and six bits none of us would have thought of climbing down that chimney to get in, though it's big enough for two at once, unless it was Christmas time."

It really was almost incredible that a dog could have sense enough to understand the idea of the chimney connecting with the open fireplace, and to climb up a ladder on the outside and scramble down on the rough stones inside; but the fact remained as "gospel truth," and can be certified to on oath by all three of us. He simply saw that we did not care to hunt that morning, and getting tired of working for nothing, had returned to camp. Finding the door and windows all closed, and longing for those soft blankets inside, he had prospected around and hit upon this novel method of entering a house—à la Santa Claus.

When the dishes were washed that evening, and we were enjoying the "pipe of perfect peace," as Ned expressed it, we agreed to let the deer alone for awhile and to pass the remainder of the time we could spare from business in the health-giving rest and thorough enjoyment of the pure mountain air, free from all fears of rain or dampness in this long California summer. Josh had arranged for one of his vaqueros to come for our game, and keeping only enough for our own use, we divided the

venison, sending generous portions to those of our friends who we knew would appreciate it.

On the eve of our departure we were bemoaning our hard fate that dragged us back to work, arranging for the next expedition, and assuring each other that nothing short of glue on the seat of our stools or the death of some distant relative with a will in our favor attached would keep us in our offices when the time came for it, when Josh broke out with

"Ch, it's lots of fun to camp
In a climate free from damp,
Where the sun shines all the summer,
And every city bummer
Can rusticate and busticate
His last year's Sunday pants.
There's nary rain to wet you through
Or make you feel so cussed blue;
And the only things you veto
Are the bills of the mosquito,
(The birds that bite both day and night),
And those pesky little ants."

Here we caught him, gagged him and tied him to a tree till he promised not to inflict any more of this stuff upon us—until next time.

JAY EM.

American Game Parks.

The "Forest and Stream's" Fifth Annual Report on Game in Preserves.

(Continued from page 265.)

The Sapelo Rod and Gun Club.

THE Sapelo Rod and Gun Club was incorporated under the laws of New York, Jan. 8, 1898. The following particulars with regard to the club preserve are taken from the New York Evening Post:

The preserve covers an area of about 10,000 acres, or some twelve square miles. It faces directly on Sapelo Sound, and is bounded on the north by White Chimney River and on the south by Sapelo River, so that in all it has a water front of about fifteen miles. This tract of land was originally made of four old plantations, and during the war was the scene of many stirring encounters. Since that time it has been practically abandoned, and most of it is to-day in a state of wildness that, together with its peculiar position between the two rivers, makes it an almost ideal natural game preserve. Unlike much of the surrounding country, the land is high, and covered with a heavy growth of Georgia pine. Here and there are open stretches and clearings that mark the once cultivated fields, covered in some instances by a scrub palmetto growth. North, south, east, and west it is one mass of verdure, and semi-tropical plants; palms and flowers are found in great profusion.

Topographically the land is high in the middle, sloping gradually to the shores of the rivers that bound it on either side. The heavy pine forests are surprisingly free from underbrush, thus affording better chances for a shot when the game is flushed. At the same time the quail meadows and the natural growth in the clearings furnish an excellent cover for the birds, so that it necessitates careful and thorough hunting, a fact that usually invites the prowess of the true sportsman.

Along the shores of the Sapelo River for some three and one-half miles is a bluff that rises from 30 to 80 ft. almost sheer from a white and sandy beach. It is along this bluff that the headquarters of the club have been established. The white, sandy beach offers facilities for excellent bathing, and the view from the top of the bluff is charming. A temporary house, that will accommodate about twenty members, can be used at once, and no better place could be selected for the permanent home, looking out as it does across the sound, past the islands that fringe the Georgia coast line, and out upon the wide expanse of the Atlantic Ocean. Back of it are the heavy pine woods, and fish and game in abundance almost within reach. Lob cabins or lodges will be scattered through the preserve to serve as temporary camps for those who wish to rough it to the fullest extent, or who, in search of game, are led too far away from the house to return the same day. They will be built on the same order as the log camps in the Adirondack region that are so attractive to any who have spent a day in the Northern Woods.

A double wire fence will be built across the westward boundary from river to river, preventing the game from straying off the preserve, and affording a slight protection from poachers. Of the game, quail abound, perhaps, in the largest number, the field making easy ground, while there is also plenty of excellent cover. Game and fish of infinite variety are plentiful, and will repay the most exacting angler or most ardent hunter for his trouble. An occasional bear, quantities of deer, and some wildcats make up the larger game, while wild turkey, water fowl of all kinds, quail, ruffed grouse, woodcock and pheasants are plentiful. The pheasants are of the English variety, and rather scarce, having strayed there from other preserves, but once the club is established, it is intended to have a pheasantry, where the young birds can be reared and properly cared for till ready to be released. This will insure plenty of this game bird, that is such a favorite with all sportsmen. The rivers and sound swarm with fish; the salt-water trout that closely resembles our weak-fish furnishing, perhaps, the best sport. Add to these innumerable turtle, terrapin, oysters, crabs and shrimps, and every table delicacy known to best hotels is ready to be taken for the trouble.

The Country Club.

On March 13, 1890, thirty-seven members of the Pacific-Union Club, of San Francisco, interested in field sports and country life, organized a club, which was called the Country Club. In September of the same year this club leased, with privilege of purchase, from Mr. Payne J. Shafter, 1,000 acres of land in what is known as Bear Valley, on the Shafter Ranch in Marin county, California; and at the same time they obtained from Mr. Charles Webb Howard and the owners of the Shafter ranches, leases for shooting and fishing privileges of a large tract of land containing about 76,000 acres.

The membership of this club is limited to 125 mem-

bers, and no one, by its constitution, is eligible to membership unless he is a member of the Pacific-Union Club.

Shortly after the leases before mentioned were obtained, the club set to work to provide accommodations for its members, and it has constructed upon its grounds in Bear Valley, a club house, stables, barns, dog kennels, shooting box, and all of the appliances and accessories incident to club life in the country, and has expended in the neighborhood of \$25,000 for these improvements. The present leases expire in September, 1900.

Nittany Rod and Gun Club.

The club was organized at a meeting of subscribers held at Williamsport, Pa., April 30, 1897, with the following objects in view: First, to procure a modern country club house where its members could find a suitable and attractive retreat from business cares and a place for the entertainment of their families and friends. Second, to establish a quail preserve of sufficient area to provide ample shooting for members and their friends, and third, to secure a trout preserve that can be yearly stocked with large fish, and at the same time enjoy immunity from the market fishermen, whose wholesale slaughter has for years depleted the streams of the State. How well these objects have been carried out may be seen from the following facts taken from the club prospectus:

"The quail preserve is composed of about 100 farms, with an area of 20,000 acres, located in Walker and Marion townships, extending from the Bald Eagle Mountains on the north to the Nittany Mountains on the south, thence through Nittany Valley for a distance of ten miles, or in the neighborhood of thirty square miles of territory. The exclusive game rights on these properties are under lease to the club for a term of years.

"During the fall of 1897 and spring of 1898, 4,000 mated quail from Western States were planted on the preserve for breeding purposes. Based on an average yield of eight young birds to the pair, it was estimated there would be 20,000 quail for the shooting season of 1898, but from inquiries made after the spring nesting, it has been learned that nests found contained from fourteen to twenty-eight eggs. As many of these birds nest twice in the same season, the success of this feature of the club would seem to be assured. In all probability no further stocking will be necessary for several years.

"For the purpose of a trout preserve, the club has leased for a term of years, Little Fishing Creek and Green Valley, through which it flows from its source to the club house, a distance of eight and one-half miles. The stream heads at the western extremity of this valley, and its course to the club house has a fall of about 700 ft. During the summer of 1897, sixty-three tight dams were constructed on the stream, and in November of that year 7,000 trout, ranging in size from 1½ to 9 in. in length, were placed in these dams. It is the purpose of the club, so long as it may be necessary, to each year restock the stream with large fish.

"As already stated Green Valley is about eight and one-half miles in width. No part of this territory is under cultivation; in fact, there is nothing more wild or picturesque to be found in the Allegheny Mountains. For many years these have been favorite grounds for pheasant and wild turkey shooting. These birds will, doubtless, rapidly increase under the fostering care and protection of the club.

"The home of the club is particularly fortunate in its location at the base of Nittany Mountains near Hecla Park (Mingoville Post-Office), Centre county, Pennsylvania, and within five minutes' walk from the station of that name, on the Central Railroad of Pennsylvania. The house contains twenty-five rooms, including a sitting room, 20 to 38 ft.; a dining room, 20 by 24 ft.; each of which have two large, open fire-places; ladies' parlor, also with an open fire-place; large well-ventilated sleeping apartments, card room, bath rooms and buffet, all heated by steam; and supplied with spring water piped from the mountain near by. Double-deck porches, 16 ft. in width, surround three sides of the house, having a floor surface of about 5,000 square feet. By means of a long-distance telephone in the house, members can be in easy communication with their homes and business offices.

"The club has now in contemplation the erection of additional buildings for a bowling alley, billiard and pool rooms; also a dog kennel of ample proportions, to be under the care of an experienced and competent dog trainer.

"The club house grounds proper include a lawn of 30,000 square feet, appropriately laid out with limestone screening walks, an athletic field of eight acres for trap-shooting and other field sports, and an apple orchard of seven acres."

Santa Clara Preserve.

Darwin J. Day is superintendent of the Santa Clara preserve, Brandon, Franklin county, N. Y. This includes an area of about 44,000 acres, of which 1,600 acres are burnt land. The burnt land is a great resort for deer, and an excellent place for still-hunting. Mr. Day writes that last season sixty-two deer and one bear were killed. He adds: "With the experience I have had within the past four years regarding the game, I am satisfied that the deer are increasing very rapidly under the present law, and wish also to say I do think that we ought to have a bounty on foxes and otter, as otter destroy so many trout and foxes so many birds. Aside from that, I think the law as it is is as near right as to suit all classes of sportsmen as it can be."

The Magaguadavic Fish and Game Corporation.

The Magaguadavic Fish and Game Corporation was incorporated under the laws of New Brunswick in the year 1892, with a capital stock of \$20,000 divided into 400 shares at \$50 per share. The preserve of the corporation consists of a tract of land 5,000 acres in area, known as the Stanus Grant, situated in Charlotte county in the southeastern part of the Province of New Brunswick, and is practically an unbroken wilderness. The property is covered by a dense forest, interspersed by more than a score of lakes and ponds and traversed from end to end by the beautiful and picturesque Magaguadavic River, from which the corporation derives its name, which, with its numerous tributaries, furnishes opportunities for some of the most delightful and exciting canoe trips in the Province, a region noted for this sport. It is unsurpassed

as a shooting and fishing country. It seems to have escaped the notice of the sportsman until recently, and its denizens on the land and in its waters have been allowed to increase in a primitive manner. When the pioneer sportsmen came here from the overcrowded and more famous resorts they were both surprised and delighted with the abundance of game, fur, fin and feather, and came away enthusiastic in its praise, with a determination to return. The formation of the above named corporation soon followed, and for a time flourished, increased in membership and seemed assured of a prosperous future; but at the height of its prosperity, for various reasons, it began to lose ground until the year 1895, when a partial reorganization took place; new blood was infused into its management, and a new era of the brightest promise seems to have dawned on its affairs.

Shocco Game Association.

The Shocco Game Association, of Baltimore, Md., controls 19,000 acres of land in North Carolina, which is strictly preserved for the benefit of members. A part of the land is leased and part purchased outright. The headquarters of the club is the fine old mansion known as "Montmorenci," built by the late Gen. William Williams at a cost of \$33,000.

Maple Lake Club.

The Maple Lake Club was incorporated July 29, 1892, with a membership limited to ten. The property of the club consists of Maple Lake and about 2,000 acres of woodland in the town of Wilmurt, Herkimer county, N. Y. There is a substantial club house for the use of members. The lake has never been stocked, but it is a natural trout water, and is considered one of the best breeding grounds in the State. There is good partridge shooting in the club grounds, and some deer. Deer are increasing.

Mr. John Cummings, Jr., writes that the fishing has improved each year, and that the club has become more popular with the members and their friends.

Henry L. Smith.

Mr. Henry L. Smith, of Albany, N. Y., is proprietor of a preserve in St. Lawrence county in the Adirondacks. The preserve includes four and one-half miles of water and is ten miles from the nearest town. There are good buildings in the tract, and as Mr. Smith writes, "lots of deer and the best of brook trout fishing."

Page Fence Company.

The Page Fence Company have lately made an addition to their game park at Adrian, Mich. At the present time they have ten buffalo and about twenty elk and thirty deer. They also have eight black bears. It is understood that all the animals are in good condition.

Mat-a-mek Preserve.

"Mat-a-mek preserve, my little place in the woods, is not large nor important enough to be classed among the American game parks. In our part of the woods we have managed to hold our own so far as deer and partridge and trout are concerned, and we hope that next year will show a decided improvement. ASHBEL P. FITCH."

It is reported that Mr. E. B. Bailey, of Windsor Locks, Conn., has purchased the island in the Connecticut River just above the railroad bridge with the intention of stocking it as a game preserve.

The Hull (Ontario) Electric Railway Company has under contemplation the creation of a game park to be stocked with American game animals.

Boston Branters.

Boston, April 8.—The first party of Monomoy brant shooters got back to Boston the other day. The weather was very bad—only one or two days in the whole week of their stay that it did not storm or blow a gale. But they secured thirty-two brant. This they consider a very good record for the first party of the season. They calculate that there was not a young bird in the lot; that they were all old birds that have staid around that section all winter. The man who has charge of the property of the Monomoy Brant Club, say that brant have been around all winter, and up to the time the first party left home, no brant had arrived from further south this season. There was some pretty fair black duck shooting, with now and then a sheldrake. The third shooting party is now in camp, and are reported to be having fine shooting, with more flight brant than the other parties saw.

Mr. C. H. Alden, already mentioned as being at Homosassa, Florida, and greatly enjoying the shooting and fishing, has started for home. In his last letter to his friend Charlie Brown, he mentions taking thirty-four bass in a few hours' fishing. One day he had the good fortune to hook on to a "cavalier," and fought him for hours, with a light rod. The fish was finally brought to the net, and weighed 15 lbs. Mr. Alden writes that they are great fighters. He is much pleased with the place and its surroundings. It is about three miles only from the Gulf coast, on the Homosassa River. There is great sport there in the winter season for both rod and line and shooting sportsmen.

SPECIAL.

Deer in the Eastern Townships.

SUTTON, Province of Quebec, April 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It will be of interest to many of your sportsmen readers to learn the fact that deer are beginning to once again seek and breed in their old haunts in this section of the eastern townships. For years we have seen or heard of only an occasional deer having been seen in Sutton and the surrounding towns, but during the past season no less than nine fine deer were shot and secured during the open season on what is known as Sutton Mountains, lying between this village and Glen Sutton, and extending its ranges toward the town of Potton, Que. Others of the surrounding towns—forming our famous eastern townships of the Province of Quebec—report the same gratifying conditions of increase. Now let our close season game laws be generally observed, and within a few years our native township sportsmen should not have to go 100 miles and more to Lake Megantic and Spider Lake and to Maine for their large game, but will be able to find it within easy reach.

WM. BROWN.

"Concerning an Epithet."

Editor Forest and Stream:

As you know, I am no sportsman, but I am an old hand at newspaper wars, and think I have known as many as the next man, and have watched the results of such rows, and I am quite sure that the man who indulges in vituperation of dissenters from him, seldom persuades anybody. The villified are only made angry and the man with no convictions on the matter remembers the old adage for lawyers, "When you have no case, abuse the other side and his attorney," and judges of the merits of the case by the style of argument used.

What is the aim of this epithet campaign? Conversion of "hogs" or conviction in the public mind as to the rights or wrongs of killing too much game? The hog cry is not apt to convert, and with folks like myself that don't care a fig for sport and would not give one cent to save all the strictly game creatures in the country from extinction, that style of game preservation is not alluring. I know it would be preferable to have no "game" than to have it set up that if my friend X Y Z shoots more birds than an undefined authority declares warranted, he is a "hog"; I know he isn't anything of the sort, and how am I to know whether Tom, Dick and Harry know what a "sportsmanlike" limit is?

Who was the hero of fiction who laid his success in war and poetry to his following his sister's advice, "Moderate your transports?"

Let me add, that while I claim the individual right to care nothing for sport and to think that I am none the worse for this indifference, I am not "hog" enough to respect a man less because he is devoted to it. That is his right, and I have no right to condemn him. But I do not admit that a "sportsman" is one bit the better, or worse, man from being so.

W. WADE.
OAKMONT, Pa., April 7.

PHILADELPHIA Pa.—Editor Forest and Stream: The discussion in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM concerning the propriety of an individual arrogating to himself the right to denounce other individuals who differ from him as to the amount of game they may kill in one day, I perceive has aroused a great deal of interest. There has been quite enough opinion, adverse to the stand taken by Mr. Schenck, to show that his opinions do not truly represent the opinions of sportsmen.

In FOREST AND STREAM of April 8 I read a vigorous letter from him in support of his contention. There is no doubt of his sincerity. The fact that he, on his own confession, was once a game hog and reformed, encourages me to write this communication to you; for if by argument he can be shown to be now wrong, I am sure he has moral firmness sufficient to enable him to again readjust his ethics on better lines.

Before beginning the argument proper, I beg permission to quote from Mr. Schenck's writings as follows: "It strikes me that no unselfish, reasonable sportsman can feel otherwise than 'hot' after seeing, as we do week after week, and month, the pages of nearly every one of the papers devoted to field sports besmeared with the bloody records of intemperance, inhuman, wanton slaughters; records that make one's trigger-finger itch with murderous intent, or cause him to hanker for the enactment of a law that would land some of these evil-doers into the penitentiary."

I wish to ask Mr. Schenck, concerning this point, whether, if he were clothed with full authority to do so, he would kill a man who killed more than his share of game in a day? Would he send a man to the penitentiary for life for the same offense? Suppose, at the period when he was a game hog, some game fanatic with a nervous trigger-finger had drawn a bead on him and filled his person with buckshot. In the dark ages, when emotion governed the action of some men more than did reason, other men were burned at the stake, or imprisoned for life, or were executed in various barbarous ways for matters of opinion; but at the present day the great pride of the civilized world is in its tolerance of all opinion, and in its laws free from all taint of vengeance.

In respect to the duck-shooters' club, whose members are permitted to kill fifty birds in a day, if my memory serves me right this club owns or leases its grounds and protects them as a preserve, so that the members have certain property rights in the preserved game, differing entirely from the ordinary common law rights of the public. They pay out money for their property rights and guard them much as Mr. Schenck does his own personal property rights.

As to any record of sport with a shotgun or rifle, if anything at all is killed, the record is sure to be more or less bloody; this in reference to the excerpt quoted above. I do not think that Mr. S. can point out the "pages besmeared with the bloody records," etc. The sportsmen of to-day are far in advance of those of years ago in the matter of the proper quantity to be killed in one day, and in the ethics of sport. I am sure that this change was not brought about by angry snarls and the showing of pointed teeth.

Suppose that one man, who has had but one great opportunity to kill a large bag of game—let us say 100 ducks—offends from the standpoint of Mr. S. He has traveled a long distance, has liberally spent his money in the section wherein he shoots, and, in the enthusiasm of the sport and the bountiful supply he killed 100 birds in one day. Yes, let us assume that he killed 300 ducks in three days. Now let us suppose that another sportsman, proud of his own shooting abstemiousness, killed but ten ducks in one day, yet goes out every day for thirty days, killing thus a total of 300 ducks. Will Mr. S. be so good as to explain how one got more than his share while the other got less, and wherein lies the difference in the total result? If one shot too much game in short time, the other shot an equal amount in a longer time, so that as a matter of mathematics or an equality of shares, they both took precisely the same quantity. Eheu!

Game is the property of the people, and as such is not valued and preserved with a view to the delectation of some man or men who own guns. It has a food significance of greater public value than a sport significance. The lone shooter, who rants that his sport may be preserved for him, should reconsider and recognize that the

public at large may appreciate only material values of public importance.

Concerning the law on the matter Mr. Schenck proclaims as follows:

One of your correspondents, Mr. L. A. C., takes exception to my argument, because it seems to remotely connect the crime of larceny with immoderate game killing, and holds that, while there are statutory provisions governing the one, there is no law to govern opinions as to what should constitute a reasonable bag for a day's shooting; in fact, he in effect holds that in this matter every man is a church unto himself. I beg leave to differ with the gentleman; the great unwritten law of "common honesty" governs in these premises as perfectly as does any law on the statute books relative to larceny, although it does not perhaps affix quite so severe penalties. If the unwritten law named is not sufficient to cover the ground, the "golden rule" indirectly applies, as do many other of the teachings relative to moderation and temperance, of the Great Teacher, whom your correspondent quotes. Forbearance in dealing with the immoderate game killer has ceased to be a virtue, and the day of retribution is at hand.

The unwritten law of "common honesty" is not well taken. There is no such law. Honesty is the source of all law, and not the law itself. In any case, it has no application whatever to the point in question. The game of a State belongs to the people of that State. The title is very vague and remote. While the people own the game, no one person has any title to it whatever till he has the game reduced to his possession. After that it is the person's own property, with some or no qualifications in different States, according to the different laws which govern therein. There is no dishonesty whatever in killing the game when the statute and common laws are observed in the killing. There is no share belonging to anyone. The game is in a state of *feræ naturæ* before it is killed; afterward it is the property of him who takes it. If we consider that the people has shares, then the man who does not own a gun has just as much right to his share as has the man who does. If Rhode Island has a population of 420,000, with an area of 1,306 square miles, then there probably is less than one bird to each person within that State. Any man who takes more than one bird takes, therefore, more than his share. Mr. Schenck's position may be brought to the *reductio ad absurdum* in many other ways.

L. A. CHUDRESS.

New Brunswick Notes.

SOME of the game officials have been displaying a commendable degree of alacrity of late in looking after persons suspected of killing moose in the deep snow. The most flagrant case reported was that of Mr. A. E. Hanson, a Deputy Crown Land Surveyor, who, by virtue of his office, is also a game warden. Mr. Hanson was commissioned to run some lines on the headwaters of the Tobique and Nepisiguit. He shot a bull moose some weeks ago, and upon reaching Bathurst last Saturday was arraigned before Stipendiary Magistrate McLaughlin on complaint of Warden Bishop. Mr. Hanson pleaded guilty to the charge and the minimum fine of \$50 was imposed. His plea was that he was short of provisions and that his party needed the moose hide to sleep upon at nights when camping in the snow. This plea is rather weakened by the fact, not brought out at Bathurst, that before leaving Fredericton upon the survey referred to, Hanson borrowed a rifle and stated to a number of persons that he proposed to shoot a moose if he required it.

Long before Hanson emerged from the survey it was reported at Fredericton and elsewhere that he had killed a moose and local sentiment was very strong against him, not only because of the position which he held, but the boldness he had shown in defying the law. At the instance of Game Commissioner Knight, information was lodged against him at Fredericton, and it can scarcely be doubted that if Hanson had faced the music here the magistrate would have imposed the maximum penalty of \$200. Country justices are notoriously lax in their administration of the game laws, and there is quite a general belief that, in the present case, Hanson knew that the authorities were on his track, and deliberately promoted the proceedings at Bathurst in order that he might escape with a minimum penalty. However, the end is not yet. If it shall appear that there was any collusion in reference to the Bathurst proceedings, Hanson will again be arraigned on the information laid at Fredericton. In any case, the leader of the Government, Premier Emmerson, announces his intention to suspend Hanson for a period from his office of Deputy Crown Land Surveyor.

One of the strongest obstacles in the way of a vigorous enforcement of the laws is that country magistrates are disposed to take a most lenient view of the offenses brought before them, in nearly all cases imposing the minimum penalty and frequently allowing this to stand. Cases are even mentioned where they have ignored the plain provisions of the law entirely, and imposed a fine of \$10 for killing moose out of season, whereas, the smallest amount they could legally impose is \$10. For this reason the Chief Game Commissioner is endeavoring to have offenders, as far as possible, arraigned before magistrates of intelligence and experience in St. John, Fredericton and other cities. At St. John on Saturday last Albert Alward, of Queens county, appeared in answer to the charge of hunting a cow moose and of killing a moose out of season. He was fined \$100 on each of these counts, the latter being allowed to stand. Alward was captured through the clever work of Detective Ring. A confederate escaped, but is being shadowed.

A great deal depends upon the county game wardens. Some of them are active, intelligent men who discharge their duties fearlessly; others are nonentities who like to whittle a good fat cedar shingle at the grocery store. Warden Henry Bishop, of Bathurst, is one of the most efficient officials to be found in the Province, being not only a friend in need to the visiting sportsman, but a terror to evildoers. On Saturday last he laid information against John Glasier, James Aube, Thomas Lavigne, Joseph Melanson, Thomas Glasier, Ambrose Doucet, Joseph Coutre, Jr., and Frank Hurst. Each of these parties were fined \$50 for hunting moose out of season, two months being allowed them in which to pay the same.

It is to be feared that no efforts to enforce the laws will prove effectual until the Government recognizes the dire effects of this deep snow butchery business and provides sufficient funds to employ an efficient force of wardens and detectives. It is certain that not one case out of fifty is ever brought to the notice of the authorities. My information is that in some sections of Maine the situation is not much better. A good many young men from

New Brunswick work in the Maine woods in winter, returning home in the spring. Some of these youths give a very circumstantial account of the killing of many moose and deer by the loggers in the Aroostook region. 'Tis a weary world.

FRANK H. RISTEEN.

FREDERICTON, April 8.

N. B.—Since foregoing was written, Surveyor-General Dunn has suspended Hanson for two months and fined him \$150 for shooting a moose out of season; in case fine is not paid at the end of two months, suspension to continue until it is paid.

F. H. R.

The Hunting Rifle.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I wish to make a rifle inquiry which has long been at my finger ends. That is, why is the double rifle shaped precisely like a shotgun, and about as heavy, so little known in the United States? To my mind there was never so really lovable a weapon in the world. Every time I read of a man in trouble with his rifle, I feel like writing to him and asking him if he ever saw a double hammerless express. Let me mention two or three constant causes of profanity to the North American big game hunter. Perhaps the greatest is the snow and ice in the gun locks, or the alternative sticking of the weapon in the gun coat at the supreme moment of the unexpected chance for a shot. Mr. Frederic Remington, in his recent article "The White Forest," in Harper's Magazine, tells it in a sentence: "We were led up hills, through dense hemlock thickets, where the falling snow nearly clogged the action of my rifle, and filled the sights with ice." No man can travel through snow-laden branches and keep a naked rifle fit for instant use. Neither can a repeater, with its peculiar shape, be relied on to come out of a cover at the first pull. A smooth-tipped hammerless will do so. Bear witness the old Sharps. The only thing that ever caught in the cover was the sight, and the peculiar shape of the modern double hammerless prevents this from catching.

But the greatest advantage about the double rifle is its instant second chance. Mr. Hough, in describing the virtues of the valiant John Munroe, in "Sheep and Snow-shoes," told how bravely that delightful mountain man stood his ground in the face of a charging grizzly, "when he knew he would have only one shot." The good Mr. Munroe was armed on that occasion with a big repeating rifle. The bear was skulking through the bushes, and when he came out like a raging jabberwock, a few feet away, there was no chance to work the lever. The situation was precisely that which tiger hunters face nearly always. And no sane man, I suppose, ever chose a repeater for tiger shooting. Where a very quick shot is required, no repeater, worked with a lever by the trigger hand, is ever quite quick enough. With a double rifle, as with a double gun, one can place two accurately aimed shots more quickly than with any repeater, and four shots as quickly. And the man who is preparing for his second shot as he fires his first—a habit which "repeaters" nearly all have—will not make so good a first shot as he will if he knows the second awaits only one other motion—a finger pull.

The best authority on the practical effects of rifle bullets with whom I am acquainted is that famous surveyor-guide, Mr. Henry Braithwaite, of New Brunswick. He has been present at the downfall of more moose during the last thirty years than any other man I know, and he has seen more moose depart for unknown localities, to the music of more kinds of rifles, in the hands of more kinds of men. He is as broad minded as the world, and can tell you more about the history of firearms than most gun makers can. He believes that the only weapon suited for big game shooting is a double rifle.

The small-bore smokeless rifle is unquestionably a great factor in the gun problem nowadays. This paradoxical arm has reversed the usual order of progress in firearms. Most, if not all, of the improvements heretofore have been made first in sporting arms, and then have slowly been adapted to the uses of the non-experts who make up the greater per cent. of armies. The small-bore smokeless is a distinctly military arm. Its greatest claim to the sportsman's respect is its long point blank. It practically eliminates the bullet's drop at sporting ranges. Its lack of driving, smashing force is the great objection to it. In the hands of very expert shots it often kills at once, because they place the bullets just where they do the most harm. A year ago I sat in a refreshment room in Boston with one of the surest rifle shots in this country, and he told me how he had knocked down a large moose a few weeks before with one shot from his pretty little .30 repeater. He said then that he believed any man who could shoot straight needed no better weapon. This fall FOREST AND STREAM recorded the fact that this gentleman, using the same weapon, hit his moose just where he wanted to, and the moose plunged away to an unknown deathbed, where its bones are now being picked by the gorbies and the minks. What we all want is a rifle with a long point-blank range, with paralyzing power at the end of that range. Discussing these things with Mr. Braithwaite, in front of a glorious winter fire, he said to me: "If there could be a double rifle of about .40 caliber with a heavy, soft-nosed bullet, and burning about fifty grains of smokeless powder, a rifle having about the smashing power of an ordinary .50 English express, it would be as good at 200yds. as the .50 is at 50yds., and would be the ideal hunting weapon."

I wondered if all the world was bound down to knitting-needle calibers, and made up my mind that there must be some maker who had sense enough to see the utility of such an arm. Sure enough, it is being sold in London, and is a great favorite in Africa and India. Another illustration of the fact that one-half the world does not know how the other half shoots. This .40 rifle burns fifty grains of cordite, fires a 400-grain bullet, and develops more striking shock than a .50, with as much penetration as a .45 government. A 24in. barrel is plenty long enough, and it seems to me that this hammerless double rifle, with the beautiful sights which always come on these artistically made weapons, is the ideal which combines all we know of sporting gunnery.

I have roughly calculated that the extra weights of the rifles I have carried, multiplied by the hours I have carried them, would lift the capitol of the greatest nation on

earth. The reason for this is the same as that which compels the dug-out to be thicker and heavier than the Peterboro' canoe. There is the same difference between an American repeating and an English double rifle. So far as I know, there is no American shotgun maker who also builds double rifles. But if every man who uses a twelve dollar rifle and a hundred dollar shotgun could handle a really artistic double express rifle, I am sure there would be an opening for a new rifle factory in the United States, or an encouragement to our American rifle makers to enlarge the lists of their models.

Uniformity of action between rifle and gun is also a controlling reason for having both alike. Any one who has fired at partridges and caribou the same day will testify to that fact. FREDERIC IRLAND.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Troublous Times in Illinois.

CHICAGO, Ill., April 8.—Times are growing exciting in this vicinity just now. As matters stand to-day there is a reasonable show that a law will be passed which will leave Chicago market open the year round to outside game. A few sportsmen are fighting this possibility. The measure is already passed by the Senate, this being no less than the Senate bill No. 43, to which attention has been called in the last two issues of *FOREST AND STREAM*.

A warm meeting of those opposed to this measure was held yesterday afternoon. A still warmer meeting was held to-day at Warden Loveday's office. Warden Loveday complained bitterly of the unfairness of the attacks made on him by the press, instigated, as he thinks, by persons unfriendly to him. He accused sportsmen of lukewarmness and want of harmony in the handling of this bill. He resented all charges of being a tool of South Water street. In conclusion he expressed his willingness to agree with the request of the committee of sportsmen and to do what he could to yet save the chief working features of the law so far as selling game is concerned. He agreed to go to Springfield with the committee and work in the House for the passage of the amendment, which is the only thing asked by the sportsmen's committee. This he did freely, and declared that he had been ignorant of any such failure in the measure to cover fully the marketing features.

Considerable feeling was brought out at the meeting, as is usually the case where misunderstandings exist. If it be not yet too late, House bill No. 434, which corresponds to Senate bill No. 43, will be amended so that this market will not be open. This will leave Sections 2 and 6 of the old law practically unchanged, it is to be hoped, and will bring a fairly satisfactory issue out of the sudden and intensely interesting fight which has sprung up at the last minute over this bill.

Mr. Loveday insisted again and again that all he wanted was a bill which would protect the game, and he pointed out that his original bill had been very much altered since its introduction. The game farm is cut out. The non-resident license remains, reduced to \$10. The resident license was cut out, and this practically nullifies the intention of the original measure on this head, as all the collections of non-resident licenses would raise but a very small fund for protection in this State.

Should the bill pass both Houses without further change, we would have, instead of our old law, a most deplorable measure, with a wide open market, a half-way license provision, and no features which would make this law the superior of the old law. At this writing the issue is in doubt.

The sportsmen's committee, consisting of Messrs. F. S. Baird, R. B. Organ, W. P. Mussey, M. R. Bortree, George W. Strell and E. Hough, will all, or part of them, go to Springfield with Mr. Loveday Monday evening. It should be the prayer of every Western sportsman that they will meet with success. If they do not succeed, and if this market is, whether by accident or intent, left open the year round for the sale of game from other Western States, then Illinois deserves and should expect to have every Western State put a non-resident license clause on its statute books which shall prohibit any Illinois shooter from going outside of his own State to shoot.

In all the history of game law fights that I have known in the past ten years here, this is decidedly the most important as well as the most bitter.

The chief trouble in this disturbance has been over what at first sight appears to be a very slight matter. It is merely the omission from Section 1 of the new measure of the words "wild buck, doe or fawn, wild turkeys, pinnated grouse or prairie chicken, ruffed grouse, pheasant or partridge." These birds and animals were left unprotected by Section 1, and hence by action or Section 6, could be sold the year through in this market, Sections 10 and 12, mentioning all or part of these animals, having distinct reference only to Illinois game. Thus it will be seen that this little oversight meant the giving away of the whole market situation on the grouse of the Western country, which could be sold at any season. That means that Illinois birds could also.

The Meeting of Friday.

At the meeting of yesterday afternoon at the Sherman House, Messrs. Baird, Organ, Bortree, Mussey, Strell and Hough were present, the discussion for the most part being informal and on the subject of the omissions from Section 1, as above commented upon. Mr. Organ was at length finally asked to take the chair, and it was then formally decided to have the above men as a committee wait on Warden Loveday this morning as above mentioned. Mr. W. W. Ellis, formerly of St. Louis, but now of Chicago, was present. He said that he had an interview with Mr. Booth of the A. Booth Packing Company, who said: "We will kill any bill looking toward the hampering of the shipment of the sale of game. We intend to sell game here the year round, and we will use money in a fight to that effect." Mr. Ellis shed some light on the game market of St. Louis. He said that St. Louis is the great cold storage point, but that the St. Louis dealers look to Chicago as their market. He said that a great deal of Illinois game went to St. Louis from the lower part of this State, only to be shipped to Chicago

later on. He said that St. Louis would join with Chicago in the attempt to make this a wide open market.

Mr. Bortree at the meeting yesterday was of the opinion that sportsmen should not rest content with the changes to Section 1, but should also ask that the selling season be closed at Jan. 1. The majority thought it would be too late and too risky to ask that concession at Springfield now.

The Meeting of To-day.

At the meeting at Mr. Loveday's office this morning the following were present. Messrs. F. S. Baird, R. B. Organ, W. P. Mussey, George W. Strell, Mr. Bortree and E. Hough, of Chicago; Thomas Laffin, of Rock Island; William Harbaugh, of Geneseo. Mr. Loveday gives Mr. Harbaugh the credit of being the only sportsman to come and help him at Springfield.

Mr. Organ was asked to take the chair at the meeting, Mr. Strell acting as secretary. Mr. Baird, as at the meeting of yesterday, did most of the work in presenting the sportsmen's case, showing from the point of a lawyer the fatal defect of Section 1, and the bearings of Sections 6, 10 and 12. Before the meeting got at the work in hand, Mr. Loveday, with considerable emotion, spoke to those present. He said: "I want to say to you gentlemen that it would have looked a great deal better if you had come forward long ago with this matter. I have wanted to do only what was right, and I think it looks very badly to see these accusations in the newspapers, charging me with standing in with South Water street, or being their tool. If this bill is not right, I want to make it right. Five or six lawyers have told me that it was all right. It has been changed a good deal since first introduced. I want to show you that I am willing to do anything to get a good game law. I don't like this way of accusing me of wrong things in the public press. This thing was here and you all had a chance to come to Springfield and help, but you did not do so."

Mr. Organ said that he had received but one notification of a meeting on this bill. He had not had any copy of the bill at its recent stages. Others present also stated that they had not received the copies of the bill as earlier printed. Matters were rather at sword's points for some time, Mr. Loveday seeming to smart under what he thought was a persecution, and Mr. Baird insisting that he knew this measure was wrong, that he intended to fight it and to beat it as he had similar measures for the last eight years. The atmosphere cleared a little at the milder suggestion that perhaps Mr. Loveday would be willing to settle the whole business by agreeing to the insertion in Section 1, of the names of animals and birds which had been omitted. It was, however, some time before this came to a form of resolution. Mr. Strell at length moving that the meeting present to Mr. Loveday the resolution of yesterday, and that the committee attend Mr. Loveday to Springfield. Asked if this would be personally agreeable to him, Mr. Loveday replied:

"Certainly, I will willingly and gladly agree to this. I have never understood that this flaw existed, but had supposed the lawyers had covered every possible point." The gist of the meeting this morning is covered by the following resolution, which was adopted:

"Resolved, That the following names of game animals and birds and closed seasons for same, be added to Section 1 of House bill No. 434, and that we ask the Senate to concur in same in Senate bill No. 43; viz.: Wild buck, doe or fawn and wild turkeys, Dec. 15 to Sept. 1; pinnated grouse or prairie chicken, Oct. 1 to Sept. 1; ruffed grouse or partridge, Dec. 20 to No. 1."

The above is what we ask. What we get is something at present unknown. If the above amendments can be made to the House bill, we shall save Sections 2 and 6 of the old law, which have gone to the Supreme Court. Even so, with the rest of the law passed, as shown in the text as above printed, we have some experiments and a few possibilities. We do not gain the right to search without warrant. We do not take one step forward in the restriction of the marketing of game. We do not abolish spring shooting. We do not go forward one step on co-operation with our sister States. Under this law as under the old law, Chicago presents a sinister front to the sportsmen of the West. If this amendment be not passed, and if this market be thrown wide open the year round, the menace to the game of the West is open, deliberate and glaring.

Senate bill No. 43 was passed yesterday afternoon. It is, perhaps, in view of the complications in this matter, important enough to warrant printing in full the sections under discussion. Let readers pay special attention to section 1, and not the omission of mention of the animals and birds stated above.

Sec. 1. It is hereby declared to be unlawful to hunt, kill, net, entrap, ensnare or destroy, or to attempt to hunt, kill, net, entrap, ensnare or destroy, or to have in possession any quail between the 20th day of December and the 1st day of November of the succeeding year, or of any woodcock or mourning dove between the 1st day of December and the 1st day of September of the succeeding year, or of any gray, red, fox or black squirrel between the 15th day of December and the 1st day of September of each succeeding year, or of any jack snipe, Wilson's snipe, sand snipe or any kind of snipe or any golden plover, upland plover, yellow legged plover or any other kind of plover between the 25th day of April and the 1st day of September of each succeeding year, and it shall be unlawful to kill, hunt, destroy, ensnare, entrap or attempt to kill, hunt, snare entrap or otherwise destroy any wild goose, duck, brant or other water fowl at any time between the 15th day of April and the 1st day of September of any year. And it shall be unlawful to hunt, kill, trap, ensnare or to attempt to hunt, kill, trap, ensnare, or otherwise destroy any wild goose, brant, duck or other water fowl from any fixed or artificial ambush beyond a natural covering of reeds, canes, flags, wild rice or other vegetation above the water of any lake, river, bay or inlet, or other water course wholly within this State, or in such part of such stream or water course wholly within this State, or with the aid and use of any device commonly called sneak boat, sink box or other device used for the purpose of concealment in the open waters of this State. And it shall further be unlawful to shoot, kill or destroy or shoot at any wild goose, duck, brant, or other water fowl with a swivel gun, or from any sail boat, electric launch or steam boat at any time in any part of the water of any lake, river, bay or inlet or other water course wholly within this State, or in that part of such stream or water course wholly within this State; any person so offending shall, for each and every offense, be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and, on conviction, shall be fined in any sum not less than fifteen dollars nor more than fifty dollars and costs of suit, and shall stand committed to the county jail until such fines and costs are paid: Provided, that such imprisonment shall not exceed ten days, and the killing of each bird or animal herein specified shall be deemed a separate offense.

Sec. 2. It shall be unlawful for any person to buy, sell or have

in possession, any of the animals, wild fowl or birds mentioned in Section 1 of this act, at any time when the killing, trapping, netting and ensnaring of such animals, wild fowl or birds shall be unlawful, which shall have been killed, entrapped, netted or ensnared, contrary to the provisions of this act. And it shall further be unlawful for any person or persons at any time to sell or expose for sale, or to have in his or their possession for the purpose of selling, any quail, pinnated grouse or prairie chicken, ruffed grouse or pheasant, gray, red, fox or black squirrel, or wild turkey, that shall have been caught, ensnared, trapped or killed within the limits of this State. And it shall further be unlawful for any person, corporation or carrier to receive for transportation to transport, carry or convey any of the aforesaid quail, pinnated grouse or prairie chicken, ruffed grouse or pheasant, squirrel or wild turkey that shall have been caught, ensnared, trapped or killed within the limits of this State, knowing the same to have been sold, or to transport, carry or convey the same to any place where it is to be sold or offered for sale, or to any place outside of this State for any purpose, except such person have a license from this State so to do. And any person guilty of violating any of the provisions of this section shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and, on conviction thereof, shall be fined not less than twenty-five dollars nor more than one hundred dollars for each and every offense, and shall stand committed to the county jail not exceeding ten days until such fines and costs are paid: Provided, that the selling, exposing for sale, having in possession for sale, transporting or carrying and conveying, contrary to the provisions of this section, of each and every animal or bird forbidden herein, shall be deemed a separate offense.

Sec. 6. No person or persons shall sell, or expose for sale, or have in his or their possession for the purpose of selling or exposing for sale, any of the animals, wild fowls or birds mentioned in Section 1 of this act after the expiration of five days next succeeding the first day of the period in which it shall be unlawful to kill, trap or ensnare such animals, wild fowls or birds; nor shall any of such animals, wild fowls or birds be sold or offered for sale during the first two days of the open season. Any person so offending shall, on conviction, be fined and dealt with as specified in Section 1 of this act, and selling or exposing for sale, or having the same in possession for the purpose of selling or exposing for sale, any of the animals or birds mentioned in this section, after the expiration of the time mentioned in this section, shall be prima facie evidence of the violation of this act: Provided, that the provisions of this act shall not apply to the killing of birds by or for the use of taxidermists for preservation either in public or private collection, if so preserved: Provided, further, that nothing contained in this section shall be construed as modifying or being in conflict with Section 2 of this act, or authorizing or legalizing the sale or exposing for sale, transportation or receiving for transportation, any of the animals, birds or game as therein prohibited: And provided, also, that the inhabitants of villages and cities may receive game from other States, and expose and sell the same on the market in said villages and cities, between the 1st day of October and the 1st day of February of the following year.

Sec. 10. That it shall be unlawful for any person or persons in the State of Illinois, for and during the period of five years from and after the passing of this act, to injure, take, kill, expose or offer for sale, or have in possession except for breeding purposes, any wild buck, doe or fawn, wild turkey, ring-neck, Mongolian pheasant, any green Japanese pheasant, English pheasant, any copper pheasant, or Scholmeringom, any Trogapan pheasant, silver pheasant or golden pheasant, any Cucubus, any chucker partridge, and sand-grouse, any black India partridge.

Any person violating the provisions of this section shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction shall be punished by a fine of not less than fifty dollars, nor more than one hundred dollars, and in default of payment of the fine imposed shall be imprisoned in the county jail at the rate of one day for each dollar of the fine imposed. The one-half of all fines imposed and collected under this act shall be paid to the informer and the balance shall be paid to the game propagation and protection fund.

Sec. 12. It shall be unlawful for any person, except during the month of September in each year, to injure, take, kill, expose, offer for sale, or have in possession, except for breeding purposes, any pinnated grouse, prairie chicken, any ruffed grouse or partridge, that shall have been killed or taken in the State of Illinois: Provided, such birds may be killed with a shotgun during the month of September only.

Any person violating the provisions of this section shall, on conviction, be fined not less than twenty-five dollars nor more than one hundred dollars, and in default of payment of the fine imposed shall be imprisoned in the county jail at the rate of one day for each dollar of the fine imposed until the fine is paid.

After carefully reading the text of the above bill and noting the omission to protect grouse and other animals in section 1, let the reader follow on to section 6, where it says: "No person or persons shall sell, or expose for sale, or have in his or their possession for the purpose of exposing for sale, any of the animals, wild fowls or birds mentioned in section 1 of this act." Now, the following animals or birds are not mentioned in section 1, viz., wild buck, doe or fawn, wild turkeys, pinnated grouse or prairie chicken, ruffed grouse, pheasant or partridge. They are therefore outside the prohibition to sell. It is plain as the nose on your face.

Section 10 offers a five years' close term, which is good, covering certain birds.

If the reader will now turn to section 12, he will find that ruffed grouse can, under the new measure, be shot only during the month of September. This is, of course, a sporting absurdity. The sportsmen's committee suggested that the date on ruffed grouse be made the same as on quail.

Mr. Loveday in Refutation.

The Packer and National Produce Review, in its last issue continues its attack upon Warden Loveday, attempting to cite cases in which suits had been compromised on South Water street. The Review makes no case, since it succeeds only in landing big charges against subordinates of Mr. Loveday. It admits that the warden is not at fault in the matter of turning over funds to the School Board, since that is the duty of the Justice of the Peace and not of the warden. Mr. Loveday dictated the following statement for a city paper:

"In answer to the charges made against me by the South Water street commission merchants last week during my absence from the city, I have to say that there is absolutely no truth in those statements. I have not, directly or indirectly, received one cent in connection with my duties as game warden, except as provided by law. I would state that during my first year as game warden I secured 548 convictions for violations of the game laws and was defeated in but three cases. Of this record I am proud, and am willing to stand before the people on it. Relative to the disposition of confiscated game, I will say that sales were made after due process of law, and that I received from the different courts in the State only the amount allowed me by law. I have not received or receipted for any money that rightly belongs by law to the school funds. There were many cases brought in the name of the people by persons unknown to me for violation of the game law, of which I have no knowledge or record.

"My work has naturally taken me all over the State, making it impossible for me to have personal supervision of suits brought or seizures made either by strangers or assistants. I am now making an investigation to ascertain whether or not anything has been done contrary to law. Quantities of game were seized during the season, a large part of which was totally unfit for food and which was condemned and destroyed, and I still have in cold

storage many birds, the product of seizures, which will be disposed of at public vendue when it is lawful under the statutes for the same to be sold, at which the sales will be made as usual by an order from the court after due notice and advertisement.

"I further say that I only want the support of men who are honestly endeavoring to protect game in Illinois and to enforce the game laws, and do not expect support from commission merchants in Chicago and elsewhere, whose whole desire seems to be to violate the law. I do not keep tab on either judge or justice, as I do not consider it any of my business so to do."

I saw Mr. Loveday this morning and asked him to make a statement for the FOREST AND STREAM, and he replied that he had already done so. He regretted that I had "gone to South Water street, and had not come to him." If he will refer to issues of the FOREST AND STREAM of April 1 and April 8 he will find that I have not been to South Water street at all, and, indeed, for a month have been away from my office unable to see anyone. The matters of news printed in any paper are public, and must be regarded thus in spite of any personal preference one way or another. If Mr. Loveday will give special heed to my story of April 8 he will see the suggestion that the South Water street paper should produce facts and not general assertions. If this paper will produce such facts, showing corruption in the office of any game warden, the matters will be public property, and will be printed as public news; but they will not be used in FOREST AND STREAM until they are known to be facts. I would repeat that if the Produce Review, from its acquaintance with the trade, can bring to light any of the nefarious ways of South Water street, I shall fall upon the news joyfully. Mr. Loveday to-day stated that he had no intention of following up the charges made in the paper above referred to. He called attention to the fact that he had taken game from almost every house on the street, and had seized more game than all his predecessors together. He said he thought a game warden ought to work out in the State as well as on South Water street.

We are having a warm time here, as may be seen, but I imagine it will cool down after a while, the more especially as I hope to see section I amended through the action of the sportsmen's committee above named.

In Gokey's Country.

In a letter dated March 16, from our friend Gokey, of Dawson, N. D., he reports the appearance of the first northbound wild geese, and said that he was looking over the old gun, with the intent of going out to see what he could do. Mr. Gokey says that there was very little snow in his section this winter and that the grouse wintered well. He has spent the long days of the past winter in hunting wolves, but he has a grievance against State Warden George E. Bowers. It seems that the latter was out with Mr. Gokey not long ago on a wolf hunt, when the dogs ran into and threw a big wolf. Mr. Bowers got out with a club and undertook to kill the wolf, but "landed good and square" on one of the dogs. They took the dog home in the sleigh, and at last accounts they thought he would live. From all accounts life in Dakota is not without its incidents.

Speaking of the northbound wild geese reminds me that I heard the familiar honk this morning myself for the first time this season. A good flock of geese passed over the city near where I live, and through the open window I could hear the wild music. There is a certain thrilling quality to the note of the wild goose in the spring which I imagine has been acknowledged by every one who has heard it, whether he be sportsman or not. When the geese go streaming over, men and women alike look up and listen.

Getting Ready for Spring Trade.

Jack Monroe, out on the Blackfoot reservation, seems to be getting ready for the spring trade in bear. He writes me that he has about thirty carcasses of horses which have been killed by the railway trains, besides bulls that died in the Government bull herd, all of which he says can be favorably placed with little trouble, so that he thinks he could take care of a number of spring bear hunters. Jack has been away down in New Mexico with Mr. Pinchot, of New York, after bear. They found quail, deer and antelope, but no bear. I should think the latter were probably holed up.

More Spring Trade.

The members of Kinne Creek Trout Club, or more properly the Flint and Pere Marquette Club, are beginning to think about their spring opening. A party of them will start to-day from Saginaw and go up to the club preserves. The annual meeting will be held at the club house, or on the special car "W. B. Merston," which carries the party. Then the nursery ponds will be drained and the yearlings will be transported over to the proper streams. There will be about a dozen in the party, including Messrs. Keena and Avery, of Detroit, who were at Saginaw yesterday, guests of Mr. Humphrey. I can imagine it will be a very happy and energetic party that will superintend the early spring opening of Kinne Creek millinery. This is a wonderfully fortunate and well equipped trout club, and its personnel cannot be duplicated.

Nets in Fox River.

It is cheering to learn that at the present writing the Illinois River is full of nets at the mouth of the Fox River. The mouth of the latter stream is cut off by a series of wing nets and fykes, which will no doubt stop the bulk of the spring run which would naturally go up that stream.

E. HOUGH.

1200 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

Take inventory of the good things in this issue of Forest and Stream. Recall what a fund was given last week. Count on what is to come next week. Was there ever in all the world a more abundant weekly store of sportsmen's reading?

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

The Illinois Game Bill.

CHICAGO, April 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* An article which appeared in the FOREST AND STREAM of this date (p. 246), signed E. Hough, seems to have been written by some one who was misinformed. For instance, it says: "The first and great objection to the measure (Senate bill 43) is that it sweeps away entirely our old game law. In this old game law we have taken sections 2 and 6 to the Supreme Court," etc.

Now the fact is patent, from a casual glance at bill 43 and "the old game law," that but two words have been added to section 2 of the old law, and two words changed, and the changes in section 6 are so trifling, and yet so pertinent, that if Mr. Hough will read sections 2 and 6 of bill 43 and sections 2 and 6 of the old law he will wonder why he wrote the article.

Section 6 of bill 43 and of "the old law," in so far as they relate to the sale of game, are identical, and Mr. Hough is unnecessarily perturbed when he says prairie chickens can be sold the year round.

If the Packer and National Produce Review was less obscure it might call for vigorous action, but it does not seem to have emerged sufficiently far from the shadow of egg cases (frequently filled with contraband birds) to have become really visible.

The South Water street law-breaker knows full well that there has been no favoritism shown in the matter of seizures of game which had been illegally shipped, and the thorough organization which they have against bill 43 is the best evidence that they are not in sympathy either with the game warden, with bill 43, or any other statute which restrains or prohibits the sale of game.

Mr. F. S. Baird, recently a judicial candidate, and Mr. M. R. Bortree, an ex-game warden, are men who clamor for the retention of sections 2 and 6 of the old game law,



HEAD OF VERMONT MOOSE.

Killed in 1899.

which are identical with sections 2 and 6 of bill 43, with the exception of a few words added in bill 43, which serve to make said sections practically operative for the protection of game.

Mr. F. S. Baird was repeatedly invited to assist in the framing of bill 43, but excused himself on account of press of business; nevertheless he was interested enough to request me not to change sections 2 and 6, because we had obtained a Supreme Court decision, also adding that he was the party that framed those sections. In spite of this, Mr. F. S. Baird's letters have appeared in the Senate at Springfield, claiming that bill 43 (a copy of his own bill) is a South Water street bill. Just such work as this has kept Illinois back from advancing in the protection of game for the last sixteen years. It is simply a dog-in-the-manger case, and it is full time now the real lovers of game and bird protection should take off their blinders and see the facts.

H. W. LOVEDAY,
State Game Warden.

[The date of this letter shows that it was written before the meeting of April—reported above by Mr. Hough.]

Adirondack Wolves and Deer.

CHIEF PROTECTOR POND writes to the Saratogian:

"I am very much surprised that the old guide (Forten, better known as Old Chauncey Hathorn), claiming to have so much knowledge of the condition of the woods generally, would admit, as he did, that a few wolves now exist over in the Moose River country, which statement is anything but the truth. I am ready to forfeit \$100 for every wolf or sign of one that can be found to-day in the Adirondacks.

"The statement that I made, which appears in the Malone paper, that deer are unusually plenty near the outskirts of the woods is true, and it is not a fact that deer must seek the center of the Adirondacks in order to winter, as there can be readily found within a mile or two of the border of the woods plenty of large swamps with evergreen thickets that furnish the best of shelter and protection from the storm for deer, and gives them an opportunity to take advantage of the early vegetation about the outskirts of the woods, which starts two or more weeks earlier than it does in the more dense forests. From this statement I do not wish to be understood that deer cannot be found in the more dense forests, but wish to convey the idea that they have increased so rapidly in the past two years that they must have larger fields to roam in."

He also writes to the Malone Farmer: "I note that you made some comments on a statement which the exchange claimed was made by me, to the effect that wolves inhabit the Adirondacks at the present time. Your criticism of this statement was perfectly just, as I have been misquoted. Some time since, when appearing before the Committee on Fish and Game of the Assembly, I made

a statement which cannot be justly denied: That in the past two years under the anti-hounding law, deer have increased 50 per cent. or more, and that deer were more plenty to-day than they have been in the lifetime of the oldest inhabitant residing about the Adirondacks. This statement was questioned somewhat, and when asked for an explanation, which I gave, was at the time the question of the wolves came up. I explained to the committee that from 1850 to 1870 wolves had been very numerous and had so exterminated yard after yard of deer winters, when there came a deep snow with crust, that they did not commence to increase until the wolves had been so exterminated for the sake of the large bounty the State and counties paid, which did not fully occur until late in the eighties, and in fact one wolf was caught in a trap at Brandreth's Lake, in Hamilton county, six years ago, which is believed to be the last wolf left in the Adirondacks. As the wolves began to the scarce about 1870, the deer began increasing, but from that time till 1880, when an act was passed prohibiting the transportation of venison, hundreds of deer were killed about the Adirondacks and shipped to market. One would see not only carloads of venison along the different roads that circle the Adirondacks, and only for the prohibition by the law of 1888 of shipping venison, it would have been only a matter of a short time as to their extermination.

"After 1888 deer began to increase quite rapidly, but, as the advantages for getting into the woods became so much greater by the addition of railroads, and the great increase in the number of people who were becoming fond of the sport of hunting with dogs, together with the improved firearms, the statistics of 1895 and 1896 showed such a wholesale slaughter—over 10,000 deer being killed in the two years—that people who had always favored hounding, myself not excepted, who had an interest in the Adirondacks and objected to seeing the deer become exterminated as have the buffalo on the prairies, were willing to deny themselves the pleasure of hounding, urged the present law, which prohibited hounding. Deer could be found at any time this last fall in small pieces of wood remote from the main wilderness, where they hadn't been known to exist in very many years. They could also be found in the heart of the woods, where thirty years ago they were scarce on account of a slaughter by wolves.

"By having alluded to the wolves in the remarks I made to the committee, about on the line of this communication, is how the matter came up, and regarding which I was wrongly quoted. It is a pleasure to know that where hundreds of hounds could be found two years ago in back settlements, lumber camps and little hamlets which had sprung up by reason of the large lumber interests that have been established in many localities, that scarcely any can be found at the present time, and the people interested in the welfare of the deer need not fear that when deer have yarded on the outskirts of the woods they will be chased to their death when in the weak condition they are always found in the spring of the year, by a hungry pack of hounds, whose owners do not think it worth while to keep them in chains."

One of "The Best Books of 1898."

FROM the list of 4,332 books published in 1898, 500 were selected by the New York State Librarian; and of these 500 the librarians of public libraries in cities and villages throughout the State were asked by the State Librarian to vote for the fifty books considered best for the uses of a village library. Among the fifty chosen is the "Book of the Boone and Crockett Club, Trail and Camp-Fire," edited by Geo. Bird Grinnell and Theodore Roosevelt, and published by the Forest and Stream Publishing Company.

Of "Trail and Camp-Fire," the University of Toronto Review of Historical Publications relating to Canada, says:

"The chief contribution to the volume, from a Canadian standpoint, is Mr. Low's paper on Labrador. He begins with an historical sketch of the various expeditions of discovery and exploration that have traversed the country. The Norsemen and John Cabot are boldly claimed as the earliest European visitors. In the geographical description of the peninsula that follows, the author gives an agreeable summary of information which is contained in greater fulness of detail in his official reports communicated to the Director of the Geological Survey of Canada, and printed in the reports of the latter for the years 1896-97. The bulk of the article is, however, devoted to a description of the various animals and fish that are the object of the sportsman, and in this connection some valuable information is given as to means of travel and necessary equipment. He relates a curious instance of nature's vengeance, in explaining that great slaughter of caribou by the Indians in one year means the disappearance of the animal from those regions the next, with the consequence that the Indians die of starvation in large numbers. Another cause of temporary scarcity of game is the destructive forest fires, which sweep away the coverts and food of the woodland caribou. There appears to be great fluctuation in the size of the herds of deer, but they increase very fast under favorable conditions, and there should be no danger of extermination with such vast tracts of unknown wilderness to roam over. The main attraction of Labrador for the sportsman is its fishing. The rivers flowing into the Atlantic and Hudson Bay are breeding grounds for salmon no less than the rivers flowing into the Gulf of St. Lawrence, but no adequate protection has ever been given to the salmon in the region under jurisdiction of Newfoundland, and the cod fishermen have ruined the salmon fishing by 'trapping' them. The ouananiche, which Mr. Low considers to be the original salmon, of which the sea-going salmon is a 'sport,' is found in many of the Labrador lakes and rivers, and brook trout of appetizing size are also mentioned. Travel is evidently very arduous work in the peninsula; canoeing in summer and walking in winter are the only means of traversing the country, and the difficulty of keeping an expedition supplied with food is very strongly emphasized."

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

In the Flatwoods of Florida.

DOCTOR and I left Auburndale one morning for Brown's Clearing, near the headwaters of the Withlacoochee, and in a flatwoods region which Sike had reported to us as overrun by "sky-oodles" of game, a forceful statement that aroused anticipations by its vagueness. Sike, Drury, and Drury's son George, three seasoned knots of hunting timber, were to meet us at the end of our journey and pilot us about through the most confusing section of the forest in the central part of the State.

Knowledge of where deer were to be found was necessary to insure a successful hunt. Existing local conditions affected the movements of game. Favorable possibilities were likely to be inversely proportional to the amount of previous hunting that had occurred in various parts of the wilderness and directly commensurable with the supply of forage. Frequently we were compelled to traverse great distances that we might secure meat, but on a few occasions we discovered it almost at our doors. Our hounds started four deer one morning while I covered a nearby stand, from which I could hear distinctly the crowing of chickens on surrounding farms. Sike spent much of his time in the woods and could supply us with valuable information at any time concerning the whereabouts of the game.

The twenty-five-mile trip from Auburndale to the flatwoods was a panorama that changed gradually from brilliant attractiveness to sombre impressiveness as we passed from the home surroundings of lake and pine forest, glorious under the morning sunlight, into a region of great cypress swamps that were stupendous in the gloom caused by an overcast sky. The accumulating of clouds during the journey gave the landscape at times only prettiness, at others radiant beauty, at others a dark sublimity. The forest in the changing lights was grand.

We stopped about 2 o'clock to eat dinner near the well of a meeting house. The 30 by 50 ft. structure stood on the last pine ridge fourteen miles from town. The rough lumber used had probably been hauled from the mill a few miles back on the road, and the work performed by the congregation. Such a building was as sermon in itself and gave a religious aspect to that part of the wilderness. Indeed, as we sat there the small house of worship assumed proportions that seemed to encompass the civilized world.

Pleasant visions of rural devoutness were suggested to us as we lunched. The logs at the crossing a short way back on the road had been worn bare by the feet of pedestrians. Fodder scraps and corn cobs under trees near the well indicated that many people came here on preaching Sundays either to stay or from a long distance. Patriarchs had tramped bare spots on each side of the single step as they lit up the entrance with their beaming visages. Those nests of whittlings under shady trees revealed character. Artists who had worked with a free bold hand had cast shavings far and wide, while those who had wrought with care had accumulated their waste into diminutive heaps. There was an object lesson in these remnants of wood-carving.

Open pine forest surrounded the church. The contour of the ground on both sides of the doorway sloped to low country, where there were glimpses through the forest of lagoons extending to gray cypress swamps. There were a number of places within sight where our hounds had started deer. Perhaps the older members of the congregation, even, while gazing out those windows, have thought up reminiscences to tell afterward out by the whittlings. Perhaps forest-born Nestors cannot throw a shaving and wiggle a beard—well, perhaps.

The road from the church to the clearing led by only one house, a log mansion overtopped on the door side by a cluster of enormous bananas. The small patch of growing cane in the far corner of the lot added by its fresh green color to the attractiveness of the little home. A large covey of bare-legged children followed their mother as she approached the bars to answer our inquiries in regard to the way. Some of these youthful wood nymphs stood about as mute statues, some of them twiggled their finger, some of them dug holes in the sand with their big toes, but all of them scrutinized us with a penetrating glare hard to face, while their mother responded to us in tones that were full of either half concealed pathos or partly veiled humor. Perhaps the blank faces of that family veiled a lively glee at my coming to the woods arrayed in collar and necktie. My slight effort at adornment may have been a source of amusement to these new friends for days afterward.

We had hardly recovered from the stare of those children when we met the mail carrier. These officials are almost the only representatives of government in that part of Uncle Sam's dominion. As I had spent a number of years in an office directly across the street from the Post Office Department at Washington, the sight of this man of the leather sack was reassuring and caused me to feel that home was not so far away after all. The reach of our dear Uncle Samuel is wonderfully long when he would gather in his mail items. No doubt his aged servant on the cart drawn by the rat-tail pony felt burdened with great responsibilities as he pursued his way bumped by primitive roots through the lonely wilderness.

Our three friends did not arrive at the rendezvous till after nightfall. Our meeting place was uncheerful. Ruins that stand in bleak surroundings and show advanced decrepitude become inspired architecture when viewed by day, but that broken-backed house and those upset outbuildings were horrible after night. Black streamers of moss draped every possible lodging place. The rattling of dry weeds might have been a dirge of old bones. The forest near the clearing mourned dolefully. The most cheerful camp-fire would have only danced spectres in the terrible windows of that forlorn building. The howling of a dog about those premises would have immediately ended our hunt. We established camp some distance down the road to secure better water facilities. We tried not to think that night when our fire went out what the clearing would have been under such conditions.

Our party spent the evening around a cheerful blaze of light wood. Sike told yarns. There was a story of a garrulous uncle who, while sitting by the fire at night, talkative, as usual, had discovered that what he had mistaken for a pricking briar was in reality a biting "ground

rattler" on which he was sitting. Snakes were the topic of conversation. While I listened I was impressed with the difference between our situation and camp-life at the North in February. The weather had become oppressively warm and our fire was only preserved for ornament. A shrill chorus of katydids contradicted each other in the nearest foliage. A sultry autumn night seemed to have closed in upon us. Across the water-hole in the cypress swamp, where the owls were hooting, there were occasional rushes of wind that were afterwards responded to by the pine tops immediately above our camp. Evidently a storm was brewing.

The following morning day broke to disclose a dripping wilderness. When we had eaten breakfast we set forth in the rain with considerable reluctance to explore the adjacent forest; but once our trousers were thoroughly saturated with wading we marched gaily on regardless of consequences. Our courage may have discovered an incentive in the fact that the country through which we traipsed was the scene of many heroic deeds during the Indian wars. The woods within the vicinity of camp covered slightly rolling land and great flats. Numerous diverging swamps cut up the neighborhood into a maze that was confusing on a cloudy day. Indian fighting must have been exasperating to the highest degree where the natural conditions were so unfavorable to the white troops.

The low sandhills traversed by us were stories of game life written in tracks. The turkeys had been especially active in recording their movements. These fowls had gathered at one point as if for a sociable and had then scattered in every direction. Another gang had fed widely for a distance, then had closed ranks and finally had dashed off with sand-digging strides, a race in which two sets of large feet had persevered with great steps long after all the other tracks had turned into the nearest swamp. Hills where deer had written chapter were even more interesting. Sike, who had an opinion in regard to scribes, shot a buck deadlier than Homer.

The rainy morning was succeeded by windy clearing weather. Camp was moved during the afternoon to a point six miles south of the clearing. The riding was over palmetto roots and through flooded swamps, where submerged logs shook at the wheels to break our suffering backs. The dogs flushed a number of turkeys on the way, but we paid little attention to them. We had been drenched by rain, blown at by wind, and bumped by riding till ardor was dead.

Blanket couches spread around the fire were comfortable that night. Chilly blasts assailed us and then passed off through the large timber near camp. It was pleasant to rest out there by leaping flames that revelled in quantities of fat-wood, and to gaze above at vast star regions. Whiffs of fragrant pine smoke came at us and teased our throats and eyes. Sike wept copiously while recalling the happy past before railroads, and we wept with him. Drury and George concealed their emotion in a hand-to-hand struggle with a double-ended provision sack, an invention of their own, and the constant overhauling of this novel "comfort bag" provoked hot family disputes that were emphasized by kicks on Leader, their tamest hound. The nimbleness of the father's boot was remarkable.

Leader, however, wreaked vengeance on us the next morning for all the ill-treatment he had received, by arousing our expectations to an intense pitch and then leading us senseless races after frightened cattle. But the scenery was beautiful. Some of those sunny flats with hardly a tree on them were almost like burnished gold. As the heat became more intense they were enveloped in a brilliant haze of refracted light. Dark swamp foliage and high gray walls of mossy cypress timber formed background for these fields of brightness. Leader, with all his tricks, could not make the hunt barren of pleasure.

Drury, son George and I in the afternoon shaped our course directly back from camp, while Doctor and Sike bore away to our left. We had scarcely lost sight of them in the open forest when we heard the reports of their guns and the outcry of their dogs. A noisy chase then paralleled our course to cross it a mile ahead and enter a large swamp on the right. The hounds with us left, shouting vociferously, and my companions rushed ahead, to leave me where my heels blazed a trail over palmetto roots. Drury and George turned at a point far in advance to glide away toward the swamp, and when I arrived at the place where they had changed their course I found a road and saw shortly afterward all of our hounds racing headlong through the forest beyond.

My role amid so much excitement seemed to have become a minor part. While I was strolling down the road leisurely in the direction my companions had gone, I came within sight of George wading back and forth at an overarched crossing, from shadow to sunlight, with his hat at times a flashing helmet, and I halted a few hundred yards away from him to await future developments. The hounds had turned beyond us and were coming back, their musical voices varying with the acoustics of the forest, tones that played upon my excitement till I could have danced, little dogs with high-pitched voices doing treble, big-mouthed Leader and mate doing bass, and on they came, such a chorus, and oh! oh! but how I did enjoy deer hunting!

The excitement increased. Drury or George must shoot in a moment. I relaxed my nerves to receive the concussion of an overcharged gun. Would they never shoot? Then I saw, 40 yds. to the left of George, a bounding shadow approaching swiftly by an erratic course through the waist high palmettoes, and wondered that my friend, who had been guarding his stand so diligently, did not perceive his chance. Would he see it? Ought I to shout? It was a pity for him to lose such an opportunity. But in a moment the animal was almost within range of my gun. An instant afterward it was not 60 yds from me. Then there was the briefest period of unsteady aiming, a nervous snatch at a trigger, followed by the roar of my gun, a few alarming leaps of an expiring buck, and the venison was mine.

George, who had startled ludicrously at the unexpected detonation of my gun, approached to receive the particulars of the killing. Drury came in soon afterward. Then Doctor and Sike appeared. And after my recital each of them remarked, "Well, I'll be durned," till constant reiteration of this sentiment by my friends made

me wish that they might be "durned" if punishment of such kind was not extremely severe. Even the dogs were skeptical and nosed around to see if I had really shot their deer, the most intelligent hound even going back some distance to run over the trail. But the evident astonishment of men and dogs was only so much delightful incense to my exulting vanity, beatitude which was not diminished in the slightest degree by the fact that two deer had been started and Doctor had shot the mate to my stag. Surely there was glory enough for all of us.

That last night of camp-life under a canopy of so many scintillating stars, all of them undoubtedly our lucky ones, was an appropriate ending of our brief sojourn in that beautiful Southern flatwoods, where existence was a dream of Lotus-land. Charmed by a witch of a fire, exhilarated by breathing resinous air that was ambrosia, while we raked sweet potatoes from beneath the ashes and lubricated them with butter, we felt that it would not be altogether horrible if the lovely night should last forever. The tenderloin steaks from the deer, the bread toasted around the fire, the fragrant coffee made in tomato cans, all were delicious after our day of severe toil. To-morrow we should return to civilization, so we made the most of this last evening in our earthly paradise, and the most under such favorable conditions meant an exceedingly great deal. Prolonged existence out in the woods, encompassed by so many luxuries, would eventually result in ideals of living scarcely above those of dog life, and that is why no man, even the native, may camp out there forever. II. R. STEIGER.

A Staten Island Gull Shooter.

PRINCES BAY, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On March 31 a person came in from the vicinity of Great Kills and landed at Fitzgerald's Excelsior Hotel; he had with him two ducks such as some people call old wites, and also a sea gull in his possession. There was some discussion later on as to the propriety of this man having a gull in possession. I understand that the gentleman in question is a very prominent member of the League of American Sportsmen, who lives on the north shore; and if such is the case let no one think that he would be foolish enough to overlook Sec. 83, Game Laws of the State of New York. But really there are quite a number that would like to have the number of his certificate. A. L. H.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

In a recent issue of your paper I read an article in reference to the effect upon the eyes the sight of wild animals sometimes occasions, causing them to greatly magnify the object. As I read this seemingly ridiculous statement an incident which occurred in my youth was recalled to mind.

In front of the old farmhouse where I was born was a mowing field of some ten acres. This field was divided by a stone wall, under which was for many years the den of a woodchuck. The clover in the immediate vicinity afforded ample food, making it an excellent home for the animal.

One day when I was about ten years old the family, consisting of my father, mother, two sisters and myself, were sitting on the front doorstep. A big woodchuck was observed in the field feeding, and at quite a distance from the wall. Suddenly it occurred to me that I could get to his den before he could see me by creeping from behind the wall and head him off. Informing the folks of my intentions, I procured a good-sized club in the woodshed and crept out the back way and down the opposite side of the wall to an apple tree, where I knew the hole was located. Then I carefully looked over and saw the groundhog feeding as before, except at short intervals, when he would sit up straight and look about. Everything was working as I had planned. The spectators at the door were deeply interested, and I fully intended to make the final climax startling. Quickly climbing over the wall, I planted my bare feet upon the little mound of earth which had been thrown out in excavating the den. I stood there a moment, cudgel in hand, before the woodchuck caught sight of me. I did not wait long, and when he did see me came straight as a bullet from a gun, and it seemed to me he grew larger at every bound. When he got within 50 ft. he was as big as a Newfoundland dog, and with three jumps more he looked like a bear.

I knew the folks at the house were watching me, and expecting surely I would hold my ground and smash that woodchuck when he got to me; I knew I would be laughed at, but I thought that unless I got on the other side of that wall I would be swallowed, and I got.

A. J. M.

"Hunting wild marsh-hogs is an exciting but somewhat dangerous pastime in southern Texas," said C. L. Fielden, of that State. "In the swampy lands along the Gulf these wild hogs have their habitat, and to hunt them it is best to have several companions and numerous dogs that understand the ways of the ferocious porkers. The dogs will find the game for you, bay it, and hold it in check until you can take a shot or two. Then everything depends on your aim. If you succeed in piercing a vital part with your Winchester bullet all is over except dragging the carcass to some convenient point where it can be handled.

"But dangerous is your position if your aim is a trifle defective and your shot only wounds the animal. Some good and true shooting must be done instanter then by you and your comrades, or else an infuriated boar will be rending you with his tusks. I have seen more than one of these old boars shot through the body twenty or more times, and in that condition fight man and dog until several balls had been fired into his head.

"In the marshes there is no possible way of escaping an attacking wild hog except by killing him. The hunter can make no headway through the tall, rank grass and boggy soil, and there are no trees that offer him refuge. For these reasons he is compelled to kill his game when once it is flushed, or become himself a victim. In the fall of the year these marsh-hogs are fat, and their flesh is of a very pleasing flavor."—Washington Post.

Sea and River Fishing.

In the Pound-Net.

BY FRED MATHER.

THERE are said to be as good fish in the sea as ever were caught, and it's only a question of bait. That saying originated when angling was the principal mode of taking fish, and before the invention of the all-devouring pound-net, with its long leader to turn fish into the "heart" and then into the "bowl," over which might well be inscribed: "Who enters here leaves hope behind." But that is the market pound-net which takes unwilling fish, this one only captures such as come to it voluntarily, and there is a great difference, still my net is getting a fair share of business and the character of the takes continues to be as varied as when it was first set.

Crappies in a Rapid Stream.

"Wheeling, W. Va., March 22.—Col. Fred Mather: After persistent solicitation by a number of anglers here, the United States Fish Commission was induced to send us a car of fish for distribution in Wheeling Creek. This stream has its source in Green County, Pa., and empties into the Ohio River at this point. It is a very crooked, narrow, rocky and fairly rapid stream, not very deep, excepting in one or two places, at least for ten or twelve miles from its mouth up, beyond that I am not familiar with it. We received word on November 3 that the fish car was due to arrive the next A. M., the 4th, and it did. The car was taken and sidetracked at a small station about five miles east of here right on the creek. It had aboard approximately 2,000 crappies, both large and small mouth, and 900 black bass, large mouth, all yearlings, with exception of about 75 of the bass, which run from one to three and one-half pounds. All the fish were lively and in good condition, and we transported them in tubs and cans by teams, distributing at various points along the stream within a distance of perhaps five or six miles from the station.

"It was reported here that a week or so ago some parties seining about the mouth of Fish Creek, which empties into the Ohio River about thirty miles below here, had caught some of our crappies. As the crappie is a new fish for us here, not being found in streams in this vicinity, and being unacquainted with its habits, it would appear that our crappies were getting away from us. It seems hardly possible to me that they would come down at this season of the year, although there are no dams in the creek between its mouth and where they were liberated. The creek, after the thaw following the severe storm and freeze of last month, was very high and exceedingly rapid, and it was reported that in a number of places it was frozen solid to the bottom. Could it be possible that in the thaw and wash out the crappies were forced down? I am not familiar with the crappie only to the extent of such information as you write in your articles in FOREST AND STREAM, Vol. L., No. 26, and Vol. L., No. 1; also what I find in Goode's American Fishes, and in both of the above I do not find much definite information as to winter quarters. I expect, however, to become better acquainted with them the coming season. You understand, that it is only by hearsay, that the statement is made of the capture below. Perhaps you may be able to give us something definite on the subject, or, perhaps, some of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM may be able to throw some light on the subject."

CRAPPIE. Never having known the crappie to inhabit swift streams in winter there is a doubt if they would stay there. The character of Wheeling Creek, as described by "Crappie," does not appear suited for this quiet fish. They love ponds and sluggish streams and are not at home in brawling mountain brooks. Such a "crooked, narrow, rocky and fairly rapid stream, not deep, excepting one or two places," is not the home that, in my opinion, the crappies would choose. Although the plant has gone down the river it is not lost. It will find a home in the Ohio River, or farther down in the Mississippi, where they are plentiful, therefore, any loss to the people of Wheeling is a gain in some other place. A dollar dropped in Broadway is not lost, except to the dropper, some other fellow picks it up and counts it as gain.

While Wheeling Creek may not be a good stream for the crappies it is certain that it will sustain some sort of fish. If the temperature in summer does not get above 75 degrees Fahrenheit, it would be an ideal stream for brook trout, but, having no knowledge of temperatures it is not possible to say that it would make a trout stream. For this purpose the temperatures should be taken in July and August at 2 P. M., when the water is warmest. Perhaps the crappies may come back, it was worth trying.

How Young Wood Ducks Leave the Nest.

In FOREST AND STREAM of March 18, 1899, I gave my observations on this subject, and, after quoting Dr. James Skillen, of the Harvard University Medical School, will comment on it.

"Col. Fred Mather, your article on 'domesticating Wild Fowl,' in FOREST AND STREAM of March 18 has cleared up one thing to me that I never have been able to find out before, that is, how the young of the beautiful wood duck leave the nest. I must say that I have derived more information from your articles in the FOREST AND STREAM in the last few years than I ever did before in the course of my whole existence, and I am getting pretty near the three-score limit.

"What a world of information there were in those articles, 'In the Louisiana Lowlands.' I assure you I appreciated those very much. I was pleased to see (last week, I think.) that you described the coot, as so many persist in calling all the so called sea ducks, coots. I believe in calling a spade a spade."

If Dr. Skillen takes my limited observations as being positive on this point he may fall into error. I said that the mother duck came from the nest and called her brood to come to her; they had sharp toe-nails, clambered out and tumbled down. But my mother-duck was a pinioned bird, who knew that she could not fly, therefore she was hampered as no wild bird is. If men have seen the

wood-duck bring her young from a hollow tree, either on her back or in her bill, I can not dispute them, but it requires a rare combination of circumstances to enable a man to see the act. He must be on the ground at day-break on the morning that she is due to hatch, or the morning after, and must arrive so noiselessly as not to betray his presence.

In the two instances observed by me the nest was within fifty feet of my back piazza, and I knew the day when the bird began to set and she was due to hatch 28 days later, with one day more to mother them on the nest. Wagons rattled along the road and there was many kinds of noise. I had only to crawl out carefully and watch; there was no chance about it. As I never saw a wild wood-duck get her young from the nest, I can't say how they do it, but I believe that the young climb out with their needle-like claws, as mine did.

More about the Berries.

Letters still come about the service berry, the "cedar berry" of boyhood, and others. Comrade Frank Robinson, of Philadelphia, sends some twigs of *Taxus canadensis*, or American yew, whose berries we boys of long ago used to eat and call "cedar berries," although they did not grow on cedar. Mr. Robinson says: "The specimens enclosed came from a bush growing along the Perkiomen Creek, about 25 miles above Philadelphia, which is evidence that it still exists. The twigs at this time, March 16, have some embryo and undeveloped buds on them, indicating where the berries will be later on. I will try and keep track of it and in the proper season will try to send you some with berries matured. Probably Dr. Hammond, or some other correspondent who writes of the service berry, will send it to you in the proper season."

The branches of this plant were like spruce in appearance, but not in taste nor odor; the buds were scattered along the under side of the stems in an irregular manner, sometimes single, by twos and occasionally on opposite sides of the stem.

What a Boy will Eat.

There is a sentence in the letter of Mr. Robinson that stops the wheels of time and sets the hands back half a century. He says: "I fear that Dr. Hammond, and others who were so enthusiastic over the service berry in their youth, will find that the tastes of boyhood have not survived. When we were boys we used to eat with great relish green apples sour enough to make a pig squeal, but could not be tempted to put a tooth into one to-day."

O, those happy days of long ago, when we boys tramped miles to pick and eat the tasteless "pinkster apples," irregular green juicy things from the size of peas to that of a hen's egg, probably galls, which grew on a shrub which we called "wild honeysuckle," probably *Asalea nudiflora*, as the flowers came before the leaves. The name "pinkster" being Dutch and an equivalent of Whitsunday, the seventh Sunday after Easter. The Dutch about Albany called the flower "pinkster blooms."

In summer we hunted the woods for "wild lemons" or "May apples." These grew on an annual plant in dense woods: the plant being about 1 ft. high, with two great leaves, and bearing a yellow fruit at their junction, which, when ripe, was an inch long and less than that in diameter. Perhaps this is the mandrake, *Podophyllum*, but I am very weak on botany. Our names were appropriate; "wild lemon," because it was a cloying, sickish sweet, and filled with seeds, like a tomato, and "May apple," because it ripened in July. Yet the trailing arbutus is called "May pink" on Long Island, where it comes and goes before May; yet this was the "Mayflower" of the English, from which the famous vessel was named.

Then we would climb oak trees for the green or newly formed galls, which would give the least bit of a sweet juice. Other things beside green apples which we searched for to eat, but which would not tempt us to-day, were the little puckery wild grape of northern New York, choke-cherries and elder berries. Of course, we ate both kinds of sorrel, and, by the way, these are good stewed, like rhubarb, and we dug bumble-bee honey out of the ground in large, felt-like sacks, and took an occasional sting to emphasize our enjoyment.

In those days an immoderate indulgence in green apples might cause some intestinal cramps and pains between the abdominal cavity, reaching down to the transverse colon, which the doctor would term colic, but was known to us by the simpler term of "belly-ache," and then the anxiety of the good mother, who watched the boy in his agony all night and dosed him regularly and kept hot applications on his bowels. O, I tell you: a boy brought up in the city never knows what real fun is.

Comrade Robinson must have been a boy once. I say this because I've seen thousands of men who never by any possibility could have been boys. They were born "young men" and broken to live by rule. If mother said: "Johnny, you must not eat that apple, it is not ripe," or, "Willie, if you climb trees you will tear your clothes and look like a beggar boy," or, "Now, Reginald, if you go off the road you'll get into the swamp and ruin your shoes," they would obey orders. I pity such boys; they get a wrong start in life by being taught that they must be ever on the watch for their stomachs, and also must be at all times fit for presentation in the drawing-room. That kind of training will kill the spirit of a full-blooded, enthusiastic boy.

A Word about Mothers.

In most cases a mother exercises more influence in the training of a boy than any other person, for she has, or should have, him completely under her control for the first ten years, and can mould his character, if she will. Most of our professional criminals come from mothers who have lied to them in order to smooth over some question; the child soon learns that his mother is a liar, and then he believes no one; and from lying comes other crimes. Some sixty years ago a boy was tempted to cut into a hot cake, and then lied about it to his mother. There was circumstantial evidence against him, and a thin-soled maternal slipper was prescribed as an outward application to prevent internal complications from a too generous diet. After the counter-irritant had

produced the desired flow of blood to the skin, it was explained to the boy that what he had received was merely due him for a violation of orders concerning the drawing of extra rations without the formality of first applying to the chief commissary in regular form and having the requisition honored. But that was the least part of the punishment. "Now," said this model mother, "because you told me a lie you are not to have pie, pudding nor cake for two weeks." That was the worst part of it; but it was enforced, and that boy once played hookey from school for three days and came home with water-soaked shoes and torn clothing, bearing a peace offering of a string of small pan-fish, and owned up squarely to his mother, received a lecture on playing hookey, and the father never heard of it. She realized the fact that the spirit of a vigorous, ambitious boy should not be broken on the treadmill of propriety.

This mother realized that her boy had a taste for fishing and for the woods, and on Saturdays and holidays, as he grew older, enjoined him not to throw away the small fishes, because she liked them best, and when between the fishing and shooting seasons she encouraged him to pick berries and gather nuts, even if he did soil his shoes and clothing, and he grew up healthy and strong. This is a true story, for I knew both mother and son in the long ago, and the boy never lied to her afterward. He grew up to be fond of athletic and field sports, served his country as a soldier, and I believe he is alive to-day. Some mothers might have made a "Miss Nancy" out of that boy; one who wouldn't soil his shoes by getting too near a creek to fish, or too far off the road in a swamp for woodcock, but—perhaps she couldn't in the case of this boy if she had tried. Much can be done in training, but the bent of a boy's mind has been fixed before his birth, and the best that a mother can do is to discover that bent and encourage it, with the inculcation of truthfulness and honesty as indispensable starters on the way of life. If the boy has no taste for mathematics, music nor theology, it is a wrong to force him to study these things. I have known men who have failed by being forced from their natural tastes.

Please don't interpret these remarks to mean that when a man has failed to bring out the best that is in him that he is a failure in a financial sense. The commercial instinct leads a few men on to fortune and thousands to suicide. My idea of a successful man is one who makes a comfortable living in an honest way and is content; he has no aspirations to be a billionaire, because he knows that when he dies he cannot take his gold with him.

First of all, a boy, or a girl for that matter, should be a healthy animal, and only outdoor exercise can make him so. He may not care for field sports, but he will be sure to like boyish sports of some kind, and most boys aspire to be athletes, even if they never get beyond the aspiration. They admire the soldier, the sailor, the acrobat, the rough rider and the wrestler, and even the prize-fighter. Courage displayed in any manner appeals to him, and a wise parent will try to direct this sort of hero-worship in a proper channel away from that pernicious literature so plentifully provided for boys, which pictures bandits and desperadoes as heroes. The boy does not discriminate between the soldier and the criminal, because he is absorbed in contemplating bravery, no matter in what cause. And there you are!

More Berries.

Besides the wild berries which have been written up by various correspondents, who rushed to rescue me from ignorance concerning berries I have lunched on, there are questions about some other berries of the woods. Mr. Mark E. Noble writes that the mountain ash is sometimes called "service berry"; this is new in these discussions, and I did not know that the showy berries of this tree were eaten, even by birds; yet, as it is not an ash, but one of the rose family, its fruit might be edible by birds. Neither is the prickly-ash a true ash.

This drifted into the net: "Are poke-berries and the seeds of the poison ivy poisonous?"

It has been recorded that I have no claim to botanical knowledge; the net is set mainly for fish, but of course weeds will drift in. The question raises another, as to what a poison may be. In my unprofessional way it seems that the question resolves itself into a question of quantity. Opium and alcohol are poisons if enough be taken, and men become so used to them as to be nearly immune. Taking up the beautiful pokeberry, which is well worth a place among decorative plants, but is neglected because it is wild and common, we boys tasted them, but a taste sufficed, for the luscious-looking grape-like fruit was not palatable; yet our robins eat them so freely that it colors their flesh in the fall, and when I owned a mocking bird I gathered quantities of pokeberries and dried them for a winter treat, yet the berries are poisonous to man if taken in sufficient quantity. This is the *Phytolacca* of the materia medica, also known as "garget root." In the spring the young shoots are cooked like asparagus, and eaten in parts of Massachusetts and New York, and are sometimes known as "skoke."

The effect of eating seeds of poison ivy are unknown to me, except in the case of the crow and the bluejay; both birds eat them and pass the seeds without injuring their power of germination, and they have so lined the roads of the north side of Long Island with this plant that there is a mat of it between the traveled part of the road and the fence, and it climbs every fence and tree on the way. Its bright autumn colors on every tree trunk are the only good thing about this pest. He would be a bold man who would eat the seeds, and there is nothing on them to tempt a man. This is the "Rhus" of the medicos, and it may be that it is only an irritant to the skin. Ich wise nicht. I only know that this vine may be distinguished from its harmless relative, the "Virginia creeper," by having a triple leaf, while the equally beautiful, but harmless one has "five fingers."

These things show that what may poison a man will not necessarily poison a bird; why not; since the adage runs, "What's one man's meat is another man's poison." No saying is truer; some men cannot digest cabbage, radishes, cucumbers and other vegetation, although most men find meats easy of digestion, and therefore it is not strange that birds, whose blood is many degrees warmer

than ours, may digest and assimilate foods which would poison us.

Birds as Seed Distributors.

The statement that birds ate fruit and berries and dropped the seeds undigested and unharmed was a familiar one, and I often wondered how students of nature were sure of this fact. I found it out in this way. In front of my Long Island home there was an old lead pipe leading from a spring above which had supplied the kitchen of a house that had been burned years before. I made a cement basin there of some 10 by 20 ft., and in one end built a cemented rock-pile of the roughest stones at hand, with the old pipe as a center. There was a basin in the top, some 6 ft. above the level of the water, and from this small trickles dropped over the stones here and there in imitation of nature. In a few years the stones mossed over, and somehow several water plants established themselves in the basin in such numbers that they had to be kept down. In keeping a rank growth of water plants down we found vegetation which was not aquatic.

Just above the water line, and where no wind could have blown the heavy seeds of the raspberry, the wild black cherry and the choke cherry, these plants were found growing in the damp moss above the water line; not one or two, but dozens of them.

The little basin on top, some 2 ft. across and sloping to 6 in. deep, was my private property, but somehow the robins, wood thrushes, blackbirds and other neighbors came there, drank, bathed and never asked my permission. Of course it was a case of trespass, but they were such lovable neighbors, so filled with song and genial companionship, that I never begrudged them a few mouthfuls of water nor a bath, and did not even put up a sign warning them of the penalties of trespass; yet every spring that dripping fountain had to be weeded, and the berries and cherries which had sprouted could not have blown there, and I had a belief that the robins were in some way responsible for the seeds being carried up there, and I believe it to-day.

Nothing is more evident than the provision of nature for the life of every plant and animal; the plants especially need the agency of bird, beast, air and man to carry their seeds to fertile grounds and they get there. The railroads have scattered many weeds along their tracks; but this is a thing that demands a volume and is not to be compressed in a few pages of *FOREST AND STREAM*.

An Absurd New York Law.

I read in "Game Laws in Brief," under the head of fish, the following: "No trout of any kind, salmon-trout or land-locked salmon, shall be taken from any of the waters of this State for the purpose of stocking a private pond or stream."

Now, I am not a lawyer, but I'd wager a bottle of good spring water that this clause is not worth "an embankment across a stream." For instance: Mr. Jones is fishing in a legal manner and in the proper season and takes fifty trout which he may kill and eat, or leave to rot on the bank, as men have done. The fish are his after being legally reduced to possession, and the law says he may not keep them alive, transport them to his ponds to be kept for breeding purposes. He may kill the fish, but must not take them alive to his ponds!

Would a judge or a jury bring that man in guilty of a crime? Not on your wife's Easter bonnet. If a test case comes up on this section the question of the constitutionality will bob up at the same time, and if Mr. Jones was convicted of an offense it would be an outrage on the right of a man to use his game as seemed best to him. If Jones has reduced a wild duck to possession by legal means and the bird is only wing-tipped, would any man, or court, deny him the right to either kill that bird for food or to try to domesticate it, as seemed best to him? And there the case rests.

New England Angling.

Boston, April 10.—The fishermen who went after trout last week in this part of the country have generally made but very poor catches. Cold weather and ice and snow water in the streams are not favorable conditions for trout fishing. A few small catches were made at Bourne, Falmouth and elsewhere on the Cape and South Shore, so far as reported. Along the North Shore almost nothing has been done, the brooks being still high and full of ice water. In the northern and western portions of the State there is yet a good deal of snow on the hills and trout fishing is very late. A gentleman who is fixing over some buildings in Weston on a farm he has bought for a summer residence, says that there is a pretty good trout brook on his land, which he proposes to restock and protect. He drove down from the railway station the other day and happened to see a boy fishing his stream a short distance from the road. The carriage was stopped and the driver shouted to the boy to "Come out of that!" The boy dropped his improvised rod and line in some alarm. He was told to come up to the road, which he did. There he was made to show his catch—two fairly good trout. He protested that he did not know that anybody objected to the stream being fished, and was willing to surrender his trout, but asked for the privilege of returning to the stream to get his line and jackknife. This he was allowed to do, and when he came back, still shaking with fear, the gentleman returned him his trout, with the injunction not to fish the stream any more. This he promised to obey, and in his gratitude at getting off so easily promised to "keep the other fellows away."

In Maine the fishermen are still pickering through the ice, with considerable catches reported. The ice is very thick on the lakes and ponds. A well-known guide was here Friday from the Rangeley region, and he suggests that the ice cannot possibly get out of the lakes earlier than May 20. This would not be the latest clearing on record, for in 1888 the ice did not get out till May 21. Again, in 1893, the ice staid in till May 23. Last year Mooselucmaguntic cleared May 4, and Richardson Lake the day before. Rangeley was not clear till two days after. The earliest clearing I have any record of was April 30, 1889, and the latest, as noted above.

In New Hampshire the brooks are either closed or overflowed with snow water, the woods yet being full of snow; in some sections very deep. A gentleman, in from Nashua on Saturday, says that there are some pretty good trout brooks in that section, but nothing has yet been done. Newfound Lake, noted for its land-locked salmon fishing last year, is yet locked in very thick ice. It cleared of ice last year April 17, but must be much later this year.

Salmon at Bangor, Me., are very late. Last reports say that the Penobscot is still full of ice, either solid or floating, and that the salmon netters at Bucksport and below have not yet been able to put in their nets.

SPECIAL.

Fishing Up and Down the Potomac.

Analoatan River.

ANALOSTAN ISLAND is a part of the District of Columbia opposite Georgetown, and just below the Virginia end of the Aqueduct Bridge. During the Civil War, and for long after, it was a pleasure ground; in later years was occupied by a local athletic club, and during last summer was the scene of sundry mysterious operations that for awhile puzzled the neighbors, but which turned out to be official tests and experiments with modern explosives, presumably in connection with the preparation of mines and torpedoes for the Potomac.

Analoatan River, sometimes called Little River, and sometimes Lost River, is the narrow chute between the island and the Virginia shore. A causeway of rip-rap from the head of the island once joined it to the mainland, and near the lower end was a trestle bridge many years ago, the decaying piles of which still lift their black heads far above the surface at ordinary stages.

The rip-rap has been broken away next the island, and the tide pours in and out over the stones, so that the river is really little more than a pool. At low water it rushes out with so strong a current and so shallow, that a skiff must be lifted over the causeway; but at high tide the rocks in the break are hidden and a boat drawing considerable water may pass through.

Opposite the lower end of the island, on the Washington shore, once stood the ancient city of Hamburg, a boom town in the early days; it looks pretentious enough on the first maps, but was lost in the shuffle when the seat of government was located all round it.

Here, too, is "Braddock's Rock," so long venerated as the "Key of all Keys," the wharf where Braddock was supposed to have made a sensational landing of his forces, before that day when he annexed our own George.

Working the old stone wharf as a quarry to lay the foundation of Washington's present greatness, run over and dug out by the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, which was located along the shore at this point; reclaiming the river flats and locating the channel so far out to the west as to leave Braddock's Rock far inland; using the nearby territory for a dumping ground, and an unsightly sewer arch that passes now close by, on its way to the river, has left nothing in sight but a big stone with an iron ring, that may have as well served to support a quarry derrick as the cable of a transport. And as if it were not enough that the poetry should have died amid its loathsome surroundings, come now the modern historians and prove beyond any reasonable question that it was impossible that Braddock should have ever landed here, either in person or by the proxy of his commissary; that it was out of the known line of his march from Alexandria to Frederick.

Thus one by one perish the traditions of youth. Maybe Braddock was a myth. Returning to the pool, for Lost River is little else, we find it quite deep just inside the causeway. It was 33 ft. when the Coast Survey charted it in 1862, but probably much less now, shelving up to 6 or 7 ft. near the old piles, and beyond these principally marsh, with a narrow passage to the river at high water.

The bass are caught for the most part about the piles, though sometimes they are found along the edges on either side for its entire length, and still more rarely a catch is made at the causeway at a certain stage of the tide which we have never found.

Only a few chosen ones have been fortunate enough to secure great catches in this pool, and it is well it is so, for if the bass were always as responsive as they sometimes seem to be here, they would soon be extinct in this particular locality.

We have made three or four efforts here and caught a few bass and crappie, but our visits seem always to be ill-timed. It has been at the sunset hour, the only holiday we cared to spare for so small a pool, and we have ever been too early or too late; the tide was wrong or the was not quite right.

Reaching Georgetown after an early dinner, we have taken a gunning skiff at a local boat house, a low white cedar affair with two double paddles; ten minutes gets us across the river and into the pool, and the man in the bows lays down his paddle and whips till he catches a fish or despairs, and then we change places and occupations. We have always found other unfortunates on hand who fared no better than we, and a single bass, taken with a spoon, is the only fish we ever saw our rivals pick up, and that did not weigh above 1½ lbs.

We saw on one other occasion a spoon lose a three pounder after a few minutes of lively struggling. The only other fish we have ever seen here we rose ourselves, and their name is not legion.

But for all our bad luck, large strings are caught here, both with fly and spoon, and twice to our knowledge by strangers, at least as much as we were, who either had the help of local boatmen who knew when, or were lucky enough to strike it right, or maybe (this admission is too humiliating), were more skillful.

A season or two ago a friend had a strange adventure in this pool. He had gone with a companion for some reedbird shooting, which is sometimes very good when numerous gunners on the larger marshes have frightened the birds to take refuge in the little patches of wild oats that grow on the margins. They were out in gunning skiffs and noticed a large bird carrying something in his claws flying backward and forward across the pool, and took it for granted that it was a hawk with a fish. Counting all fishers except with a hook as pirates and

thieves, he called to his companion, some distance away, to "drop that bird." The bird fell at the shot not far from the skiff, and putting out his punting pole the wounded bird clutched it and was proudly lifted into the boat, where it perched on the bow seat for a few moments. It proved to be a monkey-faced owl, and presently began hopping down toward the captain with such a truculent bearing, such a general bloodthirsty threat in its eye, that the man wished himself at home, or anywhere away from this man-eater. A gunning skiff is not a good place for a fair stand-up fight with anything larger than a hornet, and the hunter began to grow excited. "He's coming at me; come here, Charlie," and he made a vicious kick at the still advancing bird, but it fastened its talons in his left leg just above the knee. Thoroughly frightened now, and hurt as well, he struck at it with his fist, and the owl caught his right arm above the wrist and had him beautifully pinioned.

He yelled lustily for help, for he could not move in the cranky skiff, and the claws, which were in the meat for fair, hurt like thunder, as he put it afterwards.

When Charlie got there he found the owl ready to tackle another victim if he only had the tools, and so firm was his hold that it was necessary to cut off its head and both legs before his friend could be released.

It is experiences such as we have had at this pool that lead us at times to temporarily agree with those benighted individuals who can see nothing in fish or fishing. Occasional failure has no terrors for the earnest angler; but continued ill-luck would daunt the most enthusiastic. Those who have most bitterly opposed fishing as an amusement are those who have been unable to master the rudiments of the science. The simply indifferent and contemptuous are those who have some other hobby which they ride as persistently, but which leads them to despise all other mounts.

This recalls an oft-told story, sometimes credited to Evarts, whose keen wit was the father of many a good joke and the putative father of many more. It is said that once visiting the easy ward of an insane asylum, it had been suggested to him to humor such of the patients as might exhibit a social front. Passing one seated on a table posing as a Jehu, Evarts remarked, "You are enjoying your hobby?" "This isn't a hobby, it's a horse," retorted the defective. "What is the difference?" said the great lawyer. "Why, you eternal idiot," said the patient, "you can get down off a horse, but who ever saw anybody get off a hobby?"

But as a rule, the hobbyist, no matter how different his pursuit, has a certain sympathy for the weakness of his fellow similarly afflicted, and his meanest speech is usually that while angling isn't in his line, the pleasure so many good men get out of it is proof enough there must be something in it.

But the angler that failed goes further than this, and sees no good in fish, no fun in fishing, nor sense in the fisher. Such a one, Herbert, who wrote in 1834 in the *American Monthly* (p. 92): "There is something unhappy in the physiognomy of a fish: in the downward curl of the mouth upon each side, that seems to betoken at least an infirmity of temper if not a settled misanthropy. * * * Fish, to my taste, is a poor, wishy-washy, unsatisfactory aliment; there is no getting fat on it. * * * No superiority of intellect is required in their destruction. The veriest blockhead that ever put meat into his mouth shall catch you as many fish as a Scott or a Napoleon; ten chances to one indeed more. A bare-footed, smutty-faced dolt-headed boy, to whose thorough-going stupidity there is an inconceivable mystery in the A, B, C; one of those double-distilled miasms who seem to be gifted with a forty dunce-power of resistance to all efforts at education; upon whom argument and appeals, a priori and a posteriori, are equally thrown away; one of these with nothing more than a paltry bent pin, a few wretched earth-worms and 3 yds of brown thread, shall beguile from their native element scores of the best informed and sensible fishes that swim." And then he goes on to deny them sense, decency and feeling.

Nothing could have prompted such a tirade save defeat. The poor abused fish, which he tried to beguile, refused to come and were at least smart enough to decline his advances. Here is, no doubt, the origin of that story of the man with fancy tackle having his eye wiped with a bent pin, which we have so long denied. This is the man, and he could not forgive the boy, the fish, or his successful rivals.

HENRY TALBOTT.

To Cook a Snapping Turtle.

DODGE CITY, Kan., April 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* To dress and cook a snapping turtle, first cut his head off. Scald him in a wash boiler of very hot water and scrape legs, tail and all exposed skin with a blunt knife. Turn him on his back and saw the shells apart on the sides. Take off the under shell; skin it off; don't tear it off; this exposes the intestines. Take out everything but the meat, taking care not to break or cut the gall. Cut out all the meat, leaving the ribs on the meat. Soak the meat in strong salt and water at least three hours, twelve is better; then rinse in fresh water thoroughly. Stew the meat in a dinner pot till tender. Take out the meat and fry it like beefsteak; season to taste. You can thicken the soup and put in a leg or tail or two cut fine; few persons care for the soup, however. Cut out the meat with a strong, sharp knife. If the turtle is big, don't use the skin. It's tough and strong.

W. J. DIXON.

Charleston Lake Bass and Salmon.

CHARLESTON LAKE, Ontario, Canada, April 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* This spring promises to be a pretty late one. Last season the ice left the lake March 27, but the guides and those living near the lake think that it will be the last of April before the ice moves out this year. At present the ice is from 18 to 24 in. thick and perfectly solid. Teams are crossing every day. As soon as the lake is clear salmon fishing begins, and is usually best from the 1st to the 20th of May. The average catch to a boat per day is from ten to eighteen, and in spring they run large. Already several New York Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Boston, Trenton and Newark, N. J., parties have engaged guides for the opening.

W. H. LEAVITT.

The Percy Summer Club.

THE Percy Summer Club, which owns a tract of land and a lake twenty miles north of the White Mountains, in New Hampshire, has had an interesting legal experience with the authorities of the Granite State in an endeavor to preserve its fishing for the exclusive benefit of club members. The case was finally carried before the United States Supreme Court, and after nearly ten years of litigation a settlement satisfactory to the club appears to be in sight. The case, which early in its history resolved itself into a duel between the club and the State of New Hampshire, has established important precedents, and is reviewed here on account of its interest to sportsmen in general, whether they believe in private or public control of the larger fishing waters.

The Percy Summer Club was incorporated under the laws of New Hampshire in 1882 for the purpose of acquiring a private preserve to which its members might resort for rest and recreation. It has a limited membership, including at the present time Messrs. George P. Rowell, head of the George P. Rowell Advertising Agency; Francis H. Leggett, the wholesale grocer; James D. Platt, who is connected with the Standard Oil Company; S. H. Kauffmann, president of the Washington Evening Star Newspaper Company, and Rudolph Kauffmann, one of the editors of the Star and a son of Mr. S. H. Kauffman. Mr. Rowell has given *FOREST AND STREAM*, in an interview, the following particulars:

The club acquired by purchase a lake of 350 acres in extent and about the same amount of land at Percy, in the town of Stark, Coos county, N. H. The lake was renamed Christine Lake. It already had a number of local names, of which North Pond was perhaps the most commonly applied. On maps it is put down as Potter's Pond, though just why this is done no one can say, for the name is never used locally. When the club made its purchase it was careful to secure title not only to the lots immediately adjoining Christine Lake, but also strips of land on both sides of a stream running into the lake reaching to and including its source, and also land bordering the outlet to the point of its juncture with the Upper Amonoosuc River.

At the time of the purchase the laws of New Hampshire provided that any pond or body of water reserved for the propagation or preservation of fish might be preserved for private use by posting with the proper notices, and a heavy fine for trespass was attached. It was under this law that the corporation was originally established. There was at that time no recognized acknowledgment fixing a limit to the size of lakes which might thus be preserved for private use. Later, however, the Legislature passed a law declaring all lakes of more than twenty acres in extent public waters and excluding them from the privileges of the previous section.

When seen at his office Mr. Rowell said: "It has been claimed of late years that in colonial times New Hampshire was a part of Massachusetts, just as Maine was. It is a law in Massachusetts, and that law prevails in Maine, that all lakes of more than ten acres in extent are public waters. This part of New Hampshire where our preserve is situated was never included in the section of New Hampshire which was once a part of Massachusetts, and we claim, therefore, that if the Massachusetts law ever did prevail in New Hampshire, which we don't admit, that it never had application to that part of the State where our property is located.

"We claim further that we hold title from the King of England, and we trace our title before the State had existence; and that our title conveys to us not only the land, but also the water and the land under the water. This claim we have set up in the highest court of the land.

"When the Legislature passed the law declaring lakes or ponds of more than twenty acres in extent public waters, we maintained that the law could not apply to us, because we owned the lake before the State had anything to do with it. The Legislature thereupon passed a law to the effect that any person arrested for trespass in crossing wild lands to visit public waters could not be held answerable for costs unless the damages amounted to more than \$13.33. That was equivalent to throwing the costs of prosecution on us and deprived us of redress against persons fishing in our lake. Having attempted to protect our rights in the New Hampshire courts up to the highest court, and having received adverse decisions, we transferred our property to a corporation formed under the laws of New Jersey, and proceeded against the trespassers in the United States Courts. The litigation which followed extended over several years, and cost more than the property did originally.

"Finally there was an attempt made in the Legislature of New Hampshire to have the State assume the cost of the litigation, that had heretofore fallen on the trespassers, and that action led to a compromise by which the State gave the members of the Percy Summer Club, of New Jersey, the right to form a new corporation under the laws of New Hampshire, and to buy or lease interests belonging to the Percy Summer Club, of New Jersey. The club agreed to admit the right of the public to fish in the lake under restrictions which should also apply to our own membership, and received from the State a charter which made trespass on the lands of the club other than passage over a prescribed path punishable by a fine of \$25 for the first offense and \$50 for the second. The public obtained no right to leave boats on the lake or to camp on its shores. They were obliged to bring their boats with them and carry them away when they left.

"Shortly after the club got under way under its new charter (having leased the property from the New Jersey corporation, with whom it must be noted the title still remained), the United States Courts decided that the Percy Summer Club of New Jersey did own the lake and had the right to control fishing in it. The members did not immediately avail themselves of this decision. The New Hampshire law protected their land so thoroughly from trespassers that they were disinclined to surrender their charter. They have lived under it three years. The open fishing, however, has attracted so many visitors in the early part of the season, and they have succeeded in depleting the lake to such a degree that there is now no fishing for anybody. At the last meet-

ing of the managers it was practically decided to surrender the New Hampshire charter and resume the rights accorded by the United States Court decision."

The people in the town of Stark are friendly to the interests of the club. The trouble from trespassers comes from persons residing in two manufacturing towns, Groveton, eight miles north of the preserve, and Berlin, twelve miles south. To shut out this element as far as possible, fishing was restricted to the hours of 10 A. M. to 12 M. and 2 P. M. to 7 P. M. daily, and the season was made to begin a month later than that prescribed in the State game laws and to end fifteen days earlier.

Christine Lake is a pristine trout lake. There are no other fish in the lake with the exception of minnows too small to take the hook, they are the black-nose dace scarcely 2 in. in length.

The trout are noted for their beautiful coloring and handsome shape. They are exceedingly gamy and of a uniform size, and so marked is this fact that it is notorious that the average weight of a catch never varies much from ¼ lb. During the seventeen seasons the club has been in existence only three fish have been taken which weighed as much as 1 lb. The members all fish with the fly and with the very lightest tackle, and formerly, when the lake was protected, the catch was restricted to a limit of forty, a number often taken in an hour's fishing in the evening.

The club property borders on a tract of wild mountainous land corresponding in some respects to the Adirondacks. It is approached from Percy Station, on the Grand Trunk Railway, and though Lake Christine is only eighty rods from the station, it lies on an elevation 238 ft. higher, and for all intents and purposes is as remote from civilization as virgin trout lakes much more difficult of access, no sign of human habitation other than camps belonging to members of the club is to be seen from any part of the lake, which is an ideally beautiful body of water, surrounded by hardwood ridges.

The club has been very successful so far as its internal relations are concerned. Each member has his own cottage, which he regulates after his own ideas, and the greatest individual freedom is allowed. There are, of course, general rules which must be observed. The houses are painted uniform harmonious colors, and are built in accordance with the designs of a recognized architect. There is a superintendent, who looks after the fishing regulations, and is prepared to receive club members on their arrival.

The situation built upon is about a mile and a half from the public landing.

How they Take Whitefish in Idaho.

ST. ANTHONY, Idaho, March 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Yesterday afternoon at about 3:30 the man who lives just across the street came by carrying two great strings of fish. We were in the backyard, and as he passed he called out, "Want some fish?" "Why, yes." "Well, here's a hook and a pole. Just below the head-gate there are millions of them."

We lost no time hurrying into our overshoes and jackets, and got the pole, which proved to be the middle part of an old cane fish pole, with about 4 ft. of strong fish line tied to the end, and fastened to this a grab-hook. The head-gate is the waste-gate, where the surplus water from the big canal is turned back again into the Snake River. The water falling over the planks placed in the gate has washed out the sand, leaving a deep hole, with great lava rocks standing, and through these the water rushes in white foam. At the foot of these rapids we stopped. Fred dropped the hook into the water, gave a sudden jerk, and brought out a fish that might weigh ½ lb. He looked at me sort of astonished and said: "Well." The next few casts were unsuccessful, but he caught another, and then gave me the pole and walked down stream. About 20 ft. down he called me, and there, where the water was more quiet, we could see them thick as the pebbles on the bottom. We took turns using the pole, and when we had ten Fred went home, while I fished on. A boy of about ten years came down and watched me and took the fish off my hook when I threw them out. I was fifteen minutes catching ten more.

Just above me a little girl was fishing with an ordinary tying twine doubled and tied to a willow stick. Her hook was badly tangled in an overhanging willow and all her efforts failed to loosen it; the boy proffered his services, untangled the hook and proceeded to use it. After he had made fourteen casts, landing twelve fish, one strand of twine broke; but he fished away and I left them with twenty-seven fish lying on the snow.

From our window we look out upon the canal 75 ft. away, and to-day being Sunday have seen half the town population fishing there. So thick was the crowd sometimes that hooks and lines were tangled together; but none the less all were having fun. I am positive that more than 1,000 fish have been taken from that hole since we fished there yesterday, and yet their moving tails and fins make the water appear black.

The fish are called here river whitefish. The law does not protect them, as it is known that they subsist principally on trout spawn during the trout spawning season and are therefore more of a detriment than otherwise.

I am told that this same thing occurs every year. The fish in their journey up-stream, which they make as soon as the warm weather begins, are stopped by the swift water and falls of the head-gate, and are caught by the thousands by means of the grab-hook. They very seldom take a fly, but we have caught them in the south fork of Snake River—Jackson's Hole—with bait. They are very good eating; almost equal to trout.

MRS. F. E. WHITE.

Ohio River Trot-Line Fishing

CENTRAL CITY, W. Va.—Perhaps if I had been a knight of the rod and reel—a real scientific angler—I might not see so much sport in this style of fishing which is practiced to a considerable extent in the Ohio River. Describing the method, a good-sized line, say of 100 ft. to 100 yds. in length—which the fisherman calls the "stagging"—is used, on which are tied short lines at a distance of 2 or 3 ft. apart. On these are the hooks, generally

small, which are baited usually with crawfish, which abound in the brooks and are caught with a dragnet. Several stones are tied to the staging in order to sink it to the bottom of the river, leaving the baited lines free to move and attract the fish.

As the tide of the Ohio is about three times as strong as that of the Hudson, the fisher generally has an assistant to keep the boat in place and at right angles with the line while he makes a haul, takes off the fish, rebaits and drops the line as he proceeds. Several times I have been out acting as an assistant for my son at sunrise, just as the fog was lifting, the sunlight streaming through the mist and reflected from the water as from a river of polished glass. The scene was enchanting, and thus enhanced the glory of the sport.

The hooks being small, a gaff-hook is used to secure the fish (if he is large), after he has been carefully brought near the boat, or rather the boat pulled to the fish. To take in half a dozen or so of different kinds of fish, some weighing 6 or 8 lbs., on such a morning as I have described, is an experience not soon to be erased from the memory.

N. D. ELTING.

Small Chinook Salmon.

FISH COMMISSIONER MCGUIRE writes in the *Portland Oregonian*: There has been a great deal said and written during the past twelve or fifteen years on the subject of the destruction of small chinook salmon, weighing from ½ to 8 lbs., too small to be of commercial value. These small fish are taken by the traps, wheels and seines, the smallest gill-net mesh used on the Columbia River being large enough to allow them to escape. The contention of gill-net fishermen and many others for years has been that the destruction of these small fish would ultimately exterminate the chinook. In this contention they were sustained by the statement of David Starr Jordan, president of Stanford University, an acknowledged authority on the salmon and trout of the Pacific Coast, who, some years ago, after investigation of the subject, wrote:

"The utter disappearance of the salmon fishing on the Columbia River is only a question of a few years unless some vigorous means are taken to prevent the destruction of small fish."

According to the statement of canners and other persons connected with the salmon fishery, these small chinook salmon are all males, which, though undeveloped as to size, are sexually mature. They base their opinion on the generally accepted theory that only fish capable of undergoing the reproductive act enter the river; that male fish of this small size are known to have had ripe milt and to have undergone the spawning process, and that no female salmon weighing less than 7 lbs. has ever been taken in the river. I have been disinclined and slow to accept this theory of cannerymen and others, believing that it was possibly inspired by selfish interests, and because it seemed to me contrary to nature that these small fish should all be males, and I determined to investigate the subject whenever opportunity should offer. This I have done during the past two years. I have opened and examined about 150 of these small salmon, weighing from 2 to 8 lbs., and every one of them proved to be males. I have also watched these dwarfed fish on the spawning beds, and can confirm the statement made by W. F. Hubbard, superintendent of the United States hatchery on the Clackamas, that after spawning they die, as do the larger fish. After making these investigations, I wrote to President Jordan, calling his attention to his statement on this subject, quoted above. His reply is appended:

"It now seems probable that the small chinook salmon running in the river are all young males. They are all sexually mature, and the greater part of them die on the spawning beds. As no females are found among these young fish, it would seem that their destruction can do no harm. As it is, the adult males are sufficiently numerous to serve the needs of the species."

The testimony of Dr. Gilbert, of Stanford University, and Waldo F. Hubbard, superintendent of the United States piscicultural work in Oregon, is similar to the above. Although the case is not susceptible of absolute proof, yet the evidence seems to favor the view which I have heretofore contended was contrary to all that common observation teaches in regard to animal life. However, this is not more wonderful than the fact that practically all chinook die after spawning, while the steelhead returns to the ocean after performing this function.

The passengers on the ferryboat Piedmont, on the 9:30 o'clock trip from Oakland on a recent morning were treated to the spectacle of a speed test between a sea eagle and a carrier pigeon, in which the smaller bird won by saving its life. When the boat was opposite Goat Island, P. H. Schlottzauer, a pigeon fancier of Alameda, released five birds. Among them was the famous five-year-old homer Duke of Richmond.

The pigeons rose into the air and circled several times. Four of them turned toward the east, but the fifth, which was the Duke of Richmond, was seen to flirt and drop toward Piedmont. Then the passengers made out that the pigeon was being pursued by a large bird.

The two birds were at an elevation of 1,000 ft. when the chase began, with the carrier a short distance in the lead. As if by instinct he dropped straight for the place where his master had released him, and, landing upon the ladies' deck of the Piedmont, fluttered through the cabin door. The sea eagle was so confident that it would strike its prey that it did not check its pursuit until within 10 ft. of the rail of the ferryboat. Then it wheeled suddenly, and, hovering about the stern of the boat for a few moments winged its way back toward Goat Island.

Once inside the cabin, the frightened pigeon ran down the aisle until it came to a passenger reading a newspaper. As if sure of protection, it fluttered up to his side and perched on the arm of his seat.—*San Francisco Chronicle*.

The *FOREST AND STREAM* is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

April 18-21.—Cincinnati, O.—Bench show of Dog Owners' Protective Association of Cincinnati.
 April 26-29.—Baltimore, Md.—Baltimore Kennel Club's third annual show.
 May 3-6.—San Francisco, Cal.—San Francisco Kennel Club's third annual show.
 Sept. 4-7.—Toronto, Can.—Toronto Industrial Exhibition Association's eleventh annual show.
 Nov. 22-24.—New York.—American Pet Dog Club's show. S. C. Hodge, Supt.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 6.—Bicknell, Ind.—Indiana Field Trial Club's trials. S. H. Socwell, Sec'y.
 Nov. 14.—Chatham, Ont.—International Field Trial Club's tenth annual trials. W. B. Wells, Hon. Sec'y.
 Nov. 14.—Washington, C. D., O.—Ohio Field Trial Club's trials. C. E. Baughn, Sec'y.
 Dec. 8.—Newton, N. C.—Continental Field Trial Club's trials. W. B. Meares, Sec'y.

Some More Reasoning Dogs.

SPORT is a full-blooded layerack, and a great favorite in the Western town in which he lives. He is in great demand during the hunting season, and accompanies men and boys with equal zeal.

One day a company of small boys organized a hunting party. Three of the boys waited in the alley with one gun and a shepherd dog, while the other boys, with the other gun, went up to Sport where he lay in the office door of his master. They showed him the gun and invited him to accompany them. Sport was delighted, and went with them to the alley; but when the other boys joined them with the shepherd, Sport gave that dog a look which, in his language, meant: "You may be a very good dog, no doubt you are; but you can't hunt."

Then he walked back to his place in the door and lay down. To all the coaxing of the boys he just wagged that expressive tail of his, as if to say: "O, go on, you boys; that dog may be a very fine fellow, but he has not been trained to hunt, and he would only spoil the fun."

The boys finally went away very much disappointed. With two dogs they were anticipating a grand rabbit hunt.

Mrs. J. E. M.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Long experience has taught me that there is little use in argument with a confirmed believer in reasoning powers of animals; as a rule, they seem to believe this because they want to. Occasionally you will meet one like Rev. Chas. Josiah Adams, who believes strongly, but can admit weight in an argument against it. But generally the type of your various anonymes is the ruling one.

A sample error is that of "De Canibus," with the dog that carried the cat to the rathole. On that one incident, without any investigation into previous experiences of that dog, he deduces reasoning powers. Would any reasonable man arrive in a similar way at conclusions as to another man's acts? Then why assume reasoning in the dog, with the stubborn facts of animal inability to comprehend processes so simple that the Andaman Islander understands them? A course of Lloyd Morgan on Comparative Psychology or thoughtful study of Profs. Wm. James or Hugo Munsterburg, would often be useful.

W. WADE.

New England Fox Hunting.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Having read many interesting articles in your publication during the past few years, and believing that "variety is the spice of life," I take the liberty of contributing a few lines on the subject of fox hunting.

I have had a taste of bird and duck shooting in various sections of New England, and have hunted rabbits and white hares with beagles, but never have accomplished anything which gave such satisfaction as to see the faithful hounds rush in at the finish after following the trail several hours over mountains and through swamps, covering a distance perhaps of fifty or seventy-five miles.

As a health-giving pastime, fox hunting is superior to bicycling, or any of the indoor sports. What is better for a man than a walk through the country on a fine autumn morning? Being refreshed with the pure air, rich in ozone, he easily climbs to some high elevation, where he can listen to the baying of the hounds, and feast his eye on a scenery more beautiful than any view ever depicted by an artist.

Fox-hunting, like any thing else, must be carried on properly in order to be satisfactory or in any way recreative. I hope that no one can mention anything more disgusting than to find the dogs, after half an hour's chase, wandering about some sandy road, entirely ignorant of the direction in which sly Reynard has made his escape. In order to have a good hunt one must have good dogs, and, of course, go where foxes can be found.

During the fall of 1898 Mr. E. H. Langdon and I visited the hunting ground twenty miles from Boston about one day each week for ten weeks. Although several foxes ran in and the dogs were found digging at the burrows, six were killed with the gun. With one exception each fox had been chased five hours or more before being shot.

In one instance the fox and dogs swam across a river a distance of 40 or 50 yds. At another time the dogs, while beating a cold trail, came up to the river, swam across and picked up the trail on the other side, starting the fox half an hour later, showing unmistakable evidence that the fox crossed at this point without being pursued.

We use two black and tan hounds. These dogs were bred from good hunting stock, but have no gilded pedigree. They have good noses and are reliable. Mr. L. uses a Parker gun, 12-gauge, 30in. barrel, weighing 7½ lbs., while I carry a Remington ejector, 12-gauge, 29in. barrel, weighing about 7½ lbs. Some prefer heavier guns for foxes, but we had no trouble in killing every fox at which we shot.

One fine morning, late in October, Mr. L. and myself

set out for a hunt at Andover Hills, about ten miles distant. An early start brought us to the fox grounds well before daylight. My experience has shown that one of the prime essentials of bagging foxes is to get the trail in the early morning hours. Day had scarcely begun when old Tip gave tongue in a swampy meadow, about a quarter of a mile distant; Young Drive was soon with him, and the prospect of a good day's sport seemed assured. The trail led out of the swamp and through a bushy pasture and pine grove; thence to a big hill nearly two miles away, the scent growing steadily better until finally they "jumped" the fox, and the music began in earnest. A white frost makes the very best of going for them. Mr. Reynard knew his business and made off in a practically direct line for his base of operations, which proved to be a group of ledgy hills about five miles to the north-west.

In less than twenty minutes the dogs had gone beyond hearing distance. Here was a predicament, and not an uncommon one, either. The dogs were out of hearing and in a strange woods.

Now the question arose, Shall we wait where we are or go on toward where the dogs were last heard? My plan is invariably to press on with all possible haste, halting only when it seems likely that the fox is heading my way. I know many practical hunters who prefer the waiting plan, believing that the game is sure eventually to bring up at the original starting point. This may do in some cases, but the chances are far better, to my mind, not to wait, for these reasons: First, if you are spry, you will hear most of the drive, which is the main thing. Second, the fox always has his favorite locality for throwing the dogs, usually distant from the starting point, and will frequently hang there for hours. Third, he may bur-



DR. E. H. NILES.

row, and then one never knows for a certainty how the hunt ended. Fourth, some gunners outside of your party may shoot the game and you be none the wiser. Fifth, it encourages the dogs to know that their masters are likely to show up in the chase at any time, besides giving you an opportunity to aid the younger dogs in hard places. Sixth, it gives a man an opportunity to enjoy a little target practice on the various mongrels that are continually pitching on to foxhounds. Seventh, the exercise is much better for one's health and peace of mind than long, uncertain waiting.

After almost an hour's tramping in a northerly direction, the voices of the dogs are again heard, coming nearer for a while, but, hark! The barking becomes faint, but it is easily seen that the fox has changed his course to a westerly direction. We push on. After following some hours we come to a road, and a house is soon sighted. It is now eleven o'clock. We meet a farmer and learn that we are six miles from the starting point, but we have not tramped in vain. The dogs are barking furiously in the big woods at the right. The fox is no longer running in a straight course, but is making short circles. Now is the time for action. We separate and push cautiously into the woods. No noise is made, as the snapping of a twig would frighten Reynard out of the country. The dogs seem to be getting closer. There is no time for tricks or loafing now. Our guns are kept ready, for it would be a shame to miss the fox when the dogs have worked so hard. The game seems to be in the direction of Mr. L. It is strange that I do not hear his gun; but he has not had an opportunity to shoot. It is only a moment before I hear the dogs coming straight toward me. Looking at the right I see the victim running on a stone wall. He sees me at the same time and makes a spring for the bushes on the other side, but it is too late. He receives the charge of BBs from my gun.

It is but a moment before the dogs are in sight. I have not seen them for six hours, the fox having run under cover the most of the time. Their speed is increasing; the trail is so fresh that they do not put their noses to the ground. Both dogs are very warm and Young Drive's tongue is lacerated and bleeding, having been caught on a sharp stick or briar, but they care not; they have found the fox and are shaking him savagely. At this time I go up to the dogs and give them a morsel of

meat. Mr. L., having heard my gun, comes in soon. We secure the brush shortly and set out for the wagon, feeling more than pleased with the day's outing.

E. H. NILES, M. D.

DANVERS, Mass.

Importation of Dogs into Great Britain.

THE following note, dated Washington, March 28, 1899, has been received from the British Ambassador:

"Sir: with reference to my note of May 29, 1897, I now have the honor to forward to you a copy of a further memorandum issued by the Board of Agriculture on the subject of the importation of dogs into Great Britain.

"In communicating this memorandum to you, I am directed by Her Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs to ask you if, in view of the fact that the regulations embodied in the memorandum in question are framed with a view to stamping out rabies in Great Britain, you would be so good as to cause them to be generally known to all persons concerned.

"JULIAN PAUNCEFOTE."

HON. JOHN HAY, etc.

The memorandum states that the importation of dogs without licenses is forbidden. Application for license must be made to the Secretary, Board of Agriculture, 4 Whitehall Place, London, S. W., in time to permit the board to inquire into the circumstances of the application, etc., before the embarkation of the dog takes place. Dogs will be detained for six months, under supervision of the authorities, on some suitable private premises specified by the owners. If the conditions imposed are properly carried out, the board will consider applications, accompanied by the certificates of veterinary surgeons, that the dogs are not suspected of rabies, for their release after ninety days. Dogs whose antecedents are unknown will be subjected to longer periods of detention. In exceptional cases, the board will entertain applications made by telegram, on condition that a full description of the dog will be given and the place in which he is to be detained specified.

For the convenience of persons passing through Great Britain, the board in special cases will authorize the landing of dogs which are to be exported in a few days. In making application for such license, the ports, names of the vessels, and dates of arrival and departure must be specified, and the address of some suitable place where the dog can be detained during the period it remains in Great Britain, which must not exceed ten days.

Points and Flushes.

A CORRESPONDENT inquires of us this week concerning who are breeders of well-bred bloodhounds. We regret our inability to furnish the information, as none advertise that they have them for sale.

Volume XV. of the American Kennel Stud Book, which contains the registration of 1898, numbered from 46,328 to 49,976 inclusive, is neatly printed and well bound in cloth. Besides the registrations, it contains a list of the active members, bench shows, bench show winnings, cancellations, champions of record, corrections, executive board, field trials, kennel names, prefixes and affixes, officers of the American Kennel Club, officers and membership of the associate members, standing committees, active members, etc. Mr. A. P. Vredenburg, secretary, 5 Liberty street, New York.

Yachting.

Gasolene Engines and Launches.—V.

BY F. K. GRAIN.

(Continued from page 255, April 1.)

LINES.—Modern practice in designing tells us that the water lines should be as straight as possible with no hollow lines, and it is certain that this rule will give a very able, fast and burdensome boat. It is an established fact that there is nothing gained by cutting away into too much hollow and what look like sharp lines.

Another point is as to the dead rise or sharpness of the bottom midship, it being a great mistake to suppose that a boat running down at a sharp angle of the floor to the keel will give any increase of speed.

In order to make the draft of a hull as light possible a certain amount of beam is required, combined with a long flat floor. For all around use the best combination is a boat of good freeboard and ample beam; of course, as the beam is increased it adds to the displacement, which means increased resistance, which in turn means an addition of power to maintain the same speed.

It is by far better and more satisfactory to have too much than insufficient power. Of late there has sprung up quite a demand for square stern launches, particularly under 30-ft. These boats have all the appearance of a common square stern boat, when afloat, but they will be found to be cut away under the stern, allowing room for the propeller wheel forward of the line of stern post. The advantage of this model is that they are very burdensome, their actual water line length being equal to a boat having an overhang of much more length over all. For instance, a square stern launch of 20ft. over all will in its area of under water body equal a 24ft. overhang stern boat. This is, of course, supposing the boat with the overhang to be of the usual type of round or elliptical stern. In addition they are somewhat cheaper to construct and are, if properly designed, very strong and free from vibration.

PAINTING.—To begin this subject, we have first of all to caution you against the use of too much paint, and especially if put on too thick. There are more boats suffering from too much paint than too little, and nothing will give a new boat the appearance of an old hulk quicker than plastering it over with thick paint.

In painting a new boat white, for instance, we first take the white lead and mix with turpentine to the consistency of thick pudding; then allow this to stand overnight and in the morning pour off carefully the oil and

turpentine that has risen to the top. The lead is then ready to cut up with more turpentine to about the consistency of thick molasses, then add sufficient good raw linseed oil to bring it thin enough to spread and flow well, adding to each quart of paint about half a tea cup of best varnish. The varnish acts as a dryer and will make paint very elastic and durable. If the paint works hard and does not spread well add a little turpentine, but care must be taken to put it in sparingly and stir it well.

To mix colors proceed as for white lead. For painting black, either coach, drop or ivory black ground in oil are most used. Mix as for white paint, but remember that about one-quarter of the quantity will cover the same space. All blacks should be well rubbed out under the brush. When the boat is new it is best—if painting white—to put on three to four coats, applying all coats thin and giving each coat plenty of time to dry. By this means the surface will be of uniform thickness and all small cracks, pricks, etc., filled, and will make a coating that will not peel or crack. All puttying should be done after the first coat, and each of the succeeding coats should be lightly rubbed with curled hair or excelsior. Never mix paints, especially for the outside, that will dry very hard, with an excess of gloss, as it will not wear off or chalk, but cracks and peels, which soon makes it necessary to burn off the old paint; whereas, if the paint chalks or washes off a little it will by the time repainting is necessary have left the wood smooth and easy to sand-paper.

PUTTY.—Putty is best made of white lead thickened with selax, or when that cannot be had whitening will answer. For the garboard and all seams under water a good strong putty made of white lead thickened with red is best. Never put putty in with the finger as it will leave the surface hollow. There are places such as the chafing ribbons, rails, etc., where it is difficult to make putty stay; in such cases use the best pure beeswax, putting it in hot.

BOTTOM PAINT.—The under water body should be given two coats of red lead, using three parts red to one part of white. It should be well rubbed under the brush. This will form a good body and hold for the necessary two coats of anti-fouling paint to finish. There is very little or any choice between the different brands of copper or anti-fouling paint, success in their use depending mostly on the care used in applying them.

In using these paints it is necessary to keep them continually stirred while applying, which, owing to the weight, can best be done by a piece of iron or iron pipe and should be well rubbed out. None of these paints should be put on until just before the boat is ready to launch as the paint deteriorates when left exposed to the atmosphere. Some use white zinc and English white lead, which without doubt gives a very fine job, but we think that with proper use the best American leads will be found to answer all requirements. Various patent paints and enamels are offered but they are not suited to marine work, especially on salt water. When colors are used the finish and durability can be greatly improved by finishing with a coat of good spar varnish.

ENAMEL PAINT.—If an enamel paint is wanted it can be easily made by extracting as much as possible of the oil from white lead by use of turpentine, then add coloring to suit and thin with a Damar varnish; it should be applied hot if possible, to do which place the can in a vessel containing hot water and let it remain there while in use.

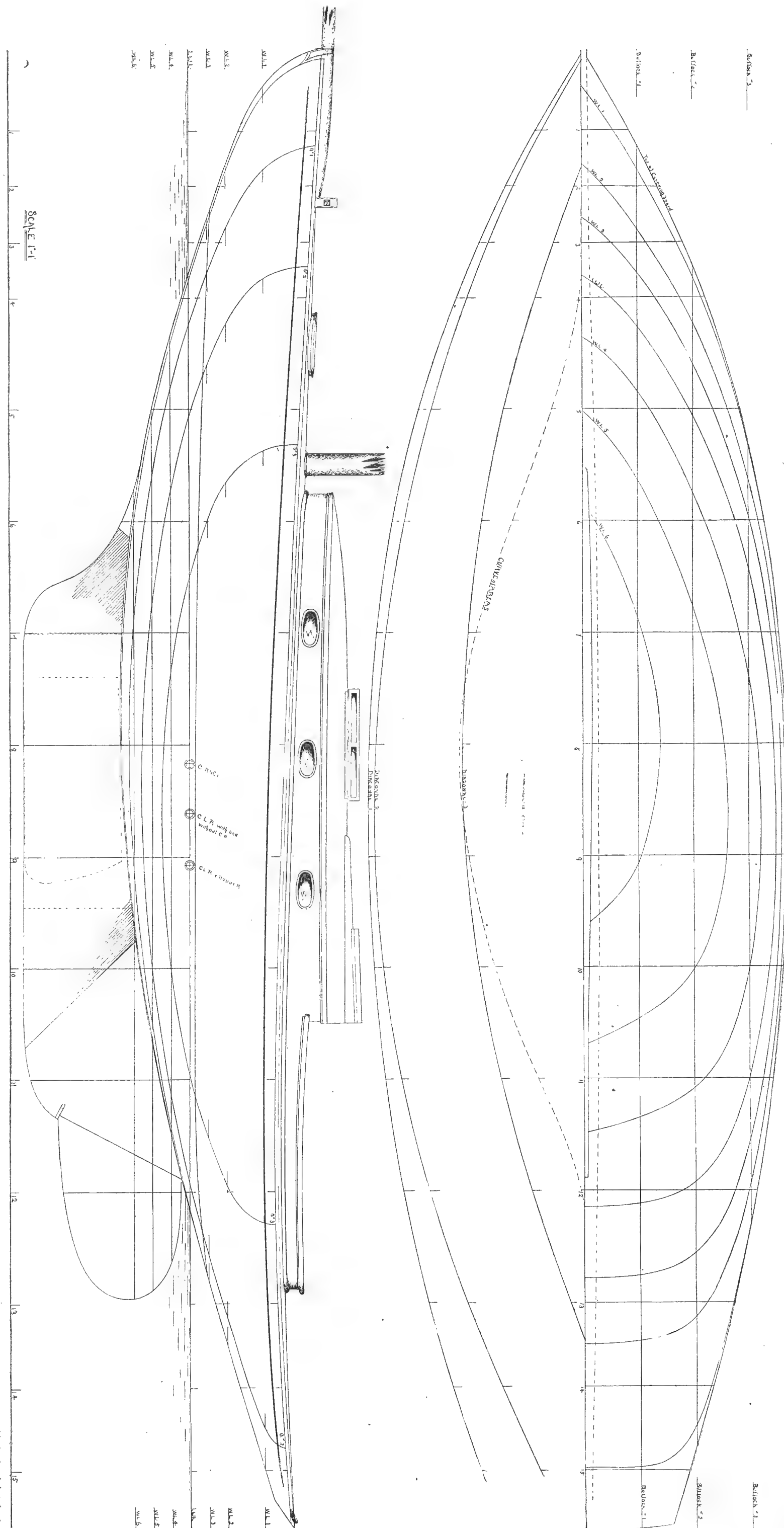
Two or three coats are generally necessary and it should be rubbed with curled hair between each coat. In cleaning, scraping and sandpapering a motor to renew paint great care must be taken to cover all bearings and plug up all oil holes, otherwise particles of paint are liable to work in and ruin the working parts.

VARNISH.—We now come to varnishing, and first off we will assume we have new wood to finish. To begin with the wood must be thoroughly scraped with a cabinet scraper, then cut down with fine sandpaper. We now take wood filler, which can be bought ready for use, and after thinning with turpentine brush it in thoroughly. If on hard woods of open grain, like oak or ash, the filler is mixed moderately thick, then when the filler begins to set it must be thoroughly rubbed down with excelsior or rags. If on soft woods of close grain, such as pine, cypress, etc., the filler can be applied quite thin, and after it is thoroughly dried rub it with fine sandpaper. All fillers show up white on wood when dry but disappear on applying varnish.

After the filler is thoroughly dry and rubbed smooth apply a good coat of varnish, rubbing it on well and being careful to cover all spots; when this is perfectly hard then take curled hair or pumice stone and water and rub all the gloss off so that the surface has a dull appearance, it is then ready for the finishing coat which must be put on evenly and of good body. This will give a fine finish, but can, of course, be improved by application of more coats, rubbing each coat as before. Care must be taken not to have the varnish chilled, and if in that state warm it by putting on hot water. Varnish should not be applied when the temperature is below 56 degrees or on exceedingly hot days, and it should not be exposed to excessive heat of the sun.

All spar varnishes are slow drying and if applied indoors are sometimes weeks in drying, it is then far better for the rubbing coats to use good quick drying varnish and then on a good day apply the spar varnish out doors. Never varnish toward night as the dampness will spoil the best varnish. If a very fine finish is desired rub the last coat with pumice stone and water and polish with oil; this will give a surface that will not scratch and can be kept in first class order by an occasional rubbing with a piece of oiled waste. To revarnish old work the first thing is to scrape off as much of the old varnish as possible. When there is much of the old varnish left ammonia will be found a great help in removing it. Take a rag or piece of waste, dip in the ammonia, then rub over a few feet of the surface to be scraped. Let this stand for ten minutes when it will be found very easy to scrape. By doing but a small piece at a time, that is allowing a patch to soak while the last is scraped it will be found to work easily and quickly. After having thoroughly scraped the old surface cut it down smooth with fine sandpaper. Fine sandpaper will be found to cut faster and better than coarse.

If the wood is now bare apply wood filler and proceed



FAST CRUISER OF 25FT. L.V.L., DESIGNED BY WM. H. HAND, JR., 1899.

as on new wood, but if there still remains some varnish apply a rubbing coat and then a finishing. If there are any checks, cracks or open joints in old work fill same with beeswax before varnishing.

Having now explained the necessary painting operations we have to say a word in regard to paint and varnish brushes. These should be selected with care, and above all beware of cheap brushes, it is impossible to do a good job with cheap tools.

PAINT BRUSHES.—Most every paint brush will shed when new, and to prevent this soak the brush in water for a day or two before using.

Most new paint brushes are too long and it is customary to wrap or wind with good string from half to one inch of the brush, beginning from the bolster or butt, taking care to pull both ends through the wrapping so that they can be tied around the butt of the handle, which prevents the wrapping slipping down as it otherwise will do.

CLEANING BRUSHES.—After using brushes should be cleaned and put in water. Bore a small hole through the handle, through which run a stout wire and by this means suspend the brush in the water so that it does not touch bottom. This will always keep the brush straight and in good order. Turpentine is good to clean brushes but the writer prefers kerosene and afterwards thoroughly rinse with naphtha or gasoline, as they can then be laid

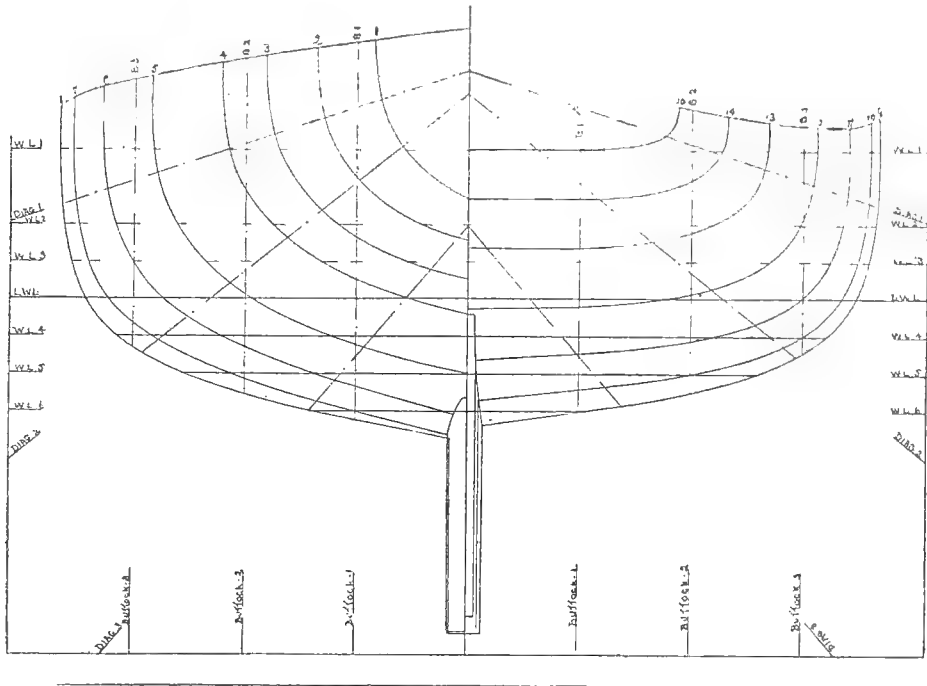
damp rot and also keeps the boat from becoming saturated from the smell of drying bilge water, etc. A very good plan is to take up the floor pieces and give the entire run a coat of whitewash, it being a good disinfectant and preserving the wood. Owing to dryness and wind the under water body of a boat laid up is very liable to check, particularly the stern post, dead wood, keel and stern. This can in a great measure be prevented by giving these parts a good heavy coat of equal parts of raw and boiled linseed oil with a small part of Japan dryer.

In launching the same process is reversed, taking care in both cases that the boat is not allowed to run back, as in that case the result is almost sure to be a broken rudder or skeg, at the very least. In order to avoid tearing of cleats, chocks, etc., run a bridle around the entire boat and fasten the hauling tackle to that.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

A 25ft. Fast Cruiser.

THE yacht here illustrated, recently designed by Mr. Wm. H. Hand, Jr., of the Buzzards' Bay Yacht Agency, New Bedford, is similar in model to the 21-footer recently shown in our pages; but the increased size brings her into a class where it is possible to obtain more than



away and allowed to dry. If the brush becomes clogged or an accumulation of dry paint on the outside hold the brush down flat on a board, then take a putty knife and scrape it down, holding the knife at an angle as if you were going to scale up, do not be afraid to bear down and push hard on the knife, it will not cut the bristles, after the brush has been once in use. In using a seam brush do not allow the paint that necessarily gets on the outside of planking to dry but wipe it off at once, otherwise it will show, no matter how many coats are given to cover it.

OLD PAINT.—Do not use either paint or varnish that is not fresh, as both become grimy by age, and although dealers will say it does no harm we know to the contrary and good fresh materials cost no more than old stuff.

HAULING OUT.—Hauling out is always attended with some risk of damage, and to avoid accidents everything should be provided in order that no makeshifts have to be used. After selecting the locality, which should be some place protected from northwest winds, a temporary ways should be laid, which may be made by laying down some joists or good stout planks which can be held in place by driving a few stakes on each side and nailing these to the ways. When the ground is uneven it will be necessary to shore up under the ways where they are liable to bend.

The next things required are some wooden rollers, although if these are not at hand old iron pipe will answer, but this is liable to damage the keel unless it is provided with a shoe. Haul the bow out on one roller and as it works aft keep putting other rollers under, taking care not to allow the whole weight of the boat to rest on any roller or rollers under the midships only but to distribute the weight as much as possible.

When there is no cradle for the boat to rest in it is sometimes customary to have sufficient help to hold the boat up on an even keel. This makes a lot of unnecessary trouble and often results in the boat being dropped. By far the best plan is to have a good plank, lay it under the bilge parallel with the keel and so it will rest on the rollers, now take a gunny sack and fill it with hay or shaving and place it on the plank, allowing the bilge to rest down on it thereby avoiding to have to keep the boat on an even keel. A good four-part block and fall is generally all that is necessary for hauling power. This can be fastened to a stake driven in the ground if nothing else is at hand. If this is not sufficient a watch tackle can be rigged. This is done by taking two sets of tackles, making the hook of the first fast to the hauling part of the tackle on the boat, thus by hauling on the first you have the entire power of the first tackle to haul on the original tackle. Care should be taken to keep the boat from getting off the rollers. When in proper position shore up with good blocking at each end and also midships, taking care, however, that the middle blocking does not bear as hard up under the keel as the ends, as should the end blocking settle it will throw the bulk if not all the weight on the middle blocks, which will cause the boat to hog. Good substantial shores must be so placed as to keep the boat on even keel.

The next thing is to drive out the bilge plugs or open the sea cock, as the case may be, in order to allow any rain water to escape, after which the boat is ready to be covered with anything at hand. If canvas is used for covering an air space should be left in order that a circulation of air can enter the boat, which prevents dry and

mere day accommodation, and she is both able and roomy enough for general cruising about the Sound and the eastern coast. Her dimensions are:

Length—	
Over all.....	39ft. 9 1/2 in.
L.W.L.....	25ft. 1 1/2 in.
Beam, extreme.....	11ft. 1 in.
Draft—	
Hull to Rabet.....	1ft. 10 in.
Hull without board.....	4ft. 6 in.
With board.....	7ft.
Freeboard	
Bow	3ft. 7 1/2 in.
Least	2ft. 3 1/2 in.
Counter	2ft. 8 1/4 in.
Displacement	13,000 lbs.
Ballast, in keel.....	4,500 lbs.
Sail area.....	900 sq. ft.

The construction is strong and substantial, and thoroughly durable, but at the same time it is simple and not specially expensive. The keel is bent from a 4 in. plank of oak, sided 4 in. where it scarfs to the stem just forward of the water line, increasing to 10 in. amidships, and tapering to 4 in. again at the transom. The frames are of oak, 1 1/2 by 1 1/2, spaced 10 inches, the clamps are sided 3 in. and moulded 2 in.; the bilge stringers are of yellow pine. The upper strake is of oak and the rest of the planking is of a long-leaf yellow pine, 1 in. thick, in single lengths, the plank sheer is of oak, 1 1/2 in. thick, 3 1/2 in. in the middle and 2 1/2 in. at the ends, with deck sprung to side line of 2 by 1 1/2 in. white pine. The cabin trunk is staved up with 1 by 3 in. matched pine, sheathed inside and out with 1/4 in. white pine; the top, of 1 by 3 in. matched pine, being covered with canvas. The outside keel, 4,500 lbs. of iron, is fastened with 14 bolts, 3/4 in. each, set up on top of the cross floors, of oak, 3 by 4 in. across keel.

The cabin is uncut by the trunk, the board housing entirely below the floor, with a wire pendant leading to the cockpit. The headroom is 5 ft. 5 in. and there are two lockers, each 10 ft. 6 in. long. On the port side forward is a small toilet room and opposite to it is a snug galley, with lockers, racks, etc. The space in the cabin is very well utilized, with lockers and transoms. There is a wardrobe on each side against the after bulkhead. There is little headroom in the forecabin, but otherwise there is good room for one hand. The sail plan includes main-sail and jib, a total of 900 sq. ft., with bowsprit 4 ft. 6 in. outboard and boom about 4 ft. abaft end of counter.

A Sailing Dinghy.

The little dinghy here illustrated was designed by J. Wilton Morse, Esq., of Toronto, for vacation sailing on Georgian Bay, in a part which is a perfect network of islands, narrow channels, rocks and reefs. The boat was intended to carry three comfortably, to beat to windward through long channels only a few yards wide, and to be easily launched and housed by one man. All of these ends have been successfully attained, the boat has proved very handy, and quite fast under a small rig. She is dry and stiff, and easily carries a fourth person. The centerboard is of wood, weighing about 125 lbs. As shown in the plate, she has a man of 160 lbs. aft and a 75 lb. sand-bag in the bow. She would make an excellent dinghy for a yacht.

Dimensions of sailing dinghy:

Length—	
Over all	12ft.
L.W.L.	10ft. 6 in.
Beam	4ft. 7 1/2 in.
Freeboard, least	11 in.
Sheer—	
Bow	7 in.
Stern	3 in.
Depth amidships	18 in.
Draft	7 in.
Displacement	800 lbs.
Spars—	
Mast	11ft. 6 in.
Boom	11ft. 6 in.
Yard	9ft. 6 in.
Sail—	
Luff	4ft. 6 in.
Leech	14ft. 10 in.
Foot	11ft.
Head	9ft.
Throat to clew.....	11ft.
Sail area	70 sq. ft.
Planking	1/4 in. cedar
Ribs	3/8 x 7/8 oak spaced 5 in. center

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

Fixtures.

First and third Fridays of each month.—Watson's Park, Burnside Ill.; Semi-monthly contest for Montgomery Ward & Co.'s diamond badges.

April 11-13.—Elkwood Park, Long Branch, N. J.—The Interstate Association's seventh annual Grand American Handicap tournament. Entries close April 4. Edward Banks, Sec'y, 318 Broadway.

April 18-21.—Lincoln, Neb.—The Lincoln Gun Club's second annual interstate tournament; targets and live birds; \$500 added. Geo. L. Carter, Sec'y.

April 18-19.—Dallas, Tex.—Tournament of North Texas Gun Club League.

April 17-22.—Baltimore, Md.—Prospect Park Shooting Association's tournament; \$500 added. Stanley Baker, Sec'y.

April 19.—South Hingham, Mass.—Annual tournament of the Hingham Gun Club.

April 22.—Wissinoming, Pa.—Philadelphia Trap-Shooters' League tournament. J. K. Starr, Sec'y.

April 25-27.—Kansas City, Mo.—Ninth annual tournament of the Missouri State Amateur Shooting Association, under auspices of Washington Park Gun Club; \$400 added money; target and live birds. Walter F. Bruns, Sec'y.

April 25-26.—Gretna, Neb.—Target and live-bird tournament; \$200 added; open to all. H. M. Hardin and C. B. Randlett, Managers.

April 25-28.—Baltimore, Md.—Tournament of Baltimore Shooting Association; targets and live birds; Money added. H. P. Collins, Sec'y.

April 25-27.—Osceola, Ia.—Osceola Gun Club's tournament.

April 26-28.—Temple, Tex.—Texas State Sportsmen's Association's tournament.

May 2-5.—Lincoln, Neb.—Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association's twenty-third annual tournament, under the auspices of the Capital City Gun Club; six amateur and four open events each day; targets and live birds. R. M. Welch, Sec'y.

May 6.—White Plains, N. Y.—Live-bird handicap. E. G. Horton, Manager.

May 9-13.—Peoria, Ill.—Illinois State Sportsmen's Association's tournament. C. F. Simmons, Sec'y.

May 16-19.—Erie, Pa.—Ninth annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Reed Hurst Gun Club. F. W. Bacon, Sec'y.

May 16-20.—St. Louis, Mo.—Tournament of the Missouri State Fish and Game Protective Association. H. B. Collins, Sec'y.

May 17-18.—Oil City, Pa.—Interstate Association's tournament, under auspices of Oil City Gun Club. F. S. Bates, Sec'y.

May 23-25.—Algona, Ia.—Tournament of the Iowa State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game. John G. Smith, Pres.

May 24-25.—Greenwood, S. C.—Annual live-bird tournament of the Greenwood Gun Club; 25-bird Southern Handicap. R. G. McCants, Sec'y.

May 26-27.—Tyrone, Pa.—Target tournament of the Tyrone Gun Club. D. D. Stine, Sec'y.

May 30.—Canajoharie, N. Y.—All-day target shoot at Canajoharie. N. Y. Charles Weeks, Sec'y.

May 30-June 2.—Erie, Pa.—Ninth annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Reed Hurst Gun Club. Frank W. Bacon, Sec'y.

June 5-10.—Buffalo, N. Y.—New York State shoot, under the auspices of the Buffalo Audubon Gun Club; \$1,000 guaranteed; over \$2,000 in merchandise, and \$1,000 added money in open events. Chas. Bamberg, Sec'y, 61 Edna Place.

June 6-9.—Sioux City, Pa.—Fifth annual amateur tournament of the Soo Gun Club. E. R. Chapman, Sec'y.

June 21-23.—Columbus, O.—Tournament of the Ohio Trap-Shooters' League, under the auspices of the Sherman Rod and Gun Club. J. C. Porterfield, Sec'y, O. T. S. L.

June 14-15.—Bellows Falls, Vt.—Interstate Association's tournament, under auspices of Bellows Falls Gun Club. C. H. Gibson, Sec'y.

June 14-16.—Cleveland, O.—Cleveland Target Co.'s tournament.

June 20-22.—Wheeling, W. Va.—Third annual tournament of the West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Wheeling Gun Club, Wheeling, W. Va. John B. Garden, Sec'y.

June 27-29.—Altoona, Pa.—Target tournament of the Altoona Rod and Gun Club, Wopsononock Heights. G. G. Zeth, Sec'y.

July 1-2.—Milwaukee, Wis.—Grand tournament of Milwaukee Gun Club, in Carnival Week. S. M. Du Val, Sec'y.

July 19-20.—Providence, R. I.—Interstate Association's tournament, under auspices of the Providence Gun Club. R. C. Root, Sec'y.

July 18-20.—Little Rock, Ark.—Arkansas State tournament.

Aug. 9-10.—Portland, Me.—Interstate Association's tournament, under auspices of the Portland Gun Club. S. B. Adams, Sec'y.

Sept. 6-7.—Portsmouth, Va.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Portsmouth Gun Club. W. N. White, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties on all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

The programme of the Interstate tournament, to be held at Oil City, Pa., under the auspices of the Oil City Gun Club, May 17 and 18, provides ten events each day, 15 and 20 targets, \$1.50 and \$2 entrance, respectively. All purses are divided on the equitable system. Guns and ammunition forwarded to Mr. F. S. Bates, Oil City, will be delivered on the shooting grounds. Price of targets, 2 cents, included in all entrances. Lunch will be served on the grounds. The Interstate Association rules will govern. The Interstate Association's manager, Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, 122 Diamond Market, Pittsburg, will manage the tournament.

At the March shoot of the Florists' Gun Club, of Philadelphia, which was the last of that series, Messrs. Anderson and Harris tied on 15 points for the year. At the last shoot, April 4, the tie was shot off, Anderson first, Harris second; scores 48 to 45.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Boiling Springs Gun Club.

Rutherford, N. J., April 1.—The scores made at the club shoot to-day were as follows:

Paul	00111011100011111111001-17
James	00110011000111111111100-15-32
Palmer	1000001010000001010001-8
Spigle	0011110000100110000111-13-21
Everett	111111011111010110110-20
Huck	010001001110101111000-14-34
Frank	1001011010001000100101-11
Lenone	0100000110101000101011-11-22
Platt	11110101110011100111-19-37
Jennerette	11101110001011011111-20
Just	0100011111111111010001-16
Events:	1 2 3
Targets:	15 15 15
Huck	13 13 11
Spigle	8 10 ..
Lenone	8 7 ..
Everett	7 12 11
Platt	10 8 ..
Palmer	9 7 ..

East Side Gun Club.

Newark, N. J., April 3.—The birds were a good lot. There was a wind blowing from the rear across diagonally, about a 7 o'clock wind. All stood at 28 yds. No. 1 was at 7 birds; Nos. 2 and 3, 10 birds; No. 4, miss-and-out:

Koegel	22211*1-6	No. 1	No. 2
Cashau	2220222-6	No. 1	No. 2
Schubel	1122201-6	No. 1	No. 2
Schortemeier	0101101-4	No. 1	No. 2
Lenthauer	1102101-5	No. 1	No. 2
Hassinger	122010021-6	No. 1	No. 2

Koegel	211212122-10	No. 3	No. 4
Cashau	2222222-8	No. 3	No. 4
Schubel	222021122-7	No. 3	No. 4
Hassinger	120012210-7	No. 3	No. 4
Schortemeier	220212102-8	No. 3	No. 4
Perment	12210-4	No. 3	No. 4
Perry	210-2	No. 3	No. 4
Hassinger, re-entry	0-0	No. 3	No. 4
Hassinger, re-entry	10-1	No. 3	No. 4

Trap at Elkwood Park.

Long Branch, N. J.—The following scores were made at Elkwood Park, each event being at 20 birds, \$10 entrance, birds included:

Rice, 27	220121221221121222-19
Miller, 28	120102022022222222-16
Heikes, 31	1222212022212022222-18
Glover, 30	22212221212021212-19
Budd, 30	112222120122210211-18
Jackson, 28	112312121121210211-19
Fawcett, 29	000 w
George, 27	1001111201112212202-16
Le Roy, 28	122212202222222222-18
Martin, 28	12221122221222122-20
Worthen, 28	0121211022012102211-16
Peterman, 27	121222121222210112-17
Merrill, 29	01211111021111111-18
Riley, 31	222222122212122202-19
Daly, 29	12221222211000 w
Patten, 29	210222122221002212-17
Money, 29	222121221-10
Brewer, 31	2212122121-10
Van Mater, 26	0210201100-5
Thompson, 28	2111201222-19
Bryan, 28	12202-4

Five who are on the last of the list were not in the sweep.

Money	111221220111222122-19
Heikes	202222222222222222-19
George	1012101
Merrill	001210
Glover	2122221021212221221-19
Woolley	222111112221222122-20
Budd	212212212221012122-19
Patton	20220
Rice	212212222222222222-20
Martin	212121211121112122-20
Le Roy	222202
Brewer	222222222222222220-19
Bryan	02002
Faurete	2201222
Daly	212222220210
Riley	222222222222222222-19
Jackson	2220202
Miller	00210
Peterman	2222212111222022112-19
Thompson	22121221222121100

Lakewood Gun Club.

Lakewood, N. J., April 7.—Lakewood Gun Club's shoot at targets, \$5 entrance, two moneys. Rainy and very windy:

C Norcross	111110011111110110011-18
Hy Combrick	101111011111011110011-20
E Havens	10101011111101010110-17
Mr Closson	00000001000101010001010-7
C Skulthorp	101010100110111110111-19
Hy Combrick	100111111111111-13
E Havens	01011100101111-10
C Skulthorp	11101000101111-10
R Parker	111111111111111-15

Indiana Trap-Shooters' League.

PERU, Ind.—Editor Forest and Stream: The Indiana Trap-Shooters' League having sanctioned the dates for our third annual amateur tournament, to be held at this place on May 2 and 3, 1899, I desire to take this opportunity to explain to the many sportsmen who have heretofore attended our tournaments that this change in date from the last week in April to the first week in May has been made on account of the superior hotel accommodations to be had at Peru during the latter week as compared to the former.

Heretofore when our tournaments were held the last week in April, our hotels were filled with the attaches of the Wallace circus and menagerie, which makes its annual start from this place, and therefore the addition of some sixty to seventy-five sportsmen made the accommodation somewhat crowded. As to our tournament, it will be held upon the same lines exactly as was our first two, in 1897 and 1898, which were such unequalled successes, the entries running over fifty and averaging at both tournaments about forty each day. The management is now endeavoring to secure reduced rates on the two railroads entering Peru, and will announce the same in the programmes, to be out about April 20 to 25. As our annual tournament always sounds the opening gun for the Indiana Trap-Shooters' League season, and as we have within a radius of about 100 miles some 250 to 300 amateur shooters, we expect the usual large and enthusiastic attendance, especially as the sportsmen will understand that the tournament will be run upon the same lines as heretofore, being strictly an amateur affair, but amateurs from any part of the State are welcome.

Louis D. REAM, Sec'y.

The dates of the Ohio Trap-Shooters' League tournament, Mr. J. C. Porterfield, the secretary, informs us, have been changed from June 7-9 to June 21-23.

ON LONG ISLAND.

New Utrecht Gun Club.

Woodlawn, L. I., April 8.—Mr. Horn was a guest. The scores made at the club shoot to-day are as follows:

No. 1, club shoot:	
F Thompson, 29, A.22021021-7	S B Seymore, 28, B.201202200-6
M Otis, 29, B.....002210201-6	Horn.....0112210201-7
Dr Henry, 28, B.....121000*0w	
No. 2, New Utrecht handicap:	
S B Seymore, 28.....2222-6	F A Thompson, 29.....20220-3
M Otis, 28.....20222-4	
No. 3, quarterly shoot:	
F A Thompson, 28.....2222*-4	M Otis, 28.....02022-3
S B Seymore, 28.....20222-1	
No. 4, monthly shoot:	
M Otis, 28.....22212-5	S B Seymore, 28.....*222*-3
F A Thompson, 29.....20221-4	
No. 5, 3-bird sweep:	
M Otis.....222-3	F A Thompson.....112-3
Dr Henry.....101-2	S B Seymore.....000-0
Horn.....010-1	
No. 6, 10-bird sweep:	
M Otis.....202201220-7	F A Thompson.....212120010*-6
S B Seymore.....222001002-6	

Brooklyn Gun Club.

Brooklyn, L. I., April 8.—The main event was a handicap prize shoot, event No. 5. Messrs. J. S. Wright and Mr. Lane tied, and divided in it.

There were several matches at 25 targets between Messrs. J. S. S. Remsen and Harold Money, the latter winning most of these contests. In a 50-target race between H. Money and W. Brentford, the latter won by 3 targets. No. 3 was at 15 singles and 5 pairs:

Events:	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10
Targets:	25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25
H. Money	23 20 21 22 .. 23 14 22 9
J S S Remsen	22 20 22 21 .. 19 13 19 ..
W Brentford	20 20 20 .. 15 16 8 ..
L Hopkins	23 .. 20 .. 23 11 30 ..
Lane 1 14 .. 9 ..
Scheubel	.. 18 16 8 .. 12 16 10 ..
Dr Kemble	.. 19 19 3 15 .. 11 19 ..
Dr Cramer	.. 15 9 12 16 9 15 ..
Armend 18 .. 11 ..
Wright	.. 10 .. 10 .. 7 ..
David	.. 12 .. 5 13 6 ..
Cashau	.. 9 .. 12 ..
Kohle	.. 3 15 .. 5 ..

WESTERN TRAPS.

East Bound.

CHICAGO, Ill., April 8.—The Du Pont-Hazard Smokeless Powder Express, composed of five cars, under charge of E. S. Rice, will start East for the Grand American Handicap over the D. & O. Ry. this afternoon. The following is the list of those making up the party up to last night: H. E. Bollenstein and V. F. Bollenstein, Cambridge, Ill.; Ed Bingham, Chicago; Dr. Brown, Ramsey, Wis.; C. T. Carlson, Cummings, Ia.; H. G. Carter, Janesville, Wis.; H. P. Collins, Baltimore, Md.; T. H. Conron, Pleasant Hill, Mo.; Guy V. Dering, Columbus, Wis.; Albert Dunnell, Harry, Dunnell, William Dunnell, Nippersink, Ill.; Otto V. Ebnessor, New Albany, Ind.; Dr. W. H. Gragg, Memphis, Tenn.; Charles M. Grimm, Clear Lake, Ia.; William Harraugh, Geneseo, Ill.; Frank Harrison, Koshkonong, Wis.; W. A. Henman, Pekin, Ill.; C. C. Hess, Riverdale, Ill.; H. C. Hirschey, St. Paul, Minn.; Samuel Honman, Jr., Atlanta, Ia.; J. J. Hanowell, Bridgeport, Conn.; Thomas A. Marshall, Keithsburg, Ill.; W. F. Meidroth, Peoria, Ill.; A. L. Miller, New Boston, Ill.; C. C. Nauman, San Francisco, Cal.; F. R. Patch, Hartley, Ia.; James O'Brien, Dubuque, Ia.; L. H. Owen, McHenry, Ill.; K. S. Rockwell, Columbus, Wis.; W. P. Shattuck and Mrs. W. P. Shattuck, Minneapolis, Minn.; Dr. J. W. Smith, St. Louis, Mo.; A. D. Sperry, Rock Island, Ill.; F. M. Stockton, Hannibal, Mo.; Victor Studeny, Neponset, Ill.; John J. Sumpter, Jr., St. Louis, Mo.; William Talley, Henderson, Ky.; D. V. Tantlinger, Iowa City, Ia.; Edward Voris, Crawfordville, Ind.; Ralph Valentine, Monroeville, O.; John Watson, Grand Crossing, Ill.; Otto Zwery, Sheboygan, Wis.; T. P. Laffin, Rock Island, Ill.; Dr. Kibbey and John A. Lane, Marshalltown, Ia.; John C. England, Mount Pulaski, Ill.; E. E. Neal, Bloomfield, Ind.; Frank L. Snyder, Crawfordville, Ind.; John A. Samuelson, Ophiom, Ill.; Mrs. S. P. Murrey, Stillwater, Minn.; A. H. Bogardus, Lincoln, Ill.; C. L. Clark, Nora Springs, Ia.; W. S. Knapp, Sioux City, Ia.; Al Leimer, Little Rock, Ark.; J. F. McAuley, Osceola, Ia.; J. W. McCurdy, Kansas City, Mo.; H. H. McKinney, Janesville, Wis.; H. C. Mortenson, Britt, Ia.; Dr. F. E. Morris, Dixon, Ill.; Robert Wood, Chicago; James F. Powell, Ottumwa, Ia.; F. W. Ramaley, St. Paul, Minn.; E. J. Seance, Sidell, Ill.; J. G. Smith, Algona, Ia.; Dr. J. W. Smith, and Mrs. J. W. Smith, St. Louis; Dr. J. L. Williamson, George L. Deiter, John Plankinton, Jr., and Stephen Muenier, Milwaukee; C. B. Dicks, E. Bingham, T. P. Hicks, W. B. Leffingwell, S. Palmer, A. C. Paterson, Dr. S. Shaw, E. S. Rice, F. P. Sannard, J. B. Barto, Dr. W. F. Carver, W. F. De Wolf, R. Wood, E. M. Steck and Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Richards, Chicago; Fred Gilbert and Russell Klein, Spirit Lake, Iowa; Joseph Kirsher, W. R. Milner and George McCartney, Des Moines, Ia.; F. E. and F. M. McKay, Minneapolis.

A few of the East-bound shooters have been in Chicago, and have taken occasion to do a little practicing at Watson's. On April 5, Mayor Tom Marshall, of Keithsburg, killed 15 straight with ease, and looked as though he would kill them all at Elkwood. On the day after the following scores were shot among others: O. Zwerg 20, B. Tantlinger 14, J. C. England 21, J. Hollowell 13, J. Kirsher 20, C. Nauman 21, V. Bollenstein 24, J. O'Brien 22, A. C. Paterson 21, Mrs. Murrey 16, Mrs. Shattuck 13.

Milwaukee Clubs.

In its last weekly shoot the Wisconsin Gun Club, of Milwaukee, made the following scores, at 25 targets: Hunnestein 18, Klapsinski 13, Horlick 18, Rohn 16, Mulien 16, Hunnestein 20, Horlick 21, Klapsinski 20, Meunier 18, Rogers 11, Figue 17, Paul 16, Borax 14, J. Meunier 16, Figue 17, Rohn 21, Paul 12.

The Wisconsin Gun Club has been presented a silver loving cup by a Milwaukee firm, which will be put in competition next summer, under conditions later to be determined. On last Monday members of the North Side Gun Club, of Milwaukee, made the following scores, at 25 targets: P. Pinter 23, H. Haehn 20, Peters 19, A. Krause 18, B. Schroeder 17, Klemme 16, E. Schroeder 16, W. Gaulke 22, C. Imse 20, J. Trapp 19, A. Klomann 18, Imekus 17, P. Schwartz 14, D. Peters 14.

Lincoln Amateur Shoot.

The Lincoln Gun Club, of Lincoln, Neb., starts off the season with its second annual, April 18-21. This is "amateur vs. amateur," and the club hangs up the pleasant prospect of "free targets, choice merchandise and gold coin, equal to \$1,250 added." Professionals and agents are barred from the purses. The co-operative plan adopted by the management of this shoot is something unique in its way, and should be added to the different ideas which have been advanced by tournament managements with the intention of bringing out and holding in the crowd. It is set forth as below:

"In presenting the programme of our second annual amateur tournament, we desire to state that we announced our dates almost a year ago, and it has been our one ambition to give the amateur shooters of the Middle West a strictly high-class tournament, and we believe you will agree with us that we are unselfish in our decision to throw targets free. Without doubt, it is a great thing for the shooters, but what about the club? We will answer, that the wide-awake, reliable manufacturers and sporting goods dealers, as well as the leading business men of our city have assisted us in the purchase of targets, issuing of programmes and many other expenses a club are subjected to, but there is still another expense—the running expense of the tournament must be met. This amount we must pro-rate among the shooters by taxing them a small amount to make up a fund to defray the expenses, which amount will be governed by the number of shooters attending, but shall not exceed \$1 per day. Let us see what effect this will have on the shooter. Take, for example, a basis of seventy-five shooters, ten events per day, \$1.50 entrance with \$500 added, and deducting the usual amount for

targets, the total purse for the three days would be \$2,792.50, and your entry would be \$15, which, with our free-target system, the total purse for the same number of entries and events would be \$3,315, and your entrance would not exceed \$18, thus for the small amount you contribute to the running expenses of the shoot you are permitted to contest for an additional purse of \$532.50.

"Figure the system on any basis you desire, and it will stand the test. We send greeting to our friends and trust you will be with us April 18, 19, 20 and 21, 1899."

E. Hough.

1200 Boyce Building, Chicago.

Boston Gun Club.

Poston, Mass., April 7.—The first shoot in new prize series and the pleasant day drew fifteen shooters to Wellington, Wednesday, April 5. Henniker, N. H., South Weymouth, Campello, Fitchburg and Haverhill, Mass., were all represented, the latter club sending three members, Messrs. Tozier, Miller and George, to sample Boston Gun Club conditions, and later in the evening the Boston dog show.

Everybody enjoyed themselves, though only one shooter, Mr. Allison, could be said to have made a good average. He broke 86 per cent., doubles and all, from 18 yds. rise, and generally speaking, when he was through with a target there was nothing left of it.

It is well, however, that average is not the whole show. Somebody must lead, but there are many who never do. The shooter breaking 40 per cent. has the same amount of fresh air, sunshine and rest from business cares as he who attains 80, and quite often for a beginner 40 represents just as much, if not more, improvement than the higher figure.

Scores as follows:

Events:	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11
Targets:	10 10 3p 10 10 10 10 10 5p 10 10
Gordon, 17	9 7 6 6 9 5 6 3 7 7 8
Miskay, 18	5 10 4 6 8 8 8 8 6 8 9
Leroy, 21	7 6 3 7 8 5 5 9 6 ..
Allison, 18	20 8 2 10 9 10 9 8 7 10 8
Woodruff, 17	7 5 5 7 8 8 8 5 .. 7 8
Miller, 16	5 6 2 5 6 8 4 5 3 ..
George, 16	7 6 5 5 8 6 8 4 5 ..
Tozier, 16	5 8 3 5 7 6 5 9 6 5 ..
Banks, 14	5 5 3 6
Dimon, 14	4 1 0 1
Cutler, 16	2 7 3 5 7 3 5 7 4 5 6
Goss, 16	4 1 4 .. 4 ..
Williams, 15	1 1 4 6 4 7 6 7 ..
Spencer, 18	7 .. 7 10 9 8 6 5 7 ..
Blaney, 16 5 5 ..

Event No. 1, known angles; No. 8, same use of both barrels; 2, 5, 6, 7, 8, and 11, unknown angles; 4 and 10, reverse; 3 and 9, pairs:

First contest, new merchandise series, 30 unknown angles:	
Allison, 18	111011111111111111111111-28
Spencer, 18	111111111111111111111111-27
Miskay, 18	110111111111111111111111-24
Woodruff, 17	111011101111111111111111-24
George, 16	111011101111111111111111-22
Gordon, 17	1111111011000110110110100-20
Leroy, 21	1110111011100100110010011-18
Miller, 15	101101101111111101100201001-15
Tozier, 16	111001110111000110011000110-18
Williams, 15	101101001110010101010101012-17
Cutler, 16	010110110010001100110001001-15

April 8.—Eighteen shooters tested a magautrap this afternoon at Wellington on the grounds of the Boston Gun Club. Perhaps two of the eighteen were fully confident of its success; the other sixteen were on "de fence." The fence at first was a very good place to be but the evolution of one squad evened out the "kinks" and afterward nothing could be more perfect than the manipulation of the targets.

The shooting was found a little different from ordinary, and for that reason the scores appear slightly off center. In a practice team match between Harvard Shooting Club and Boston Gun Club the home team had three of its good men depart woefully from their beaten paths of percentage, and naturally lost to their opponents by 11 targets. Miskay and Woodruff managed high scores for Boston; the Harvards shot altogether a more even pace, and considering it was their first trial of an entirely new system, did very well.

Mr. Woodruff was on this occasion B. G. C. gold watch charm, won in the prize series just finished. The design, like that of preceding series, is a prettily fashioned strap and buckle, engraved "Boston Gun Club," forming edge for raised circle, engraved, "Spring Prize Series, 1899," the plain back simply ornamented, "Won by G. Woodruff."

Events:	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10
Targets:	10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 5p 10
Kinney	1 2 6 6 3 6 1 ..
Gordon	2 5 6 5 3 8 4 4 6 8
Parker	3 4 1 6 4 6 6 5 4 ..
Campbell	7 7 .. 8 7 7 ..
Woodruff	6 8 8 8 8 10 7 8 ..
Rancroft	9 .. 7 8 7 ..
Miskay	5 8 7 7 10 9 9 9 4 5
Mallinckrodt	5 7 .. 6 8 9 ..
Dana	4 5 4 3 5 .. 2 ..
Allison	4 7 6 2 3 .. 4 ..
Edwards	8 .. 5 8 8 ..
Sanford	7 6 .. 5 8 7 ..
Nowelle	6 6 2 4 2 .. 8 8 3 ..
Blake	4 6 5 5 5 5 5 ..
Horace	.. 3 3 3 7 ..
Spencer	6 8 9 6 7 7 8 8 6 ..
Eaton	.. 6 7 7 4 6 4 5 9
Andre	.. 5 4 .. 3 ..

Team match: Harvard Shooting Club vs. Boston Gun Club, five men to a team, 30 unknown angles each shooter:

Harvard Shooting Club.	
Mallinckrodt	10011001111101111101111-23
Bancroft	10101101101101111101111-22
Campbell	111111011011010101010111-22
Edwards	110011010001101111110101-21
Sanford	0110011001110111110110101-20-108

Boston Gun Club.

Woodruff	011101111111011011111111-26
Miskay	110111001111111111111111-26
Gordon	10101001010010001001101110-16
Parker	1100001111100100100110100-16
Horace	01000010101000110000101101101-13-97

Florists Gun Club, of Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., April, 4.—The contest for the president's cup, held to-day, 2 unknown from magautrap and 25 known from expert traps, resulted as follows:

G. A. H. Entries.

THE entries to the Grand American Handicap number 266, an increase of 65 over those of last year, after the closing and before the post entries were received. There were 6 post entries last year, which brought the total up to 207.

The competitors are numbered in the order in which they will shoot, and their addresses and handicaps follow their names:

No.	Name and address.	Yards.
1.	W S Edey, New York.	27
2.	F P Stannard, Chicago, Ill.	28
3.	T H Cohron, Pleasant Hill, Mo.	27
4.	E B Puck, Boston, Mass.	26
5.	A L Ivins, Red Bank, N J.	28
6.	James Atkinson, Newcastle, Pa.	26
7.	J Thomas, Georgetown, Me.	26
8.	Geo W Clay, Austerlitz, Ky.	28
9.	Harry Dunnell, Nippersink, Ill.	28
10.	Justus von Lengerke, Orange, N J.	28
11.	Sporting Life No. 2, Philadelphia.	28
12.	Frederick Bucklin, Worcester, Mass.	28
13.	J J Sumpter, Jr., Hot Springs, Ark.	27
14.	Neaf Appgar, Plainfield, N J.	29
15.	G W Schuler, Cincinnati, O.	29
16.	James H Campbell, Franklin, Tenn.	25
17.	T A Marshall, Keithsburg, Ill.	29
18.	J H Van Mater, Atlantic Highlands, N J.	29
19.	Also Ran, Philadelphia, Pa.	29
20.	B F Popham, Memphis, Tenn.	26
21.	John Parker, Detroit, Mich.	29
22.	Dr J Hood, Brooklyn, L I.	29
23.	A Williams, Scranton, Pa.	29
24.	J S Fanning, San Francisco.	30
25.	Fred Coleman, Hedges, Pa.	28
26.	J Snell, Worcester, Mass.	28
27.	John B Mosby, Cincinnati, O.	28
28.	C E Francis, Wilkesbarre, Pa.	28
29.	C W Billings, Hoboken, N J.	26
30.	B W Ford, Fleetwood, Pa.	28
31.	J S Dutton, Newark, N J.	27
32.	Samuel Hutchings, Louisville, Ky.	28
33.	C E Forehand, Worcester, Mass.	26
34.	John Nicholson, Minneapolis, Minn.	26
35.	E E Neal, Bloomfield, Ind.	28
36.	W D Burgess, Omaha, Neb.	28
37.	Guy V Dering, Columbus, Wis.	28
38.	C T Callison, Cummings, Ia.	28
39.	Paul North, Cleveland, O.	28
40.	Thomas Donley, St. Thomas, Ont.	26
41.	G E Crocus, Bath, Me.	26
42.	Charles Thompson, St. Paul, Minn.	28
43.	A J Leicht, Newburgh, N Y.	28
44.	F D Alkire, Woodlyn, O.	29
45.	H L Edgerton, Willimantic, Conn.	27
46.	R J Rockwell, Columbus, Wis.	28
47.	W Fred Quimby, Newark, N J.	28
48.	V E Balenstein, Cambridge, Ill.	27
49.	D R Shaw, Chicago, Ill.	27
50.	I W Budd, Pemberton, N J.	27
51.	Geo A Mosher, Syracuse, N Y.	28
52.	W A Heilman, Pekin, Ill.	28
53.	M J Smith, Huntington, Ind.	27
54.	A W du Bray, Cincinnati.	27
55.	Wood Fawcett, Bardonia, Ky.	28
56.	Dr W H Gragg, Memphis, Tenn.	28
57.	William Wagner, Washington, D C.	28
58.	Phil Daly, Jr., Long Branch, N J.	29
59.	Clarence Nauman, Jr., San Francisco.	28
60.	L H Owen, McHenry, Ill.	28
61.	Mrs. P H Murrey, Stillwater, Minn.	26
62.	C H Stockwell, Troy, N Y.	26
63.	Julian Merideth, Mahanoy City, Pa.	27
64.	Chas Zwirein, Yardville, N J.	28
65.	F H Stockton, Hannibal, Me.	29
66.	H E Buckwalter, Royersford, Pa.	29
67.	R O Heikes, Dayton, O.	31
68.	F R Walker, Hartley, Ia.	27
69.	John W Hoffman, New Germantown, N J.	27
70.	Dr H Browall, Palmyra, Wis.	27
71.	Sporting Life No. 3, Philadelphia, Pa.	29
72.	John C England, Mount Pulaski, Ill.	27
73.	Ed Hickman, Kansas City, Mo.	28
74.	U F Bender, Fanwood, N J.	28
75.	Louis Belloff, New Brunswick, N J.	28
76.	R A Welch, Philadelphia, Pa.	30
77.	Dr R G Fallis, Louisville, Ky.	28
78.	Ed Bingham, Chicago, Ill.	29
79.	J S Speer, Sandusky, O.	27
80.	J M George, San Antonio, Tex.	27
81.	Clarence Angier, Atlanta, Ga.	27
82.	Victor Studley, Neponset, Ill.	27
83.	W R Milner, Des Moines, Ia.	27
84.	W G Clark, Ellwood City, Pa.	28
85.	Mell Johnson, Locust Point, N J.	27
86.	John M Lilly, Indianapolis, Ind.	27
87.	H Ford, New York.	27
88.	H E Balenstein, Cambridge, Ill.	27
89.	L W Stoddard, Matteawan, N J.	27
90.	T W Morfe, Lyndhurst, N J.	27
91.	C F Lenone, Passaic, N J.	26
92.	H B Money, Oakland, N J.	28
93.	R R Merrill, Milwaukee, Wis.	29
94.	J S S Remsen, Brooklyn, N Y.	28
95.	Chas B Cullen, Nashville, Tenn.	26
96.	Geo C McVey, Indianapolis, Ind.	28
97.	D V Tantlinger, Iowa City, Ia.	27
98.	W H Hassinger, Newark, N J.	27
99.	W Cashau, New York.	26
100.	J C Hicks, Baltimore.	26
101.	G H Fairmont, Jersey City, N J.	26
102.	J T Anthony, Charlotte, N C.	26
103.	H Landis, Philadelphia, Pa.	28
104.	Ben Teipel, Covington, Ky.	29
105.	W R Elliston, Nashville, Tenn.	29
106.	T P Laffin, Rock Island, Ill.	28
107.	John J Halliwell, Philadelphia.	28
108.	A L Miller, New Boston, Ill.	28
109.	Fred M McKay, Minneapolis, Minn.	28
110.	F S Parmelee, Omaha, Neb.	30
111.	Col A G Courtney, Syracuse, N Y.	28
112.	B H Worthen, Charleston, S C.	28
113.	Joseph Kirsher, Des Moines, Ia.	26
114.	E C Burkhardt, Buffalo, N Y.	28
115.	L H Schortemeier, New York.	28
116.	R S Waddell, Cincinnati, O.	26
117.	W H Dupe, Chicago, Ill.	27
118.	Dr J G Kilbourn, Utica, N Y.	28
119.	Ed Voris, Crawfordsville, Ind.	27
120.	Samuel Hoffman, Jr., Atlantic, Ia.	27
121.	James Sampson, Trenton, N J.	27
122.	J R Hegeman, New York.	26
123.	J B Barto, Chicago, Ill.	28
124.	D J Bradley, New York.	27
125.	H B Ondawa, Salem, N Y.	28
126.	A H King, Pittsburg, Pa.	28
127.	Sim Glover, Rochester, N Y.	30
128.	Capt Money, Oakland, N J.	30
129.	G F Bruckner, Omaha, Neb.	26
130.	Amberg Loening, New York.	26
131.	John A Lane, Marshalltown, Ia.	26
132.	W W Peabody, Jr., Cincinnati, O.	27
133.	A L Marshall, New York.	26
134.	Wallace Miller, Austin, Tex.	27
135.	W F Merdeth, Peoria, Ill.	27
136.	Howard Schimmel, Easton, Pa.	27
137.	Fred F Wood, New York.	27
138.	H Trumbauer, Royersford, Pa.	30
139.	Sporting Life No. 1, Cleveland, O.	28
140.	H H Stewart, Newark, N J.	27
141.	J A Jackson, Austin, Tex.	28
142.	J G Knowlton, New York.	27
143.	Lloyd Taylor, New York.	26
144.	S M Van Allen, Jamaica, L I.	26
145.	G R Honeywell, South Danville, Me.	26
146.	Henry C, Newark, N J.	25
147.	H P Collins, Baltimore, Md.	25
148.	Albert Dunnell, Nippersink, Ill.	28
149.	W P Shattuck, Minneapolis, Minn.	28
150.	John Plankington, Jr., Milwaukee, Wis.	28
151.	Chase, St. Louis, Mo.	27
152.	J H Hallock, New York.	26
153.	C C Hess, Riverdale, Ill.	28

No.	Name and address.	Yards.
154.	W P Thompson, New York.	27
155.	William Dunnell, Nippersink, Ill.	28
156.	C W Budd, Des Moines, Ia.	30
157.	Dave Elliott, Kansas City, Mo.	28
158.	C B Dicks, Chicago, Ill.	27
159.	W S Canon, Newark, N J.	25
160.	W L Smith, Brooklyn, L I.	27
161.	H J Carter, Janesville, Wis.	27
162.	Carl von Lengerke, Jersey City, N J.	28
163.	Emil Werk, Cincinnati, O.	27
164.	W B Lefingwell, Chicago, Ill.	28
165.	C E Geikler, Philadelphia, Pa.	27
166.	Ed Johnson, Atlantic City, N J.	30
167.	Dallas Elliott, Cleveland, O.	26
168.	Dr J L Weller, Rochester, N Y.	26
169.	H J Mills, Bristol, Conn.	26
170.	B H Norton, New York.	25
171.	J D Gay, Pine Grove, Ky.	29
172.	J A Sherburne, Philadelphia, Pa.	27
173.	Geo S Burroughs, Chase, Md.	27
174.	Mrs W C Shattuck, Minneapolis, Minn.	25
175.	Stephen Meunier, Milwaukee, Wis.	27
176.	Frank Harrison, Newark, N J.	28
177.	H J Lyons, Louisville, Ky.	28
178.	F C Rawhide, Philadelphia, Pa.	28
179.	L S Thompson, New York.	28
180.	Chas Stanley, Cleveland, O.	28
181.	E L Post, New York.	27
182.	Chas H Woolley, Long Branch, N J.	27
183.	James L Smith, Hackettstown, N J.	27
184.	Chas S Campbell, Glen Ridge, N J.	27
185.	F L Snyder, Crawfordsville, Ind.	28
186.	Geo W Loomis, Omaha, Neb.	28
187.	Silas Palmer, Chicago, Ill.	27
188.	B Creighton, Highlands of Navesink, N J.	27
189.	H B Fisher, Philadelphia, Pa.	27
190.	G S McAlpin, New York.	31
191.	W M Tallev, Henderson, Ky.	25
192.	H P Shaner, Newcastle, Pa.	26
193.	J E Riley, Kansas City, Mo.	28
194.	Otto Zwerg, Sheboygan, Wis.	26
195.	A D Sperry, Rock Island, Ill.	27
196.	H R Sweny, Albany, N Y.	27
197.	G H Ford, Farmingdale, L I.	27
198.	H H Moore, Wickford, R I.	27
199.	W T S Vincent, Jacksonville, Fla.	27
200.	C F Arno, Syracuse, N Y.	28
201.	Jim Jones, Philadelphia, Pa.	25
202.	Capt Runk, New Brunswick, N J.	28
203.	U M C, Bridgeport, Conn.	25
204.	J A Samuelson, Opeheim, Ill.	28
205.	H D Kirkover, Jr., Fredonia, N Y.	28
206.	Aaron Doty, Paterson, N J.	28
207.	George L Deiter, Milwaukee, Wis.	28
208.	Fred Farmer, Philadelphia, Pa.	28
209.	J Oldboy, Salem, N Y.	26
210.	J R Malone, Baltimore, Md.	28
211.	W F Parker, Meriden, Conn.	27
212.	Dr J W Smith, St. Louis, Mo.	29
213.	Chas Dixon, Baltimore, Md.	27
214.	A C Dick, Cincinnati, O.	27
215.	Arthur Gambell, Cincinnati, O.	27
216.	Edward Banks, New York.	27
217.	Wm Harbaugh, Genesee, Ill.	27
218.	E D Fulford, Utica, N Y.	30
219.	J O H Denny, Ligonier, Pa.	26
220.	Fred Gilbert, Spirit Lake, Ia.	31
221.	Foxhall Keene, New York.	27
222.	J B Savage, New Haven, Conn.	28
223.	T P Hicks, Chicago, Ill.	28
224.	W R Patten, Pleasure Bay, N J.	28
225.	J W Bramhall, Kansas City, Mo.	27
226.	Louis Hildebrandt, Lebanon, N J.	25
227.	J A R Elliott, Kansas City, Mo.	31
228.	C M Grimm, Clear Lake, Ia.	29
229.	Thomas Martin, Bluffton, S C.	28
230.	Aaron Woodruff, Elizabeth, N J.	28
231.	Wm Holden, Pittston, Pa.	27
232.	No. 99, Marcy, N Y.	27
233.	O V Rattle, New Albany, Ind.	28
234.	C A Young, Springfield, O.	29
235.	Dr W F Carver, Chicago, Ill.	31
236.	Geo H Petermann, Charleston, S C.	27
237.	H C Hershey, St. Paul, Minn.	28
238.	R Valentine, North Monroe, O.	28
239.	Wm Vance, Baltimore, Md.	26
240.	C F Bryan, Haverhill, Mass.	27
241.	O R Dickey, Wellington, Mass.	29
242.	John Watson, Grand Crossing, Ill.	26
243.	W Weidmann, Trenton, N J.	27
244.	A C Patterson, Chicago, Ill.	28
245.	Dr J L Williamson, Milwaukee, Wis.	30
246.	W H Perrine, Keansburg, N J.	27
247.	J L Brewer, New York.	31
248.	T J Stubener, Bladensburg, Md.	27
249.	M L Rice, 96 South Carolina.	28
250.	Wanda, Cincinnati, O.	25
251.	Chas H Lester, Chicago.	27
252.	R T Woods, Brooklyn, L I.	27
253.	James O'Brien, Dubuque, Ia.	27
254.	W M Thompson, Jackson, Mich.	27
255.	Russell Klein, Spirit Lake, Ia.	27
256.	F M Cockrell, Kansas City, Mo.	28
257.	Dr W B Kibbey, Marshalltown, Ia.	27
258.	Chris Gottlieb, Kansas City, Mo.	28
259.	Oswald von Lengerke, Chicago, Ill.	28
260.	B L Roi, Campello, Mass.	28
261.	Geo McCartney, Des Moines, Ia.	27
262.	F M Faurete, Dallas, Tex.	29
263.	E S Rice, Chicago, Ill.	26
264.	M Garrett, Norfolk, Va.	27
265.	J S Sedam, Denver, Col.	28
266.	E A Geoffroy, Newark, N J.	27

Mr. Edward Banks, secretary of the Interstate Association, sends us the following interesting information:

The entry list for the Grand American Handicap shows a total of 266 entries. Of course this number will be increased before the time arrives for commencing the shoot by a certain number of post entries, so that the probable number of entries as a whole will be 275. It is extremely likely that some ten or a dozen will forfeit their entry fee, so that it may be taken that the total number of shooters who will toe the mark on April 12 will be about 260. This would show an increase of 63 shooters over last year, when the total entries amounted to 207, 197 of which actually competed in the Grand American Handicap.

In 1897 there were 146 entries with 135 shooters. In 1896 there were 109 entries with 104 shooters. This shows that the average increase each year has been steadily maintained and is conclusive proof of the popularity of the Grand American Handicap with the shooters of this country, and with the policy of the Interstate Association in the matter of division of the purse.

The conditions are 25 birds, \$25 entrance, birds extra, handicaps from 25 to 35yds.

This year the handicap committee, which was made up as follows: Jacob Pentz, B. Waters, W. R. Hobart, Will K. Park, C. W. Budd and E. E. Shaner, decided to place no shooter back of 35yds. On that mark will be found such crack shots as G. S. McAlpin, J. L. Brewer, Dr. Carver, J. A. R. Elliott, R. O. Heikes and Fred Gilbert.

Last year's winner, E. D. Fulford, who was then placed at 29yds., has been put back to 30yds. this year. On the same mark with him are Jack Fanning, of San Francisco, Cal.; C. W. Budd, of Iowa; Simon Glover, of Rochester, N. Y.; Ed Johnson, of Philadelphia; F. S. Parmelee, of Nebraska; R. A. Welch and the veteran Capt. Money.

Last year Mrs. W. P. Shattuck, of Minneapolis, Minn., was the only lady shooter. This year she has for companions Mrs. P. S. Murray, of Stillwater, Minn.; Mrs. M. F. Lindsley (Wanda), of Cincinnati, O.

The list of entries shows that a total of 28 States, as well as the District of Columbia and the Dominion of Canada are represented in the Grand American Handicap this year. There are 122 shooters from the Eastern States, 107 from the West, 34 from the South, 2 from the Pacific Coast, 1 from Washington, D. C., and Thomas Donley, of St. Thomas, Ont., is the sole representative for the Dominion of Canada.

New York State leads the list with 40 entries; New Jersey is close second with 39; Illinois has 31, Pennsylvania 26.

In order of numbers the representation of the rest of the States is as follows: Ohio 18, Iowa 14, Missouri 12, Wisconsin 10, Kentucky 8, Indiana, Maryland, Massachusetts and Minnesota 7

each, Tennessee and Connecticut 6 each, Nebraska, Texas and South Carolina 4 each, Maine 3, California and Michigan 2 each.

Each of the following have one: Georgia, North Carolina, Virginia, Rhode Island, Arkansas, Colorado, Florida, District of Columbia and Canada.

Tuesday, April 12, is the first day of the Interstate Association tournament. On that day there are two events scheduled as follows: Elkwood Park introductory, 7 birds, \$5, birds extra, 30yds. rise, three high guns; Nitro Powder handicap, 15 birds, \$10, birds extra, handicaps in this event will be the same as in the G. A. H. The purse will be divided in "high gun," not class shooting, and the number of moneys will be proportioned to the number of entries in the event. Shooting will commence at 9 o'clock in the morning.

On Wednesday, April 12, the G. A. H. will be started promptly at 9. It will take nearly three days to finish this event, so that in all probability the ownership of the handsome trophy donated by the Interstate Association will not be decided until well on in the afternoon of Friday, April 14.

In view of the probably large number of entries in the Nitro Powder handicap on Tuesday, it has been decided to start with that event and follow with the Elkwood Park introductory, if time permits.

Philadelphia Trap-Shooters' League.

At the annual meeting of the Philadelphia Trap-Shooters' League, held recently, nine gun clubs were present, namely, the Florist, Southwark, Silver Lake, Glenwillow, Roxborough, Delaware River, Forest, Independent and Clearview. The officers chosen for the ensuing year were: President, H. Landis David; Vice-President, William Morison; Secretary, J. K. Starr; Treasurer, A. B. Cartledge; Field Captain, James Cowan.

It was decided that the conditions of the League team match should be with teams of three men each. Each club in the League to enter any number of teams. Each team to shoot at 75 targets, unknown angles, and to have a handicap added to the score. Each team pays \$3 entrance fee.

The tournaments this year will be held under the auspices of the League. In order to complete the series before cold weather sets in seven shoots will be held on the Florists' grounds, at Wissinoming. Tournaments will be held on April 22, June 3, July 4, Aug. 12, Sept. 23, Oct. 21, Nov. 30.

It was decided that there should be an individual membership as well as a club membership, open to all, whether members of League clubs or not. The individual competition will be at 30 targets at each shoot, 15 unknown and 15 known angles; handicap added to the score; entrance fee for the series, \$1.

The team shoot will be governed by a point system, the six best scores of any one team to count; under this rule a team may be absent from one of the seven shoots and not suffer any loss. Each League club may enter any of its members on any one of its teams.

In the individual contest the gun with the six best scores, handicap included, will win first prize. There will be one cash prize for every five entries, high guns.

The handicap for the first shoot will be taken from the percentages of last year, and each succeeding shoot will be handicapped by the previous shoot. Each man receiving an allowance of broken targets, the difference between the number he shot and missed, less 25 per cent. at the previous shoot. This handicap covers both matches.

As the time between the meeting and the first tournament will not give time to call another meeting, it was decided that any regularly organized gun club wishing to join the League may do so by addressing the secretary, J. K. Starr, P. O. Box 295, at any time, or by having a team present on the grounds. The same rule applies to individual members.

Oil City Gun Club.

OIL CITY, Pa., April 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At the annual meeting of the Oil City Gun Club, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: A. Smedley, President; C. H. Lay, Jr., Vice-President; F. S. Bates, Secretary; H. C. Dorworth, Treasurer. Directors: C. M. Loomis, H. J. Foskett, C. T. McClintock.

The treasurer's statement for the past year showed the club in good shape financially, and the record of shoots showed that the friendly rivalry between the members has been unaffected by any kind of weather. There has been but one Saturday in the year when our weekly shoot was given up, and on that day, with the mercury 15 degrees below zero, we took compassion on the trapper. During the past year the club has shot 47,348 bluebirds, which speaks for itself and shows the healthy condition of the club.

At this meeting the club sold its club house and grounds in the West End Borough to the Oil City Golf Club, deciding to move its traps to the Smithman Park grounds for the summer and hold the interstate tournament of May 17 and 18 on these grounds.

Smithman Park is located about four miles from the Oil City hotels, at the terminus of the Oil City Street Railway Company's lines, and will be well remembered by those who attended the Pennsylvania State shoot in 1897 as an ideal spot to hold a target tournament. The street cars leave the hotels every twenty minutes for the grounds, and the ride of about thirty minutes through the woods, which later in the year abound with grouse and woodcock, prepares a man to shoot his best.

The park has been much improved in the past two years, and when one tires of shooting, a walk through the grounds and a visit to the different springs will be well repaid.

The Oil City Gun Club will extend the same welcome to the shooters who attend the interstate shoot that was given to the participants in the State tournament of 1897, and assures those who anticipate attending that they will never regret the two days recreation and sport.

F. S. BATES, Sec'y.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

To Old Point Comfort, Richmond and Washington Under Personal Escort.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO.

TERMS, \$4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY.
SIX MONTHS, \$2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 22, 1899.

VOL. I. 11. - No. 16
{ No. 846 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Have you ever seen a dog with a bone? If you have, you may have noted with what devotion he seeks it, with what care he guards it, with what fervor he holds it, with what prudence he begins on it, with what affection he breaks it, with what diligence he smells it. What induces him to do this? What is his hope? What good is he to get from it? Only a little marrow.

Rabelais.

PEMMICAN FOR THE ARMY.

THE aftermath of the late war with Spain is not altogether pleasing to the patriotic American. There are squabbles in the army, jealousies and backbitings by the friends of eminent naval officers, and above all scandals in connection with the army commissariat, which are not pleasant reading.

Very different was the course of the British invasion of the Soudan from that by the United States as to Cuba, and for very good reasons. The British occupied two years in their preparations for General Kitchener's successful campaign which recently ended, and their experience in India had taught them all that was needful in the way of preparation for handling and feeding troops under the conditions prevailing in the tropical desert. The United States went into the war with Spain on little more than thirty days' notice. It had not had an army in the field for more than thirty years, and it had never had an army in the field in the tropics. Nevertheless, with blundering boldness, and with a faith in itself which is wholly characteristic of us Americans, it sent its troops with a rush to hot and rainy Cuba, and later it paid the penalty.

The suggestion made in our columns by Capt. L. S. Kelly, scout, Indian fighter, explorer and soldier for more than thirty years, is the outcome of his long experience, and well deserves careful consideration by the heads of the army. It is well understood how compact, nutritious and portable a food is pemmican, and if made without grease and protected from dampness, there is no reason why it should not form a most useful army ration, whether in temperate or tropical climes. It would not do to make it with grease in the old-fashioned way if it were to be used in the tropics, and even if dry, it would have to be enveloped in an air-tight covering if it were to be carried in a moist climate, since in wet weather both pemmican and dried meat soon mould and spoil.

Although, in old times, pemmican was usually made from the flesh of the buffalo, any sort of meat will answer for this purpose if it be properly selected and prepared. Moreover, pemmican is extremely palatable, and is a food of which one does not easily tire.

It is altogether likely that the experiences of the war with Spain will bring about important changes in the Quartermaster and Commissary Departments of the United States Army, and we do not doubt that Capt. Kelly's suggestion will receive due consideration.

THE PRAIRIE CHICKEN IN ARKANSAS.

ARKANSAS, in the variety and abundance of its game birds, animals, and waterfowl, possesses a natural wealth unsurpassed in kind by any other State in the Union; indeed, it is probable that, considered all in all, none can equal it. A large area of the State is mountainous, other large areas are prairie, and there is an immensity of forest and cleared land, river bottom and water courses, affording habitat for deer, bear, quail and other game. Had the State been specially designed for a great game preserve, it could not have been by nature more favorably prepared. So much more alluring are the quality and amount of sport which it affords that hunters from Tennessee, Mississippi, Missouri, Texas and other States, which are themselves great game sections, journey to within its borders and hunt its bear, deer, ducks, quail and prairie chickens. An abundant food supply everywhere the year round, combined with a mild climate, insures an easy existence for the game.

Notwithstanding the lesson of destruction and consequent loss taught by the apathy or neglect of different States in the matter of game preservation, no State is more prodigally reckless in squandering its game wealth than is Arkansas, and no State leaves its game interests more unprotected. Its game laws are all largely a dead

letter, for they are seldom enforced; and there is no adequate legal provision for their enforcement. There are no game wardens, and we are informed on good authority that, under the present constitution of Arkansas, which prohibits the creation of any new offices, it would be impossible to appoint a game warden without the necessary amendment to the constitution. Much is therefore left to the zeal of the individual, and however great that may be, it must always prove far less efficient than organized legal action.

No instance of the utter lack of real energetic purpose in the preservation of its game will serve better to illustrate the point than the manner in which Arkansas has permitted the gradual destruction of its prairie chickens. There are three counties, Lonoke, Prairie and Arkansas, which are largely prairie country, and which afford a natural habitat for the prairie chickens which abound therein. In 1893 a law was passed protecting the species closely for five years. The mere passage of the law constituted the sole measure of protection. Its enforcement by any officers was but little if at all attempted. Still, as a law, it had a beneficent effect; for while men might shoot the chickens and did shoot them, they did not dare offer them for sale in the open market. Thus the destruction was checked in so far as the open commercial features of it were concerned.

However, the purpose of the law, the protection of a depleted stock through a period of time which would permit of its desired multiplication, was in a large measure defeated, and thus at the expiration of the five years of close season the attempt resulted in little if any gain.

There were many who insisted, after the five-year law had expired, that there was no close season whatever on chickens within the State's limits, but the Attorney-General decided that the old law was then in force, and that the open season, according to the statute, was from Sept. 1 to Feb. 1—five full months.

With such inadequate protection, supplemented by public apathy in respect to the preservation of the prairie chicken, it is but a question of a longer or shorter time before it will cease to exist in Arkansas. It is deplorable that so valuable a game bird is to be lost for the want of a preventive measure of adequate protection. It is not yet too late, but if we may judge the future protection of the chicken in Arkansas by that of the past, its fate in that State is extinction at a date not remote.

A WARNING.

HOWEVER much may have been written on the destruction caused by the great cold wave of Feb. 13 and 14, 1899, we may feel sure that the half has not been told. The destruction to animal and vegetable life was beyond belief, and extended over almost the whole United States. Naturally, this destruction was greatest in the South. In the northern States, where animal and vegetable life is accustomed to the ordinary winter temperature of its own latitude, there is no great suffering if this temperature falls for a while many degrees below the average mean, but when a touch of the Northern winter visits the sub-tropical South, it means death. All through the Southern States as far as southern Florida, the bitter frost extended, destroying orange groves, banana plantations and pineapple fields, which to-day look sere and yellow, as though a fire had passed over them. Snow lay in the streets of New Orleans, and Louisiana streams were frozen.

The deep snows which prevailed through a large part of the South caused many birds to perish from starvation, while the terrible and unaccustomed cold destroyed still more. It is said that for 200 years no weather so severe has been recorded on the south Atlantic coast. Mr. Arthur T. Wayne, writing in the Auk, paints a pitiful picture of the sufferings and destruction of the birds. He tells us that to say that fox sparrows and snow-birds were frozen to death by the millions is not an exaggerated statement, but a conservative one. During the first day of this cold wave, there appeared a tremendous migration of fox sparrows, which seemed to come from the northeast, migrating in the southwesterly direction. Thousands stopped all day long in Mr. Wayne's yard, and swarmed on the piazzas, about the outbuildings and in every place that would afford protection. They were busy scratching away the snow to find bare ground, the stronger birds singing, while the weaker ones were

freezing to death. Black birds of two sorts killed and ate these birds, while they were so benumbed by the cold that they could not get away, and even the stronger among the fox sparrows fed upon the bodies of their dead kindred. Mr. Wayne captured great numbers of little finches of different sorts and put them in a large cage, which he brought into the house, so that they might keep warm. But all of them died. Most of these birds were fat and in good condition.

Another species which suffered terribly was the woodcock. These arrived from the North in countless thousands, although previous to this but two birds had been seen during the winter. Woodcock were found everywhere, and all were completely bewildered. Many thousands were killed by so-called sportsmen, and thousands more were frozen to death. Most of the birds were greatly emaciated. It is said that one man killed 200 pairs in a few hours. On the second day of the freeze, Mr. Wayne easily caught on the snow several birds so thin and weak that they could scarcely fly. He put them into a thawed spot on the edge of a swift-running stream, where they might move about and get a little food, but on visiting the place the next day he found one frozen to death. It cannot be doubted that more birds perished in this freeze than were killed by gunners during the entire year.

No class of men are likely to suffer more severely—in their pleasures—by this cold wave than do the sportsmen, and unless great efforts are made toward protecting the game birds that have been most largely destroyed it may be questioned whether the stock will ever re-establish itself. Now more than ever there is call for stringent protection, and above all, for the exercise by each man of that measure of self-restraint in his killing, which, after all, ought to be the true test of the sportsman and the gentleman.

DOGS IN CITIES.

HENRY WARD BEECHER once said in a sermon: "There is many a horse that is more deserving of immortality than the man who rides it. There is many a dog that has more disinterested love than the man who owns it. Why shouldn't they have a chance hereafter? I don't know but they will. That is something I don't know anything about." As a matter of fact, we do not any of us know anything about it. But most of us are agreed that if a dog is in misery it should be put out of misery, and if homeless should be sent to its long home. Among the important and admirable activities of the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, in this city, is the humane destruction of dogs and cats, vagrant or disabled beyond recovery. The undertaking of this task by the Society and the efficient way in which the work has been performed mark an actual advance in our civilization.

Formerly, as is well known, the city was scourged with a horde of officially designated dog catchers, sometimes more degraded than the brutes they were set to capture; and the condemned dogs were drowned in the river. Under that system the public was subjected to frequent outrages, while the plague of stray and cur dogs was not sensibly diminished. Under the administration of the Society, on the contrary, the work is done quietly, unostentatiously and practically, indeed, unobserved, and yet effectually and above all humanely. The statistics given by President John P. Haines in his current report, are astonishing. These are the totals of animals destroyed by the Society's agents during the last twelve years: 1887—1,202; 1888—1,281; 1889—705; 1890—1,347; 1891—2,212; 1892—3,060; 1893—4,794; 1894—24,275; 1895—46,898; 1896—73,197; 1897—88,028; 1898—91,535. The tremendous increase shown in the figures for 1894 and succeeding years is accounted for by the fact that in that year the Legislature enacted the law which entrusts to the Society the entire work of disposing of unlicensed dogs and stray dogs and cats. Of this part of the Society's work, President Haines says, and public sentiment will sustain him: "There can be no doubt of the public service to the community which has been rendered by our shelter system, and the painless destruction of these homeless, helpless, neglected, and generally diseased animals, while delivering the human community from a pestilent nuisance has conferred an unspeakable benefit of health and comfort upon the animal population."

The Sportsman Tourist.

Deer Hunting Days in the Adirondacks.

AN October afternoon in '98 found us waiting for the crazy craft to start up the lakes—'twas a twin-screw affair, twin-engines using steam expansively and expensively. The bells called "Go ahead!" There was a cloud of leaking steam, a hipity-click, bump, clatter from the engines and they're off. Like human twins they went evenly for awhile, and then, either from lack of stamina on the part of one or an excess of vigor in the other, they drew apart, and the course changed until the creaking rudder slewed things straight.

With a plethora of wood and water, what need to take an indicator card or worry how valves are set? I explained to my companion the pitiable condition of the steam plant. He merely said: "The bed-bug has no wings to fly, but he gets there just the same." We threw off mail bags, merchandise and ennui, and the boat finally, with its crew and passengers, put up for the night. I met Delmarsh out under the trees where he looked like himself. We talked of the massage treatment he had given me the year before, of the buck that I had shot, of the fun we had in camp, and then I told him that my brother-in-law was with me.

"How did that happen?" said he.

"Why, he married my sister," I replied.

"Oh, no, no; what did you bring him for?"

I told him that it was a matter of gratitude. "He has been kind to our family; he came in at a time when Cupid was about to confer the degree of O. M. Dun and Bradstreet say he is well off. He is sixty-seven years old—of course I don't speculate on either condition, but I am inclined to be very kind to him, although they tell me that he has a will of his own. Come over, B-in-L., I've been telling Archie all about you."

"Don't mind him, Mr. Delmarsh," said B-in-L. "He is light-headed on account of the war, because he had several ancestors in the battle of Lexington and has played marbles and spun tops on Lexington Common, because he has 'hooked jack' from the Concord schools and bathed in the waters at North Bridge, where 'they fired the shot heard round the world'; because he has been a member of the A. & H. Artillery Company and the First Battalion of Cavalry of Boston (these troops discovered thirst), he thinks that by inheritance and environment he is a great military strategist and that the whole burden of the war has been upon him. War correspondents and others have had the same trouble. When the Manila affair came off he wrote poetry, beginning:

We don't forget the Maine,
Do we?

"The papers did not publish it. His wife tells me that on the Fourth of July he loaded all his guns and lambasted the fence and clothesline posts in the backyard, and when the little boys of the neighborhood looked over and cheered him he said: 'Don't cheer boys, the poor devils are dying.' One night he thought himself Col. Roosevelt, and getting up in his sleep he took an old saber, tried to climb up the side of the room and yelled: 'Come on, boys, we'll lick h—l out of them!'

"He had killed the canary and smashed the clock before they got him to bed again. He is worn out and his money all gone in buying papers. So, Archie, I want you to fix him up and pull him down to earth again; if you cannot do it he will be lying at death's door, with no one to pull him through."

"I guess he will lie, anyway," Delmarsh said. "You two men talk all the time. The pack-horses and supplies are ready and my brother consents to go. The trail is very heavy from late rains, and you will both need time and muscle to cover the seven miles of hard tramping, and you will blow differently, soon."

Little did he know how I longed to see that old open camp again, or how pleased I was to see his honest face once more. How soft the flannel shirt. The baggy corduroys that at home would debar me from polite society were now in style, and the old boots hidden from sight for months now sought the forest voluntarily. The rifle fitted its place upon my shoulder, and its breech action whispered in my ear, "Oh, what a snap!"

We leave the road, cross the brook and the trees close in behind us and shut us from the "common people." The pack-horse at my side seemed to remember me and gave me the best path; and when, coming to some steep incline, I reached out for assistance, it was cheerfully given. That B-in-L. of mine, in spite of years, was as tough as a barbed-wire fence; he has tramped New England for nearly fifty years with dog and gun; his old Schaffer 12-bore has brought down many birds, and is so worn that it is several ounces lighter than when made; his wiry form was in advance always, and on a steep climb he looked back and sang:

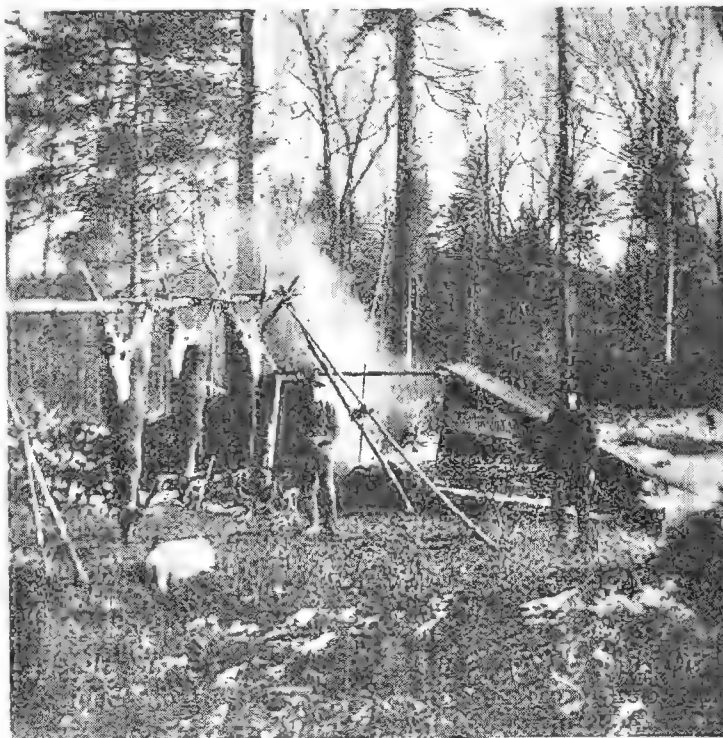
"Climb up, ye little chilluns,
Climb up, ye older people,
Climb up to de sky.
Now is your chance for heaben,
Go up in six an' seven,
Climb up, ye chillun, climb!"

Down the other side Archie would look back, at me and say: "Slide, Kelly, slide!" Five miles were covered and I was a wreck. Tenderly they lifted me to a saddle, and then I ached in new places. The mountain was so steep that my pipe brushed the ears of the horse in trying to be upright; going down into the valleys I would lean back so far that the cantle of the saddle damaged my kidneys. However, we reached camp in due time and I dismounted by claspng a tree trunk and sliding down like a brown bear. Rozinante and Don Quixote parted.

Say, has any one told you about this camp? If not, I will. Three logs 8ft. long are piled up on three sides, the open side faces a like structure, which is about 8ft. distant, and the openings face each other; the roof is of poles and tarred paper, and slopes back from a man's height in front to the top of the three logs in the rear. Between these two structures is our stone fireplace, and from poles reaching from one roof to the other we suspend

pots and kettles in the culinary processes. This camp is bounded on the north by a huge mountain and a state of wildness, on the east be the coldest and purest spring in the world and a little brook, on the south by the sun, on the west by the happy hunting grounds, wherein abide deer, partridges, squirrels, owls, bluejays and ground hogs. The architecture is Colonial, if anything. Art? Well, there are no mottoes made of perforated cardboard and multi-colored worsteds framed in black walnut and reading, "God bless our home," and yet I believe that sentiment was with us. The literature consisted of what might be found on tobacco packages and baking-powder cans—one advised as to the law and the other in relation to absolute purity. The staple productions of this habitat were venison steak, broiled birds, flapjacks, hilarity and sleep. Its inhabitants at the time of which I write were a boy with a big appetite, an excellent cook and guide, a fine old gentleman-sportsman, and yours truly, done up in bandages and court plaster, and smelling of arnica and a corn-cob pipe.

A satisfying lunch, the sunshine, past exertion and the soothing influence of a pipe well loaded with a mixture of Virginia, Havana, Turkish and perique blended in unison, invited a siesta. The start was propitious—the balsam mattress fitted my graceful curves and day dreams began—barring sex, I was an Alice in Wonderland; relaxing jaws allowed my pipe to drop or turn, and the hot ashes were spilled on my pearly bosom. "Wow! Holy smoke!" The expletives brought in B-in-L. and Archie to my feet. One said, "He's got 'em," the other said, "Snakes!" "Two imps on the footboard," I suggested. B-in-L. removed the bottle of furniture polish and Archie covered my delicate form with a blanket. I was off again, dreaming as follows: There are two kinds of Adirondacks, and few see the real; usually one gets no further than some hotel piazza, and sitting there



CAMP HASTINGS.

adorned in negligee shirt, blazer, golf cap, link buttons and an electro-plated gold watch that sounds like a stock-ticker as you wind it to attract attention—you gaze at your imitation Scotch golf stockings and shapely legs (?) and wonder if your money will hold out for the week; then you seek an introduction to some limpid summer girl, and get it. Then you ask her if cigarettes are offensive to her, and before she can reply you are blowing clouds of smoke through your nostrils, hoping thereby to convince her that you are a man of the world; then you entertain her with your profound familiarity with the writings of Ibsen, Balzac, Tolstoi, Browning, George Eliot and George Sand, and suddenly cease talking, inasmuch as you have doubts as to the sex of the last two. As you lift your cap to leave you hear her tell her mamma in a stage whisper "that Mr. Ballbearings is a most charming gentleman, and such a scholar." You realize that you are not, also that she is out for a husband. A few more days of piazza and parlor life and you are home again admitting that all you have had that you could not get at home is fresh air; then some noon you dash into a "quick lunch" death-trap and bolt a lot of indigestible pastry, and as you pay your check your eyes meet those of the cashier, and you know the voice as she twitters, "It looks like 30 cents."

Oh, come away from such scenes, come miles out into the forest with us, away up on a mountain side to our camp among the balsams; come where high collars and Hamburg edging have no place and are not seen; come where the bluejays and the squirrels guy us, where the owls hoot o' nights as we sleep on the ground, and the pensive skunk spreads a balm impartially over all nature in the wee small hours. Then up at dawn, a cold scrub at the spring, and rustle with us for breakfast. The viscosity of the coffee will shame a chef and the venison steak and flapjacks send rich blood hustling through your veins, and you will go out and kick stumps for exercise. Then "Johnny, get your gun" and take a long tramp among the beeches; go where the spruce gum is not alloyed with rubber, and as you pass a clump of mountain ash some gay cock partridge caroms off into space with a whirl like that of an electric motor. You smile quietly and admit that you were frightened, that you did not have time to shoot, and don't care a rap any way. Anon, you come to some gurgling brook, and as you part the alders and peer down into clear water you see the scurrying trout dart off toward some dark pool; then you lie down and drink deeply of the pure water, and as you regain your feet your eyes glance up to the crest of yonder ridge, and you see the white flag of a fleeing deer shaken at you derisively as it disappears into the valley on the other side.

Wending your way back to camp, you congratulate yourself that you have not destroyed life; you tighten your belt hole by hole to appease a growing hunger and wonder if the process can be continued till you reach

another meal. The pungent odor of burning greenwood and the gray smoke from the camp-fire greet you and a sublime feeling of satisfaction with all things is about you like the halo of a pictured angel. There are no signs, "Keep off the grass," and you doze on the bench in the sunshine with no dread of an unfriendly locust or of a gruff voice saying, "Gwan outer that!" I hear a voice—the spell is over and I wake up feeling as fresh as a drummer on his first trip.

The two guides go one way, B-in-L. and myself another, each party hoping to bring back venison. My companion had such faith in my skill that he deemed it useless to carry a rifle. Quietly we passed through the forest, and creeping up some slope on hands and knees we think to surprise some browsing deer on the other side. Absence without leave is the report. Again I stood where my rifle had done its work a year ago. A hand touched my arm, then pointed across the valley. Standing side toward us was a splendid specimen of a Virginia deer and of gender masculine. With deliberation and assurance the Lyman sights sought the shoulder, and gas pushed lead, and the deer stirred not. The same process again, and the same result; then I went to pieces and was rattled; then four or five more shots rattled in quick succession and the deer loped off unconcerned. Derision was on B-in-L.'s face and I appreciated the sentiment of Cambronne at the Battle of Waterloo, as described by Victor Hugo. As we went back to camp without speaking, I recalled the fact that the original front sight had been replaced by a new one: this was too high and a little to one side; hence all shots had gone low and far to the left. A small error at the sights means yards at a distance. Moral: Test your gun and do your range finding on an inanimate target.

Some time after we had been in camp Delmarsh came down the mountain side in the twilight bearing on his shoulder the limp form of a large doe. This sturdy guide walked easily under a weight more than his own, and as he shook off his burden the firelight disclosed his look of pride, and I envied him not. I essayed to cut wood for the night fire, while the others retired to a safe distance. Delmarsh called me Washington, Gladstone and a kindling-wood factory. B-in-L. whistled "There will be a hot time in the old town to-night." The product warmed me more in the cutting than in the burning. We were awakened at midnight by snow blowing in upon us from the windward side. Opposite, the fierce heat of burning logs melted the crystals ere they touched the earth, and a brown streak extended away from the fire like a running coffee stain below a diamond stud on a white shirt bosom. Soon the huge back log, burnt in twain, fell into the coals below, then ten thousand bright sparks went zig-zagging heavenward to meet as many descending snowflakes in a clench of mutual extermination, and tiny specks of a smutty water descended toward the fire, to be in turn destroyed. I began to recite a prize essay upon the wonderful workings of nature and was telling Archie how nothing was lost—"Except sleep," said he, interrupting me. Then the sleeping bag of the old man moved, and from its depths came a grim voice, saying, "And from out the mouths of babes and sucklings shall come forth words of wisdom." I could not keep awake with an unappreciative audience, and slept and snored to such an extent that B-in-L. said that if my sister had the same ability he would get a divorce. I dreamed that I was home again and snow-balling with a band of Palmer Cox's brownies on the roof; then my wife came up to ask for 50 cents to pay for cleaning off the sidewalk, and I told her to take it from the foreign mission fund that she had charge of.

Before daylight I was aroused by the click of cartridges as they were pressed into the magazine of a rifle. "Hush my babe, lie still and slumber," was the advice of B-in-L. He had appointed me cook for that morning, and I was to remain in camp while they went hunting. I thought to scatter balsam boughs around the fire to cover the mud; thought the spot might resemble an open hearth in a green room. The first stroke of the axe on the tree brought a bushel of snow down upon me; the first splotch knocked my cap off; the rest slid from my bald head down around my neck.

As a servant I did my best. I warmed over some hard-boiled eggs, put a can of baked beans to soak, cut bread and my thumb, made beautiful imprints on blocks of butter with the hob-nailed heel of a boot, listened for the milk wagon and got the wash on the line before the folks came down to breakfast. After the meal we had a three-cornered game of coin comparison, and before I really understood it they had absorbed all of my specie. Disgusted with sixteen to one odds, I decided to still-hunt alone. It was snowing and blowing, but the old man said that "the Lord tempers the wind to the shorn lamb."

Navigation was open, and in an hour's time I was in the wildest part of the State. Snow had become slush under foot and rain over head. The new process, bel-lows tongue, lap-welded and patented hunting boots had become pumps—not dancing pumps, except when I slipped, but real suckers, and a stream of water, with an occasional bit of woolen stocking, was flowing over the tops. Snow water will penetrate harveyized armor-plate. Wild, did I say? Just look about with me. Huge mountains on all sides, seen at times through the openings, are patched with evergreen trees, with the frost-bleached beeches, maples and oaks, and barren rocks, now white in part with snow. Immense birds, hawks or eagles, sail overhead ready to drop like shots upon their prey; in the low depths adjacent to us lie the flotsam and jetsam of forest wreckage; all around are rotting tree trunks, upturned roots, dense barricades of tangled brush and vines, small distorted saplings struggling for the light, waving green brakes side by side with the unburied dead of their own kind; bronze, gray and green mosses clinging to rocks, trees and brook banks. Uncouth excrescences like huge warts blemish the body and limbs of the woodland chiefs.

The brook is fed by the filtered and yellow essence of dead leaves and rotting mould. A huge tree, felled athwart the stream in some past storm, has its branches driven like piles into the channel; then branches, twigs and leaves from up-stream lodge against them. The water deepens, the soft banks, saturated and heavy, slough off; a new course is found, and the trout down stream

hide beneath the stones till the clouds roll by. Sunbeams never dance in this hollow; dank vapors arise; dark in daylight, it is a dungeon at night, a fit home for bats, vampires and will-o'-the-wisps. I leave you there until after nightfall, and the banshees and goblins will get you if you "don't" watch out."

I am over in the valley of the burnt plains now, standing backed up to a charred trunk of a forest fire victim. The rain freezes as it falls, and the briars, twigs and dead grass are coated with ice. When lost in some remote nook of the Creators' domain, one is apt to wonder if others have stood there before him; what human shapes have gone up this valley in years past. Is it not probable that the Cardiff giant, as long ago as the stone age, played a Jew's-harp on yonder rock in the days of his adolescence, and as old age came upon him, did he not drift toward the town named in his honor, and there, lying down to sleep, rigor mortis came over him and held him bound till discovered by enterprising showmen.

In the moonlight some busy bank president has most likely skipped over this brook and dashed up yonder runway. With his coat tails frayed, with his silk hat soiled by the owls, with his dress suit case bearing his name "Guy S. Kumon," and bulging with bills of exchange on the Bank of Montreal, he hurries on, and stopping only to blaze the hemlocks with an ink eraser in a desire to help others, he reaches his goal. Later on the Adirondack Railroad covers the beaten track and quicker time is made. Some hobo, kicked out from "pent-up Utica," may have tickled the snout of a sleeping bear with a sprig of golden rod in lieu of some better method of working the growler.

I was cold, wet, and wondering if a sportsman's life is always a happy one. Harlem! Hoboken! Hades! there's a buck walking yonder hillside! Rifle makers think they know it all, and yet as I carefully threw in a shell the action clattered like a load of scrap iron. The deer quickly hears the noise and as quickly bounds away. His speed is no match for that of the bullet sent after him. The flag goes down; I see him stumble, gather and run on; then began a race with two entries. A wounded deer seldom crosses a stream if other channels of escape are open, so I hoped to meet him at the base of the hill. Legs that had been softening in the shade of a roll-top desk were ill-fitted to carry surplus weight on this track, yet I had past evidence that I was a good mud horse. The result was a dead heat for the buck and blind staggers for myself. My lungs were bursting—limp and used up, I collapsed in the snow. I knew where the second bullet struck, and that the stakes were mine; yet I was in no condition to receive them. I wished Archie would come, and never felt the need of a telephone so badly. All I could do was to grasp a suspender buckle and "hold the wire." After resting awhile, the knife did its work, and by bending down a sapling I trussed up the meat and started for camp. The faithful guide was worried at my long absence and had started out to find me. We met a mile from the camp. I asked him if B.-in-L. was worried also. "No," he said. It seems that B.-in-L. had told him that "when Fatty gets tired he will go to sleep and you can find him by his snoring." When we reached camp we found another deer hanging there. "Who shot that?" I asked. "I did," said B.-in-L.; "you are not the only flea on the dog."

That night B.-in-L. awoke us by his restlessness, and we found his arms moving up and down and his jaws snapping convulsively. "What's the matter with you, uncle?" When he came to he said: "I was dreaming, I guess; I thought Archie had made a flapjack as large as a cart-wheel and had placed me in the center along with the butter and maple syrup, and I was trying to eat my way out." Well, we placed hot cloths on the old gentleman's stomach, and then he rested quietly.

Insomuch as all were tired from the hard day's work, we slept late and had a late breakfast. You should see the young guide, Eri, eat. Boy-like, he leaned forward, and placing a loaded knife and fork in his mouth at the same time, he would slide full dishes in a place of ready access and discard empty ones with his elbows. At the same time his eyes would watch his brother as he prepared more food. In spite of his feeding qualities, he was so thin above the hips that most any bargain counter shirt waist would fit him. He needed no dyspepsia tablets, pepsin, or bitters—just a chance to eat, grow, work and sleep. No mud was too deep for him, no hill too steep, no task or errand too tiresome. He made our comfort and pleasure a deep study, and when, on the day he shot his deer, he wished us to take it home and give it to the needy, he showed his kindly disposition.

If you read these lines, Eri, don't get angry with me for the first part. It is only my way of getting square with you for the sly things you said to the others about my shape.

We went after my deer and brought him in swinging from a pole and carried upon our shoulders. It was a most tiresome piece of work, yet the reward was in the burden. Heavier deer have been shot, but none more handsome. A splendid head, evenly grown and well poised antlers, black and white striped hoofs, rich brown and gray coating—a fine scion of the First Families of Virginia, than which none more proud have roamed the leafy woods. Then and there I decided that I would never shoot another deer. Why? I have shot three in my time; I have found that I can do it; and I have preserved two heads as trophies. I had rather see them alive and the species perpetuated than others may, in the future, feel the joy of meeting them in the stillness of an autumn day, and I ask of the law-makers now, and in the future, "Please don't let the dogs chase them." The modern rifle gives any man a sufficient advantage, and no one should be unwilling to depend upon such advantage as sufficient. Give the deer a chance and do your hunting yourself. Why let out the job to dogs and sit like a chump back of some hotel or in a boat, ready to blow the poor brute's head off with a shotgun as he is driven to you, and helpless to escape? Get out into the woods like a man, sleep under the trees where the deer sleep, move when they move, have the courage of Spartacus, who met upon the arena every shape of man or beast that the empire of Rome could furnish, and never lowered his arm. Kill your own game; it tastes better. Don't hire the bravos to do your killing, as the Doges of Venice did in the olden times. Don't kill more than

you and yours need to eat; rather spend your surplus time studying the habits of your best friends, i. e., the game you seek. Don't kill at times when the deer are about to multiply. The game of the country is like the few dollars you may have accumulated; don't spend it all in one grand round of pleasure. Draw a little at a time and allow the remainder to gather more and do what you can to increase the store. Don't call a man a "game hog;" it has no argumentative force. Plead with him; show him by example, teach him by precept and axiom that he is dead wrong; instruct him kindly in order that the days of the game can be long in the land.

In the picture of the camp you see the guides, the deer, the smoke of the camp-fire, the airing blankets and the aged bird dog, hardly distinguishable from the snow spots. He was with us more as a guest and old friend than as an assistant. In the winter of his life he is cared for by friends; ere long he will make his last point, and if he could talk he would say: "When I die cover me with mossy sods and autumn leaves, where the grouse and quail hide; near the shores where the woodcock and jacksnipe sport; and if you pass in future days, think of old Rex, the faithful."

On the morning of the seventh day we were breaking camp and hoping to reach the settlements without breaking our necks. My pack basket was on and B.-in-L. was fixing my buckles in front. Eri was holding one of the four horses by the bit and Archie came toward them with a deer, and when he was about to transfer the burden to the saddle the stern of the frightened horse swung around and bumped me in the back. I butted that dear brother-in-law in the bosom and bowled him over and then slid over his head (by "right of eminent domain") with pack basket askew and tin plates rattling. He was up first, and by skillful manipulation of an extremity he smote me where twin patches are seen on a messenger boy's uniform; then he took a piece of chalk and wrote on the tarred paper side of our sleeping room this passage from Byron (not Bryan):

"While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand;
When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall;
And when Rome falls—the world."

We were all down at the same time—the deer had fallen, the horse stumbled over a log, and the guides were rolling in the snow and leaves with laughter. After much exertion and care in dodging the kicks of the plunging horses, the three deer are on and we are off, leaving the camp to the winter storms.

As I ride through the swamps and over the mountains the mud flies up from below and the snow pelts me from above when the horse stumbles against the trees or reaches out to eat the leaves. When suddenly he throws down his head to grab at the green brakes I pitch forward on his neck and the basket bangs my head and the rifles do the same for my shins; my trousers legs depart and draw upward from the boot-tops and I am a bare-kneed Highlander—"The Campbells are coming"—and the pibroch peals throughout the startled glen from the throats of frightened crows.

After three hours from the start I am leading the van on the hard road at the lake shore near our journey's end. The guides yell from the rear: "Turn out, Shafter! Make way!" For what, I wonder? Oh, I see. Coming toward us, with nodding ostrich plumes and neck bedecked with Alaska sable (dyed skunk skin), and with glove-fitting, tailor-made suit, is a young woman, "and of her gentle sex the seeming paragon, to whom the kindly stars and better elements have given a form so fair that like the air 'tis less of earth than heaven." I larruped the horse to make him sit up on the roadside wall that the vision might have the right of way. As often happens with a clumsy saddle horse, the attempt to move his head away only brought the other end around. With black eyes snapping and white teeth gleaming, a thrilling symphony of girlish fright escaped from her ruby lips; then there was a beautiful display of leather, lithe limbs and lingerie as she skipped to a safer place. Then I heard old Beau Brummel, B.-in-L., apologizing and saying something about "Beauty and the Beast." She said I was showing off, but as I remember the scene I think she had done her share.

The next day we reached our homes, and my black field spaniel Dusky greeted me as only he knows how. My family seemed glad when I went away and pleased at my return.

Now, Mr. Editor, if you will meet us in the north woods next October.

We will hoist a banner to FOREST AND STREAM,
And another to Rod and Gun;
And there we'll hear the eagles scream
Their greetings to the sun.

W. W. HASTINGS.

NEW YORK CITY.

On Kansas Prairies.—IV.

TAMPA, Kan., April 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Another storm has swept our blizzardy Kansas, so I am again for the day idle. Perhaps the sight of the muskrat house pictured in one of your late editions has something to do with it; but as I sit here in camp in the midst of these great waterless prairies I am harking back to-day to the old-time days on the Connecticut River and its submerged meadows, and I can almost hear the booming of the guns, here on shore, there far out on the water, as one by one the little muskrat gives up the pelt that adds so much at this time the year to the pocket money of the farmer boy fortunate enough to grow up near that beautiful stream. And I thought I might write something of possible interest to some of your younger readers. The older ones will here have to take the back seats, for to them it would mean rheumatism, neuralgia and other of the ills that the passing years bring.

It is of a line of sport very dear to me in the days that are gone. One glad, happy day I came into possession of a single-barrel muzzle-loader, and from that time the evenings of late fall and early spring became very precious, for it was then I liked to hunt the muskrat. Just after sunset he leaves his burrow for his night-

ly wanderings. Purlind and comparatively helpless in the daytime, when drowned out by the spring ireshets, in the night he is keen eyed and watchful as an owl, and as the owls and minks are among his worst enemies, he is alert and under water at the least sign of danger. Supper and "chores" done, after the manner of those days, I would sling over one shoulder my powder flask and over the other my shot pouch, filled with B. B. shot, put in my most convenient pocket some loose caps, and for wadding an old newspaper or perhaps a part of a hornets' nest, or, what I liked still better, some lead foil paper, and then make quick time for the river. Lying down near some place I knew my game frequented, the waiting would begin.

Gradually the twilight would fade away, the bluffs at Pecowsic would loom up, the lights of the city across the river would shine out, overhead the stars would appear, and out of the darkness would come the whirr of the wings of the wildfowl, the cry of the plover or the harsh "quack" of the night heron, and the fascination of the gloaming would be on me; but as time wore on, often the blood would begin to chill with the cold and the thoughts turn to the bright fireside at home. Then on the water would appear a ripple shaped like a letter V; at the point of the ripple would be a black object about half as big as my fist, moving as fast as four active feet could propel it; and straightway at sight of this, fireside, cold and gloaming would all be forgotten, the nerves would tingle, the muscles grow tense, and with a quick glance along the side of the gun—it would be too dark for sighting otherwise—the shot would ring out, and perhaps a little limp body would be floating on the water, or with quick circlings and short divings vainly trying to escape, or perhaps, unharmed, be heard diving away down stream from where I had shot at him. Then would be heard the sound of the ramrod driving the wadding to its place, the click of the lock as the cap was placed on the tube, and the waiting was again begun.

As the measures on both shot pouch and powder flask in the darkness and in hands trembling with cold and excitement often proved treacherous, I sometimes tried to make cartridges by wrapping the powder in paper and sewing the shot up in cloth; but this was never a success. As I look back now I almost wonder that the shades of some staid Morgan or Pynchon did not appear and rebuke me for disturbing the rest of quiet-loving people, for the booming of that old gun has been heard as late as 11 o'clock at night, ringing back from the bluffs at Pecowsic, echoing back from the tall buildings along Water street of the goody city of Springfield, from the walls of the railroad round-house in West Springfield, and all along the little hills on the Agawam side of the river.

I have shot by the light of the moon as the V-shaped ripple crossed the silvery streak; by the light of the stars, and one dark night by the glare of a locomotive headlight shining on the river as the train swung around the curve at Pecowsic. And then, what room for adventure, for I have often plunged into ice-cold water almost up to my waist after some kicking, struggling victim; have waded the mud and slush of the freshet to get to some favorite place; have floated silent and alone on the waters of the Connecticut; in one instance sat for hours on a cake of ice so small that it was rocked by the waves like a cradle, and, loosened by the rising waters; it was held in place only by a few willow twigs, frozen in as it had formed.

I wish there were some way to get at the number of these creatures shot and trapped along the Connecticut and its tributaries, for the total must be simply enormous. One of my acquaintances, shooting with a rifle only, secured enough one spring to bring him in \$17. Another shot in one day on the meadows opposite the city of Springfield twenty-four of the little fur bearers; and these instances might be multiplied indefinitely.

Twice I have known the muskrat deliberately and unprompted to attack human beings, both times in the spring when they are wandering from the river back to their summer quarters. Their habits are very interesting to one who loves the study of such things. They leave the meadows almost at one time, following up the little brooks to the small ponds, where they rear their young. Then in the fall they find their way back to the meadows, and as winter approaches build their houses. I have found these in secluded places as large as 3 ft. high and from 4 to 5 ft. across, and finished off very handsomely on the outside; but usually the muskrat lodge is only a rough-looking hummock rising 1 or 2 ft. above the ice. Through the winter they mostly feed below the surface of the ice and snow; but if the winter is cold and dry the water gets low and they are driven out on to the bare meadows to obtain food. Such a time is a red-letter day to the boy who finds it out, for they are then almost helpless.

One peculiarity of the muskrat is its extreme sensitiveness to the changes of the weather. Sometimes, in mid-winter, I would cut through the ice and set my traps in their runways. So long as the wind held north or west the traps would need but little attention; but let the south wind blow ever so softly and the muskrats would be on the move, and my traps would either be sprung or so covered with mud that the rats could pass over them without danger of being caught. Surely they must have felt the change even through the ice and snow of a New England winter.

Yesterday morning, April 7, I heard for the first time the booming call of the prairie chicken. Saturday last, April 1, I heard the notes of the sandhill crane. The ducks and geese seem mostly to have gone northward, but it has been in numbers goodly to look upon.

I notice that the proprietors of the Blue Mountain Game Preserve are complaining of the small increase of their small game. I can say from observation here they will have no increase so long as they keep the wild boars. Hogs are not wild here, but they run loose a great deal, and destroy everything of the kind wherever they go. The average hog has as good a nose for birds as the best bird dog, and uses it to find the nests and young birds.

PINE TREE.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

A Week's Camp and Quail Hunt in North Carolina.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Thinking it would interest some of the readers of your valuable paper, I thought I would tell them of a camp and quail hunt that myself and several other members of our gun club enjoyed during last Christmas week. Our party consisted of T. S. McDermann, M. F. Parham, C. C. Cooper, J. B. Marriott, W. H. Edwards, Master William Williford, myself and our cook, Jim. As to dogs, we were well supplied with some very fine ones, McDermann having two setters, Parham one, Marriott two and myself two setters and two pointers, and some of them as fine as ever wagged a tail.

Bright and early Monday morning, Dec. 26, we loaded our wagons with camping outfit—tents, stoves, cots, camp stools, cooking utensils, and in fact, everything that could be needed for a pleasant and comfortable camp—and headed our teams toward the happy hunting grounds, up in Nash county, on Swift Creek, about twenty miles away.

Both men and dogs were full of enthusiasm and anticipation of the happy time coming.

The dogs were running, jumping, barking and frisking over the fields in the most happy manner. Some of the boys pulled out the old long bugle, and blew ear-splitting blasts that could be heard for miles and miles on the light frosty air. Oh! what a time. Dear reader, if you are a sportsman, I know, that even now, you can feel some of the glad anticipation that was ours on that happy morning.

The roads were in a fair condition, and our journey was very pleasant, and while we did not do any regular hunting, we succeeded in bagging about twenty birds that were found along the roadside, the dogs doing excellent work.

We arrived at our destination about 4 o'clock with everything accounted for except that poor old McD. had succeeded in losing his overcoat, gloves and rubber boots.

We located a place to pitch our tents on a beautiful hill near the creek; then all went to work with a will to make camp, and we succeeded in getting things fairly well fixed by dark.

The next thing in order being supper, a steaming pot of hot coffee was soon made, and all gathered around the "festive board." There were cold ham and eggs, baked turkey and possum, bread, butter, etc. But my! didn't those boys eat. It would have made a hungry wolf shed tears of grief to have seen them.

Supper over, we gathered around a cheerful log fire to tell yarns of exploits that were past and those still to come. Before we had been sitting long, up walked our old friend, W. M. York, who owns a large and magnificent farm near by, and who is as fond of sport as any of us. We had a good old-fashioned handshake all around and a hearty welcome from friend York, whose heart is in the right place, and who will ever have a warm spot in the hearts of each and all of us.

A very amusing incident occurred during the evening. Some of the negroes in the neighborhood, hearing the melodious notes from the old camp bugle, came down to see what was up. They stood around the fire for some time without saying anything, but curiosity soon got the best of one of them, and he asked: "Say, boss, what am dis for?"

Some of the boys told him that it was a show, to which he replied: "Sho thing. I'se glad you come. What hab you got to sho?"

We told him that we had a very fierce man-eating bear, but he had gotten away from us about an hour before, but was around close by in the woods, and we would secure him in the morning.

"For de Lawd, boss, how is I goin' to git home wid dot b'ar lose in dese woods?"

I replied that there was only one way, and that was to outrun the bear, as he would surely be killed if caught. In the meantime McD. had quietly gone up the hill in the woods, and was growling and snarling at a terrible rate. You just ought to have seen that negro's eyes. They looked as large and as white as saucers, and all he said was: "Good Lawd, I'se gone."

And go he did. We never saw such running nor heard such a fuss as that negro kept up in my life. He went and he stayed too, for that was the last seen of him during our camp there.

About an hour afterward another lank-sided colored gentleman walked up, dressed and bedecked in his best clothes and finery. After standing awhile, he asked: "Say, boss, does you took pictures here?"

"Why certainly," I replied. "That is our business. We will open up to-morrow morning, and will make everybody's picture free of cost for the first day. So come down and bring your girl, and tell everybody in the community about it." He seemed pretty well pleased, and soon left us, but I don't think he slept any that night, for early next morning the darkies came in from all directions, and we had to explain to them that our camera had got broken and it would take us a week to get a new one.

We left our cook, Jim, to keep camp while we were out shooting, and he reported that they continued to come all during the day, but he would send them off with some kind of an excuse. I don't think we will try the picture racket again in that section.

It was now getting bedtime, and we decided to make plans for our shooting next day. Three of our party—Cooper, Edwards and Marriott—did not come along with us, but were to join us on to-morrow, so there were only four for Tuesday's shooting. Friend York said he would take two with him, and it being so arranged, we bid our friend good night, "turned in," and slept the "sleep of the just."

When the first bright streaks of dawn appeared in the East, all was astir in camp. Everybody was getting ready his gun, shells, and hunting clothes. It was arranged that McD. and Parham should go with Mr. York, and they were soon off. That left Master William and me to shift for ourselves, and as there were some necessary arrangements to make for our comfort in camp, we decided to do this before we left.

Getting through about 11 o'clock, we shouldered our guns and were off, taking my four dogs—Prince, Rover,

Don and Joe. The first three named were "tried and true," and as good as the best, but old Joe was an unknown quantity to me, and here I must tell how I had come into possession of him.

About two weeks before I was walking up the street with a friend, when we met a hungry looking negro with a string in his hand, and at the other end of the string was tied a long, lean, lank-sided "yaller dog." I saw at once it was a pointer, but by those not up in "dogology" it would be taken for a hound.

"Hello, Colonel," says I, "do you want to see that dog?" Now when I want to please a negro, I always call him Colonel.

"Yas, sar, dat's what I fotched him fur," replied the negro.

"Well, what is he good for?" I asked him.

"Well, boss, lemme tell you 'bout dat dog. I buyed him fur er coon dog, but I ain't kotchted narry a coon wid him yit, an' I don't s'pect dat dog am got much 'quaintance wid er coon no how. Yas, sar, an' dat ain't all, he won't even regunnize a coon when he meet him in de woods. So, sar, I com' to de concludement dat I sell him. an' I fotched him 'long."

"Will he set birds?" I next asked him.

"Well, now, boss, I don't know so much 'bout dat, but I tell you what he do dis morning: I was comin' 'long in de old field, when dat dog, sar, just stop right still an' hold his nose right straight, and hold his tail right straight, an' dar he was, sar, just like dat, and I swar to goodness I thought dat dog done run mad. But fust think I knowed up jumped de bigges' gang of pattiges you ever see. Now, sar, if you calls dat sottin' birds, he sho' will sot dem."

"Well, what is your price on him?" I asked.

"I axes two dollars fur him, sar, an' he am wuth dat to make sausers out of."

I handed him the money and took charge of the dog, but don't think I will try any dog sausage yet.

We started out taking all four dogs, but I was a little doubtful of Joe, and kept my eyes on him pretty close.



BETWEEN SEASONS.

But I never saw a dog cover a field more prettily in my life. He just took it all in.

We had not gone far when little William yelled: "Look, Mr. Harris, just look at old Joe." I looked, and there he was as "stiff as a poker." The other dogs backing nicely. We lined up for our first shot, but I cautioned William to be particular and to take pains, and be careful. When we walked up a very large covey flushed, and bang, bang, bang, went our guns. I dropped two and William scored one, which were retrieved nicely by Prince and Rover. We bagged our birds and went for them again, but it would take too much space to give a detailed account of that evening's sport. We found birds plentiful and did some good shooting.

We arrived in camp, just before night, and found the other party just getting in with a bag of forty-one, while William and myself counted out thirty-four, making seventy-five for the day. In the meantime our three lagging comrades had arrived and were gladly welcomed. Jim had prepared a sumptuous supper, and after this we all gathered around the cheerful camp-fire and enjoyed a good smoke with pipes and cigars, which is always a solace to the weary hunter.

Don't you wish you could have been there, brother sportsmen?

After a good night's rest every one was up bright and early, eager to get at it again. Breakfast over, we divided up in twos, each party going in different directions. I had for a partner that day Mr. Edwards, a good companion but a poor shot.

We did not find birds so plentiful, but succeeded in bagging thirty-six, and to my great joy, I managed to get in shooting distance of a very fine old turkey gobbler, which I neatly downed with my right barrel, and poured the contents of my left into him "just for keeps." He weighed 20 lbs., and was a beauty, but I estimated him at 500 before I landed him at camp.

Upon counting up all bags that day, we found over 150 quail, one turkey and lots of hares and squirrels.

A nice day's sport, don't you think so?

We invited several gentlemen, who lived in that community, down to camp that night, to help us devour a barrel of fine oysters which we had carried up for the occasion, and you may be sure it was a jolly and enjoyable occasion.

The next day Parham was sick, and could not go out with us, but the others had a fine day's sport, and made a good bag. York and Marriott each killed a fine turkey.

Another evening around the camp-fire, and all were ready for bed; but one of the boys—it won't do to call

names—ate so much supper that he had a "night mare," and came very near running into the creek before he could be caught. But he was all O. K. next morning.

Cooper and McD. went off possum hunting that night, but they did not bring any game back.

Friday was our last day, and the boys did not do any hard work, but managed to bag nearly a hundred birds.

As usual, we had a pleasant time around the camp-fire that night. But I believe every man was sad at the thought that early next morning we were to break camp and leave that happy hunting ground. But, alas! all things must end, and accordingly early Saturday morning stakes were pulled, tents downed, wagons packed and all was in readiness to start for home, when I pulled out my old pet—the long bugle—and blew one long and cheerful farewell blast, that echoed and re-echoed across the hills and dales of those beautiful hunting grounds.

I shall never forget this trip. It was both enjoyable and successful, having bagged 325 quail, three turkeys and scores of hares and squirrels.

If any of our brother sportsmen in the North care to come down to Dixie and join us in our next Christmas camp and hunt, we will give them a hearty welcome and a good time.

C. H. HARRIS.
ROCKY MOUNT, N. C.

On Papskanee Creek.

ALBANY, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: About the 8th of the present month there was a great flight of ducks here, a large proportion of which harbored about the neighborhood of Papskanee (as it is spelled on an old country map) island. There has been a pretty steady freshet in the Hudson for a long time, and the ducks were using on the lowlands and bogs east of the island. One day last week two of our local gunners, Harry H. Valentine and Mike O'Donnell, went in the former's duck boat to get a crack at the wildfowl as they came on the flats at night to feed. Two live decoys and a dozen wooden ones were important auxiliaries for the sport, but alas (don't say "chestnut"), the birds had nearly all "lit out" the previous Saturday and only an old blackey and a woodduck fell to Harry's repeater. A pair of splendid blue herons were flushed out of a marsh, one of which, the female, fell to Mike's Francotte, but its mate, though fairly hit with a couple of charges of No. 4 from Harry's Winchester, managed to get away. The loss of the bird was greatly regretted, as it was a "plumed knight," and would have gone to the taxidermist's where Madame Heron is now awaiting a sort of resurrection into a semblance of life. Had the boys gotten to the marsh the week before they would have secured a big bag of ducks, as Harry is an experienced duck and both are crack shots.

I often wonder if that dear old boy, Col. Fred Mather, knows how Papskanee Creek looks to-day. I, myself, can remember when it was navigable by skiffs its entire length, barring a carry where the railroad cut the stream in twain, but now it is only when a river freshet is on that a boat can get in it, and when the water level is normal the creek is a long and gruesome ditch. On either side of the embankment where the railroad crosses it the bed of the stream is filled for a long distance with a deposit of ooze, a rank growth of weeds and aquatic grasses, garnished, like some hideous salad, with masses of vegetable slime. On the longer reaches of the creek occasional open spaces are met with and one of these, at Staats's Crossing, is still fishable for "little fellers," but "the green mantle of the standing pool" is in evidence everywhere, and the ill-smelling vapors that are exhaled therefrom are glorified at times by the sunlight with almost prismatic colors.

By the way, I have known this stream ever since I was a "kid" (good while ago, that), but I never heard it called Papskanee by any of the gunners and fishers I have known. Many of my friends have fished the stream and have hunted the bogs and lowlands for snipe and duck from the Greenbush swamp to Castleton, but to all these worthies it has been, and is still, known as the "Ded crik." May I be permitted in these notes to express the hope that Col. Mather may for many years to come grace the pages of *FOREST AND STREAM* with his interesting recitals. Especially interesting are they to one who has been familiar with some localities he has mentioned; who has known a few of the "men he has fished with," and who, like himself, long since passed the noonday of life.

HORACE B. DERBY.

Quebec's Attractions.

NEW YORK, April 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: During the Sportsmen's Show in March I had an opportunity to learn how little the Province of Quebec was known to the American sportsman, though situated as it is only within a few hours' travel from this great metropolis. The exhibits from the Province of Quebec fully demonstrated to the sportsman and angler the game and fishing that is to be had in that section of the country, and unlike the State of Maine, may I venture to say, is still unknown to the gunner. I therefore think that it would be a good move on the part of my Government to appoint an advertising agent in all the principal cities of these United States to advertise the country and give the necessary information regarding the hunting and fishing territory, and also to promote a tourist travel which would in my opinion increase the revenue of the Province and make our American cousins more familiar with Quebec.

H. F. TUZO.

Between Seasons.

WHITING, Feb. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: I inclose a photograph of my two dogs, Gid and Duke, two sports between seasons. These dogs never flush a bird and know where all coveys are within two miles of their homes. They also enjoy going fishing almost as much as going out for birds.

This picture was taken by myself, an amateur, and as I have never seen any of this style of picture in your paper I thought to send it.

W. L. L.

The *FOREST AND STREAM* is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Pemmican as an Army Ration.

THE value of pemmican as a food ration is not by any means confined to excursions where means of transportation are limited. Its value has been demonstrated many times on the frontier where fresh meat was abundant and easily obtained.

My attention was first called to it in 1868 while encamped with some Red River people north of Mouse River in the British Northwest. These people were in the habit of going out to the buffalo range every spring from the Fort Garry settlements and putting up tons of pemmican for the winter trade, and to supply the northern trading posts. The mode of making it was as follows: Buffalo meat was sliced with a knife in huge slabs about an inch or less in thickness, and suspended over frames for drying in the sun. A small fire was built underneath to keep off flies until a thin glaze was formed on the outside of the dried flesh, which effectually protected it from attacks of flies. When thoroughly dried the meat would have shrunk to less than one-third of its former thickness. Then it was roasted slightly to make it brittle, when it was pounded with flails and reduced to fine particles. The whole was poured into rawhide sacks and incorporated with melted marrow fat.

When cooled the sacks were stored away in a dry place and would keep for years. This was the crude process used for the trade, there being several grades of this pemmican.

The value of well-made pemmican lies in the fact that it contains the maximum of nutrition with the minimum of weight and space, added to its keeping qualities. It is always palatable whether eaten in the raw state or cooked. While in the interior of Alaska with Captain Glenn's exploring expedition, in July, 1898, I had occasion to dry a quantity of mountain sheep meat to keep it from spoiling. When it was perfectly dry, I roasted it slightly on some coals at the camp-fire, and afterward pounded it in a canvas sack. In this state it was delicious. It served many a time for refreshment on the trail, even when fresh meat was obtainable. Once a handful of it mixed with boiled rice served a treat for twelve hungry men.

Its excellence as a food ration for soldiers on the march cannot be disputed. Soldiers in camp can take perishable meat, and by drying and pounding it in the method described have most acceptable sustenance in small bulk, lasting many days.

I have never known it to cause bowel disorders or other complaints, such as are sometimes induced by a sudden change to a fresh meat diet.

As an economical food ration, I regard pemmican as of great value. An authority states that it "was introduced into the British navy victualing yards in order to supply the arctic expeditions with an easily preserved food containing the largest amount of nutriment in the smallest space." For arctic regions I would add sugar to pemmican, as I found by actual trial it was very agreeable. Sugar in my estimation is equal to chocolate in sustaining power, and the desire for it in Alaska is something that impresses the traveler very quickly.

LUTHER S. KELLY, late Captain, U. S. V.

Natural History.

The Wild Pigeon in Iowa.

SOME thirty years ago, when I resided near Rockford, in northern Iowa, the wild pigeon was exceedingly abundant at certain seasons of the year. During their migrations from the South to the North, especially, they were often seen in this region in immense flocks.

This interesting bird did not, however, stop for any length of time with us, and it was the exception rather than the rule to see a few individuals which remained during the season to rear their young.

During the times of the flight of these birds over this region, many were shot; yet not in sufficient numbers to make any perceptible diminution in their numbers. During certain years scarcely any of these birds would be observed in this portion of the State, while at other times they would, as stated, appear in great numbers.

Why this only periodical appearance I am at present unable to state with certainty. At that early day this species occurred in vast numbers to the north and northeast of us in Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan. Their line of migratory flight over this portion of northern Iowa appeared to be an exceptional one.

The few individuals which remained with us to breed were always wild and shy, and for the most part inhabited only the more open timber tracts, where were seen tall dead and scattering trees. They would always alight on the topmost branches of these ancient monarchs of the forest, and keep a sharp lookout for approaching danger, and fortunate indeed was the sportsman who was able to get within range of them.

For reasons which I am unable to fully explain, scarcely an individual of this species has, so far as I am aware, been observed in northern Iowa during the last fourteen or fifteen years.

In the fall of 1876 the writer and his brother Merton, together with an old schoolmate by the name of Will Rumsey, spent some time in hunting on and around Lake Albert Lea, Minn. In the heavy timber at the foot, or southern end of the lake, which was indeed a beautiful one, we had rare sport in hunting wild pigeons.

Two of us would station ourselves behind trees in the heaviest portion of the timber, most frequented by these birds, while the others would beat the woods and "drive the birds around" in our direction, where from our covers we would shoot them as they flew swiftly past overhead. In this way the flocks were kept going until we had sufficient for use in our camp. The fall of 1876 is the last date of which we have any definite knowledge where this bird has been known to occur in numbers in the southern portion of Minnesota.

Some forty years ago the wild pigeon was often seen in southern and southeastern Iowa in immense flocks. In fact, then there were points in this State where these birds nested—"pigeon roosts," as they were generally called. These birds existed in veritable myriads, migrat-

ing in vast flocks, which sometimes reached across from the eastern to the western horizon.

For many years it has been generally understood that this species was practically extinct—exterminated by men at their roosts or nesting places, or decoyed by them into nets during their migration from one portion of the country to the other. The defenseless young birds were also destroyed by various means in untold thousands.

Whether this assertion is true or not, the apparent destruction of a species of such vast numbers over so wide an area in our country, and at so recent a period, is indeed one of these startling facts in natural history, and is paralleled only by the destruction of the buffalo and the prairie chicken.

Since writing the above we observed in Charles City, Ia., last summer a large wild pigeon in company with a couple of mourning doves, and at frequent intervals for a couple of weeks it was seen, and excited considerable interest.

CLEMENT S. WEBSTER.

Reason and Instinct.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Permit me to commend Mr. Wade's excellent letter in issue of March 11. A little slack-twisted science is all very well at times, between such friends as your correspondent and your readers; but then it ought not to be carried too far. For FOREST AND STREAM has a reputation to sustain and we must all look to it. A certain character in Carroll's delightful "Hunting of the Snark" had laid down for himself a sort of "modus vivendi," a good, easy, practical, natural, average, working rule, which I have often wished could be made the law of this whole broad land. It was simply this: "What I say three times is true!" Now, most any old rule will do if it is only understood and lived up to, and I take pleasure in bringing this forward, and suggesting a trial of it. We can, for instance, let it be said once, or even twice, that animals possess reason as well as instinct, and nobody is to say a word. But when it comes to be said the third time, may FOREST AND STREAM never lack a loyal reader who, like Mr. Wade, shall rise up and remonstrate.

And this leads me on. There is another of these slack-twisted ideas about animal instincts, which is forever making a nuisance of itself, even in good society; and it is high time it were well stamped on. It is called up by Mr. Wade's letter, in which he refers to it indirectly, though without endorsing it. It is the hoary old idea that animals teach their young what to do and what not to do. It depresses me to think how many excellent people and lots of ladies among them, are going to have to answer in the next world for writing, for instance, that they have seen parent birds teaching their young ones how to fly. They have, indeed, seen the young birds, impelled by instinct, at exactly the right period of their development, endeavor to fly, and endeavor with exactly the correct stroke and feathering which suits their wings and muscular power. And they have seen the parents hopping around, doubtless much interested, but not at all acting as if teaching a class in calisthenics, which lessons in flying would very much resemble if flying were not taught by instinct.

Similarly, at an earlier age, instinct taught the young to open their mouths, to cry for food, and to eat. And, similarly, many months after the young and the parents have parted and forgotten each other—but again exactly at the right period of their development—instinct will teach each bird to mate with the opposite sex, and will teach them to build the nest, and all that follows. It is surely not necessary to argue a question so simple, when once the all sufficiency of instinct is appreciated. But, if it were, the well-known phenomena of incubated chickens and of young birds and animals raised by mothers of other species, would furnish abundant argument. One further suggestion in the same connection.

In corroboration of the theory that wounded or frightened animals do not transmit their experiences or fears to their progeny, Mr. Wade cites as a strong example, the alligator, which rarely ever sees its own young. Strictly the question to which he refers, in citing the example, was whether the experience of ancestors is transmitted by inheritance to their progeny. I am reminded of a rare old story. A carpenter put to work upon a flat-boat tied up to a tree upon the river bank, wished to sharpen his adze. He told his son to take a bucket and go to the well and get a bucket of water for the grindstone. "Yes, father," said the boy, "I'll dip one here." And suiting the action to the word, he dipped one from the river as he spoke. "My son," said the father, "that is a good idea."

On the question of the inheritance of experiences, the best of all examples is the most obvious. For endless generations every human ancestor has known that fire will burn. But every human infant still has to acquire the knowledge for himself. Only after he has become a burnt child will he dread the fire.

JACK HILGIG.

Bird Notes and Other Strains.

PROVO, Utah, April 8.—On the evening of March 8 a small boy brought me a bird that I had never seen before in this region. His plea was to the point:

"Prof. W., I was down a-huntin' ducks an' there cum a reg'lar cloud of these 'ere birds, an' settled in the bull-rushes, an' I thought ye might want one to stuff, so I brung her up."

Other duck shooters told the same story of the unprecedented migration—a "cloud" of birds at night and all gone northward with the rising sun. The bird in question proved to be the evening grosbeak (*Coccothraustes vespertinus*, Cooper).

I noticed another strange migration on April 4. Five days previous I had been duck hunting, and had not noticed a single killdeer. On the afternoon of April 4 a tremendous flock of *Aegialitis vocifera* came from the South and dropped down by squads and platoons in every marsh for twenty miles along Utah Lake. The birds immediately proceeded to pair, and nesting is now well under way. The killdeer had for an advance guard a few jacksnipe that are now well scattered through the lowland country.

County Game Warden Myron Newell has been making it "hot" for violators of the new game law. Some two years ago the Telluride Power and Transmission Com-

pany built a dam across Provo River, the greatest fishway in Utah, and last year tons of trout failed to get over the fall, and were either captured, exhausted or dynamited in the pools just below the dam. This year both county and State authorities have taken the matter in hand, and as a result, provisions will be immediately made for the trout to get up the river to their natural spawning grounds. As Commissioner Newell and County Attorney Evans were on a trip to the power dam last week, they noticed where a large irrigating ditch had been diverted from its course. They soon came across two young men, one an old offender in this line of work, who were getting trout and mountain herring out of the drained pools. The boys threw their fish back into the water, but all too late. They are now serving ten days apiece in the county jail. Four others have also been convicted this week. Two of the outfit claimed that the trout had been made a present to them, but as they refused to tell the name of their munificent friend, they had to "pungle" \$20 into the county treasury—and the good work goes on.

SHOSHONE.

Snake and Trout.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The discussion running through recent numbers of FOREST AND STREAM on the subject of reason, instinct, heredity, etc., in the animal creation reminds me. Sometime in the 70s I fished for trout in streams (brooks) in York county, Pennsylvania, near what was known as the Jack Toean, and the locality will be recognized by your subscribers in York, Lancaster and Dauphin counties of Pennsylvania. At that time I could kill a good creel full, say 10 to 12 lbs., of trout averaging from 8 to 14 oz., and took none less than 6 in. in length.

Upon one occasion fishing up stream and coming to a bend in the stream, I was attracted by a noise that could not be made by the riffle of the water, because the water on the brook ran placidly and quietly over the gravel bottom. I stopped and listened for a few seconds before turning the bend in the stream. When I did turn the bend, I was very much surprised, as well as interested, in the fact that I was not the only one fishing for trout in the brooks. A water snake was also fishing. It had a trout, say 3 to 4 in. long, caught nearly in the middle, and was trying to get it out of the water, preparatory to swallowing. I watched the operation of the snake with great interest. It would carry the trout up to the margin of the stream and so soon as the trout touched the gravel it would "flop" back into deeper water. This was kept on for a few minutes, and I walked to within a few feet of the snake without its having taken any notice of my presence. When the snake found it could not get the trout out "head on" it turned, and took it out tail first, that is, it backed out and drew the trout out on to the margin of the stream. I was so close to the parties in interest that I put my foot on the snake, liberated the trout and sent it away rejoicing. Now was this reason, instinct, or what in the snake that taught it to carry the trout out of the water tail first when it found it could not do so head first? Will our good friend, Mr. Mather, please say if this snake, which I suppose is one of the descendants of the "old-time" fellow, inherited its cunning or only got it by the fall.

E. S. Y.

The Van Courtlandt Park Buffalo.

About two weeks ago the complete skins with feet and skulls of eight buffalo were received by Wm. W. Hart & Co., the Taxidermists, of East 12th St. These represented the last of the herd of thirty buffalo that were loaned by Austin Corbin to Van Courtlandt Park.

It will be remembered that the animals were given improper pasturage in the park and soon became diseased, one after another dying. When seven had died Mr. Corbin decided to remove the survivors back to his preserve in New Hampshire. He was obliged to leave one cow, which could not be captured. The others were taken to Newport, N. H. They were all sick and had to be kept isolated from the rest of the herd. They never recovered, and either died or had to be shot. The eight recently sent to Hart & Co. finishes the chapter of a sad and expensive experience.

These skins are cured and put in specimen shape and sold to museums for mounting. Wm. W. Hart & Co. represent the Austin Corbin Preserve at Newport, N. H., in the sale of their surplus live game such as deer and elk. Mr. Corbin still possesses probably the largest and finest herd of buffalo in existence, comprising about 100 head.

White Tigers.

A WHITE tiger is not often heard of, and in these days of skepticism the existence of such would be denied by many or accounts of its discovery would, at least, be received with extreme caution. That there have been well-authenticated cases of complete or partial albinism in tigers, however, admits of no doubt: there is Major D. Robinson's specimen (11 ft. 9 1/2 in.) shot at Poona, and the skin of one was exhibited, if we remember rightly, some nine or ten years ago in London, to go no further back for records. Now we have another instance in the tiger recently shot in the Dibrugarh District, Assam, by Mr. Greenish, of Nahorkutia. We have inspected the skin, and are inclined to think that in this latest instance we have probably the most perfect specimen of the white tiger ever obtained. The hair is perfectly white, the black stripes being in the skin, and only visible when the hair is wet, like the body markings on a fox terrier. The skin measures about 9 ft. 6 in. from tip to tip, and evidently belonged to a fine young tiger in good condition.—The Asian.

Locked Antlers.

MR. HARRY McCURT reports in the Chippewa Falls, Wis., Herald, the possession in that town of a pair of locked deer horns. They were found on the Manitowish in December, 1897. The animals had been dead for some time, and the ravens had destroyed the hide on the heads so that they could not be used for mounting at the time nor until the '98 season, when hides were obtained from freshly-killed deer. The two heads are interlocked with one of the horns on each.

Game Bag and Gun.

Winning Alaska Trophies.—II.

(Concluded from page 288.)

I now decided to get two good white men and one strong Indian, and go up the Sheep River country after bear, moose, and caribou. This was a hard proposition even to think of, as the name of Sheep River struck terror in the hearts of every one who knew of that treacherous stream. I talked the matter over with my esteemed friend, Dr. J. H. Gunning, vice-president of the Alaska Gold Syndicate Co., and one who loves to see every one make a grand success of what they undertake. He picked out two of his best men, tendered me the use of the strongest boat on the Alaskan shore, and told me where I might get an Indian who was noted for his skill with a boat and also as a daring hunter. I had quite a hard task to prevail on the Indian to accompany me, as he did not like the country I proposed going into. Yet sufficient "filthy lucre" and the promise of a beautiful rifle had the desired effect, and when I got all of my other preparations made, the Indian was ready.

The two white men who were to accompany me were men of powerful build and thoroughly acquainted with boating and all kinds of hardships. They were native-born Russian Finlanders, who could endure cold and hunger to the last degree. While getting ready we were constantly reminded of the great dangers ahead of us and were told of the number of people who had tried to get up this river; but all had failed in the attempt. Just a few weeks before a party of twelve powerful men, all experts in boating, had endeavored to ascend this tortuous stream, but they had got up only a short distance when their boats were turned over and their grub, tools and guns were scattered along the bottom of the stream. The water in this river comes from three large glaciers, and consequently is very cold and of an amber color, and it averages from 3 to 40 ft. deep. I provided our boat with a quantity of strong, light rope, and before starting saw that every article was securely lashed to the bottom and sides. Our food was of the plainest kind, principally beans, flour and coffee. The bedding was also of the lightest kind. Our wearing apparel was such that we were ready at a moment's notice to plunge into the icy waters and save our boat, as well as our own lives.

I will not attempt here to describe the different adventures and incidents which occurred going up this river, but suffice to say we worked our way up through the treacherous quicksands, snags, and sharp projecting rocks, which were ever ready to gore our little craft to pieces, and then the roaring rapids plunging down over the rugged boulders was enough to make the stoutest heart shudder. The Indian and one of my men seemed to weaken at this point, and it was only through a strong threat of using my little rifle that I compelled them to continue. I remained in the boat myself and kept her bow straight against the torrent, while the men on either side pulled on the long rope which I cast out to them. After crossing these rapids I had no more trouble with any of the men, as they seemed to have implicit confidence in what I told them and readily obeyed.

On the fifth day we reached the glaciers which are the source of the river; and what a sight here met the eye. I have seen the Horse Shoe Falls on the St. Johns, in Canada, the Niagara, and numerous other cataracts, but this, to my mind, was far more wonderful than any of them. The great high mountains on either side, like two giant arms, hold in their embrace that frozen body of crystal water, while the walls of the glacier itself were like great crystal planes, studded with immense stalactites. In places I walked for hundreds of yards on solid floors of ice; then suddenly came perpendicular walls; and in other places sharp pinnacles, like the spires of a thousand churches. The raging waters came leaping down from ledge to ledge, and formed into pools of boiling foam; then suddenly a large floe of ice would come crashing down, and the foaming waters in those icy basins would leap hundreds of feet in the air. I sat for hours watching these scenes, and thought of the immensity of nature; I had never realized it in all of its majestic grandeur before. I climbed from ledge to ledge, higher and higher along the mountain side, until I got to one of the highest points, and from here took observations of the surrounding country. To the north nothing could be seen but icy peaks raising up their shiny heads as far as the eye could reach. To the east and west were large bodies of water and rough, broken ground. To the south I saw a tract of apparently level ground, which looked like a great natural park, I should judge about thirty miles wide and forty miles long. There was a large lake on the west side, and a small one on the east. I returned to camp and determined to visit this natural park and see what it was like. On my way down the mountain I saw a small object about 700 or 800 yds distant, and as I got closer I saw it was a bird of some kind. I walked within 100 yds of it and placed a bullet in my rifle. At the first shot I cut a feather at the

tip of the wing. To my astonishment the bird rose and flew toward me. I now saw that it was a very peculiar kind of bird, and for fear that it might get away I slipped in another small shell, and this time the ball went through its breast. I picked it up, but could not find where the ball had struck it, the feathers were so thick; and it seemed to have two coats of feathers, besides a very heavy covering of down. I finally found where the ball struck, and while it made quite a hole, which is not at all discernible from the outside. The bird is a little larger than a pigeon; web-footed, with short legs, pointed beak, head and breast of a creamy golden tinge, wings a dark slate color, and extremely long and pointed, two black tail feathers about 18 in. long. What is it? When I got down to camp the boys had a good fire and plenty of dry logs for the night, and Nascelice (the Indian) had run up on the mountain side and got us a nice sheep; so there was no danger of starving while we had plenty of mutton in camp. The next day was Sunday, and I made it a rule, no matter where I was or what the circumstances, that there should not be a semblance of work done on that day. This may seem strange for a hunter, and a great many may scorn the idea, but it is my rule, both in business and pleasure, and I have never yet lost anything by it.

Monday morning we all awoke bright and early, rested and refreshed, and ready for the toils of the week. I noticed a large body of very peculiar-looking earth projecting out in the river. We worked our way down to it. I told one of the men to take the frying-pan along, as I had an idea that it was quartz. We took a painful of

out for some fresh meat, since our larder was very low in that respect. The Indian went in one direction, while I went in another. I saw several signs of bear and moose, but as I had never hunted any of those animals before, I hardly knew what I should do if one made his appearance, and since the stories I had heard of them were anything but pleasant, I hardly knew whether I wanted to tackle one by myself or not. These reflections were soon brought to a state of reality, for right before me stood a large moose, not 200 yds distant. He scented me the same instant I saw him, and as he started off on a swinging trot, I took a flying shot at him, and the ball struck a little below the ear. If a cannon ball had hit him he could not have dropped more quickly. I did not have a hunting knife with me and had to return to camp and get the men to skin him. When I got there the Indian had returned and looked quite crestfallen, as there had been no signs of game where he had been, and the other men looked anything but pleasant, for to be without meat with us meant a great deal, as that was all we had now to live on. Of course they did not think that I had seen anything, as they supposed if I had I would have come in all excited and wild with joy. Instead, I walked in as cool and sober as if I had not seen a thing. I sat there for some time and heard them making remarks about fresh meat, etc., and how they would like to have some. Finally I told them to get their knives and come along, and I would show them all the meat they could eat for a week. Every face brightened up at once, and with light steps they followed to where the monster lay. The Indian looked him all over, expecting to find a dozen or more shots in him. When he found the one little trickle of blood he looked completely beat. He had just told me that morning that my gun "good for ducks and sheep, but no good for bear and moose." We soon got the skin off and the choicest part of the meat ready to return to camp. How we did enjoy baked heart and tenderloin that night, while the great skin, thrown fleshy side down over some spruce feathers, made a bed fit for kings to rest on.

At 4 o'clock next morning we were on our way to look up grizzly, as the signs were quite plentiful around where I had killed the moose. The sun was just tinting the hilltops when we discovered two large objects on the side of a hill. On close inspection we could see that they were bear, and genuine grizzlies at that. Gentlemen, this was game, and we were "up against it." The ground was clear and open, and not a tree of any description within miles; and to tackle those two hungry-looking monsters on their own stamping ground was rather a delicate undertaking. However, it had to be done. Our Russian friend kept well in the rear, as he was not at all anxious to meet the enemy. The Indian acted as though he had not lost any grizzlies just at present, and I confess that I have been in more pleasant positions in my life. The closer we approached to them the quicker our hearts bumped against our breasts. The bears were browsing on huckleberries, and every few moments would rise on their hind feet and sniff the air. We kept out of their sight and worked our way up to about 500 yds. Here the Indian began to unrobe and divested himself of every garment that would hinder locomotion. His shoes and socks were taken off and his trousers rolled above

his knees. I looked well to my rifle, as in it was my sole dependence, and on my coolness and accuracy depended my life. The Russian and the Indian got quite nervous. It was plain that neither of them could be depended on. We were now within 200 yds and had a full view of the bears. The Indian made signs to me to shoot the large one and to aim at the shoulder. I did as instructed, and he and the Russian were to take the smaller one. I dropped on one knee and aimed behind the foreleg. At the signal we all fired. The bear I shot at raised up with a terrible roar and grabbed at his side with a paw and then dropped on his haunches. I supposed he was done for and began shooting at the other one as he was starting to run, but in a second both of them were up and started off as though they had never been touched. They must have run two miles before they fell. Had they seen us before we shot, our lives might have paid for our daring; but we took them with such surprise that they did not think of anything except getting away.

Our next bear was alone, feeding on berries, as the others had been. I told my men I wanted to tackle him by myself, and that I was going to shoot him in the head. The Indian objected to this very seriously, and in his own language told us he had shot one in the head seven times, but had not killed him. I thought of the moose I had just killed, and as he had dropped so suddenly with one shot in the head, I believed a bear could be killed in a similar manner if hit in the proper place. I got the wind in my favor and worked my way through the short brush until I gained the hill where the bear was feeding. As I raised my head above the hill he saw me. I saw he was anxious for blood, and with a roar that was terrible he came towards me. I kept perfectly cool until he got within 100 yds. I raised the little rifle to shoulder and took careful aim at the broad head. The ball went straight to the mark, and as it crashed through his brain he fell with a heavy thud and I could hear his



ALASKAN CARIBOU HEAD SECURED BY MR. HARRY E. LEE.

The horns have 57 points.

the mouldering formation and cleaned it out until we could see square flakes of yellow metal. I crushed some of them under my teeth, and as they were soft and pliable I knew at once that it was the real thing. I located this body of ground, and also seven other places of a similar formation, and I expect to open them up myself; and if they prove good, all right, and if not no one else will have anything to lose; but I am not afraid to risk a few thousand on it. I had no idea of finding gold when I went to Alaska. I went up strictly to get some specimens of large game, and was in no way prepared when I discovered those ledges. But as fortune has favored me in that respect, I do not propose to throw away the opportunity.

We now decided to go down and see what this level country was that I had seen from the mountain, and after two days' hard work we got into the park. In some places the soil was very rich and there was a heavy growth of red-top grass 3 and 4 ft high, with spreading shade trees scattered around. A little further on we came to a high rolling country. The high ridges were covered with short grass and moss, while the valleys were about knee deep in a coarse, heavy grass. Pure, perpetual springs of the best water ever tasted were bubbling up from the hillsides and winding their way down the valleys to the lake. I think I never saw a better pasture for cattle, horses, or sheep. I found here the wild strawberries, the salmon-berry, black and red currants in profusion, and the finest red raspberries I ever tasted, while the hillsides were literally covered with huckleberries. The air was very pure and quite warm. The trees were principally spruce, quaking-aspen and birch.

We made camp near a beautiful little stream, and while two of the men were getting things fixed for the night the Indian and myself shouldered our rifles and started

[* Probably a skua, one of the piratical gulls.]

jaws snap in his dying struggle. The men ran to where I was and wanted to go up to him at once; but I made them sit down and eat berries for at least ten minutes, while I kept a close eye on the bear, for my past experience with big game has taught me never to go too close until I was sure the last breath was gone. The Indian jumped in the air several times and said, "Good gun; good gun;" and wanted to make a trade for the arm right there; but it was not for sale at any price. I now left them to skin the beast, while I kept on over the hill in search of caribou.

I could not even see a sign and returned to where I had left them. They had been more fortunate, however, and pointed out a large herd on a hill about two miles distant. The Russian took charge of the bear skin, while the Indian and I started after the caribou. On our way over the hill we saw four large bears feeding on a little knoll about a mile to the right. It was a temptation hard to overcome, and I hesitated for some time whether to continue after the caribou or to try conclusions with the four bears. The Indian seemed to read my mind, and very wisely suggested that if we shot at the bears the caribou would run away and we would not see more, while bears were plenty and we could get them any time. I think he had two reasons for making this suggestion. The first was that he did not like the idea of meeting four bears at one time, and the other was that he was quite tired. We had no time for parley and continued toward the gentler game. The great horned beauties were on the open barren, and it was no easy matter to get in range of them; but by crawling on hands and knees for a quarter of a mile, we got within 300 yds. I told the Indian not to shoot at any of them, as I wanted to pick out the ones I wished myself. The largest one to be seen was lying down, and as I rose up to get aim on him he jumped to his feet and started. I pulled down on him and missed. The second shot was better, and he fell at the crack of the gun. We walked up to where he lay, supposing that the others had all gone, but to our surprise nine or ten came down to him and looked in wonder at us. I saw that one of them seemed to be monarch of the herd, and that the one I had killed was only a fawn compared to him, so I drew down on him and the ball entered the neck and lodged in the back of the head. (The men found the little bullet mashed flat while skinning him.) This was the handsomest animal I ever saw on four feet. The remainder of the herd ran off about 100 yds from where the leader had fallen, and turned again to see what we were or what we were doing. I noticed a very peculiar one with two rows of white spots along the sides, and thought I would like to have him. At the report of the gun he jumped in the air and ran about 50 yds., then fell. Several more came around the hill and joined those we had been shooting at. The band now numbered about eighteen. I could have killed more, but had all I needed. It was now nearly sundown, and we were too tired to skin the animals, and decided to leave them where they lay until next morning. It was a great risk, however, as the bears were quite numerous and there were many prowling wolves.

At 3 o'clock the next morning we were up and started back for the skins and some of the meat. We were not one moment too soon, for several bears had scented the dead animals and were going directly to them. We intercepted two of the bears, and after a very interesting experience, which I have not time at present to relate, we added the skins of two large grizzlies to our collection. Another one was also brought to bay before night, and when we reached camp and had broiled some caribou steak, we lay down, and did not need rocking to put us to sleep.

The next day was Sunday, and we were all glad of it, as there was no work to be done on that day, and we all enjoyed a good rest. In the afternoon we walked up on a little hill above camp to eat berries; the ground was literally black with them. In gazing around on the valleys below and admiring the beautiful scenery, I discovered a large dark object among the spruce trees. I saw that it was an immense bull moose, his great wide antlers spreading out on either side. I called the attention of the men to it, and one wanted to go at once to the camp and bring my rifle, but I told them no, I would not shoot on Sunday, if I never got a moose. Yet this was the only animal I needed to make my collection complete. The Indian told me that by morning the moose would be gone away. This did not change me a particle, though, and the subject was dismissed for the time. Presently another large moose stepped out into the open. He, too, had a wonderful spread of horns. Now the men were nearly wild for me to secure one of the two; but I was still firm in my resolve, and after watching their peculiar antics for some time we returned to camp for the night.

At daylight next morning I awoke and gave orders to the men. Two of them were to get breakfast ready, while one of them was to accompany me. I went straight to where the game was last seen, and with eyes and ears

ready for the slightest sign or noise we crept stealthily along. I expected the animals to be lying down, and as the grass and underbrush was very thick and nearly 4 ft. high, it was a hard matter to see any animal when lying down. I was mistaken, however, for I soon came to a warm lair where one of the moose had just left. The footprints in the dewey grass were quite plain, and we were soon on his trail. We almost held our breath, for the slightest sound would betray our presence and the game would be gone. The tracks in the grass led over a little hill, and as we stood scanning the valley in front a crashing noise was heard to the right and the moose started on a rapid trot, with his great antlers high in the air. It was a beautiful sight, and one I shall never forget. He ran straight from me, and the only fatal spot exposed was the back of the head. I sent a bullet whistling after him, and it went between his horns and struck a tree in front of him. This seemed to surprise him, and he immediately turned to the left and gave me a broadside shot. I took careful aim for his shoulder, and as the little gun spoke the great animal sank to his knees, and then on his side, where his proud, tossing head was soon at rest. On our way back to camp I could have killed two others, one of which had a much finer head than the one I had just secured, but nothing could induce



MR. HARRY E. LEE AND HIS ALASKAN MOOSE HEAD.

me to kill them. If they have not been killed this winter for meat they will make a nice prize for some lucky sportsman next fall. I would like to suggest that the American sportsmen should by all means try to secure this tract of land from the Government as a game preserve, and I hope someone will take the matter in hand before another year, for the game is wantonly killed by market hunters every winter, and if this is not soon put a stop to it will be entirely exterminated.

When we returned to camp the Indian was very much impressed that I had found the moose where we had seen them the day before, and hardly believed that we could have got one so quickly until he went down to help get the skin and head. By securing this moose I now had accomplished every purpose that I had come to Alaska for, and in fact I had secured far more and much finer specimens than I had ever hoped for, and without an hour's sickness a scratch or an accident. I thought it truly wonderful. Now came the task of getting the heads and skins to the boat, which was about nine miles over a very rough country. Each one took his load, and we expected to reach camp that night; but our loads were too heavy, and the underbrush so dense that we did not get much more than half way and had to lie down in the swamp for the night. We had no shelter, and the cold rain which fell during the night was anything but pleasant. When we reached camp the river was rising very rapidly, and we had hard work wading out to where our boat was tied. We took it in on high ground, and the men returned to the hills for the other skins and heads, which we could not begin to bring at the first load. I remained at the camp and salted the skins and got them ready for taking down to the coast. During the afternoon I noticed the river getting higher, and higher, until all of the lower banks were covered, but

fortunately our tent was on a bluff about 40 ft. above the stream. Dark clouds in the northwest indicated a storm for the night and in a few hours came such a hurricane as I had never witnessed. I had brought stout ropes from the boat and had fastened the tent down as best I could, but the fierce winds threatened to blow it into the river, which was now a roaring torrent. I have put in some bad nights in camp, but never experienced another one like this. Toward morning the wind calmed somewhat, but the rain and sleet came down faster and faster. I was worried about my men, knowing what dangerous places they had to cross, and was quite anxious for their return. I was also uneasy about the rough-looking logs that were tearing down the river, as they frequently formed a backwater, and woe to the craft that comes against them. Sharp snags are often projecting which tears a hole in the strongest boat, and the rapidity of the stream will sometimes force a boat over or draw it under and in either case not only are the boat and its contents lost, but the lives of all connected with it.

At about 4 o'clock in the afternoon I heard the men cutting their way through the fallen timber. The poor fellows were nearly exhausted. I had cooked everything left in our camp for them, and it did me good to see them devour it. I also had cut some spruce logs and had a good fire to dry out their drenched clothes. We retired early for the night, for none of us had had any sleep the night before.

The sun was well up when we awoke. The storm had almost abated, but the river was tearing down everything in its path. The banks were caving in on all sides and large trees were being swept along as if they were chips. Soon our boat was ready, and a number of the skins and heads which I had worked so hard for were piled in. The large horns were projecting over the sides, and the tent and camping outfit, with the four large men, brought the gun-wales well down to the water. It was a risky load on such dangerous waters. Everything was lashed securely, as we fully expected an upset before we got half way down, and each man was ready to swim for his life. The bends of the river were sometimes sharp curves, and it required all the strength and skill that we possessed to keep off the rocks, or prevent being drawn under the embankment. A number of times our escape seemed miraculous; but fortune favored us, and swift as an arrow we sped along. Soon our eyes were gladdened with the sight of the broad meadows, but they were now almost covered with water and looked like a great lake. The mast of our sail boat was the next glad object that met our view, and it only required a few moments to be alongside of it. One of our party had a watch, and looked at the time when we started and when we reached the mouth of the river; and what had taken us five days to go up, we came back in three hours and twenty minutes.

The little islands and dry spots along the banks of the river were literally covered with ducks of every variety, while thousands of geese and swan were hovering in the air. I secured with my rifle quite a number of the latter, and also several of the eider duck. I found the little miniature bullets just the thing for this class of shooting. I was also fortunate in securing some grand specimens of the tufted puffin and a variety of other birds, which are only found on the coasts of Alaska. I

value my collection of feathered game almost as much as the fine specimens of large animals which I secured, and in fact there are some of them that I think more of.

When we arrived at the coast we were met by a large crowd of brawny but good-hearted prospectors, and when they saw the great variety of animals and birds they were nearly wild with joy, and when we told them of the ascent to the head of the Sheep River without accident or mishap they were perfectly astonished.

We then showed them the ore specimens which were taken from the quartz ledges and told them of the beautiful country which surrounded this new gold find. Not only their looks brightened, but their minds changed, and several who had arranged to return to the States decided to remain in Alaska and make a new effort to secure a fortune in the fastnesses of those unknown hills which nature has made rough and almost inaccessible in order to guard her richest treasures. The eastbound steamer was at anchor in the bay, but I could only secure a limited space for my trophies and could only take about half of them. I then decided to take passage on that staunch little schooner, the Nellie G. Thurston, which was also at anchor and would sail direct for Seattle in a few days. I found on this schooner just the space I needed, and the novelty of a schooner ride on the outside course was quite to my taste. The officers and crew were the jolliest lot of fellows I ever met, and the courtesies of Hon. Thos. C. Dunn (owner of the boat, who was also a passenger) will never be forgotten. In thirteen days we arrived safely at Seattle, and while I was delighted to get back to civilization again, I shall always look back with pleasure to the grand old mountains, the rapid, rolling rivers, the great moving glaciers, and the animals and birds as I saw them in their native element.

CHICAGO, ILL.

HARRY E. LEE.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Sportsmen Win in Illinois.

CHICAGO, Ill., April 15.—The sportsmen of Illinois and of the West are this week to be congratulated on winning at least a part of the foughten field at Springfield, where, as set forth in last week's *FOREST AND STREAM*, the passage of the dangerous Senate Bill No. 43, and its counterpart, House Bill 434, was so strong a probability as to excite the liveliest apprehensions. In the result, while Illinois is by no means to be congratulated on having a model or even a desirable game law in this new measure, which was this week passed, it may at least be said that not for a while, at least, will the city of Chicago be a legally wide open game market the year round. Western game will still have to come in here under cover, smuggled, stolen, hidden, and not openly and defiantly as in the city of Boston. The dealers of this city will have to go on another session or so before they can secure the wish which they have openly expressed for years—of being placed on an equal footing with the open markets of the East. Let us hope that, before they ever do succeed in their effort to have this measure enacted public sentiment will so far have grown in intelligence that the people will block all such effort and set on our statute books a law which shall still further make difficult the way of the transgressor.

I do not wish to be understood as saying that the measure above referred to was intentionally made a dealers' bill, and I do not say that the lobby of South Water street had anything to do with this bill, to the knowledge of the backers of the bill, yet it was obviously clear, as shown in last week's *FOREST AND STREAM*, that the dealers would have had reason to hug themselves had not a few of the more interested sportsmen gotten together and corrected the innocent-looking little clause of Section 1, which was so near and yet so far from being identical with the old statute, and which, if passed as it stood at this time last week, would have left this a wide-open town. The chief credit for this action, I imagine, belongs to F. S. Baird, of the law committee of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, who was the first to detect the true inwardness of Senate Bill 43, and the foremost in the fight to correct it. Mr. Baird wrote many letters and sent many telegrams to representatives at Springfield, and was the only man to get to Springfield and engage in personal supervision in the final stages of this bill. Mr. R. B. Organ was of great aid also in letters he sent to the capital city. Others aided as they could, and the result is shown in an amended Section 1, which tallies in part and for the most part with the recommendations made by the committee of sportsmen whose action was last week reported. Not the least to be mentioned in this connection is Warden Loveday himself, who, in accordance with his promise to the committee on last Saturday, was the first to arrive at Springfield (on last Monday), and set to work with the committees of the House and Senate to get the insertion of the omitted names of certain birds and animals. He had the thing along to second reading by the time Mr. Baird arrived. Then there was a delay in the printing of the amendments, which looked threatening for a time. Mr. Baird copied from the House journal the amendments which had been passed, went to the printing office and ran the thing down there, and by Wednesday afternoon was able to return with the assurance that the work was done as had been agreed, and that Section 1, the much mooted, was shorn of its danger. Mr. Baird kept faith strictly in this work, and asked for nothing more than what had been agreed at the meeting at Warden Loveday's office. Mr. Graham, attorney for the Chicago School Board, was down there with the intent to kill the whole measure, and of fighting Warden Loveday on the supposition that the justices of the peace had held back funds due the school board under the old law. He was told that the fight would have to be made without the sportsmen, as the latter were pledged to confine their work to Section 1. As the new law comes out Mr. Graham will hardly be pleased, for under it the school board will get no part of the fines at all. So far as this is concerned, I can see no reason to call this objectionable, but rather better than the old law. School boards have nothing to do with game protection, and it would appear clear that the funds raised by confiscations ought to be used for paying in the work of protection and not applied to alien uses.

The Real Amendment.

The real amendments that were passed to the bill subsequent to last Saturday are as below:

Amend printed bill by inserting after the word "any" in line 3 of section 1 the following: "Wild buck, doe or fawn, or wild turkey, between the 15th day of January and the 1st day of September of each and every year, or any pinnated or ruffed grouse, prairie chicken, pheasant or partridge between October 1 and August 31 of the succeeding year, or any."

Amend section 1 of printed bill by adding after the word "State" in line 29 the following: "Provided, that the animals, fowls and birds mentioned in section 10 of this act shall not be killed for a period of five years from and after the taking effect of this act."

Amend section 4 of printed bill by striking out all of line 6 after the word "each" and inserting therein the word "offense."

Amend section 19 of printed bill by striking out the words "propagation and" where they occur in lines 4, 9, 22, 25 and 29, and by striking out the same words in line 5 of section 23 and line 13 of section 28.

Amend section 10, line 4, by striking out the word "wild turkey."

Study of this main amendment to Section 1 will show that it is not identical with that agreed upon with the warden last Saturday, though it covers the open market question perfectly. The changes made are perhaps those due to the hurly-burly and general mixed-up condition of legislative committee work. Thus, it will be observed that the date for shooting ruffed grouse is not made the same as that on quail, as was agreed at the joint meeting last Saturday. Instead of making the ruffed grouse season Nov. 1 to Dec. 20, as governs on quail, it is now set to be the same as that on prairie chickens, which can be killed only in the month of September. The absurdity of this from a sportsman's standpoint is obvious.

There was a rumor out to-day, which I cannot at this writing verify, that as finally engrossed Section 1 omits to specify wild turkey in any way, this bird having by some error been dropped as were earlier the others over which the fight was made. Mr. Baird thinks this rumor

is without foundation, and that the bill is substantially all right now, and is amended only as shown above. If, however, the name of the wild turkey is dropped out by some chance, then the effect will be that the wild turkey is protected in this State for five years, but all wild turkeys from outside this State can be sold the year round. If it does appear in the amended Section 1, as I think most likely, then this bird can be killed in this State during the month of September. This is conceding nothing. The wild turkeys of Illinois cut no figure, but those of Texas and the Indian nations do amount to very much more from the standpoint of the hunter, the naturalist and all those interested in the preservation of these birds in America.

Sportsmen who like to shoot jacksnipe in the spring will note that under this new law they will have to put up their guns at April 25. The mourning dove will have a new right to mourn, for it is made a game bird now, with an open season of Sept. 1 to Dec. 1.

A Possible Virtue.

There is one little thing in this law which may not be yet brought to the notice of the framers of the bill, and which may prove to be one feature where the sportsmen got something which they were not expecting, and where the game dealers got something they were not looking for. Please note carefully Section 10, which reads:

"Sec. 10 That it shall be unlawful for any person or persons in the State of Illinois, for and during the period of five years from and after the passing of this act, to injure, take, kill, expose or offer for sale, or have in possession except for breeding purposes, any wild buck, doe or fawn, wild turkey, ring-neck, Mongolian pheasant, any green Japanese pheasant, English pheasant, any copper pheasant, or Scholmeringon, any Trogapan pheasant, silver pheasant or golden pheasant, any Cacusis, any chucker partridge, and sand-grouse, any black India partridge."

There is a chance for construction in the above section, and it seems to me that the prohibition for "any person or persons in the State of Illinois," to "have in possession except for breeding purposes," or to "offer for sale," any "wild buck, doe or fawn," may fairly and clearly be construed to mean that no one can sell venison in Illinois at any season of the year whatever. This would be something of a back-handed blow at the "Street," which would be one of the best jokes known in the turbid record of Illinois game legislation. It is no difference what the framer of the law intended to say or what the legislators thought they were doing. There is what they did, and on this the courts, it seems to me, have a chance to pass. I saw this thing at the meeting at Mr. Loveday's office last Saturday, and at that time showed it to Mr. Baird, and we agreed not to say anything about it, but to let it take its course and turn out for what it is worth. Not to take too much credit for this questionable benefit I would say that a young daily newspaper reporter, whose name I do not know, pointed this item out to me as we sat near together during the meeting. Whether there is any good fight in this or not, it only goes to show what may be the capabilities of the English language when in course of use at the city of Springfield. Should this comment come to the knowledge of Governor Tanner before he signs the bill it will perhaps be in his power to close this market to venison the year round for five years, a thing which many persons on South Water street would think a horrid act for him to do; or he can fail to sign the law at all, in which case we will still have our old game law, which in many points is safer and better than this one, in which I can see no real progress whatever, either in local protection or in the problem of limiting the trade in Western game. Without doubt this part of Section 10 was intended to apply to Illinois venison only, yet it does apply to all venison, for no restricting words are used, and it is not stated that the buck, doe or fawn is or is not to be an Illinois buck, doe or fawn. Here is an instance of a section wider than it was intended to be. Section 1 is an instance of a section which was very much narrower than it was intended to be, in one sense, in that it left out part of the things it was intended to cover. All of which goes to prove that monkeying with the game laws is a dangerous thing all around, and which proves also that we shall never really know what we have got in this new law until after it is printed and signed by the Governor, and more than that, tested section by section in the courts. It is a very grave question if we can consider the ground won in the Supreme Court of this State as ground not to be fought over again. We do not know what we have got until we have learned it all over again by experience, which may be bitter. But this is what we have, or think we have, at this writing, and it is plain to be seen that a very important and substantial advantage was gained by the sportsmen's committee in the work whose story has occupied space for a couple of weeks in these columns. Mr. Loveday can hardly recognize his own bill in the form which it now has. The first draft of the bill was a very different affair from this. He says that in that first draft the names of the birds omitted later were included, and he does not know when or how the nearly fatal omissions occurred. No copy of this first draft can be obtained to-day, so far as I know, and I never saw any such draft. But of course all this is immaterial to-day. An old Irish lawyer, an acquaintance of mine, used to say: "Ah, me boy, ye can git up yer case the best way in the worrld, an' ye can have the purtiest brief that ivver wuz, and have anny number av cases pat to yer fingers' ind—but wait till the swearin' begins! Ye don't know where ye are till the swearin' begins, an' after it's over, bedad, sometimes thin ye don't know."

Wyoming Breaks Out Also.

The license idea is gaining ground in the West right along, as I have often had occasion to remark, and it is pretty hard to tell just where it may stop. The last thing is from Wyoming. When you have to pay a \$40 non-resident license, and then on top of that have to hire a guide, no matter how good a mountain man and hunter you are yourself, that looks a good deal like hunting under restrictions, which take away the charm and make the hunt not a hunt but a personally conducted frost. This is outstepping the tab and ticket methods of dear old Maine, where they have numbers on the deer's horns, showing which are next to be shot and where they are to be shipped. I presume most of us folk from this part of the world would like to have a guide if we went to a strange part of the Rockies, and surely guides are good company in most cases, whether it be for business or not;

but wouldn't it be a little more pleasant if the hiring of the guide were left a matter to be regulated by preference and not by law? I shouldn't mind the license part of it—if I had the price—but I confess I don't like the notion of being told that I must have a guide whether I like the color of his hair and eyes or not; that all my rising up and sitting down must be watched by the never-sleeping eye of Wyoming as per the aforesaid guide, who is to have his hand continually on my collar and his beak continually in my financial heart. Still, big game hunting is a thing chiefly for the rich nowadays, and the game has been disappearing so fast that I do not blame the residents of Wyoming for taking radical measures. If this new act, stringent as it is, shall keep out the butchers, and if it shall let in only a few good hunters, and if these few shall be so closely watched by intelligent and virtuous guides that they dare not lapse from rectitude, then this Wyoming law will protect the game as well as comfort the guides. There are several ifs to this.

I get part of my advice on this Wyoming law from Mr. Wm. Wells, of Uinta County, Wyo., a contributor to the *FOREST AND STREAM*, whose writing always has something to it, and who is very well known to most of the big game hunters of the East as a thoroughly reliable man for consultation about a big game trip. Mr. Wells writes me as below:

"Gros Ventre Lodge, Wells P. O., Uinta Co., Wyo., April 5.—Dear Mr. Hough: I have neglected writing to you for some time. We are having a winter up here to be remembered. Snow over 4ft. on the level, and very little thaw as yet. Two of the boys in from the Big Gros Ventre, where the main herds of elk are, report the elk doing well and no dead ones, and enough grass showing up on the south slopes and ridges to furnish plenty of feed. The elk and deer here on the head of Green River are all O. K., but I am worried about the elk and antelope on the desert. Still they may be all right, as reports from the Big Pineys say not much snow down there. I suppose you have seen the new Wyoming game law. It is a radical one, \$40 license on non-residents, compels all guides to be registered, and who must be bona fide citizens of Wyoming, thus blocking out all the Montana and Idaho guides. No non-resident can hunt unless he has with him a registered guide. Amount of game to be killed by one person yearly limited to two elk, two deer three antelope, or sheep and one goat. This amount of game may be taken out of the State by the person killing it. Open season on big game, September, October and November."

I had cherished as one of my dreams a little trip out to Mr. Wells' Gros Ventre Lodge some day before very long, as I know he is in a splendid game country; but if the license keeps on rising and the price of poetry rules low, as it has for the past few years, I don't see how I am going to make it connect all around. I have always wanted to get into the Wind River country. Yet when I reflect that this is the way the Wyoming men get back at the Eastern butchers who go out there and kill a hundred elk on one trip, as reported in recent letters from Mr. Daniels, of this city, then I am free to say that I do not blame them a bit on earth, and I would be still more rabid if I were a Wyoming man.

How about Michigan.

In the slang of the day, it is up to Governor Pingree now in Michigan. He has said that he would veto the Leidlein bill permitting spring shooting in Michigan, and it is now his privilege to do so. The following letter was yesterday addressed to Governor Pingree by a gentleman of that State, who has always been very energetic in his efforts at practical game protection, and I hope it may be of weight sufficient in connection with Governor Pingree's good judgment to stop the backward step in good old Michigan. I need not, under the circumstances, mention the name of the writer, whose communication is as below:

"Hon. H. S. Pingree, Lansing, Mich.—Dear Sir: I am gratified to learn on reading last night's paper that you have taken a stand toward vetoing Senator Leidlein's bill permitting spring shooting, and I cannot urge too strongly in behalf of the sportsmen of Saginaw and in behalf of the true protectionists of game that you maintain this position. To permit, at this time, spring shooting would be a step backward in game protection. For years, the energetic sportsmen and game protectionists have labored to have laws enacted preventing the shooting of these breeding birds in the springtime, when they were paired and mated, and when the destruction of one meant the destruction of an entire brood. At last, by conference, the Legislatures of Illinois and Wisconsin agreed to abolish spring shooting, with the understanding that Michigan did likewise, and the promise was well kept two years ago. The claim has been made that if spring shooting was allowed in one State, the selfish greed of the neighboring States demanded the same privilege of slaughter. Now, I say, the two neighboring States have a law that prevents spring shooting, and Michigan cannot afford to have her honorable reputation tarnished by going back on this agreement, or even without the agreement, by taking this barbarous step backward. In the State of Ohio they are even more rigid than we are here, and not only do they prohibit spring shooting, but in many localities the shooting of ducks is limited to three days per week during the open season in the fall. Every one who is interested in the subject has agreed that too much cannot be done to protect game birds and fishes and song birds, for with the rapid diminishing of our forests their natural covers and their natural places of breeding and feeding have become so scarce that the songsters and the game birds naturally decrease. With the aid of modern firearms and especially the pump gun in the hands of those who have no sentiment for the songsters and care no more for the game birds than the dollar they will bring, and which fill the pot for them no more acceptably than a chunk of pork does, the work of slaughtering goes on."

"I do not want to burden you with many long letters, but I am very warm on this subject, for I do not want them to disappear like the buffalo and wild pigeon have. Show this letter to my friend Chase H. Osborn, ex-game warden; he may want to use some portions of it, and I know he is a practical game protectionist and can readily distinguish between the pot hunter and the unselfish citizen."

The Neighbors are Good.

I surely do have good neighbors. For instance, look at this, which comes from my friend, Maj. T. G. Dabney ("Coahoma"), of Clarksdale, Miss.:

"I picked up an old volume, or part of one, which I read with much interest, and think it may be of interest to you. I will mail it to you, and if, after examining it, you place any value upon its possession you may regard it as your property."

"The book is an itinerary in diary form of an expedition commanded by Lieut. Zebulen M. Pike, U. S. A., as officially reported by himself, from St. Louis to the sources of the Mississippi River, in 1805-1806."

"Also a second expedition to the sources of the Arkansas, Red River and Rio del Norte."

Now, that "Coahoma" should have stopped building levees and catching snakes for domestic purposes is not altogether so surprising, but that he should so nicely hit the very dearest wishes of a fellow man, who is many hundreds of miles distant from him is the singular part of it. It happens to be one of my manias to get hold of all the old books on early Western life that I can find.

Witness the great good fortune by which Mr. Horace Kephart, of St. Louis, made me a gift of that very dear old book, Mr. Howe's "The Great West," which dates back to 1855. Yet this old treasure of "Coahoma's" is still older. The Pike narratives, of course, date 1805 and 1806, and this worn old copy seems to have been printed not much later than that date. It is soiled, and stained, and torn, and bruised, but its good leather backs holds many a good hour's reading. Sturdy, devout, expansionist Zebulon Pike, what a good time he did have in the days when Louisiana ran all the way to the British line on the North, and nobody knew how far West! Perhaps some day I may find something curious in this old book for Chicago and the West.

And this does not end the chapter of good neighbors who send in things which I need and things which I love. I don't know why they do this, but they do. Thus, I have another letter which touches me, bearing as it does upon the belongings of a good sportsman who has closed his chapter of sport and put aside his gun and rod forever. I don't know that I ought to print such a letter, but these things all seem to me to belong to the family. It is from Mr. Wm. Cuppage, of Newkirk, Okla., and reads:

"I used to be very fond of fishing, but have not done any since '70. I have some flies which belonged to my brother, Col. C., who used some of them in India, Norway and Great Britain. He died in '72, and I have had them ever since. It is not likely I shall use them soon, and if you could use them I would mail them to you. They will be spoiled if I keep them much longer, and I would like some one have them that would appreciate them."

I hardly need say that I wrote Mr. Cuppage that I should always keep safe these things which his brother prized so much during his life. No doubt their former owner knew FOREST AND STREAM, and derived pleasure from it, and these possessions which come back to the FOREST AND STREAM have a certain fitness as well as a pathos of their own, and should be sacred.

Personal.

Capt. O. C. Guessaz writes from Havana, Cuba, that he is dead in love with Cuba, and is going to locate there when this cruel war is over. I don't altogether like to hear this, as it will rob San Antonio of one of its main delights for me. Captain Guessaz tells me that Cuba is by no means without sport, for he has found six beves of quail in a half hour's tramp. He says also that the streams are numerous and clear and full of fish, and all in all he thinks he has found the promised land. As to the yellow fever, he scoffs at it and says there are men in Havana who never heard of it, who have been living there for years. Guessaz is indestructible himself, and I imagine will never discover there is any such thing as sickness so long as there are such things as quail. I am glad to be able to add that he comes back to San Antonio for the summer, and may possibly come around by Chicago. This last is a part of the programme which he had better not omit.

Minnesota.

Having been partially off the earth for some time I have not at hand the new Minnesota game law, which I take it is now passed. Last week the Minnesota Senate passed an amendment abolishing spring shooting; and asked the House to concur in this act. A section was passed compelling all non-resident big game hunters to pay a \$25 license, residents to pay a 25 cents license fee. Brook trout were forbidden to be sold till 1902. Spear-fishing with artificial light was prohibited. I take it we may depend on these features going through all right, and may congratulate Minnesota as being the one State to come close to living up to the interstate wardens' convention, whose bill has been often referred to in this paper. There is progress in Minnesota, though in Illinois we can write a whole book on Looking Backward.

Opening Day.

To-day is opening day of trout in Wisconsin, and as we have had a week of beautiful warm weather, it is more than likely that on a few of the earlier streams, such as the White River, and other streams near Princeton, to say nothing of waters lower down in the State, there have been some trout taken. The best of the sport on trout in that State, however, will come a little later, and 30 days later will be far better for the fly. Bait fishing, and that for dull fish and in uncleared waters, is the history of most first weeks in this section.

Snipe.

The snipe are in. Frank Bissel a week ago reported a good number of snipe at Water Valley, Ind., where he was shooting ducks. Yesterday a bag of twenty-one snipe was made on the Skokie marsh, north of Chicago. The past five days have been exactly right, and I highly recommend anyone caring for snipe shooting to have himself ready for this coming week. The best known Kankakee points should be productive.

Singing Mouse No. 13.

Mr. Harry S. Loftie, of Syracuse, N. Y., writes me about a singing mouse which he has captured, and I give this as Singing Mouse No. 13 in the FOREST AND STREAM series. He says:

"I have in my possession a singing mouse, or, in fact, about as near as you can come to it. It is not any different in appearance from the ordinary mouse, but his voice is where the mystery is. Before I caught him we were trying hard to discover where the noise came from, as at times it resembled a canary bird exactly. A great many notes sounded exactly like one, only not very loud. It could be heard at a distance of 100ft very plain. But since I have had him in a cage he does not sing any in the daytime, but some nights he will sing and chirp for hours at a time. No one has ever heard anything like it. I wish you would kindly give me a brief history of the singing mouse, and I will be much obliged to you for your kindness."

I cannot give Mr. Loftie very much of a history of the animal known as the singing mouse, except to say that it is well accepted by scientists, though no one seems to have discovered what it is that causes it to sing or enables it to sing. I have heard it suggested that the singing note is only uttered by mice that are diseased, but this I take to be a merely fanciful and unsupported assertion. I discovered a singing mouse—or rather two of them—before

I had ever read or heard of any such thing being known. It was at first rather hard to believe one's ears—or rather his eyes and ears together—for it does not seem natural to hear a mouse sing. Yet once in a while a mouse does sing, and very sweetly and thrillingly, too, as Mr. Loftie has by himself also discovered. I beseech him to take care of the little creature, and hope it may live long and prosper. I never owned a singing mouse myself, as both those I heard were not captive. I imagine there are few persons who can claim such live stock. The few specimens of singing mice of which I have heard in captivity did not live very long. I hope Mr. Loftie may have better luck with his.

E. HOUGH.

1200 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

"Concerning an Epithet."

"How absolute he is! we must
Speak by the card, or equivocation will
Undo us." —Hamlet, Act V., Scene I.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your Philadelphia contributor, Mr. Childress, seems anxious to continue a controversy that has already taken up far too much of valuable space in the columns of your paper, but as he insists upon holding me strictly to the letter of my remarks and asks certain questions relative to them, in order to place myself right before your readers, I will, with your permission, answer them.

The gentleman charges me with having in a prior article made an argument, thanks! I attempted none; life is too short for that sort of thing; I merely made a few statements of individual opinion, I would much rather run a foot-race any day than get into an argument and am no sprinter at that. But to the questions. Ques. "Would Mr. S."—meaning me—"if clothed with full authority, kill a man for taking more than his share of game in a day?" Ans. Not on your life; probably wouldn't say a word about it to him either, if he happened to be large and appeared to be vigorous. Our friend must not imagine that when a reader of FOREST AND STREAM tells him that his trigger finger itched with righteous indignation, or something like that, that he is "intent on murder bent," the language is figurative only. The great family of readers of that paper are too well bred to even mistake a man for game and kill him that way, they always have in mind the maxim "when you shoot be sure you know what you are shooting at." But this is digression; let us get back to our sheep. Ques. "Would he"—meaning me again—"for the same offense send a man to the penitentiary for life?" Ans. No; hardly for life; about 30 days for first offense, with liberal increase for subsequent offenses; sentence to be suspended upon promise to reform. There; that covers I believe the questions propounded by Mr. C., let me ask him a couple. Mr. C. speaks of ducks as being preserved game and tells us that a certain shooters' club had certain property rights in him, the duck. When, I ask, did the duck cease to be a migratory bird and become so permanent a resident of any place as would warrant any shooters' club claiming any property right in him, except when dead and reduced to possession? If it is not a half-way sort of robbery to take more than one's share of migratory game, what is it? The immoderate killing of even preserved game of any kind is usually an indication of brutal instincts (see some of the criticism on the inordinate slaughter of preserved game by our friends on the other side of the pond, in back numbers of FOREST AND STREAM). Another opinion of mine; backed by FOREST AND STREAM this time.

Our Quaker City friend does not believe that the pages of the papers devoted to field sports are "besmeared with the bloody records of immoderate slaughter of game." It is very evident that the gentleman only reads FOREST AND STREAM—quite commendable—which paper, as stated by me in the article to which he takes exception, very rarely offends in the killing line, but let him scan the columns of some of the so-called sportsman's magazines and tell us what he finds there. True; a large percentage of what he will find there is exaggeration, but not all of it; I only wish it was all exaggeration.

In his last communication he says, "the unwritten law of common honesty." "There is no such law." I guess Mr. C. is right. I wrote, or at least, intended to write it, "common decency;" the man who set it up made it "common honesty," he should not be condemned, my chirography is very unlike copper plate. There is, however, such a law as "the great unwritten law of common decency," we have had it here for an age and it ought to have reached Philadelphia by this time. Unwritten laws are not always found in the statute books. Hope Mr. C. will not take this last remark in too literal a sense and call me down.

All of our friend's arguments relative to property rights in game has been discussed, ad nauseam, on the pages of nearly every one of the sportsman's papers and magazines, for the past 20 years; discussed in the same manner and in almost the identical language used by him; it is, therefore, not new, neither has it the slightest bearing on the question of immoderate game killing. Because a man happens to own a small share in a piece of property it is no warrant for his taking the whole of it by any means. The game is the property of the people and he who takes more than a fair share of it does that which I believe at least 80 per cent. of our sportsmen concede to be wrong, intensely wrong, and he is a mighty dull man who in this day of enlightenment does not know that unlimited slaughter of game is wrong. To my mind the only question before the house is how to right the wrong. FOREST AND STREAM suggests one way, others have suggested another, the doctors disagree; who shall decide? All the raps I have received in this controversy came about from my having offered my individual opinion of the "immoderate killer," an item in FOREST AND STREAM pertaining thereto, and I now ask that if my position in the matter is not entirely clear, to say that I have the same liking for the wilful, persistent, game-hog that I have for a fellow who would strangle an infant, or poison a well.

As an offset to the adverse criticism on my position, noted by Mr. Childress, I wish to add that during the past 10 days I have received at least a dozen letters of commendation and endorsement, three of which were from gentlemen connected with the Museum of Natural

History and the New York Zoological Park and had I permission would send them to you for publication if you were so disposed. For myself, however, I promise that you will hear no more from me on this subject, even if called a cosine, or even that awful name "game fanatic," the antithesis I presume of "game-hog." M. SCHENCK.
New York, April 15.

Litchfield Park.

I received some time ago a letter from you asking about "Litchfield Park" for your usual report on game parks. You have in former numbers pretty well described the park. My elk are breeding and doing well. I have lost quite a number from various causes, but the remainder are looking splendidly.

I have a herd now of nearly 20 moose, all of which came from outside of the United States, some from Canada, some from Manitoba. They are doing well and will probably breed next year.

A bunch of fallow deer were put in over a year ago. I should judge that nearly half of them are dead, as we only see that percentage around. These animals require a little feeding in the winter.

Have not been able to obtain beaver as yet.

Built ten miles of first-class carriage drives last year.

EDWARD H. LITCHFIELD.

Vermont Deer in the Sugar Bush.

EAST DORSET, Vt., April 10.—The deep snow and crust on the mountain have driven a great many of the deer down into the valley during the past two or three weeks and they are seen nearly every day within a few rods of this village. Another thing I noticed a day or two ago is that they are drinking sap from buckets in the woods and it may be that in a measure which is keeping them in the valley. I saw one licking syrup off from an old milk can which had been used to carry syrup down from the woods a few days ago, so I conclude they are fond of sweets.

More partridges (ruffed grouse) are wintering in the woods about here this winter than I have seen in five or six years, so I think, if we have good weather during the hatching and breeding season, we may reasonably expect a good many birds another fall. C. W. BARTLETT.

Pheasant Stocking.

APROPOS of the *Brief's* pheasant breeding instructions, Mr. W. B. Mershon writes from East Saginaw, Mich.: "There is a good deal of interest taken by the sportsmen around here in this pheasant business. It is going to have a good effect in this way; it is going to educate the people to game protection and to prize our native birds more highly."

"We never had more quail in Saginaw county than last year. How they wintered I cannot say. It was one continual storm during March, and earlier in the winter we had five days when the thermometer ranged from 10 to 23 below, and even at noontime was not above zero. Fortunately then there was no snow on the ground."

How to Cook a Snipe.

L. D. C. asks: "What is the best way of dressing a snipe? Also of cooking them?"

Pick it (but don't draw it), and broil. Or wrap in bacon, skewer, and roast in a pot. This if one of the smaller snipe. The larger ones, pick, draw, split, add bacon and broil. Some add onion, and there's a woman down on Cape Cod who does her snipe with garlick; no matter how many birds her guests bring in, when she fixes them up they prove all too few for a Cape Cod gunning appetite. Some folks leave the trail in all snipe and woodcock.

Weights of Foxes.

Editor Forest and Stream:

My own limited experience corroborates Mr. Stark's testimony concerning weight of foxes. It so happened that the smallest and the largest foxes I ever killed were shot when I had no knife with me, and I was obliged to carry them home to skin. I improved the chance to weigh them, and the small one weighed 7lbs., the large one 12lbs. The Canada lynx weighed 17lbs.

AWAHSSOOSE.

Ontario Deer Killing in Water.

LAST week the Ontario Legislature legalized the killing of deer in water on the ground that it was inadvisable to prohibit it as long as hounding should be allowed. The great increase in the slaughter of deer, which is inevitable, may eventually result in the prohibiting of hounding. If so, the retrogressive action of the Legislature will be a good thing in the long run.—Canadian Champion, Milton, Ont.

Every Number will be Complete.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In re *Woodcraft*, you have served up a "menu" that ought to be appreciated. The stories by Mather, Robinson and Nessmuk ought to be enough to make 'em bite. I hope you make each number complete.

[Yes, every number of *Woodcraft* will be complete. There will be no "continued in our next." But certain papers in one number may be supplemented by some others in a later issue. Thus, Philip Gilbert Hamerton's chapter on "Dogs" will have as a complement in some future number Grant Allen's "The Dog's Universe." A list of the contents of the April number is given in our advertising pages.]

Mollie's Easter Hat.

I've got to kill a jaybird—a robin an' all that,
For we're goin' to economize on Mollie's Easter hat.
She's goin' to trim it up herself—them wuz her very words—
An' now, I've took the contract fer to bring her in the birds!

Now, thar's a woman sensible—don't put on any frills!
An' never tries to break a man with millinery bills!
What does she want with feathers in the shiny shops in town,
When I kin load my rifle up an' bring the feathers down!

—F. L. S. in Atlanta Constitution.

Sea and River Fishing.

The Hook and I.

EVERY fisherman has heard his well-meaning but non-fishing friends exclaim: "Oh, I haven't the patience to fish!" as though that was all that went to make up a fisherman. Usually you smile or murmur vaguely that everything comes to him who waits, but now and then someone will come over the well-worn phrase on whom you can pour out your phials of wrath in telling him that he also lacks skill, energy, brains, and the gift. Patience, with them means a rod, a body of water, and hours of time, and frequent repetitions of the dose. Patience, indeed! Why, some of the most successful fishers I have ever been with have made the air quite blue around them with the fervency of their remarks when flies were missed, leaders breaking, rods a-smashing! I have seen a fouled reel cause an ardent fisherman to show what patience was in his make-up.

I am afraid we are misunderstood and the noble art of angling not appreciated. One time an elderly minister of great scholarly attainments was preaching the baccalaureate sermon at the commencement of a young ladies' seminary. His subject led him to speak of the art, and he called it "the peaceful and unexciting pursuit of angling." What think you of that? You who have had the black bass jumping, "crazy for the fly."

The fisherman knows hopes, fears, longings and triumphs that come not to ordinary mortals, and they are as dear and as slow to be relinquished as the dreams of an opium eater. But how different in the effect on body and mind—the difference of life and death. Fishing never kept a man down. Look for proof at the number of noted men who have been fond of fishing, and when a great man fishes at all he fishes to perfection.

Boys are fishermen ex officio, but they do not take it seriously. When they grow up it is only a small percentage that go to fishing in earnest. Of all my boy friends I believe that I am the only one who cares to fish, and I often think of the very first fish I ever caught and wonder if there was any foreshadowing of my fate in the circumstance.

There were five boys whose ages ranged from five to seven, and we very carefully set our fishing poles at the root of a big cottonwood tree and went away to play. When we returned we found that a big sucker had been caught and that he had roamed around among the different lines until they were wound into one. We landed the big fish, as long as any of our arms, nor stood upon the order of landing. A man came by and a season of breathless suspense ensued while he was tracing the sucker. When the lines were untangled the sucker was found to be on my line, and I ran home with it in my arms. I am the only one of that hopeful group who casts a line in the water to-day.

Maybe circumstance has most to do with making a man a fisher, even as the taste of mutton makes a sheep-killing dog out of a nonentity. But not all. There may have been many a man who from want of chance has lived and died without knowing his capabilities as a fisher, or what life held for him. "Some mute, inglorious Milton" whose lot forbade.

I think all fishermen are proud of their proficiency in the craft, and look down somewhat on those who do fish as well as they. They may not brag about it, after the manner of me, but in their inmost souls they respect not the frantic efforts of a superior in most things in his endeavor to whip out a line length of his rod. I have been with gray-haired men who had made a success of life and to whom I must have deferred in all things else, for whom I had a kind of a contempt, of which I was ashamed, when fishing with them, for the unskillful way in which they handled themselves in their futile endeavors to extract fish from the water. It probably never occurred to such a man that there was any special reason he should be expected to fish well.

I once fished with a gentleman who had never realized that there was any particular sleight in the art of angling. We were just established in a camp in the woods at the forks of an ideal trout stream. The north fork came down with that clear amber color which water gets by flowing through spruce woods, and the south fork slightly discolored by the mud it drained from a bog. This mud is deposited in twelve or fifteen miles, and the whole stream becomes again as clear as crystal. There was a gentleman in the party, a wholesale merchant, who was paired with me for the south fork. His rod and accoutrements looked suspiciously new, but it was not until he respectfully asked me to put a worm on the hook that I knew he was new to the business. We started up the south fork, a stream about 20 ft. broad, and I let him go ahead—the most pronounced act of self-denial that the trout-fisher knows. He did not care to lead the way, and telling him the proper distance to keep behind me I had the glory of casting in the stream the first line that had been cast maybe in months.

About the time we separated C. stepped on a smooth stone and fell down on his back in the ice-cold water. He tried to make a few remarks on the mishap and the contractions of his throat were awful. I advised him to set his teeth together and not try to explain how it happened for fifteen minutes or so, and his remarks would be more connected. This is the only way to hide all signs of the effect a sudden ducking has on a man.

Having saved my manners and secured the place ahead, we gradually worked our way up the stream, casting a fly in the likely places and taking a trout too frequently, for my number would soon be reached, there being several other fishermen out.

At a bend in the stream where some big boulders marked a geological change in the face of the country, when standing on a large rock, I had a rise from a big trout and I tried for some minutes to get him to change his mind about rejecting the fly, but to no purpose. C. overtook me, and clambered over the boulders near me. Just then his feet slipped and he sat down very violently on a big stone and a crash followed. Now most of regulated families and camps have a small supply of some stimulant on hand in case of accident, but it is an unwritten law in our camp that no one is to carry a bottle with him after the manner of that small supply in a

pocket flask vulgarly called a "tickler," and also that it is to be used in moderation. Anyone so far forgetting himself as to attempt to celebrate the first founding of the forest, or for other seemingly good reasons, has the pleasure as well as the privilege of contributing the sum of \$5 and upwards, which is applied to the reduction of the sum total of the expense fund.

C. being on his first trip was excusable for not knowing of this rule. His tickler was an elaborate leather-bound flask, the property of the captain of the gang, to whom it had been presented by someone he thought a lot of. He prized it very highly. Therefore, when C. put it in his hip pocket and sat down very hard it gave way, and great was the catastrophe. The flask was ruined, to say nothing of spr. fru.

Continuing up the stream, saving the adults and casting back the infants into the water to grow bigger, we worked our way up the stream. The overhanging boughs made casting difficult, and C.'s remarks when his line became entangled in a tree for the twentieth time were very edifying.

About a mile or so up I found that I had upwards of thirty-five trout in the basket, all that it was given me to catch. The uninitiated might argue that trout being plenty, they could be caught and put back, as they were so plentiful. I am not that kind of a fisherman. There has to be a chance of acquiring to make pleasure for me in the complex sport of fishing. I dreamed of the delights of catching a tarpon until someone told me the fish was no better than carrion when caught. Since then I have not hankered after such sport.

C. and I sat down on a flat rock in the middle of the stream and he looked at the fish. He had not been able to secure one, little or big. We sat there talking and becoming acquainted. He gave me the first idea of his powers as raconteur, for as such he is unsurpassed. It was his graphic description later of my enthusiastic remarks in landing a big fish that leads me to retaliate in a slight degree. There we sat, I with my rod in my hand, with the line and leader gathered in an orderly manner. C. sat with the water washing around his feet, with his back down stream. His rod was on his shoulder and the line trailing down stream. The bait was a fat fishing worm, which the strength of the current kept on top of the water. C. was telling a rollicking Irish story when a good-sized trout took the bait and gave the rod a wrench. C. jumped up and very coolly led it in and remarked: "That was easy!"

Since then, when, after toiling with the rod and line for hours, and there seems to be nothing in the waters under the earth, a fish takes the lure in the twinkling of an eye and is taken in turn, I lose sight of all the labor of the hours which brought me nothing and think how easy it is to catch fish.

MARLINTON, W. Va.

ANDREW PRICE.

New England Angling.

BOSTON, April 15.—Mr. H. F. Hathaway is a Somerville trout fisherman of considerable reputation; that is, a reputation of always getting some. Saturday, April 1, he was early on a brook in Concord that he has the acquaintance of, and brought back to Boston seven fine trout. The next Saturday evening his friend Jackson, also a fisherman, met him at whist and inquired if he had secured any trout that day. He explained that he had taken several; one of 10 in. in length and two of 12 in. Fishing down on the Cape has generally been disappointing, the sportsmen returning without any or with three or four. But Mr. Luther Little, an enthusiast concerning Cape fishing, with Dr. — (he stipulates that his name must not be mentioned, since it injures his practice for his patients to know that he goes a fishing), and Dr. Richardson have fished one or two Saturdays at a pond they own in Centerville. The first Saturday brought them 36 good trout. The next Saturday Mr. Little got seven trout, one weighing 1½ lbs. Grover Cleveland and A. C. Benedict, of New York, have come around for the spring fishing on the yacht Oneida. At Buzzard's Bay they were joined by A. H. Wood, of Boston. At first they fished Nine Mile Pond, near Centerville, which they own, and later went down to the Cape to some waters near Sandwich. The amount of their catches is not generally known, though reported to have been good.

Mr. L. Dana Chapman, secretary and treasurer of the Megantic Club, made his annual report to the directors last Tuesday. The condition of the club financially is excellent. Payment and discharge of the mortgage on the club's property has been made. Payment of all notes payable and outstanding bills, with accrued interest to date, has been made. Bonds which would regularly have been paid in August next have been taken up. Every dollar of outstanding indebtedness incurred for supplies purchased for the coming summer, has been paid, and a comfortable balance stands to the credit of the club. Six gentlemen have just been proposed for membership. The directors have voted to purchase several new boats and canoes. At the opening of the season the members will find everything in first-class shape. The season is unusually late, the woods still being full of snow and the lakes ice-bound. The report in the papers about the slaughter of deer on the club's reserve is entirely unfounded. That such slaughter has been carried on is doubtless true, but it has been done many miles north of or east of the Megantic. Mr. Chapman is well satisfied that the deer have been let alone on the lands of the club, since the close season begun.

April 17.—There is little that is new about the ice that still locks most of the New England fishing waters. The Penobscot has just opened up to Bangor; two or three weeks late. No salmon are yet reported to have been taken by anglers at the Pool, though they are tried for every day. The Kennebec opened up to Waterville late last week; fully three weeks behind last year. Sebago Lake is not yet open, and is now 11 days behind last year. The fishermen here, of the Sebago Club, are entirely discouraged about visiting their camp on the 10th; reports Saturday stating that the ice is still solid. Mr. H. Staples Potter has just returned from a fishing and outing trip of several weeks in Florida waters. He made his headquarters at Punta Gorda, sailing in a yacht into different fishing waters. He reports that the tarpon have been very late about coming in this year; though he succeeded in getting two; one weighing 18 lbs. These gave

him all the sport he could desire. Other fishing was fine, in many varieties. Mr. Dean, well known for his tarpon record, was there, but also found the tarpon late. Some of the fishermen here are planning for brooks in New Hampshire on the 19th, which is Patriots' Day in this state, a legal holiday. Saturday tackle was being looked over and put in order. Several sportsmen, with rods and reels in hand, left for the Cape on the morning trains. L. T. Smith mentions taking 20 good trout in private waters on the Cape one day last week. These owners of private waters do not like to mention their successes; it gives away too much to the local poachers. Lake Webb, Weld, Me., Fish and Game Association, held its annual meeting Saturday evening, April 8, and elected the following board of directors: E. W. Pratt, R. E. Scamman, J. A. Witham, A. M. Child, H. A. Coburn, H. M. Barrett, C. G. Dummer, F. S. Schofield and R. G. Dummer. The directors were to have a business meeting Saturday evening, April 15.

SPECIAL.

In the Pound-Net.

BY FRED MATHER.

THE trout season on Long Island has been dull so far. It opened on March 29, and will open in the rest of the State of New York on the 16th. The weather has been raw, rain fog and east wind, conditions favorable for bringing on rheumatism, but not calculated to awake the appetite of a trout. A few trout were taken on Long Island by those who will fish on the opening day if they do not wet a line again all summer. They remind one of the "first-nighters" at a New York theatre. There are probably two thousand persons in New York City who never visit a theatre except on the first night of the presentation of a new play, and they are disconsolate when two new plays are presented on the same night. Their faces are familiar at the box offices, and they know each other by sight; they have one trait in common and that is all. There are such anglers, in New York City, at least, and it is their boast that they have not missed an opening day in a certain number of years, and they can tell you how the weather was on the opening day a dozen years ago, who fished and what the catch was.

This is simply a fad, like the first-night theatre fad, the collection of postage stamps or knot-holes. It is not a legitimate subject for ridicule, because some of us do not care for that sort of thing. Some twenty years ago more or less, the law for long Island trout opened on March 1, and I have known men to go there and fish in the teeth of a howling gale, when their lines were coated with ice, and they were clad in ulsters. If a man considers this to be sport, who shall say him nay? Men have pursued the musk-ox and the barren ground caribou into the Arctic circle, where they could barely find food for their dogs, on which their lives depended, and suffered hunger to the point of starvation, and called it sport. Some of them wrote books of their adventures, but a book would not compensate for the suffering; there was the dare-devil spirit of the Vikings behind it all, and perhaps this spirit, in a lesser degree, animates the trout fisher who disdains all discomforts.

Men not only look at things differently, but the same man will view them in different lights as he gets older, and therefore we should let every fellow seek his pleasure in his own way, within legal bounds. Forty years ago the question of physical discomfort; to me, was not a factor in any proposed sport; to-day it is the prime one. Then, to tote 50 lbs. of venison and a 10 lb. rifle for ten miles, with clothing wet through and frozen on the outside, was a mere incident that enhanced the sport; to-day the game would not be worth the ice, and both venison and rifle would be thrown away and never be regretted. Fifty years ago I stripped and swam through floating ice about 100 yds for a mallard, and was in the icy water nearly half an hour; but I got my duck and thought nothing of it then. To-day that bird would represent half a dollar; then it was invaluable, and I would risk life for it, although the risk was not thought of. To-day such an exposure, if I would make it, would end up with muffled drums and "three rounds blank."

As the melancholy Jacques says:

"And so from hour to hour we ripe and ripe,
And then from hour to hour we rot and rot;
And thereby hangs a tale."

Buying Fish to Take Home.

We are built on different lines. This is not stated as a new or a startling proposition, because men have become familiar with this fact in centuries long ago. They have also observed that the same rule which governs men may also be applied to wives. As one who has had much experience in angling, as well as in other departments of life, let me say to young anglers, tell all the fishing yarns you can invent at the club or to the sitters around the country grocery, but be dead square with your wife. If you have that false idea that it is disgraceful to come home without a fish after a day's angling, banish it and tell the truth. Many of us have fished with success varying from a grand catch to little or nothing. There is nothing to be ashamed of in coming home empty-handed; many hunters of big and small game do it.

We have all done it since the days of St. Peter, who said: "We have toiled all night and caught nothing."

This had just been written when in came my neighbor, Mr. P. C. Macevoy, with a story of a man who had been fishing and caught nothing, but was disposed to deceive his wife by buying some fish on his way home. It was not an unusual case, but his story moved me to put it in rhyme, and here it is; it seems best to call it

An Angler's Pipes.

The angler hastened toward the brook,
As the brown thrush piped its lay.
He sorted his flies of gaudy dyes,
And guessed what his creel would weigh.

His flies fell light on the waters bright,
While a robin piped a tune;
But none of his flies could coax a rise,
And the sun was marking noon.

So he dropt his reel in the empty creel,
And sadly piped his eye;

Then, as he thought where fish could be bought,
His whistle replaced the sigh.

"Oh, Molly," said he, "If you could but see";
(And Molly was piping him off),
"How the trout would rise at the poorest flies";
The rest was lost in a cough.

"Yes, dear," said she, "now give them to me";
(John started to fill his pipe).

"Why these aren't trout!" so Molly did shout,
"And, darling, they're rather ripe."

After reading these verses to Macevoy, he mumbled:
"Um—um—piped his eye; it's all right, but what do
you mean by that?"

"Mac, my boy, if you were familiar with that old
English punster, Tom Hood, who wrote,—

"He went and told the sexton
And the sexton tolled the bell."

"You would also remember his equally good pun of

"First the bo's'n eyed his pipe
And then he piped his eye."

"Which in nautical lingo signifies weeping." But Mac-
evoy could stand no more of this and had gone before
the sentence was finished. He knows a good thing when
he sees it, but he did not have his glasses with him.

Puns.

Quoting from Tom Hood, the great English punster,
brings up that statement, made by somebody, that "a
pun is the lowest form of wit," and the reply of some
other somebody, "Therefore it is the foundation of all
wit." Our American punster, John G. Saxe, proved this
to the satisfaction of some of us, but space forbids quo-
tations. Here are two things which may not be puns,
but if not they may be put under the head of tautology.
The first has no relation to fish, but the second one has,
and so they are given.

Once some fellow wrote on the correct repetition of
words, and chose the word "that," saying: "I say that
that 'that' that that man used was superfluous." This
was pasted in my scrap-book and under it I wrote: "He
has five words in his string, but I can go him three bet-
ter in this line: 'Of all the smelts that I ever smelt, I
never smelt a smelt that smelt as that smelt smelt.'" Not
the same word in consecutive repetition, but 'twill pass
in a crowd. As the systematic name of the smelt is
Osmerus, which, if Prof. Jordan's Greek is correct, means
odorless, then I can imagine some learned ichthyic duf-
fer paraphrasing this thus: "Of all the osmerus that ever
I osmered," etc.

To me a bit of nonsense, either to read or write it, is
a safety-valve—it takes a man outside his self and breaks
up the bad habit of continuous thought. Someone
wrote:

"With curious art the brain, too finely wrought,
Preys on itself, and is destroyed by thought."

This is from the scrap-book before mentioned, where
wit and wisdom jostle each other. There may be minds
which do not need relaxation, but the little one which I
lug around, can stand any given quantity of it. The
mad-houses are filled with people who never relaxed the
bowstring of thought. "No, no, that way madness lies."

The Antiquity of Fly-Fishing.

It is a singular fact that the modern Egyptians are
ignorant of fly-fishing; at least Wilkinson tells us so in
his "Egypt"; yet paintings show that it was practiced
among the Egyptian gentry as far back as the days of
the Ptolomies. The ruined cities of Thebes and Beni
Hassan abound in pictures of fishing, some with the
fly and others with the spear. Among the remains of an-
cient Nimroud, which is the modern name of the Assy-
rian city of Calah, on the east side of the Tigris, a few
miles above the mouth of the upper Zab, there is a paint-
ing of an angler with his rod in hand, fish by his side,
and near his feet is a creel said to be of willow and ex-
actly the same as those we sling on our shoulders to
carry our fish in to-day.

Verily, there is little that is new under the sun, unless
it may be the X-rays and wireless telegraphy, and there
is no telling but what some Egyptologist may dig these
things from under the pyramids.

We know from the paintings that the Egyptians fa-
vored the trident spear, throwing it from the bank of
canal or river, or in a boat of papyrus, but it is not gen-
erally known that they used the artificial fly.

Just how long the Japanese have been fly-fishers is a
question. I have some wonderfully delicate flies from
Japan, the tiniest midgets, that danced in a cloud before
your face on a spring day, tied on the most minute of
hooks with a snell of horse-hair.

Midges.

The above paragraph brings up the question of these
dancing midges. I don't know what they are; no man
knows. Of course they are catalogued by some bugolo-
gist and given a double-jointed name twenty times longer
than they are, but when you have that all tucked away
under your hat you are no wiser.

The snow is hardly off before there are bunches of
these things; they gather in bunches of a bushel or so,
and play tag in a nuptial sort of way, and in a few days
they are no more. With them it's a short life and a merry
one; eggs are laid in or about the spring water, and so
the round goes on.

The particular midges here referred to are not the
biting "no-see-ums," black flies or other pests. They
play in the sun for a few days in early spring, procreate
and die. The curious thing about them is that they will
accompany a man, keeping about his head and dancing
in front of his face and yet have no bloodthirsty designs
on him. The larva of one of these gnats, for no doubt
there are others, may be found on the crest of a dam in
the swiftest of water; a small worm with a hard head,
and if detached will spin a thread and work back by it.
Later it makes a pupa case on the dam. Any trout
cultivist can find it in summer, and years ago a man
given to sensation, a sort of "yellow" fishcultivist, made
the startling announcement that there was a "web worm,"
which spun a web to catch trout. It merely spins a
single thread, which enables it to get back to a place of

safety, for no fish can get it where the waters are pouring
over a dam, and as long as it can maintain its position
there it is safe.

Curiosities in the Tackle Shops.

Every dealer in fishing tackle is compelled to keep a
lot of freak things, and they are queerer than the wood,
bone and iron hooks of the Eskimos. Last summer I
fished for striped bass with the late Jeremiah Sullivan, on
the north shore of Long Island Sound, from New
Rochelle some ten miles east. We had a boatman and
the best of sand and blood worms; fished all day and
never caught a fish. Yet it was a grand day. Jerry had
grown up in the tackle business from the store of the
original Conroy, in Fulton street, and had fished with
Genio C. Scott, of the elder lot of anglers, and was a
frequent companion of Mr. G. P. Morisini, one of the
best of striped bass anglers about New York to-day. Few
were the New York City anglers who did not know
honest "Jerry" Sullivan, who died a few weeks ago, hav-
ing been eighteen years with Conroy.

As the boatman rowed along over ground where many
good bass had been taken a few days before, and were
taken a few days afterward, I said: "Jerry, I've plugged
along with such tackle as I have been accustomed to use
for different fishes, but often wonder at things which I
see in the showcases. Those artificial mice, rubber frogs,
dobsons, and, most of all, rubber angleworms. Do they
really catch fish?"

"O, yes, suckers," and he reeled in to clear his hook of
weeds. Then he added: "Pardon me; I thought I had
a strike, and will modify my statement by saying that
there is a demand for these things; other firms keep
them, and we must. It is possible that the rubber mice
and frogs may be more or less effective, because they are
put in motion; but no fish would touch a rubber worm or
a dobson, because they don't smell right."

"Then you think a fish is prompted to take a bait
more by smell than sight?"

Jerry replaced some blood worms which the weeds had
torn off, and then replied: "Not a surface lure, like a
fly or a spoon, where the motion attracts the fish, but
when a man is still-fishing with bait it would be a fool
fish which would take a bit of rubber for a worm. Boys
are attracted by these things; old boys, too, who know
no better, and I sell them unless they should ask if they
are good, when I tell them the truth."

"Then you do not offer advice."

"Never; I might get a rebuke if I did. If a person
asks for an article, it is fair to suppose that he knows
what he wants; but if he thinks that I may know more
of the use of some fancy article than he does, and asks
for an opinion on it, he gets it. The tackle stores keep
lots of fancy things, got up like Peter Pindar's razors, to
sell. Things that an angler of experience would only
look at as curiosities, just as he would regard strange
coins which represent no value to him."

I was gradually leading Jerry to two things, about
which I had curiosity. While the average angler has
his own notions of things and gets the ideas of the few
friends that he fishes with, his field of observation is
small compared to that of a man who sells fishing tackle
and talks with a hundred or more men each day, experi-
enced anglers with differing views concerning some de-
tails of their tackle; old fishing cranks who want some-
thing different from anything on the market; young fish-
ing cranks who once fished with some guide in the wil-
derness and who know more about fishing tackle than the
veteran angler or dealer, and the honest man, who
knows about what he wants, but realizes that he has not
had much experience and asks advice of the merchant.

Automatic Reels.

With all this in mind the talk had been led to the
point where I asked: "What is your opinion of auto-
matic reels? There are several on the market, and I
only refer to the principle on which they work, and not
to any maker. Do they sell well?"

"Confound these blood worms; that one bit me; they're
getting scarce, and we will have to use more sand worms.
O, yes; you asked a question. Well, the salt-water
anglers won't use them; a few are sold to trout fisher-
men about New York, but they are more popular inland.
You saw the trout reel I used last spring; that tells what
kind of a reel I prefer. What is your opinion?"

This was a natural, if unexpected, question, and was
answered thus: "Like you, I find these reels more popu-
lar in central New York than elsewhere; some anglers
swear by them—good anglers, too—but, Jerry, there are
things about them that prohibit their use on my rod.
They are constructed on the principle of the Hartshorn
window-shade roller—the more line you reel off the
stronger the spring acts, and the more you reel in the
weaker the spring. This is all right on a window-shade,
where a few feet is the limit of its work, but 60ft of line
is another thing. Then, my boy, it is silent. About
half the enjoyment of trout or bass fishing is the song of
the reel, simulating the exultant chirr of the kingfisher
after a dive of more or less success; a reel without a click
has no charm for me."

Jerry was evidently annoyed; he had invited me to his
favorite grounds for striped bass and the day was blank.
Perspiration was on his forehead, but I laughed at our
non-success and told him that next year, when he should
be my guest on the same day and grounds, there might
be no fish taken, but there was a hope that the outing
would be as agreeable as that of to-day.

He said: "Your first objection is a sound one; the
spring weakens as it reels in and there is no such thing
as the 'escapement' of a watch to regulate this; and if
one should be invented, there would still be your second
objection, which is entirely sentimental. Izaak Walton
never knew a click reel; he enjoyed fishing, as we read.
Why do you demand a click on your trout and bass reel
and not on the multiplier that you are to-day using for
striped bass?"

The question was superfluous, for no man knew bet-
ter than "Jerry" Sullivan that a "click" is not only a
check on a fast running line, but also indicates the
speed at which the line is running. He also knew that
the "song of the reel" is the sweetest of all songs to the
angler. But he was answered on these lines, and when
he turned and put a question which unexpectedly put me
on the defensive, I replied: "You will not deny, Jerry,

that we fish for sport. As boys we found our greatest
sport in using hand-lines and pulling in fish hand-under-
hand. Then came the use of rods and reels and the wind-
ing in of fighting fish. To me, the enjoyment of trout
fishing is the reeling in, on a click reel, of a fighting trout,
and as for a spring on my rod taking in this trout, why,
I'd as soon signal to a steam engine on the bank to
pull it in. I want to feel every bit of tremulo on both
hands; the exquisite throbbing of the rod and its elec-
tric effect on the crank of the reel, as well as hearing its
song."

Poor Jerry! He had laid out to give me a grand day's
fishing and had failed so far as fish were concerned. All
sportsmen have had such experiences if they have lived
long. They know of good grounds for fish or game,
where they often have fine sport, but it's ten to one that
the day is blank when they write a friend to fish or shoot
with them.

About Rods.

"Jerry," said I, "there are rods that I would not have
found among my effects when I leave earthly waters to
try those of the Styx; and if we are to use the ghosts of
our departed rods on those misty shores, it is sure that
none of the rat-traps will be seen in our hands by the
shades of angling friends gone before."

Jerry looked up and remarked: "In the natural course
of things you should be there to greet me, but nothing
is more uncertain. If you refer to split bamboo rods in
the department stores at 99 cents, a sum that would not
cover the cost of the ferules on a good rod, it is safe to
say that we will not be ashamed to have all the anglers
from Izaak Walton down to a Jamaica Bay flounder
fisherman inspect our rods."

The "natural course of things" did not work out in this
case, and Jerry died last month of acute pneumonia. He
had a wealth of anecdote of the older New York anglers,
whom he knew as a boy, and many of whom he fished
with. Once I asked the late Genio C. Scott, author of
"Fishing in American Waters," now out of print, about
the proper style of hook for taking lake trout, and he
replied: "There is a hook made for those fish which is
long in the bend but short in the point; but you had
better go and consult Jerry Sullivan."

Auf Wiedersehen.

An old song says: "Say au revoir, but not good-
bye," and an older ballad tells in the most doleful of
metres:

"Farewell, farewell, is a lonesome sound
And is oftimes heard with a sigh;
But give to me that good old word
That comes from the heart, 'good-bye.'"

The time has come for me to say something of this
kind, but there is nothing in the French "au revoir" or
the English "good-bye," which is a corruption of "God
be with you," which appeals to me like the German "un-
til we meet again."

There had been a sort of a dream that I should go to
take charge of a great trout preserve in Wisconsin. The
dream spread out over two years, as dreams always
spread, and then somehow it narrowed down to a date.
The date was somewhere in the coming June—and things
were getting brisk, with some April lectures and a new
fishcultural book to see through the press; but, when a
telegram came with orders to start on April 15, there was
no margin. Therefore, all correspondents are hereby
notified that my personal address for one year—the con-
tract is for one year only—will be Brule, Douglas county,
Wis.

This place is in a wilderness where bears, deer, wild-
cats, sharp-tailed grouse and other beasts may polish my
bones, but I will go and face the sharp tails of the
grouse, and between dropping a line to the trout may
drop a few lines to FOREST AND STREAM. So—auf
wiedersehen. FRED MATHER.

Old Shad Times in Connecticut.

ALLUSION is frequently made at this season, when Shad
begin to run in the Connecticut River, to the time when
shad were so abundant there as to sell for a penny
apiece. In the New York Herald of April 9 the writer
was quoted in regard to some historical reminiscences and
data which he published some years ago. The same were
obtained, I may say, by laborious investigation of public
documents during a summer sojourn at Old Hadley, in
the Connecticut River Valley, and are in all respects
authentic and official. One of the most voluminous of
these references is Sylvester Judge's sketch of Old Had-
ley, which is available at the local libraries at Hadley and
Northampton. I am surprised, therefore, to read in the
FOREST AND STREAM of April 13 that "no authentic data
exist," and to note the intimation that these old state-
ments regarding the glut of salmon, shad and canvas-
back ducks, are so nearly obsolete as to come within the
realm of myths. CHARLES HALLOCK.

[The gluts of salmon and shad and ducks are not
mythical; but did the fish or the fowl figure in apprentices'
indentures as articles of food from which for certain stipu-
lated days they were to have relief?]

Jeremiah Sullivan.

THE late Jeremiah Sullivan, for many years associated
with Mr. T. J. Conroy in the fishing tackle business in
New York, had been with Mr. Conroy for eighteen years,
during which time he made many friends among the
anglers of New York who had dealings with him, and all
will be grieved to learn of his death. Mr. Sullivan was
thirty-eight years old, and up to the time of his illness
was in perfect health, and frequently found time to leave
his business for a few days' fishing with some of the local
salt-water fishermen, among whom he was particularly
well known and respected.

"Children Together."

Forest and Stream Pub. Co.:

Dear Sir—Find enclosed 25 cents for one copy of "Game Laws in
Brief and Woodcraft Magazine," to be sent to the following ad-
dress. We can't get along without FOREST AND STREAM. We
were children together, and I am only four years the older; but
my brother took it, and our mother read aloud the stories after
we were in bed. How well I remember one evening she came
across the word "cuss," and the little lecture we got; but she kept
reading just the same. J. T. D.

Fishes of Hudson Bay and Strait.

BY CHARLES HALLOCK

IN 1884 Mr. Charles R. Tuttle was historian of the Canadian Government expedition sent to Hudson Bay and Strait to determine the period of open navigation, as bearing upon the question of the proposed Hudson Bay route. In his published record he devotes considerable space to the economic fishes of those waters, and after stating that cod swarm in Ungara Bay and all along the north Labrador coast in quantities so vast that a schooner may be loaded in a few days in any of the inlets, he remarks that, if any person wishes to see *Salmo salar* in perfection, "he should go to the rivers and brooks and torrents and leaping, dashing, foaming streams which everywhere empty their turbulent waters into Hudson Strait. * * * There dwell the salmon in their virgin beauty." They abound in such numbers that a ship can be loaded with them in a few days; and even at the date named, which was fifteen years ago, the Hudson Bay Company maintained a fishery at Ungara Bay and shipped a refrigerator steamship load every year to the old country. This information will astonish those who imagine the shores of that Arctic channel to be only a tenantless terra incognita.

Sea trout are even more plentiful than the salmon, and nearly as large up there, being a little longer, but no quite so stout, according to Tuttle. By some ichthyologists they are designated as spotted salmon, or Hearne's salmon, and Dr. Robt. Bell, chief of the Dominion Survey, speaks of them as Hearne's salmon in a private letter to the writer under date of March 26, 1890. He says: "They do not go over 10 lbs. weight, but are the perfection of all salmon for flavor." This weight would be marvellous to fishermen on the Bay Chaleur and River St. Lawrence tributaries, where the average is perhaps 4 lbs. In many places the Hudson's Bay Company carry on extensive sea trout fisheries by means of simple traps, which they set in the shallow streams when the tide rises some 10 or 12 ft. At ebb tide thousands are found secured in these nets. They are salted in casks or barrels and shipped to England. The Eskimos spear them in spring and early summer, and consider them a great luxury.

Salmo salar are abundant in the Koksak and Georges rivers, and in all affluents of Ungara Bay, and thence down along the whole Labrador coast. But to the westward of Ungara it is replaced by the Hearne's salmon, which occurs all around the Hudson Bay proper and along the south side of Hudson Strait to Bay of Hope's Advance, but not in James Bay, which is a southward projection of Hudson Bay.

Still another species, the Arctic salmon, begins at a point on the mainland of the continent about Wager Inlet. The same is found in the Coppermine, Baele's River and Great Fish River. They are netted around Melville Peninsula and westward, and it is said also on the shores of Baffin Land, which is an archipelago of islands.

On the Pacific Coast this Arctic salmon is in its turn replaced by the five recognized species of *oncorhynchus*, which occur from Kotzebue Sound southward.

A species of salmon allied to the whitefish is the *inconnu* of the Mackenzie River, but a sorry fish it is for eating, or for any other purpose whatever.

Dr. Bell says that nothing worth mentioning has ever been published regarding the fishes of Hudson Bay, though a considerable porpoise and walrus fishery is carried on around Marble Island, at the mouth of the bay, and the oil product is rendered at Fort Churchill, at its head, where there are also three refineries.

A Late Season.

QUEBEC, April 14.—The angler in Canada requires a good stock of patience this spring—if one can call it spring with 8 ft. of snow piled by the roadsides and 2 ft. on the level. Not even the oldest inhabitant can remember to have seen so much snow upon the ground here in the middle of April as there is at the present time. Last year at this season the dust was flying upon even the country roads in the vicinity of Quebec. So it was at Roberval, upon the shores of Lake St. John. Now the ice is thick upon the lake, and the snow in the surrounding country is as deep as it is in the environs of Quebec. This will furnish some idea of how late the fishing season is likely to open this year in this part of Canada. Last year was an exceptionally early season, and yet on either the 1st or 2d of May both General Henry, U. S. Consul here, and the writer, whipped Lake Beauport diligently without obtaining a rise, and fished some of the Bernard Club lakes in Maskinonge county a week later with not much better success so far as the fly-fishing was concerned. Of course, the snow and ice will disappear very quickly when the really warm weather sets in, but good fishing must now be very late, for all the lakes and streams will be exceptionally high, and heavy floods are anticipated in most parts of Canada. The abundance of snow-water running down, for sometime after the thaw, is practically over, will naturally deter the trout from surface feeding until still later in the season, when the water in the streams and lakes reaches its normal mid-May temperature. I have several inquiries from friends in the United States respecting spring fishing, but it is naturally impossible at present, with the ground covered with snow, and ice still on all the lakes, to offer any definite advice. I am certainly under the impression, for reasons already given, that there will not be much May fishing with the fly, this season in the Lake St. John country, certainly not before the last week of the month. But as the season progresses and the thaw advances, I will endeavor to keep the readers of FOREST AND STREAM thoroughly posted, for nobody in Canada would like to see American anglers in search of sport, coming here at the wrong time for it. At present it looks as if the best of Canadian spring angling will be had this year in the month of June. Ouananiche fishing in the Grand Discharge will scarcely be at its best until the latter half of the month, for the late thaw and abundance of snow still in the woods will raise Lake St. John in May to much more than its ordinary spring level, and the fishing is never good in the Grand Discharge until the water in the lake has fallen to a lower level. But it is likely that for three

weeks or a month prior to the opening of the season in the Discharge, ouananiche will be taken freely in Lake St. John, almost as early, in fact, as fontinalis furnishes sport for fly-fishermen in the various streams and lakes between Quebec and Lake St. John.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

Hints and Points.

SALEM, Mass., April 4.—We readers of FOREST AND STREAM have from time to time come into possession of valuable information which ought to be imparted to all the brotherhood of sportsmen. In particular we know of certain valuable remedies for sickness and wounds, snake bites, etc. For instance, a friend of mine was bitten by a rattlesnake, and having learned that alum taken internally was a sure cure, he procured some a few moments after having been bitten by the snake, and although he became unconscious for a time, yet he shortly recovered. I had an opportunity to test a peculiar remedy for scalds and burns. While camping in the woods of Maine and suffering from a severe scalded hand and having nothing better to apply, I used some black-fly ointment, which gave almost instant relief. Since that time it has been used in very many cases, and found to be, without any doubt, the surest and most reliable remedy for burns ever tried. I enclose a recipe for this which has just been discovered in an old diary.

Remedy for Black Flies.

One-half ounce oil of tar; 1½ drs. oil of clove; ½ oz. oil of pennyroyal; 1½ oz. spirits of camphor; 2 drs. of ammonia water; 1 oz. castor oil; olive oil enough to make the whole quantity 8 oz.

I trust that some interest may be awakened on these lines among the readers of FOREST AND STREAM, and that others may be prompted to give other hints and wrinkles and receipts.

N. C. LOCKE.

New Jersey Coast Fishing.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., April 14.—But little success has attended the efforts of anglers in this section so far as salt water fishing is concerned. A few ling have been taken from the piers and some flounders from the tidal streams. Perch are beginning to make their presence known in the head-waters of the Manasquan and are ever welcome to the enthusiastic. First-class sport can be had with fly rod when they are taking the hook freely. The sucker seems to be more than usually abundant in several streams and is now taking the hook in his usual clumsy manner. Nevertheless he is ever welcome to a large contingent, as his memory is linked with reviews of pleasant wanderings through meadow and glen.

But little has been done along the trout streams, as the very backward weather has kept the sport in abeyance, and those who have ventured have met with but meagre success. Dr. H. S. Kimmonth has been out twice, and while meeting with some success each time, reports the streams in bad condition and the fish unusually small in size. Parties living in the immediate vicinity of the waters say that great quantities of trout perished during the past winter, owing presumably to the severity of the weather and the very shallow streams.

LEONARD HULIT.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

April 18-21.—Cincinnati, O.—Bench show of Dog Owners' Protective Association of Cincinnati.
April 26-29.—Baltimore, Md.—Baltimore Kennel Club's third annual show.
May 3-6.—San Francisco, Cal.—San Francisco Kennel Club's third annual show.
Sept. 4-7.—Toronto, Can.—Toronto Industrial Exhibition Association's eleventh annual show.
Nov. 22-24.—New York.—American Pet Dog Club's show. S. C. Hodge, Supt.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 6.—Bicknell, Ind.—Indiana Field Trial Club's trials. S. H. Soewell, Sec'y.
Nov. 14.—Chatham, Ont.—International Field Trial Club's tenth annual trials. W. B. Wells, Hon. Sec'y.
Nov. 14.—Washington, C. H., O.—Ohio Field Trial Club's trials. C. E. Baughn, Sec'y.
Dec. 8.—Newton, N. C.—Continental Field Trial Club's trials. W. B. Meares, Sec'y.

Dog Sense.

STILLWATER, N. Y., March 28.—Editor Forest and Stream: Fred Mather is all right. I glory in his spunk. When he maintains that animals have reasoning power, I think he knows where he stands, as his several illustrations in your issue of Feb. 25 plainly show.

It puzzles me that one can give a dog no more credit for his thoughtfulness than if he were a piece of machinery.

For instance, take three pups all from the same litter and admit that all are endowed with the same degree of instinct. One year later there will be one of them that you will prize higher than the rest. Why? Simply because he is the smarter of the three. Did instinct develop in him more than in the other two?

I have an Irish setter that I frequently keep chained under a shed near the house. One day a neighbor left two eggs lying in a wheelbarrow within reach of the dog. Upon the man's return the dog, expecting to be patted, perhaps, put his feet on the barrow, overturning it and breaking the eggs, after which he proceeded to lap them up.

A few days after that, when he was unchained, I saw him coming from that neighbor's hencoop, with an egg in his mouth. When he saw me he crouched low in the grass and carefully let the egg roll to the ground. He had never been punished for anything of the kind, yet how did he know that he was doing wrong; and why was he so careful not to break the egg? If that had been a bone or a ball his teeth prints would have been left in it.

I think that he remembered how those eggs broke on falling from the barrow, and he thought his punishment would be mitigated if he gave up the stolen property unbroken.

I will think until it is disproven that instinct is the mother of knowledge; and knowledge the mother of wisdom and reason.

Curiosity is instinctive; hence, it pilots us to knowledge.

With full knowledge of two different routes to a city you wish to reach, one rough and hilly, the other smooth and easy to travel, which would you take? Why, with wisdom born of knowledge you would choose the easier route.

Then, after entering the city, you think you need a shave. You look around as you meander along; and finally you observe a striped pole on the sidewalk ahead. You will think, "There is a barber shop. I can get a shave there." Now, how do you know you can, as you have not tried yet? You simply reason that you can, because you have the knowledge that barbers do have such signs, and there must be a shop represented by that one.

I liken instinct to a root, and curiosity to a plant growing from it, and knowledge, wisdom and reason are products of that plant. Can you see it that way?

I believe that any form of animal life that can be taught to mind must reason ere they obey. If they do not, then tell me, someone, why do they obey?

Why does a dog crouch before his master when he has disobeyed? Simply because he reasons that punishment is liable to follow disobedience. He also has a knowledge of his master's tender feelings, as well as the wisdom to touch those tender feelings if he can by his ardent display of penitence.

I said Fred was "all right" but—I mean—pretty near all right. When, as I read his fox hunting narrative, I came to where his dog came up to him "wet with perspiration" I paused. He can get a big price for his perspiring dog.

CHAS. H. SMOELL.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The other day with a friend I took the dogs and went out into the woods. We took our way to one or two likely places, and at the first one, an old apple tree, got a point on an old partridge which was eking out a scanty subsistence on the seeds of the dried-up fruit. She didn't stay long, for the crunching snow was too sure a warning. But after both barrels [imaginary] we marked her down—ours, if it had been dear old October. Next, we visited a sure place for woodcock and found two. Just imagine old aristocrat on his uppers, and no coal in the cellar. The first one was a good-looking old gentleman; and Lee found and pointed him three times before he left. It was amusing to see the dogs look up the bare spots—wonderful how they certainly reason it all out.

Here is a little dog story about a dog of mine—but that makes no difference—I always admit of others. Lee has used a certain chair for his bed ever since we have had him. The chair was covered with a lounge cover. A day or two ago we sent the chair away for recovering. At night Lee could not find his chair. He inquired of the cat and the baby where it had gone, and coaxed us to help him find it. He searched the house; but all he could find was the cover, which hung on a line in the back kitchen. So, while we were getting ready for bed, in he walked, dragging the cover. He put it down over near where his chair should have been, and then lay down on it and went to sleep. Reason? Instinct? or just dumb luck?

E. D.

Brunswick Fur Club.

A SPECIAL meeting of the Brunswick Fur Club was held at Mechanics' Hall, Boston, on April 4. President O. F. Joslin presided, and twenty-two members were present. The following gentlemen were elected to active membership: B. N. Hamlin, Horace F. Fuller, L. W. Campbell, B. P. Williamson, C. J. Prouty, Geo. W. Jacques, C. F. Harris, Wm. H. Simonds, J. T. Flannelly. The report of the committee on the revision of the constitution and running rules was accepted. It was voted to hold the field trials at Barre, Mass., during the week of Oct. 16. A vote of thanks was extended to President Joslin for his generous present of \$50 to the club. Adjourned. BRADFORD S. TURPIN, Sec'y.

Yachting.

Yacht Designing.—XXVIII.

BY W. P. STEPHENS.

(Continued from page 275, April 8.)

THE proper manipulation of the drafting instruments is but a small matter compared with the larger problems of naval architecture which are involved in yacht designing; but it is nevertheless indispensable. The requisite degree of skill can only be acquired by study and practice, if possible under a competent instructor. No written directions can fully take the place of personal instruction, but at the same time the latter is beyond the reach of many. The general series of operations are: plotting, penciling in, inking, tracing, and in some cases tinting or shading. Every line of a drawing is dependent on one or more points, these being first located and the line drawn to or through them. These points are minute dots, made with a pencil having a sharp conical point. In Fig. 63 the scale is shown held by the finger of the left hand, while the two points marking the extremities of the proposed line are made with a conically pointed pencil. The other pencil shown on the paper under the left hand has a chisel point, broad and flat on both sides—something like a duck's bill. It is impossible to make a fine dot with such a point, but for drawing a long line it is much superior to the round point. Two pencils may be used, one with each style of point, or one-pencil may be sharpened on both ends. The double-ended pencils with movable leads are convenient, one end being used for plotting and the other for drawing lines. In Fig. 64 the two hands are shown, one holding the tri-

angle and the other with the pencil held lightly between the thumb and first and second fingers, drawing the required line. The ruler is held firmly by the left hand; if it be a T square, the head is held tight against the left edge of the drawing board. The line is invariably drawn along the edge furthest from the body, and this edge is placed not directly on but a short distance below the point or points which mark the position of the line. A space of 1-32 to 1-16 in., called *daylight* is left between the point and the edge. The ruler in position, the line is drawn by a quick steady motion from left to right. Where the T square is used all horizontal lines are drawn with it, the vertical and inclined lines being put in by means of the various triangles. For marine drafting, in which many long parallel lines are necessary, the T square may be replaced by the long straight-edge held in place by a couple of flat bricks or lead. It is absolutely essential that, however held, the ruler should not move while the line, or series of lines if they are parallel, is being drawn. In laying out the design in pencil the fewest possible number of lines should be drawn, and each should stop at its proper limit, not continuing indefinitely to be erased later.

While a certain amount of erasure and change is unavoidable the exact length and position of each line should be carefully determined before any attempt is made to draw it, even in pencil; the design as a whole should be carefully considered so as to avoid the necessity for changes of the general plan, and the paper should be kept as clean as possible. The best and quickest work in drafting is done by careful planning of the design in advance; drawing each line in its proper order and exact position and shape, and leaving the least possible amount of change and cleaning up to be done at the end. In Fig. 65 is shown the position of the left hand in holding the triangle against another triangle, T square or straight-edge, as it is constantly used in drawing a series of parallel lines, as in sectioning. The guide or fixed triangle is held by the thumb and little finger firmly on the paper, the ruling triangle is held by the first, second and third fingers, and is slid along the requisite distance by a slight movement of these fingers. It is a great aid to the draftsman to be able to perform this rapidly and certainly, holding the guide ruler immovable at all times and alternately moving the other the correct distance and then holding it while the line is being drawn. A good deal of practice will be



Fig. 63.

required before this can be done. In drawing with either pencil or pen, the instrument should be held, not by the extreme point, but as high up from the point as possible, so as to avoid cramping the fingers and to give a free sweep to them. In drawing short lines with the triangle or set curve as a guide, the pen or pencil is held nearer to the point, the third and little fingers resting on the ruler and helping to steady it, as partly shown in Fig. 65. In drawing along a batten this is impossible, as the fingers must be raised well clear of the weights. In drawing any long line, by the straight-edge or batten, the pen is held high up, as in Fig. 66, and the drawing is all done from the shoulder rather than the wrist, with a long steady sweep of the whole arm. In this work, such as the inking in of a sheer line or level line 4 ft. long, the body should be poised easily and naturally on both feet, the weight being thrown on the left foot as the pen starts at the left end of the batten, and being transferred to both feet and then thrown on the right foot as the end of the line is reached. It is no easy matter to ink in a line 4 ft. long, especially on tracing cloth, and leave a hard even width of black.

Sharp tools are essential to good work; the pencils should have a long taper to the wood with about half an inch of lead projecting; this point being brought to the desired shape, conical or flat, by rubbing on a fine file or sandpaper. These should be kept out of the way, at a distance from paper and instruments, as there will always be an abundance of very fine black dust about them.

The drafting pens should be brought to a round point, similar to a duck's bill, the edges of each blade being just sharp enough to avoid cutting thin paper. Sometimes the points are worn down so short that it is necessary to have them ground by an instrument maker, but if only the edges are dull, as often happens with continual use, they are sharpened by setting the two points quite close together by means of the adjusting screw and then *tickling* them up with a small piece of oilstone. The pen should be held firmly in one hand, in a good light, and carefully rubbed by the stone, held in the other hand, until it is seen that the points are of equal length, practically semicircular in outline, and each with a keen edge. The pen may then be lightly dressed on the edges and outside of the blades on a piece of very fine emery paper held on some flat surface, after which the blades are opened until about parallel at the points and the inner sides dressed up on the emery paper wrapped around a flat piece of wood of the correct thickness to fit between the points. After this the points are closed and whetted back and forth over the emery paper in such a manner that, the pen being held constantly vertical in one direction, the end of the handle described a semicircle and at the same time the whole of the semicircular end of each blade is brought in contact with the paper.

After this is done the pen is thoroughly cleansed of all oil and dirt, some ink is freshly mixed and the pen filled, using a clean steel writing pen for transferring the

ink from the saucer to the pen. The points are set close together and a line of medium width is drawn; this should be evenly continuous from end to end, drying with a black gloss if both pen and ink are right. It may be necessary to rub more ink, to get a deeper degree of blackness, or to touch up the points of the pen to secure a more even distribution.

When a good line can be drawn at one stroke, or possibly by a second over the first, the pen should be set very fine and a thin line drawn, a harder test than the first. After this has been successfully accomplished, the screw is loosened and the blades separated to make as wide a line as can be drawn, upward of one-eighth of an

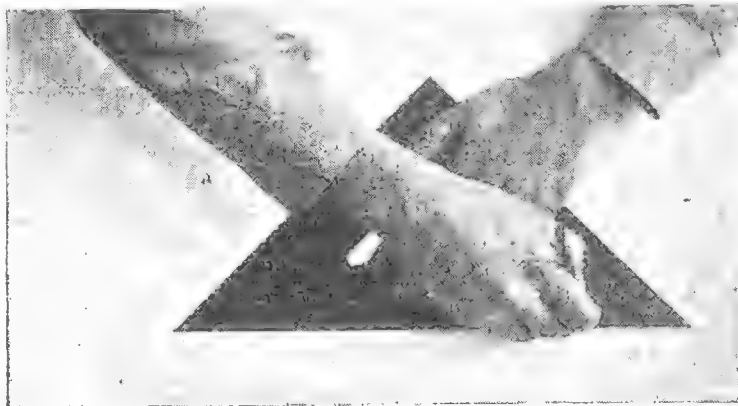


Fig. 64.

inch. When the pen will draw this cleanly and evenly, it may be accepted as in good working condition. In the case of the pen points of compasses and bow pens, the sharpening is a more difficult matter, as the point must be held at one particular angle and cannot be held in slightly different positions, as when the plain pen is held in the hand. The most difficult of all pens to sharpen are those of the smallest bows of the old pattern, Fig. 45; the new bows, Fig. 47, can be handled much more readily and held at the best working angle to the paper.

After a more or less intimate acquaintance with most of the implements of the shipwright, from the *spud-wrench*, *old-man* and *ratchet-drill* of the shipyard to the *planimeter* and *integrator* of the drafting room, the writer has no hesitation in saying that the *drafting pen* stands alone among all tools as the most perfect embodiment of the innate cussedness of inanimate things. It will not work when dull or dirty, and it may not work even when new, sharp and clean, and properly nourished with good ink. There may be some draftsmen who can say why this is so, but to most it is an unfathomable mystery. A pen that is gentle and willing one day may be sulky and obstinate on the next under apparently the same conditions except that the work is more urgent. The only effective remedy for this state of affairs is the possession of a goodly stock of pens, which may be of various sizes and patterns and thus exactly suited for all varieties of work; while some at least of this collection will at any given time be in a working humor.

With the pencil the draftsman may if he chooses draw a line close to, in fact almost under the lower edge of the ruler, but with the pen it is advisable to keep a safe distance away from the edge (almost a sixteenth of an inch) or the ink may suddenly leave the pen and run over, down and under the ruler, a bad blot following. At the same time it is quite possible for the practiced hand to draw an ink line, especially a fine one, almost touching the ruler, and it is sometimes desirable to do this.

The pen should if possible be held exactly perpendicular to the paper, both in the direction of the line and transversely; but it will often be found that the point will work better if held at a slight angle, the end of the handle inclining slightly forward, to the right, or in toward the body. Whatever this angle may be at the start, it should be maintained for the entire distance, or the line will not be parallel with the edge of the ruler, but wavy and crooked. If the edge of the ruler is very thin, about 1-16 in. as in the ordinary set curves, there is very little trouble from this cause, but on the other hand there is a much greater chance of blotting through the edge of the pen touching the ruler and the latter drawing out all the ink. With a thick ruler, of 1/8 in., as in some

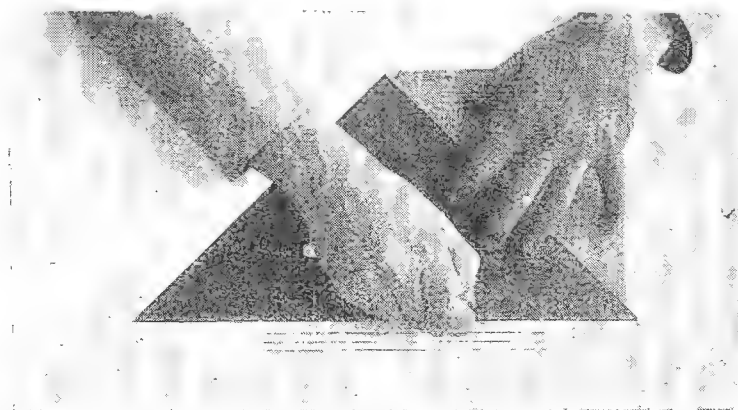


Fig. 65.

straight-edges and T squares, or even of 1/4 in. as in the larger battens, there is much less danger of this blotting, but any slight change in the angle of the pen is sure to make a crooked line. At the same time the writer at least prefers to draw with a thick rather than a thin edge.

In some cases, as in drawing the very slight curves of a boom or mast in a sail plan, a thick ruler may be used to advantage, the point of the pen being close to the edge at the start, with the upper end inclined outward, from the body. As the pen moves ahead, the handle is slightly inclined in, the point curving away from the straight edge until the swell of the spar is reached, when it is gradually thrown out until at the end of the line the point almost touches the ruler. In this way many lines that are not straight, but still of too slight a curvature for either the set curves or the spline, may be readily drawn.

In the every-day practice of the draftsman there are three points on which opinions differ as to the best pos-

sible methods. In the first place, in the general construction of the drawing, the pencilling may be carried on quite rapidly, the lines being all drawn in full, not *dotted* or *broken*, and no special care being taken to stop each at its correct ending but leaving more or less pencil work to be subsequently erased. In this case it will be necessary in the inking to determine the proper nature of each line, *solid*, *dotted* or *broken*, as well as its limits, as it is drawn, and to use the pen accordingly. In the alternative plan each line is put in with the pencil in its final shape and position, so that there is nothing to do in the inking but to copy exactly the pencil lines with the pen. This method perhaps takes more time in the end than the former, but there is no doubt that it is the correct one, and the beginner will do well to accustom himself to it. One important advantage is that after the pencil drawing is once completed by the designer, it may be turned over to a comparatively inexperienced hand, so far as planning and designing go, who will merely copy it mechanically with the pen.

In some cases where this method is followed the drawing is made with a HHHH pencil instead of HHHHHH pencil and is not inked in at all, but a tracing in ink is taken from it; both for a permanent and legible record and for blue printing. In case of subsequent alterations in the design, as is often the case in machinery, parts of the original drawing are erased, new ones pencilled in, and a fresh tracing made.

Another point is in regard to erasing and cleaning, it is the practice of some draftsmen to make no erasures of errors or blots during the pencilling and only to clean up the drawing before inking; while others use every effort to keep the drawing correct and clean all the time. This latter method may involve some serious erasures, which will mar the surface of the paper and interfere with the inking; but it is decidedly the better. For one thing, if a man stops at once as soon as he has made a blot or an error and takes the time to correct it, he is likely to be much more careful than if he leaves everything to some indefinite time in the future when he will clean up and correct everything before inking. We should advise the learner to stop as soon as a mistake has been made, either in pencil or ink, and to remove all traces of it as fully as possible before going on with the work.

The third point concerns the inking in. It is the practice of many to complete the drawing entirely in pencil before a line is drawn in ink; while others complete the main part of the work only, and ink it in afterward, adding various details in pencil. There may be occasional conditions which justify this method, but as a rule the

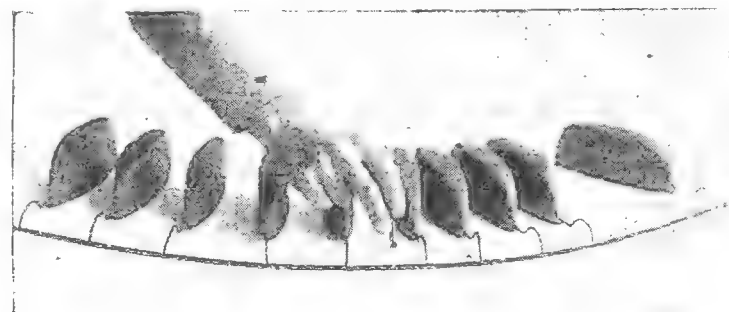


Fig. 66.

drawing should be completed to the last line in pencil before any pen work is begun.

In default of practice in a good office, or instruction under a competent teacher, the learner will have to rely on his own ingenuity in planning the most expeditious methods of plotting and pencilling; his main construction lines, the foundation of his drawing must be correctly placed on the paper and must be absolutely accurate in their relations to one another; they must also be arranged so that distances may be quickly plotted on and measurements taken from them. Some of the auxiliary lines will not appear in the completed drawing, and these may be drawn only in part, enough perhaps to give an intersection or a tangent. All similar distances should be set off and all circles of the same diameter drawn at one setting and handling of the dividers or compasses. There are many small points of this kind which it is difficult to particularize, but which at the same time do much to lessen the time and labor of drafting.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Canada Cup.

As in the case of the 90-footers, the greatest possible secrecy is being maintained as to the dozen yachts building for the challenge and defense of the Canada cup, but some little news is leaking out. Concerning the Duggan boat, the Montreal Gazette says:

The utmost secrecy pervades Harry Hodson's yards, and will continue for some weeks yet. The cause of all the mystery is the building of the 35-footer for the defense of the Canada cup. The vessel under construction is owned by the J. Wilson Morse syndicate of the Royal Canadian Y. C., and is being built from designs by Mr. G. Herrick Duggan. The particulars are being kept secret. The frame, which is of oak and elm, is in position, and is kept carefully under lock and key in a sheet iron building at the end of Hodson's wharf. The employees have strict orders to keep all curious people at bay.

The first strake of planking has been placed upon the frame, but the work is now at a standstill awaiting the shipment of British Columbia cedar for the remainder of her planking. As far as can be learned the craft will be of extreme lightness and will embody several radical changes in the accepted model for 33-footers. In spite of the delay in the arrival of planking material, the boat will be ready for landing on May 1. The contract calls for the delivery of the little vessel complete at the middle of May.

The public will not be allowed the slightest glimpse of the Toronto candidate for the defense of Canada's cup until she slides into the water.

The following is from the Toronto Globe:

There will be a Canada cup defender from the Halifax design after all, and it won't be built in Hamilton, either, though that hope was entertained but a short time ago. The Halifax designer is Mr. H. C. McLeod, general manager of the Bank of Nova Scotia, who has been very suc-

cessful with his productions, both on the ocean and the inland lakes. He was formerly the agent of the bank in Chicago and was chosen as one of the committee of management of the first Canada cup race. The project of building from the design of Mr. McLeod was taken up by Commodore Jarvis on his recent return to the city. With the co-operation of Vice-Commodore J. H. Plummer, the necessary funds are so far assured that the order to begin work on the new boat has been given to Capt. Andrews of Oakville, from whose shop Canada was put into the water two years ago.

It is said that this latest decision to add to the number of trial yachts has developed another possible boat, making three Toronto defenders in addition to the three under way in Hamilton.

The following is from the New York Tribune:

A. G. Cuthbert came to New York yesterday to arrange to introduce the alco-vapor launch in Chicago waters. The 35-footer Veva, which is being designed for Vice-Commodore Peare, of the Chicago Y. C., and which is intended to back the international challenge for the Canada cup, will be an improved Sylvia. Sylvia has taken fourteen first and five seconds out of twenty-one races, and in the contests in which she took second place she was beaten by her sister yacht, also designed by Cuthbert, called Mirage. It is a singular fact that although Sylvia was built and raced in 1893, two years before Defender appeared, she is the exact counterpart of that Herreshoff flyer, except that she is slightly deeper in proportion. On being worked out on a scale the principal measurements, other than draft, are the same within an inch.

Columbia.

LATE last week it was announced officially that Mr. C. Oliver Iselin had given to Sec'y Oddie of the New York Y. C. the name Columbia for the cup defender now building for Com. Morgan. This news sets at rest the numerous rumors as to the other names that have been for some time current. Sufficient work has been done on the topsides of the yacht to confirm the report that they, like the bottom, will be of Tobin bronze. The work on all parts is progressing steadily, and the yacht will be launched early in June. The brass foundry at Warren has been leased by the Herreshoffs for the making of the numerous small castings, and work has been begun on a foundry as a permanent addition to the Bristol plant.

The Boston Globe has collected a lot of information concerning the sail plan, and though it may not all prove correct, it is sufficiently probable to be interesting at the present time.

Unless all signs fail and all present indications are wholly at fault, there is a big surprise in store for those who have confidently predicted an increase of 15 per cent. of sail in the new cup defender over the old, and who have figured the gain by a rough addition of five or six feet all around in the spars of the new boat over those of the champion of '95.

Although the Globe cannot say so to a certainty, yet the information now in its possession as to the spars of the new boat leads to the conclusion that the increase in sail area will not be over 5 per cent. At the same time the information points to a far more effective sail plan in this increase of 5 per cent. than in the 15 per cent. increase given in connection with any so-called "approximate" designs.

The sources of this information cannot be given, for the steel gaff and boom are being made in the Herreshoff shops under lock and key, and watchmen to guard; while the wooden mast, bowsprit, topmast and spinnaker pole, which are ready for shipment in the shop of the Boston Spar Co., at East Boston, are hardly more available for observation. Nevertheless, the Globe believes its information to be accurate, even if it upsets some preconceived ideas of what was being done.

According to this information, the spar dimensions are as follows, the figures in each case being the limit shown by the spars before their final finish: Mast 107ft., boom 101ft., gaff 65ft., topmast 62ft., bowsprit 38ft., and spinnaker pole 74ft. A 20ft. masthead and a housing of 9ft. below the deck would make the mast 78ft. from deck to hounds, or 6ft. more than in Defender. The main boom is 5ft. shorter, the topmast 5ft. longer, and the bowsprit 4ft. shorter than Defender's, while the spinnaker pole is about the same length.

With the known position of the mast in the new boat as between frames 28 and 29, the sail plan for the purposes of measurement for time allowance can be very closely calculated. It figures to about 600 square ft. more than that of Defender, or about 5 per cent., but at the same time it shows an increase of actual sail of about 500 sq. ft. in the mainsail, leaving only 100ft. to go into the head sails, or a very great increase in the area of the principal driving sail in proportion to the increase on which an allowance tax is paid.

This sail plan is shorter on the base line and longer on the perpendicular than that of Defender, and therefore carries more sail aloft where it will do the most good in light airs, and where it is more effective and more easily kept in place than as if it were lower down. The figures and the proposition itself are somewhat surprising at first, since the easiest way to increase a sail plan would be to add on something all around, but a little consideration of the matter and of the conclusions to be drawn from certain known data will show the plan to be a logical and practical one, even if Measurer Hyslop's tape shall finally show it to be wrong.

Many figures were made on Defender's sail plan while she was building and after she was under way, but Measurer Hyslop's figures, just before the cup race, were the first official or authoritative ones obtained, and they showed that presumably positive information was by no means correct. Defender was not officially measured until the last possible moment, and the same will undoubtedly be true in the case of the new boat.

In considering the sail plan of the new boat the placing of the spars as well as their length is of the utmost importance. The position of the mast is known, and this is a good starting point for obtaining the base line for the purposes of measurement. The fore side of the mast is

at frame 28, or practically 47ft. 6in. from the stemhead. Housing the 38ft. bowsprit about 10ft., as in Defender, gives it a length of 28ft. outboard. Deducting from this length about a foot and a half for finishing at the other end, and for the attachment of the headstays, gives a measurement of about 74ft. from the side of mast to forward point of measurement midway between the jibstay and foretopmast stay.

Under the measurement rule of the New York Y. C., any excess of length in the spinnaker pole over the distance just given is added to the base line. Hence all spinnaker poles are made just under this length to avoid being taxed, while at the same time they are as close as possible to the distance so as to get the largest possible sail. In Defender the distance from foreside of mast to forward point of measurement was 73.55ft., and the spinnaker pole was 73.36ft. long. In the sail plan now under consideration the distance is about 74ft., and the length of the pole not many inches under the same figure. Taken together the figures should closely fix the length of base of the forward triangle. This base is not officially measured except to determine any tax on the spinnaker pole, but in the present case it is valuable in helping to determine the entire base line.

The official base line is from the forward point of measurement to end of main boom, to which is added any excess of length of gaff over 80 per cent. of the topmast, measured from the hounds to lower side of sheave of top-sail halyard block. Taking the boom at 100ft. and allowing 3ft. for mast and gooseneck fittings, a liberal allowance, a base line of 178ft. is obtained. Allowing 1ft. on the topmast for fitting and the drop of the topsail halyard block gives a measurement length of 61ft., and with a 65ft. gaff an excess of 16ft. of gaff over 80 per cent. of the topmast to be added to the base line, which brings the latter to 194ft.

The perpendicular next claims attention. This is measured from upper side of mainboom to lower side of sheave of topsail halyard block. With a measurement of 78ft. deck to hounds, an allowance of about 3ft. must be made for the distance of the upper side of the boom from the deck. This gives 75ft. up to the hounds. Add to this the length of the topmast, 61ft., and a perpendicular of 136ft. is obtained. Defender's perpendicular for measurement was 128.48ft. The sail plan of the new boat is therefore nearly 16ft. higher in the air. To obtain the sail area, multiply the base by the perpendicular and divide by 2. The result is 13,242 sq. ft., or 640 sq. ft. more than Defender at her official measurement of 12,602 sq. ft.

This, it must be remembered, is the sail area for measurement, and not the actual sail area. The rule was devised to get as closely as possible the area of the working sails, including the topsail, together with something for a jib topsail. The actual area of the working sails is less than this figure, but in the plan under consideration the mainsail figures roughly in the neighborhood of 500 sq. ft. more than in Defender, wherein lies one of the merits of the plan.

Variations of a few inches all around in these figures, either more or less, would give a different result, but the area as given is not far out from what it is believed the new boat will carry. If there are additions they will show on boom and gaff rather than in perpendicular or forward portion of the base line.

Now for the reasons for such a sail plan. In the first place Defender carried a strong lee helm, which all additions to her after sail by lengthening her boom and gaff failed to entirely correct. Her head sails were also materially cut down to help in this direction. These things were kept very quiet in '95, but have since become known, and it was fully as much to correct the fault of a lee helm as because she could carry more sail, that the mainsail of Defender was increased. The addition of two feet in height when the new mast was made was probably as effective for speed as the addition of 5ft. to boom and gaff. The necessary cutting down of the head sails was always a source of worry.

In the new boat Herreshoff has set the mast between 4 and 5ft. further aft than in Defender, and at the same time has retained practically the same length of base line to the triangle of the head sails. This would make the 101ft. boom come about as far aft as the 106ft. boom of Defender, and would practically mean the adoption of the length of base line originally given Defender, while at the same time giving the proper balance to the new boat by setting the whole sail plan as much farther aft as was found necessary to correct the carrying of a lee helm in '95.

Or, to put it a bit differently, it may fairly be reasoned that Herreshoff adopted in '95 a rig which was as long on the base line as would be properly effective and could be comfortably handled. He made additions aft to correct the balance of his boat rather than because he thought them the best way to get increased speed. This year he starts with about the same base line as originally decided upon, but balances his boat properly in the light of experience and then carries the additional sail he needs for speed away up in the air where it is taxed the least and will do the most good.

Certainly the new rig, judging by experience in smaller craft, will be more effective by being comparatively narrow and lofty rather than spread out on the base line. The new boat has plenty of added power to carry it and it is known that her designer wishes her to heel well out when sailing, so as to gain all the advantage of her long overhangs, and has given her a "tumble home" to her topsides in the expectation that she will sail in just that way.

Another point in favor of the new plan is that the excess of gaff to be added to the base line is only 16ft., when in Defender it was 19ft. The only question in the writer's mind as to the plan is as to whether it gives sufficient aftersail to balance the boat. He frankly confesses he is not enough of a naval architect to answer the question definitely, and can only say that it seems likely to do so. In view of the apparent placing of the center of lateral resistance, but little further aft than in Defender.

In any event he has outlined a consistent and possible, as well as probable, sail plan, and confidently expects that any changes that subsequent information or Measurer Hyslop's tape may show, will be in the direction only of more aftersail.

In the meantime the new boat's wooden spars—her

mast and duplicate topmasts, bowsprits, spinnaker poles and sets of club topsail poles—are still in East Boston, and will remain there until the completion of a set of spars for W. O. Gay's new 70-footer, for which set an order has recently been received by the spar company. All the spars will then be shipped together to Bristol by barge or schooner. The large spars will be put overboard at East Boston and be towed to Fiske's Wharf in the city proper, where they will be hoisted out by the big shears, and placed on the deck of the craft that is to carry them around the Cape. The smaller spars will go to Fiske's Wharf by team.

The big mast for the new defender lies in plain view in the spar company's shop, but Mr. Bailey does not encourage close inspection by visitors. The other spars are so piled up as to defy inspection were opportunity afforded. Mr. Bailey is naturally affable and disposed to give information about the work in which he takes a pride, but in this case the mantle of Herreshoff secrecy has included him in its voluminous folds. He may possibly find it oppressive, but he does not say so, since the Herreshoffs are good customers. Under these circumstances he can hardly be blamed for being close-mouthed.

But the spars will get out from his hands some time, and there will then be a chance for the verification of what are now believed to be their correct dimensions.

The Seawanhaka Cup.

THE race committee of the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C. has issued a notice of the change of date for both trial and cup races, in consequence of other important yachting events. The trial races at Oyster Bay will be sailed on July 3, 5 and 6; while the cup races at Dorval Lake, St. Louis, will be sailed on July 26 and the succeeding week days. Up to the present time two 20-footers are promised for the challenging side, a new and an old boat. The new boat, already mentioned in these columns, was designed by B. B. Crowninshield, of Boston, for a syndicate of the Bridgeport Y. C., including Messrs. T. H. Macdonald, W. Herbert Jennings of Southport, Archibald McNeil, T. L. Watson, De Vere H. Warner, James H. McElroy and Edgar D. Chittenden.

She will be built by Lawley & Co. and will be 32ft. over all, 17ft. 6in. line and 8ft. beam; the planking being covered with canvas.

The other boat, also a Boston craft, is described as follows in the Globe; her photo was given in the FOREST AND STREAM of Sept. 3, 1898:

Boston will not only be represented in the trial races by a Boston designed and built boat, but also by one that is owned as well as designed and built here. The champion 18-footer Duchess, challenger last year for the Quinncy cup, will have her sail plain reduced to conform to the limits of the 20ft. Seawanhaka class, and will be entered for the races at Oyster Bay. She will be sailed by Arthur H. Parker, one of her present owners, and with him will be his brother Frank and C. D. Mower, designer and builder of the boat.

Duchess at present measures close to 18ft. water line, with 600lbs. for weight of crew on board, but will easily come under 17ft. 6in. waterline with the 450lbs. required under the Seawanhaka rule. This will allow her the limit of 500ft. of sail. It will be quite a reduction from her present 670ft., but she will carry less live weight and should be better in a breeze. Neither her owner nor her designer expect to win out against the new Crowninshield boat for the Bridgeport syndicate, but they are looking for sport, and expect to get it.

The new boat is a little narrower than Duchess, and is also more on the "scow" model, and should have the advantage of Duchess in ordinary racing weather. It is hoped to "try out" the new boat with Duchess in some of the races here before taking her to Long Island Sound. Duchess will probably lose her chances of winning the Y. R. A. championship again, because of the change in her rig, but she has had "heap plenty" honor in that direction already.

It is also reported that a second new defender, in addition to that ordered by Com. Ross, will be built at Dorval.

If You Want the Whitest and Best

WHITE LEAD use "ENGLISH B. B." Of all paint dealers and of J. Lee Smith & Co., 59 Frankfort street, and F. W. Devoe & C. T. Raynolds Co., 101 Fulton street, New York.—Adv.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Maryland Sportsmen's Exposition.

Revolver Contests.

The conditions governing the revolver contests, April 18 and 19, Baltimore, Md., are as follows:

"Military" revolver contest, any revolver issued by U. S. Government to State troops, having fixed regulation sights. Ammunition—Service cartridge of caliber used. Thirty shots, in six-shot scores; cleaning allowed between scores. Contestants are permitted 30 minutes to complete the entire score. Range—Twenty measured yards. Four-inch bull counts 5; 6in. ring counts 4; 8in. ring counts 3; balance of card counts 2. Contestants—Any member of any military organization in the service of the State of Maryland. Where unknown to the manager, credentials will be required. Entrance fee—\$2, including cartridges and entrance to the grounds. Position—Arm extended, free from any support. Prizes—First, gold medal and amateur championship of Maryland, with military revolver; second, silver medal; third, bronze medal. Ties—Shooting is class shooting, the three highest scores to win, and all ties must be shot off in six-shot scores until decided. Shooting will begin at 3 P. M., April 18, and entries may be made at any time thereafter up to 9 P. M., after which the entry list will be closed. Shooting will stop promptly at 10 P. M., and unfinished scores or ties will be shot off the following day, at a time to be designated by the manager. Contestants are required to shoot as soon after making their entry as possible, so there shall be no unnecessary delay. The gallery will be open in the morning for practice to all bona-fide entries.

Conditions of "Any" revolver contest: Any revolver and any ammunition. Range—Twenty measured yards. Target—Standard American target, reduced for 20yds. Bull counts 5; first ring, 4; second ring, 3; balance of card, 2. Position—Arm extended, free from any support. Number of shots—Thirty, in six-shot scores; cleaning allowed between scores. Entrance fee—\$2. Ammunition extra. Division of money—One-fourth of entrance fees to go to management; the other three-fourths to be divided into 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. Class shooting, ties to be shot off in six-shot scores until decided. Contestants—Anybody can enter this contest by paying entrance fee. The manager is sole ref-

erec and his decision is to be final. Ammunition is not furnished in this contest, and contestants who have not provided their own ammunition can buy it at the store, and also hire a revolver if necessary. Shooting will begin at 3 P. M., April 19, and continue until 10 P. M. Contestants may enter at any time, but will be expected to shoot as soon as possible after they have entered. No entries taken after 3 P. M. Re-entries will not be permitted.

Rifle About San Francisco.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., April 10.—The California Schützen Club held its annual spring festival at Schützen Park on the 2d inst. There was a very large attendance of riflemen, several clubs from the interior counties being represented.

The honorary or merchandise target was most patronized. The conditions were: 3 shots, 200yds, 25 ring target, tickets \$1 each. Highest scores were: Strecker, 72; Foktor, 72; Kuhnle, 72; Schmid, 71; Pape, 71; Mason, 71; Otschig, 71; Gruhler, 71; Walden, 70.

Cash target, 4 shots, tickets each \$1. F. P. Schuster, 95 rings, \$30; Dr. L. O. Rogers, 94, \$25; J. Utschig, 94, \$20; A. Strecker, 93, \$15; C. J. Walden, 93, \$12.50; O. Bremer, 93, \$10; A. H. Pape, 92; D. W. McLaughlin, 91; D. B. Faktor, 91; E. Semid, 91.

Scores at Shell Mound Range yesterday: First champion class, John Utschig, 446; second champion class, R. Stettin, 421; first class, H. Stelling, 414; second class, August Jungblut, 395; third class, J. Beutler, 364; first best shot, J. Beutler, 25; last best shot, August Jungblut, 25.

For Bushnell medal—D. B. Faktor, 227; Dr. L. O. Rodgers, 214; F. P. Schuster, 214.

Competition for cash prizes—F. Rust, 72; D. B. Faktor, 71—71—70; John Utschig, 70; F. P. Schuster, 69; David Salfeld, 68.

At the monthly medal shoot of Company C, First Infantry, National Guard of California, the following were the best scores out of a possible 50: Chris Meyer, 46; Charles Waltham, 45; H. Kennedy, 42; L. W. Grant, 39; T. McGilvery, 39; F. V. Northrup, 35.

The Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club held its monthly target practice, with the following results: Class medals, experts—A. H. Pape, 45; Dr. Rodgers, 51; F. E. Mason, 71. Sharpshooters—J. E. Gorman, 75; G. M. Barley, 78; O. A. Bremer, 97; M. J. White, 148. Marksmen—E. N. Moore, 96; G. Mannel, 102; Mrs. White, 120; C. F. Waltham, 121; Mrs. Waltham, 132; A. W. Tomkins, 185; J. F. Twist, 197.

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send to notice like the following:

Fixtures.

First and third Fridays of each month.—Watson's Park, Burnside Ill.; Semi-monthly contest for Montgomery Ward & Co.'s diamond badges.

April 17-22.—Baltimore, Md.—Prospect Park Shooting Association's tournament; \$500 added. Stanley Baker, Sec'y.

April 19.—South Hingham, Mass.—Annual tournament of the Hingham Gun Club.

April 22.—Wissinoming, Pa.—Philadelphia Trap-Shooters' League tournament. J. K. Starr, Sec'y.

April 25-27.—Kansas City, Mo.—Ninth annual tournament of the Missouri State Amateur Shooting Association, under auspices of Washington Park Gun Club; \$400 added money; target and live birds. Walter F. Bruns, Sec'y.

April 25-26.—Gretna, Neb.—Target and live-bird tournament; \$200 added; open to all. H. M. Hardin and C. B. Randlett, Managers.

April 25-28.—Baltimore, Md.—Tournament of Baltimore Shooting Association; targets and live birds; Money added. H. P. Collins, Sec'y.

April 25-27.—Osceola, Ia.—Osceola Gun Club's tournament.

April 26-28.—Temple, Tex.—Texas State Sportsmen's Association's tournament.

May 2-5.—Lincoln, Neb.—Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association's twenty-third annual tournament, under the auspices of the Capital City Gun Club; six amateur and four open events each day; targets and live birds. R. M. Welch, Sec'y.

May 6.—White Plains, N. Y.—Live-bird handicap. E. G. Horton, Manager.

May 9-13.—Peoria, Ill.—Illinois State Sportsmen's Association's tournament. C. F. Simmons, Sec'y.

May 16-19.—Erie, Pa.—Ninth annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Reed Hurst Gun Club. F. W. Bacon, Sec'y.

May 16-20.—St. Louis, Mo.—Tournament of the Missouri State Fish and Game Protective Association. H. B. Collins, Sec'y.

May 17-18.—Oil City, Pa.—Interstate Association's tournament, under auspices of Oil City Gun Club. F. S. Bates, Sec'y.

May 23-25.—Algona, Ia.—Tournament of the Iowa State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game. John G. Smith, Pres.

May 24-25.—Greenwood, S. C.—Annual live-bird tournament of the Greenwood Gun Club; 25-bird Southern Handicap. R. G. McCants, Sec'y.

May 26-27.—Tyrone, Pa.—Target tournament of the Tyrone Gun Club. D. D. Stine, Sec'y.

May 30.—Canajoharie, N. Y.—All-day target shoot at Canajoharie, N. Y. Charles Weeks, Sec'y.

May 30-June 2.—Erie, Pa.—Ninth annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Reed Hurst Gun Club. Frank W. Bacon, Sec'y.

June 5-10.—Buffalo, N. Y.—New York State shoot, under the auspices of the Buffalo Audubon Gun Club; \$1,000 guaranteed; over \$2,000 in merchandise, and \$1,000 added money in open events. Chas. Bamberg, Sec'y, 51 Edna Place.

June 6-9.—Sioux City, Pa.—Fifth annual amateur tournament of the Soo Gun Club. E. R. Chapman, Sec'y.

June 21-23.—Columbus, O.—Tournament of the Ohio Trap-Shooters' League, under the auspices of the Sherman Rod and Gun Club. J. C. Porterfield, Sec'y, O. T. S. L.

June 14-15.—Bellows Falls, Vt.—Interstate Association's tournament, under auspices of Bellows Falls Gun Club. C. H. Gibson, Sec'y.

June 14-16.—Cleveland, O.—Cleveland Target Co.'s tournament.

June 20-22.—Wheeling, W. Va.—Third annual tournament of the West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Wheeling Gun Club, Wheeling, W. Va. John B. Garden, Sec'y.

June 27-29.—Altoona, Pa.—Target tournament of the Altoona Rod and Gun Club, Wopsononock Heights. G. G. Zeth, Sec'y.

July 1-2.—Milwaukee, Wis.—Grand tournament of Milwaukee Gun Club, in Carnival Week. S. M. Du Val, Sec'y.

July 19-20.—Providence, R. I.—Interstate Association's tournament, under auspices of the Providence Gun Club. R. C. Root, Sec'y.

July 18-20.—Little Rock, Ark.—Arkansas State tournament.

Aug. 9-10.—Portland, Me.—Interstate Association's tournament, under auspices of the Portland Gun Club. S. B. Adams, Sec'y.

Sept. 6-7.—Portsmouth, Va.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Portsmouth Gun Club. W. N. White, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties on all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

The Glenville Gun Club Co., of Glenville, Ohio, has decided to hold a tournament on May 30th annually. The secretary, Mr. Robert W. Sterling, informs us that the club possesses a beautiful shooting park and club house, with ample provision for the comfort of all who attend. The programme provides for ten introductory practice shoots at 10 targets, followed by 10 events, of which three are at 10 targets, 50 cents entrance, four moneys; two at 15, \$1 entrance; one at 20, \$3 entrance; three events at doubles, 5-pair, 15 pair and 20 pair, respectively, \$1, \$2 and \$3 entrance; and one event at 5 live birds, \$5 entrance, money divided 60 and 40 per cent., birds extra. Shooting commences at 9 o'clock.

The programme of the Missouri Amateur Association's ninth annual tournament is now ready for distribution and can be obtained of the secretary, Mr. Walter F. Bruns, Kansas City, Mo. It is an artistic production in every detail. Three days' shooting is provided, each day having events at both live birds and targets. On the first day, April 25, there are two live-bird events—one at seven birds, \$5, \$10 added; one at 15 live birds, \$10, entrance, \$15 added. There are also 10 blue rock events, nine at 15 targets and one at 10 pairs, each having a uniform entrance fee of \$1.50, excepting No. 10, which is \$1; each has \$10 added money. Two live-bird events are provided for April 26. The first is at seven live birds, \$5 entrance, \$10 added; the second is at 15 live birds, \$10 entrance, \$25 added, and is the State amateur championship event. The present holder of the medal receives fifty per cent. of net entrance, and the remainder of the purses with added money will be divided in the usual manner. Ties for this trophy must be shot out. There are eight target events on this day, of which No. 5, at 50 targets, \$5 entrance, \$20 added, is the State team championship; teams of two men. The present holders of the Hunter Arms Company Cup will receive fifty per cent. of net entrance. The other fifty per cent., with added money, will go with the usual division; four moneys, Rose system.

On the third day there will be one event at live birds for the Schmelzer Trophy—20 live birds, \$10 entrance, \$100 added. Concerning this the management proclaims that "In order that all shooters may have an opportunity of competing for the beautiful Schmelzer Trophy the management has decided to accept entries from parties who do not wish to participate in the money, at \$5, which will pay for the birds only. Those paying \$10 entrance fee will compete for both trophy and divisions of money. These conditions are made for the sole purpose of catering to those who for any reason are opposed to entering a sweepstake money shoot. The trophy will become the permanent property of the contestant making the highest score in this contest. All ties for the trophy to be shot off at 10 birds." There are 10 target events provided for the third day, the entrance to which is \$1.50 each, excepting two, one at 20 targets, one at 5 pairs or 10 singles, the entrances of which are \$2 each. Each event has \$10 added. Shooting commences at 9:30. Interstate rules will govern the division of moneys in both live-bird, and target events will be governed by the Rose system, four moneys, the points being 5, 4, 3, 2, excepting that in case of fifty entries or more in the target events there will be five moneys. Professionals may shoot for price of targets. Grounds will be open for practice April 24. The annual meeting of the association will be held at the Midland Hotel on the evening of April 25.

From a representative of the St. Louis Shooting Association we have received the following:

Now that the Grand American Handicap has been decided, and in favor of a Western sportsman, the eyes of the shooting world are turned to St. Louis, where the twenty-second annual shoot of the Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association will be held at Dupont Park May 15 to May 20, under the auspices of the newly organized St. Louis Shooting Association. With the exception of the tournament at Elkwood Park the shoot at St. Louis will be the biggest thing of its kind that will be held this year. More added money will be hung up at the Mound City tournament than has ever been offered at any similar shoot in the West. Besides this there will be medals and trophies galore. The St. Louis Republic has offered a cup, valued at \$500, for the champion wingshot of the world. What undoubtedly will be pleasant news to every honest shooter in the country is the fact that either the equitable or Rose systems of divisions of moneys will be used in St. Louis. The systems are bound to do away with that old habit of "dropping for place" which has marred some of the best shoots in previous years. A new club house is being erected at Dupont Park which will afford accommodations for 200 sportsmen. New traps are being placed, under the supervision of Superintendent Corray, and everything will be in lovely shape when the inaugural day of the shoot rolls around. The St. Louis shooting Association is composed of hustling young business men, and they will leave nothing undone to make this snoot a grand success. The officers of the association have gotten up a programme that appeals particularly to the amateur shot, and they are anxious that the simon-pure sportsmen journey to St. Louis in large numbers to compete in the tournament. To the professional they say, "Come, and you will be treated royally."

The annual meeting of the Brockton Gun Club was held at their club house on April 9. The following is a list of officers: President, J. W. Murdock; secretary, A. A. Barrett; treasurer, R. E. Brayton; executive committee, C. F. Kneil, W. A. Allen. The club is in excellent position financially. One of the prizes for the season will be a valuable medal, to be shot for under the following conditions: 30 targets, 10 unknown, 10 expert and 5 pairs, highest per cent. to win after a stated number of shoots. Merchandise prizes at regular intervals.

Mr. John B. Rogers, Warwick, N. Y., writes us as follows: "The annual meeting of the Warwick Gun Club was held on the evening of April 15th. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Clinton W. Wisner; vice-president, Geo. A. Williams; secretary, John M. Servin; treasurer, James A. Ogden; captain, W. Scott Lines; trustees, F. Dunning, J. L. Welch, W. S. Lines; handicap committee, John B. Rogers, F. Dunning and W. S. Lines. President C. W. Wisner presented the club with a cup to be shot for during the coming season, the conditions to be made known later. The club is in good financial condition and the prospects are bright for the coming year."

The "Illustrated Treatise on the Art of Shooting," by Charles Lancaster, in its sixth and popular edition, contains nearly all the information of the library edition. The price of the latter is \$3; that of the popular edition, which is neatly bound in cloth, is \$1. It contains in concise form hints on the proper manner of pointing the gun in making every possible kind of shot, with illustrations to make the matter perfectly clear to the student. Besides this, there is a mass of information on gun making, care of the gun, chokes, powders, penetration, velocities, pattern, etc., all of practical value to the shooter.

We publish a group of portraits of officers of the Interstate Association, the gentlemen who have done the executive work in making the G. A. H. the great success it has been and is. We regret that we were unable to add the portraits of Mr. W. F. Parker, of Parker Brothers, director and member of the executive and tournament committees; Mr. C. Tatham, of Tatham Brothers, member of the club organization committee, and Mr. Paul North, of the Cleveland Target Company, and member of the club organization committee.

Mr. Ed. Johnson, of Atlantic City, N. J., and Mr. T. Morfey, of Lyndhurst, N. J., will shoot 100-bird match at the latter place on Thursday, April 27th, for \$250 a side. Mr. Johnson has achieved great fame in recent matches, while Mr. Morfey's fame as a match shooter is also great. The contest should be of the highest order if the men are in their usual good form.

There will be a shoot between teams to be made up on the grounds of the Bergen County Gun Club, Hackensack, N. J., April 22. Sweepstake events also will be held. Trains at 12 M., 1:10 and 2:20 P. M. from the foot of Cortlandt street. C. O. Gardner, secretary.

On April 10, the day before the Grand American Handicap was begun, three important events were shot, one at five birds, \$5 entrance; one at 10 birds, \$10 entrance, and one at seven birds, \$7 entrance.

BERNARD WATERS.

Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association.

Mr. Geo. Rogers president of the Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association, writes as follows anent the coming tournament of the Association: The twenty-third annual tournament of the Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association will take place at Lincoln, Neb., May 2, 3, 4 and 5, under the auspices of the Capital City Gun Club. The management has \$650 raised and will add it to the different events. There will be each day six 15-target races, \$1.50 entry, \$15 added to each, and four 20-target races, \$2 entry, \$20 added. The 15-target events will be open to amateurs only, and the 20-target events will be open to the world, and all the cracker-jacks are invited. Two years ago the same club held the twenty-first annual tournament. I think the manufacturers' agents and professionals will admit that Nebraska has always treated them fairly, and we think that by making four open events each day the entries will be much larger and the purses greater than if we had made them all open sweeps. We anticipate nearly all the amateurs will want to try conclusions with the cracker-jacks. The Missouri amateur shoot precedes ours, and the Illinois State shoot at Peoria and the Missouri State shoot at St. Louis follow, and we feel sure of a good crowd making the circuit, which makes four weeks of continuous pleasure.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Oceanic Gun Club.

ROCKAWAY PARK, L. I., April 16.—The first day of this week the Oceanic Gun Club held its regular bi-monthly shoot at its grounds, Rockaway Park, L. I., and the race between the Oceanic and the Hudson Gun Club, of Jersey City, had to be postponed two weeks on account of inclement weather, and the lack of representatives of the visiting team.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	15	15	10	15	15	25	25	25	15	25
L. H. Bill.....	11	11	..	11	11	17	18	..	9	..
C. F. Dudley.....	9	12	..	11	14	18	17	18
A. Schudel.....	11	10	..	6	9	18	11
W. Hughes.....	8	..	4	..	9
Rob. Sneider.....	4	9	..	12	7	17	15
W. Shields.....	11	10	..	10	9	22	16
H. P. Scott.....	12	13	12	19
H. Hansmann.....	9	7	..	7	7	13	13
Al. Wilson.....	5	..	3	5	..	12
T. Duffley.....	9	9	..	10	9	..	15	..	4	..
O. B. Harp.....	3	..	7
B. Laney.....	8	8
G. E. Leoble.....	5	5
S. Charles.....	5	10	14	13
W. Graham.....	5	3	8
Jno. Norris.....	3	3	5
Tiernan.....	17	12
Jones.....	17
Graffing.....	10	..

New Utrecht Gun Club.

Woodlawn, L. I., April 15.—The weather conditions were favorable. The most interesting events were the three contests for the challenge plate. The first between Dudley and George, won by Dudley; the second between Dudley and Gaughen, won by Gaughen; the third between Dudley and Gaughen, won by Dudley. F. A. Thompson shot with the contestants in the second event for the challenge plate.

C. W. Dudley.....	1001101111001011111111010	—17
Dr. O'Brien.....	11101110000110010001101100101110	—18
Geo. Nostrand.....	010101011111001001011111001101	—19
D. C. Bennett.....	011011100010110011010101011011	—20
J. Gaughen.....	10110100110101100100100000110	—15
P. E. George.....	01010101111111111101110011	—21
F. A. Thompson.....	10010101000110100000011100111	—14
W. H. Thompson.....	0001111100100101011111000000	—16
C. C. Fleet.....	101100010010101010100100010111000	—15

No. 2, challenge plate, 20 singles, 5 pair:
C. W. Dudley.....010111101111111111—17 11 11 01 11 11—9—26
P. E. George.....110111110101010100—13 00 10 00 10 10—4—17

No. 3, challenge plate:
J. Gaughen.....101010011010101111—13 11 11 11 11 10—9—22
C. W. Dudley.....01101111111111110101—16 10 11 10 00 01—5—21
F. A. Thompson.....101110010101011111—14 00 10 00 10 00—2—16

No. 4, challenge plate:
C. W. Dudley.....10101011001101100000—10 00 10 10 01 10—4—14
J. Gaughen.....0110100000111000110—8 10 00 10 10 10—4—12
Several sweeps were also shot.

The Glenville Gun Club Co.

GLENVILLE, O., April 10.—The club, having held several tournaments at various times during the past two years of its existence, decided at a meeting of its board of directors last January, to hold May 30 as a permanent annual tournament, the first to be held this May 30 next.

The club is now well equipped with all facilities necessary to the pleasure of shooters, and their new large club house, with its beautiful shooting park and accommodations, will meet with the approval of all who may desire to attend.

Our members extend to one and all a cordial invitation to be with us on May 30 next.

The following scores were made at the last club shoot: Club event, 25 blue rocks. Hopkins, 21; May, 22; W. TeLinde, 12; F. Brown, 18; G. TeLinde, 19; Sterling, 21; Brockaway, 20; Fellows, 12.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Birds:	10	10	10	10	10	10	Birds:	10	10	10	10	10	10
Brown.....	7	9	7	8	6	..	G. TeLinde.....	8	7	8	7	8	8
W. TeLinde.....	4	4	2	4	4	8	Brockaway.....	8	9	8	8	8	8
May.....	8	8	8	8	10	10	Fellows.....	..	7	9	8	7	..
Hopkins.....	9	8	7	7	9	9	Sterling.....	..	7	9	8	8	7

ROBT. W. STERLING, Sec'y.

Woonsocket Gun Club.

WOONSOCKET, R. I., April 8.—The following scores were made at a practice shoot on the club grounds to-day:

Campbell.....	110111111001110111100111—19
Staples.....	100001011100110010111111—15
Baleom.....	111110011101111011011101—19
Daniels.....	111100111111111011011000—18
Mills.....	10101111111111111011110—21
Inman.....	111001111101111101010111—19
Card.....	111111110010010000010110—14
L. W. Ballou.....	110111110101010010101111—18
Barber.....	100110011101110111111101—18
Seagrave.....	1011111110011111000101110—17
Parker.....	01111

ARNOLD SEAGRAVE, Sec'y.

Montpelier Gun Club.

MONTPELIER, Vt., April 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At our annual meeting officers for the ensuing year were elected, as follows: President, Jos. G. Brown; Vice-President, F. A. Standish; Secretary and Treasurer, Geo. B. Walton; Executive Committee, C. L. Smith and W. E. Stoddard.

Our grounds will be open and ready for business the latter part of this month, when we shall be pleased to welcome all shooting friends who may be in our city.

We would like to call the attention of the Vermont shooters to the badge, emblematic of the championship of Vermont, for six-man team, which we still hold, and which we place in the market again this year, same as last, and subject to challenge. We shall be pleased to hear from you, boys, in reference to this, and will endeavor to arrange dates, etc., which will be as near satisfactory as possible to all concerned.

By Geo. B. Walton, Sec'y.

Kingsbridge Gun Club.

KINGSBRIDGE, N. Y. City, April 8.—Following are scores made by members of the Kingsbridge Gun Club at their regular monthly shoot, held to-day:

L. Brandt.....	1101110111—8	20001—2
O R Brandt.....	2220102100—6	01222—4
Ray Godwin.....	21111121*0—8	1211*—4
E D Lentillon.....	2222200*12—7	21222—5
B H Norton.....	2022100100—5	10120—3
M R Weightman.....	2002220002—5	22002—3

Nine o'clock was the time scheduled for the shooting to begin and promptly at this hour Manager Shaner would call the contestants to the score. His excellence is in doing just what the programme announces. The successful management is but an

other evidences that he is in a class by himself when it comes to running a shoot.

Jack Fanning is back from the Coast, but will not remain in the East very long. Going from here to Baltimore, thence he will make Kansas City, Lincoln, Peoria and St. Louis in the order named.

Joe George is back in the shooting fold. Pigeons are not Joe's forte, targets being just to his liking. As he threatens to take in the Missouri State shoot it is likely we will be able to give a better account of him.

Lieutenant Du Bray, Parker Bros.' representative, was pleased to find so many of his company's gun in the hands of the principals at this tournament. He managed to go the entire distance, but owing to some hard luck could not finish in the money, landing just one short. In the last two handicaps he has averaged just 209, killing 23 in 1898 and 22 this year, a most excellent showing.

Charley Willard, although not a principal, was present during several days of the tournament.

Lou. Harrison, of Minneapolis, Minn., owing to illness was prevented participating in the handicap.

Tom Marshall has now participated in three handicaps, during which time he was compelled to shoot at 108 birds, of which he scored 106. In face of such a record it is not very strange that he should be a two-time winner. In '98 he scored 23, missing his fifteenth and twentieth bird. As he was the winner on each of the other occasions it will be readily understood that he had to score them all.

W. R. Clark, Irby Bennett and Jim Hildreth, of the Winchester Company, were present on nearly every day of the shoot, though they took no part in the contest.

Col. Martin made his appearance at Elkwood Park on Saturday prior to the handicap, remaining there until the day after its close. During all of this time, we are informed, he shot at a trifle over 500 birds, and lost but eight of this number, which is an average of over .989.

Mr. E. S. Lentillon, of the Dupont Company, came over on the last day to shoot in the consolation handicap, but, though he entered this event, he did not get to shoot owing to the fact that it had to be declared off as it was impossible to finish it.

Owing to the unusual pressure on our columns it is necessary to curtail personal mention, much as we regret to do so. We are aware there are many others worthy of mention, which we must defer until another time.

The post entries of the G. A. H. were Messrs. Geo. Roll, C. H. Green, Jr.; O. C. Bogardus, J. B. Robertson, W. C. Rawson, E. Stutevant, B. W. Claridge, H. Travers, M. F. Lindsley, R. L. Packard and R. Kuss.

After the ties were shot off there was insufficient time to shoot off the Consolation Handicap, a 15-bird event, \$10 entrance, and the Aud Lang Syne Sweepstakes, 10 birds, \$7 entrance.

Mrs. Milt Lindsley ("Wanda") was one of the lady contestants in the Handicap. While not so successful as the two other ladies, she nevertheless made some very excellent kills and attracted quite as much attention. Most of her shooting was from the 26yd. mark, not 25, as her handicap was made.

Elliston was free to admit that the birds in his match with Capt. Money were entirely too fast for him, and a revelation in that respect.

From the amount of talk one hears here in the East concerning the Missouri State shoot, it is more than likely that there will be a big delegation go out to this tournament.

PAUL R. LITZKE.

THE GRAND AMERICAN HANDICAP.

The Grand American Handicap for 1899, in the matter of entries, broad scope and greater public interest, far surpassed its predecessor of 1898, although the latter was justly valued as a phenomenal record breaker, and possibly a final one. Up to the time of closing the entries there was the greatest divergence of opinion in respect to their probable number. Not a few new hats were won and lost on the 250 figure, considered as being near the boundary limit by those who were in a position to make estimates based on logical probabilities. On each side of this estimate were the extremists—those who firmly predicted that the number of last year would not be reached, owing to differences of opinion concerning high guns and class shooting, and those who were sanguine that the number would reach near 300, owing to better times



THOS. A. MARSHALL.

Winner of Handicap, 1899.

in the business world, the greater interest manifested in pigeon shooting everywhere, and the steady natural growth of America's greatest shooting event year by year. The total number of entries was 278; of these twelve failed to fill, and ten were post entries, so that the total number of actual competitors was 266, a difference of 69 greater than the number of starters last year, and 71 greater in the total number of entries.

Thus, from a comparatively humble start in 1893 with 21 shooters, the Interstate Association has so wisely planned and conducted the handicap year by year that it has steadily grown in breadth and success, culminating in the contest of last week with the record-breaking number of 266 contestants.

As to the intervening years, the handicap of 1894 had 54 entries; that of 1895 61 (this contest was held in Lorillard Park, near Paterson, N. J.); 1896, 109 entries, of which 104 competed; 1897, 146 entries, of which 135 competed; 1898, 207 entries and 197 competitors. The winners were as follows: In 1893, Mr. R. A. Welch, of Philadelphia; 1894, Mr. Thomas W. Morley, of Lyndhurst, N. J.; 1895, Mr. John G. Messner, of Pittsburg, Pa.; 1896, Mr. O. R. Dickey, of Boston, Mass.; 1897, Mr. Thomas A. Marshall, of Keithsburg, Ill.; 1898, Mr. E. D. Fulford, of Utica, N. Y. This year Mr. Marshall won again, of which more hereinafter.

The dates were April 11, 12 and 13, as originally fixed, but it required four days to finish, with several events cut out of the programme at that. The weather was such as to permit of continuous shooting, and on the whole was favorable to good competition, though the high wind which prevailed at times made a swift



MR. T. A. MARSHALL AT THE SCORE.

sifting out of many shooters, some of whom were not equal to the difficulties it imposed, while many on the other hand suffered from the hardest of luck in having birds, killed in the air, blown out of bounds.

Tuesday, April 11, First Day.

Two events were on the programme for this day, namely, the Elkwood Park Introductory, seven birds, \$5 entrance, birds extra, high guns, three moneys, ties to divide. Consequent to the large number of shooters present and the impossibility of finishing both events, this one was declared off.

The Nitro Powder Handicap.

The unusual large number of contestants precluded all possibility of disposing of both events scheduled for this day, therefore the management decided to shoot only the Nitro Powder Handicap, cancelling the Elkwood Park Introductory.

The Nitro Powder Handicap conditions were: Fifteen birds, \$10 entrance, handicap rise; high guns. According to the provision of the programme there could only be twenty moneys, though the entries ran up to 210. Of this number thirty killed straight and took all the money, which netted each \$70.30, as all the straight men favored a division of the purse. However, it would have been impossible to have shot it under other conditions, as the programme required the event to be disposed of this day. It was growing rapidly dark when the last round was shot.

No less than fifty-one of the principals scored 11. In not a few cases these losses were birds that ten dead out of bounds. Seventeen finished with a total of 13, and two with 12. One hundred and ten of the contestants withdrew, as it was obvious that nothing but straight scores could pay.

The following are the straight men who shared in a division of the money: Hallowell, Riley, Valentine, Dr. Kibby, Roll, Lane, Barto, Sperry, Sweeney, Marten, Johnson, Crosby, Dallas, Voris, Le Roy, Teipel, J. A. R. Elliott, Francis, Stubener, Grimm, Dicks, Bingham, Klein, Zewerg, Burgess, Popham, Wood, Elliston, Post, Milner.

The men who killed 14 are: Brewer, Brucker, Kirkover, Stockton, Parmelee, Vincent, Lafin, Worthen, Cockerill, Merrill, George, Budd, Money, Hickman, Gottlieb, Fulford, Van Alen, Malone, H. Dunnell, W. Dunnell, A. S. Miller, Green, Jr.; Hicks, Samuelson, Geikler, Jim Jones, Dr. Williamson, Mayhew, Kilbourn, Gambell, Hutching, Lyons, DuBray, Rockwell, Clay, Browall, Ivins, Mosher, Stockwell, Dunston, Stoddard, Woodruff, Perrine, Donley, Martin, Claridge, Capt. Bunk, Schemmel, Dr. Knowlton, Hunewell and Sampson.

The men who killed 13 are: Sumpter, Chase, Nauman, Harbaugh, Atkinson, Sporting Life No. 1, Deiter, Remsen, M. S. Rice, Plankington, Capt. Wooley, Tully, Moffett, Barker, Hoocy and Faurote.

Those who killed 12 are: B. Dunnell and G. H. Ford.

The list of those who did not finish follows: Denny, Fanning, Jackson, Kirshner, Callison, Gay, O'Brine, Heikes, Collins, Farmer, Norton, Welch, Burkhardt, Alkire, Loomis, W. Miller, Hyde, Studley, Young, Shaw, Capt. Money, Peterman, Anthony, Stone, McVey, Marshall, Harrison, Appleby, Banks, Carter, Clark, McKinn, Quimby, Shaner, James, Morley, H. Ford, Glover, Shuler, Waddell, Mosby, Dave Elliott, McKey, Landis, Merrier, Paterson, Wagner, Dr. Smith, Burrough, Heilman, Walker, U. M. C. Watson, Mark King, North, S. Hoffman, F. Stannard, Gilbert, Holden, Ballenstein, Palmer, Van Martin, England, Cashau, Packard, Rawhide, Sherman, Coleman, Trumbauer, Bryan, Buckwalter, Dr. Carver, E. S. Rice, Meidroth, W. M. Thompson, Lilly, Dering, Macarney, Fallis Fawcett, Brady, Werk Jack Parker, Arno, Nicholson, Sedam, Dupee, Schortemeier, Stoddard, Hildbrandt, Belloff, Lee, Hlassinger, Geoffrey, W. L. Smith, Murheid, Creighton, Speer, Hicks, Moore, Courtney, Cullom, Hegeman, Jr., Puck, Dickey, Zwerline, Appgar, The Count, Rattle, Weller and Bender.

The Grand American Handicap.

Two full days and part of a third were required to finish this great event, with its 266 contestants. There was no dawdling at the hour set to begin. Promptly at 9 o'clock each morning Manager Shaner started the competition, and it continued from that time on till near the end of the day, when the light began to fade.

The weather on Wednesday, in the forenoon, was dark and cloudy and raw, with a little sprinkle of rain betimes, yet not enough to interfere with the shooting. The wind blew stiffly from the south and southwest. At noon the weather cleared up and the conditions were not unfavorable for good scores.

On Thursday, a stiff high wind blew from the west and north of west all the forenoon, bringing disaster to many a shooter, for the birds started for the boundary with astonishing swiftness, and even when hit full and fair went out of bounds with the carrying force of the wind. No. 3 set of traps were considered the most difficult, for there the wind blew straight in the shooters' faces. Often after the first barrel was fired the residue of powder blew back into the shooter's eyes, obstructing a clear second shot. The birds, springing from the traps against the wind, would swirl up high in the air, and many times, though fairly hit with both barrels, would be carried yards back of the dead line, sliding smoothly out as if they were going down a steep inclined plane. These few hours of wind made a severe change in the situation. Bird after bird was lost, thereby putting many out of the race, ending many promising hopes when the morning began.

On Wednesday, when the day ended, the twelfth round was shot up to the two hundredth man. On Thursday the twelfth round was continued, and when the shooting for the day ended all was finished up to the twenty-fifth round, so that each man had but one bird to shoot at on the following day to determine the moneys if the ties were not shot off. Afterward, there was then only the final ties to shoot off for the cup.

Considering the large number of contestants, a remarkably small number made straight scores even early in the competition. Even in the early rounds shooters began to lose birds to such an extent that at the end of the twelfth round only forty-five men were straight; at the end of the fifteenth round thirty-one were straight; at the end of the twenty-first round nine men were straight; at the end of the twenty-fourth round seven were straight.

There was a large attendance of visitors each day, said to be

the greatest ever present at any previous shoot held at Elkwood Park. Many ladies were present to witness the sport. The gentler sex was also represented in the list of competitors, three ladies, Mrs. P. H. Murray, of Sullwater, Minn.; Mrs. M. F. Lindsley (Wanda), of Cincinnati, O., and Mrs. W. C. Shattuck, of Minneapolis, Minn., showing that skill at the traps is not the exclusive property of man.

In a great event of this kind there are a few who work while the many are having sport. There was a selected staff of specialists. Each man was chosen for his special fitness in the office which he filled. Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, the manager, conducted all the multitude of details with the skill and forethought which always mark his management. All the intricate machinery was completed before a shot was fired. Notwithstanding the wide difference in the duties of the force employed, the managerial system was so complete that no matter how fast the shooters finished their turns at the traps, the records were up to date, and all the parts worked together in a harmonious whole. Mr. Shaner was constantly alert, here and there and everywhere, guarding against delays and straightening out any little kinks in the free running of the great event. To keep 266 shooters following each other in succession around three sets of traps, and to keep all the collateral details in running order is no small task. A serious error anywhere could easily throw the whole shoot in confusion. Mr. Shaner's work was so complete that he won greater laurels as a manager, and proved beyond question that he could cope with a tournament, however great might be the number of entries or the interests involved.

The office of compiler of scores was filled by Mr. Edward Banks, who has had that part in charge in the three past handicaps, and each time handled it with signal success. The large number of entries and the rapid manner in which the shooters finished their turns at the score made a great amount of work for his office, but did not impair in the least the routine efficiency of it. He was assisted by Mr. John D. Regan, of New York, an expert in this line and thoroughly proficient from having filled the same office in the past in connection with this event and from having also acted as scorer, cashier, etc., in many shooting events about New York. The entry clerks in the scorer's department were Mr. J. K. Starr, of Philadelphia, and Mr. Paul R. Litzke, of Little Rock, Ark., both of large experience in every detail of conducting a tournament. Besides having charge of this department, Mr. Banks was the Association's press representative, and was expected to answer a volley of questions at once without interfering with his routine work. He shot in the handicap also. With so much care on his mind, it is a wonder that he made the excellent competition which he did.

The cashier's department was most ably conducted by Messrs. A. Meyerhoff, of New York, and Mr. L. Lautenslager, of Pittsburg.

Mr. W. H. Palmer, of New York, was watchman; Mr. H. F. H. Dressel, of New York, was gateman, and Mr. J. McGraw, of Long Branch, was messenger.

At No. 1 set of traps, Mr. Edward Taylor, of New York, was referee. He acted in the same capacity in this event last year and is a veteran in skill and experience and integrity. Mr. J. Vone Emmons, of Long Branch, N. J., was scorer at this set of traps.

At No. 2 set of traps, Mr. Harold Wallack, of Long Branch, N. J., was referee. He also has officiated in this event for years past, and he, too, is a man of skill and experience and integrity. Mr. A. A. Fink, of Reading, Pa., well known as a manager of shoots in his State, acted as scorer at this set of traps.

At No. 3 set of traps, Mr. Bernard Waters was referee. Mr. Howard Gray, of New York, was scorer.

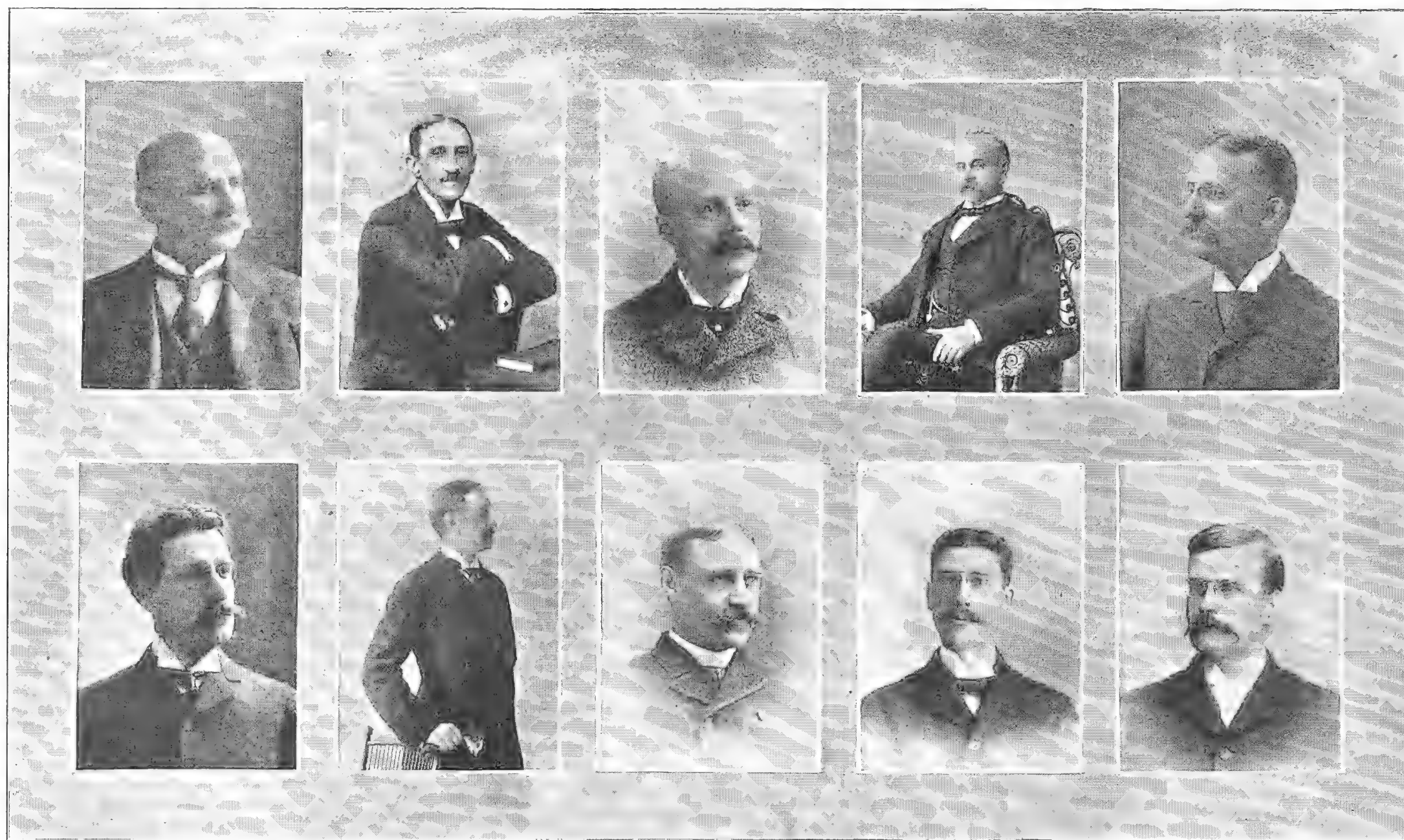
The squad hustlers were Mr. W. J. McCrickart and F. DeVigne, a most exacting office, of infinite labor, for on them depended the warning of the indifferent, the hurrying up of those who lagged, and a general keeping up of the line of shooters, who began at No. 1 set of traps and finished at No. 3.

Each shooter bore on his back a large card, on which was marked the number which preceded his name in the list of shooters, and which designated the order in which he shot. On it also was marked the shooter's handicap. Thus, a card marked "No. 2, 28yds." denoted that the shooter shot after No. 1, and that his handicap was 28yds. Printed lists could be obtained on the grounds, and on these were the names of all the shooters, their addresses and their numbers in the order of shooting. The identity of any shooter thus could be easily determined by referring to his corresponding number in these lists.

Each shooter began at No. 1 set of traps, thence walked to No. 2, where he shot his next bird, thence to No. 3, where he shot his third bird, and then he retired till his turn came again, which between the first and second round was after an interval of about three hours, a most trying wait to those who were fretful or nervous, or both. As the rounds were shot off, and as the shooters were dropped out and the number consequently grew less, the wait between rounds grew less, though on the other hand the strain grew greater with many as the competition neared the finish. The long wait between rounds was the sole irksome feature of the shoot.

As to the manner of keeping the scores, each scorer was provided with a set of score sheets, which was a duplicate of those in the hands of the other scorers. Let us suppose now that the shoot has just begun. Then each scorer uses the first sheet, which has printed on it the names, numbers from 1 to 25, and handicaps of the first twenty-five shooters. When the shooter has shot at No. 1 set of traps, the scorer records his kill or miss, and Nos. 2 and 3 in turn do the same. When the shooters from No. 1 to No. 25 have shot, the messenger takes the three filled score sheets to the office of the compiler of scores. The sheets are marked 1, 2, 3, and when placed side by side in one two three order the three shots of each of the twenty-five men are seen at a glance. The entry clerk copies these sheets to the main sheets, which are tacked down over a large area of desk. In the meantime the scorers have taken up the sheets numbered from 26 to 50, inclusive, and when these are filled they are sent in as before, till the round is finished, when a new set of score sheets are taken in hand and the scorers proceed as before. When the shooting has advanced to a stage where men are dropped from it, a heavy blue pencil mark is drawn through the names of such as have missed enough to preclude their winning, and thus the scorer at the traps knows that he need not call up those whose names are thus cancelled.

The party from the West came in a special train of seven



OFFICERS OF THE INTERSTATE ASSOCIATION.

O. D. DELANO,
of LeRoy Shot and Lead Works.
Member of Club Organization Committee.

CAPT. A. W. MONEY,
Pres. Am. E. C. and Schultze Powder Co.
Member of Committee on Rules.

ELMER E. SHANER,
Manager.

ED. TAYLOR,
of Laffin & Rand Powder Co.
Member of Committee on Rules and
Referee at No. 1 set of traps, G. A. H., '99

IRBY BENNETT,
of W. R. A. Co.
Vice-Pres. of Interstate Association
and Chairman of Tourist's Core.

A. W. HIGGINS,
Sec. of Laflin & Rand Powder Co.
Director and Member of Executive and
Tournament Committees.

EDW. S. LENTILHON,
of E. I. Du Pont de Nemours & Co.
Director and Mem. of Tournai Com.

CAPT. J. A. H. DRESSEL,
of U. M. C. Co.
President Interstate Association and
ex-officio Member of all Committees.

JNO L. LEQUIN,
Sec'y Hazard Powder Co.,
ex-Sec'y I. A., Director and Member of
Executive Committee.

EDWARD BANKS,
Sec'y Am. E. C. & Schultze Powder Co.
Sec'y Interstate Association and Member
of Tournament Committee.

cars, luxurious in their appointments. The train consisted of a B. & O. baggage car, the Pullman buffet and supply car Atlantic, with barber, buffet and attendants; the exposition dining car America, with four cooks, five waiters and one steward, this car having a seating capacity of forty, and was a part of the Pullman exhibit at the World's Fair; the compartment car Guiana; the standard Pullman Tartary; the section Pullman Persia, and the standard Pullman Vilame. Most of these shooters were distinguished by a neat-fitting corduroy coat and a felt hat, in style similar to that worn in the regular army, and decorated simply with an aluminum pigeon bearing the legend "Dupont." They were a fine body of men, and it is unnecessary to dwell here on the excellence of their shooting, for the records show it. The train was side-tracked near Branchport, within a short distance of Elkwood Park, and made most comfortable quarters for the shooters. To Mr. E. S. Rice is due largely the credit for accomplishing such a remarkable undertaking, and bringing it to such a successful conclusion.

The conditions of the Grand American Handicap were: Twenty-five live birds, \$25 entrance, birds extra; handicaps 25 to 33yds; \$1,500 guaranteed by the Interstate Association and all surplus added. High guns; not class shooting. A sterling silver trophy and \$600 to first high gun, \$500 to second high gun, and \$400 to third high gun. All money received in excess of the guarantee was divided in accordance with the number of entries received on the basis of three moneys to each ten entries up to 260, all moneys in excess of \$6,500 to be divided into 63 equal parts and added to the different amounts won by the 63 high guns. The full provision for the division of the moneys was published in FOREST AND STREAM of Feb. 25, this year.

The scores follow:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1899, by Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

The last two of the present series of Pennsylvania Railroad three-day personally-conducted tours to Washington, D. C., will leave April 20 and May 11. The rate, \$14.50 from New York, \$11.50 from Philadelphia, and proportionate rates from other points, includes transportation, hotel accommodations, and Capitol guide fees. An experienced chaperon will also accompany the party.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO.

TERMS, \$4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY.
SIX MONTHS, \$2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 29, 1899.

VOL. LII.—No. 17.
No. 846 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

WORK AND PLAY.

THE letter printed elsewhere from Mr. S. R. Harris, is characteristic of very many of those which come to us, because it expresses the peculiarly pleasant relations existing between the FOREST AND STREAM and its readers and contributors. By a happy coincidence, on the very day that this letter was received from a member of the Bar of Ohio, our Tennessee contributor, who writes over the name of Lewis Hopkins, who also is a member of the Bar, and whom happy fortune had brought to New York, related how the FOREST AND STREAM, with its stories of the experience of others and its promptings to him to tell his own, was the chosen favorite diversion which came to him in the week of labor. These two expressions are, as has been said, characteristic of the paper's relations with its readers and of the peculiar office it fills of the busy man's companion.

Some who are outside of the craft and have not the clear knowledge which comes only with initiation into it, might scoff and sneer at the designation of a sportsman's paper as a special journal of "The Workers." Yet he must be downright ignorant and stupid who in this day confounds the typical sportsman or angler with the idler or the sluggard or the ne'er-do-well. The truth is that they most value the rod and gun, who find in the use of these implements diversion and recreation from the routine of toil. The most enthusiastic sportsman is quite likely to be one who finds but scant opportunity to indulge his favorite pursuit, who must needs plan and contrive far ahead for his vacation, and make the opportunity for it by plotting to steal time from crowded calendars; and who, when he writes of it for others to read in the FOREST AND STREAM finds in such recording a grateful realization anew of the actualities of the trip.

The typical sportsman is the professional man who is engaged in the round of his profession, the business man immersed in affairs, the farmer, the student, the public official, the mechanic—the man and the men who are doing the world's work to-day and doing it all the better because they have learned that play too has its proper place in the economy of efficient work.

We hold the theory, not here broached for the first time, but advanced before and confirmed and established by fuller observation, that those who make the most out of their outings in the field, on the waters, in the woods and in the mountains, who get the most from their day off, their week or their month, are they who have to plan most closely how they may break the chains which hold them to their daily rounds, and how by contriving they may achieve the opportunity for the vacation short or long.

This is what gives field sports their dignity and worth, and causes every reflecting and right-thinking person to be jealous for the preservation of the game and the fish and the forests and the streams, the bird covers and the haunts of trout and bass.

HUNTING KNIVES.

THE question of the form and material of the most useful hunting knife is a subject which, while it is one which presents difficulties to the novice, is not likely to occupy a large place in the thoughts of the man who has had experience. He who is buying his first hunting knife, however, imagines that a great deal depends on it, and that unless he provides himself with a knife of proper appearance, his equipment is by no means complete.

As has often been said, the hunting knives sometimes sold in the gun stores are an abomination for general purposes. This is natural enough, since they were never made for general purposes nor for the uses to which the American hunter puts the knife. They are a modification of the dagger of the Middle Ages, a fighting weapon, which was a part of the equipment of every knight, squire and man at arms, and they were used by the huntsman for a single purpose only, that was to give the game its *coup de grace* and to bleed it. In other words, this knife or dagger was a thrusting weapon. In those times and in those places the huntsman never wished to do more than to secure the game. The operations which we call butchering and skinning were left to the servants and the followers of the hunt. But in our land and in our time, the hunter must not only kill his game, but must also bleed it, disembowel it, remove the skin, cut up the carcass and carry it in whole or in part to his camp. For such work he needs a knife adapted to a variety of operations. It

must have a point for ripping, a broad, round edge for skinning, a light thin blade, short enough to be comfortably handled. Finally, it must be hard enough to retain an edge, yet tough enough not to break if it is sharply brought against a bone.

The varying opinions expressed in our columns, and the different shapes of blades there shown, offer a wide range of choice for the man who has had a delicate taste in hunting knives. No part of his outfit is more essential to the hunter's comfort, if he is in a good game country. We confess to having a strong liking for a knife which exactly suits us, but we acknowledge also that it is often the case that those who are most finical about their hunting knives are the ones who have the least use for them.

WALTON'S ANGLER.

ONE may become the possessor of Izaak Walton's "Compleat Angler" in return for the expenditure of the sum of ten cents, or of ten dollars, or of ten hundred dollars. What he gets in exchange for his money in each several transaction is Walton's Angler; and if one buys simply to read what Walton wrote he may find it as completely in the cheap copy as in the expensive. But even for the purpose of reading one likes to have an author in respectable and worthy dress. An extremely cheap book, that is to say, one which is cheaply made in material and workmanship in imitation of a more costly one, is an abomination which grows more and more abominable with time; just as on the other hand a fine edition is cherished the more dearly the longer one has the joy of its possession. The safe rule in buying books we intend to keep is to select substantial well-made volumes, honest materials used and artistic and dignified in the printing. And if the style of the volume in its material part shall comport with the character of the subject, the writer, or the time of its original publication, the outward dress being thus in harmony with the inner soul, so much more surely may the reader enter into the spirit of the author. Your Walton need not be an early edition—there are not many early editions left, and those that exist belong to the owners of long purses—but if it shall have something of the antique air answering to the quaintness of the book itself, an edition for instance like that of the Temple Classics, the reader may get much nearer to Tottenham Hill, than he will with some other copy, even though more stately and luxurious in dress.

Book buying is like angling. It means different things to different people, and has in it a multiplicity of gratifications answering to varied tastes and various desires. No hard and fast rules may be laid down for book buying, no more than for trout fishing. No particular motive may be prescribed as the only permissible or worthy impulse. Nor may we quarrel with another because the pleasure he finds in his books or in his fishing is not the pleasure we discover in our own. Most of us buy books as we catch fish, for the double purpose of food and entertainment. There are those who invest in books together with rugs and paintings and bric-a-brac for house furnishing, without ever knowing what is inside the covers; and as little does the conventional angler, the fisherman to be in fashion, ever get at the heart of angling.

There was sold at auction in this city last week a copy of Walton, which brought \$2,870. It was not one of the first editions, but that published by William Pickering, London, 1853. The Pickering edition, in two volumes, was an imperial octavo, published in parts, as a subscription work. It was a superb edition, elaborately illustrated with engravings on steel and copper, and voluminous in notes by the editor, Sir Harris Nicolas. Westwood, in his "Chronicle of the Compleat Angler," describes it as "one of the handsomest publications of modern times, an ornament to the angler's library, unique of its kind, and perhaps destined to remain so." The copy sold in New York last week had been extended by the insertion of extra illustrations from the original two volumes to seven; it was beautifully bound in green crushed Morocco, and each volume was encased in a chamois-lined case. It was the book in the collection, that of Mr. Henry F. Cox, which excited the most lively competition and brought the highest price.

The inserted plates numbered 1,762, and when it is considered how many other works in various branches of literature must have been rifled of their illustrations for the enrichment of this one, and how rare were many of the prints secured for the purpose, we may perhaps conclude that the seven volumes cost Mr. Cox in their

making more than he realized from them at the sale. The task of collecting the materials must have consumed years of patient searching and acquiring, with much haunting of print shops and delving in many fields of book making.

Walton is one of the works in all literature which lend themselves most graciously to the pursuit of the extra-illustrator. Not to begin to catalogue the various classes of illustrations which might be drawn upon for the purpose, there are the portraits of Walton and his friends and contemporaries, and of the numerous personages mentioned by him, with the good anglers of all times and all countries, from Genesis to FOREST AND STREAM; the fishing localities named, the fishes themselves and their relations, the sports of the time, hawking and hunting, with the hawks and the dogs and the horses and the paraphernalia of the chase, the trees and the birds and the flowers and the flies and the baits and the tackle, and fishing scenes without end, as one may quickly discover for himself, if ever the print collector's passion shall lay hold upon him. An astonishing range of subjects and undreamed of wealth of material will unfold themselves before the devoted mortal who sets himself to the task of illustrating Walton's Angler; we may not believe that Mr. Cox, with the 1,762 illustrations of his copy, had anywhere nearly exhausted the field; but we may at least give him the credit of having made a good beginning.

SNAP SHOTS.

Mr. Orin Belknap's recent call for gun-flints for his Hudson Bay antique developed the fact that the flints are still manufactured and dealt in for the supply of flint-lock gunners. This is an age of breach-loading percussion systems; and yet one has but to step just aside from the full swing of modern progress to discover that there are still thousands of muzzle-loaders used in the United States by classes of shooters who could ill afford the more costly breach-loading mechanism, ridiculously cheap though it be. In some other countries the muzzle-loader is the common and conventional arm. Our consul at Asuncion, Paraguay, Mr. Ruffin, reports large importations into that republic of shotguns with ramrods, which sell for from \$3 to \$6, thus, so cheaply, that a good American shotgun cannot compete. Our South American sporting brother is behind the times with his powder-flask, ramrod, wadding and cap—so far behind that perhaps by the time he catches up with our present perfection of the hammerless breach-loader with smokeless powder, we ourselves may long since have passed beyond it with our liquid-air guns.

For the first time in its history since a fish commission was established, New Jersey is this year without an appropriation for fish stocking. The situation is due to the Governor, who is consistently hostile to the fishing interests of his State, and whose attitude with respect to fish and game protection is determined by his petty personal piques and prejudices rather than by any conception of good statesmanship or any appreciation of wise economy. New Jersey has in recent years administered its fish and game affairs in a business-like and effective manner; the fish commission has given the people a return for the moneys expended, and the wardens have accomplished a vast reform in the efficiency of the protective service. We of other States have been accustomed to point to New Jersey with some satisfaction for a demonstration of the possibilities of an intelligent conduct of the affairs of a fish and game commission. The State was doing good work, and the commission should have had the usual appropriation this year to continue it.

Michigan's Governor has yielded to the demands of the spring shooters and has signed the bill to permit killing wild ducks to May 1st. This retreat from a place in the advance of wise game protection is a step which will be generally regretted; but the sentiment—or rather the common sense conviction so widely held—concerning the folly of spring shooting will not be weakened but intensified by the reactionary movement. The spring shooting of migratory birds is something which in the very nature of things must be stopped, and will be stopped; and the general movement toward that end may not be stayed by the defection now and then of an individual State.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Comrades.

WHEN one gets to the last quarter of his journey he is apt to look backward more than forward, for the further end of the path, half veiled in the misty glow of sunset, is pleasanter to look upon than the untrodden, uncertain path that lies before him. Seen through it the wayside woods bloom with rare flowers, the roughness of the path is smoothed whereon the companions of our youth walked glorified as in a halo. Where are the forms whereof these are but the shadow? Some are still traveling divergent paths, some asleep in the green tents by the wayside where their journey ended, the green roofs dotting the way far back into the filmy perspective. But a little way behind, his weary journey ended, sleeps one who was always my chosen companion in those happy days of youth, when the world was fair around us, the sky was blue above, and there was no thought for the morrow but that it would dawn as brightly and be as full of sunshine. It is a long lesson to learn that the present is always the best, and happy are we in being such slow learners; so, hopeful in our ignorance, when it were folly to be wise. We were comrades of rod and gun—the same fire of pine roots lighted our nightly fishing; when one went shooting the other went also, and all the livelong sunny April day we loafed on the level margin of the Slang, potting pickerel and muskrat.

I well remember one such day, a Sunday be it whispered, when all loafers beside us were abroad. How warm the sun shone, how soft the April air, breeding laziness in all things save the pulse of nature. Treefuls of blackbirds dribbled down their medley of harsh and liquid notes, the frogs purred in endless monotony, rows of little painted turtles basked on every slanted log, wild ducks swam safely in the distant midstream, from some far sequestered cove came the watery booming of a bittern, the spawning pickerel swam lazily in the sun-stepped shallows of the marsh, and these we sought with eyes intent and stealthy step and guns at ready. With like purpose, over against us on the Slang's further shore stalked the grim old Drum Major, an attache of the Champlain Arsenal, where he had borrowed a heavy Colt's revolver, then a novel arm. The Major was followed by his nephew John, a tall, lank youth, very proud to be in the company of so distinguished an arms-bearer. Whenever they met other fish-hunters the strange weapon was certain to attract attention, and then followed examination and question, after which Jack would ask, "How much did that ere pistil cost, Uncle?" and the Major would answer with solemn impressiveness, "Faw-ty dollars." Then came an awed silence, until another party was met, when another inspection was made, and Jack would ask, as if for the first instead of the twentieth time, "Haow much did you say that ere pistil cost, Uncle?" "Faw-ty dollars!" Long after they had passed out of our sight we heard again and again that solemn response echoed along the wooded shore, "Faw-ty dollars!"

We met Oné Justin, the old Canadian, with a nose like a Brobdignagian strawberry and an ancient Queen's arm, charged like a cannon. He would empty it at a muskrat, but not for the reward of a single duck. Eighteen black ducks killed at one discharge of his ordnance was his crowning achievement. Oné Justin had a little red spaniel that was said to dive after muskrats and often catch them. There was a vagabond of a shiftless trapper making the round of his traps in a cockleshell skiff, singing tunelessly the song of "Old King Cole," and there were fish-hunters in the tottish log canoes that are now extinct. Long ago their navigators made their last voyage to known ports; for them and for me and my comrade there are no more happy days of lazy loafing about the Slang. Long ago our ways parted, and since we were boys we have never wet line nor pulled trigger together, and he has come to the end of it all.

There were other comrades of field and forest, but all are gone, some to the end of their journey; others are yet afoot, but far away. Old Jim was my first duck-shooting chum. Quaint of speech, of a racy, native humor, and always good-natured, he was a right pleasant companion, for all his queer notions. He would not use paper for wadding because it weakened the force of the shot. Tow was his first choice, wasp nest second, and if neither was to be had, then linen or cotton rags, of which there were always plenty in his household, if not always to spare. Sunday was his only holiday, and then, when we should have been at our devotions, we prowled along the Slang, and coming to the John Clark place would ensconce ourselves behind the screen of drooping oak boughs and await the incoming of woodcock and teal, routed from the creek by other ungodly gunners. Far away the booming of a gun would echo along the wooded shores; then our eyes would catch the thin line of incoming flocks against the sky; it would grow to separate dots and the sibilant beat of swift wings, throbbing but little quicker than our hearts, would become audible, and then, with a long downward slant and a reaching down of webbed feet, the flock would surge into the currentless channel before us. No rest for them here, for at the counted word we let drive our two charges into the thick of them, and springing to flight with tremulous squawks and prodigious splashing, the harried flock would start again in quest of some safer retreat and we would gather in our victims. Jim's iron-banded and battered relic of 1812 rarely spoke but to pronounce death sentence. Good, kindly, old, toil-worn, poverty-stricken old Jim. I am sure the recording angel set down naught against him for these few bright days in his weary life. Dearest of all comrades was the boy whom I first taught to shoot, whose first hook I baited, to whom I imparted my meagre lore of woodcraft, and in whose youthful imagination I held a place with Leather Stocking. In manhood he became my chosen companion, most beloved of all men, brave, tender and true. Alike in our tastes and our love of nature, it was our daydream of earthly enjoyment to renew our youth beside the old streams in the shadows of the old woods, a dream, alas, never to be realized. Cut down midway in life's journey, he left the world the poorer for his loss; and me alone, stumbling along

the dark pathway. Crueler than death, sadder than separation, is estrangement, that hardens the hearts of old friends against one another. Happy am I that this cold, black gulf never yawned between me and my comrades of the old days. Sometime, somewhere, in that undiscovered country where their kindly spirits abide, shall we find a happy hunting ground, where an endless Indian summer broods on the celestial hills, where, with the shades of guns whose like are made no more, and with dogs whose like dwell not now upon the earth, shall we hunt the ghosts of game that has no close time?

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

Old Derry.

"Let it be book'd with the rest."

—Shakespeare.

ON a visit to the neighborhood of my early home a year or two ago, I ascended the lofty hillside above Ridgeview Park, and from the coign of vantage afforded by an abandoned road looking down, I saw at my feet an extended landscape. It was mainly old Derry township, a region that I was more or less familiar with in my boyhood, but which I had not visited except to ride through it on the line of the railroad for many years. A hundred recollections, not all of them cheerful, crowded into my memory at the sight. In the distance were the river, hills along the Conemaugh, and I could distinguish the localities that lay about my native town. To the left and several miles distant were two detached peaks or knobs that I had not seen for more than two-score years. In fact, I think I never saw them but once in my life before, and that was when I was a small boy. I had been with my father and some other persons out on the lower slope of the Ridge to get fox grapes, and in the evening going home we passed along a road in sight of those hills, but they were far away to the west. A heavy rainstorm was off in that quarter, and we had a good deal of apprehension that we should be overtaken by it; but it passed off, and did not cross our path. My father, I remember, called those two hills Camel's Hump and Sugar Loaf. I did not know then, and I don't know now, whether those were names by which the hills were commonly known, or whether, as I rather suspect, was the case, they were names that he himself applied on the occasion—reminiscences of his early home in the Connecticut Valley in Massachusetts. Anyhow, I have never heard those names since, as the appellations of hills in that section of the country. But there they were now, unaltered in appearance in the slightest degree. Change and decay and death had been widespread; but the everlasting hills were unscarred, and lifted up their vast bodies in the blue of the horizon as calmly as of yore.

In the immediate foreground I recognized after a little a house at which I had spent some time when a boy of fourteen years. What I best remembered in connection with that place was that one night while I was there, there came up what I still think was the most terrific thunder storm that I have ever known. It was so alarming that everybody in the house got up, and all gathered in the sitting room, and my father, who was a devout man, "took the Book" and read a chapter aloud and then led the family in prayer amid the uproar. We were all thoroughly frightened, and I have never forgotten that storm.

Off to the right I could now recognize another house, where a year later I and an elder brother of mine had worked for some time. It was late in the fall of the year, and my stay there was made memorable to me by reason of two things. I there heard for the first time in my life the sound of a steam whistle. That would seem almost incredible; yet there were many people then who had lived much longer than I had, who had never heard one. The Pennsylvania Railroad was at that time in course of construction in the western part of the State, and its tracks were laid down within a mile or two of the house. From my point of observation I could see the railroad just at the foot of the slope, where I now sat, and the house off in the distance. Several times in the course of a certain very blustery and dreary afternoon there came through the woods a most unearthly screeching, which no one could account for. We were all agog. The old lady, the mother of the household, and a most excellent old lady she was, imagined that it was somebody out in the woods in the direst extremity. I remember that I remarked to her that it was impossible for anybody to "holler" like that; but she replied that if I was in the woods with a tree-top on me, I didn't know how I would holla. That was an unanswerable argument, and we were all sent off into the woods to look for the unfortunate victim of a fallen tree. We spent a good part of the afternoon in the vain search. That evening at the spelling school at "the corners" we learned that the unwonted screeching had been the whistle of the construction train on the railroad. It was a great relief to have the mystery so happily explained.

And here, if this were the proper place for it, I should like to indite somewhat anent the old-time spelling school, once so familiar an institution among us, and now so rarely heard of. How clearly at the word comes back into memory the grimy schoolroom, the half-dozen tall-low dips smoking in their tin sconces on the unpainted wall; the schoolmaster, pompous and precise, spelling book in hand; the two long rows of eager contestants; the few survivors of the struggle as it proceeds from "barter" and "garter" through "phthisic" and "bdellium" until the supreme effort is reached in "honorificabitudinanditatibusque." Great glory was his who "spelled down" the school. The home-returning hero from Bingen on the Rhine was never happier.

The other circumstance I refer to was a coon hunt in which I participated. There were four of us, two young fellows belonging to the farm, to whom, of course, the neighborhood was familiar; my elder brother and myself. I was the youngest member of the party, and a stranger to the place. We had with us an axe and a full complement of dogs. We had no gun. We expected to tree the coon, then cut down the tree and let the dogs and the coon have it out. I had no doubt that this would be very good fun. We trudged along for some time, stopping occasionally to hear if there was any report of progress from the dogs, until in the course of our tramp we unluckily came into the neighborhood of a house where

an elderly man, a widower with a family of grown-up children, was being married that very evening to a woman of suitable years. I don't know just which one of the evil genii presided on the occasion, but it was suggested that the proper thing for us to do would be to go down to the house and give the old couple a send-off in the way of what they called "a serenade." I had no idea what form the serenade was to take; but I went along very willingly. The serenade was a very simple affair; it consisted only in standing on the hillside above the house and firing stones down on the roof. In a minute the whole wedding party came swarming out of the house like a lot of mad hornets, or

"As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,
When plund'ring herds assail their hyke."

Some big dogs were let loose and bid "sic 'em," a gun was fired, and the chase began. At the very first intimation of trouble the young farmers took to their heels, my brother could keep up with them, but I fell behind and very soon lost them in the darkness. I forged ahead, but altogether aimlessly; there was no road; it was pitch dark, and I knew not how to direct my steps. It was a dreadful plight to be in; alone in the unknown woods with unseen enemies near and unfriendly dogs sniffing among the bushes; lost, without bearing or compass; no shelter and a long, cold night in advance; wandering about, without knowing whether each step was bearing me nearer to safety or destruction; afraid to stand still for fear of being overtaken; afraid to call out, for fear of being heard by the foe.

But fortunately the pursuit was called off soon and the people returned to the house. But I did not know that, and so kept groping along in mortal terror. The prospect of spending the night alone in the woods was anything but reassuring, and if I shed some bitter tears it is not to be wondered at. I have never posed as a hero.

Fifteen or twenty minutes, which seemed an age to me, thus passed, when I heard some one walking softly among the fallen leaves. I stood still, with my heart in my mouth. Then my name was called in a low tone, and I knew I was saved. If I had been rescued from a floating plank on the bosom of the tossing sea, I could not have been happier. It was one of the young men of the farm. They had been nearly as much concerned for me as I had been for myself, and had been anxiously seeking me. The result of this foolish prank was to take all the vim out of us, and we made our way home silently enough, and the festive coons suffered no harm from us that night.

The scene of this youthful adventure of mine must have been in the near neighborhood of the spot where I sat so long afterward. The venerable hillside had not much changed. True, right below me were the white cottages and the auditorium of a stylish camp ground, and its colonnaded boarding house, a sad innovation upon the ancient demesne of Pan and the Satyrs; but still the grand old forest extends almost unbroken for many miles. The "green-robed senators" of the mighty woods yet stand much as they stood when my young eyes first beheld them. The lapse of fifty years is marked by little apparent change in a forest where the hand of the lumberman has not encroached. The solemnities of the vast woodland, its brooding calm, its sequestered depths, its flickering lights and beckoning shadows, remain little changed from age to age. I do not wonder that the ancients peopled the woods with uncouth and romantic shapes. Such was the forest described by Keats in his "Endymion":

"Upon the sides of Latmos was outspread
A mighty forest; for the moist earth fed
So plenteously all weed-hidden roots
Into o'erhanging boughs and precious fruits.
* * * Paths there were many,
Winding through palmy fern and rushes fenny,
And ivy banks, all leading pleasantly
To a wide lawn, whence one could only see
Stems thronging all around between the swell
Of turf and slanting branches; who could tell
The freshness of the space of heaven above,
Edged round with dark treetops? through which a dove
Would often beat his wings, and often, too,
A little cloud would move across the blue."

T. J. CHAPMAN.

The Sportsman's Den.

How many happy hours are spent in it. It is the one room in the house in which the master feels that he is monarch of all he surveys; one into which his dog knows he is welcome to come and snooze and pursue the festive flea without fear of being chased out with a broom in the hands of an irate female. The room is not perhaps so tidy as the best spare room, nor its furniture set in unvarying geometrical positions; but it is as the owner wants it. On the walls hang pictures of hunting scenes, one or two stately stag heads, as true to life as the taxidermist skill can do; a set of wide-spreading moose horns hang over the mantel, deer horns here and there on the walls are used as racks. The floor is covered with skins of the bear, deer, and wolf. A rack is well filled with shotguns of different makes and bores, and rifles of different calibers. On a shelf is loading apparatus. In another corner hang the hunting clothes. A center-table is littered with sporting magazines. Numerous pipes lie conveniently around. A large easy chair and a pair of well-worn slippers invite to comfort.

Many happy hours are spent in the little den. On entering its door one may leave all business for a time behind, and live over the happy hours of the chase. In his fancy he again kills the old big buck, and hears the music of the fleet-footed hounds bringing the game nearer and nearer. He is in camp again, sees the twinkling light of the camp-fire, with his comrades sitting around it. With the delicious night coming down and wrapping the little white tents about like a soft cocoon, as one by one the stars swing out their glowing lamps in the great tent of the sky.

The scene shifts, and now he is on the lakes with his 12-gauge hammerless, bringing down the mallards and blue-wings and an occasional honker. Or he is whipping the streams for the speckled trout. Again he kills the big four-pound bass that tried his split-bamboo to its utmost, and made his reel sing a merry tune. Or he is in the field in quest of quail or snipe. Thus, sitting

in the easy chair, watching the wreaths of blue smoke curling from the old briar root, he sees all the scenes of former outings, with his genial companions.

How his heart goes out to the genial comrade, how he cherishes the memories of the past outings together! How he longs for the time to come when they may share the same blanket, lounge before the same camp-fire, cast from the same boat, or face the storm together again. Some of these old friends, alas! have crossed over the river to rest in the shade of the trees.

He likes to while away a few quiet hours in the den. He loves to overhaul his traps, unpack his hunting chest, oil his reels, clean and polish his guns and throw them to his shoulder and sight them at imaginary birds. The old dog, curled up on the best rug, keeps his eye on his master, and when he sees him take up the gun, raises his head with an expectant look. He, too, loves the sport and the den with its soft rugs and cosy fire.

In this room the owner always finds things just as he left them. When he comes in tired from a long tramp he can sling one rubber boot into one corner and one into the other with perfect impunity, and it is all right—he will know just where to find them. The old adage of a place for everything and everything in its place will not do for him. He is more lavish; he has a hundred places for everything; but if no female invades his retreat with a search warrant for loose real estate, it will not take him long to locate any of his things; he seems to do it by instinct. All of the servants of the household are imbued with the idea that all who enter here with dust broom or brush are like the prisoners of the Bastille and "leave all hope behind." So, by general consent he is given that room. And he is better off there among his idols than leaning over the pool table or setting around the hotels, giving his views of the Philippine Islands, or in some quiet room having a little game "with just enough in sight to make it interesting."

There are moments when he likes to be alone, and the den offers the opportunity. Perhaps he had been out all day after game, and returned with an empty bag, after boasting of the amount he was going to bring in. The chagrin makes him feel "that there are moments when he wants to be alone." Or while fishing his boat capsizes, and he goes overboard. Wet and plastered with mud, by taking the back way he arrives home unseen. "There are moments when he wants to be alone." Or he hears that the rivers are full of ducks; he takes his headlight and spends the night after them—and comes home in the morning cold, tired and sleepy, with not a feather to show. These are moments when he wants to be alone.

C. L. BRADLEY.

Nitro.

It is only since the new powder has become generally known that his friends have found a name for him, and now, in the field or camp, he is most appropriately "Nitro." An all-round good fellow, his predominant characteristic is the ability to act before the average man has even mentally purposed. We gathered our paraphernalia for a day's outing recently, and borrowed one-half of two—alleged—good dogs. They being owned by a joint stock company, one-half of the stock being held by Nitro.

Dog number one showed faint symptoms of good points, but was too much handicapped by an excess of adipose tissue to rate high in the field. Dog number two was a "had been," sadly degenerated. We left the train at a small village in east Tennessee, and went forth to make scarce the quail that we had heard were very plentiful in that bailiwick.

A country boy of sturdy growth was found, who, for a compensation that was about equivalent to a week's reasonable wages, was willing to pilot us and show us the favorite haunt of the brown bird, which he assured us he well knew. We were out for fun, regardless of expense, and before he had time to annex the usual many conditions, or ask his fill of questions, my friend of action, and not words, had loaded him with our lunch and spare shells and started him off.

If that boy was not born tired, he certainly had developed well early in life, for it required the effort of one, and at times both, of us to get him down from every fence crossed that had a flat rail on top suitable for a resting place.

We hunted for some time without success, and with scarcely varying positions. Nitro and I trudged along side by side; the fat dog ambled along in front of us just far enough ahead to prevent our stepping on him; the "had been" wildly ranging from a hundred yards to a half-mile ahead, and frequently out of sight; and General Debility, as my irreverent friend had christened our boy, dragging along well in the rear.

Our fat canine finally fell over a rabbit, which was brought to bag by our combined efforts, not because we particularly craved the flesh of hare, but, as Nitro said, "because he will cure the lean and hungry look of our game bag, and aid in getting a little work out of General Debility." The rabbit evoked the nearest approach to an effort from the General that he had yet developed during our acquaintance; picking it up and holding it at arm's length, we heard a sigh, and looking at me, said: "Mister, he is awful heavy." This being assertion and not argument, I said nothing.

Turning to my companion he added: "And he ain't with a darn to eat." This pathetic bid for sympathy was met by Nitro with the heartless query: "Well, who is eating him." Pitching it into the game bag on top of our lunch with unnecessary violence, he "took up the white man's burden" and fell in line.

Soon thereafter the real business of the day began, and we put up a fine covey of birds. Our fat dog found them in a patch of briars, and, after several honest efforts at the conventional thing, settled down on all four feet and pointed truly, if not with grace and ease.

We each got in both barrels on the flush, and I killed three birds; at least, that was my friend's report, although I had shot at only two, and had a strong suspicion that one of the shots, at least, had been entirely out of line with the flight of the bird.

Not feeling inclined to dispute his word, I pocketed the three birds and we moved on in the direction of the

piece of where the covey had settled. Here we were just as "had been" dog, that returned to investigate it. He rushed in with an air of business, as though to make up all lost time, flushed two birds and out of sight and hearing after them, leaving the remainder with the assistance of the fat dog.

We first flushed a single, both fired, and he fell, so my companion avers.

A pair next offered, at rather a close range, only one of which we bagged, my bird bag. Three birds next broke cover, two of which stopped at our invitation, both falling to my unerring aim, according to my truthful companion, although I had found a 4ft. oak tree between me and the second bird I had tried to hold on. Either I was shooting a remarkable gun, or else there was something in my companion's reports that called for a court of inquiry.

Two birds next flushed, one flying to the right and the other to the left, and after my companion had swung to the right hand bird, I killed the one on the left, and waited before retrieving it for my companion's report.

"You got him," he cried, and walking out he picked up his bird and brought it to me.

Not until I had assured him that I had not shot at his bird at all, and showed him my dead bird lying where I had thrown him, well off to the left, would he admit that he had killed a bird.

Not finding any more of the birds in that cover, we sat down on a log to rest, and I proceeded to question my unselfish friend on his lack of success in the field; assuring him that I had seen his work at the trap, which I considered above the average.

"Well," said he, "this bird killed to-day is the third bird I have killed since the opening of last season, although I have been shooting birds for many years."

"Last season, and the few times I have been out this year, I have hunted with two gentlemen, one prominent in the professional, and the other in the business world, and they have invariably killed every bird that was brought to bag." (There was no irony in his voice, it was cold steel.)

"The other two birds I got on a hunt last season when I had promised a pair to a sick friend, getting one that they did not see fall, and the other by killing him behind me, while they were shooting to the front, and holding my finger on the trigger and threatening to lift the tops of their heads if they offered to touch it when I went to pick it up."

"They were fair enough on the divide of the game, and they were both like 'Brutus,' but they always fired when there was a flush, and they invariably killed everything that fell."

"I have promised to hunt a day with them next week and have arranged a lot of shells for the trip that I firmly believe will cure them of their bad habit and make pleasant shooting companions of them. They will shoot the regulation loads of powder, but the shot space in their cartridges will be filled with felt wads, and after they have claimed all the birds killed, I propose to produce the affidavit of the man who loads to prove that only the 16-gauge shells (they both shoot 12s) had any shot in them."

"It will be heroic treatment, and may cause temporary unpleasantness, but it will cure them, I honestly believe."

Assuring him of my sympathy, and the hope that his scheme would work well, we resumed our hunt with the understanding that he was to kill as many birds as any body else on our hunt.

We swung round and started back in the general direction we had come, and found the appearance of the country very encouraging.

But now our heretofore apathetic boy seemed to wake to life and take a real interest in the hunt.

"Better keep out of there," he said, as we started to climb a fence, enclosing a promising looking bit of stubble. "That is ole man Grubbs and he don't allow no huntin'."

"Where is his sign?" asked my companion.

"Ain't got none up, but he will raise sand 'ef he catches ye." We concluded to risk the sandstorm and entered the field. Two nice coveys rewarded our temerity, out of which Nitro acknowledged seven birds to his gun.

Another good stubble was soon reached, which General Debility tried to argue us out of hunting by assuring us that it was "boggy and full of water holes." Here the "had been" truant rejoined us, and none too soon, for his highness, the dog of aldermanic proportions, was fairly worn out.

A covey was found that flushed wild, and one was killed across a small stream by a long shot.

The condemned dog acted well on the stand, and promptly rushed for the dead bird.

We congratulated ourselves on his reformation, and waited for him to bring in the bird that we might encourage him with kind words and caresses.

He did not return promptly and my companion crossed over to investigate the cause of the delay.

His arrival at the point where the dog was located was immediately followed by some rather strong language, the thud of a vigorous kick, and ki-yis! of a pained and surprised canine.

The dog resumed his business of seeking secluded spots, and as he disappeared over a distant hill still voicing his displeasure at the vigorous objection to his methods, my companion returned bringing for my inspection the foot and wing of a quail connected by a ragged chewed frings of feathers which he reported as the only sign of the bird left when he reached the dog.

This episode abated our enthusiasm sufficiently to admit of our knocking off for lunch, and as we were convenient to the abode of the General, we dismissed him to minister to his material necessities, while we enjoyed our mid-day meal by a convenient spring.

Our faithful fat dog lay and snored all the time we were eating our lunch and my kind-hearted companion would not wake him up to eat, but gathered a nice lot of scraps and placed them on a clean piece of paper to feed him when he finally had his nap out.

We were smoking and resting after lunch when a sound attracted our attention, and turning we were just in time to see the last of the dinner that we had so carefully put aside for our faithful canine friend disappearing down the throat of the worthless disgrace to the whole

dog tribe, that had sneaked up in the rear and appropriated it.

"Get out! You infernal, base-born aggregation of perambulating sausage meat," yelled Nitro, snatching up his gun and crowding in shells with all haste.

The dog understood enough of the order to know that his presence was not desired and Got! at a rate of speed that carried him over the top of a rise in the ground about 1-16 in. ahead of the load of shot that my indignant companion sent after him.

A native now joined us who proved a friend of Nitro's. "Had purty good luck, men?" he queried.

We reported, and suggested that our boy did not appear well informed as to the bird covers.

"Well now"—said he—"I don't want you to say nothin' 'bout my tellin' you, but that boy knows every covey of birds within five miles of here, but he won't show them to everybody."

"I just been up to the house an' heard him a kickin' because you fellers would go in the fields where the birds was in spite of his tryin' to keep you out."

"He says he has some regular hunters that always employs him an' pays him big prices, comin' to hunt here day after to-morrow, an' he don't want the coveys cut up an' scattered none."

"Don't you tell him I told you, but I rec'on you will do jest about as well without him."

"Well, so long; hope you will have luck;" and off he trudged, leaving us to wonder why it was that we had not realized the duplicity being practiced by the boy all morning.

Without a word of comment my companion walked over to where he had placed his gun after his remonstrance with the dog, loaded it, and proceeded to locate himself at a point commanding a view of the path by which the boy would return.

There was too much business in his preparations, and watching my opportunity I slipped the gun away from behind him, where he had placed it within reach, and replaced it with the shells removed.

Down the path the General finally strolled, looking as pleased as Punch, and apparently ready to forget and forgive, as a well-fed man should.

He walked up to Nitro, who was looking him straight between the eyes, and said: "Well now, if you fellers want me to find you any birds this afternoon ye better be gittin' a move on ye, 'stid of sittin' 'round burnin' daylight, don't ye think?"

Tossing a coin at the boy, my friend produced his watch and quietly, but with a cold sincerity that was convincing, replied:

"You take that money and get out just as quickly as you can."

"I will begin to shoot at any piece of you big enough to draw a bead on that is in sight 30 seconds from this time."

"If you are fond of yourself, and like to live, do your best—Now Git!"

Evidently believing that he had to do with a dangerous individual the boy snatched up the money and made off at a gait that would have utterly discouraged our running dog had he been there to see it. He was well out of sight with time to spare before the limit was up.

The afternoon proved interesting and we added to our bag.

The truant dog came back to us, and though in deep disgrace was tolerated until patience again ceased to be a virtue. He raced us for every bird killed and generally won.

Finally he and Nitro engaged in a rough and tumble over a bird that the latter had killed and the former eaten.

The combatants were hidden from view by a thicket, but the sounds of the battle were plainly audible.

At first there were many and vigorous commands from the man, apparently unheeded by the dog; then thuds of a vigorously propelled boot landing on the dog's anatomy and a chorus of canine protests; the next act in the tragedy was a moving panorama of dog in swift retreat and determined man in pursuit.

The dog passed near by where I stood, scattering howls and feathers, and the man followed scattering adjectives, neither apparently aware of my presence. Then my thoroughly incensed friend, finding himself rapidly being distanced, bethought himself of his weapon.

Stopping short, he proceeded to deliver a broadside from both barrels of his gun at the dog, that caused that animal to give a vocal and gymnastic exhibition the like of which I have never seen equalled.

When we resumed operations in the field there was a look of conscience approving duty performed on the face of the man that lasted out the day, but the dog did not come back.

Our game pockets assayed 27 whole and 4 desiccated birds, when we arrived at the station where we were to take the train for home; and our faithful fat dog did not open his eyes or break a snore when we lifted him in and laid him on the floor of the baggage car.

LEWIS HOPKINS

Vermont Birds and Game.

SHELDON, Vt., April 22.—Below I give you the dates of the arrival of several of our birds this season, as compared with the springs of 1897 and 1898, which shows how very backward our present spring has been:

	1899.	1898.	1897.
Robins	April 5	March 10	March 21.
Red-wing starling.....	April 11	March 23	
Song sparrow.....	April 12	March 18	April 3.
Meadowlark	April 12	March 25	April 1.
Bluebird	April 15	March 17	March 28.
Phebe bird.....	April 20		April 8.

The dates not filled are those where we did not observe the birds until late in the season.

Regarding the game prospects, deer are getting quite common, foxes the same. Ruffed grouse appear to have wintered well. Mongolian pheasants have again without doubt winter-killed, and so far not a single flock of wild geese have been seen or heard. The ice is generally out of the streams, but not yet out of the lakes, and a few snowdrifts still remain in the sheltered ravines.

STANSTEAD.

In Cat Claw Park.

It was Nov. 7th, at 7 A. M., when Miguel knocked at my door at the hotel in Ratan, New Mexico, and told me that he could see the smoke of the train from the East coming down the mountains. Harry and Al. are on that train coming to meet me here for a hunt in the Ratan Mountains and thereabouts, and I came yesterday to meet them in response to a telegram.

So I went out on to the platform of the depot hotel to meet the boys. When the train stopped Harry jumped out and Al. followed more calmly. After him came a colored gentleman, arrayed in gorgeous apparel and loaded down with parcels—two guncases, two grip-sacks, a roll of blankets and a few other things. He sailed into the hotel with a lordly air and said: "We have come," to the clerk, who gazed at him with respect. From Ratan we drove over to Mat's ranch in Cat Claw Park. Mat and I are partners in a bunch of horses. I come down here to see the horses, as I usually do twice a year, and Mat had told me to get Harry and Al. to come down when I did, so I invited them. Harry and I have hunted together for the past fifteen years. The park is in the heart of the Ratan Mountains, and is a beautiful oval valley five miles long and three wide, surrounded by lovely mountains that glow with the dull red of the mountain oak and the bright green of the spruce pine. In the centre of the valley, on a little knoll, is Mat's ranch, a big adobe house of many rooms. It is of one story and looks like a big mud turtle. Twenty feet from the door bubbles up a strong ice-cold spring, which runs on a little rill down into the creek 200 yards away. Behind the main house is a motley collection of buildings—Mat's old cabin, where he used to live when he was a bachelor. It's the harness and saddle-room now. Carriage houses, hen house, stables, coral, cow house, smoke house, and two jacals full of Mexican herders and women and fleas and dogs and children.

That afternoon we planned a little hunt over into Colorado, and started two wagons around by the road. Al. dug up a lot of things for Mrs. Mat out of one of his trunks. She told him that she hated to take such valuable presents, but that she couldn't help it, for they were just what she wanted, and Mat looked wise and said nothing—he had sent a list of things to Al. two weeks before accompanied by a check. Al. had added a few things on his own account. That evening Al. owned up to Mrs. Nell how the things were so well selected, and she sat down very close to Mat, and without looking at him patted him on the knee, and the rest of us made believe we didn't see it, and I thought of a young woman 300 miles away that is just as good-looking as she is, and felt a trifle lonesome for a few minutes.

The next morning at daybreak Al. and I got into a strong buckboard, and Harry and Mat mounted their horses and we went over the mountain, over a most villainous trail for a wagon. Up the worst places Al. and I had to walk, and occasionally hold on to the buckboard to keep it right side up. We went eight miles across a beautiful rolling prairie on top of the mountain, and then down over big rocks and through quaking asp thickets, till we landed on a good road at the fountain head of the Trinchar. Three miles down the stream and twenty miles over rolling prairie guiltless of road or trail except the track of our baggage wagons, which we had sent on ahead, and at last we went down a very rough little hill, and there was camp, looking very home-like. It was in a little round valley, with a few cedars and one big cottonwood by a low cliff on the north side of the valley. A large water hole was close by the tree at the foot of the cliff. Al.'s new tent and my old dingy one were set up facing the south, and as we came down the hill Miguel and Roque were cooking supper at a big open fire, the four horses were feeding near the tents, and the wagons were each beside its own tent. The horses stopped grazing and whined at us as we came in, and the Mexicans went on cooking with Indian stolidity and hardly looked up when we stopped.

Al.'s tent had a floor cloth of heavy canvass stretched tight, a wire mattress on a cot bed, with new California blankets, a rubber pillow and white sheets, a tin fixing with a tank and a wash bowl combined with a looking-glass; two camp chairs and a folding table, a swing lamp and his trunk. My tent was furnished with three rolls of rather ragged blankets, wrapped up in old wagon sheets and tied up with a rope, all thrown down on the ground. We also had a tin pail full of water, a tin wash-basin and a lantern for furniture.

We had a big supper as soon as possible, and then all but Roque struck out for meat. Al. and Harry went together. Each had a new .30 calibre Winchester and a new belt, and the cartridges looked very small to me. I use a .35.90. Miguel and I each went alone. I wandered off about a mile and sat down on the brink of the Purgatoire canon, and sat there till after dark watching and waiting near a deer trail for the deer that did not come. I heard two shots not far from camp that I thought were fired by Al. and Harry, and finally the darkness came and I went back to camp. A big fire was burning in front of my old tent and the boys were all there.

Roque was broiling deer ribs on the coals, Al. and Harry were in Al.'s tent, that was so brilliantly lighted that it looked as if it were afire, and Miguel was just in. Al. had killed a yearling buck and had carried it into camp on his back, while Harry had toted the guns. Miguel smiled an expansive smile when he saw me, and said: "Senor Dick, I saw a big flock of turkeys, and followed them till they went to roost in some pines down in the Purgatoire canon. We will go down and get some pretty soon; but first I am going to eat some ribs."

In a few minutes we were eating ribs and tortillas and drinking strong black coffee, for it's a tough trip down into the cañon at night, and one needs to be reinforced. Also, let me inform you folks, deer ribs, as they roast sputtering and popping before an open fire, smell very good, and taste as good as they smell.

Al. concluded that he wouldn't go two miles, and down into a cañon 2,000ft. deep in a dark night to kill a turkey, so he told Roque to take his shotgun and he would keep camp in our absence. It was very dark, and crawling down into the gloomy cañon, down a deer trail part way, and then down the side cañon along the side hill through a very poky bear and mountain-lionish hole, would not have been nice alone; but the five of us were perfectly satisfied, and we finally reached the trees

and got under the turkeys and located them. I had a shotgun—12 Winchester lever gun—and missed with the first barrel. I shot where I thought the turkey's head ought to be, and shot over him; and hit him at the second shot. So down he came almost at my feet, and went fluttering and rolling down the hill. I finally heard him stop away below me and followed his trail down by lighting matches and seeing a little blood and an occasional feather, till I found him stone dead in a hole under a big rock that looked like a bear den.

We finally all came together down on the flat in the cañon. We had only three turkeys, but it was very dark and we had had bad luck, that's all. Mat had a notion to stay till morning and call them, but I didn't feel like playing freeze-out around a fire all night without blankets; so we finally started for camp, and got there about 11 o'clock very tired and hungry again. I am ashamed to tell so much about eating, and yet I must plead guilty to eating five big meals that day.

We sat around the fire a long time, and Roque told of the Thing that came down from the mountain and killed his dogs and made him hole up in the house after dark, and hung around just out of sight, and whined and moaned as if it wanted to eat him and Luce, his wife. He said it was a demon animal and a bad spirit, but when he wound up the tale by telling how he finally got it to take a bait of liver with half a bottle of strychnine, and that it went away and never returned we all breathed easier, and Miguel said that he would like the demon's skin tanned right now, as he was short of bedding. Mat and I immediately responded, and lent him and Roque two blankets and a heavy quilt.

Mexicans and old mountain men have lots of queer and grizzly stories of things—things that are seldom seen but often heard; that kill men and defile their corpses. But Miguel is intensely practical and as brave a little man as ever lived; besides he has a witch for a mother-in-law, who worries him greatly monkeying with spirits and playing solos on her medicine drum at unseasonable hours of the night, and that makes him very uncharitable. The old lady is a Navajoe Indian, and I am very fond of her; but she is a great trial to Miguel. I once offered to take her home with me and keep her, but Miguel said she would drive my wife crazy with her drum and her ghosts; that besides she would wear men's pants and ride a horse (como un hombre) like a man, and that finally she was a cross he had to bear, and that he hoped to be forgiven all his sins if he stood all her capers, and I concluded he was right both ways. Mrs. D. said Miguel had good sense when I told her about it.

The coyotes laughed and squealed and howled over on the hill where the deer offal lay, and a big owl sat on a tree nearby and occasionally said "Whoow-whoow" in a bass voice, as if he had a bad cold. Miguel growled and said, "There's nez's owl taking care of us," and we all turned in. It didn't seem as if I had been asleep more than five minutes when Mat pulled Roque out, and they both went to cooking breakfast and rattling pots and pans. Al. finally woke me up and asked if I was going to hunt this morning, and I said, "No; lemme be," and promptly went to sleep again, and woke up at 10 when the boys came in. Al. and Harry had seen several deer, but failed to get a shot. Miguel had killed a big wildcat, which, he said, was a small lion, and Roque had stayed at home and cooked more deer meat. We hunted, played whist, told stories and got several deer and more turkeys, and finally went home to Mat's ranch, and Al. and Harry started for the railroad and went home. In a few days I rolled out for Kansas, and here I am.

W. J. D.

Buck Ranch.

THE silent forest beside Buck Ranch still stretches away to the north and the east, beyond where we have yet wandered. Past Buck Ranch, the deserted remnant of a timber camp or two, and then only the wide forest, with its giants of sweet gum, oak and elm, o'erspreading the groves of green holly which close in on either side the winding course of the bayou.

"At the Place of the Oaks" Mr. Hough's two friends bowed the head, and no one would scoff. It would have been so at Buck Ranch. Thought is nobler in the lonely forest.

It was nightfall when I reached the lodge, after a day's ride over frozen roads, but within the great wood fires seemed to sputter and glow more warmly than fires are wont, and fatigue was soon forgotten, and plans making to find the party (who were in camp seven miles away), or stories telling of past exploits.

Next morning, on foot, I took the trail over to Big Possum Bayou, thence five miles up and across to discover the camp ground deserted. An almost untraceable wagon trail over leaves, twigs and switch cane led nearly a mile inland to where I found the tent, guarded by the two new hound pups. Several deer and parts of deer were swinging from limbs, and it was a small matter to find a piece of tenderloin about the right size and drop it among the live coals.

Soon Parker strolled in, and after a greeting said he needed help to get in the last kill—a small buck. This task was accomplished before the Captain, Mr. Stanford, and Arch came in from their morning hunt. The Captain said he had been unsuccessful, but when he found time and wasn't hungry, he would tell us about the one he got yesterday morning, and the two that he didn't get.

"Oh, but there are some big ones here!" and the tracks that we saw as we hunted away the evening and studied the woods verified the assertion.

The log fire in front of the little A tent must be piled up amply on that cold November night, and then the Captain told about the big deer that he did get, and the ones that he didn't get.

"It was so cold yesterday morning that they were not feeding much, and I had wandered a long way down the open ridge before I finally saw several dogs ahead of me.

"Getting a bunch of trees on them, I was slipping nearer; when my attention was drawn to a moving object off to the right, and there I discovered a large buck loping along a course parallel to my own. I thought at first that he had not seen me, and 'bleated'

to stop him, but he kept on, and when he came up with the does they all disappeared.

"I had followed on for a while in the direction they had taken, when all at once I heard the quick striking together of the horns of bucks fighting. I had never seen a combat of the kind, though having made frequent efforts before. So I was anxious to come within sight of them. This I succeeded in doing, by using great caution, but just as I first saw them they stopped fighting, and one deliberately walked toward where I stood concealed and stopped when within 70 or 80 yds. His breast was toward me, but I was afraid to wait for a side shot, and pulled trigger. Instantly he wheeled and ran a short distance, then fell. I heard him get up, run and fall again, and repeat the maneuver several times before he finally fell with a heavier crash than before, after which all was quiet, and I knew that he was dead.

"When the smoke cleared, here came the other buck along the trail of the first, this one approaching within 35 yds. and stopping broadside. What was my chagrin, then, to find that my lever had gotten caught and would not reload. I had been warned of this fault in the style of gun that I was using, and had seen symptoms in this gun before, but had trusted to its finding a more opportune time to misbehave.

"While the deer stood, I had to turn my back to him and pick out the eight cartridges from the magazine with my knife, consuming nearly ten minutes, during which time the buck, scrutinizing my back, had not made up his mind that I was an enemy. But when the magazine was empty and I closed the lever, the 'click' was too much for him, and he started off. I was quick enough to get a shot before he was entirely lost to view in the cane, but missed.

"That isn't all of the story yet. One of the does came. She stood and looked while I tried again to reload, but the lever now got caught so badly that I could do absolutely nothing with it, and after giving the deer assurances of her safety, I carried my lame gun toward camp, being in no good humor toward the man that made it.

"Parker went back with me to bring in the dead buck, which we were unable to lift on the horse, and had to drag to camp. This spoiled his hide, all but the head and neck, which I will mount."

A charm protected the other big buck. Captain Bradford could not find him again, and when Mr. Stanford encountered him he, too, met with a disappointment. He said the old buck looked as big as a mule, and as if he was posing for a target, as he stopped at short range and turned his full side to him. But Mr. Stanford had a two-trigger gun, and a pair of thick-fingered gloves on, and as the gloves got mixed with the triggers that he was going to pull both at once, a premature shot was fired and the big buck yet roams up and down in that locality.

Snow clouds the next day decided us to break camp after the morning's hunt. The party had secured a total of seven deer.

After a rough trip in we reposed a night at Buck Lodge. In the morning I relocated a flock of turkeys that Mr. Stanford had kindly scattered the evening before and killed a portly bird. At noon the party had begun to disband, and I sadly turned from Buck Ranch and rode toward the realms of man.

MISSISSIPPI.

TRIPOD.

The Changes of the Years.

BUCYRUS, Ohio, April 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am in receipt of copies of your paper containing my article on "Dixie and Dan Emmett," and I was much gratified with the note thereto contributed by Fred Mather. It also gratified me to keep up my friendly relations with FOREST AND STREAM. Over twenty years ago I sent you an occasional article, mostly descriptive of the prairies, streams and lakes, and sporting experiences of my own in northwestern Iowa, a new region which was just beginning to attract settlers. I then owned and still own farm lands there, where I have been accustomed to spend my summer vacations as a relief from the active practice of my profession. The feathered game has mostly disappeared before the march of civilization; and where I formerly looked over the vast stretch of prairies, bounded only by the horizon line like the open sea, we now see railroad trains, cultivated fields, harvesters, schoolhouses and comfortable dwellings, embowered amid planted trees. The beautiful lakes and running streams are still there, and you cannot find more attractive resorts than a cluster of lakes, like Okobogi, Spirit Lake, and other neighboring waters abounding with fish, in Dickinson county, Iowa, and the neighboring portion of southern Minnesota.

Nothing affords me greater pleasure than to find enough leisure to lay aside my legal papers, books and briefs, and employ my pen to communicate a hasty article to the FOREST AND STREAM. Very cordially yours,

S. R. HARRIS.

A Mysterious Shadow.

IN the fall of 1897 I was trapping and hunting on a small tributary of the Colorado River. My camp was situated on the west side of a large bluff. High up on this bluff was a large flat rock about 80 or 90 ft. square. The face of the rock looked as smooth as if it had been dressed by the hand of man. On bright days the sun shone on the rock from a little after 12 o'clock until 3:30 in the evening. Exactly at 1:15 o'clock a shadow would make its appearance on this rock exactly like that of a hunter dressed in the garb usually worn by hunters of early times—fringed hunting shirt, cap, leggings, shot pouch and gun. The shadow appeared to be nearly 8 or 9 ft. high; and it was so plain in every detail that it was hard to believe that it was not painted by the hand of some skillful artist. Now the strange part of this apparition was that so far as I could discover there was no object on the sunward side of the bluff to cause the appearance. Who can give an explanation of this strange phenomenon?

J. W. DRANE, M. D.

Natural History.

Migrations at New Orleans.

IN a perfectly normal season in this latitude, spring begins, from the ornithologist's point of view, in the early part of February, the time of the arrival of the first purple martins, and the signs of returning bird-life grow more or less uninterruptedly until the full tide of migration sets in.

That the past season has not been normal in the South is a fact only too well realized to call for any comment upon the unusual character of the weather during the winter months. But among the changes wrought by the unprecedented weather not the least noticeable was that upon the movements of the birds. The week preceding Feb. 1 was very variable in New Orleans, and while there had been at least two cold days up to the first, several days were mild enough to warrant one in expecting the first martins soon, and from Feb. 2 to 6 there was a continuation of such weather. During recent years martins have been recorded by the first week of February more than once, but none were seen in this mild period; conceding that none arrived then, an opportunity for their migration was precluded by the weather of the next ten or twelve days; during that entire time there was but one day that was the least mild, and that was the 11th, and it was on the night of that day that we had indications of the approaching blizzard. The next day snow and sleet covered everything, and a temperature of 13 degrees was recorded, falling to 6 degrees the next day.

But the indomitable mild character of our climate was asserting itself inside of three days. By the 16th the mercury had been above 40 degrees, and though there was a very chilly north wind, I saw the first grackles (Florida) assembled for their usual spring concourses and voicing their thankfulness for the approaching blessings of spring weather in those peculiar squeaky notes familiar wherever the crow-blackbird appears at this season. Feb. 18 was an example of what a fine early spring day may be in Louisiana, and the purple martin was positively recorded for the first time.

While it is natural that cold weather coming in February, the time of arrival of martins, should interfere with their movements, it does not ordinarily exercise such a great influence on the migrations occurring after March 1.

But on the present occasion one was appalled by the terribly stricken appearance of nearly every green thing about us after the cold blast. The early fruit trees and the willows had begun to bloom and leaf respectively when the cold came, and a walk in the woods on the last day of February showed them as apparently lifeless as they are ordinarily the middle of January. This setback in the budding of the trees has undoubtedly delayed a great many migrants that occur here. The first parula warbler did not appear until March 7, the time the species is common most years, while in advanced seasons the first come not later than March 1.

Of course, so late in the season trees sprouted much more rapidly than if they had begun at their usual time, and an incomplete dress of green began to clothe the hideousness of the waste of frozen vegetation. Then, with the spring showers and balmy south winds, the birds began to appear again.

March 13, as far as meager notes could show, seemed to be the first day of general migration. On that day a friend noted the first white-eyed vireo, evidently a migrant, though this species does winter here sparingly. White-bellied swallows were observed as common for the first time. They appeared in even greater numbers on the 14th, and purple martins were heard singing as they flew low over the houses. The first swallow-tail butterfly to appear in spring, usually *Papilio cretophontes*, was seen on the 14th; on the 15th two dragon flies appeared. Out of the city, my friend, Mr. Andrew Allison, observed the first hooded warbler (*Sylvania mitrata*) on the 14th.

With the weather fresh and almost fall-like on the 16th, there came a mildness and softness about the air on the 17th that reminds us what the spring is really like; at this time the daisy-like fleabane and the clover began to push themselves into prominence everywhere. It seemed the weather for chimney swifts and gnat-catchers to take advantage of, but they were looked for in vain. Martins, however, appeared to become well established, being fully a week behind time.

March 21 the first yellow-crowned night herons (*Nycticorax violaceus*) were heard at night. The arrival of these birds was the first intimation of more migrants to come after the uneventful period between the 14th and the 21st.

March 24.—First red-eyed vireos.

March 25.—First male orchard oriole and first chimney swift.

March 26.—Bartramian sandpipers passed over in numbers at night. The last days of March I spent about thirty-five miles below New Orleans.

The 29th was very cool, with north wind, but the 30th was warmer and cloudy, with southeast wind.

Forester's terns were found very abundant and noisy in the flooded rice fields, and a flock of five or six black-necked stilts was observed feeding beside two woodducks. Greater and lesser yellow-legs were common in a tract half swamp, half marsh. The first crested flycatchers came March 30, and the first kingbirds the day before. The only other migrants observed were the first Kentucky warblers and the first black-and-white warbler on the 31st. Since April 1, the season having made up a good deal of its lost time, things appear to have gone on more as in most years. April 3 the first summer warblers came; this is the usual time for them. Between this day and the 10th we experienced an unusual amount of almost cold weather for April; all through March, in fact, there had been many more cool snaps than usual.

April 9 was a cool but beautiful day, milder than it had been for several days past. There arrived the first cerulean warbler and wood pewee, and the first belated barn swallow appeared among the white-bellies.

April 10.—Birds interesting and conspicuous. White-throated sparrows singing, and warbling vireos making their customary rounds unseen through the oaks in a

well-shaded hummingbirds. Several cerulean warblers (females) in the oaks. Orchard orioles (males) plenty.

These bird notes were taken in the suburbs of the city. A trip to the woods showed that the bird wave had passed, and the first bird, though indigo buntings appeared for the first time. All the other birds were residents, as the wood thrush, Kentucky white-eyed vireo. The arrival of the first chat was noted, the date being earlier than a record of which I know. I should have least expected to find that the case this year, but there is no accounting for what the birds will do.

It should be observed, however, that the season, ornithologically speaking, made most rapid strides between the 10th and 13th, and seems as advanced now (April 20) as it ever does. With the first nighthawk on the 13th and the first but belated yellow-billed cuckoo on the 17th, there is nothing more of importance to chronicle this season, unless we have a rain followed by a cold snap, in which event any "wave" of late transient migrants that happens to be en route is apt to rest two or three days in our woods and fields.

HENRY H. KOPMAN.

Unusual Nesting Sites.

DURING my many rambles through forest and thicket in search of bird life in the last fifteen years, there have come to my notice several nesting sites that vary from those usually found. One day a lady said to me: "What little bird with a red cap on its head builds a little nest on the ground among the grasses, and has three little blue eggs with black spots near the end?"

This was a poser, so I went with her to an old orchard near her house, and under the branches of an apple tree, on the ground, was the nest, and to my surprise it belonged to a chipping sparrow that had varied her usual choice of a nesting site.

One rainy day in June, as I strolled through a large field of clover near my boyhood home, I saw a rollicking, jubilant, bobolink swaying on a golden rod, going into ecstasies over his plain brown mate and his little home tucked so snugly away in the clover, when from my feet up fluttered Mrs. B., and though I looked closely, I could see no signs of a nest. I parted the grass here and there, and was about to give up the search, when by chance I gave a piece of dry cow manure a scuff with my foot, and there under it was the nest, with seven beautiful eggs, so neatly hidden that I had nearly overlooked them.

In May, 1892, while crossing an old pasture, I vaulted over a stone wall, and suddenly, from beneath my feet, a slate-colored junco fluttered up from among the ferns, coming apparently up out of the ground. Long and diligently did I search for a nest, without finding any sign of one; but on lifting up a piece of turf that hung over a hole from which a flat stone had been taken, behold! there was the junco's nest of roots and grass, safely tucked away from the sight of any observer, and completely protected from the rain by the sod.

Wonderful to me seemed the instinct and ingenuity—almost reasoning powers—of this pretty little sparrow.

I recall one bright morning in May, 1893, while watching a pair of my favorite songsters, the hermit thrush, adding the finishing touches to their nearly completed nest, on the side of a knoll bordering on the edge of a maple wood. The nest was placed under an overhanging rock, making a shelter for the bird, as she should sit patiently day after day on her five blue beauties, and for her nestlings, as their parents should labor for food to appease their growing appetites. As I stood there I saw a small bird fly to the knoll beside this nest and remain there. On creeping cautiously nearer, I saw a small warbler on a nest, not 3ft. from the thrush's nest. Here were near neighbors indeed! I must learn which warbler it was, so cautiously working my way to the back side of the knoll, I slowly and carefully placed my hat over her, so closely did she sit, and getting her into my hands she proved to be the Nashville warbler. Was it chance or sociability that caused these birds to nest so near each other? The nest contained five spotted eggs.

While driving along a country road in the spring of 1894, I saw a flicker's head emerge from a cavity in a telephone pole that she was excavating for a nest. The pair completed their laborious task, and reared a brood of young, beside the noisy thoroughfare, undisturbed except by the annoyance of sitting for a photo, which I took of the female peering out of the nest, in wonderment at the to her strange and unheard-of performance. I had heard of some of the other woodpeckers excavating in the cedar telegraph poles, but have read of no instance of the flicker doing so.

I might also mention a nest of that pest, the English sparrow, that was recorded before (cf., Swain, Maine Sportsman, June, '97, p. 6). A nest of this sparrow containing two eggs was found in a car of flour that had come directly through from the West. The birds had entered the car through a knot-hole, and built the nest and to my surprise they were following the nest, as the birds' presence in the car attracted my attention to the nest built up over the door. This well illustrates this sparrow's persistence.

I well recall the only instance I know of cowbirds attempting to build a nest of their own.

One spring, large flocks of these birds were seen perched on the limbs of the apple trees, sunning themselves, and later, as they had paired off and scattered, I saw a pair carrying grass and feathers to a hole under the eaves of an old building, where the boards had started off, leaving a place large enough to build a nest. I watched them day after day with much interest, until the nest was completed; but whether they were just "trying their hand" at building and did not intend to rear their own young, or that I watched them too closely and frightened them away, I am unable to say, as they left the nest soon after completion, and were seen no more about it.

Another oddity was a pendant nest of the Maryland

More barn swallows, and several cerulean warblers. Several cerulean warblers (females) in the oaks. Orchard orioles (males) plenty.

yellow-throat, hung from the fork of a small bush beside a stone wall, after the manner and resembling a nest of the vireo's.

The finding of the odd nest sites as well as the usual ones has brought me much pleasure, and constantly reminds me that the Creator of these lovely creatures has scattered them about us to bring happiness and joy into our lives.

J. MERTON SWAIN.

PORTLAND, April 8.

Wild Pigeons.

THE statement that this native American bird is extinct will seem almost incredible to residents of Dutchess county, N. Y., for within a few years it has certainly been seen in that vicinity, although not in vast numbers as the old residents used to see it. Four years ago there was a remarkable flight of wild pigeons there, a flight like those of forty or fifty years ago. Hundreds were killed, and the event created no little interest. This was, however, a most unusual occurrence, in that section of the country for these latter days. In the flight of four years ago, there were thousands of the birds, and it hardly seems possible that they could since have become extinct. Nevertheless, how have they disappeared or where they have gone seems a mystery. There are living hundreds of persons who remember when vast flights of wild pigeons could be seen almost any day in November.

All about Poughkeepsie, for instance, in old times, pigeons were killed by thousands, and many men now living there have made up parties to hunt the birds.

A pigeon roost, was a place where confusion worse confounded reigned supreme. Toward evening, when the foraging army returned to its nightly resting place, the uproar and tumult caused by the rustling of tens of thousands of wings was deafening and bewildering. The place was not without its dangers, for branches of trees were torn from their trunks by the weight of the birds and crashed to the earth, breaking other branches in their fall and startling thousands of ready wings to fluttering, until the sound was as a roaring of a mighty wind through the tree tops. In such mishaps, which were constantly occurring over a wide expanse of country, numberless birds were killed or wounded and fell to the ground.

The birds would not forsake the roost, so long as food could be obtained within a half-day's journey. In the nesting season, when the male birds attended with the most assiduous care upon his mate, these dauntless husbands have been known to fly 200 miles in search of food, and their return was the signal for an outburst of the most clamorous joy on the part of those who remained.

Always about a pigeon roost were many birds, usually males, who evidently believed that they also serve who only "stand and wait." Those birds were to the pigeon roost as the drones are to the hives, and reaped some other pigeon's sowing. These birds were evidently despised by the workers, for when the demand for food became too aggressive they were set upon by a mob of pigeons and remorselessly lynched. The usefulness of these idlers has never been discovered, and as the family relations of pigeon life were known to exist, it is surmised that they were the duds of pigeon civilization.

In many localities around Poughkeepsie these wild pigeons in their annual flight southward, seem to have had certain woods, where they almost always stopped to rest, yet it is not known that the same birds ever returned. The steady column swiftly deployed into these woods, until every tree was weighted down with its living load. Within an hour or two after nightfall the birds became quiet, and the sighs of the winds were the only sounds, save the gentle coo of some sleepless birds, whose rest was disturbed by the encroachments of others. Late at night, when the tired birds were supposed to be deep in slumber, men came from all directions with wagons piled high with coops. They were armed with long poles and sticks, and carried torches. The light's glare seems to paralyze the birds, for those in the vicinity of the lights remained inactive, while the men beat those on the lower branches into insensibility with their poles. The dead and wounded birds were gathered up and stuffed into coops until they would hold no more. In the daytime, both in the vicinity of the roosts and over the country generally, the birds were caught in nets, and countless thousands were destroyed in this manner. The nets were stretched over oblong frames of wood about 6ft. wide and 20 to 30ft. long. A favorite place for setting the nets was in an open wood, where the nets were placed at an angle of 45 degrees and held in position by light props at each end. A string tied to each prop extended to a screen of cornstalks or brush, under which a man lays concealed. Grain was scattered plentifully under the net and a few stool pigeons were tied there. If a flight of pigeons came near, the foolish stool pigeons fluttered to the length of their restraining cords and attracted the attention of the passing birds. The pigeons—usually hundreds in a single flight—drove on with incredible speed, but whirled and came flying back lower and lower each time, and when they saw the alluring grain, plumped down to the ground and walked under the net, when the props were jerked out, the net fell upon the birds, whose struggles availed them not. Then they were either carried to market or taken home and usually placed in the corner, where they dashed themselves in a frenzy of fear against the sides of the building. The worst injured were immediately slaughtered and the rest were left until they were wanted, when the farmer entered the crib and beat down with sticks what he wanted for his dinner. The nature of these birds was wild, and no matter how long they were kept in confinement, not one of them ever lost its tameless spirit, or ceased to struggle with desperate energy to escape when the crib was entered by anyone.

Sometimes, especially in wet weather, the birds flew so low that they could be killed with sticks and stones, and any man or boy who could load a gun and fire it was sure to bring down one or more at each discharge. Sometimes a small cannon was loaded to the muzzle with slugs and missiles, and when a flight appeared in range it was discharged, and the ground was blue with the little soldiers who dragged their maimed bodies

into high grass or any place of concealment and fluttered up to the very wheels of the instrument that had caused their death. James Fenimore Cooper, in his book, "The Pioneers," gives a most interesting and graphic account of a slaughter of wild pigeons in which a small cannon was used.

That these birds should have disappeared from this section of the country is hard enough to realize, but that it should become so nearly extinct in the United States passes comprehension, since it was common to a vast section of the country. Audubon, the great ornithologist, observed a flight of pigeons in Kentucky that extended as far as the eye could see, and was more than five hours passing. He attempted to compute the number of individual birds in the flight, and estimated that there were more than 500,000,000. Further than that he estimated that there could not have been less than that number in the smaller and detached flocks, which were passing to the North in great numbers early in the day, flying very swiftly and unusually high.

These first flights appeared to be the vanguard of the immense army, patrolling the blue field of heaven, unheralded, yet possessing the dignity and confidence of overwhelming numbers. He observed with wonder that the number of flocks visible early in the day increased and multiplied until the earth was canopied with the feathered hosts, and that when the main body of the rank and file had passed there were yet detached regiments to cover the rear of the fleeing army. The stragglers continued to pass until darkness rendered them invisible.

This wonderful flight is well authenticated, not alone by Audubon, which would have been sufficient, but by many persons who were living in the territory over which the birds flew.

The disappearing of the pigeon reminds us that only a few years ago flocks of what is known as tame doves could be seen around this place daily. The court house roof was a great roosting place for these birds, which also have nearly disappeared, but few being seen in that vicinity.

A. V. MEERSCH,

[Mr. Meersch further advises us that at the time of this last flight of pigeons in Dutchess Co., which he says took place in 1895, great numbers of the birds were killed and sold for food all over the country. Many of those who were engaged in the destruction came from the towns of Kingston and Amenia. Cannot some of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM give us further information as to this matter? It is certainly worth recording.]

LAKEWOOD, O., April 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* This morning, about 8 o'clock, I saw a flock of fifty or seventy-five birds flying in a northeasterly direction, and if it had been twenty years ago I should have called them passenger pigeons beyond a doubt; but now that these birds have been pronounced extinct by high authorities, I hardly dare venture an opinion or believe my own eyes.

Nevertheless, this flock was moving along in true pigeon style, and I would advise sportsmen to look sharp about the Alleghany and Adirondack mountains, as they were headed that way, and are probably there at this writing.

A. HALL.

Instinct.

Editor Forest and Stream:

To prove that the lower animals reason I shall make use of the facts that scientific investigation has disclosed.

Science teaches that in the brain of the vertebrates, man included, the seat of mind is situated in the "supreme hemispherical ganglia." The invertebrates do not possess these higher nerve centers. They have no centers of intelligence and will, like the higher animals. All the intelligence they exhibit is located in the sensory ganglia. A study of insects, however, will prove to any one that they possess an intelligence akin to reason. The bee and the ant are noted examples that prove something more than blind instinct. The fact is science cannot draw the line where mind commences in animal life. In the evolution of mind there are grades from the lower to the higher life. Man's mind is superior because it is ministered to by superior organs.

What is a superior organ? I will illustrate. In the nose of man there are the inferior turbinated bones. They are scroll-shaped, which increases the surface exposed. These bones are covered by the mucous membrane through which the olfactory nerves are distributed. Because the surface is large, man possesses the sense of smell in a high degree. These bones in the dog are separated into plates or leaves, which greatly increases the surface to which the nerves of smell are distributed. Thus the dog's sense of smell is superior to man's because he possesses superior organs. The brain follows the same natural law. In the lower animals the primary convolutions may be traced. The Hottentot brain is far below the brain of the European. In the latter the arrangement of the convolutions is remarkably complex. A large surface is thus exposed to the network of nerves that minister to reflection, giving to man the power to reason beyond any other animal, just as the dog's sense of smell is increased by the increased network of nerves that minister to the sense of smell.

Is it not a logical conclusion that the lower animals can reason when we are told by science that they possess the necessary organs? It is one of nature's laws that a useless organ soon disappears. Why do these persist? The answer is plain: Because they are used and are absolutely necessary to the existence of the lower animals. Without the power to reason animal life would be blotted from the face of the earth, as nature is constituted to-day. Man's reason is occupied with the surroundings of his daily life. The same is true of the lower animals.

Man considers first the three necessities of life—food, shelter and clothing. After that comes the luxuries. The lower animals consider food and shelter and how to maintain an existence. The advent of man was a serious danger to most animal life. The animals under changed conditions were forced into new channels of thought. Some, like the rat, reasoned it out by forcing man to provide food and shelter. Some were domesticated. Others were exterminated. Those that exist in a wild state to-day find their surroundings continually changing, and the bitter struggle for existence turns

their thoughts into new channels. Reason must work out their fate. If they adapt themselves to changed conditions and maintain an existence, it is evidence of a power to reason, which can only be denied by assertion.

Mr. Wade's argument contains all the earmarks of the argument advanced by opponents of reason in the lower animals. I will put it in a nutshell.

"The acts of animals which seem to indicate reason are null and void because of other acts which seem to indicate a lack of reason."

This boils it down and reduces their argument to a plain statement. They measure animal intelligence by some act which seems to indicate a lack of reason, because man can compass the act, while they coolly ignore millions of acts that indicate reason in the lower animals as well as in man. Again, if these "blind leaders of the blind" will apply their logic to man they will find themselves obliged to deny reason to mankind.

Take the dog trained to protect the child's perambulator, which Mr. Wade asserts attacked another child because there was a limit to a dog's intelligence, as much as to say that man would not fall into such an error.

What can Mr. Wade say about the unnumbered errors which are so common and are usually caused by trained human beings who fail to comprehend orders? Would he limit the intelligence of mankind because of these individual errors of judgment?

Mr. Wade cites that old fable of pushing the burning brands together to show that animals do not comprehend such a simple problem. Mr. Wade forgets that fire is not necessary to the existence of the lower animals.

I challenge him to name anything that is absolutely necessary to maintain the existence of the lower animals which they do not comprehend. When whale oil and the tallow candle made darkness visible man did not comprehend the electric light. He had the electric spark, why didn't he push the brands together and enjoy a new light? Simply because it was not necessary at that time. Man's necessity evolved the electric light. He pushed the brands together when he was educated to it. A logical mind will judge the lower animals by the same rule, and grant them the power to reason upon the things that are necessary to their existence.

Mr. Wade's remarks about adoption are wholly illogical. Adoption is a common thing in human life. Strange children are adopted and tenderly cared for, and sometimes it seems impossible to reconcile the act with a power to reason. Surely if human beings adopt strange offspring animals cannot be deprived of reason for doing practically the same thing.

The cow that was satisfied with the hide of her calf always bobs up serenely in the controversy. I wonder if it ever occurred to those who advance this argument that the cow comprehended the meaning of death, and accepted the situation just as poor human beings are forced to do? My experience when a farmer proved to me that animals comprehend death. It frequently happened in cold weather that lambs dropped in the night would get chilled. Such were removed to the house, but usually died. The mother would be placed in a pen by herself and one of a pair of twins would be placed with her for adoption. At first I had no end of trouble with these sheep. It was almost impossible to get a sheep to adopt a lamb. A farmer, old at the business, told me to let the mother have the dead lamb for a short time. As he expressed it, "The mother is saving her milk for her lamb, which she thinks is alive and hungry. When satisfied that it is dead she will adopt another."

I found the theory all right in practice, and had but little trouble afterward.

I applied the theory to my cows, with the same result. During my fourteen years of hermit life I have run across many incidents that prove that wild animals comprehend the meaning of death. Two years ago I found the nest of a "wild" domestic cat in an old stone wall. There were three live kittens and one dead one. I left the dead kitten as an experiment. Whenever I had found a nest before this, a visit a few hours later would find the nest deserted, the kittens removed to some secret spot. When I again visited the nest in question it was deserted save for the dead kitten. If that cat had no conception of death she would have placed the dead kitten beyond my reach, and for the same reason that caused her to remove the live kittens.

Mr. Wade and his ilk do not call on science to verify their claims. We know how gladly they would do so if science was on their side. They claim that the lower animals cannot reason because they do not reason in all things, but forget to apply their logic to mankind.

What can be said of the millions of human beings who use alcoholic drink to excess, knowing that the penalty is death or dementia?

If any large number of animals should act in such an unreasonable manner Mr. Wade and his friends would blazon it to the world, as sure proof that animals lacked reason. In my study of animal life I find that the lower animals stick closer to the lines of reason in adapting themselves to their surroundings than does mankind.

I will put the reason of the sturdy red squirrel that lays up food for a cold winter against the reason of the spendthrift who, having spent a fortune, goes to the hospital to die with a loathsome disease. Who would not score one for the squirrel?

HERMIT.

Edible (?) Puff Ball.

I REMEMBER that some time ago the FOREST AND STREAM showed its readers some fine illustrations of the mushroom, and this led me to make inquiry, together with what I saw. I am extremely fond of the genuine mushroom, and had thought it was the only edible variety of the fungi. But one afternoon I went out of town to shoot woodcock. On my way I came across several gentlemen and ladies, who are artists in the copying house of this city, and found them gathering the fungus that in decay is called the "puff-ball," which all country residents are familiar with. It sometimes grows as big as a man's fist, is round, almost white-skinned, and pure white inside while fresh, and when thoroughly decayed and dry becomes purple in color, and sends forth volumes of purple smoke when burst.

Well, this party had about a peck or more of these

fungi. "What?" said I, "you are not going to eat these?" "Certainly we are," said one of the men, who began talking of the different species, and I concluded he ought to know what he was about, as he seemed to be up to date in the matter of botany as it regards the mushroom and its congeners.

And they ate them. Talking with several who partook of the fungus, they said it was entirely safe when fresh and white, but should not be eaten when it began to turn its color. They are sliced, then soaked an hour or two in saltish water and fried in butter.

Can the FOREST AND STREAM or some of its readers give us any points of enlightenment on the edibility of the "puff-ball"?

N. D. E.

Game Bag and Gun.

American Game Parks.

The "Forest and Stream's" Fifth Annual Report on Game in Preserves.

(Concluded from page 287.)

Charles F. Dietrich's Game Park.

MR. CHARLES F. DIETRICH's park at Milbrook, Dutchess county, N. Y., has an area of 3,000 acres. Of this about 2,400 acres are fenced with a gal. woven wire fence of Page manufacture.

Mr. Dietrich has at present one hundred white-tail deer, as well as smaller game. When his game enclosure was much smaller than at present he tried the experiment of stocking with German roe deer. They did not thrive, however, in the thirty-acre enclosure. They could stand it for a year or two, but in the end all died. The roe is essentially a forest deer and cannot bear confinement in small, open parks. Some friends of Mr. Dietrich who tried to rear them in Germany under similar conditions said the deer always died, and that their bodies were generally found close to the restraining fences.

Mr. Dietrich has imported German hares on three or four occasions, and at present he has several hundred of these animals, which have been acclimated and are doing well.

He has put out 500 quail for the coming season, and released the same number last year. English pheasants are raised each year at the park, and a certain number are released previous to the shooting season.

Two years ago this journal mentioned Mr. Dietrich's experimental stocking with prairie chickens. Unfortunately the plan was not a success, as all the birds have died or disappeared. The ruffed grouse put out about the same time are doing very well, and have increased in number.

The attempt to introduce English partridges was not successful, as the birds are tender and do not seem able to stand our climate. Mr. Dietrich will, however, try another importation in the near future. The German partridge, "feldhuhn," which closely resembles its English cousin, and which is certainly more robust, seems to be thriving. Mr. Dietrich found a covey of these birds which had bred in the park late last fall.

There are some small natural lakes in a hilly portion of the park, which contain fish. Several streams crossing the meadows and also some artificial ponds have been stocked with trout.

Mr. Dietrich has imported from time to time a considerable variety of European song birds. The nightingales which he released died. Finches of various kinds did well. Finches are almost as hardy as English sparrows and are well able to take care of themselves. He has made several experiments with skylarks. Last spring fifty or sixty were released. They were seen all during the summer, but when fall came they migrated south. Birds put out previous seasons have not returned. Mr. Dietrich is particularly anxious to introduce this enchanting songster and will try another importation. His birds are procured from Germany, but are identical with the English skylark.

Ozonia Park.

Ozonia Park has been somewhat enlarged and now contains 2,000 acres of densely wooded mountain land, including Lake Ozonia. It is situated seven miles from St. Regis Falls Station, on the New York & Ottawa Railroad. Adjoining it are 6,000 acres of forest which I control, but do not include in the park, being partly lumbered.

The park is kept for friends and for the guests of my summer hotel, Fernwood Hall. The lake has been stocked with salmon and brown trout, and landlocked salmon, but the principal fish are black bass. Deer have been unusually plentiful during the past year.

Every year makes me more determined to preserve the virgin forest and the beauty of nature, as I see more proofs of its great value to the worn and weary from the cities.

FREDERIC M. HEATH.

Brandreth Park.

"We have no new information regarding our preserve. We have protected it carefully for the last twenty-five years and now estimate the number of our deer at 1,000. These figures are considered by many to be far short of the actual number, however.

"We have not imported any exotic species, and so far as our experience goes those who have done so have little but trouble and expense with them.

"The preserve includes some 30,000 acres and thirteen lakes and ponds, the largest being four miles long. Grouse are becoming fewer each year, owing, we think, to the increase in the number of foxes."

Cutting Preserve.

Mr. Frank A. Cutting writes:

"My preserve is well protected and the deer are increasing; also the deer are increasing in the territory surrounding me. Owing to their being protected on my preserve and increasing in numbers there, they then stray away to the adjoining territory.

"The law prohibiting hounding is a great help to the deer and will cause them to increase faster in all parts of the Adirondacks.

"The deer that are now killed in the fall are nearly all bucks.

"Quite a number of bear are on my preserve, but none have been killed lately."

New England Game Conditions.

In reply to your letter, would say that I have no preserve. We live in summer at Mount Washington, Berkshire county, Mass. The innkeepers on the Harlem road carry their boarders up our hills and promise them game. The woods and streams have been fairly drained of game. I suppose it is useless to hope that any place so near New York should be able to preserve any game, but I wish the law had been enforced to keep something to propagate. We are now without grouse or trout, whereas, years ago the hills and streams were full of both.

JAMES MACNAUGHTAN,

Colorado Game.

MR. D. C. BEAMAN, of Denver, Colo., who has been gathering evidence regarding the effect of the winter upon the game, sends us the following reports from correspondents, and his own conclusions as to the game situation:

Warden Wilcox, of Steamboat Springs, says that so far as he knows there has been no actual loss of elk in the Steamboat Springs country; that several bands are in that region in 3 to 5 ft. of snow, and getting thin, but in no immediate danger if not disturbed and compelled to go up into the deeper snow. Deer do not winter there.

W. L. Pattison, who resides in Pot Hole Valley, Rio Blanco county, ten miles above the forks of the White River, says that near his place the elk are not just now so plenty as in former years at this time; that about 200 are on the low ridges in sight of his house, and about seventy-five are wintering in the valley with his horses; that there is little snow on the south slopes, although it is 5 ft. deep in the valley of the White River, that there has been little cold weather. Most of his horses are still getting along without hay. That last fall there were more elk in that region than for many years past; bulls in bands of twenty or thirty, and cows and calves in bands of 100 or more; that the forest fires probably had something to do with their presence then so low down. They are mostly wintering this year on Morapos Creek and other tributaries of the Yampa north of Pot Hole. Their condition cannot now be ascertained, but he does not anticipate any considerable loss, as the conditions there are not likely to be different from those on the White River.

Ed. Kennan, on Wallace Creek, in Mesa county, twelve miles from Debeque and in the winter deer range, says that the later storms drove the deer down into the valleys, but they are looking well. Some of them are feeding at his haystacks.

Summarizing these reports with such information obtained from others and personal observation in a portion of the region referred to, it is reasonable to conclude that the loss of large game from the storms alone will not be great, as the storms interfered with the market and head-hunter about as much as with the game, but that the depth of snow and the night crusting which is now occurring will give the lions, wolves and other beasts which prey on the game such an advantage that the loss will be larger than that of any recent year, and if the market and hide-hunters, who, like the other wild beasts, take advantage of the helpless condition of the game, regardless of the law, unless vigorously enforced, are not closely watched, the aggregate loss will be greatly increased.

This condition calls urgently for more paid wardens during the periods when meat, hides and horns are desirable.

Taking the whole game situation in, there seemed to be no reason why the deer season should not be lengthened a little at each end, and a short open season made on elk and mountain sheep. This would accommodate residents at both ends of the line—summer and winter range—and also the money-spending, law-abiding hunter and tourist, and in connection with a strict limit on the number which one person may kill in a season no harm can result.

When the game question was before the Senate, objections were made to the open season on elk and sheep, and as to sheep the objections prevailed. These open seasons have been pretty generally demanded by the people all over the State. The characteristics of the deer, elk and mountain sheep are not like those of the ox, but of the domestic sheep. One male is equal to the service of fifty or more females, and males are now more numerous than necessary for procreative purposes, and a short season on male elk and sheep would not lessen the increase. In fact, the killing off of the old ones (which, on account of their larger horns, will be the ones most sought for) will be of advantage by allowing the younger and more vigorous ones a chance to assist in propagation.

Another reason given for an open season on these animals is that so long as there is no open season whatever, the law-abiding hunter has no special interest in their protection as they are forbidden fruit to him, while the lawless hunter is not restrained by the law. But if there was a short open season the former would have an interest in protection that he might have some chance in that season, and he would thereby have an interest in seeing that the head and hide hunter kept the law.

It was asserted in the Senate discussion that antelope had been annihilated. This is a mistake. Ten or more years ago when the market-hunter was in full play, a great many were killed, but during the last ten years they have increased, and there are now thousands of them east of here, as well as in Routt county. There is little doubt as to considerable natural increase of elk and sheep the last two years. It has not been large, but it has kept pace with the unlawful killing.

A member of the fraternity of Elks in the Senate made a plea on sentimental grounds for the entire prohibition of elk killing. I am not a member of the Elks, but I have never heard of a member of that fraternity refusing to

shoot at a wild one because of his association with the name.

The lengthening of an open season is not objectionable with a proper limit as to number, in fact, it is better for the game than a short season, and no limit on number. The former game law had no limit on big game killing and its constitutionality having been questioned, hampered its enforcement and weakened it as a protective measure, and some new legislation was absolutely necessary. With this there should be good hunting in Colorado the coming season without detriment to the game supply.

Senate bill 148, by Senator Smith, of Leadville, was the only bill pending in the Legislature which met these conditions, and its passage was absolutely necessary to save the big game from serious diminution before next season. As originally drawn, it required licenses for hunting, for guides and taxidermists, which would have produced sufficient revenue to more than meet the expenses of its administration, and as these three classes embrace about all who reap any benefit from the game, there seems no good reason why they should not contribute the fund required. But the Senate thought otherwise, and struck these provisions out.

When the 90 per cent. of the people who do not hunt realize that they are paying the expense of protecting the game for the benefit of the 10 per cent. who do, they will probably favor these license features, as other States are doing. When these license features were eliminated the bill passed both Houses without other material changes, almost unanimously, and if not vetoed, will go into effect May 3, unless the Governor signs it sooner, in which case it will go into effect as soon as signed. There are still some revenue producing features left in it.

Captain Myrick, on the Grand River, four miles above Debeque, says the snow has been light in the valleys and only about 1 ft. on the lower mesas.

Captain Myrick is one of the forest rangers, and has been within two months over a great deal of the winter range of the deer on the Grand River and its tributaries, and is of the opinion that the deer are as numerous and in as good order as at any time within four years past.

M. E. Laswell, of Plateau Creek, Mesa county, agrees with Mr. Kennan and Captain Myrick.

James H. Templeton, who resides in Routt county, on the Yampa River, above the mouth of the Little Snake and Lily Park, near where the conflict between the game wardens and the Indians occurred in 1897, says that the loss of deer and antelope will not be much more than usual, the wind having kept the south slopes of the hills mostly bare of snow; that some will be destroyed by coyotes on account of the crusted snow on which the coyotes can run, but the game cannot. The elk do not winter in that region.

Incidentally, he says that the Indians were in that section again last fall and killed great numbers of deer, generally taking hides only and not the meat. That they kept away from the settlements mostly and were in parties of eight or ten, probably for self-protection.

A. S. Bennet, the game photographer at Craig, Routt county, says that the deer, elk and antelope, although having to contend with 3 ft. or more of snow, are, from all accounts, and to all appearances, in good condition.

A. G. Wallihan, the game photographer, formerly of Lay, Colorado, but now residing at Wells, Wyoming, writes that thousands of elk are wintering well near Jackson's Hole, Wyoming, where the snow has been very light. He has lived in Colorado and in or near the winter range of elk for many years, and is of the opinion that neither cold nor snow is harmful to the elk, unless taken advantage of by the market and head-hunter, as is likely to be the case.

This emphasizes the utility of the hunting license with a coupon to be attached to every specimen. If this system were generally adopted, every head without a coupon would be contraband and subject to seizure, and the market-hunter's occupation would be gone. Wherever it is in use it has the emphatic indorsement of the game commissioners as the most effective means of protection ever devised.

Mountain grouse are snow birds from choice, and in winter always seek the higher regions and the heavy spruce timber where the snow is deep, and depend entirely on the foliage for food, and there is no reason to suppose any loss among them. Judge McDougal, of Gunnison, says the sage chicken have not suffered at all.

Within the last five or six years the Bob White quail which were planted along the front of the range between Denver and Fort Collins have increased rapidly. Reports pretty well authenticated indicate considerable loss among them this winter, but the actual extent cannot be ascertained until the snow goes off, as some of those killed may be covered by the later snows. It was mainly on this account that no open season was made on quail in the new game law.

In the Grand Junction region, up the Gunnison River as far as White Water and up the Grand to Debeque, the California or Arizona quail have become very numerous, and the recent storms did not touch that country sufficiently to do them harm.

Five years ago a fund was raised by the farmers and others near Grand Junction, and these quail were imported, and now they have become so numerous that they destroy the gardens and materially injure the grain in many places. It was generally agreed that they should not be killed for five years, which time expires this fall, and now the farmers want the privilege of killing some of them, both on account of their enormous increase and destructive nature, and that they may reap some benefit from their expenditure. It was at their suggestion that an open season on them was put in the new law, and yet a well-meant but probably mistaken assertion in the Senate struck it out in opposition to the wishes of the people most concerned, as I understood them.

Hunters are continually on the track of alligators and turtle, and it seems to us that if the Legislature do not put some restriction upon them, Florida is doomed to lose two of her very interesting and attractive features. The eggs of the loggerhead turtle on our seashore are nearly all taken out of their nests in the summer, while the alligator, in our ponds and lagoons, is meeting with rapid extinction. Call a halt, ere too late.—Indian River Advocate, Titusville, Fla., April 14.

Capt. Lafe's Swivel-Breech Rifle.

IN 1870-71, when Fayette S. Giles and the writer were mapping out territory for the Blooming Grove Park, in Pike county, Pa., we domiciled with Moses C. Westbrook while the club house was being built, and a very pleasant summer we spent. When fall came and hunting was in order, we put down the hounds on the tracks of the big deer which ran among the Knoles; and Genso C. Scott, David Dudley Field, Isaac McLellan, Jacob Pentz, the Westbrook brothers, Ira Chrisman, Ed. Quick and the rest of the local and invited hunters would take their allotted stands on the runways between the numerous lakes and creeks, and wait for the deer to pass. The other day I happened to see some mention made in FOREST AND STREAM of Uncle Ira's double hunting rifle, and wrote to Capt. Lafayette Westbrook, for particulars. In reply I was gratified to receive the following lines, which you may be pleased to print:

STROUDSBURG, Pa., March 24.—Chas. Hallock, Washington, D. C.—Dear Sir: I need hardly say that I was agreeably surprised to receive a letter from you, and to hear you are in the land of the living. My brother, Moses, whom you boarded with, is still living at Blooming Grove at the old place, in very comfortable circumstances. John C., the oldest brother, is still in Milford, holding the same office of prothonotary which he has held for thirty-three years. Not another man in the State has held that office anywhere near that length of time. He is now seventy-eight years old; Moses is seventy-two, and I am seventy-four. I was quite a politician while living in Pike; was in the Pennsylvania Legislature six years, and was the means of getting the charter for the Blooming Grove Association, and a liberal one it is.

Uncle Ira Chrisman has been dead quite a number of years. He died at Milford. In regard to the old double-barrel rifle that Ira hunted with when you were at Blooming Grove, that was my gun, given to me by my father, Solomon Westbrook. It was made by Nicolas Hawk, of Chestnut Hill, Monroe county, Pa., some time about 1830; was then flint lock. After having it some time he got it percussioned; he gave it to me about 1840. I killed over 100 deer with it and two bears. It was beautifully finished, mounted with pure silver, curled maple stock, barrels on top of each other, and worked by a spring by pulling on the guard. It was the first double-barrel swivel breech rifle in that section of the country. Last fall I gave it to one of Moses' boys, to keep in the family.

Uncle Ira Chrisman thought a good deal of "old swivel," as he called it. He killed quite a good many deer with it. The original cost, I think, was \$75. That was a big price in those early days. The postmaster at Blooming Grove is John Kleinhaus. The one who was postmaster when you were there was Henry Kleinhaus. He is dead; they were half-brothers; Jacob Kleinhaus, the father, had his second wife. He was a tanner. I would like to meet you at Blooming Grove. I go up every summer with my wife. I was married October, 1876, and am connected with the East Stroudsburg Bank, as director and vice-president.

L. WESTBROOK.
About the time referred to, in 1871, I was the possessor of a Perry self-capping rifle, which I had owned and carried since 1856. It is described by text and cut in one of Frank Forester's books. It was even more ingenious than the swivel breach, for, although it was not a "two-shoot gun," it was vastly more convenient in cold weather, when fingers would become so stiff as to be unable to set a cap on the nipple. By a leverage on the trigger-guard, a heel section of the barrel some 3 in. in length was thrown up so as to receive a ball cartridge, and by the same action the nipple received a percussion cap from a brass tube which ran through the stock lengthwise. When swung back into line with the barrel, the charge was ready to shoot, and the rifle could be loaded and fired several times in a minute. The tube held thirty-seven caps. I sold this rifle in 1872 to Bob Crawford, the Hudson Bay Company's agent at Red Rock, Lake Superior.

CHARLES HALLOCK.

Circumventing the Gobblers.

WRITING from Hamilton, N. C., Mr. S. W. Everitt tells of unsuccessful days in turkey hunting, with better luck in the end: I started out across the same old field for home where we had flushed them before. I had not gone far before Loie struck a trail of them again. Away she went, and was gone for several minutes. I stood listening for her bark, but no sound came back. Soon I saw her coming; she had given it up or ran over it. I turned to the right and put her out again, but she could find no scent of them that way. I had not gone over 200 yds. when I looked to my right, and there about 100 yds away in the tall grass, was a gobbler picking along contentedly. I dropped on my knees and my dog was coming toward me. She saw me go down and knew something was wrong, so she came to me at once. I slipped a cord around her neck, and half crouching I ran 200 or 300 yds., making a half circle, so as to get ahead of him. I got in an old fallen tree-top and fixed myself and waited his coming. I thought he was making for the cornfield on the opposite side of the swamp, where I had flushed them on Saturday. This was about 1:30 in the afternoon. I waited patiently for about fifteen minutes. I got impatient and took out my call and began to call. I called a few times, but no response came. I waited about fifteen minutes more, calling occasionally. After a while I raised up and scanned the old field, but no sign of a turkey was in sight. I concluded he had seen or heard me when I ran down there and had gone. I got up and got my traps together and started for home. I thought I would go back the way I had seen the one feeding and see if I could see it or find out from the dog which way it went. I had not gone over 100 yds. before I spied one feeding along leisurely, not over 50 yds from where I left him and about 100 yds. away. I dropped on my knees again and decided that this time I would stalk it. I touched my dog and made her creep low, and I crawled along, putting my gun ahead of me. I crawled about 50 yds., and raising up slowly saw it feeding about 60 yds. away. I selected a tree about half way from it and crawled to this. About the time I got to the tree I noticed the little bitch get nervous, and begin to peep

to the left. I listened, and could hear a turkey walking through the weeds and grass. I gradually rose up on my knees, and there, not over 75 ft. away, stood a gobbler with its keen eyes glistening, trying to make me out. The right hand clutched the gun as it lay across my knees, and in a twinkling of an eye the hammer was cocked and gun went to shoulder. By the time it got there he had made me out and had sprang to run, but the second step he made old Betsy spoke out and he dropped dead. At the report of the gun the rest of his companions took fright and started to fly away. One came too close—about 30 yds. away. I gave it the other barrel and it dropped to the earth. I slipped the cord on Loie and she had a picnic after it, for it was not quite dead. She chased it around in the grass for a few seconds and came on it where it had fallen. I threw them across my shoulder and started to my wagon. Thus ended an exciting and careful piece of strategy, and I had the satisfaction of a nice double. At 4 o'clock I was at home, where a loving and smiling wife met me with a cheerful kiss. It was a day long to be remembered.

S. W. EVERITT.

Hunting Knives.

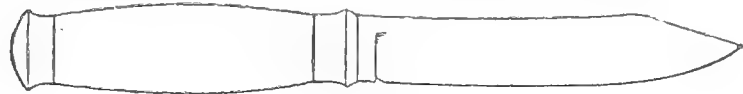
SOUTH HANOVER, Mass., March 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am interested in the recent notes in *FOREST AND STREAM* regarding hunting knives, for experience taught me years ago the value of a good knife and the difficulty of getting one which could be depended on to cut.

My hunting trips have extended in point of time from '69 to within a few years off and on, and in place from New Brunswick to California. They began with a two-seasons' trip, when a youngster in company with trappers in Nebraska and Dakota, and ended with a trip among the "billies" on Santa Catalina.

While I have seen a few times when a cleaver a quarter as heavy as my rifle, or a machete as long as my arm would have been handy, I have seen a great many times when a keen blade 5 or 6 in. long was exactly what I needed. My only encounter which had to be settled with a knife was with a half-wild hog, and it is not often one has to do this.

But when your game is down and has to be bled, skinned and dressed, and when innumerable things have to be done, for which you want a knife which will cut keenly and stay sharp with decent usage, then the difference between a cheap dollar knife and one skillfully made becomes apparent.

Tradition tells us that the sword of Richard Coeur de Lion, in its master's hand, cut through the iron handle of



PHILBROOK.

a mace at one blow. And the sword of Saladin divided into two parts at one blow a silken handkerchief tossed into the air.

I have only had twenty years' experience in tempering steel, so I may be pardoned for being a little incredulous about the knife which cuts open a frozen can of beans, and then is in shape to dress carefully the deer which has given up its life to afford me one of the keenest pleasures savage man enjoys.

It is a fact that few hunters know the luxury of a good knife. What I have evolved for a knife from my experience as a hunter and steel worker is singularly like what Mr. Hough suggests as the ideal in size and shape, if I catch his meaning.

N. W. PHILBROOK.

PHILADELPHIA.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I inclose a photograph of what I consider the best hunting knife made, and as there has been a good deal of discussion on this subject I thought it would be of interest to other *FOREST AND STREAM* readers. The length of the whole knife is 8½ in. with a blade of 4¾ in. long.

At the back the blade is nearly 3-16 in. in thickness and is 13-16 in. in width.

The knife has an ebony handle, carved and checked, which gives a splendid hold. It is a beautiful piece of workmanship and as strong as any knife made. You can open cans or anything with it.

You can get them a little larger than the above, but you don't want it, as this size will answer every purpose.

These knives are used by nearly all the guides in Northern Maine and that is where I first saw them.

R. D. B., JR.

A few opinions of my own in regard to a hunting knife were published in a recent *FOREST AND STREAM*. Since then one of my friends, a poet, and myself have met in executive session and devised a knife model. My friend the poet is Ernest McGaffey, author of the tasty book "Poems of Rod and Gun," published by Scribners' some years ago; author of another volume of poems, and of a great many good things in prose and poetry which have been published in the best of our periodicals. Mr. McGaffey is a lawyer, and likewise a newspaper writer. These things he does for pleasure, but he considers the real business of life, just as I do, the following of the sports of the rod and gun. We usually call Mr. McGaffey Ernie out here in Chicago, which shows how used to association with genius we are, and also what a good fellow Ernie is.

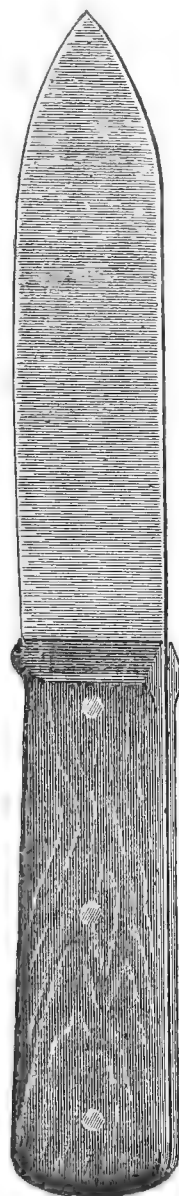
Well, anyhow, Ernie McGaffey and I foregathered at my lodge the other evening and we devised a knife. We laid upon the table in front of us all my hunting knives, a dozen or so from the Hudson Bay knife down. We threw out all the bad points of these, and tried to keep all the good points, and the result was something which in our mind was a very beautiful and perfect creation. With proper sense of our worth, we named the model after ourselves, but in deference to the fact that there have been other hunters besides ourselves and before ourselves, we called the knife after one of the early and distinguished American hunters. I don't mind telling something of the points which seemed desirable to us in a hunting knife.

In the first place we thought the blade should be extended clear back through the handle, so that if a piece of steel, so that if a he could take off the handle and still cut with it a

We thought that the blade should be short. In our model the blade is 4½ in. long. It has no table or offset in front of the handle, but runs clean back to the handle with full contact. It has no ridge along the backbone, but is beveled straight to the edge. It has no foolish joint, but is cunningly turned up with a good skinning curve. The blade is deep enough to be strong, and runs up to an inch in depth at about the place where the curve begins on the point. The top of the blade swings up in a gentle curve to the top of the handle, which again swells in the middle, and then drops gently down at the butt, being curved on the under surface also. This gives a solid, substantial and not ungraceful handle, which offers a very good hold to the hand. The handle is about 5 in. long if I remember correctly, and it is made of two plates of bone, corrugated and slightly swelled in the middle, so that the knife will wedge in the sheath. To make the knife handsome and strong, the sides of the handle are strengthened by plates of brass, as in the Hudson Bay knife. We also kept the Hudson Bay idea of the two big brass-headed rivets through the handle, which finish and strengthen the knife. Of course there is no guard to the knife. We improved the handle of the Hudson



RODGERS.



KEPHART.

Bay knife by boring a hole through the end of the handle, through which a thong can be passed, fastening it to the scabbard if so desired, or giving the advantage which a wrist loop sometimes offers with a knife. Mr. McGaffey and I hardly know whether to pride ourselves most upon the blade or the handle of our knife, but we think both are good, though altogether the opposite of the conventional idea in hunting knives. We expect to get a strong, well-balanced knife, with a good handful of heavy handle. We expect that the hang of the knife will be such that one can do the most delicate of skinning with it, and that the steel will be such that it will both take and hold an edge, not too soft and not too hard. The usefulness of a hunting knife depends very much on the judicious temper in the steel.

The Kephart Knife.

Dr. W. L. Lake, of Fulton, N. Y., writes to-day on this very question of a hunting knife, and he mentions a knife which I presume has been designed by that investigative and thoughtful sportsman, Mr. Horace Kephart, of St. Louis. I have never seen one of Mr. Kephart's knives, but I will warrant it is a good one. I think I shall get one of these to add to my battery, and should the model which my friend the poet and I have designed ever come to manufacture, I shall see to it that Mr. Kephart gets one of the first editions.

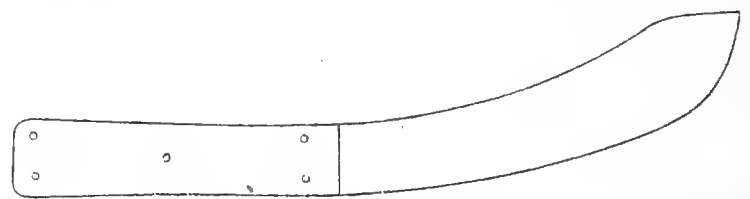
This I want to do, so that Mr. Kephart will feel bad about his knife when he sees how much more brass and things there are on our knife. While I write somewhat in ignorance, I will venture the assertion that Mr. Kephart has bored no hole through the handle of his knife. This argument I will take up further, when the poetic carver above mentioned gets further along. Meantime I must append Dr. Lake's comment, which is as below: "A blade 5 in. long, no guard, and the sheath extends half-way up the handle. This the makers call the Kephart knife. It is my idea of a good 'meat' knife round camp (to borrow your adjective anent dogs). Just a plain business knife, made of steel, that will take an edge and keep it too. The point is strong and won't break off like a clip point, found on the ordinary bowie pattern."

E. HOUGH.

Editor Forest and Stream: I have been interested and diverted by the matter which

has recently appeared in *FOREST AND STREAM* concerning the best hunting knife. It reminds me a little of what you used to publish concerning the best rifle for general use. Men seemed to want one which should be equally deadly on grizzly bears and chipmunks—which should be capable of boring a moose through from end to end and yet should not send its ball so far but they could have target practice on the lawn.

The aged hunter who contemplates buying a knife naturally asks himself what the knife is to be used for. He does not purchase a machete for the purpose of sharpening his lead pencil, nor a penknife to cut his way through the jungles of Cuba. The men who talk about a hunting knife wish to secure—I assume—an implement to be used on the big game which they may kill. With this knife they wish to cut the animal's



THE HARDWARE STORE KNIFE.

throat, to disembowel it and to remove its hide. For such purposes the best knife is what we used to call a butcher knife, and this is a butcher's knife; that is the knife used by the man whose trade it is to cut the throats and remove the hides of animals day after day, year in and year out.

This knife, of which I send an outline, has a light blade, with a decided curve in it, which permits a long stroke during the whole of which it cuts. Straight knives admit of only a short stroke, which must be often repeated, and this adds greatly to the labor of skinning.

If a knife is purchased such as I have indicated an effort should be made to get a good blade in it. Very likely the salesman may be willing to try it on a stone for you so that you may be sure of what you are buying. When you have a good one take care of it.

These knives come in various sizes. My preference is for one with a blade about 4½ in. long and a handle 4 in. If I had a good one that I expected to use much I should wrap the handle, which is likely to be a little light, with a string of wet rawhide or with heavy twine. This gives a better hand-hold and prevents slipping, which you do not care to have happen if your knife has a keen edge.

P.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Progress in Minnesota.

CHICAGO, Ill., April 22.—Just too late for use in last week's *FOREST AND STREAM*, I received a letter from Mr. S. F. Fullerton, late game warden of Minnesota, bearing upon points in the game law which has been enacted in that State this spring. It is gratifying to note that Mr. Fullerton's interest in protective matters does not terminate with the expiration of his term of office, and especially satisfactory to note that steady progress in protective matters still continues in this representative State.

No doubt the greatest step forward in the Minnesota law is the stopping of spring shooting, as legislation of that sort has always been unpopular in many of the western States, and indeed impossible of enactment in the majority of them. Michigan is shaky on spring shooting, and Wisconsin has always been wabbling, but they may both take courage from the re-enforcement offered by the strong body of Minnesota protectionists.

Of equal importance with this measure, perhaps of greater importance, were it capable of equally easy enforcement, is the stopping of the sale of prairie chickens, grouse and quail. This is indeed progress, and its result will be seen directly, although this measure will throw arduous duties upon the executive officers, since Minnesota is a vast country and possessed of many wily dealers.

Not so certain is the wisdom of the license fee matter, although this is a measure agreed upon at the interstate warden's meeting last year. The license idea is still in an experimental stage in the opinion of very many, although the deer license is a thing which has no doubt come to stay, and Minnesota simply follows the precedent of Wisconsin and Michigan in attempting to set a partial limit upon the ever-increasing tide of non-resident deer hunting traffic. If the idea of a non-resident license be distasteful to non-residents, and apparently unfair, it is to be said upon the other side that it has many arguments in its favor. The men of Minnesota have looked about them, as have the men of Wisconsin and Michigan, and discovered that there are more hunters than there are deer, and as the stock of deer does not increase, while the stock of hunters is constantly and largely augmented, the result has seemed obvious, that in a short time the supply of deer will be altogether gone. We have in the Middle West but these three States which hold pine forests where the white tail deer is found. Upon the other hand, we have more than a dozen States, containing thousands of hunters, all of whom turn toward these three States for the enjoyment of their sport. Viewed from the standpoint of the resident of any one of these States, it seems a fair enough proposition to ask a non-resident deer hunter to pay a reasonable price for the royal sport of hunting the deer. Without doubt or question there must be restriction of some sort. But I must allow Mr. Fullerton to make his own comment upon a law which is so good and so much to his own liking. He writes as follows:

"I think we have accomplished more for the protection of game in Minnesota during the session of the present Legislature than I had really hoped to see accomplished in the next five years. We have nailed down *FOREST AND STREAM*'s Plank with spikes, and nailed it down in such a manner that I believe it will so remain for all time to come.

"We have stopped, by law, the sale of prairie chickens, pintailed grouse and quail, and stopped their shipment

either within or without the limits of the State, and that with the ruffed grouse completes the list of the principal game birds we have here, and goes further, in my estimation, toward their protection than if the Legislature had appropriated another \$25,000 for the policing of the State with that many additional wardens. As you are already aware, the stopping the sale of game has always been a hobby of mine, and I wish to thank *FOREST AND STREAM*, and I know every game protector in Minnesota wishes to do likewise, for the splendid assistance rendered, and for the consistent course that has always been pursued in regard to the very foundation of game protection. In my estimation this will insure good chicken shooting, sharp-tailed grouse and quail shooting for Minnesota in the future. We have also allowed the law to stand in regard to black bass and brook trout, which will preserve these two species of fish in the same manner similar laws will preserve our game.

"We have also added another chapter to our game laws, which, in my estimation, is a twin brother to the above, and that is, we have stopped spring shooting, which will insure a good supply of native ducks for the sportsmen and the farmer's boy in Minnesota. We have fought those vicious measures for the past three sessions of our Legislature, and had a bitter fight again this year but we carried the day, and the whole matter is now before Governor Lind, who I am satisfied, will sign the bill.

"We have some Senators in Minnesota and some representatives whose names shall be inscribed on the hearts of every game protector in the State, and for the matter of that, on the hearts of every game protector in the United States. They have worked consistently and earnestly to bring this about. The chairman of our game and fish committee in the Senate, the Hon. J. H. Ryder, although not professing to be as old a sportsman as some of the others, has done splendid work, as has also the Hon. Joe Wood, chairman in the House, but the real leaders in this movement have been the Hon. A. F. Ferris in the House, and the Hon. J. D. Jones in the Senate. Of course they were backed up by a number of others who have taken an interest in this matter, but to Senator Jones belongs the credit when he was Speaker in the House two years ago, of leaving the chair and making a speech on the floor of the House in favor of stopping the sale of ruffed grouse. That was the entering wedge, and the good results from that amendment helped us in the fight this session.

"Of course we had the usual number of fights and a lot of crazy amendments introduced. We had an amendment offered to allow gill netting in all the inland waters of Minnesota; another allowing pound nets and the use of seines in Lake Pepin, but we fought them all down, and have now got a game law that I have no hesitation in saying is the best that can be produced in any State in the Union, and if the sportsmen and the men who take an interest in game and fish protection will stand nobly by the commission and the different game wardens appointed by them to look after the protection of our game and fish, we will all reap the benefit therefrom, in being able to go out and catch a good string of fish and secure a good bag of birds at any time in the open season for same.

"We also passed a license law, an account of which I presume you read in the papers before this. The non-resident now coming to Minnesota to hunt deer will be compelled to pay a license fee of \$25, and the resident a nominal fee of 25 cents. The original bill called for a license fee of all shooters, but such determined opposition developed in regard to the matter, we had to be content with a 'half-loaf' rather than have no bread at all. We also changed the date of shooting deer from Oct. 25 to Nov. 1, but left twenty days, the same as before. No deer can be sold the first five days of the season, which we consider is a step in the right direction."

Couldn't Skin the Cow.

I was speaking a moment ago of Mr. Kemeys, the sculptor, who lives at Bryn Mawr, and I am reminded by him of the story which appeared some time ago in *FOREST AND STREAM*, of two hungry Cheyenne Indians, who knocked down a buffalo and thought they had meat, only to see it get up again and run away. Mr. Kemeys is himself an old-timer, and killed buffalo on the range thirty years ago. He tells me that one time he shot down a fine cow, as he thought, quite dead. He pulled the carcass into shape for skinning, and started in to make the incision down the hind leg, beginning at the inner side of the hoof. As the point of the knife touched this sensitive nerve center, the cow all at once changed her mind about dying. With a snort and a bound she sprang to her feet, nearly knocking the breath out of the hunter, and then running like a deer, she disappeared rapidly from view and actually escaped, apparently as good as new!

A Lost Carrier Pigeon.

On the chance of its being useful to some one who has carrier pigeons, I may print the note from Mr. T. I. Phelps, of Greenville, Mich., who writes me: "I have in my possession here a carrier pigeon which flew in at my opera house window about two weeks ago. The bird has a number on its leg, 'Miles, 5596.' Owner may have same by paying charges."

Jack Snipe.

The jacksnipe are in over all this section of the country now, and shooting is merrily going on. The usual Kankakee points are yielding their quota, and the prairie sloughs west and northwest of this city are showing some returns. Water Valley, Ind., is overrun with shooters from Chicago. My poet-sportsman friend, Ernest McCafferty, has concluded that the pen is not mightier than the gun, and yesterday went to Shelby to meet the spring run of snipe. I have no doubt he will have good luck, for the weather has been just about right and conditions are as good as they can be for this erratic and undependable bird.

E. HOUGH.

480 CANTON BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

The *FOREST AND STREAM* is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Currituck.

CURRITUCK, N. C., April 19.—The ducking season, which closed March 31, has been one of the best we have had for many years. The natives who shoot for the markets have sold far many thousands more than last season, or the season before, while the club members from the North have had excellent shooting also. Canvasbacks have been specially plentiful, and one of the members of the Narrows Island Club bagged eighty-eight in one day, besides many other ducks. This is the largest bag of canvasbacks I have known of being shot at Currituck in fifteen years.

Our shooting seems certainly improving under our present laws, and our last Representative, the Hon. S. M. Beasley, has made still another improvement, viz., no shooter is allowed to leave the landing place until sunrise. He has made the open season Nov. 10, cutting off ten days. This, I think, is a mistake, as the ducks will eat the greater portion of the best food during this ten days and go on further south. I would much rather see the time taken off the spring end of it. In fact, I think all spring shooting should be stopped altogether. I had a letter to-day from one of New York's best-known sportsmen, who spent ten days with me last spring shooting yellow-legs and other bay birds. He writes: "I shall shoot no more in the spring. My experience last spring proved it to be dead wrong. The birds were all mated, and many of them filled with eggs. I hope to see spring shooting abolished."

Yellow-legs and all kinds of plover are much less plentiful than usual at this time in April. No large bags have been made, thirty-five by my own gun being the largest. English snipe have also been exceedingly scarce; in fact, they have almost ceased to come this way on their northern flight. We have a much larger flight in September. I noticed the first flight of curlew to-day, but, strange to say, they were going south.

The fishermen who fish for large-mouth black bass have been catching an abundance of very large German carp, and no one knows where they come from.

The catch of sturgeon so far has been exceedingly light, and caviar is very high in consequence.

Shad have not been nearly so plenty as last season, but striped bass are unusually abundant.

MORE ANON.

Bloody Brook.

I READ in your paper of the 8th Mr. Brown's rather slighting reference to the massacre at South Deerfield, Mass., with a feeling of sorrow amounting almost to indignation, and I thought a few words on the subject would be worth at least the writing. There were no women nor children who fell that day, but the very choicest of the young men—over seventy in number—of the towns of Hadley and Hatfield. I am Hatfield born and bred, and I write the story as I heard it from the lips of the descendants of the same families, possibly of some of the men who were slain.

Hadley and Hatfield, then under the one name of Hadley, were settled first; then the settlers passed on up the river, some twelve miles to Deerfield, with the promise that if they were troubled by the Indians they should receive assistance from Hadley. One day in early fall word came to Hadley that the common enemy had appeared about Deerfield, and eighty of the young men, under strict orders not to break ranks until past all danger of attack, were sent to the aid of the settlers there. On reaching Deerfield they found no signs of the enemy, so started homeward. Arriving at what is now South Deerfield, then an unbroken forest, they found the vines of the wild grape so loaded with ripe clusters that they could not resist the temptation to stop and eat their fill, so most of them stacked their muskets and climbed into the trees with that intent, and while so occupied and wholly defenseless were attacked by the Indians, who had been following them, and over seventy of their number were killed. So freely ran their blood that day that the waters of the little brook on whose banks they were ran red with their blood. Hence its name of "Bloody Brook" to this day. A little monument with the names of the slain now marks the spot.

I think in all the annals of Indian massacre with which our land abounds there are none more pitiful than the tidings the few survivors of that day must have borne to the little hamlets down the river. I think it was the Iroquois tribes of Canada that the settlers were then fighting. Possibly I feel different about these things, for that I number among my ancestors on the maternal side one who fell in the fight in the Rhode Island swamp when King Philip's power was broken.

PINE TREE.

Tennessee Wild Turkeys.

BLED SOE COUNTY, Tenn.—I see nothing in *FOREST AND STREAM* from this section of the country in regard to game. While the country is not noted for good hunting yet there is quite a lot of game here, especially of wild turkeys. Part of Bledsoe county is on the Cumberland Mountains. I spent last fall and winter hunting here, and had good sport. I killed somewhere between seventy-five and eighty turkeys and seven deer, to say nothing of pheasants, which are quite plentiful. The oldest mountaineers tell me that fifty years ago there were vast herds of deer; and lots of black bear were to be found in the great gulches of the mountains. But Bledsoe county has never had a game law, and hunters from a distance have made this a resort so often that the game has been comparatively all destroyed.

This part of the mountains is quite interesting on account of its imposing scenery and many beautiful little streams, the most noted of which is Cain Creek. This is right in the heart of the mountain; and on the banks I made my camp and enjoyed one of the happiest hunts I had experienced in a long time. The first morning after I reached Cain Creek and built my camp I had the good fortune to bag as fine a buck as ever sportsman killed. The ground was still white with frost although the sun began to fall upon it. I saw far down a glade the antlers of a buck bobbing and glistening in the sunshine. He was coming straight down on me, so I waited until he came

within close range, then gave a low sudden bah. The old fellow paused for a moment, but in that moment I sent a soft-nose bullet whizzing through his neck, and his race on earth was done forever.

J. W. DRANE.

Eastern Massachusetts.

DANVERS, Mass., April 16.—Yesterday was the last day of the shooting season, closed on black duck. I think about the usual flight was in. I heard of a snipe being seen yesterday.

There has been an unusual big catch of muskrats up on Ipswich River, one man trapping and shooting thirty-five in one day. A few wood and black duck have been shot on these meadows. Most of the spring birds are here. Frogs came out of their holes on the 14th. I do not hear of a quail, but they will commence to whistle in about a month, and I will let you know how they tune up.

JOHN W. BABBITT.

Sea and River Fishing.

Trouting Near Home.

TEN miles northwest of the "City of Elms," as the crow flies, and in the county of New Haven, lies as grand a section of country for the propagation of American game birds as the sun ever shone upon. Green, rolling fields, foliaged hills, enchanting valleys; dark, heavily wooded ravines, and scared, precipitous, semi-mountain sides greet the eye. In places placid pools and lakes, most of them artificial, glisten in the sunlight, mirror the rugged hillsides and reflect the fleecy clouds dreamily drifting athwart the summer skies.

Agas ago, when nature first fashioned these hills, she left huge, basin-like depressions in places on their tops. Then vegetation started, and generations of snow and rain washed waste and loose vegetable matter into these depressions. For centuries this matter decayed and settled, until those huge, natural sponges called marshes were formed. These absorbed and held the moisture of the snows of winter and rains of summer. Then springs burst from the ground. Through fissures in the rocks, and winding their way over uneven surfaces, tiny, infant streams commenced to trickle. These gradually intermingled until small brooks were formed, which, as they increased in volume, tinkled on their way like tiny silvery bells. Gaining strength with each new reinforcement, their bell-like voices blended in a deeper babble; then, plunging from the hillsides, these larger streams intermingled until one grand trout brook was formed. To-day this brook flows through the woods and valleys, tumbles with rush and roar down gloomy ravines, where the sunlight scarcely penetrates, brawls over boulders in foaming cascades, lingers to smile at the heavens in flower-strewn meadows, laves emerald banks where golden cowslips bloom, and finally plunges into West River, which empties into the Sound.

Part of the section of country through which this stream flows is the town of Bethany, a place of 700 inhabitants. This population is widely scattered, for it is strictly an agricultural district. Here are the Woodbridge Hills, famous for their delightful scenery. The stream flows through the valley partly formed by these hills on the west, and the West Rock Range on the east. I know a story connected with this stream, and the spirit moves me to tell it to *FOREST AND STREAM*.

One beautiful May morning two men, armed with rods and lines, might have been seen crossing the fields and heading for the West Rock Range from the Hamden side. They were both tall and long of leg. One, however, traveled easier than the other, because he was more used to that kind of exercise. He who had had the least practice was a well-known New Haven druggist. The other person was myself.

H. stopped under a blossom-laden apple tree, tipped his straw hat to the back of his head and said: "Whew! This is new work for me." He mopped his heated brow, sniffed a good draught of the blossom-scented air, and continued: "How far is that brook, did you say?"

"Three miles, at least, from here."

"And we'll have to climb that range?"

"Certainly."

"Humph! How long will it take to get there?"

"Forever, if we stay here."

H. mopped his heated brow again, and we started on our way. The climb to the top of the range was enervating, even for me. My druggist friend is not a strong man, and he was ready to lie down when we reached the top of the range. As I felt somewhat that way myself, we rested awhile, then descended the western side.

Our way now led through emerald fields, where dew-drops sparkled on grass blade, violet and buttercup. The sweet songs of bluebirds, robins and wrens filled the scented air, and the morning sun kissed the newly foliaged hills with a tender touch. A soft breeze breathed out of the southwest, and toyed with the snowy apple blossoms, bringing sweet incense on its wings.

About 8 o'clock we reached the banks of the brook. Here we found large gangs of men building a huge dam across the valley at that point. This was for the purpose of forming a large artificial lake for the New Haven Water Co.

H. was my invited guest, and I advised that he begin fishing rooyds. or so ahead of me. I helped him rig his line, and when I was ready to fish he was out of sight down the brook. I feared that the commotion of the men building the dam might have scared any stray fish from that vicinity, but decided to start in near them and trust to luck. A beautiful cascade, about 8 ft. in height, fell over a small ledge, and was shattered into a mass of creamy foam on the rocks below. It then rushed into a deep, dark pool, and a likely looking spot was this for trout. It was here I first wet my line, but fish as faithfully as I would I could get no strike. Pulling the tops of my hip boots up as far as they would come, I commenced to work my way cautiously down stream. Many likely looking spots were patiently tried before success crowned my efforts. Finally a spot was reached

where the banks grew steep and compressed the water into a narrow channel. At the further end of this channel the water poured into a swirling pool. Beyond the pool the stream was a succession of rippling rapids.

Failure to secure a nibble made me careless. I had come to think there were no trout in the brook. Therefore it was an agreeable surprise, as my bait swished over the miniature fall, to catch a glimpse of golden lightning as it flashed in the dark water of the pool. Then there was the unmistakable song of the reel. I let him have the bait a short while, then struck. He proved to be a nice little fellow of $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. Two others were induced to come to creel here, and each one was a trifle smaller than the first.

The ripple yielded four, but three were under the limit, so I returned them to the water.

For the next 400 yds. the stream was a succession of swift rapids and quiet pools. The banks were lined with a heavy growth of pine, chestnut, oak and hickory trees, and the sunlight fell through the bright young foliage on the pools and ripples in golden patches. I had fished this stretch for perhaps half its length; then I came to where the stream swept in a long, shallow rapid to the right and tumbled into a deep hole under the roots of a number of large trees. "Ah!" thought I, "here, surely, is a spot where the big ones live; now, if H. hasn't caught them all, I'm in for sport."

I fished this place very cautiously for a full half hour, then began to lose heart. It seemed that there surely must be fish there. In fact, it was the most trouty-looking spot on the brook. Time after time I allowed my line to drift down with the current and fall into its dark waters, but all to no purpose. Finally I gave up, and was about to start on down stream, when I detected lightning-like gleams flashing through the waters of the pool. Upon closer examination I was surprised to observe eight or ten large trout dashing through the water in all directions, and either a muskrat or mink among them.

The water was about 6 ft. deep in its deepest part, and I could see quite plainly, but hardly plain enough to distinguish whether the animal was a mink or muskrat. Whatever it was, it was quite deep in the water. I saw it make three or four dashes among the trout, but the fish seemed not to be much frightened. If they had been frightened it would have been an easy matter for them to have dashed either up or down the stream. Finally the animal disappeared under the roots of the trees. I tried to poke him out with the rod, but without success. I have always been puzzled as to whether the animal was really after the trout. If so, did the fish know they could easily avoid him, and were they having some fun with him? Who can tell?

Continuing down the stream, I met with varying success. The trout bit well, but ran small; too small, in fact. I took none over $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. in weight, and threw many back that were under size. I took enough to add spice to my outing, and really cared more for the bright spring sunshine, the sweet, blossom-scented air, the happy songs of the birds, and the ever-shifting shadows of the woods than I did for the fish. Had I to dispense with either, I would say: "Take the trout and leave me the rest."

From the time we began to fish I had seen nothing of H. I knew he was somewhere ahead of me, however, and about noon I came upon him; he was sitting on a log on the bank and appeared to be about worn out. "Hello!" said I. "What luck?"

"Oh, I have a few. I would have caught more, I think, had I fished more carefully." He had about as many as I, and none of them were larger.

"Did you take any from the pool under those large trees?"

"No; I fished it awhile, but didn't get a nibble. There were no fish there."

He was surprised when I told him of what I had seen. "I noticed nothing unusual about the pool at all," said he. "I let my line drift in a few times, then came on down stream."

We voted to have lunch and rest awhile. It was delicious out there in the free woods under the trees that bright spring day. The soft breeze fanned our heated faces and toyed with some wild geraniums growing near, which bow and nod in a stately way. Butterflies flitted here and there and bees sped by on droning wing. A robin regaled us with a burst of melody and two gray squirrels frisked among a bed of golden cowslips near the edge of the brook. The brook rippled a mellow lullaby, which was so conducive to sleep that we were overcome and did nap just a little.

After an hour's siesta we started off on the business of the day again. A dark, heavily wooded ravine was before us, and H. insisted on my fishing ahead of him; this I would not consent to. Trout streams are handy to my door; I can fish them any day in the proper season. I knew that H. enjoyed no such privilege, and I proposed that he should experience the pleasure of taking as many trout as possible. After persistent urging on my part he started in rooyds. ahead of me.

A bend soon hid my companion from view and I fished cautiously along behind him. Great pines hid the sun, and few rays of light penetrated this fissure of the hills; it was damp and gloomy there. The stream rushed noisily along, its bass echoing along the ravine's dark sides. Now and then a black, white-faced swirl, or an inky, limpid pool yielded a trout, but owing to their small size few found the creel. I followed the stream through the ravine for nearly an hour, and it was so damp and cold that I became thoroughly chilled. A dozen times or more I decided to let the fishing go and hunt the sunshine. Then some alluring pool or ripple would come in sight and the temptation to fish it would prove irresistible. I finally reached the end of the ravine, and found that here the brook widened out into a long, shallow ripple, which danced and sparkled in the sunlight as if happy to escape from the gloom and darkness of the ravine. The ripple ended in a small mill-pond, where the water was still and deep.

From the spot where the ripple entered the pond I took over a dozen trout. Not one of them, however, proved to be up to the limit, and all were returned. This spot seemed to be the ending place of our day's sport, for a dam spanned the brook just below, and I knew the stream was posted beyond the dam.

I found H. enjoying a sun bath. He had selected an emerald grassy mound for a couch and round about were sprinkled those diminutive forget-me-not-appearing blossoms,

which are among the earliest spring flowers. Here we emptied our creels, and the little speckled fellows showed to good advantage as they lay side by side on the bright, green grass. They were all above the limit, but not one would weigh $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.

"Well, H.," said I, "shall we fish on below the dam until we come to the signs, or shall we quit now?"

"To tell the truth, I've felt like quitting ever since we had our lunch. I dread the tramp across the mountains; yet the sooner we make it the sooner it will be over." He certainly looked tired.

"Very well. But so long as the shortest way to the road is by the brook, I'll try a couple of spots below the dam. You can wait for me by the bridge."

The dam is of masonry, and a sawmill stands by its side. This dam is about 12 ft. high, and I tried the rough water at its foot without success. A small pool just below yielded better results, for I took two trout there, and each weighed about $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. Then I joined H. at the bridge.

It was nearly 3 o'clock when we started to cross the mountain. I never saw a more tired man than was my companion when we finished the four miles to my house. Supper and a six-mile drive home through the fresh, blossom-scented air of the spring evening, however, refreshed him so much that, when I bade him good night at his gate, he declared his intention to try it again some day.

My string counted nineteen that day, and H. took home fully as many.

WILLIAM H. AVIS.

HIGHWOOD, CONN.

The Yellow-tail Season.

SANTA CATALINA ISLAND, April 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The fishing season has opened at Santa Catalina, California; that is the summer fishing, and the gamy yellow-tail is testing the rods and lines of Eastern anglers in Avalon Bay, and the members of the Tuna Club are getting their rods and tackle ready for the fray, which begins when the first flying fish are seen.

Santa Catalina is a delightful sort of a place, picturesque, romantic, a big mountain range, lifted out of the sea, with deep cañons and sheltered bays; the ideal spot to while away a summer in; the shores are abrupt, great walls of rock rising one, two or four hundred feet or more directly from the sea. And it is along these shores that your boatman rows you when after the gamy yellow-tail that lurks along the kelp beds, singly and in schools. It is difficult to persuade yourself that you are eighteen miles out to sea, so calm is it, so glass-like the water, and I never can quite convince myself that I am not being rowed around Grenadier Island on the St. Lawrence by Bill Massay, my old oarsman, instead of Jim Gardner or Mexican Joe, of the yellow-tail belt. The north coast of Catalina, which is twenty-two miles long and sixty miles around, is the favorite fishing ground, abounding as it does in quiet bays and still waters, clear as crystal and deep—deep as the unfathomed caves of song.

The yellow-tail has no Eastern (Northern) prototype, though he recalls the bluefish, and is a cousin of the little pilot fish of sharks. Some call him the white salmon, and he is the salmon of southern California. They are really very far removed, being *Seriola dorsalis* of the books. He averages 17 lbs., but attains possibly 100. The largest fish I have seen weighed 62 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.; but one was caught at the island last year which, when cleaned and headless, weighed 80 lbs., and this I assumed must have been very near a 100 lb. fish, as the head of such a fish is enormous. The yellow-tail is a beautiful creature, with eyes soft, liquid and beautiful as a woman's. Then its colors are radiant as spring flowers; the median line, tail and fins a golden yellow, the upper surface in the water a rich green, the central surface a blaze of silver. But as it comes in on the gaff it becomes a veritable hummingbird; its back blazing with colors, an iridescent turquoise now, labradorite blue prevailing.

It comes first in March in great schools, then divides up into pairs and small groups, and is a sociable fellow, often crowding the boat and reveling in the ripple at the stern post within arm's reach, while the smelt bait is dragging 70 ft. astern. Sometimes he will not bite, and no fish is cleverer in distinguishing a hook, certain old "sea lawyers" defying the skill of all comers. Again, when "chummed" they bite eagerly, and when the strike comes no one can mistake it. Sometimes it is a gentle nip; sometimes he fondles the bait and rubs his nose against it, but more often takes it with a rush that makes the reel scream in agony and carries 50 or 100 ft. of line away before he can be stopped. The rods most in use are of short greenheart with slender tips, but stiff enough to lift a sulking 20 lb. fish; the reel, a good multiplier, such as the Vom Hofes and Conroy make, indeed their reels, while expensive, are the only ones which seem to stand the violent work. The line advocated by the Tuna Club is a 15-strand, and while I have taken large fish on a smaller one, a line of this size is necessary to lift a fish which becomes entangled in the weeds or kelp. The reel should have a leather pad, in fact, is useless without.

So equipped in either a rowboat or one of the many power launches of Avalon Bay, we move slowly away; all at once the water is seen to be covered with fins, and a yellow hue tints the surface, and glancing down into the blue depths they are seen to be filled with fish. There were thousands of all sizes, but they would not bite. A mile further in, beneath high cliffs, the reel suddenly rings out its alarm—zee—zee—zee—and away goes feet and yards of line with a rush that warms the cockles of the angler's heart. An old salmon fisher who knew Loch Nass said no salmon ever made a braver fight, and if the truth were known, salmon tackle would be a plaything for a yellow-tail; and it would be a long and tiresome play before he could be landed. The fish in one splendid burst took 200 ft. of line, then was stopped, to plunge down and sulk. Then he rose, coming it fast, to break away again in fine bursts of speed. Twenty minutes slipped away before the silvery gleam of the yellow-tail could be seen, and it was half an hour before the gaff slipped beneath its belly and the noble fish slid into the boat. In the course of an hour two more were caught, and finally the boat was surrounded by a school of rock bass, white fish and yellow-tails, biting eagerly; and it required much moral force not to keep on fishing so long as the fish were biting. But we were satisfied with five yellow-tails apiece

for the day, all of which were well won, ranging from 17 to 30 lbs.

The yellow-tail is the all-round game fish of this region; he comes in March and remains until Dec. 15, and sometimes is here all winter, as in 1897. In April, May and June the white sea bass comes along, a fine game fish, with a maximum weight of 80 or 90 lbs. The record of the Tuna Club, which the writer has the honor to hold with light rod, is 50 lbs., though, perhaps, Mr. Beard has beaten this in former years. The club record for yellow-tail is 50 lbs., held by Frank V. Rider, Esq., of New York, honorary secretary of the Tuna Club. In May and up to July 15 the leaping tuna runs, and probably no fish has created quite so much excitement as the noble creature whose home winter and summer is about this island. In June the black sea bass runs, and bites, and he runs into October. The largest rod catch is 327 lbs., by Mr. Rider.

It may be interesting to true sportsmen and those who are making war against unsportsmanlike ways, to know what has been done in California by one club. When the writer first visited Santa Catalina Island, rods were unknown, and for several years, yellow-tails and other fine game fish were hauled in on hand lines. One launch, as an example, with a load of "pot-hunters" with four hand lines out, would bring in a boat load of fish, which would be thrown on the beach or towed out into the bay and fed to sea lions and sharks. The rod was introduced, and the idea was impressed upon fishermen that no sportsman or gentleman would fish with any but the lightest tackle that gave the fish the advantage and made it impossible for a man to take more than three an hour. The force of example of men of prominence had its effect, and to-day the Tuna Club, whose members have accomplished this work, have the gratification to know that the finest fishing ground in America is fished in a legitimate manner. The president of the Tuna Club at the last annual meeting made the following statement, which will interest every lover of the rod:

"It affords me much pleasure to report that as a result of the efforts and example of the Tuna Club and its members, unsportsmanlike methods have, to a large extent, been eliminated from these waters. When a few years ago one fisherman would, by trolling with two or three hand lines, bring in forty or fifty yellow-tails, sea bass, etc., magnificent fish, ranging from 15 to 50 lbs., which were often towed out into the bay and thrown away, the same person will now, by using a light row, be satisfied with six or eight, and as each fish taken with the rod plays for twenty minutes or more, the sport is greatly increased. The professional boatmen have heartily co-operated in this work, and now use the lightest tuna, yellow-tail and rock bass rods, reels, lines, etc., and the reckless, wanton waste of game fish is rapidly becoming a thing of the past, a change so marked that the members of the Tuna Club deserve the warmest congratulations from lovers of true sport and humanitarians the world over."

To still further encourage this idea, the club this season gives an open tournament, in which valuable prizes are given, from cups valued at \$100 to rods of the finest description, twenty or thirty prizes in all, the only restriction being that all fish must be taken on lines not over 21-strand and light rods.

The following are some of the classes, the prizes not having been all decided on:

Tournament Sea Angling, May 1 to Sept. 1.

Class A—Leaping Tuna (70 to 200 lbs.).—1. For exceeding the club rod record of 183 lbs.: Prize, gold medal. 2. For the largest tuna of the season other than the above: Prize, silver cup. 3. For second largest: Prize, rod and reel. This remains the property of the club, the name of the winner being engraved upon it, and will be contested for every season.

Class B—Black Sea Bass (75 to 500 lbs.).—1. For exceeding the club rod record of 327 lbs.: Prize, silver cup. 2. For largest fish other than the above: Prize, rod and reel. 3. For second largest fish: Prize, reel.

Class C—White Sea Bass (20 to 60 lbs.).—1. For exceeding the club record of 50 lbs.: Prize, silver medal. 2. For largest fish other than the above: Prize, bass rod.

Class D—Yellow-tail (15 to 60 lbs.).—1. For exceeding the club rod record of 50 lbs.: Prize, silver medal. 2. For largest single catch other than the above: Prize, gaff. For second largest fish: Prize, yellow-tail line.

Class E—Rock Bass (3 to 12 lbs.).—1. For the largest fish taken: Prize, bass rod. 2. For second largest fish: Prize, reel. (Rods 8 to 100 z.)

Class F—Bonito (8 to 13 lbs.).—1. For the largest fish taken: Prize, rod. 2. For second largest fish: Prize, reel. (Rods 8 to 100 z.)

Class G—Casting.—1. For the longest cast, tuna rod and bait (flying fish): Prize. 2. For the second longest cast: Prize, rod. 3. For the longest cast with yellow-tail bait (smelt not to exceed 6 in.): Prize. 4. For the second longest cast: Prize, automatic reel. 5. For longest cast, rock bass rods and bait (sardine), 10 or 12 oz. rods: Prize, gold medal. 6. For the second longest cast: Prize.

Class H—Professional Boatmen.—1. For the best equipped small boat, with or without power, for tuna, yellow-tail or black sea bass fishing; rods, gaffs, lines and general equipment to be considered: Prize. 2. For tuna of over 70 lbs. brought to gaff and landed single-handed (angler to manage boat also), 24-strand line or less: Prize. 3 (a). For the longest cast with tuna rod and bait (flying fish): Prize. (b) The longest cast with yellow-tail rod and bait (small, 6 in. or under or any recognized yellow-tail bait except fly-fishing): Prize. (c) For second longest cast: Prize. (d) For longest cast with rock bass rod and bait, 10 or 12 oz. rods: Prize. Casting events in this class to be determined July 4, if possible. 4. For best exhibit by any professional boatman of rods, reels, lines, gaffs, boats, etc.: Prize. 5. For fastest and best equipped power launch for general fishing purposes: Prize. This event to be determined July 4.

Judges will be the executive and weighing committees of the club. In professional events boatmen will select three judges not club members to act with the committee. All records shall be determined by weight of fish at the weighing, no allowance for loss being made. All fish must be brought to gaff unaided.

A fishing tournament in which prizes are offered for largest fish, where the avowed purpose is to protect the

fish, is perhaps a novelty, but the Tuna Club, by encouraging the use of light rods and lines, has accomplished its purpose. No fish are wasted, the catch is reduced and the sport vastly increased. Five years ago there was no demand in this section for fine rods for sea angling. To-day there is hardly a fine rod or reel maker in the country who is not represented at Santa Catalina, and the tackle of professional fishermen whose stands line the beach of Avalon Bay and those of their patrons represents hundreds of dollars. SENOR X.

Florida's Fishing Interests.

THE Florida Fish Commission, John Y. Detwiler, chairman, and John G. Ruger, secretary, have made their annual report to the Governor. We quote in part:

The fisheries of the State of Florida are among the most important industries, by reason of the enormous quantity of food products already provided by nature with a lavish hand, and which will be amply sufficient for all time, if properly protected from wanton destruction and vandalism. For this purpose has the present Commission of Fisheries been appointed; and as such Commissioners the responsibilities resting upon the members are of no small magnitude, when it is realized that from Fernandina, on the Atlantic seaboard, thence around to Pensacola, on the Gulf Coast, together with the various lagoons, bays, inlets and rivers, our waters abound with marine life sufficient for all time, if proper measures are employed to restrict and govern the methods of taking it. A due recognition of this fact, and a dissemination of this knowledge to the public, would be of great importance and add to our population.

In the prospective work of the Commission of Fisheries, the essential features to impress upon the public mind is the extent and area of the waters comprising the public domain of the State, and its relation to the entire population. The next is to convince the thoughtless and law-breaking element among our citizens that their rights exist only in their imagination, and are but an unreasonable privilege which they exercise, and that an antagonism to the State law will result in punishment. He who acknowledges the law and conforms to its provisions in all things is in harmony with it, which results in both public and private welfare. A citizen who usurps a privilege belonging to another or to the public, and uses it for selfish motives, should be restricted by force, if necessary. With no precedents established for this Commission to follow, it remains with them to execute as best they can that which is for the public good.

As it is presumed the Commissioners of Fisheries are to be the head of that department, it of necessity requires the assistance of wardens to enforce the laws made and provided for the preservation, protection and propagation of the various fish and shell fish industries of the State, which the necessities of the case require. As statistics are of the greatest vital importance in any industry, the control of the entire commercial fisheries of the State should be subject to the Commissioners of Fisheries by authority of the Legislature, and blanks should be provided for information relative to the capital invested, the boats, nets and persons employed, the varieties of fish taken, and the disposition of the same—whether marketed in a fresh or cured condition—and other data as to the habits, nature and desired protection, all of which should be preserved for future reference.

Of the fresh water lakes, rivers and ponds which are within the State, it is suggested that due attention be given to their feasibility for food production, and that provision be made for personal examination as to the adaptability of further stocking them with fish suitable for self-preservation and reproduction, whereby the public may be benefited, and, as soon as practicable, the more important be stocked with such species of fish deemed most suitable to the conditions that exist. The practice of catching perch and other fresh water fish during the spawning season and wantonly throwing them away is a serious offense. While it is sport in a sense, it is carried too far in this wanton waste and should be prevented.

It is recommended that provision be made to introduce shad into the fresh water rivers, by procuring them from the U. S. Fish Commission, until our waters have the benefit of and maintenance of a suitable fish hatchery. The Commission, from the position they at present occupy, see no valid reason why this important matter should be further deferred, and would recommend that the Legislature memorialize the United States Government to establish such fish hatchery as may be suitable.

Intelligent immigrants usually investigate the resources of the section of the State they wish to make their future home. This important fact should not be lost sight of by those who are empowered to enact the laws, for it stands to reason that the food resources of a locality are of as great importance as those of an educational or social nature, and it behooves our representatives not to disparage the advantages of the State to the detriment of her future financial prosperity, by the allowance of an inadequate appropriation for all purposes whereby the fisheries may be encouraged, policed and protected.

Of the turtle fisheries, stringent laws should be enacted, and vigorously enforced by heavy penalties, for the wanton destruction of the loggerhead and green turtle while depositing their eggs on the sand beaches of the ocean, and suitable restrictions also made as to their capture for commercial purposes.

On the sponge industry, it is presumed under the fostering care of the General Government, which demonstrated the practical and successful cultivation by means of sets of clippings in the extreme southern waters of the State, it will receive the proper protection and encouragement it so richly deserves.

In this connection, though not strictly within the province of the Commissioners of Fisheries, we call your attention to the fact that some legislation should be taken in regard to the preservation of the manatee, whose presence is occasionally observed in the waters of the Halifax and Indian rivers. These animals, if not protected by stringent laws, will soon become extinct.

The wanton destruction of our egret rookeries has resulted in the depletion of our streams and marshes of these beautiful birds of plumage, and we would recommend that all birds of the heron family be protected by

law against destruction in any manner for a period of years.

Of our game of various kinds, the laws protecting them now in force are no doubt satisfactory, if properly enforced, which could be done with economy by consolidating the Commissioners of Fisheries to act as Game Commissioners also, as is done in other States, where both departments are consolidated in the same commission.

Florida contains 59,268 square miles of land, and over 1,200 miles of seacoast, which is greater than any other State east of the Mississippi River; and by virtue of her position between latitude 24 degrees 30 minutes north and longitude 80 degrees and 87 degrees 45 minutes west, possesses varied advantages second to no other State in the Union in their amount and variety. The food products of both land and water are so vast and include such an area in which both the salinity and temperature of the water are so entirely different, that the conditions are not equal at the same season of the year. Therefore your Commission call special attention to the fact that legislation to apply to one locality is inappropriate to another.

With Rainbow Trout in Southern California.

To see the early amethystian sun tints on the mountains to the west is the first requisite to a day of trout fishing from Redlands, Cal.

Mount San Bernardino has, perhaps, translucent clouds hanging like attendants about his iron and alabaster crown; his breathing thus tempered with spruce and snow reaches us as we emerge on the Santa Ana plain; the prairie is odorous with white sage and lupine in purple racemes, and the golden chalices of California poppies dash the dry, coarse foliage. The Western meadow lark tilts rollickingly from the top of a mesquite bush and his gurgling attempt at a song sounds like the errant notes of a drunken pianist; the Californian towhee darts slyly in and out of a rose hedge, and the mocking bird, which has just closed his night song, now begins with an additional glad note or two that of the day. His song is not so full-throated and versatile as that of his brother in the Southern States. The greater number of singing birds there, on whose notes he so successfully speculates, is the natural explanation of this.

But the reader could not be more anxious for the point of this article to be reached than we were to get to fishing—Mr. Oliver and I. Alder Creek, a tiny and lipping tributary to Santa Ana River, up the cañon of which we were winding, at last invited us to try its waters. The alders grow lustily and to the height and diameter of sycamores; flowers, grass and ferns soften the footfall, and the stream purls as gently as could be wished. My companion carried his seventy-five years with agile leaps from stone to stone, and in great enthusiastic strides, his kind face beaming expectantly.

Within a mile, one feeble catch, but of lawful measure, brought out the impression, before slightly suggested, that we were no longer men, but boys, and that this stream, so weak, shallow and empty of fish, was really the one of our youth, where we had gone so often, the fagged enthusiasm of each closing day patched up and inflated by the night's golden dreams. My friend had evidently had these lovely visions of the coming day all his life, for his face, as he proudly drew out his prize for my comment, made Time, I am sure, turn away from his reaping in sheer astonishment.

Further on is another stream, which was scarcely allowed to speak for the water cress—it had doubtless entertained too many gossiping water nymphs. Here I was charmed at the prompt response of a large trout to my offer of courtesies. In water of zin, and clear as glass he discussed the point with much deliberation, but his eyes were fascinated, and his wavy body shaken with delicious uncertainty. My rod trembled, and the alders against which I leaned gave forth uneven pulsations to my breathing. But at last my worm wriggled at the right moment and he died more gracefully than a king in purple robes. Mr. Oliver was as pleased as I, and went at once and put in his hook at the same place.

We went on and on up the rocky defile, past the great power house, which furnishes electricity for the Los Angeles car lines (and where thousands of fish are said to be electrocuted), and soon had reached the end of the wagon road. Here we stopped naturally, boiled coffee on a rail and spread lunch (not under the trembling cottonwoods by the river's bank, as I should have liked, but by reason of contiguity—to Mr. Oliver—under the roof of a dingy workmen's camp).

During the three hours of the afternoon left we had fair luck on Bear Creek, and a number of fine specimens flashed their gold and saffron sides from foaming pools.

At this considerable elevation from the valley the air on such an April day has a tonic and buoyant effect, and one feels like wandering on forever down and down, responding with a cast to every brawling and hearty call from the stream.

In returning to camp I started a pair of the American dipper (*Cinclus mexicanus*), which fidgeted and pattered about before me for some distance.

The five hours of home-coming was not the least of the pleasures of the day. The stars, evidently jealous in this latitude of twilight's veil—for they appear so quickly after sunset—were from the start our quiet pilots, and then, the following of Mr. Oliver's stream of talk was as good as any of one's luckiest piscatorial days. He is a forty-niner and a miner, had lived in a cañon and officiated in every other capacity except as father to "Clementine." But this I forgave him, as he talked so delightfully of the early camps and fine Indian raids.

At Mentone, a rustic dance, seen through open windows, gave some reflection of its happiness, and at the Casa Loma, in the city itself, other revelers in the dancing parlor sat at their midnight luncheon. Here one queenly guest was evidently in content with the world. An acknowledged dispenser of good things, no doubt she had gathered around her a brilliant little court, but I regretted to note that the blood-red carnations shining in her dark hair were evidently taken by her vieing rivals more as symbols of Mars than of Psyche.

EDGAR MAGNESS.

The Pennsylvania Fish Protective Association.

PHILADELPHIA, April 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The annual reunion and banquet of the Pennsylvania Fish Protective Association was held at Dooners Hotel, Tenth and Chestnut streets, Philadelphia, on Friday evening, April 7, and proved to be one of the most enjoyable for years. The large banquet room was handsomely decorated with the national emblem, and patriotic music was discoursed by an orchestra during the evening.

The fishing interests of Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey, Maryland and Delaware were represented, making the occasion a notable gathering, and the central point of all the addresses was the importance of these interests, representing millions of dollars, which were involved in the harmonious and effective methods now being introduced to preserve the edible fish in these five Middle Atlantic States. After grace by the Rev. H. O. Gibbons, an excellent menu was discussed. Dr. Bushrod W. James, president of the Association, then welcomed the guests and delivered the following address:

Annual Address by Dr. Bushrod W. James, President.

In presenting an annual address before this Association it appears only fitting to make reference to the history of the organization of the Pennsylvania Fish Protective Association, to those who have favored us with their presence this evening.

In the fishing season anglers are fond of wandering away in the direction of the pure mountain streams and smaller rivers for the sake of the sport afforded by angling for the game food fishes, that naturally abound in the waters which run in various directions among the lovely hills and valleys of this beautiful State. But year after year these sportsmen found their pleasure tours becoming less attractive and enjoyable, through a scarcity of trout and other finny denizens of the water, due to the fact that a system of protection for such fishing streams had not been legislated consistently. Few of the counties, they found, had no local protection laws at all, while others adjoining either had feeble protection laws and customs, or those they had were not co-operative or in harmony with their neighboring counties, and by this means at last streams that once abounded with choice fish were discovered to be entirely sterile of the beautiful swimmers.

Investigation and exploration explained the fact that residents of the contiguous counties had depleted the trout, bass, pike and pickerel streams and creeks by the indiscriminate use of fishing nets, fish baskets and other exhausting devices, thus taking any and all kinds of fish from their haunts, and even their spawning places. It was also found that detrimental and injurious material had been turned into some of the streams, poisoning the fish and rendering them unfit for food. By such means anglers were eventually prevented from obtaining their favorite sport during their tours for pleasure or recuperation.

A number of merchants and retired gentlemen, to whom the fascinating pleasure was thus denied, called a meeting for the purpose of forming an association or organization, whose chief object was the formation of laws for the restoration and protection of edible fishes in all the streams throughout the commonwealth of Pennsylvania, as well as aiding and encouraging the enforcement of the laws then existing for the same purpose. They also aimed at pointing out the defects in the law of the State and of the different counties; and they made propositions for their adjustment, thus creating a new interest in the sport that was quietly waning for the need of those protective measures.

Through the activity of the late Andrew M. Spangler and his friends this society was organized on Nov. 13, 1882, at the southeast corner of Broad and Fairmount avenue, in a building then called "Lincoln Hall," it having since become the site of the Lorraine Hotel. The name selected for the organization was the "Angler's Association" and subsequently called the "Angler's Association of Eastern Pennsylvania," and it immediately started out fervently and did considerable valuable work in the way of improving the laws relating to the fishing streams. After about three years the members thought it essential to future success, as well as for the good of their own interests, to obtain a charter. This they accomplished on April 10, 1886, when a constitution and by-laws were formulated and adopted, and the society started upon a broader basis of operation. The original name was retained until Feb. 8, 1890, when it was given its present suggestive title, the Fish Protective Association of Pennsylvania, the object being to extend its benefits of propagation and protection of valuable food fishes to every part of the State. A first great objection to this organization was that it appeared to the rural citizen that it was instituted for the sole benefit of wealthy sportsmen, having a purely selfish and ungenerous motive in preventing the old usages resorted to by local individual sportsmen, as well as the more wholesale catching carried on by companies in the larger streams and rivers. But as time wore on, many who had thus objected discovered their misjudgment and yielded to the wise arrangements that would eventually accrue to their personal advantage, as well as to that of the whole commonwealth.

Gradually protection by law was universally acknowledged to be beneficial, for during the necessary investigations the true state of affairs became more apparent, when it was discovered that in many streams, once swarming with desirable fish, there were not left a sufficient number of any kind for natural procreation, and the society was compelled to avail itself of the provision offered by the United States hatcheries to restock with the young fry of the most valuable edible varieties.

In the meantime there were hatcheries erected and operated advantageously at Erie, Allentown, Corry and Bristol, from which the fry were transported to the more distant streams and rivers in the interior and western part of Pennsylvania with peculiar success.

The society has taken great pleasure and interest in the formation of local societies and in the progress made by those more recently established. There is a fine prospect of still greater numbers of such societies being

formed elsewhere, as every indication denotes, that the former oppositions to the operations of this Association are nearly, if not quite, overcome by the evidence of its sincerity, and the progress its efforts have made in the direction indicated by its name.

Some time ago the society found itself ready to interest all the fish and game local organizations through the State, in having harmonious protective laws passed, and it was therefore resolved to ask the co-operation of all toward the furtherance of plans for the universal good of the cause. Here again there was temporarily a little hesitation by some in the proceedings, but the excellent work of the United States Fish Commission began to show itself in the great improvements that it inaugurated in edible fishculture, that public attention was compelled to yield respectfully to its better judgment as to the whole question as relating to State as well as United States fish propagating interests.

No one could then ascribe all to individual or even corporate selfishness, and the studious working out of various problems and difficulties, and the patient and finely conducted experimentation and the consequent successful issue perfected by the United States Commission, and even our own State Fish Commission, in selecting, propagating and planting such notable varieties of such fine edible fishes as salmon, trout, perch, pickerel, bass, pike, pike perch or lake salmon and many other varieties.

This has once for all overcome the fears expressed by men who have always depended upon the denizens of the water for their maintenance.

So far from the work having reached perfection, however, there is much to be done. Mistakes have been made and losses sustained, but scientific research and well-founded experience will gradually pave the way to future improvement in every direction. One of these errors was the importation of German carp, a fish whose few good qualities are found since their introduction to be sadly over-balanced by the evil. They were planted and carefully guarded with the impression that they were not rapacious, that they were excellent table fish, and that they would supply a long-felt deficiency. They have, to the contrary, shown themselves to be voracious to the extent of clearing out at least some of our creeks of every good fish; they are gross and poorly flavored after they reach maturity; and perhaps one of their worst features is that they keep the creeks and rivers, once beautifully clear, stirred up with mud almost through the entire year. An old fisherman on Perkiomen Creek was asked how it was that Neshaminy and Perkiomen creeks were always muddy, once having been noted for their clearness and beauty. He frowned, and emphatically stated that the German carp caused this result, and they not only did that, but they cleared out every other variety of fish. They weigh from 2 to 10 lbs., and often more, and they have literally no other taste except what one should imagine belonged to earth or rank weeds. Even the boys who love to fish do not now carry the carp catch home, because they cannot eat them, however carefully prepared. Of course, there are people less fastidious, but undoubtedly, as a valuable acquisition to our fisheries, carp is a signal failure. This is becoming widely known, and there is a suggestion to not only permit fishing for that fish at all times, but to supply the streams infested by them with such fish as we believe the pike and perch to be, which are particularly fond of carp eggs and fry. Local interests yet have considerable weight in many quarters, and there are some who even object to the elimination of the marauding fish, but in time all adverse influences must yield to the positive proof of right in the direction of even culture only of good variety food fish.

Education in this undertaking is just as essential as in any other improving enterprise, and it has therefore been conceded, after many failures, that certain varieties of fish require to be planted in particular locations. For instance, brook trout requires cool, clear and pure spring water and it will not flourish in any other. Other fish are not quite so dainty on that point, but they must have warmer or cooler runs, as their nature demands. The food supplies are also to be considered with regard to planting the young, and special care must be used in selecting species and in avoiding long-continued heredity of each also; also to prevent the mixtures of natural enemies, which succeed finely when kept apart, but annihilate oftentimes other good varieties if mingled in the same stream. Another peculiar item is to propagate fish that will live in a large percentage after being planted. For it has been shown that black bass, for instance, will not thrive very well by artificial propagation of very small fry; therefore the rivers should be stocked with healthy well-grown specimens.

A question that must in time excite careful study and special co-operation in the local societies is whether streams can be over-stocked, and in that event is there any danger of reaping disaster in diseased fish. The idea is suggested to me by the knowledge that there are certain species of fish in Alaska and in the Yellowstone Park Lake that are subject to disease. In the former place the quantities taken by the natives fall far short of the supply afforded, and the animals, especially the Alaskan salmon, actually swarm at certain seasons by the million, involuntary protection having permitted their perpetual increase. In the Yellowstone Lake they are as strenuously guarded from destruction by being a Government reservation under military supervision. The point for thorough research is to discover whether the disease arises from over-production and crowding, or from hereditary taint, or from special disease peculiarity. In any case, it would seem wise to remove the infected fish from the rivers and restock them with healthy fish of their natural habits. Just at this point I wish to express my opinion with regard to the reputed infectious nature of the water supply of this city. If the water was thus foul enough to produce a typhoid fever epidemic, we would infer that even the fish taken from such water would infect anyone who partook of them as food or handled them carelessly. I would say, therefore, that, most decidedly acknowledging the impure condition of the waters for drinking uses, and the necessity for the prompt and efficient cleaning of every reservoir, that typhoid fever germs have or have not contaminated. But the fatal and infectious disease was imported into our city and homes and hospitals by the various hospital au-

thorities bringing hundreds of suffering soldiers from the unhealthy military camps, not only from the far South and the West Indies, but from near-by infected camp hospitals. The typhoid germs there sown have harvested over 5,000 cases and over 500 deaths. In regard to the cleaning of the reservoirs, I believe it very wise to at any rate, at a very early day, remove the impure sedimentation, including the dead fishes, with other effete matter. After this necessary cleaning has taken place and legislation has compelled the cessation of emptying refuse into the river, there need be no further trouble, and there is not a doubt that the planted varieties of fish will thrive and become quite valuable.

Heretofore, the question of the protection of fish has not been properly considered by many of our States as an item toward increasing the revenue of the commonwealth, but the time must soon arrive when it will not only be known by the Pennsylvania Association, by all and every local society that a joint and friendly co-operation will not only increase the actual food supply by furnishing delicious, healthy and abundant specimens, but the revenue of the whole commonwealth will be increased very materially.

I have spoken of propagating and supplying the fishing streams, but the matter of protection has not been accomplished quite so satisfactorily. The fish wardens have been extremely faithful, but there are not a large enough number to make their duties perfectly efficient, however faithfully performed, nor is their remuneration large enough to make the position of warden desirable. Public streams have so long been regarded as public property that fishermen and boys have persisted in breaking the laws which they cannot be convinced are for their future advantage. But by slow degrees the societies are succeeding in showing them their errors, and we have every hope that in the near future the difficulties will be entirely subverted. We note with satisfaction the passage by the Legislature of the act imposing this service. We have gained a most wonderful impetus toward our desired progress by the union of the societies for the protection of game and the Forestry Association, who have all shown perfect willingness to act in harmony with our own efforts for the protection of all the natural resources of the State. One must have a salutary influence upon the other, and eventually our country will be not only more wealthy but more beautiful, and greater pleasure and profit brought about for our citizens.

Allow me to offer a few suggestions.

1. I would suggest that this Association request the earnest, hearty and mutual co-operation of every other Eastern State, the friendly arrangements existing between ourselves, New York and New Jersey certainly proving the advantage of such a procedure.

2. The present slightly strained relations regarding the fisheries in Lake Erie would be readily adjusted by some such arrangement.

3. Every experiment instituted by any other society, and particularly by the United States Fish Commission, should be followed in each detail, and the profit of this would soon be shown in the better progress in the business made without each State being compelled to go through some experimentation.

4. Increase not only the number of fish wardens, but give them better pay for their work, and when practicable, enlist the police to give their protection and aid when required.

5. Carry on the war against illicit fishing until everyone understands that he must respect the legislation toward relieving the fisheries from all danger of destruction.

6. Continue experiments in planting different varieties of fish in various locations and watch carefully to note the most successful results.

7. Always be careful to discriminate so as to prevent the varieties from being placed so that they may interfere with the growth and propagation of the more valuable species.

8. Always place the young fish, or the mature, as the case may be, in streams in which they will find abundant supplies of their natural food.

9. Let every member of this society feel it imposed upon himself to further the interest of the Association in every way in his power.

10. And let everyone promulgate the fact that the interest of the Association is not only to increase the number, variety and quality of the fish, but to add millions of dollars to the revenue of the State.

11. Bring about and maintain unity of action in all societies throughout the State and encourage the foundation of many new local protection organizations in every part of the commonwealth. In union strength is fostered.

12. Every lover of a choice table menu, with its fish list, should aid by their membership and financial support and personal efforts for a good set of protection laws.

Toasts were responded to as follows:

"The United States—Our Country.—In 1776 we assumed among the nations of the earth a separate and equal station. In 1899 we occupy the most exalted station among the nations of the earth." Responded to by the orchestra playing "The Star Spangled Banner," those present standing in their places and singing our national song.

"Pennsylvania—Our State.—We still maintain our position as the keystone in the arch of States, the most important of them all." Responded to by Hon. Levi Morrison, of Greenville, Pa.

"Philadelphia—Our City of Brotherly Love.—Let brotherly love continue." Responded to by Rev. H. O. Gibbons.

"Commissioners of Fisheries of Delaware."—Responded to by Commissioner Dr. E. J. Shortledge, of Wilmington, Del.

"Commissioners of Fisheries of Maryland."—Responded to by Commissioner A. T. George, of Swanton, Md., who gave a very interesting account of the work being done by the Maryland Commission, at the conclusion of which those present sang "Maryland, My Maryland," accompanied by the orchestra.

Letters regretting inability to attend were read from the Commissioners of Fisheries of New York and New Jersey, and others prominent in fishcultural work.

"Commissioners of Fisheries of Pennsylvania."—Responded to by Wm. E. Meehan, as follows:

Address of W. E. Meehan, on behalf of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission.

This reunion gives me particular pleasure, because, aside from the usual enjoyment which such gatherings bring with them, it is indicative of bright days ahead for the State Fish Commission. The fortunes of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission are the fortunes of the Pennsylvania Fish Protective Association. Its triumphs or its perplexities are the latter's glories or trials. In the perpetual struggles of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission to secure efficient legislation, the Pennsylvania Fish Protective Association is always to be found shoulder to shoulder with it in the same cause. In all the efforts to promote the maintenance and increase of fish life the Fish Commission finds itself encouraged and sustained by the Association.

Two years ago when, by an unfortunate blunder, the Legislature adjourned without making the usual appropriation for the work of fishculture, the Pennsylvania Fish Protective Association was the first to whom the Fish Commission turned for help, and it responded promptly, energetically and effectively. Other associations and citizens came to the rescue also, and to them all the Commission gladly acknowledges its debt of gratitude, because through their efforts it was possible at least to perform some fishcultural work.

I remember well a remark made by a member at one of the meetings of the Pennsylvania Fish Protective Association, when the need of the Fish Commission for funds was being discussed; they deserve to be written where they may be imperishable. He said: "The Commission must have this money. To give it I am in favor of selling the pictures on the walls, or mortgaging all the possessions of the Association if need be to furnish it." This sentiment, I believe, was felt by every member of the Association, for deeds proved it. It was not necessary to sell the pictures, but a generous fund was raised, nearly one-third of all received, I think, by the Commission. There was self-sacrifice, too, because the pleasant annual reunions, I understand had to be suspended until such times as the Fish Commission should again be on its feet. I have cause therefore for feeling more than usual pleasure in meeting you to-night, for it is evidence that the sun is rising again on the fortunes of the Fish Commission.

Because of your sympathy, because of your deep, unbounded interest in the Fish Commission's work, I feel it is due you to give an outline of what that body has done during the past two years, and what some of its plans are for the near future, and I cannot but express the hope that the showing will demonstrate that notwithstanding the unusual difficulties and perplexities which have been encountered, and the great loss sustained through the death of its honored president, the Hon. Henry C. Ford, there has been a steady progression of work, and if nothing untoward happens, the reputation of the Commission will still be respected throughout the country.

At the conclusion of the twelve months of the fiscal year of 1896-7 the Commission had hatched and planted over 164,000,000 food and game fish, the heaviest work done in any year of the Commission's history. Of this number only about 4,000,000 were purely game fish, the remainder being shad, pike-perch and whitefish for commercial purposes. This output was one-eighth of the entire output of the United States Commission the same year. Then came the blow to the Commission's work through the unintentional forgetfulness on the part of the Legislature to make the usual appropriation, but with the sum of \$6,000 raised by the association and citizens the Commission did what it could. Only the trout stations could be maintained, and over 4,000,000 trout of different species were hatched and planted last year. Anticipating the early passage of a deficiency bill by the present Legislature, a much larger number of trout were hatched this winter than usual for distribution, so many more, in fact, that it was deemed wise to make preparations to temporarily place a portion in retaining ponds until the proper planting time arrived. There were in fact nearly as many brook trout alone raised this winter as the aggregate formerly of all species. Unfortunately, there was an unexpected and unavoidable delay in the passage of the deficiency bill, and the planting of the overplus of fry was stopped on account of funds running out. Then came the blizzard and its unusual severity, together with the overcrowding and other causes, the entire hatching of fish, over 2,000,000 in number, died. This would have been far more serious than it is had it not been for the large supply at the Corry station, 2,400,000 in number, of brook trout. From the number of applications out, and through other sources provided for, the Commission feels it will be able to supply all reasonable demands. The runs are now being made from the Corry station, the warmer counties being first selected.

I am pleased to say that the Commission has during the last two years done remarkably good work in the direction of planting Atlantic salmon. Last year 100,000 were planted in streams tributary to the upper Delaware, and this spring 250,000 were deposited in the Lackawaxen and Dyberry. This is the heaviest planting ever made in one year, and with the 100,000 planted last year makes a total of 350,000 for the two fiscal years, the heaviest for any two fiscal years in the history of the Commission. The nearest approach to this work was in the fiscal years of 1891-92, when 300,000 were planted while the Hon. Henry C. Ford was president, and which resulted in the great run of salmon in the Delaware in 1895-96. The catch in the first year was valued at about \$3,000, and in the succeeding year at over \$5,000. If the same results follow last year and this year's planting there should be a big run of salmon again in the years 1902 and 1903.

For some time the Commission has been planting for the propagation of other valuable food and game fish. Chief among these may be mentioned the black bass, rock bass, yellow perch, white and calico bass, Lake Erie sunfish, pickerel and mascollonge. Indeed, the ponds for the last-named fish are now being constructed at Corry. These ponds will not have great capacity, for lack of room, but they will be large enough to maintain

breeders, which will furnish eggs sufficient for about 50,000 fry. The Commission prepared to use the \$5,000 a year, hitherto used for the different species of bass, in the establishment of culture ponds, and afterwards the same sum annually for their maintenance. Several sites were offered by land owners at a nominal sum for this station, but unfortunately the plans in this direction were checked by the Legislature feeling itself obliged to cut the appropriation by \$10,000. This act rendered it hopeless to establish an independent site and go into the propagation of the fishes named on the large scale contemplated. The loss of the fry at the Allentown station has, however, opened a way, perhaps, out of the difficulty to a small extent. A plan has been formulated for submission, but as it has not yet been formally brought before the board, I do not feel it would be proper for me to more than to indicate that there are such plans for a partial solution of the difficulty.

Another work the Commission is considering, which, when it is completed and carried out, will doubtless have a strong influence in aiding the cause of fish protection and in extending the knowledge of fish life throughout the State. This is the propagation of goldfish for object-lesson teaching in the public schools. The superintendents of education in several localities have signified their approval of the plan proposed, and the work will be commenced to a limited extent next fall. Requisitions have already been made for the greater part of the estimated supply, and if the experiment is successful, as there seems every reason to believe it will be, the Commission will make arrangements to supply every school-house in the State where the fish will be useful.

At the beginning of the present session of the Legislature the Fish Commission presented a bill for the better protection of fish. With two exceptions the bill embodied, it is believed, the sentiment of every friend of the increase of the food fish and game fish supply. Feeling, however, that it would be impossible, in view of former opposition on the part of certain elements among the fishermen along the Susquehanna River, to pass the bill without some concession, a conference was held with them, and as a result two sections were regretfully inserted to permit the use of certain devices surrounded by proper restrictions. These restrictions were agreed to by representatives of the elements mentioned. But faith has not been kept. An alleged representative in the House of Representatives introduced a bill to permit the use of fish baskets, fyke nets and set lines in the waters of this commonwealth almost without any restrictions, and caused the Fish Commission's bill to be amended to conform to this measure. The Fish Commission feels that it would be better that the whole bill should be defeated than that this amendment should become a law, and it has so instructed its friends in the House of Representatives. There is also another amendment made to which I think it is my duty to call your attention. It is that the trout season shall close on June 15 instead of July 15. It would be much better if the season should be made to close Aug. 1 and open May 1 than that the amendment now made should prevail. It is, however, a measure which the Fish Protective Association should make a harder fight against than the Fish Commission, because if the Fish Commission acts it will be used as a lever against it to strengthen the absurd cry in the Legislature that the Commission is working in the interests of the sportsmen and not in the interest of the fish. They will certainly point out with specious force that the shortening of the season is in the interests of the fishculture: This is not true, of course, except so far as it is a fact that if there were no trout caught at all there would soon be full streams. The amendment if it passes will certainly do much to ruin the small summer resorts in the mountains.

"Forest Protection."—Responded to by Dr. J. T. Rothrock, Commissioner of Forestry, in a stirring and instructive address.

"The Water We Drink—The Water We Fish In."—We would have them free from pollution." Responded to by Dr. Benjamin Lee, of the State Board of Health.

"Game Protection."—Hon. J. H. Worden, Game Commissioner.

Entertaining addresses were also made by Hon. James McAnlis, Wampum, Pa.; Chas. F. Bartlett and others upon the protective features of fishcultural effort in Pennsylvania and the other States represented, followed with a liberal supply of fish stories. The reunion closed with the singing of "Auld Lang Syne."

The committee in charge of arrangements was composed of Wm. H. Burkhardt, Chairman; Edwin Hagert, Edw. A. Selliez, Henry A. Ingram, Wm. S. Hergesheimer, Wm. P. Thompson and Joseph B. Van Dusen, Jr. Among those present were Messrs. H. O. Wilbur, S. E. Landis, Walter Powell, W. S. P. Shields, Bernard L. Douredoure, George T. Gwilliam, W. P. Ogelsby, W. H. Ocker, W. C. O'Neil, Howard A. Chase, M. G. Sellers, Wm. R. Nicholson, T. P. Monroe, Robt. W. Fitzell, Marcus D. Cornwall, Dr. John R. York, George W. Shaw, E. T. Davis, Charles Wetherill, J. P. Collins and representatives from many local fish and game protective associations in Pennsylvania.

M. G. SELLERS, Sec'y.

Casting Records at Baltimore.

THE records made at the tournament of the Maryland Sportsmen's Exposition at Baltimore April 19 and 20 were as follows:

Fly-casting, fixed distance and accuracy: W. C. Goddard, 90 per cent.; Thos. Whistler, 85; H. J. Talbot, 83 2-3; C. N. King, 75 2-3. Accuracy, bait-casting: Jos. H. Hunter, 68 3/4 ft.; Thos. Whistler, 65 1/2; H. J. Talbot, 40; W. C. Goddard, w. Dry fly-casting for delicacy and accuracy: W. E. Goddard, 93* per cent.; Thos. Whistler, 92 1/2; W. J. Talbot, 92; W. C. King, 86 2-3. Bait-casting for distance and accuracy: A. F. Dusel, 72 ft. 9 in., score 97 per cent.; Jos. H. Hunter, 64 ft. 8 in., average, score 94. accuracy: W. E. Goddard, 93 1/2 per cent.; Thos. Whistler, 148 ft. 10 in., average, 168 ft., maximum; Hunter, 64 ft. average, 162 longest. Long-distance fly-casting: Goddard, 90 ft.; Dresel, 69; Whistler, 67.

The Brief is inimitable, and therefore perfect. It is a complete Vade Mecum.

CHARLES HALLOCK.

Retrospect.

THERE'S a spot far away that I think on to-day,
That I gaze on with memory's eye,
Where the fir, ever green, half encircle the scene;
Where the pine spreads his arms to the sky.
There's a bold mountain-side, where the echoes replied
To my boyhood's shrill laughter and shout,
And a path 'neath the ridge, winding down to a bridge,
O'er the brook where I caught my first trout.

Hastening on, from the hills come two clear, glassy rills,
Fresh and free from their crag-covered home,
And in darkness and day merry music they play
In their ripples and bubbles and foam.
From each ledge, lichen-crowned, all impatient they bound,
In their moss-fringed channels they run,
To a rock-basin deep, where the naiads might sleep,
There they blend their bright beings in one.

But a moment of rest, o'er the verge it has pressed;
On a gray granite terrace it shines;
Now it burrows its way amid boulders and clay
In a garden of cedars and pines.
'Neath an elm lying prone, by the tempest o'erthrown,
Through a stretch where the cherry trees bloom;
Then, a rush o'er a rock and a plunge and a shock—
It is down in the gorge and the gloom.

Now in wilder delight, dancing frothy and white,
O'er the glen's rugged steps hear it go!
Where the ferns at its side drink the sweets of its tide;
Where the birch and the tamarack grow.
'Mid the spray-sprinkled bowers, where pale forest flowers
Smile up, 'twixt the trees, at the sun.
How it chafes, how it churns; how it tumbles and turns
In the joy of its journey begun!

Ever downward it leaps, ever onward it sweeps,
And it knows neither doubt nor dismay;
Over rocks, under roots curl its crystalline chutes,
For it may not be barred on its way.
Through the pools deep and wide hear it gurgle and glide,
Where the trout loves to lie 'neath the shade
Of the wet, turf bank, where the grasses grow rank,
In the caves that the current has made.

There, tranquil at last, all its turbulence past,
It has found a fair couch for repose;
Through the meadow lands green, lily'd borders between,
To a murmuring measure it flows.
There it mirrors the day on its serpentine way,
Marked by many a broad-branching tree,
To the river below, dark and placid and slow,
That will bear it away to the sea.

How the years have rolled on! Half a lifetime has gone
Since last on its margin I trod,
But Time journeys in vain. I'm a boy once again
With my first little basket and rod.
Yes, forgetful of years, with their smiles and their tears,
I can feel the same thrill as of old;
I can see the quick flash, I can see the bright splash
When the lithe, speckled beauties—"take hold."

In the voices of birds there are mystical words,
There's a song in the stream at my feet,
Where each water-washed stone lends its silvery tone
To the symphony, soothingly sweet,
And the elves of the breeze, far aloft in the trees,
Tune the sun-lighted leaves as they pass;
While no gem-studded throne that a monarch might own
Could vie with the dew on the grass.

Oh, how oft in my dreams, on my vision it beams
With a radiance too bright for my pen!
And enraptured I list, in the morn's yellow mist,
When I hear that wild voice in the glen.
Though my footsteps have ranged, though the seasons have
changed,
Though the wintry wind whistles without,
Time and space are a blank; there I stand on the bank
Of the brook where I caught my first trout.

HARTSDALE, N. Y.

ED. LEGGO.

New England Waters.

BOSTON, April 22.—Few men have been better known in Maine rod and line sporting circles than Mr. Rodney B. Woodman, who died at his home in Boston last Saturday night. Born in Meredith, New Hampshire, fifty-four years ago, he early acquired a love of the woods and waters. Later in life, when he became a business man in the metropolis, none of this old love left him. Every season he made his early trips to Sebago and other Maine salmon waters, and was always one of the most successful. Time after time the FOREST AND STREAM has had accounts of his successes. Later in the season his trips for black bass and pickerel were most remarkable. He has fished nearly all of the bass waters in Maine; often with remarkable success. Short fishing trips throughout the season were much in favor with him, and doubtless one of the greatest disappointments he ever had to bear was when he found, a short time ago, that his health would not permit him to make his early trips this year. Always genial and self-denying, it was a pleasure to fish with him. He loved to talk fish and fishing, and his ideas were always practical and excellent. He delighted in telling stories and relating fishing adventures, and very frequently the FOREST AND STREAM has had his anecdotes; perhaps losing something of their wit—their pathos, it may be—through being told second hand.

Mr. N. B. Dana, one of the best known ticket sellers to where Boston sportsmen hie, never goes a-fishing. Oh No! He scarcely fishes at all! He simply goes out driving, and is careful to drive on a pleasant afternoon along some of the trout brooks in Sharon or elsewhere. He knows where they are. Then his little rod is in the carriage, and a few angleworms are in his pocket. He does not fish much, but jumps out of the carriage—the horse will stand all right—and whips a worm into the water. A trout jumps at the lure and is caught. Then, perhaps, another and another. He does not fish really in earnest, but somehow some pretty good strings go home with him in the carriage.

At this writing all the Maine lakes and ponds are locked in ice. Sebago is yet solid, fifteen days later than last year. C. A. Robinson writes, from South Windham,

that the ice cannot clear before May 1, and possibly not before May 5. Sunapee Lake, in the southerly part of New Hampshire, is not yet clear, though more than two weeks behind last year. O. W. Cutting writes, from Andover, Me., having just got word from Richardson Lake, that there is yet a vast amount of snow in the woods in that region. He thinks that the ice cannot leave the Rangeleys before the last of May. George Newton, who has guided for many years on Richardson Lake, has sent word out that the woods are still snowbound, with 2 ft. of soft snow and slush on the lake. He went in April 8 on snowshoes. A year ago the same lake was clear of ice April 3, and the snow about all gone in the woods. His idea is that the Rangeleys cannot be clear before May 20, and probably later. I have not yet learned of any salmon being taken in the Bangor pool, though the Penobscot is clear of ice above Bangor.

April 24.—The latest reports from Sebago Lake, Me., say that the ice is out of the mouth of the Songo River, and this is one of the first indications that the ice is soon to clear. L. Dana Chapman has word from a well-known guide on the Naples side that the ice is likely to be all out in a few days. Already the clearing of that lake is fourteen days later than last year, however. A number of Boston fishermen are looking anxiously for the ice to leave Sebago ready to try the salmon fishing. The latest reports from Bangor say that there is 4 ft. of water pouring over the big dam at Bangor, and still a great body of snow in the woods. The water is so high that nothing can be done in the big salmon pool below the dam. There are no authentic accounts of salmon taken there yet, though one of the Maine papers suggests the capture of one last week. Dispatches noting the beginning of the fishing are to be forwarded to a number of Boston sportsmen interested, and none have yet been received. A Mr. Allen, who fishes the Bangor pool every season, was here the other day, and he suggests that there can be no good salmon fishing till the great volume of snow water subsides. Several Boston fishermen fully intended to try the brooks in New Hampshire on the 19th, Patriots' Day here, and were early on the ground. In the vicinity of Nashua and Manchester they could do nothing. Their excuse on getting back to Boston was that they did not have picks and other tools with which to clear the brooks of floating ice.

The lateness of the fishing season is discouraging to the railroads, hotel and transportation men. They claim that they are losing at least two weeks of the best of the season. The reasonable angler is not much displeased, however, since he is aware that the supply of fish is neither great nor inexhaustible at any point, and anything which gives two or three weeks more respite to the stock should be reckoned a real benefit. When the ice does leave his short vacation can be put in with zest, and the feeling that the rabble has not already run the ground all over.

A Portland dispatch says: Ice out of Sebago. Fishing begun. SPECIAL.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Spring Goods.

My friend, Mr. Mershon, of Saginaw, asks me to correct an error I lately made by a slip of the typewriter. He remarks, "Under the head of 'More Spring Trade' you say, 'The members of the Kinne Creek Trout Club, or more properly, the Flint & Pere Marquette Club.' I want to correct this. It is the Flint & Pere Marquette Railroad, but the Pere Marquette Fishing Club." This fact I knew, and should have stated correctly. The club receives its name from the saintly conduct of its members.

I am glad to note that the waters of Kinne Creek will not know any backset this year. The club transplanted over a thousand yearlings and a number of older trout, putting them in the hatchery pens to grow good and fat before going into the stream. The stream proper had 150,000 fry turned in out of the club hatchery.

Mr. Mershon goes on to give further facts regarding his territory, after his obliging and comprehensive way, and I feel obliged to quote from his personal letter:

"Our lumber buyer returned from a trip through northern Michigan the other day and reported that in on the Lewiston branch of the Michigan Central Railroad last Sunday at a dam on one of the streams that this branch of the railroad crosses, a moss back took about 140 trout, some of them weighing 2 1/2 lbs. These things make your blood boil.

"The days are warm and balmy once more, and the brook trout feeling prevades the air and enters into the very marrow of one's bones. I hope I can go up May 1 and fetch in a few of them, but I am afraid that business and half a dozen other preventatives will decree otherwise."

Early Fishing.

Our Western fishing season is now just beginning, or more properly, our trout season is just beginning, as witness a certain uneasiness daily increasing in the deportment of certain friends of mine, who are devoted to the pursuit of the brook trout. One gentleman with whom I fished last year has been in two or three times already to ask if I am "going up there again this spring," and if it isn't about time to be getting ready. I agree with him so far that I have already laid in my trout miliary for the spring, including some leaders of most excellent fineness, which, in an unguarded moment Pop Hirth, of Spalding's, sold to me. I surely will do business with those Prairie River trout this time, and when I get back I may have something further to say about the Taylor system of casting a fly. I have laid in a peck or so of flies, which, as it seems to me, ought to appeal to any self-respecting trout, and it occurs to me personally that trout flies never looked prettier than they do this spring.

Mr. Fred N. Peet, one of our most prominent anglers, dropped into my office the other day and showed me some new flies he has been tying. They were as exquisitely done as any I have ever seen executed by the best makers. Mr. Peet is a sort of all-round athlete in angling. He goes in for long range bait casting, can put a quadruple reel together in the dark, can cast a bait to all sorts of distances, and also maketh and loveth a fly. He tells me that he is going over to Grand Rapids, Mich., to tangle up with Mr. John Waddell on a tour for big

rainbow trout in the Pere Marquette River. He will make another trip about thirty days later, and I think it may be safely said that he will stop one of those big ones before he gets through. Mr. Waddell was Mr. Peet's host last June at the time of the Grand Rapids tournament, and he is thoroughly in love with everything pertaining to Grand Rapids and the Pere Marquette.

Fishing Wisdom.

I go to my correspondence box when I want something good, and just now I have in hand a letter from a fishing friend who is down at Louisville, Ky., confined to his room with gout. He writes to me to relieve his mind, if not his feet, and incidentally contributes several odds and ends of fishing wisdom which I take to be just the sort of gossip that sportsmen like to pass about among the circle. Thus he says:

"Who originated the cane-wound hand grasp for fly rods? I have always had a grudge for the inventor of that abomination. Many a man has found his hand badly blistered after fly-fishing for a few hours with one of these things on the opening day of the season. Yet the rod makers go on year after year and make rods with cane-wound butts.

"A cork-covered hand grasp is the thing for a fly rod. It feels good, will not get slippery when wet, and will not blister your hands. There are two kinds of cork hand grasps made, one being a thin veneer of cork about 1/8 in. thick, the other is made of rather thick cylinders of cork fitted over the wood. The last named are the best and most durable.

"Next to a cork hand grasp for fly and bait casting rods, I have found the cord-wound to be the most desirable. For winding the hand grasps of rods I have used the eighteen-thread cuttyhunk linen line that has been soaked in melted paraffine wax with a little resin added. The ingredients named should be melted in a waterbath (see your druggist about this). After soaking line and allowing same to cool, it should be drawn through coarse cotton cloth, held in the hand, until the surplus wax is removed from the surface. The line treated in this manner is waterproof, and will not get loose in consequence of contraction and expansion. Have never had one of these cord-wound hand grasps blister my hands. This kind of hand grasp is not as satisfactory as the cork covered.

"I am at a loss to understand why so many fly and bait casting rods are made with doweled ferrules. I have never had one of these rods that would not come apart just at the wrong time when casting. Dr. Henshall has written quite elaborately about the doweled rods and condemns them, yet people go on buying rods of this kind and learning by experience.

"I have seen a number of fly-rods with light standing guides on them instead of the usual loose rings. Parties using rods with the standing guides claim they are better than the other kind. Have never used a fly-rod with standing guides. Will some reader of FOREST AND STREAM who has had experience with both kinds give an opinion as to the comparative merits of the two kinds.

"When fly-fishing on streams I have found a light rubber cape a good thing to have in case of a shower. I always carry one with me. It weighs but little and has saved me from getting soaking wet quite a number of times. I should think it would pay some manufacturer to put a good quality cape of this kind on the market. The one I now have is of poor quality, and was made for bicycle riders. I had to cut it open at the front to adapt it to my requirements.

"When out on a stream for the day I carry a mackintosh cartridge bag, in which I put my fly-book and mid-day lunch, which are always dry, unless I happen to fall down, which rarely occurs. A mackintosh bag made especially for the needs of fly-fishermen would be a good thing. Am told that such bags are to be had in England.

"There are, so far as the writer knows, two styles of minnow-casting in vogue in the United States. One is known as the Henshall style, which is a graceful and easy way of casting when you have room to swing your rod. There are many places and conditions when it is impossible to cast in this style. I am under the impression that this style of casting had been in use in some sections of the country for many years before Dr. Henshall reduced to writing a definite description of it. As the doctor was the first to write a description of this method it is now generally known as the Henshall style. The other method of minnow casting, which is probably not so generally known, is frequently designated as the Chicago style, and is what might be called overhead casting. The writer thinks this style of casting has the advantage over the Henshall, in the fact that it can be made under conditions that would prevent one from casting in the Henshall style.

"The writer has never seen any printed description of the Chicago style in the papers and periodicals devoted to angling. A clear description of this method would probably be of interest to many readers of the FOREST AND STREAM. When two persons are casting from the same boat the Chicago style is much to be preferred. Probably the greatest objection to this style of casting is that it requires a somewhat shorter and stiffer rod than the Henshall method. The writer has tried 6 1/2, 7, 7 1/2, 8, 8 1/2 and 9 ft. rods for minnow casting in both styles, and has found that for all-around work a 7 1/2 ft. rod of 8 oz. about the most satisfactory. With this length of rod one can cast in either style with fairly satisfactory results, and have sufficient elasticity to tire a good sized fish within a reasonable time. In some respects, the best minnow-casting rod the writer ever owned was a two-piece Japanese cane 7 ft. 4 in. in length. This rod was light in weight, somewhat stiff when casting, but quite flexible and elastic when a good sized bass was hooked. I could make very accurate casts with this rod, and while it lasted, used it in preference to much more costly ones. I gave it some severe tests in the way of holding hard some large bass, but one day on the Kanakee it came to grief. In striking a small pickerel of about 3/4 lb. in weight the rod broke off at one of the natural joints, apparently as brittle as a pipe stem of clay. Rods of this kind are strong when new, but can not be relied on after the first season.

"I prefer the high arched antifriction guides on minnow-casting rods. They do not look so nice in finish as the so-called trumpet guides, but they do hold the line

up off of the rod so that it does not cut and fray the silk wrappings as much as when the other styles of guides are used.

"For minnow-casting in the styles named, a first-class quadruple reel is the cheapest in the long run if it is properly taken care of. If any one of a mechanical turn of mind will take apart a Milam, Meek or Talbot reel and notice particularly the construction of the pillars in connection with the ends, he will at once see one reason why these reels are so much more durable than many others on the market. I have often wondered why some of the large manufacturers have not "caught on" to this long ago. I know of a reel that is more than forty years old that has seen much service, which is a good reel today. If you have a fine reel, take good care of it, keep it clean and well oiled with best sperm oil. When out on a fishing trip clean and oil your reel at least once a week. For minnow-casting for black bass the writer prefers a hard braided silk line, half-way in size between a G and H. The last named size casts well, but is generally too weak to last one season."

If the writer of the above mention regarding the "Chicago style" of bait-casting will refer to files of FOREST AND STREAM dating back nine or ten years, he will find that I described the system rather fully in my department at that time. I think that it was myself also, without doubt, who gave this style of bait-casting the name of the "Chicago style," this appellation being given it in the FOREST AND STREAM and daily papers at about that time. This was before the organization of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club, whose work subsequently brought the method into greater publicity through tournament competitions.

E. HOUGH.

480 CAXTON BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

April 26-29.—Baltimore, Md.—Baltimore Kennel Club's third annual show.
May 3-6.—San Francisco, Cal.—San Francisco Kennel Club's third annual show.
Sept. 4-7.—Toronto, Can.—Toronto Industrial Exhibition Association's eleventh annual show.
Nov. 22-24.—New York.—American Pet Dog Club's show. S. C. Hodge, Supt.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 6.—Bicknell, Ind.—Indiana Field Trial Club's trials. S. H. Socwell, Sec'y.
Nov. 14.—Chatham, Ont.—International Field Trial Club's tenth annual trials. W. B. Wells, Hon. Sec'y.
Nov. 14.—Washington, C. H., O.—Ohio Field Trial Club's trials. C. E. Baughn, Sec'y.
Dec. 8.—Newton, N. C.—Continental Field Trial Club's trials. Thos. Sturges, Sec'y.

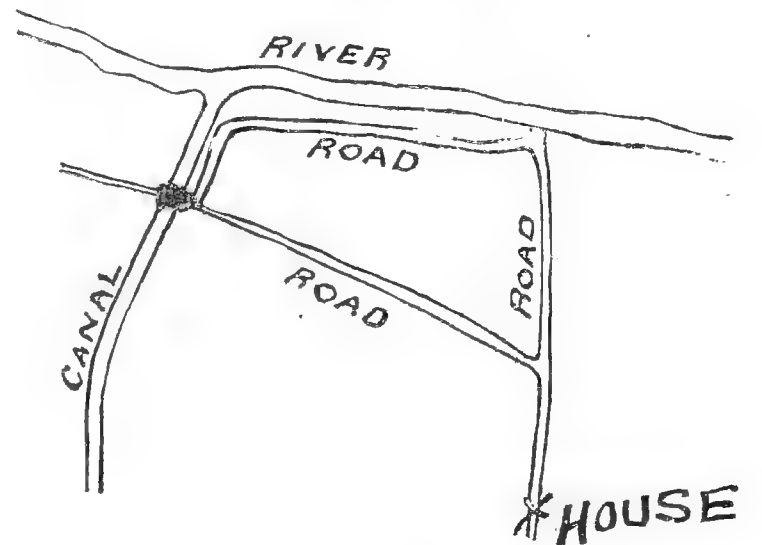
Dog Sense.

PORTSMOUTH, Va.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have been very much interested in Mr. Mather's letters, and like him I believe that dogs do reason. I will give instances often occurring at my country home, in North Carolina, noticed by all the family and often commented on as showing a remarkable degree of intelligence for a dog.

My father always kept during his lifetime from twelve to eighteen foxhounds, which were his special delight. During the long winter moonshiny nights they could be heard for miles in full chorus after the wily gray fox, urged on by an occasional hallo from their master in such musical tones that it never failed to encourage them to renewed efforts. Neighbors around would join my father and enjoy the chase. It was impossible to follow the dogs on horseback, as that is not the proper way to enjoy a fox hunt. Some of your correspondents seem to think one should run his horse close up behind the hounds; but this would soon wind a horse. A good hunter on a good horse can manage to course his hounds and cut them off by some short route and be within a quarter or a half mile of them when they cross a road or field. And the music of a pack in full cry is much sweeter when wafted to you on the still night air from such a distance than when very near. Many and many a fox's hide have I stripped and stretched on a board and sold to furriers in my boyhood days; and then cooked the fox in meal for the hounds. My brother still keeps up the hunting proclivities of the family at the old homestead and has a nice pack of hounds.

But I started out to write about reason and instinct. The hounds showed some reason by never attempting to follow my father to church nor anywhere else when he was dressed in his Sunday clothes. A bird dog named Frank, as good and as fine an English setter as was ever wrapped in dog hide, played the principal part. During the long summer months the hounds would do little else than lounge around in the shade during the heat of the day; and almost any evening late Frank could be seen going from one sleeping hound to another licking their mouths and getting them on their feet and jumping around them in a most friendly manner. Then he would go toward the fields, and if they did not readily follow, he would return and repeat his dog tactics; and he never failed thus to get a good number of them off to hunt rabbits. He would hunt as industriously as the hounds until a rabbit was started, and as soon as it was started Frank could be seen to run around and get between the hounds and the briar patch and watch for the rabbit. He seemed to know they would make for the thickest place, and often would catch the little rabbit and eat it before the hounds could get there. If it was a grown one the hounds would be in time to share the feast. This looks much like reason to me. If it was instinct it is of a high grade article, verging on to human intelligence. Frank was a good dog, loved by all the family and the neighbors. He would hunt for anybody, and after the hunt was over would return to his master, regardless of distance. He was also a good catch dog for hogs and sheep. The family often allude to him in endearing terms. He lived to good old age, and finally had to be killed, and is gone where good dogs go.

Another instance of a dog's reasoning. My brother had also a black setter named Jack, that followed him wherever he went over the farm of several thousand acres. Sometimes my brother would forget to feed Jack after finishing his own breakfast and would leave immediately on horseback on his daily rounds over the farm. Jack would run to the cook and whine and jump up on her until she fed him; and I have often noticed him while eating hurriedly to stop and run to a back door to see which way his master would go. A road ran east and west by the house to a river west of the house, which ran



north and south, and followed its banks to a canal and down the canal to another road leading directly from the house. If my brother took the straight road to the bridge Jack would follow without completing his breakfast; but if he went the river road Jack would complete his breakfast and go down the road to the bridge and wait for his master. Now it looks as if the dog reasoned thus: "My master has gone to the river, and as usual will cross the canal at the bridge, so I will take a short cut and meet him instead of taking such a long run to overtake him."

Most any day Jack would lose his master while running rabbits, and as my brother would go a zig-zag route among the different crops, instead of following up the horse's tracks Jack would go to a brick kiln on an elevation on the farm and see where his master was. Jack would only own one master; he would not follow nor hunt for any one else. He, too, was a good catch dog. By some means he was poisoned and died a premature and hard death.

Such instances as the above were frequent occurrences there and were witnessed by many and were not considered rarities for well-bred and trained bird dogs. But since I've been living in a city and seeing well-bred and well-trained dogs, I note that they do not show the self-reliant air and independence, cunning, sagacity and bottom of the open-air-bred dogs in the country, that are taught to mind when puppies and allowed the freedom of the fields, so that when they are large enough to stand a day's hunt with the gun they are well acquainted with the location of the birds, and it only requires a whipping or two to prevent them flushing when the birds begin to run.

Let us have some more of "Ole Virginia," they are rich and racy; but tell Mr. Hopkins not to let them be rare. TAR-HEEL.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have been interested in contributions to FOREST AND STREAM regarding dog reasoning power, and though I do not often take the trouble to write when not compelled to, my gratitude to the old dog, whose friend I am, impels me to add a little to the testimony in the dog's favor. A down East fox hunter recently sent you a letter describing fox hunting as practiced up his way, which is the way I have known it done. Fox hunters who prefer to ride horses and do without guns would change their preferences if living along the headwaters of the Delaware River, and they would soon learn that it requires more skill to kill foxes there with a dog and gun than it does to have them run down by a pack of dogs. I once bought a young hound out of imported English stock, and very soon got all I wanted of fast-running dogs, and promptly let a man who fancied that kind have Blaine, which was the rapid canine's name.

That dog repeatedly ran down and caught red foxes on bare ground in a run of four or five hours. He wasted no breath in barking, but put all his energy into his legs and would run half a mile in a minute or two, only barking a few times on the way.

The New England fox hunter describes my old dog so well that I have by his letter been induced to write this. Hunter is now twelve years old, and is getting to be as gray and deaf as his old master, and our hunting is probably about done. He was a slow dog, and would work an old track as long as he was left at it, or until the fox was started, but he got over a wonderful sight of ground when his fox was once in motion. He barked all the time, was never tired and never had sore feet, though he would generally run every second or third day, even though he went hunting alone. He was part black, part brindle, with yellow head and legs, and not very long ears—not half as fancy looking as hounds I have owned not worth comparing with him. In all his life he has never done a mean thing, which I can hardly say for his master.

This dog was raised in Delaware county, and when a year old I took him to Wyoming county. There he saw a big flock of sheep in a field the first time he ran out after the wagon on a Sunday afternoon. The dog ran across the field, and the sheep huddled together and acted so strange that the pup went up to investigate. The sheep ran and the dog ran after and barked. He soon got a whipping and would not come within reach of the wagon until he got home. The next week the experience was repeated and the dog took in the situation. After that he would leave the road and take to the fields on the opposite side if there was a flock of sheep in sight, nor would he notice sheep if he were hunting and passed them in the field or woods.

In the spring of 1892 I concluded to move to Sullivan

county, and chartered a car in which were loaded household effects, horse and wagon, the dog and myself, who went along as man in charge. We started about noon Thursday, passed over four railroads and arrived at our journey's end about 7 o'clock Saturday night. The dog was given his liberty, and within five minutes was running a track in hearing of the car, which was sidetracked. Several times between that hour and 11 o'clock the dog came to the car, and finding it in its place, went back to his hunt. About midnight the car was run to a chute, where the horse could be unloaded, and the dog soon found it. All day Sunday he was about, and Monday the goods were put into a building for storage. The dog was on hand, followed the last load in and lay down among the stuff. The next afternoon about 3 o'clock the horse was hitched to a cart and the dog taken in, when we started on a fifty-mile drive. The frost was just coming out of the roads, and we could not travel faster than a slow walk, and after going fifteen miles, stopped at a farmhouse for the night. When the horse went into the barn the dog went into the woods near by and was soon barking on a fox track. I could not call him off with the horn, or the track was evidently too fresh to leave, and so I went to bed. At 11 o'clock he was running in hearing, but next morning was gone. I spent the day looking for him, advertised him in several local papers and went on without any dog. He had been seen running a fox during the day, but that was all I could hear of him. I went back to the place where the goods were stored, but the dog was not there. A week after reaching my destination the dog was sent me by rail. He had gone back to the stuff after his hunt was over, and remained about, hunting part of the time and returning to look for his master and food, but it was some days before he could be caught. A child finally went up to him and took him by his collar.

Did that dog's "instinct" send him back fifteen miles to a place that he had never seen except for two days? Was it instinct that told him to return to see if the car he had ridden 400 miles in was waiting for him? Was it instinct that told him that when the goods were placed in storage that must be his home?

No matter what it was that taught him. The same power taught him not to venture far from home for a long time alone, and he was careful not to get left for months, until he finally located a permanent home and saw his master's family settled in it.

COLD SPRING HARBOR.—April 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of April 15, p. 295, W. Wade says: "Occasionally you will meet one like Rev. Chas. Josiah Adams, who believes strongly, but can admit weight in an argument against it. But generally the type of your various anonymes is the ruling one."

I have not the pleasure of an acquaintance with the Rev. Mr. Adams, of Rossville, Staten Island, or I would write to him and ask him to interpret the above quotation.

Again, he writes: "A sample error is that of De Canibus, with the dog that carried the cat to the rat hole. On that one incident, without any investigation into previous experiences of that dog, he deduces reasoning powers. Would any reasonable man arrive in a similar way at conclusions as to another man's acts?" etc.

Was it Talleyrand who said that "Language was invented to conceal one's thoughts"?

I confess that I do not see just where W. Wade is at.
DE CANIBUS.

The Cleveland Dog License System.

A DOG-LICENSE law had been in force for some years in our city, with its usual results. Animals were shot in front of their homes by the police. A gentleman told me he saw a dog coaxed out of the arms of a poorly dressed little girl and shot almost at her feet.

Those that were put in the dog-pound and drowned aroused the sympathy of the curious crowd. "It is an outrage," said one man, as he saw an immense Newfoundland struggling among the smaller dogs in the water.

Mr. C. M. Munhall, a prominent business man, and a member of the Kennel Club, had seen poor women come tremblingly to the city offices to pay the license of some pet creature which they held in their arms. The owners were not able to pay the fee, but could not see their pets killed.

"The poor should not keep dogs," say some. It is useless to argue with a certain class in the community, who think the poor have no place nor rights in this world.

Mr. Munhall, reasoning that a dog is "property," presumably in every State in the Union, as much as a horse or a cow, determined, if possible to "restrain the city from killing dogs." He employed a lawyer, a test case was brought—his dogs were not killed, as he was too well-known—and a "perpetual injunction" was obtained against the city. The license law was of no effect after the decision was rendered.

"The course I pursued," says Mr. Munhall, "is the only way to wipe out such illegal laws." If other cities would follow his example, through some man or woman who is a friend to animals, we might be spared the yearly slaughter of thousands in some of our large cities. Mr. Munhall obtained this injunction eight or ten years ago, and thereby proved himself a public benefactor. Nobody complains of surplus dogs here, except some persons to whom two dogs in a city are too many!

A prominent vivisector here has urgently advocated a dog-pound to "prevent pet animals from straying into the colleges, and it would give the latter a regular channel through which their material might be derived."

In this city of 400,000 people we have no more "mad dog" scares than in those places where license is rigidly enforced. Neither the city nor the Humane Society obtains money through the death of innocent animals, and the poor keep their faithful companions.

A letter lies before me from a well-known Ohio man, who has sixty dogs in his kennels. He says: "I love dogs—all dogs—and believe that they have all a right to live, and that no law is a just one that allows them to be killed by any society or any person. I believe in hu-

mane societies for the good they do, but it is not good they do when they destroy the life of any dog or other animal, unless said animal has been hurt or is diseased and cannot live."—Sarah K. Bolton in *Journal of Zoophily*.

Maryland Sportsmen's Exposition Association's Field Trials.

LAST week the Maryland Sportsmen's Exposition Association gave a true exemplar of the proper manner of conducting a field trial. There have been many trials held before, but these were rude, unrefined affairs, held far out in the country, where there were open fields and wild woods, wherein the birds bred, lived and had their being. This was at a stage of sportsmanship when men were unrefined and primitive, and therefore when what they did do or did not do was of the past, and when men were not properly equipped in the ethics of true sportsmanship.

As to the true manner of conducting a field trial, one must first discover a large city, and thereafter, if he wishes for the full meed of success, he must discover a reasonably smooth park, with its modern landscape gardening, all close to said city. Your correct modern shooting is of the park and not of the wilderness. Birds and dogs which are not of this standard are of a dark age or a long distance from town. In either instance they will not fulfil the requirements of a great educational exposition, such as Baltimore has had the great good fortune of witnessing, unless they forsake their obsolete ways.

The Field Trials.

There was a good number entered in the trial. The running was done just outside of the park, on a piece of ground almost devoid of cover, which of course was as it should be. There was a strip of woods adjoining this, but this was too thick for the dogs to show any speed or style, and the woods should therefore be removed. Furthermore, the birds were not of the kind that made good work possible. They were shipped from somewhere in the South, and those that survived the trip were in a dazed, droopy condition. Of the 400 that were purchased for the trials we are informed that nearly half of them died en route. Prior to a brace of dogs being ordered out for a run, a few of these birds would be liberated on the open ground. Most of these birds would squat right where they were put out, and never move until walked up. In this way they emitted but little scent, and of course made it difficult for the dog to secure a point, which was entirely the fault of the bird. Naturally covey points, where coveys did not exist, were out of question. The few dogs we saw run performed very commonplace. However, due allowance should be made for the conditions they had to contend with and the new theory of what they were there for.

The All-Age had fifteen starters. The Amateur Stake has twenty-seven entries.

The real manner of testing a dog's finding abilities has thus been proven to be on new lines distinctly different from the old. First, you buy your birds, turn them loose a few at a time adjacent to the city, and your real field dog is he who will point a weak, half-starved bird in a new cover. This has been tried before by many field trial clubs and every time it proved to be a failure, which shows how old-fashioned and unreliable they were and how much more advanced are modern institutions which have the sports of the wilderness transported to the heart of the city, where they truly belong. The field trials were necessarily a success, for Gen. Corbin pressed the electric button which started the mechanical wheels and put the gate in official action.

There was also great interest in the whippet races, for there were many famous racers theretofore unheard of which ran the course in very fast time, which has not yet been officially announced through the press. It was a great field, consisting of some half dozen dogs. En passant it may be mentioned that the bird show was not a thing to be sneezed at.

In the free-for-all field trial there was a strong field of five. The thrilling character of the work is thus described by the Baltimore Sun:

"The first brace put down was Dr. J. McCormick's Jim Thompson and C. E. Coffin's Prince Boris. They started well and it was soon seen that both were under good command. Prince Boris found a bird first, when Jim Thompson was brought up to back. He did it rather indifferently, finally passing the pointing dog and caught the bird. When sent on Prince Boris had just about steadied down to a point, when his owner going to him put up the bird. Prince was steady to flush. On the first bird found Jim T. once scented, but passed on without locating it.

"After a short trial in the open C. E. Coffin's Faust's Dan and Monocacy Kennels' Ripsaw were sent into rather thick cover. Dan was first to find, and when Ripsaw was called up to back he was just about pointing the same bird, when it flushed ahead of him. Both dogs were steady to shot. Ripsaw next made a good find in edge of woods, and Dan, called up to back, scented the bird and pointed. Ripsaw was entitled to the credit of the find. Near by in the open, though in heavy cover, Ripsaw got a second point, steady to shot. After thirty minutes' trial they were ordered up, Ripsaw showing the best speed and range and each showing good nose.

"In the trial of L. W. White's Friday and P. C. Gorman's Rap it was setter against pointer, the pointer proving an accurate and fast worker. Rap was quickly on stylish point; Friday backed indifferently. Sent on, Friday found and pointed, Rap backing, Friday breaking to shot, with Rap steady. In next field Rap pointed, Friday backing promptly. The bird proved a running one. Rap did a beautiful piece of working in roading and locating 50 or 60 yds. away. Rap showed good form, working out his ground well, locating with accuracy, excelling in pace and range, considering the character of the ground."

Jim made a mistake in the first heat, inasmuch as he walked by and picked up the weakling. No doubt that man and gun will be adjusted to test their powers on these birds when these trials become universal and the old trials become obsolete.

Now to the third day. The thrilling struggle of this day is thus described by the Sun:

"The field trials of bird dogs were continued. They began before 10 in the morning with two brace, whose work did not compare very favorably with that of Tuesday. The first brace put down was Harry Bock's English setter bitch Hottie Molly, with G. L. Harrison's pointer dog Tip, of Consolation. The dogs did not seem to expect game until a partridge flushed before Tip. In next field Tip pointed a single bird and left it; Hottie Molly passed in ahead, flushed, and chased it. Sent on, Tip made game, and while being cautioned by the handler the bird flushed ahead. A few moments later he pointed a dead bird.

"The second brace was J. Bramble's pointer dog Bang, with J. Roger McSherry's pointer bitch Ripple. They showed better range and speed from the start. Ripple using her nose and hunting, Bang rather giving the impression at the start that he was only out for a run. The only game found was a dead bird that Ripple first pointed and then brought in.

"Owing to a mistake in applying the right names to a brace which ran Tuesday there was a mistake in describing the work between Rap and Friday. Friday did the better work and it was credited to Rap.

"In the afternoon the first series of the free-for-all, or professional stake, was finished, and one brace of the second series was tried. The first brace down was G. L. Harrison's pointer dog Sport C., with L. W. White's setter dog Ben. First came a false point by Ben, Sport backing indifferently at command. Sent on, the dogs were worked up the wind to a bird marked down, when Ben dropped to point, Sport backing. In the meantime Sport pointed a bird in a bottom below, Ben refusing to back. Sport was unsteady to shot twice, and did not take much interest in his work, but showed good nose when he happened on game. Ben showed good speed, but little style.

L. W. White's Ponce, a pointer dog, ran a bye, being the odd dog. He showed good speed, pointed once on game, but to other points claimed nothing could be raised. He seemed a little too cautious on scent. This closed the first series.

"Ripsaw, belonging to J. Roger McSherry's Monocacy Valley Kennels, and Friday, belonging to Dr. L. W. White, were selected as first brace in the second series, and both made a good showing both in speed and style. After working across the open to good cover in the woods Ripsaw first pointed stanchly, Friday backing promptly. Moving on, Friday pointed, when the bird ran, Ripsaw locating him again. Further down the ravine Ripsaw pointed, but was a little unsteady to shot. Returning to the open, Ripsaw pointed in sedge grass, the bird getting up wildly a moment later and settling in the open. The dogs were worked toward him, when Friday pointed stanchly. There was a good run before finding game again. Friday pointed, but, moving on, he raised four birds, which went to timber near by. Here he pointed again. The dogs were then ordered up and the work for the day finished. The last brace gave the large crowd that followed a good exhibition of field trial work."

The next day Ripsaw won first, Friday second, Prince Boris third and Faust's Dan fourth.

In the Amateur Stakes there were twenty-seven starters. The work was as one might expect on weak birds turned out near a park. Prince Boris and Faust's Dan won first and second respectively, Ben third, Pride of Baltimore fourth.

The Beagle Trials.

Again the old methods were found to be obsolete, the true manner of testing the abilities of a beagle on fur is to turn him loose on fish, so a red herring was used. The thrilling chase is thus described by the Baltimore Sun:

"Last night trials were made with beagle hounds, which chased scents made by dragging herring on the ground. The dogs followed the scent, but did not give proper tongue. Then a Belgian hare was taken from a crate and dragged over a course. The dogs gave tongue and ran true to this. When the hare was released he refused to run, but unconcernedly awaited the dogs until an attendant picked him up. A domesticated white rabbit was next tried, but he wanted to run back and play with the dogs. To-night a number of native wild rabbits will be turned loose, and they will give the beagle hounds a merry chase. These races will take place in the park."

If the hounds will not chase fish, "drag" a hare. The hare proving a failure, try a "domesticated white rabbit." If this should prove a failure, turn loose some wild rabbits in the park where the people will need to go through the gate and buy a ticket to view the thrilling sport as it does not exist and as no mawkish hippodrome can make it exist. No details of this feature are necessary, for they did not even approximate to sport, though they had a gate significance. Sport of the wild woods and the ticket seller's office of the city are antagonistic.

Continental Field Trial Club.

UNDER date of April 19 Mr. Hobart Ames, president of the Continental Field Trial Club, North Easton, Mass., writes us as follows:

"I am sorry to inform you that owing to illness Mr. W. B. Means has been compelled to resign as secretary and treasurer of the Continental Field Trial Club. Mr. Theo. Sturges has kindly consented to act as secretary and treasurer the remainder of Mr. Meares' unexpired term."

Points and Flushes.

The fame of the great pointer Von Gull, whose success as a field-trial winner holds a high place in the records, is being further perpetuated. A new brand of cigar, manufactured by Messrs. Hettermann Bros. Co., Louisville, Ky., bears his name.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Yachting.

The Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. One-Design Class.

WE are indebted to the designer, Mr. G. H. Duggan, for the accompanying lines of the new one-design class now building for the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. Within the past four years this club has come prominently before the world as the successful patron of the smaller classes of racing yachts, its representative craft in the 15 and 20ft. classes, *Sothis*, *Glencairn I.*, *Glencairn II.*, *Dominion* and their numerous sister boats, being the fastest yet produced in their respective classes. With all the *eclat* and enthusiasm that has attended the repeated victories of these boats, the club has found it impossible to maintain among its members an interest in the modern racing machine, and only the necessity of a further defense of the Seawanhaka cup keeps the racing class alive. The expense of building, as carried on at Dorval, is considerably less than in the United States, and apart from some experiments in very light construction, the boats are as a class more serviceable and durable than those from the south side of the St. Lawrence; but with all this they are still too costly and generally undesirable to retain the interest of the yachtsmen of Lake St. Louis.

The new one-design class has been started to provide a fast boat, well fitted for general sailing and class racing under local conditions, but less extreme in type, less costly, more generally useful and more durable in construction; while not liable to be out-built in a single season. Compared with the small yachts of a few years ago, the design would still be extreme in form and sail area; but at the same time it is far abler than the latest racing type, and better fitted for the average sailor. The dimensions are:

Length—	
Over all	33ft. 6in.
L.W.L.	20ft.
Beam—	
Extreme	8ft. 8in.
L.W.L.	7ft. 3in.
Draft—	
Hull	10in.
With board	6ft.
Freeboard—	
Bow	2ft. 3in.
Least	1ft. 6in.
Counter	1ft. 8in.
Sail area—	
Mainsail	400 sq. ft.
Jib	120 sq. ft.
Total	520 sq. ft.

Gasolene Engines and Launches.—VI.

BY F. K. GRAIN.

(Concluded from page 297, April 15.)

SCRAPERS.—Very good boat scrapers are made by turning up the end of an old flat file and grinding to the required edge, wrap the hand end with cord or rag, otherwise it will hurt the hands if used for a long time at once.

PRESERVING UNUSED PAINT.—To keep white lead from hardening after the keg has been opened, fill or cover the lead with water.

PUTTY, CARE OF STAIN.—Putty placed under water will also keep soft. To make cherry stain, take burnt sienna and a little rose pink mixed thin with oil, turpentine and a little dryer.

BRASS POLISH.—To polish brass take any of the best makes of polish, apply with a piece of waste or rag, and after having stood for an hour or so, rub with a strip of cotton flannel, following afterward with silicon or whiteness, which will remove all the grease left from the polish and give a clean and brilliant luster. If you desire to leave your brass work without care for any length of time give it a coat of vaseline, using a new paint brush to apply it with.

PRESERVING OIL CLOTH.—Should the oil cloth in the boat show signs of wear or become dull, give it a coat or two of varnish, in fact, if you will varnish the back of your cloth when new, it will add greatly to its life, as the back part is first to be attacked by dampness.

STERN LINES.—It is well when the water is shallow or the boat lays around at low tide to put out a stern line or anchor, which will prevent the boat swinging or riding up and then resting on a fluke of the anchor which often results in a hole and a sunken boat.

FENDERS.—A very good fender to place on the stern of your yawl boat is the heel of an old rubber boot. Old garden hose with a rope of suitable length run through it makes a very fair side fender.

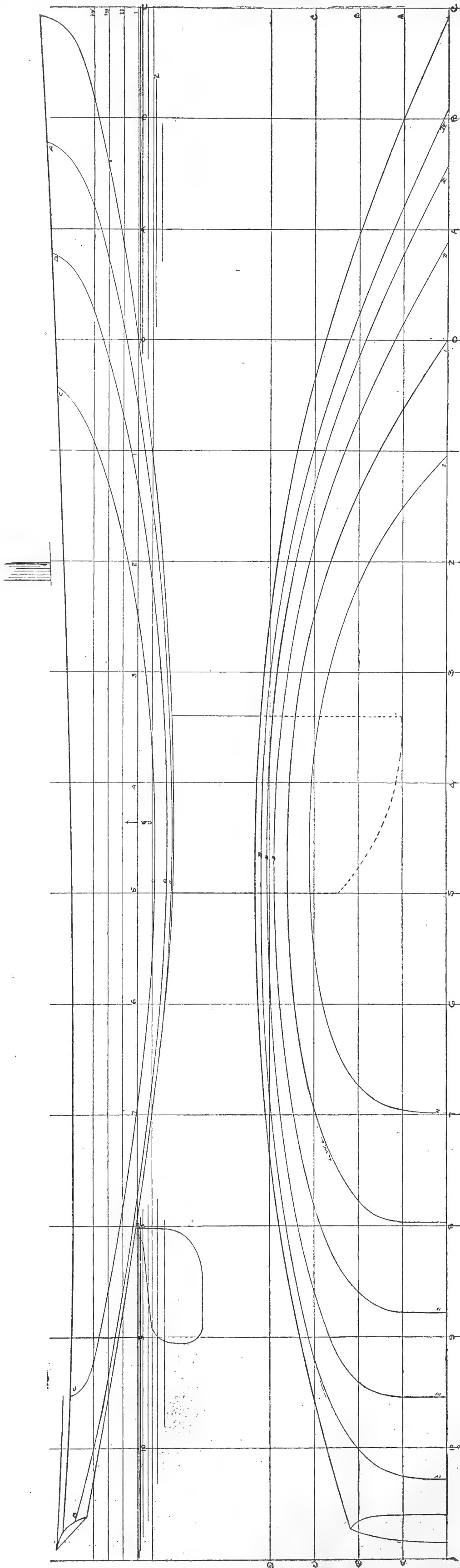
CABLES TO PRESERVE.—If you are using the same cable to anchor with continually, it is well to change ends every two weeks, as it will materially add to the life of the rope, giving one end a chance to dry out and preventing it fouling with slime, weeds, etc.

ROPES SWELLING.—Always remember in buying new rope that it will swell after being in use, therefore, if to reeve through blocks care must be taken to allow ample room for swelling.

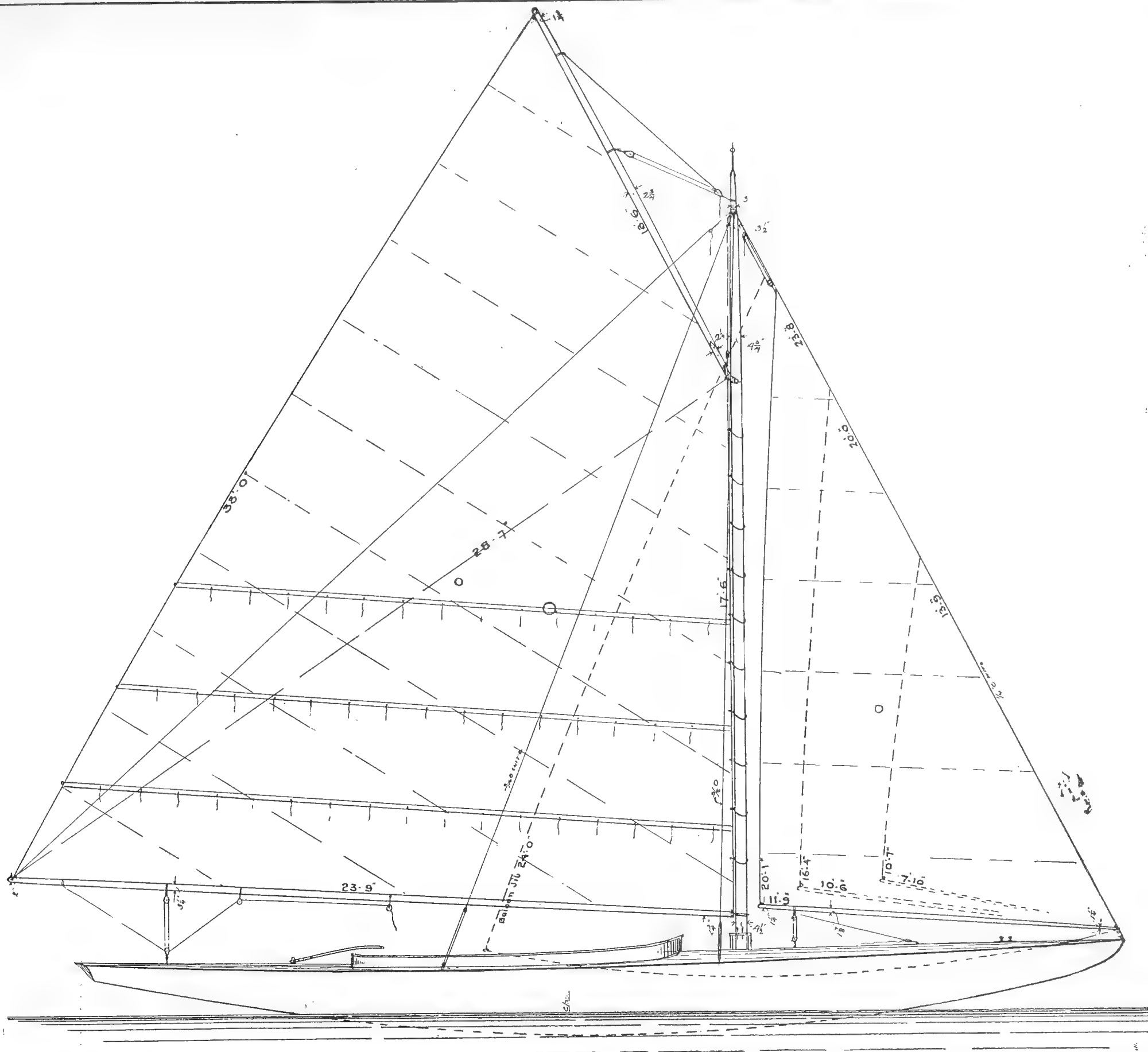
BROOM.—Keep an old broom aboard to wash the mud off of anchor before taking on deck; it will save you lots of work.

REPAINTING.—If your boat looks dirty outside, don't repaint until you have scrubbed it with soap and water. Salt water soap can be had for that purpose; this may save you repainting, and the necessary loss of use and time, and in any case would have to be done.

KINKS IN ROPES.—To keep new rope from kinking fasten one end to a post or anything convenient, then stretch it out full length, pull as hard as you can all the while, turning or twisting the opposite way from which it is twisted, or in other words, unwind it. A little twisting and pulling will take some of them out, and it will be found to be quite pliable. Another good way is to allow it to tow astern.



NEW ONE-DESIGN CLASS, DESIGNED BY G. H. DUGGAN, ESQ., FOR THE ROYAL ST. LAWRENCE Y. C., 1899.



SAIL PLAN OF ROYAL ST. LAWRENCE Y. C. ONE-DESIGN CLASS.

FOULING OF PROPELLER.—If the propeller wheel gets wound up with grass or rope, it can generally be cleared by reversing the direction of the wheel. When a reversible bladed wheel is used it will be necessary, however, to turn the wheel backward by means of the fly wheel.

TILLER STOPS.—Always be sure to have stops placed each side of the tiller or yoke, otherwise in backing the rudder is liable to turn sufficiently to be hit by the propeller.

WATERPROOF CANVAS.—To waterproof a canvas cover paint it with equal parts of turpentine, raw and boiled linseed oil.

TOWING.—When towing alongside of another boat and ready to part company, always cast off stern line first, otherwise you are liable before you can cast off the stern line to swing apart, one boat then pulling sideways on the other, which often results in an upset.

MICA INSULATING WASHERS.—To cut new insulating mica washers, use two sizes of good sharp gouges, placing the mica on the butt end of a piece of hard wood.

CUTTING GLASS.—To cut glass, rounding or irregular shape, use a stout pair of shears, holding the glass under water while cutting. To cut india rubber, wet the tool with naphtha or water.

STEAM, WATER AND GAS PIPE.—Steam, water and gas pipes are made in sizes beginning $\frac{1}{8}$, $\frac{1}{4}$, $\frac{3}{8}$, $\frac{1}{2}$, $\frac{3}{4}$, $1\frac{1}{4}$, $1\frac{1}{2}$ and 2 in., and from that up, varying $\frac{1}{2}$ in. in size, the measurements being the inside diameter. All sizes up to 1 in. are butt welded, and above that, lap welded seams.

FITTINGS.—Fitting elbows, Ts, etc., are made of malleable iron, light weight for gas, ditto, heavy with reinforce around joint, and cast-iron for steam or heavy pressure. There are also steel fittings made, but not in general use. Brass fittings are made rough, dipped and finished. Brass pipe is made a hundred of varying sizes, both in diameter and thickness of metal, and as such is called tubing. It is also made of the same diameter and thickness as iron pipe, on which the same joint threading is used. This is called brass pipe, iron size.

IRON AND BRASS PIPE.—All iron and brass pipe is made of standard size, as are also the fittings, all using a standard thread of joints. To bend brass pipe or tubing, fill with melted resin, which will prevent its collapsing.

BENDING PIPES.—Iron pipe under 2 in. can be generally bent cold, unless the bend is very short, in which case it requires a special plant.

ANCHOR TRIPS.—If anchoring on rocky bottom always put a trip line on your anchor, otherwise it is liable to become fast under a rock. Take a small line, make fast to one of the flukes, then bury the free end. By hauling on this line the anchor can always be tripped without trouble.

TOWING YAWLS.—Be careful to make your yawl boat fast close up to the stern, also see that the free end of the painter is not overboard, otherwise you are liable to wind the rope around the propeller, especially when backing.

LIGHTS.—The lights to be carried by motor launches must conform with the rules of the Steam Vessel Inspection Service. For small launches they must consist of four lights.

A green light on starboard side.

A red light on port side.

A white light carried between and above the two former.

When at anchor a white or riding light must be carried on a pole as high as possible above the deck.

WHISTLES.—

If one whistle she should blow
To starboard then your bow must go;
And speeding on across the tide,
She'll pass to port along your side.
If two whistles she should blow,
Why then to port your bow must go;
And if the space is fair and wide
You'll pass along her starboard side.
From three short blasts 'tis yours to learn
That she is going full speed astern.

LIGHTS.—

When both side lights you see ahead
Port your helm and show your red.
Green to green, or red to red,
Perfect safety, go ahead.
When upon your port is seen
A stranger's starboard light of green,
There's not so much for you to do
For green to port keeps clear of you.

RIGHT OF WAY.—Boat first—Signalling secures right of way.

Affirmative—Answering signal should be same number of blasts.

Negative—Answering signal several short and rapid blasts.

One Blast—Steer to starboard, port sides passing.

Two Blasts—Steer to port, starboard sides passing.

Three Short Blasts—Going astern.

Salute—Three long blasts.

Distress—Continuous long blowing, or successive short

blasts; also turning flag upside down.

LAWS.—A copy of the laws governing the navigation of steam and motor vessels, with a great deal of other valuable data can be had gratis by applying to the nearest office of the Steam Vessel Inspection Service.

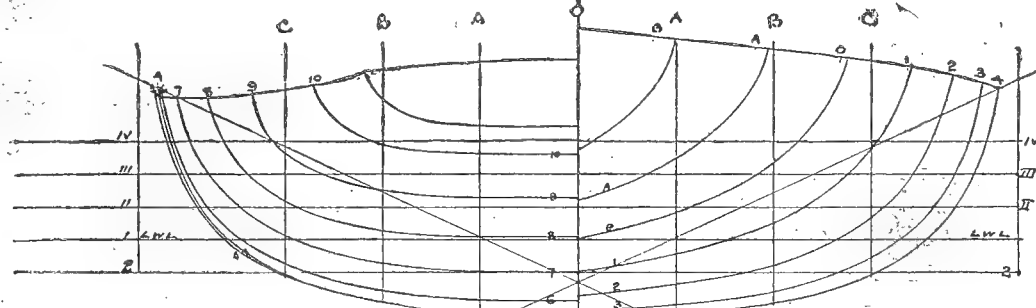
One Statute Mile—5,280ft.

One Nautical Mile—6,120ft.

AUXILIARY.—Of late years the auxiliary has become quite popular, and perhaps for all-round pleasure there is no better type of boat. It combines all the pleasure and excitement of sailing, with the uncertainty occasioned by calms, and head winds let out. As most boat owners are limited to certain hours for sailing, especially as no time of return home, the auxiliary will afford many days of pleasure free of worry, that otherwise could not be had.

Such a boat should have a good sail plan, with a motor of sufficient power to propel her without sails at from five to six miles. Almost any sailboat can be converted into an auxiliary; as, if necessary, the motor can be placed on either side of the centerboard, when there is not sufficient space or depth aft. The gasoline motor is certainly the ideal power for this type of boat, and in addition to power for propulsion, the motor can be used to run fans, lights, etc., and the same gasoline serves for a vapor cook stove. As these motors require no stack, condensers, or special tank fittings, etc., they can be installed very easily in old boats.

RAILROAD TRANSPORTATION.—In transporting launches by cars it will be found necessary to use a flat or gondola car, excepting for a very small boat, 15ft. or under. The launch should be securely fastened on a pair of good strong skids, forming a cradle, as this will greatly facilitate the loading and unloading, not to speak of cartage before or after the journey. The skids must be nailed and cleated to the bottom of the car, and a good tight cover of cloth or wood rigged over the whole. The rates for this class of freight are very high on all roads, it generally being rated at four times first-class. This is a point to be considered in purchasing at a distance. Boats of over 33ft. cannot be carried on a single car, nor can the height above the platform of the car be over 8ft.



Maryland Sportsmen's Exposition Association Tournament.

BALTIMORE, Md.—The tournament that was run here in connection with the Maryland Sportsmen's Exposition can hardly be classed a success, owing to the fact that after the fourth day it had virtually resolved itself into a local shoot. When the management discovered that most of the visiting shooters were going to leave for home, it refused longer to carry out the programme, and declared that the added money as advertised for Friday would be withdrawn. Much disgust was felt thereat by the few shooters who were still on hand. Much of the failure of this shoot can be attributed to the manner in which the programme was arranged. For an amateur shoot, the programme provided for too much shooting, and the events were also too lengthy. Then again the manner in which the money was divided was hardly such as to appeal to the average amateur. With the old inequitable percentage system in vogue, the average amateur stands but little show of lasting over two days. At the very longest, a shoot of this kind should not continue over three days; that is, if one desires it to be a success. It is well to bear in mind that few of this class of shooters can remain away from their business for more than three or four days. Furthermore, one can get but so much shooting out of a crowd, and then it is done. Of course the winners are willing to continue, but the method of dividing the money in use at this shoot always enriches the few at the expense of the many. Four moneys and 20-bird events is a proposition that will tempt only the expert amateur, as, in order to get into the money, he would virtually have to shoot an 85 per cent. gait, and there are few that can do this in competition.

Had the programme consisted of 15-target events, and the money been divided by the Rose system, it would have proven much more satisfactory.

It is well to keep in mind that but few shooters will shoot an entire week unless it is his business to do so. This business class was barred here. The manner in which the shooting was conducted when it was once in progress also robbed it of much of its pleasure, which precludes the possibility of classing it as sport.

The amount of labor involved made it much more like a hired man plowing, for it was one continuous round of shooting once you were called to the score. With so few shooters participating, it would have been much pleasanter to shoot all the events over one set of traps, instead of two, as was here the case.

This worked additional hardship on the shooter, as he no sooner finished his score on one set of traps when he was told to get twenty more shells to proceed to shoot the next event. This further added to the difficulty of making good scores, for as a rule only men of strong physique can stand such a strain. In this active manner five events were shot, after which an intermission for dinner was taken, following which the same procedure continued until everyone was shot out.

The management further erred when it permitted Sim Glover to participate on the first day as an amateur. This was rather inconsistent in view of the fact that at all other shoots where the line is drawn Glover has always been compelled to shoot in the professional class. This too created no little dissention, for through it Glover was permitted to win seventy odd dollars which should have found their way into the pockets of the amateurs. True, it was submitted to a vote of the shooters as to whether or not Mr. Glover should be allowed to shoot for the money. But one shooter, Dupont, had the courage of his convictions to vote No; but this vote was taken in Mr. Glover's presence, and had this not been the case, no doubt it would probably have been the other way. At night additional protests were entered, and the next day Mr. Glover was debarred from shooting for the money.

Mr. Glover, however, claims that he is not in the employment of any one, and does not receive any money for expenses, and that he also shoots his own money.

This classing of shooters bids fair to continue a vexed question.

Tourists.

Among the out-of-town shooters who were present are such well-known shooters as Wallace Miller and J. A. Jackson, Austin, Tex.; J. D. Gay, Pine Grove, Ky.; Col. Martin, Bluffton, S. C.; C. C. Nauman, San Francisco, Cal.; E. D. Hobb, New Market, Md.; Sim Glover, Rochester, N. Y.; the Mallory brothers, of Parkersburg, W. Va.; Pentz, Harpers, Ferry, Va.; Clay, Piedmont, W. Va.; Pearre, Fredricks City, Md.; John W. Coleman, Portland, Me.; F. W. Moffett, Bloomfield, N. J.; also Bob Emslie, the baseball umpire. The trade was represented by John Parker and Tom Keller of the Peters Cartridge and Kings Powder Co.; Jack Fanning, of the Gold Dust Powder; B. H. Norton, Hazard powder; and H. P. Collins, the local Du Pont powder representative.

The tournament was held at Prospect Park, and the arrangements for conducting the shoot were first class. Ample preparations had been made for handling a very large number of shooters, as there were four sets of target traps arranged on the Sergeant system, and two sets of King's live-bird traps in position.

Mr. Hawkins managed the target events, while Mr. Malone had charge of affairs when live-bird shooting was in progress. In the cashier's office Mr. J. K. Starr, of Philadelphia, held sway, and all these departments were well taken care of. The scoring was not always correct, as one of the scorers persisted in watching the shooting instead of paying strict attention to the work in hand. Thus it frequently occurred that he would score as he saw, in place as the referee announced.

This tournament was not conducted under the auspices of the Baltimore Shooting Association, and has no connection with the one announced by this organization for next week. However, the members of this Association contributed in every way possible to help make this shoot a success. Many of its members participated in the events, and endeavored in every way to continue the shooting as provided in the programme; this notwithstanding they were in no way interested. Very few shot through the day's target programme, but of those who did Fanning and Nauman were high; the former had an average of .938 and the latter .886.

First Day, Monday, April 17, Live Birds.

The programme consisted of four events, but as these were soon disposed of, several extras were also shot. The first event was 5 birds, \$5, high guns. This showed the following entries and scores: Col. Martin 5, Hicks, Norton, Gay, Hill, Coe, Dupont, Emslie and Malone 4, Collins and Leland 3, Glover 4.

No. 2 was 7, \$7, also high guns. This resulted: Hicks, Malone and Fox 7, Col. Martin and Hill 6, Dupont, Glover, Hobbs and Coe 5, Norton, Leland, Emslie and Dixon 4, Collins 3.

Then followed the 15-bird event, the entrance being \$15, class shooting. The division was 50, 30 and 20 per cent. The scores of this are given in full, and show, as is frequently the case, that second money paid better than first. The two straight men, Martin and Gay, got 50 per cent., or rather 25 per cent. each. While Smith, the only 14, got 30 per cent. There were two 13s. Thus only five of the fifteen contestants got a share of the purse.

An extra 10-bird event was shot. This showed nineteen entries, but not a single straight, though seven finished with but a single loss.

After this several miss-and-outs were shot. This first had eight entries, and Gay and Hicks cut up the purse on 6 kills each.

The next had but five entries and the debate ended when Hicks, Gay and Malone had each scored 7.

The last had a like number of entries, and here Gay and Hicks were again in evidence, as they were the only ones who could run up a total of 5.

Gay did the best shooting of the day, scoring 42 out of 45. All his shooting was from the 30yds. mark.

The weather conditions were fine, there being very little wind.

Event No. 4 was as follows:

Hill, 28	2222202122-9	S T Mallory, 27	0122222202-8
Smith, 29	2122220222-9	Collins, 26	2020112122-8
Gay, 30	2022222222-9	Glover, 29	0221210022-7
Linthicum, 28	1122022222-9	Mann, 27	0220021222-7
Coe, 29	1222022222-9	F E Mallory, 28	0022220221-7
Hicks, 30	1222022222-9	Dickson, 27	010220102-6
Fox, 30	111121022-9	Hood, 29	2002122200-6
Col Martin, 30	1221222200-8	Leland, 27	1001112000-5
Malone, 30	111011210-8	Norton, 26	2021002020-5
Dupont, 29	1011112210-8		

Second Day, Tuesday, April 18.

The attendance at the opening day of the tournament was about up to the average. The weather conditions were all that one could ask, being decidedly favorable to good shooting.

Fanning's shooting is worthy of special mention, as he put up the excellent percentage of 95. By scoring his first 59 straight he got off on the right foot, and readily realized how essential this is in making a good average. It naturally followed that in the face of such good shooting he should be at the head of the procession. However, his margin is not great, as Sim Glover,

who made his debut as an amateur here, is but one bird short of his total, while so far as shekels are concerned he has these to let, as he is some seventy odd dollars ahead for the day, while Fanning, who was shooting for targets only, got but the glory and the privilege of paying for his targets. Gay is third, a bird behind Glover. There is quite a little gap between Gay and Fox, a local man, who is fourth. There is average money to the extent of \$25, which is divided on a basis of 50, 30 and 20 per cent. This went to Glover, Gay and Fox in the order named, and netted them respectively \$12.50, \$7.50 and \$5. The old percentage system of dividing the purse is in vogue here, and as on several occasions first was won without a tie, it netted quite a nice sum, as the ratio was 40, 30, 20 and 10. Glover and Gay were the most fortunate ones in this respect.

The names of all the principals in to-day's shoot appear in the table appended in the order of merit. The programme consisted of ten 20-target events:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Fanning	20	20	19	17	20	18	14	19	19	19	200	189	.950
Glover	18	19	19	20	17	20	19	20	18	19	200	189	.945
Gay	17	19	20	18	19	19	20	17	20	19	200	188	.940
Fox	18	19	20	18	16	16	19	16	17	20	200	179	.895
F E Mallory	18	19	17	17	18	16	19	17	19	18	200	178	.890
Nauman	12	18	19	19	19	17	16	16	19	16	200	171	.855
Lupus	12	18	17	16	16	19	18	17	18	19	200	170	.850
Malone	16	17	14	17	17	16	16	19	19	18	200	169	.845
Martin	15	16	15	18	16	15	19	18	20	16	200	168	.840
Hill	16	17	14	17	17	16	18	16	17	13	200	165	.825
Dupont	16	17	17	16	16	15	15	18	19	19	200	165	.825
Hood	16	17	17	16	16	15	12	18	15	18	200	159	.795
Keller	15	17	15	14	15	16	13	15	19	16	200	155	.775
Jackson	16	18	15	12	17	17	14	17	14	14	200	154	.770
S F Mallory	11	13	10	15	18	14	20	17	17	16	200	152	.760
Miller	13	13	17	19	14	13	16	10	16	16	200	147	.735
Leland	16	14	16	17	16	14	14	15	14	8	200	145	.720
Hicks	11	16	14	15	18	10	15	8	15	17	200	139	.695
Collins	8	9	12	9	12	17	13	13	13	13	200	134	.670
Coleman	13	16	11	14	13	13	11	18	13	11	200	133	.665
Norton	10	15	12	10	11	11	13	14	15	14	200	125	.620
Storr											100	87	.870
Henderson											60	49	.816
Hobbs	19										60	48	.800
Clay											100	74	.740
Williams											20	14	.700
Irwing	13	9	14								180	123	.683
Emslie	19	10	11								60	40	.666
Fairmouth											60	38	.633
Pearre											40	21	.600
Lenthicum	12										20	12	.600
Pentz	6	8	8								180	106	.588
Jamison											20	10	.500
McKinney											80	38	.475

Third Day, Wednesday, April 19.

Owing to some vigorous protests, the management decided to bar Glover from participating for the money, though it generously offered to permit him to shoot all the targets he cared to free of charge. Whether the turning loose of this one wolf in the flock of lambs had the result of keeping away any of them to-day is hard to say, but nevertheless there is a perceptible shrinkage in the number of those who shot through the entire events.

Fanning is again high man to-day, with a single break less than yesterday, though to-day he is shooting from the 18yds. mark. Nauman, the young Californian, showed his speed to-day by capturing first average money, \$12.50, with an average of .925. Gay again got second, \$7.50, though his shooting really ranks second, as he is shooting from the same mark as Fanning. Malone, a home man, wins third average money, \$5, with .865. This is just a single break ahead of Fox, who was also on the 18yds. mark. But fifteen shot through the programme to-day, and two of these, Fanning and Norton, shot for birds only.

Under the division of 40, 30, 20 and 10, straights paid well, as there were never more than one in any event, with the exception of the last. The two lucky shooters were Nauman, with three straights to his credit, and Fox, with one. Fanning made two, but of course these netted him nothing. Gay, Martin and Hill all made straights in the last event.

Fine weather still prevails, and in this respect the management and principals have nothing to complain of.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Fanning, 18	18	19	20	19	20	18	19	19	18	19	200	189	.945
Nauman	19	18	20	19	19	19	20	20	18		200	185	.925
Gay, 18	19	19	17	19	18	19	18	19	16	20	200	184	.920
Malone	17	17	15	19	18	18	18	18	17	16	200	173	.865
Fox, 18	20	17	18	18	16	19	13	18	16	17	200	172	.860
Dupont	16	18	18	14	18	17	17	18	17	17	200	171	.855
Miller	16	19	17	16	16	15	19	17	17	19	200	171	.855
Martin	18	17	17	17	19	16	18	13	20		200	171	.855
Jackson	17	18	17	13	16	15	17	19	19	19	200	170	.850
F E Mallory	19	17	13	18	17	18	17	18	15		200	170	.850
Lupus	15	18	18	18	16	16	16	18	17	19	200	169	.845
Hill	16	15	16	19	16	17	17	15	19	20	200	166	.830
S T Mallory	16	11	17	12	14	18	17	16	17	19	200	157	.785
Hood	15	14	12	17	15	15	17	16	16	14	200	151	.755
Norton	14	17	13	14	15	7	13	12	17	10	200	133	.665
Keller	18										80	65	.812
Hobbs											40	32	.800
Runk	15	15									100	76	.760
Leland											60	45	.750
Parker											60	44	.733
Hayward											120	85	.708
Sullivan											40	28	.700
Klausner											20	14	.700
Moffett											20	14	.700
Irwing	16	15	17	8	15	14					180	125	.694
Mimmick	12	12	12	15	15	11	19				180	124	.688
Coleman	15	13	17	11	12						100	68	.680
Smith											20	13	.650
Jamison											80	46	.575
Pearre	11										80	45	.562
Pentz											100	51	.510
Gardner											20	10	.500

Fourth Day, Thursday, April 20.

That Fanning outclasses all the other shooters here is evident from the fact that he has remained at the top from the start. His percentage is not so good as on the two preceding days, though .920 will always rank well to the top in any company. Nauman to-day is on the 18yds. mark, though this did not prevent him from capturing first average, but it reduced his percentage somewhat. Dupont (Ducker), one of the home contingent, came to the front to-day and stopped but one bird short of Nauman. Jackson and E. T. Mallory took third average money on .860. The Mallory brothers shot a very even race, just one bird separating them at the close. Malone, at 18yds., found it more difficult to negotiate the targets. Really the best performance of the day was that of young Fox.

Unfortunately he could only participate in seven of the events, but in these he showed the best form of all the contestants, as he has an average of .935.

From indications it looks very much as though there will be little shooting to-morrow, as most of the visiting shooters are talking of going home. Gay was called home on a telegram, while Miller and Jackson, and the Mallory brothers speak of going also. With this reduction in numbers there will be but few left. Under these circumstances it would not surprise me if the management would declare the shooting off.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Fanning, 18	18	20	19	17	18	19	18	19	18	18	200	184	.920
Nauman, 18	18	17	19	16	17	17	18	18	19	17	200	176	.880
Dupont	18	17	19	16	16	17	18	18	18	18	200	175	.875
Jackson	14	17	19	20	17	16	17	18	17	17	200	172	.860
E T Mallory	20	19	16	16	17	18	16	17	14	19	200	172	.860
F E Mallory	18	20	17	19	17	16	19	17	15		200	171	.855
Malone, 18	18	18	18	17	17	17	17	16	17		200	170	.850
Hill	17	16	18	17	16	16	20	16	19	15	200	169	.845
Martin	17	17	16	19	19	17	14	15	17	16	200	167	.835
Lupus	14	18	16	18	14	17	14	18	16	19	200	164	.820
Miller	15	16	17	18	13	16	16	17	18	16	200	162	.810
Haywood	18	17	18	13	17	16	16	17	13	17	200	162	.810
Parker	14	14	15	14	16	18	15	17	14	18	200	155	.775
Moffett	7	13	12	15	11	10	13	16	17	17	200	141	.705
Fox	20	19	18	19	19	17	19	140	131	.935
Gay, 18	16	15	16	19	18	100	84	.840
Keller	17	17	40	34	.850
Mimmick	19	..	16	15	14	80	64	.800
Klouser	15	16	18	12	16	18	16	15	160	126	.787
Clay	16	17	15	13	17	100	78	.780
Franklyn	14	..	16	40	30	.750
Leland	18	15	14	14	13	100	74	.740

St. Louis Shooting Association.

Mr. GEO. MUNSON, of St. Louis, sends us the following concerning the forthcoming tournament of the St. Louis Shooting Association:

Everything is hustle and bustle at Du Pont Shooting Park, in St. Louis, these days, as Superintendent J. A. Corray has a big gang of men at work preparing the grounds, erecting a new club house and placing new traps, so that everything will be in tiptop shape when the shooters arrive to compete in the twenty-second annual shoot of the Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association, which will be held May 15 to May 20 under the auspices of the St. Louis Shooting Association.

On Saturday, May 13, Mr. Rolla Heikes, of Dayton, O., and Mr. J. E. Riley, of Kansas City, will shoot a match at 100 live birds at Du Pont Park. The amount of the side bet has not been decided on as yet, but it will not be less than \$100 or more than \$250, the loser to pay for the birds. Mr. Heikes, is one of the best-known sportsmen in the country, and is regarded as one of the best shots in the land. Mr. Riley is an old resident of Kansas City, and has been for years considered one of the best shots in the live-bird shoots in the West. Without any practice, Mr. Riley defeated a field of forty-five for the Kansas City Star championship cup in 1896. J. A. R. Elliott, immediately challenged Mr. Riley for the cup and defeated him. Mr. Riley was vice-president of the Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association in 1886, and has been an ardent admirer of the rod and gun ever since. Mr. Heikes has defeated a great many men who have said more about their shooting ability than Mr. Riley, but he says he has never entertained a harder shooter than this man from Kansas City.

This match between Messrs. Heikes and Riley will inaugurate the new live-bird traps that are being placed in position at Du Pont Park. These traps will be a decided novelty to every sportsman who attends the May tournament. They are the invention of Mr. E. D. Fulford, of Utica, N. Y., who is not only a first-class man with the shotgun, but also a skilled mechanic. These traps are made of very heavy steel. The pigeons are put in from an underneath trap, the trapper boys and pigeons being in a pit 6ft. deep and 60ft. long. The operation of each trap is controlled by a lever, the slightest movement of which opens the trap, making it lie perfectly flat on the ground and leaves the pigeon exposed to view in an instant. The noise of the traps scares the pigeon, and he, seeing daylight all around him, takes wing immediately.

Pigeons that would be slow flyers in ordinary traps are fast birds when trapped by this new system. It approaches as nearly as possible to the flight of a bird in the field upon which the hunter has come unexpectedly, and while perfectly fair to the shooter, is also fair to the bird.

The improvement in ammunition and guns has been so great in the past ten years that high scores have become possible to a great many amateur shooters. Trap-shooting clubs throughout the country have recognized this fact and have handicapped the shooter by placing him at a greater distance from the bird than was formerly the practice. In former years 28yds. was considered a proper distance for an expert shooter, but nowadays 30yds. is the place where most experts stand, and some are placed as far back as 32yds. This does not seem like much of a handicap, but as it makes the pattern of the load very much larger, so that the bird may escape through it and it lessens the penetration of the shot. A bird may be hit with seven or eight pellets of shot and still have strength enough to fly over the boundary line, whereas if the shooter had been closer to him the shot would have gone clear through the bird, and would of course have stopped his flight immediately.

Mr. W. V. Reiger, who has been engaged to officiate as referee at the May shoot has been official referee of the Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association for a number of years. Mr. Reiger is quite a modest man, with a clear eye and a correctness of decision of which few can equal. His decisions are never questioned, and this insures to the Association that the live-bird contests, as well as the target programme, will be conducted in a perfect manner.

Mr. J. J. Hallowell, of Phoenix, Ariz., has accepted the position of manager of the May tournament. Mr. Hallowell does not need an introduction to many shooters of the country, as he has traveled extensively all over the United States, shooting his way to the front at all times. Mr. Hallowell learned to shoot off the back of a bucking broncho on the plains of Arizona, and probably has few equals as an off-hand revolver marksman in the land. He is a typical Westerner in appearance, being almost a giant in size, and has the physical ability as well as the nerve to make his ruling stick as manager of the coming shoot, should there be any occasion for such treatment.

Centerdale Gun Club.

CENTERDALE, R. I., April 15.—Our second medal shoot brought good weather and a good crowd to-day. Everybody was pleased at the handicapping, as the scores were all very even. A three-cornered match had been arranged between Root, Bain and Reiner, but at the last moment Griffith was taken in, and he won out, with Reiner second. It was a fine day to shoot, and some of the boys who do not generally shoot very well did excellent work. Our traps worked fine to-day, as we have overcome previous hitches. Below are all the scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	10	10	10	10	25	10	Targets:	10	10	10	10	25	10
Reiner	7	8	7	10	Parker	7	..
Slade	8	7	8	7	17	..	Remington	19	..
Griffith	4	7	8	9	Repeater	8
Phetteplace	9	5	Collins	5
McCormick	7	6	5	6	13	..	Harris	7
Inman	7	7	7	10	Webster	5
Sweet	..	8	..	5	Arnold	7
Lister	3	Evans	6
Francotte	16

Medal handicap race:		Points.		Points.
Griffith, scratch.....	20	..	Norton, 10	10 ..
Slade, 5.....	23	3	Sweet, 7	22 2
Inman, 5.....	21	..	Arnold, 6	22 2
Phetteplace, 6	24 4	..	Remington, 5	20 ..
Francotte, 4.....	25 5	..	Root, s	21 1
McCormick, 7.....	20	..	Sheldon, s.....	21 1
Bain, s.....	23	3	Evans, 7	23 3
Reiner, 2	20	..		

Special match race, 75 birds:	Points.
Griffith	22 24 22—68
Reiner	21 22 22—65

Sherbrooke Gun Club.

SHERBROOKE, P. Q., April 19.—The Sherbrooke Club has come out of its winter shell and started practice in earnest, preparatory for the prospective series of matches and tournaments. Shooting has been going on for two months in a spattering way, with an attendance of anywhere from two to six. But now Joe and his gang has quit exercising Widow Green's fox and settled down to business, and last Saturday there was a fairly representative turnout. Five hundred targets were thrown in the course of two hours and a half, and enough of them broken to show that as soon as the boys get limbered up a little they will be in condition to challenge Montreal for that League cup. A match is on between Craig, the present holder of the Provincial championship cup, and Goodhue, though the date is not arranged yet. The main event ahead of us is our grand annual, on July 1, Dominion Day, open to all amateurs, and we are going to try to break our record this year.

We hope to see all the old faces, and many new ones on that day, and will do our best to make it pleasant for them. The boys are going to Westmount's shoot on May 24, and several of them to Bellows Falls in June, to the Interstate, and anywhere else within a reasonable distance, where a shoot takes place between now and July 1, and their business will be to shoot and whoop up our "annual." C. H. Foss.

Washington Heights Gun Club.

NEW YORK, April 19.—The scores of the Washington Heights Gun Club made at their new shooting grounds, at Fred Lohbawers, Trogg's Neck, Westchester, on Tuesday, April 18, were as follows:

H Forester, 23	2222222212—10	F Mehler, 28	0020002000—2
R Romer, 27	002022*101—4	E Steffens, 28	12001*1111—7
W Oliver, 26	0001020210—4	F S Ober, 25	0001022*10—4
E Doeinck, 28	*20222222—7	C Schaeffer, 28	1110110101—6
G Nowak, 28	22*022 222—8	A Dietzel, 28	0101121001—6
J H Voss, 30	110*22*111—7	J A Belden, 23	1222022201—8
F Trostel, 23	0212*2*110—6

ON LONG ISLAND.

Sheepshead Bay Rod and Gun Club.

Sheepshead Bay, L. I., April 20.—Twenty-two shooters faced the trap at the Sheepshead Bay Rod and Gun Club's shoot, all of whom were confident of carrying off the honors of the day. The first 12 birds met the ground, but the 13th man, Col. Geo. Tappen, started the goose egg rolling until there were but two men left with clean scores, killing their 7 straight. In the shoot-off Mr. McKane killed a difficult right-quarter bird, which made his opponent slightly nervous, causing him to miss his 10th bird. Those who shot 12-gauge guns stood at 23yds.; 10-gauge, 27yds. Mr. Ira McKane won the shoot-off and the badge.

I McKane	1112112—7	G Morris	2020112—5
F Lundy	2022221—6	G Tappen	0111012—5
T Osborn	2200201—4	W Lundy	2202022—5
J Burns	1102102—5	D Martin	0011101—4
H Montauw, Jr.	112210—6	R Smith	0002010—2
Frank Lundy	1022101—5	W Boyle	0100000—1
A Soeller	1000100—2	J Voorhies	0121222—6
H Williamson	111111—7	J Pillion	2200110—4
H Kromka	2200022—4	A Fransoli	20110—4
H Koch	1121101—6	T Elfers	0010202—3
F Fricken	2020120—4	Wm Biddle	111120—6

Shoot-off for the badge:
I McKane211 H Williamson110

Emerald Gun Club.

Brooklyn, L. I., April 18.—The monthly shoot of the Emerald Gun Club took place to-day. Dr. O'Connell, J. S. S. Remsen, E. J. Clark and E. O. Weiss killed straight. The scores follow:

G B Hillers, 28	2110221122—9	J J Pillion, 28	2121*20110—7
E O Weiss, 28	2122221221—10	G K Breit, 25	0020000020—2
C W Billings, 28	*2*210111—7	C Stuetzle, 25	0122001201—6
Dr G Hudson, 29	2*2221112—9	Dr O'Donohue, 25	2212011121—1
E J Clark, 29	2221122212—10	G Ellerhorst, 25	0210000210—4
Dr O'Connell, 29	211222222—10	B F Amend, 28	0222*2222—8
H P Fessenden, 28	220022*02—5	O Brown, 28	0011101*22—6
R Regan, 25	1200121012—7	C Rathjens, 28	1111*0001—6
W Joeger, 28	2210*0212—6	C Wigger, 28	001001210—4
S M Van Allen, 29	022222022—8	T Short, 28	11*211221—8
F Durr, 25	2022*21221—8	J Gallin, 25	0020102020—4
G Brown, 28	220100100—4	W Catton, 28	1110201012—7
J H Moore, 28	1120100111—7	T Codey, 25	0100*2111—5
E A Vroom, 29	212111 202—9	J Woolfel, 28	*02002112—5
A Scheubel, 28	1121110112—9	Dr Groehl, 25	0000200220—3
Dr Hillman, 28	1212212201—9	J S S Remsen, 29	1121211222—10

Sweepstakes, 5 birds, \$25:			
Dr O'Connell	22*22-4	Wigger	21210-4
Remsen	22 22-5	Stillman	21211-5
Short	21011-4	Hudson	02221-4
Breit	00201-2	Billings	11112-5
Amend	20022-3	Donohue	11120-4
Scheubel	12112-5	Moore	0*211-3

Brooklyn Gun Club.

Brooklyn, L. I., April 24.—On Saturday last we had a rattling good shoot; sixteen shooters tried for the prizes. Event No. 4 (handicap misses as kills) and 7 are prize events, the prizes being 100 loaded shells. Nos. 5 and 6 were ties.

The first prize was won by W. J. Lane, he having to shoot off three times for it. The second was won by E. Brinton, of Philadelphia:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	15	15	25	..	10	10	25	25
Remsen	13	15	19	13	0	..	19	23
Babcock	6	11	19	15	4	17
Brinton	13	12	19	15	4	9	6	23
Skidmore	11	11	14	14	4	7	..	16
Taylor	10	..	12	15	5	7	..	20
Scheubel	11	..	20	15	4	8	..	19
Hopkins	12	..	19	15	3	8	..	21
Laney	11	..	23	20
Billings	17	10	3	19
Letts	12	4	8	15
Lane	..	11	15	15	4	9	9	19
Dr Creamer	14	15	5	17
Asmus	15	15	5	9	..	13
Dr Kemble	20	15	2	8	..	21
Smith	27	7	3	17
Ben Ali	15	2	6	22
David	17

GEO. B. PATERSON, Sec'y.

New Utrecht Gun Club.

Woodlawn, L. I., April 22.—Members of the New Utrecht Gun Club turned out in force this day to take part in the last pigeon shoot at Woodlawn. Twenty-five merchandise prizes were distributed among the members winning in the different events.

Events Nos. 1 and 2 were miss-and-outs, with one prize in each event. No. 3 was 3 birds, then miss-and-out, with three prizes. Event No. 4, same, with five prizes. Events Nos. 5 and 6, same, with seven prizes in each.

In event No. 3 F. A. Thompson, Hegeman and Gaughen had a hot race, Gaughen finally dropping out on a strong quartering driver in the 18th round. In event No. 5 O'Brien and Horn had to shoot off for seventh prize, as they both dropped their birds on the 9th round, O'Brien winning.

Louis Piercy shot along as guest. The club will secure new quarters and resume pigeon shooting in September. Scores of the day given below:

W F Sykes	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
A A Hegeman	11	0	212222111111211222
F A Thompson	1*	10	112222122122222222
W H Thompson	2112	*1220	*1220
J Gaughen	2120	212222222222222220	122112221*
D Deacon	10
E Rasch	10

W F Sykes, 23	No. 4.	No. 5	No. 6.
A A Hegeman, 28	111112	121122212	222120
W H Thompson, 29	1210	222210	10w
F A Thompson, 29	212122	222222222	222222
J Gaughen, 29	222222	2222220	220
D Deacon, 29	21*	220	2*2w
E Rasch, 28	100	2200	1220
J N Meyer, 27	2220	121222212	222120
C M Meyer, 29	02*	222222222	222222
P E George, 28	22222*	2*0 w	2220
Dr Shepard, 27	200	0121220	22*220
M Otis, 27	222222	2220	02w
S B Seymour, 27	012	2220	20w
H Horn, 26	2210	202222220	222200
Dr Dell, 26	200	..	00w
J Lott, 28	011	00w	..
J H Hallock, 27	2110	0120	222222
G Piercy, 29	*02	2220	02w
L Piercy, 27	2122	222	020
Dr O'Brien, 27	022	212122200	222002
C Furgueson, 30	220	222222222	222220
C Furgueson, Jr.	..	222222222	222222
C Fleet	..	01*	00w

Danvers Gun Club.

DANVERS, Mass., April 20.—The Danvers Gun Club held their first shoot of the season on Patriots' Day; bluerocks, 16yds, rise, three angles. Following are the scores:

J W Babbitt	11110111111101111101111—22
E H Langdon	11111111110011111101101—21
A F Killam	110110011111111101101—20
G Martin	010001111111011010101—17
F G Brown	11100000111001101011111—16
G Poor	100110011000111111110—17
H Taylor	10011111110111110100001—17
E Wiles	1111001111110000101001111—16
Wentworth	11111010001011100000001—13
D Brown	00001010010101001110110—12

J. W. BABBITT.

After the M. W. & Co. handicap contest on April 21, at Watson's Park, Burnside, Ill., Mr. Silas Palmer shot with an extraordinary degree of skill in the miss-and-outs and practice shoots, killing 60 live birds out of 61, and making a straight run of 63.

Brockton Gun Club.

BROCKTON, Mass., April 19.—The first shoot of the season was well attended. The squally wind played jinks with the targets, allowing but one straight score, although several ran to 9 o. k. Then, well never mind! the older ones will do better. It seemed too bad for beginners to face such hard conditions, yet eight tried to shy shot to break the very deceptive targets, and all of them say they can do better next time:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
H S Wood	4	7	9	6	6	6	8	7	9
Wm Woodard	9	7	8	6	5
Leonard	3	4	5	1	5	4	5	7	6
Allen	7	7	8	9	7	8	9	6	7
Grant	5	8	7	8
Murdoch	6	7	5	6	5	4
Stork	3	4	5	6	5	3
Remington	4
Cook	4	6	4	3	4	4	1
Thomas	5	5	6	9	3	6	4
Grant	7	6	5	6
Thompson	6	2	7	6	5	5	6
Donoghue	1	6	7	6	8
Everett	5
Taylor	..	7	7	8	8	..	10
Worthing	..	5	8	7	6	7
Ward	7	9	7
Thayer	2	4
Manuel	5
Packard	3
Bishop	2
Hobson	0
Stanley	7
Berry	1
Ames	0

A. A. BARRETT, Sec'y.

The West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association.

SISTERSVILLE, W. Va., April 15.—Editor Forest and Stream: I see that dates for the tournament of the Ohio Trap-Shooters'

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO.

TERMS, \$4 A YEAR, 10 CTS. A COPY.
SIX MONTHS, \$2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 6, 1899.

VOL. LII.—No. 18.
No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

I used to fancy that everybody would like clouds and rocks as well as I did, if once told to look at them; whereas, after fifty years of trial, I find that is not so.

John Ruskin.

PRESERVE THE NEARBY WATERS.

MR. WM. H. AVIS, whose pleasant story of angling in nearby streams was told in last week's issue, writes that he manages to find some trout every spring, for while the brooks do not yield so abundantly as they used to, a supply giving fair returns is maintained by constant and systematic restocking. This success in what may be termed the rational exploiting of small streams near a great city illustrates what is perfectly practicable with very many streams throughout the country. At an expense of time and money and trouble so slight as almost to count for nothing, waters near home by restocking with yearlings annually might be kept in a condition to afford a constant supply for moderate desires.

The usual rule has been in operation so long, to take with never a thought of replacing, that hundreds and thousands of streams have been ruined, when, by a wiser policy the fishing in them might have been preserved for all time. There are numerous conditions, such as the clearing of forests, the draining of swamps, and other destruction of water supply and of cover, which inevitably involve the ruin of the fishing. But in quite as many and perhaps in more cases the conditions are such that the passing of the fish is caused by unreasoning, improvident and therefore foolish overfishing. As we have often pointed out, the angler of limited means, or who is closely confined to his work with stinted leisure at the best, is the one who is most directly interested in caring for the near home waters, where he may find opportunity for his recreation without large expenditure of cash for railroad fares and hotel bills and guide and boat hire, and of time in traveling to distant water regions.

In the claims of the local fisherman also is frequently found a quite sufficient justification for the trespass sign, which the angler coming from afar finds confronting him on coveted territory. The warning notice means simply, "No fishing here for you. It is for us." We are accustomed to hear frequent and very natural denunciations of this no-fishing sign, and to have expression of the feeling of chagrin and resentment engendered by it in the heart of the man who is on the outside and looking in; but of course there is another aspect, that which is presented to one who looks at the sign from the back of it, the man who is in and looking out.

A HOME ANIMAL.

IF it is not so long ago that you have forgotten all about it—although indeed the further back it is in the years the more vividly it is recalled, as if happening yesterday—you may remember how when as a youngster you caught your first fish in the creek or the pond, the immediate impulse was to rush home with it to show it to your mother. This trait, manifested in the youngest fisherman of us all, is one which persists through life. It is as natural for the angler or the sportsman to take his fish and game to his home as it is for the eagle to fly with its prey to its eyrie.

The sportsman is a home animal. He lives in a home, goes afield from a home, returns to a home. Home he brings his report of success or failure; home he brings his trophies or would bring them if he could; and at home he finds the gratulation which doubles the day's winnings, or the sympathetic word which dulls the edge of chagrin.

This aspect of the sportsman in his home relations is one of which we read little in print; but it is existent always and is an ever potent element of our lives as sportsmen. Some of our most pleasant and dearest recollections of the days afield have to do with the home coming—the elation with which the creel of trout was given over for the inspection of loving eyes, the quiet satisfaction and exultation with which we saw revealed at length the "big one" purposely put in first that it might come out last and so give climax to the exclamations of delight with which the home folks received the trophies of the day.

Moreover, the sportsman, if we may believe half the good things we hear about him, is a fellow of generous impulse; and one of the chief elements of the gratification

he finds in his outings is the sharing of his fish and his game with others, perhaps those of one's family circle, or some fishing friend unable to get away, or some sick one whose fickle appetite is tempted with fish or bird.

For many reasons, and for very good reasons, too, we like the privilege of taking our game and fish home with us; and for these same reasons we resent the laws which absolutely forbid transportation. Such statutes effectually cut off a very considerable factor in the composite elements which make our outings so pleasurable.

The purpose of non-transport laws is most commendable. They are designed to prevent the killing of game for market, and when enforced by an honest and vigorous administration are very efficacious in fulfilling this purpose. They are among the most useful and effective laws we have, and an universal adoption of them would go far toward solving the problem of game and fish protection.

But it has been found perfectly practicable to frame and administer these laws in such a way as to cut off the shipment of game to market, and yet to permit the individual owner of game killed by him to take it home in certain limited prescribed amounts.

ANCIENT HUNTING KNIVES.

THE two figures of primitive hunting knives on another page represent two common types of those once in use among the Indians. The one of stone is shaped, as will be seen, somewhat like a spear head, but has a cutting edge, strong and keen enough to work its way slowly through a buffalo's hide and easily to sever the flesh. It is one of the old stone knives, lost perhaps a century or two ago during the butchering of the buffalo in an Indian slaughter pen, covered up by dust and dirt, and only unearthed in recent days by one who was exploring the curious antiquities of this ancient killing ground. When in use, the knife was fitted with a wooden handle, lashed to the blade with strings of green rawhide, as shown in the illustration, but the snows and the rains of many winters and summers had destroyed all this perishable material long before the knife was found again.

The bone knife was equally useful. We may imagine it to have been especially efficient in the operations of skinning and of dividing the meat, though of course it was much more perishable than one of stone. On the other hand, it took a smooth edge, which could easily be renewed by whetting it on a smooth stone. As already remarked, the first metal knives acquired by the Indians consisted of these bone implements with a strip of tin or hoop iron inlaid along the edge.

From the knife of stone or bone to that of the toughest keenest steel is not a long step. The implement is the same, its uses are the same, only the material is different. We can imagine, however, the time and labor that must have been required—judged by our standard—to skin and cut up a large animal with one of these early knives.

SNAP SHOTS.

Toledo, Ohio, is planning for a centennial exposition in 1902 or 1903, and the projectors of the enterprise have shown praiseworthy sagacity in making Mr. John E. Gunckel the president of the commission for carrying out the scheme. Mr. Gunckel is widely known as an always enthusiastic if not always truthful fisherman, and it was quite a matter of course that one who combines angling and business so systematically as he does should look to his fishing for an inspiration in devising novelties for the great show. President Gunckel proposes to have an attractive fish exhibit, and to install it in a building planned in semblance of a monster fish. Local preference is that the construction shall in its lines follow those of the black bass, the favorite fish affected by Toledo anglers; but Mr. Gunckel tells us that there is a distinct demand from Massachusetts for the whale or at least the codfish, while California is contentious for the leaping tuna, Florida has put in its plea for the tarpon, and New York salt water fishermen have suggested the sea robin; there is a well defined demand from Danvers, Vermont, for the mudfish; and the anglers of Little Rock, Arkansas, through their spokesman, Jno. M. Rose, Esq., insist upon the Mississippi shovel-nose catfish. Perhaps a gigantic, monstrous and hitherto unheard-of and un-

dreamt-of fish freak embodying the picturesque characteristics of all these several species may be adopted by Mr. Gunckel as an expedient to allay sectional jealousies, preserve his own popularity and assure the triumphant success of the fishery features of the centennial.

Deputy Controller Gilman has displayed his customary pernicious activity this year, invading the rooms of the Legislative committees and endeavoring to put through his pet measure to permit the sale of game in close season in New York City. The measure this year was fathered by Mr. Mazet, and as last year had the personal support of Senator T. C. Platt. In vigorous and alert opposition was Assemblyman H. M. Sage, to whose activity and vigilance the final defeat of the bill was largely due.

This Mazet cold storage bill would have practically opened the New York markets to game throughout the year, and so by putting a premium on illegal killing in New York and in neighboring States, would have done great harm. The bill passed the Assembly with flying colors, but that fortunately was the last heard of it, for it was "put into cold storage" by the Senate Committee. Even if that body had acted favorably on it, however, the danger of its becoming a law would have been small, for it would undoubtedly either have received the Executive disapproval or would have been allowed to die without action. The State of New York is fortunate at present in having a Governor who is not only deeply interested in all matters of game fish and forest preservation, but also has so clear an acquaintance with these subjects that he can always be depended upon to act on them for the public good. This he will of the matter in h cate points, about sufficiently familiar self expert adviser questions at issue. It requires a long memory to recall a Governor of New York who has taken any active and intelligent interest in these subjects. Governor Roosevelt, being himself a thorough sportsman, does feel a deep interest in them. Moreover, he possesses one quality which above all others has endeared him to the American people, and that is courage. It is a satisfaction and a security to the sportsmen of the State—and of every State which is interested in having the New York game market restricted—to know that in Governor Roosevelt they have a champion who will stand intelligently and firmly against any endeavor by open or covert legislation to relax the legal safeguards now existing for the game and fish.

Kansas is prolific of notions and projects, and is forever giving the rest of the world something to think about. The latest creation is an artificial lake in the Cheyenne Bottoms. It all comes of a cloud-burst which filled a great natural depression fourteen miles long and from three to four miles wide with water to the depth of seven feet. And when the waters were abroad upon the earth and the flood covered the land, it set the Kansas folks to thinking; and as they stood on the shore and looked across the waters they reflected that the bottoms must have been the bed of an ancient lake, and then they thought of a way to bring a permanent water supply by a thirteen-mile ditch from the Arkansas River; and there you have it, a genuine lake in Kansas, such as has not existed in the State before since the days when the mastodon roamed the prairies, long, long before Kansas bled. It is something the untraveled resident has never seen in all his life. A summer resort is to be created, with launches and sailing craft; and what is more—and of course most important of all—there will be a new ducking ground if the wildfowl shall appreciate it and tarry, as they are expected to do.

The membership of the League of American Wheelmen continues to decline at a rate which is alarming the friends of the organization. As we have suggested before, one alienating agency is the weekly consignment of silly puns which is sent to the members in the L. A. W. Bulletin. These off-puttings of a diseased mind at the rate of a thousand or more a year weary and disgust sane people; and numberless lapses from membership may be attributed to this one cause. As it is an evil for which simple and summary remedy may be found, the officers of the League should give it attention.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Types of Sportsmen.—I.

SOMEWHERE Shakespeare says that

"All the world's a stage
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts."

Billy the Bard goes on and refers to the schoolboy and his unwillingness to attend school. Not knowing when a boy begins to be a man, or when a man ceases to be a boy, we are constrained to consider the schoolboy as a sportsman. A little one, if you like, an amateur, but often proficient.

We locate our specimen in a New England village, his first gun being an old-fashioned Enfield rifle, cut off and bored out for a shotgun. He obtained it from the proceeds of the sales of scrap iron to the village blacksmith, driving cows to pasture, gathering cider apples, etc. Possibly some of the iron was sold twice and the blacksmith didn't know and the railroad company didn't care. His mother felt alarmed at the purchase. His father said: "He may as well have it. If the gun does not kick him the horses will, or possibly he may fall off the barn roof."

Who can describe the joy he felt, or tell how he longed to hear the gun speak? He poured in a handful of blasting powder, and then followed wad after wad of newspaper; then the shot, and as the iron ramrod clanked in the barrel the last time, and the cap was on, his spirits were high, and there was a fair prospect that his spirit would go higher. Chipmunks were wont to sport on the wall adjacent to the barn. One posed for him in the altogether as a matter of convenience. There was a terrible explosion. The horses plunged and whickered in the barn; the would-be setting hen, tied to a stake by the leg with a strap of selvaige to curb her maternal desires, burst her bonds, and the mass of fuss and feathers sailed over the barnyard fence, cackling in fright, and the anchor rope trailing like the tail of a kite.

What became of the boy, the gun, and the squirrel? Oh! the boy went to grass, the gun went over his head into the watering trough, and the squirrel was dead, every little bit of him. The boy's mother helped him into the house, unbuttoned his calico shirt and rubbed his shoulder with balm of Gilead and opodeldoc, and then gave him half a pie as a counter-irritant, and he slept off the effects of all in half an hour and wanted more. He used the gun right along after that with more or less success. He studied loads, although of itself the gun was sufficient for the little fellow.

He cleaned the gun in the kitchen one day, and then his mother cleaned the kitchen. He drove a pine plug in the nipple and then poured hot water into the barrel. It stood against the table, while he fitted a rag around the stick. The stick stuck fast and then slipped too easy; then the black vomit invaded this peaceful home. The ceiling, the floor, the mother and son were besmirched with the black decoction of saltpeter, sulphur and charcoal. The plug flew out and a stream of the dirty paste hit the cat in the eye and the pet immediately threw a fit. The boy and the shot or squirt gun were fired to the woodshed.

Many bullets lodged in the trees and fences and buildings about the place, and he would have done more in that line if his supply of lead had not run short. The tea-leads that his sisters used to crimp their hair with and a pewter tea-pot had disappeared. Where the sink spout left the house wall there was a black streak on the clapboards, and he was admonished to go no further in that direction.

As a boy he caught his share in trapping muskrats and woodchucks, snaring rabbits and partridges, fishing for horn pouts, perch and bream; when not fishing, shooting or sleeping he was playing ball known as barn tick and four old cat, or roaming the fields and orchards for fruit that did not grow on his father's land.

It may not be amiss to some sportsmen to state a little experience that is coeval to their progress. Some good neighbor gave his father samples of home-made wine, and inasmuch as the boy was a member of the Band of Hope and had his curiosity aroused by the oft repeated "Look not upon the wine when it is red," he sampled it, and knowing that "one swallow did not make a summer" he took several, and what he had sent to his stomach went to his head. His mother observed his wild-eyed appearance, and the more she looked at him the worse he became. He went to bed in the middle of the day, the furniture played tag all around the room with him and he was "it" all the time. The wild roses creeping around his window were like the sparks of his Fourth of July pin-wheel, but he got over it and lived to grow up and lecture upon temperance.

"Men must work and women must weep." One day he packed his little trunk, boarded the cars and went away to a neighboring city to learn a trade. His mother's tears were his amulet of safety and his remembrance of her love and kindly care were his guide in the right path in after years, and he could not well wander far before his thoughts were back to her and to duty. In succeeding years he returned to his home on Thanksgiving Day, and the associations became more valued to him with each visit; but time brought changes. A sister is sleeping the long sleep; age has its claims, and a summons answered leaves him with but one parent; a brother goes to the far West; another marries; then a sister finds a new protector; the homestead is sold and no more can they call it "home." Many long years elapsed, until one bright autumn day a man, impelled by a longing nursed by time and remembrance, drops the bars at the pasture entrance and recalls the time when leaping over them was easy. As he passes under the walnut trees he, in the absence of other friends, tells his pointer that yonder buildings sheltered him in the years gone by. As though his dumb companion could understand, he talked on of the past. Who knows but what the dog did understand? Do those soft eyes speak not, is the placing of those paws upon his cartridge belt meaningless? The changes about the place were slight. The pump

is new, and as the gun rests against the wall the hunter drinks deeply and knows that the purity of the water is unchanged. A tap on the kitchen door is answered by a white-haired old lady. After explaining that formerly he need not knock and that he had free access to all, the good New England woman said: "So you are one of the — boys." She took him over the house, into the sleeping room where he quarreled with his brother one cold winter night and was bundled out of bed and on to the chilly floor in defeat. He went into the sitting room where winter evenings he had popped corn and eaten apples and nuts, while his mother knit the blue woolen socks for her boys and his father read the weekly agricultural paper. The nails where hung the Christmas stockings a generation ago were still in place, and he fancied that the array of little copper-toed boots were still behind the stove. The barn was the same, the same horse stalls, cow stanchions and hay mows. The kindly old gentleman said to his good wife: "Mother, it seems like as if our boy had come home at last." Tears welled from the dear old lady's eyes as she thought of her boy sleeping somewhere in a soldier's unmarked grave under the Southern skies.

With one last look back at his old home, he entered the pines beyond the orchard, and coming to the cemetery the names of old schoolmates are seen upon the marble slabs. He passes the sepulchres of granite where repose whole families, and recalled the evening that he groaned in the shade of the hedge while his accomplice recited to the timid children, "Hark, from the tombs a doleful sound." He strolls by chain-enclosed plots where granite posts support the chains and bell-like pendants are suspended as ornaments. He inverts the bells and finds that the wasps and hornets build their mud homes as of yore. He finds the resting place of one to whom more than to others his thoughts have reverted. She was his favorite among the schoolgirls; hers were the little feet that he had often bound the skates on; her lithe form was beside him at the straw-rides and at the post-office when the mail came in. Upon no other double sled than his would she coast. Her love and loyalty were always remembered, and as he placed his gathering of wild flowers above her that day his tears went with them. Let the birds sing above and the pine needles cover her, her voice is still heard and her smile seen, though his home is in a far distant city.

W. W. HASTINGS.

Kootcheraw and Pemmican.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Capt. Kelly's mention in a recent issue of your journal of the old-time pemmican, its manufacture, and its value as an economical ration for the prairie ranger of the mid-century period, recalls to my mind another article of provender almost equally nutritious and compact, yclept "kootcheraw," which was the aboriginal vernacular for a composition of parched corn pulverized in a coffee-mill or ground between two stones, Mexican fashion, and an almost equal quantity of sugar. Maple sugar or West India sugar, either one was used, according to the locality of the manufacture, which was chiefly along the eastern border of Kansas and Missouri, where corn was a product and rock maples indigenous. The modern corn balls of the confectioners are germane, but an inch cube of the old-time kootcheraw would go as far as a hundred corn balls in the matter of sustenance and distention of the stomach. And it was quite as palatable, forming a pleasant dessert after a meal of pemmican. Only a morsel of it could be eaten at a time, not half a pint in a day, and a man could travel hundreds of miles on what he could carry in his "possible kit" or haversack. The difficulty in putting it always to practical use was the inordinate quantity of fluid required to wash it down; and any person attempting to eat kootcheraw without plenty of water was in the predicament of the contestants in the soda-cracker match, who undertook to eat ten crackers without drinking; entrance fee, 50 cents; capital prize, \$10. They never won! On the grand prairies in midsummer, after the "wet weather creeks" ran dry, a very fair lubricator was contrived from the juice expressed from mascerated cactus, a species of which yields a beverage which that old Santa Fe trader, Max Greene, described as "the intermediate of some wine and first-class swill."

If pemmican is to be recommended for our troops and frontier travelers, why not kootcheraw as well? For my own part, having subsisted on both in my journeys across the plains when adolescent, I would decidedly favor their manufacture and use now. The commissary would certainly find sensible relief from the burdens and requirements of present-day transportation, while heavy marching orders would not carry with them the portent of hardship for our soldiers which they now do.

Any superannuated army officer or soldier who was on active duty before the Union Pacific Railroad crossed the plains, and any old freighter who plodded the Santa Fe Trail while the trade was on, will indorse Capt. Kelly. I know, and accept my added testimony. If I remember right, something is said on this subject in an article entitled "The Siege of Fort Atkinson," which I contributed to the October issue of Harper's Magazine in 1857, describing a wagon trip across the plains.

As for pemmican, which was always a staple article of food so long as buffalo were running, it was packed in portable sacks of fifty to a hundred pounds' weight, with the four corners projecting for convenience in lifting and handling. The last shipment of pemmican in quantity and bulk which I ever saw was at Regina, N. W. T., in 1882, when it was a canvas town, and the Canadian Pacific Railroad had just pushed through to that point. A string of Red River carts had come down to the station from the South Saskatchewan, to which point the remnant of the buffalo herds fled, after the terrible slaughter the previous winter on the Yellowstone bottom. This consignment of pemmican was like the last handful of meal in the barrel, when famine was on; and the contemplation was sad to a sentimentalist who realized that the great bovine race of the plains had perished, and was wiped out forever. At that time I exchanged my very good pony bridle for a shaggy halter, traded even, to the contempt of the hirsute plainsmen who witnessed the swap, and

the halter is now in the museum of the Long Island Historical Society in Brooklyn.

CHARLES HALLOCK.

Gens des Bois.—III.

Ben Jourdan.

"OLD Ben Jourdan is a noble son of the forest—a man you can't measure by dollars and cents," said Mr. W. R. Woodbridge, of Port Henry, N. Y. "I have camped with him since '64 and know something of the man." This is the truth concisely stated about Jourdan, or Jerdan, as he is called in his Adirondack home. He is not to be measured by the standard applied to most men nowadays, when the very alphabet seems based on the \$ and cts. symbols and little is said or written without the use of these characters; and it is as a man who has escaped the stamp of the market place and has no ambition to get ahead in the world that Jourdan deserves consideration.

Jourdan has accomplished absolutely nothing in his three score and ten years, and to-day he is doing chores for a farmer in return for his board.

It is safe to say, however, that on the side of character his life has made more of an impress on the personality of those who have known him than the great majority of the self-seeking elbowers they meet every day of their lives.

Jourdan was born seventy years ago in the town of Moriah, which is one of the largest as well as one of the roughest, topographically speaking, in the State. His father was shiftless, according to most standards, and particularly so in the days when the sweeping characterization was made of all hunters that they were men too lazy to work and not smart enough to steal. His honesty, however, was never questioned, and he lived up to his standards of right and wrong as he saw them. When he needed money he would take a job of shaving shingles, but soon becoming tired of this, he would go off hunting or fishing, as the case might be, following the Bible precept of taking no heed for the morrow. And yet he lived and reared a family, and probably enjoyed his life a great deal more than city dwellers who feel guilty pangs for chance momentary recreations snatched from the busy days.

Ben Jourdan was the eldest of three boys, who were all born woodsmen, and later developed into good guides. His brothers, Orlando and Napoleon Bonaparte, called Don and Bony for short, have since died. As guides they were almost as well known as Ben. No one of them could be made a commercial guide. They would not go with some men for any price, while they were accustomed to guide others they liked for very small compensation at times.

Ben began guiding as a boy of fifteen, and has carried a pack basket for fifty years. He traveled west into the wilder sections of the Adirondacks and camped on Clear Pond, Elk Lake and the Boreas. Sometimes his wanderings carried him as far as Preston Ponds and Cold River, but his favorite territory was the watershed at the headwaters of the Hudson, in Essex county. In the cold weather Ben hunted and trapped, and in summer he fished and guided. Certain qualities which he possessed made him early in life much sought after as a guide.

Ben in Camp.

Ben was good-natured and jolly about camp, and he was always ready to impart to anyone the knowledge he possessed. The present Representative from the Congressional district where Ben lives tells of his patience in teaching him as a twelve-year-old boy some of the rudiments of woodcraft. "Mind you notice that tree," Ben would say, as they traveled some woods trail, "We will come back this way, and I want you to stop and tell me when we come to that tree." At times he would show the boy how to make birch bark cups that would hold water without leaking a single drop, and instruct him in the art of building a fire or getting his bearings in the woods.

Ben is a good cook, and it is this fact that most impressed itself on the boniface of the Stickney House when he had him for a guide. He remembers perfectly how the trout tasted which Ben cooked years ago at Preston Ponds, though the circumstances of their capture long since faded from memory.

As a fiddler he is an important factor at country dances. He also sings in falsetto, a style that used to be common enough in the North Woods, but which at the present time has almost passed away. His songs are chiefly of the ballad type, and are characterized by a somewhat monotonous refrain and an unlimited number of verses. One of them, entitled "Brave Wolf," has for its theme the assault on Quebec, and another tells in mournful strain of a soldier who learns that his child is dying, and on being refused a furlough deserts, with the ultimate result of being captured and meeting the deserter's fate.

How Ben was Lost.

Ben has all the natural aptitude of the woodsman for finding his way in the wilderness, but even the best man at times makes mistakes. Mr. Woodbridge tells of an occasion when Ben was at fault. He was guiding a party on a trip to Mt. Marcy from the Boreas Ponds. It was drizzling rain and familiar landmarks were blotted out by sodden clouds. Members of the party who were provided with compasses tried to perplex Ben, telling him he was traveling in the wrong direction, but nothing they could say bothered him, and he kept along in the same course as before.

"I've got a better compass than any of you," he said at length. "See that hemlock tree? Well, the top twig of that tree points due east."

The men who had compasses looked at them and found that the statement was true.

"What do you do, Ben, when you get to a place where there aren't any hemlocks?" one of them asked.

"Oh, I use something else for a compass," said Ben, "same way that you take a lead pencil to write with if you can't find a pen, or a burnt stick, or the bullet of a rifle cartridge. There's more ways of killing a dog than choking him to death on fresh butter."

"Do you judge by the side of the tree the moss grows on?" said the questioner.

"Not always," replied Ben. "Depends on the tree and the place where the tree grows and a whole lot of other things. It's all experience. There's no rule that works all the time."

The party reached the summit of Marcy safely and camped that night in Panther Gorge. On the return trip Charlie Judd took a notion to cross through Railroad Notch to Elk Lake and then out to Fenton's, on the main road, where he could take the stage for home.

Two hours after he left the party a shout was heard. Ben said it was Judd calling for assistance and that he was lost. He answered the shout, which came from a direction at right angles to the course they had been pursuing, and advanced to meet the lost man. In five minutes they had found him. Judd acknowledged that he had traveled in a circle and was hopelessly mixed up, and he was thankful to get back to the party.

Ben naturally laughed at him for being lost, and after he had meekly taken his medicine the party set out again for the camp on Boreas.

They traveled fifteen minutes or more, and then Congressman Foote, who had a compass, chanced to look at it and made the startling discovery that they were going in a direction that made camp 24,000 miles away.

"Hold on there, Ben," he called out. "What way are you heading?"

"West," said Ben; "I'm going to camp fast as I can to get in out of this rain."

"No you're not," said Foote; "you're heading east. Your ready-made compass has fooled you this time."

Ben looked at the instrument in Foote's hand, which happened to have a plain needle without a cross-piece, and coolly said that the dark end pointed south and that he was right. Another compass was produced and it was found that this, too, had no cross-piece. The individual members of the party had so much confidence in Ben that they were completely at sea, and could not be positive whether it was the light or the dark end of the needle that followed the Pole star. Finally someone asked Ben if he would go by the moss on the trees. He assented to this, and after a few minutes' observation acknowledged that something was wrong.

As the quickest way of solving the tangle, Ben took the party on the back trail to the place where they had been joined by the lost man. Here it was perfectly evident that he had been turned, and in the excitement of the moment lost his bearings. Ben acknowledged his error, and had no difficulty after that in conducting the party safely to camp. This was the first and last time Ben was ever known to be lost. Thinking he would be sensitive on the subject the members of the party determined not to say anything about the incident. A few days later, however, when they had gotten out to Nelson Labrier's, at Boreas River, Ben said to Mr. Woodbridge:

"I've just been telling Nelson about my experience."

"What experience?"

"Why, my getting lost. You don't suppose I'm ashamed to tell on myself when I'm wrong, do you? Nelson's got as good a right to laugh at me as I had to banter Charlie Judd."

Some Characteristics.

"Ben is a patient, everlasting fisherman," said Mr. Woodbridge, "and if there's any fish to be caught he'll get them. Like most of the natives up this way, he's very fond of bull pout fishing, and many a night he has spent on the water. He is a magnificent rifle shot. I've seen him shoot across Clear Pond from the old hunter's camp and take a loon's head right off. Ben's eye is getting dimmed now and glazing over, but he used to have the finest sight of any man I ever knew."

"He loves that Clear Pond country, and wants to be buried there when he dies. It is a beautiful place, with its peaked, wooded hills and translucent water. The pond is fed almost entirely by springs which bubble up from the bottom. It has no inlet of any consequence, but there is always a considerable volume of water at the outlet. Ben has visited the place every year since he was a boy."

"Ben has never smoked, and he can't see what anybody wants to smoke for, anyway. 'It's all right, though, I guess,' he will say, when talking with a smoker. 'You look as if you enjoyed it, and I am glad of it.'"

Ben's Religion.

Ben is not a church member and his religion is of rather a primitive type. Sunday evenings in camp Charlie Judd used to sing hymns, and Ben took keen pleasure in listening to them, for not only was the melody sweet to his ear, but he was also impressed by the sentiment expressed in the lines. After hearing some of the Moody and Sankey hymns he stated it as his belief that any man who went by the words ought to come pretty near being saved. Someone read him the story of Fishing Jimmy one night, and the big, husky fellow cried over it.

He despises foul and mean words, though his vocabulary does not lack expressiveness in other respects.

"Ben has his prejudices," said a man who knows him from long acquaintance, "but I am bound to say he often strikes the truth. He goes directly to the root of a thing, and he sizes up a man with a woodsman's sharpness of perception on a half hour's acquaintance better than most educated men can in a much longer time. Speaking of a clergyman who visited me once, Ben said: 'Say, what did they make a minister of him for? Why, darn it, he ain't more'n half a man. He's all the time looking out for number one, and the hog shows out in him pretty much all over. He may be good enough to preach, but I'll tell you one thing, he ain't good enough for me to guide.' And Ben refused the proffered \$3 a day with the greatest contempt."

Rainy Days.

Ben, like his father, never bothered his head much about the future. He made no preparation against a rainy day, relying on his ready wits to help out of financial trouble—just as in the woods a few hours' labor suffices to provide a flimsy shelter from the storm. Once when his landlord got tired of waiting for his rent and threatened to evict him, Ben went to a friend and told

him he had determined to give his note for \$25 to raise the money.

He was very much surprised when the friend informed him his note was no good and that nobody would take it. The word had had a potent sound to Ben, and he confessed that he had always counted on this means of securing cash when all else failed. He had no idea of the significance of security, and naturally did not know that it is often harder to borrow \$25 than \$25,000.

"But I'll give my note for it," said Ben again, unable to comprehend the significance of what he had just been told. "Wouldn't you let me have \$25 on my note?"

"No," said the friend, "not 25 cents. But," and here he took out his purse, "I'm perfectly willing to let you have \$25 without your note. Here's the money, Ben, and you can pay me back when you get ready."

"Ben is not a prohibitionist," said another friend. "He knows good whiskey when he sees it, and his views on putting down the liquor traffic lead him to putting it down his own throat. He may take a little too much at times, but he knows how to stop, and when he was guiding I've seen him refuse liquor many a time. Ben's a good, square fellow, and it's a shame he has this failing."

Bear Incidents.

Ben has done a great deal of trapping in his time, but the bulk of his experiences in this direction will be buried with him when he dies. Those who know him best unite in saying that he is not given to talking about himself. The first bear he ever killed was one which he happened upon accidentally in the woods while hunting partridge with a small dog. The bear at first tried to get



BEN JOURDAN.

away, but the dog, on seeing it turn tail, thought he would expedite matters, and started after the bear as brave as if he had whipped it in a pitched battle. The cur's onslaught was too much for the bear's patience, and it turned on the dog and chased it back between its master's legs. The boy saw the bear coming and stood his ground, as the animal charged down an old woods road on the gallop. It was enough to make an older hunter nervous, but young Jourdan kept his wits about him and saved his single charge till the bear was within a few feet, and when he fired into the animal's head there was no need of an autopsy to determine the cause of death.

On another occasion, years later, when Ben was following a trapped bear, he had a somewhat puzzling experience. The trail, which had been plain enough up to that moment, ended at the base of a large spruce tree. Looking up the tree Ben could see the marks of the bear's claws, proving plainly enough that the animal had gone up the tree, but it was equally certain that the bear was not then in the tree, and Ben could find no trail leading away from the spot. He had never heard of bears flying, but he couldn't quite see how any other hypothesis would fit the case, until by chance, as he was examining the tops of neighboring trees, his eye fell on the bear trap lodged in the crotch of a soft maple. Investigation showed that the bear had crossed over from the spruce tree into the lower branches of the maple and then climbed the latter till, either by design or accident, the trap became wedged in one of the crotches so firmly that the bear was able to break away and make its escape. After getting free from the trap, the bear left no trail on the leaves with which the ground was strewn.

"It's no uncommon thing for bears to get out of traps that way," said Jourdan. "Now, there was McCoy, of North Hudson, who found one dead in a trap hanging in the tree, because his weight wasn't enough to break him loose when he jumped." And so he turns the subject from his personal experiences.

A School Girl's Essay on Old Ben.

One day in school one of Mr. Woodbridge's daughters, who is now Mrs. Le Wald, took Ben Jourdan as the subject for her exercise in composition. The description of the old woodsman is an excellent character sketch and true to life.

"No one who has been in Camp Lookout can ever for-

get Ben, our old guide. He is now nearly seventy years old, and his strength has almost gone, but his large frame and keen eye show what he has been. For thirty-five years he has accompanied my father in his camping trips, and we children look upon old Ben as a faithful comrade and slave. Who but he could find such quantities of nuts to bring us every fall? Who else could peel birch bark as he, and where could you find better paddles and oars for the little rowboat than those Ben made with only a knife and a hatchet? I have at home a pair of deer horns brought me one fall by Ben, after hearing of my disappointment in not being allowed to accompany my father to the Adirondacks. Many of his quaint sayings have been handed down from year to year until now they are told as camp legends.

"He was and is very fond of young people, and many a time when we have been laughing a great deal have I heard Ben's quiet remark: 'I guess you must 'a found a tee-hee's egg in a haw-haw's nest, ain't you?' No one could appreciate a joke better than he, nor did he fail to get one on us whenever an opportunity presented itself. On being asked one day if there were any wild beasts in the woods around camp, he quietly surveyed the questioner, who was attired in quite a startling costume, and he said (with a twinkle in his eye): 'They ain't many wild varmints around here, but I seen a good many wild garminits. Better look out or some one'll be scairt to death, and you might jest as well be eaten up by b'ars.'

"He was very surly with those whom he thought looked down upon him, and woe to the daring stranger who addressed him as 'Ben.' 'My name's 'Jordan,'" was his response to such undue familiarity. If, however, you respectfully addressed him as 'Mr. Jordan,' he was almost sure to say, 'Git out; everybody here calls me 'Ben.' He would never tell hunting or fishing stories. 'Thar's plenty of liars in the world,' was his usual answer, when urged to tell some of his experiences. And yet how pleased he was when someone repeated a story of his exploits, which he had heard from another source. He was a fine dance fiddler, and many a Virginia reel and quadrille have we danced in front of the big fire to Ben's fiddle.

"Sometimes he would sing to us, and what a treat it was to hear 'Brave Wolf,' 'Montcalm' and old-fashioned love songs, sung in his high-pitched, quavering voice. It was almost impossible to keep the younger members from smiling at times, so they were generally placed where he could not see them." J. B. BURNHAM.

An Open Air Service.

ABOUT 7 o'clock last Sunday morning we started with the dogs and walked quietly out of town, and when the paved streets gave way to the high road and the foot-path, we took to the fields, for there were no warnings to keep off the grass. At the first brook the dogs all took a bath, and we stood on the bridge and wished we could; and one of the party remembered how when he was a boy he had been in swimming in April—just couldn't wait. It was funny to watch the dogs; some were young and had to chase robins and sparrows and point frogs, while the older ones worked along unmindful of the unruly youngsters—perhaps they remembered the hard road they had traveled to perfection.

Just beyond, two of the dogs began to make game, and soon we had points from Max and Lee, and three hen Mongolian pheasants flushed and left the cover. We were glad to find these birds; for it was gratifying to know that they had wintered well. So we kept on until in another little run Tom and Lee pointed again, and we flushed a hen and a gorgeous cock, which made an outrageous noise for Sunday as he sailed away across the fields. From here we crossed an open field, where we started a partridge, which took to the trees, where we found her sitting on a limb with outstretched neck as still as though carved from stone. We all gathered under the tree, a small pine, took a picture of her and admired her trim form and beautiful feathers, and then quietly walked away, leaving her still on the limb, evidently chuckling to herself at how she had fooled that parcel of men and dogs. We will meet you again next fall, old lady. We found six more partridges and a woodcock, which whistled us its beautiful notes, and it was the sweetest solo on our Sunday programme. We saw a little snake sunning himself, so glad spring had come again. We heard the frogs piping praise; we heard the musical brook, tumbling over rocks.

We had left the house with the cares of the past week fresh in our minds, and we came home after fifteen miles of our open air sermon and song, better for the walk, better for the talk, better for the tonic in the air. The practical side of the walk showed us that our birds had wintered well and now we look forward to the brown days, and the red-letter days. Don't let us call each other names and denounce one another as "game hogs," but get the man who murders wantonly to walk with you on Sunday or on a week day; show him what you see; and next fall his mercy will extend even to the birds; and when you get more birds than he does he won't figure out how to load his gun so as to kill them all; he will be glad that some can get away. NOX-ALL.

The Mayflowers and the Mayflower.

CHARLESTOWN, N. H.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The copy of magazine attachment shows that you have made some capital selections, and I am glad to see that you propose to include Col. Thorp's "Big Bear of Arkansas." I tried to think of the author's name a year ago, but it had gone from my memory completely.

I do not wish to seem too critical, but it seems my mission lately to "call down" somebody or other, and this time it is Fred Mather! To be sure, it is not much of a call, for he disclaims any knowledge of botany, but when he says the Pilgrims named their ship after the Mayflower he has got "the cart before the horse," for the epigea, mis-called trailing arbutus, is not known in England, and the tradition on Cape Cod is that when the Pilgrims saw this new flower they named it after their ship! VON W.

Just About a Boy.—XX.

INYAN KARA seemed just as near as it had been when the boy watched the sun gleam first on its top early in the morning, away down by the spring where we camped at the foot of the pine ridge.

The only difference was that the deep blue seemed to have faded out of the side of the old mountain and left it a lighter, smoky, indistinct bulk that was a little lower down on the horizon.

"Seems 'sough that hill don't git much funder off no matter how much we travel," said the youngster. "Here we bin goin' a day 'n' a haff, 'n' there's th' ole mountain juss liken't wus when we started, on'y yeh can't see none o' th' hollers on th' side of ut like yeh kin when yer clost up—'n' nen it don't set s' high 's ut did. Reckon that's cos we're gittin' kind o' over th' bend o' th' world like, 'n' yeh can't see 'round th' curve."

"You guessed the reason exactly," I answered. "By and by you will only see the top of it and that will look like a bit of cloud right on the horizon, and then when the sun sets you will see all the colors of the rainbow reflected from those old rocks where we ate our lunch the other day."

"Th' Bearlodge Range ain't th' same color 's Kara is. What's 'er reason o' that?" asked the boy.

"They are timbered clear to the tops, and are not as high as Kara. Timber always looks more or less blue in the distance—sometimes even indigo blue when the light is right. There is no reflected light, just the blue always, sometimes one shade, sometimes another, but always blue. Remember that in this part of the world, too, for it may be valuable when the cold northwest winds come down over this country and you need wood for a camp."

"Aw right; I won't furgit."

We were driving across the desolate country between the Black Hills and the Big Horn Range—a country that is baked and dry at all seasons except just while the winter snows are melting, and even then there is no water except a pool here and there in the dry beds of a long-ago creek.

Just now the weather was very warm for early summer, and the gray ground reflected the heat until the air was aquiver with it. A few stray flowers still struggled to bloom against the drouth, but they were stunted and undersized, and their colors lacked the brilliant hues of their kind that had come and gone with the meager moisture of the melted snow banks. Here and there the purple lake petals of the pincushion cactus made a spot of color in this gray desert—a few gaudy prickly pear flowers perched with half-closed leaves on the upper rim of one of the green pads, in close company with a tiny striped lizard, perhaps, for these little creatures basked in the sunlight or flitted across the barren, hot ground as the mood seized them. Mostly it was gray desert covered with grayer sage brush in the valleys and low places, and with rocks of a hundred hues to crest the hills or pile in picturesque abandon downward into the valleys.

"What's that? Looks like a town er sompin' way off there?" said the boy.

"Bad Lands. What you see there is the south edge of them, and it is a wrecked country from there clear up to the Missouri River, a good many miles to the north. That country is worse than this, for it is loaded with alkali, and has not even sage brush or grass to cover its nakedness. It is the bottom of an ancient lake, cut and gashed by erosion until it is now nothing but a country of a thousand hills, each hill with a flat top and built up of many-colored strata. There are no good springs there—all are thick with alkali. There is fire clay, coal, ashes, clay, sandstone, fossil monsters and petrified things up there till you want no more. It is a country of ruin, silence and death, my boy, and have a care that you do not stray far among those flat-topped buttes, for each one looks like each other one until you are puzzled and lose your way, then—well, there are many bones in there, and yours would not be noticed by a passer-by."

"Gee! That must be a' nawfull sort o' a place 'f that's th' case, but I'd like to get up clost 'n' have a look at 'em anyway," said the youngster.

"We will cross a spur of that country soon, and you will get all you want of it then."

"Whoa! Wait a minit—they's a whopper of a rattlesnake right back b'hind that rock, all curled up 'n th' sun. I want his skin." The boy had tumbled out of the seat and was running back on the trail as he spoke.

In a moment more he had picked up a fragment of a rock and battered the life out of a 6ft. "diamond back" rattlesnake. Then he pulled out his pocketknife, put his foot on the snake's neck and after cutting the skin clear around the reptile's neck he skinned the squirming body despite the muscular contortions and the singing rattles. "Ain't it a daisy?" he asked, as he came complacently back with the yellow-marked pelt dangling across his arm. "Goin' t' make a hat band o' that feller's jacket—one, two, five, nine, eighteen rattles—good string, ain't it? Well, ole feller, you won't never bite anybody else that's one sure thing, an' yer hide'll do me juss 's much good er more 'n' it would you, anyhow, cos you'd a shedded it anyway, 'n' 'sides, a feller 'd ought to kill a rattlesnake ever'time he sees one, juss same's he would er kiote er any other varmint uts-dang-rus 'n' no good."

He certainly had the Western idea about rattlesnakes, for no man who has dwelled in the grassland or ridden the range will pass by one of these dangerous snakes—cow men especially will always stop and kill them on sight, using the "honda" or the swivel end of their picket line for the purpose, or even just a loop of rope.

All through the hot afternoon we drove on across the gray desert, passing by the horned toads, the lizards and the cactus, until we were near the Belle Fourche River, in time for the night's camp.

"What's that white stuff over there; 'tain't alkali, is it? Seems too kind o' yellow," said the boy.

"Soap, natural soap," I answered. "That is something of a curiosity even in this country of strange things. It is actual soap, too, all right, and it is really a spring of soft soap coming out of the ground. You see the whole country here is loaded with alkali—to the west there is coal. Bed rock slopes toward the Black Hills, and in the lower country here along Wild Horse Creek and the Willow there are some oil springs, where crude petroleum comes up out of the ground. In some in-

stances the alkali and oil meet in about the right proportion, and you have one of these 'soap beds,' as the cattle men call them. They are dry on top, but soft under the crust, and cattle that try to cross them break through and sink into the mass of soap underneath and never get out. That is the reason the cattlemen have begun to fence these treacherous places. You see they look like dried up springs, and the cattle come to them in the hot weather looking for water, and down they go. Nobody knows how deep they are, but you can push a good many 10ft. poles down, one on top of the other, and when you are tired out some other fellow can push just as many more down on top of them."

"Gee, I don't want much to do with that kind o' a mess. Do they all look sort o' white 'n' crumbly on top like this one?"

"Mostly; some are more so, some are less, but the character is the same. Keep away from the edge of them even if you expect to be safe."

"Wont ketch me foolin' 'round no sich a trap 's that is, you bet," said the boy.

"Hol' on, gimme th' gun—saw a kiote juss sneak over that point down there—'m goin' after him." Away he raced up to the top of the next ridge like an Indian, and stood among the rocks waiting. The coyote with characteristic cunning had vanished, and the lad could not get a shot.

Coming back, he stopped every few feet and picked up something from the ground, so that when he arrived at the wagon once more he was loaded down with a hatful of rocks.

"Got some pet-ree-fide wood, 'n' things, anyhow," he remarked, as he climbed back on the seat.

In his collection there were fossil shells, petrified eels, wood, bone and other substances, turned to stone, and there were also some fine moss agates and carnelians, all gathered within a few yards of space, and there were tons of them left littering the ground for a long distance.

These things kept him interested while I drove down the long slope of hillside to the valley of the Belle Fourche and brought the outfit to a stop on the banks, where a bit of open glade stretched along among the switch willow breaks, and a few cottonwood trees offered dead wood for our camp-fire.

There was a pool there in the river I knew, and it was all the water we could get, though it was red with alkali, and the rim of the pond-like place was white with a frost-work of crystals all around it. Yet it was this or nothing. Ere the sun vanished our camp was made, the horses picketed and our fire going merrily. The coffee pot bubbled and hissed as the alkali water foamed inside, but we made good coffee just the same, because we put a few crystals of acetic acid in with the coffee to kill the alkali.

EL COMANCHO.

Notes of the Dumb Creation.

HAVRE DE GRACE, Md.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Knowing that FOREST AND STREAM has always been a great friend to the dumb creation, as well as myself, I think that it might be a little interesting to its many readers to tell them a few very remarkable things that have come to my notice that should be credited to the dumb creation.

There is no room to doubt that the dumb creation is possessed of a large amount of benevolence; but I have only recently come to the belief that some of the birds that inhabit the earth do possess the power of reason. I think that I have sufficient grounds to establish my belief, of which I could give you many, but it is not worth while to take in the whole programme. I will tell you one instance.

A friend of mine gave a dinner to some of his old acquaintances, and this friend had a parrot that could talk the English language to perfection. Polly had a great curiosity to know what was going on about the house, and whenever she saw any strangers coming toward the house she would go out to meet them, and if the dogs would commence to bark she would say to the dogs, "Come out! Come out!" and then she would tell the visitors to walk in, and that the dogs would not hurt them. When a party was invited into dinner Polly also came in the dining room; and once, after they all got seated, one of the party told a very marvelous yarn. Polly was a very attentive listener and kept very quiet until the end of the yarn, and then she rose up full length and said, "Oh, what a lie," and then laughed, and so did all the gentlemen, and the one that told the yarn got very angry and said that he would give \$10 to be allowed to kill the parrot. I call that a clear case of reason.

I will now give you a case of benevolence. A friend of mine living near our city was bothered very much with crows in his cornfield and built a blind in his field where he could hide to shoot the crows. All who are acquainted with the crow family know that they have the reputation of being noted rogues. This gentleman tells me that while concealed in his blind there came two crows and lit down very close to him, and one of them had his upper bill shot off, so that he could not pick up a grain of corn; and the other crow would pick a grain of corn off the ear and put it in the mouth of the wounded crow. He shot both crows and found corn in the craw of the crow that had no bill to pick it up; and was very sorry about it. I call that first-class benevolence.

A farmer living in Hartford county has for many years very often invited the preachers of a Sunday to take dinner with him; and of course, as all preachers are very fond of fowls, his wife would have some killed and prepared for dinner. And strange to say, but nevertheless true, all his old gobblers and roosters by some means could tell a preacher by his looks; and just as soon as a preacher drove up to the house the old gobblers and roosters would call all their families to hide under the big barn and stay there until the preachers left. But upon one occasion two preachers drove up and no turkeys nor chickens could be found anywhere. But after dinner one of the preachers left and the old rooster came out and flopped his wings and told his family that the preachers were all gone; but the old gobbler was not satisfied, and poked his head out and said: "Doubtful, doubtful, doubtful." That was the first time that I ever knew that any of the dumb creation could count, as the old gobbler was certain that two preachers had driven to the house.

Another very remarkable instance. My son some time ago found a very large blacksnake that had caught a very large garter snake, and tried to swallow it. He had the garter snake about half swallowed. They both measured nearly the same size around the middle, but the blacksnake was 15in. longer than the garter snake. It was wedged in the blacksnake so tight that he could not pull them apart, and was sorry that he killed them.

Speaking about natural instinct, a friend of mine had a breed of small pigs and sold two of them to a farmer about twelve miles distant. The purchaser put them in a box and carried them home in a small wagon and let them out the next day. That night he missed his pigs and they found their way back to their home and mother.

Then again, a friend of mine living in Baltimore gave me a Chesapeake water dog and I shipped the dog to Havre de Grace in a vessel and had him only one day, when he found his way back to Baltimore by land on the third day; it is thirty-six miles.

The most intelligent family of wild fowl that visit our waters is the wild goose family. They do all their feeding at night. They are very noisy all day when they are sitting out in the middle of the bay or river, but at night, when they visit any of our warm rivers and creeks to feed, they never say a word, not even whisper. Day or night they are never without a watchman, and when he gives the signal of warning they are up and gone, and then they can be heard for miles.

E. B. GALLUP.

Moose on Railroad Tracks.

DRUMMONDVILLE, Que., April 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Since writing you a few days ago from Sutton, Que., regarding deer in the Eastern townships, I have had occasion to visit this section of the Province, and have heard some interesting sporting notes that shall be chronicled for FOREST AND STREAM. The first incident occurred only a few weeks ago, between here and Wickham. Mr. Jim Timmons, track foreman, and one helper from Wickham were running a bumper car on the Canadian Pacific Ry. some three miles north of that place, when they were stopped by a huge moose that confronted them upon the railroad track; they were obliged to stop their car and back up out of his lordship's way, as he held full possession and refused to budge an inch, merely shaking his head and looking our friends over very closely. Mr. Timmons backed up his car a mile or more and tried to borrow a rifle, but could find none, and the moose, after holding his ground for the best part of an hour, easily stepped over an ordinary Page wire fence that inclosed the railroad property at this point and very leisurely made his way off into the woods. Mr. Timmons says the animal's horns must have stood 10ft. or more from the ground, as he stood with head erect, a perfect picture of strength and beauty.

Another incident occurred about two years ago on the Drummond County Railway, the headquarters of which are situated here. A freight train was making for this point, and when about ten or fifteen miles from here, a huge moose suddenly appeared upon the track ahead of the train and made a stand to stand off the locomotive. The train was running at a fast speed when it struck the animal and knocked him down the dump. The trainmen stopped the train, backed up to the animal, bled him, and loaded him on to a flat car and brought the prize into this station. The incident is vouched for by Mr. Wm. Houston, former superintendent of the D. C. Ry., who resides in this village.

The writer has seen during the past week plenty of deer tracks and runways between this place and Wickham; the distance between the two points is about nine miles. This section of country used to be alive with work and business, but it is now rather dead, most of the mills in the woods hereabouts having closed for want of material to work on, and the result is stagnation. But deer thrive, and the old logging roads are ideal places to still hunt this noble game. Very few hunters find their way into this section, and as a result the deer and moose thrive comparatively unmolested. Mr. Edward Carpenter, the veteran section foreman on the Northern Section of the Canadian Pacific Ry. south of here, informed me to-day that one day the past week three deer ran out of an old barn that stands near the track some three miles from this village, scared out by the noise of his handcar when passing. He says that he sees deer nearly every day when passing over his section. Mr. Wm. Houston, at present roadmaster on the Drummond County Ry., informed me to-night that no less than three deer have been killed by their trains within a few miles of here, within the past few months, and two moose met their end in the same manner during the past two or three years. I have promised myself (D. V.) a week's outing in this vicinity during the coming autumn, and if success crowns my efforts will chronicle the same for FOREST AND STREAM.

I would like to ask some of your correspondents a question regarding the difference in size of Adirondack and Lake Megantic (Quebec) deer. In the autumn of 1898 I spent six weeks in the Adirondacks around Saranac Lake, Lake Flower—Lake Placid—down through the Wilmington Notch, and as far as Jay, New York, and saw many small deer brought out of the woods. In November and December of 1897 I was in and around Lake Megantic, Ditchfield and Spring Hill, and I saw dozens of deer brought out of the woods, and they seemed as a rule to be larger and finer animals than the Adirondack product. How is this accounted for? Or am I wrong in my observations? Of course the Adirondack open season began on Aug. 15, while the Megantic season only opens on Oct. 1, one and a half months later. This may account in part for the better look of the game. I think Megantic turns out four deer to the Adirondack's one, i. e., for the section visited by myself.

WM. BROWN.

[Something is wrong about the first of these moose or the date at which he was seen. Moose do not carry horns "a few weeks" before April 24.]

A second edition of the April number of the Game Laws in Brief and Woodcraft Magazine is now printing and will be ready immediately.

Natural History.

Some Indian Natural History Comments.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Some months ago in your columns I made mention of statements made to me by Blackfeet Indians that the shore lark (*Eremophila*) had been found nesting in the thick hair between the horns of a living buffalo bull, and subsequently (FOREST AND STREAM, Vol. LI., p. 424) Mr. E. B. G. Haymond stated that the same thing had been told him by other Indians living in a buffalo country far to the east of the Blackfeet.

It has been suggested that this story is inherently improbable, because the birds having their nests in such a position would lose it, as the animal which carried it moved from place to place. This has not appeared to me a good objection, for I believe that each buffalo bull has its own individuality, and may be readily recognized, just as in a herd of red cows the farmer knows each one by sight, or the shepherd his individual sheep, if the bunch is not too large. So I think the birds, before their nest was built, would learn to know their own bull. Besides, there are, I think, some cases on record where birds have built their nests in vehicles moving from place to place. I have not until recently been able to put my hand on any such reference nor to find any ornithologist who could point one out to me.

Not long since, however, I found in Land and Water of 1877 mention of a sparrow's nest inside the cavity of an iron buffer of a railroad wagon, and in a communication dated St. John, N. B., Nov. 30, 1877, a correspondent signing himself Tantramar wrote to FOREST AND STREAM as follows: "In the spring of 1859 a pair of robins took possession of one of the pigeon holes (*i. e.*, a receptacle for papers, way bills, etc.) of the guard's brake van on the Essendine & Stamford Railroad, Rutland, England. Industrious the happy pair worked during the time that the van was at Essendine (for this van ran through and returned from Stamford three times a day, a distance of twenty-eight miles), until the nest was completed. The female laid five eggs and incubation commenced. She was carried to and from Stamford some ten or twelve times. But this happy state of things was suddenly brought to an end by an ignorant Nottingham drummer trying to secure the little bird by putting his hat over the nest. Mrs. Robin could not brook this intrusion. The nest was forsaken."

I have heard of a pair of sparrows building their nest in a ferryboat which plied between two banks of a river, but cannot locate the place. I have also a vague recollection, but cannot locate the statement, of a pair of wrens having built their nest in a wagon which passed daily back and forth between two neighboring towns.

On the whole, I think there is no force in the objection that the parent birds would lose the buffalo which carried their nest.

In the same contribution I called attention to a belief of the Blackfeet that the chickadee "counts the months of the winter on his tongue"; that if you kill a chickadee in the spring and open its bill and look at his tongue you will see under the tongue five others, the six representing the six months of the winter, or November to April, both inclusive. On this subject Mr. Frederick A. Lucas, curator of comparative anatomy in the United States National Museum, and well known as a student of the tongues of birds, writes me: "This note is really very interesting, or while it is not quite exact as a matter of scientific fact, it is actually based on the structure of the chickadee's tongue. The tongue in *Parus* is a little four-tined pitchfork, the tines growing out from the under side of the tip of the tongue. To anyone opening the bird's mouth and looking in, these tines would seem to lie just under the tongue. While the tines are four in number, they are often split, and one might imagine five."

The structure of the under part of the tongue is well shown in the figure given in Mr. Lucas' paper on birds' tongues, published in a report of the National Museum.

As to the butterfly and its sign, I am permitted by the editors and publishers of the American Anthropologist to quote here a brief article which I sent to the January (1899) issue of that periodical.

"The Butterfly and the Spider among the Blackfeet."

"Not very long ago, in FOREST AND STREAM, I called attention to the belief held by the Blackfeet Indians that dreams are brought to us in sleep by the butterfly (*ih' a'nni*). As my informant said:

"You know that it is the butterfly who brings us our dreams—who brings the news to us when we are asleep. Have you never heard a man say, when he sees a butterfly fluttering over the prairie, 'There is a little fellow flying about that is going to bring the news to some one to-

night'? Or have you not heard a person say after night, as the fire burns low and the people begin to make up their beds about the lodge, 'Well, let us go to bed and see what news the butterfly will bring'?"

"I called attention also to the sign for the butterfly—a design roughly in the shape of a maltese cross, one arm horizontal and the other vertical, which is painted on most of the more elaborately ornamented Piegan lodges, just below the smoke-hole and between the wings at the back of the lodge. This sign painted on a lodge indicates that the style and method of painting the lodge were taught the lodge owner in a dream. More recent inquiry leads me to suspect that the influence of the butterfly is not confined to dreams, but covers sleep as well.

"It is still a custom for the Blackfeet woman to embroider the sign of the butterfly in beads or quills on a small piece of buckskin, and to tie this in her baby's hair when she wishes it to go to sleep. At the same time she sings to the child a lullaby, in which the butterfly is asked to come flying about and to put the baby to sleep.

"The word *ih' a'nni* appears to have some relation to *ih' a'nni*, which means 'talking around,' or 'talking in different places,' 'to go about telling news.' *A'wa'ni*, 'he says'; *ih' a'wa'ni*, 'he walks about.' The prefix *ih'* seems to denote presence or existence in different places.

"I have not been able to learn why or how the butterfly brings dreams or sleep. It is stated merely that it is soft and pretty and moves gently, and that if you look at it for a long time you will go to sleep.

"How widespread the faith in the butterfly as the American sleep-producer may be—and this cross as its sign—I do not know. My direct testimony comes only from the Blackfeet, but the belief may well have been shared by their old-time allies, the Atsena or Grosventres-of-the-prairie, and the Sarsi, who with three tribes of the Blackfeet nation—Siksika, Kainah, and Pikuni—made up the five tribes of the 'Prairie people.' It is suggestive, too, that on the head of a Kutenai baby-board in my possession, there are embroidered three conven-

women pray briefly to the spider and ask help from its intelligence.

"It is unnecessary to refer to the position which the spider holds in the beliefs of many other tribes. The subject is a familiar one. I may call attention, however, to the fact that among both the Cheyenne and the Arapaho the same word is used to denote 'spider' and 'white man,' and that in both languages this word appears to convey the idea of high intelligence, being almost the equivalent of 'wise or intelligent one.'"

GEORGE BIRD GRINNELL.

Western or Yellow-Haired Porcupine

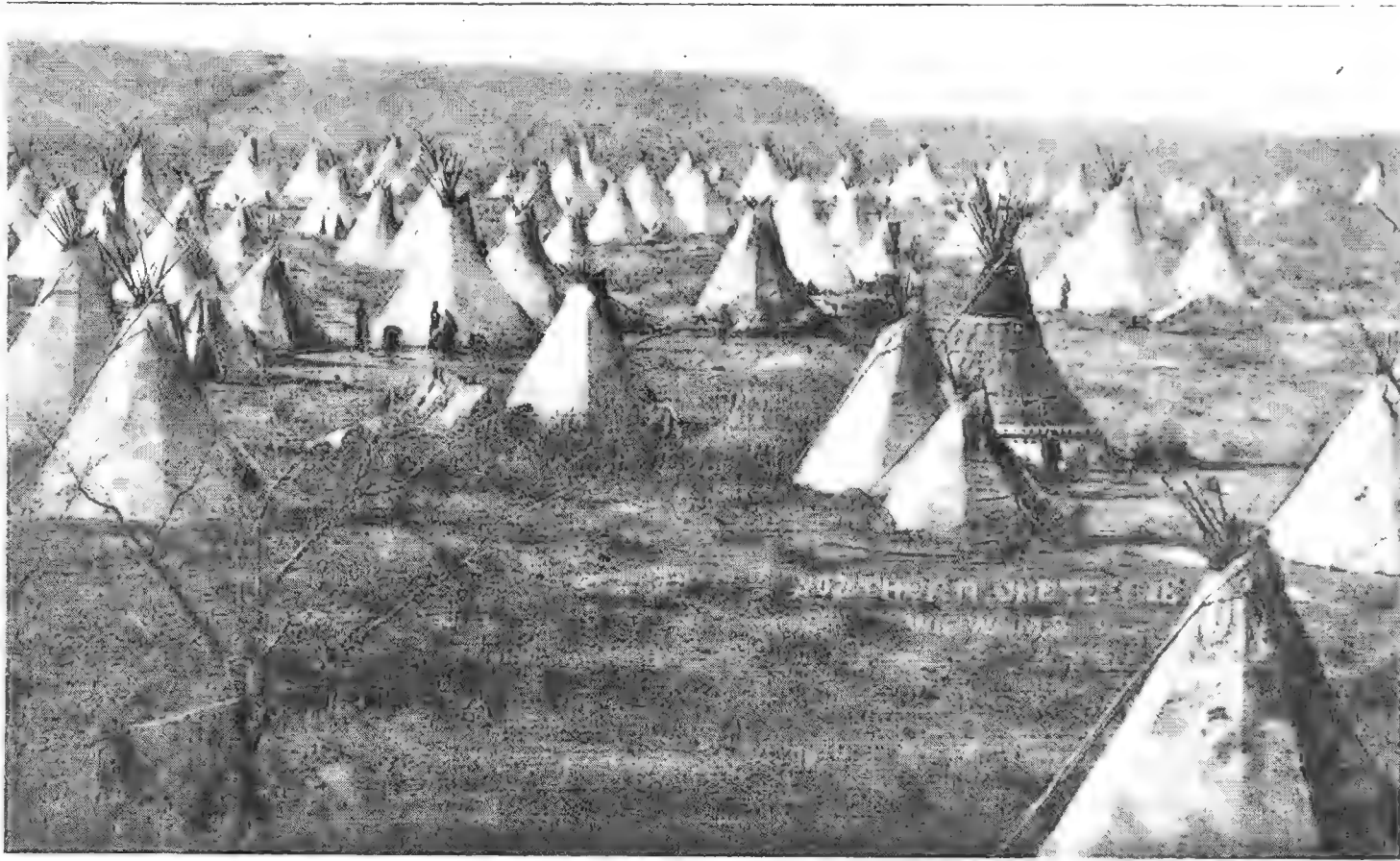
THE western or yellow-haired porcupine (*Erethizon dorsatus epixanthus*) is one of the few mammals that is not confined to any particular life zone. In the high mountains of the West, even to timber line, and sometimes making excursions above it, they are found, as well as in the sage and grease brush flats in the valleys, thousands of feet below. It is also the only animal of any size and abundance that can be killed without firearms, and for that reason the Canadian Government has passed a law protecting it. Many a hunter, trapper, or prospector, who has had the hard luck to lose his way, burn his outfit, or swamp his raft while far from home, has found the porcupine a Godsend. On the other hand, they are a great nuisance about camp, and during the absence of the hunter they are apt to gnaw into his cabin and do considerable damage. They enjoy gnawing into caches improperly made by a tenderfoot and going through his grub.

In the valleys, they may be found during the day, resting in clumps of bushes, or asleep on the low limb of a cottonwood tree along a stream, while in the high mountains they make good use of the large tracts of slide rock that occurs so abundantly at and above timber line, in the Rockies, Sierra Nevada and Cascade ranges. These animals do not hibernate, but during the winter live on the bark of alder, willow, cottonwood and pine trees, together with what roots and grasses they are able to find on places blown free from snow. While traveling in the Wind River and other mountains of Wyoming several years ago, I saw large numbers of trees that had been gnawed, and in some instances completely girdled by them. In this one section the damage was very extensive. Not far from the same place I saw four feeding in one small grassy park. During summer they subsist on tender shoots, roots, fruits, buds and grasses. A ranchman in Washington once complained that one was making raids on his garden, and ate his vegetables, among which he mentioned apples that had fallen from the trees. A few days later he caught the animal.

During the day they usually remain quiet, appearing about sundown, or earlier during the dark days of the winter months, and it is by no means uncommon to find them prowling about at midday, although properly speaking they are nocturnal. They are usually found singly, but on one occasion I met two together. (The four I have mentioned as seeing in a single park were far from each other.) They move slowly, the zigzag imprint of their tail left in the snow or dust being caused by the rolling motion of their body. Their sight, as well as scent, seems to be very imperfect, and I have repeatedly ridden up within 20 ft. of them on horseback.

During the summers of 1895 and '96 I spent several months of each year collecting specimens of natural history in the Rocky Mountains of northern Alberta, Canada, during which several amusing incidents with these animals occurred. At the time, my camp was pitched at Jasper House, in the pass bearing the same name. I had a line of traps set in a rocky bluff on the other side of a swift-running stream, and when fording it, for fear of falling and wetting my gun, I would leave it at camp. It was while out looking at this line of traps one day that I chanced to run across a porcupine, huddled up on a low limb of a large cottonwood tree. His back rested against the back of the tree. As I ascended the tree he did likewise, until we were both as far as we could go, and yet he was out of my reach. Here was a problem that took me several minutes to solve. If I shook him out, the probabilities were he would fall on me. Finally, with my hunting knife, I cut the limb, so that I could push it over and break it off, which I did. Down went the bunch of quills through the branches, and I followed via the trunk. He struck with a heavy thud, and after lying there a few seconds (he had fallen fully 65 ft) he gained his legs, and when I reached the ground was making off toward some rocks. I overtook and secured in him a good specimen.

At another time, while returning from a hunting trip one moonlight night, I saw several. There was about 1 ft. of snow, which helped to make it all the lighter. During the five-mile ride, most of the way of which led through the edge of the timber close to timber line, I encountered several of these animals. They were all in the open timber, or small parks, feeding on the bare spots which the wind had swept clear of snow. At my approach they shuffled off for some place of retreat, but if closely pur-



A CAMP OF THE SOUTHERN CHEYENNES.
Showing the crosses on the Medicine Lodge.

tional sprays of flowers, each flanked on either hand by a cross, which certainly would have signified the butterfly as the sleep bringer, if the board had been ornamented by a Blackfoot woman. Crosses appear on two baby-boards figured in Prof. O. T. Mason's paper on Primitive Travel and Transportation.*

"On a very large lodge shown in an old photograph of 'Southern Cheyenne wigwams,' kindly loaned me by the Bureau of American Ethnology, appear four maltese crosses, quite like those shown on some Blackfeet lodges, except that they are much larger and are differently placed on the lodge, being in pairs one above the other. The upper series is well below the smoke-hole, and the lower is just above the ground painting, which seems to extend 4 or 5 ft. up the side of the lodge. It looks as if the complete upper series of crosses runs entirely about the lodge, and the lower series also, except where interrupted by the door.

"Still more to the point is the fact that on some prehistoric Hopi or Moki pottery collected by Dr. J. Walter Fewkes, and now deposited in the National Museum, appears a figure identical with the Blackfoot sign for the butterfly, and in close juxtaposition to it the unmistakable figure of a noctuid moth. It will be interesting to learn whether this belief in the butterfly as the god of sleep and this same sign for it have any general currency among the Western Indians.

"The use among the Dakota of the Latin cross to denote the dragonfly as a warner of the approach of danger is interesting in this connection.

"The Piegan Blackfeet call the spider 'underground deer' (*ksu' a'wa' kōs*), no doubt because of its rapid movements and the readiness with which it disappears from sight when disturbed. Its activity and supposed intelligence cause the Indians to hold it in high esteem. In ancient times there were religious beliefs and a ceremony about the spider, and though much of this has been forgotten, the animal still possesses a more or less sacred character among these people, so that even to-day in the ceremony of the medicine-lodge, the medicine-lodge

* Smithsonian Report, 1894, pp. 516, 517, Figs. 207, 208.

sued would stop, duck their heads, bristle their quills and switch their short, stubby tails from side to side. No matter which way I turned, the porcupine always kept his back toward me; it was impossible for me to get at his head. It was remarkable what an amount of hammering on the back one of them would take before he would succumb, and yet a light blow on the nose was sufficient to kill them. The skin is rather thin, and the quills so lightly attached that a light blow from a stick is sufficient to knock some out, many of which stick to the club. Many persons who have not had any experience with porcupines, believe that they have power to throw their quills, which is not so. I remember reading an article written by a man who supposed that he had had a narrow escape from one of them. As I remember, he came suddenly upon the animal, climbed a tree, a limb broke, he fell to the ground a few feet from the porcupine, and his miraculous escape he could never account for.

Again, while hunting little-chief hare (*Lagomys princeps*) in a large tract of slide rock, at timber line, I was entertained for some time by one of these animals. I was waiting for a "coney" to appear, when my attention was attracted to a slight sound at one side, and turning, I beheld a porcupine watching me from an elevated position close by. Evidently I had disturbed him in running over the rocks, or he had come out to sun himself. He gazed at me a few minutes, then came a few feet nearer, sat on his haunches, with his front feet held in the air, like a squirrel, then he licked his paw, scratched his side and shook himself, advancing until he was not more than 50 ft. from me. His actions were very comical, and he reminded me more of a monkey than a rodent. As I got up to leave, he took refuge among the rocks.

Regarding the habits of a Canadian porcupine (*Erethizon dorsata*) that Audubon and Bachman had in confinement, these gentlemen say (Quadrupeds of North America, Vol. I., pp. 280, 281): "It was occasionally let out of its cage to enjoy the benefit of a promenade in the garden. It had become very gentle and evinced no spiteful propensities; when we called it, holding in our hand a tempting sweet potato or apple, it would turn its head slowly toward us and give us a mild and wistful look, and then with steady steps advance and take the fruit from our hand. It then assumed an upright position, and conveyed the potato or apple to its mouth with its paws. If it found the door of our study open it would march in and gently approach us, rubbing its side against our legs and looking at us, as if supplicating for additional delicacies. We frequently plagued it in order to try its temper, but it never evinced any spirit of resentment by raising its bristles at us; but no sooner did a dog make its appearance than in a moment it was armed at all points in defense. It would bend its nose downward, erect its bristles, and by a threatening, sidewise movement of the tail, give evidence that it was ready for the attack."

I had a dog that would attack every porcupine he found, and of course came out worsted in every round, but experience was no teacher to him; he did it again the very next time he had a chance. Frequently he came into camp with his head full of spines, which necessitated my gagging him and withdrawing them with a pair of pincers. Several spines in his paws, that he had broken off, worked through in the course of a few days, and were extracted from the other side. A half-breed Cree Indian told me that once while eating a piece of porcupine meat, of which these people are very fond, he got a quill fastened in the roof of his mouth, and in trying to pull it out, the point broke off, and a week or ten days after the piece worked out of his nose.

The flesh is dark, tender, but of a rank taste, and hard to become accustomed to.

I was once hunting in the mountains of Wyoming, when I saw a pine squirrel (*Sciurus fremonti*), sitting on a log, acting altogether too quiet and unnatural for so spry an animal. He was all huddled up, and took no notice of what was going on about him. I crept close to him, and from the side of his neck saw several porcupine quills protruding. Whenever I got within 4 or 5 ft of him another squirrel in a tree near by chattered and aroused him. Several times I was on the point of striking him with a stick, when the other squirrel gave the alarm, and at last he went up a tree. I would have shot him, but deer and elk tracks were abundant, and I did not feel like risking a shot and scaring the game, not even for science. I have often wondered how the squirrel got the quills in him; surely it was accident. Possibly, while playing, he ran quickly around the trunk of a tree and surprised the porcupine sleeping on a limb, and received a blow with his tail, or he may have jumped upon the animal's back, taking it for a stone. I am quite sure that he died from the wounds in course of time, for the action of the muscles would work the spines further into the flesh every day.

Mr. E. W. Nelson, in speaking of the western porcupine (Natural History Collections made in Alaska, p. 274), says: "The Indians and Eskimo are very fond of its flesh, and, with the exception of the wolverine, are its only enemies."

From Audubon and Bachman (Quadrupeds of North America, Vol. I., p. 285) I copy the following: "We have mentioned in an article on the Canadian lynx that one of those animals (referring to the Canadian animal) was taken in the woods in a dying state, owing to its mouth being filled with porcupine quills. We have heard of dogs, some wolves, and at least one panther that were found dead, in consequence of inflammation produced by seizing on porcupine." Dr. C. Hart Merriam, in his "Mammals of the Adirondacks," p. 301, says regarding this subject: "The porcupine, owing to the formidable dermal armature, has but few enemies. Chief among them, as has already been shown (Vol. I., pp. 30 and 48-50), are the panther and fisher, and since these prowling carnivora have become rare in the Adirondacks, the porcupine has been, and still is, on the increase. He is occasionally attacked by wolves, eagles and the great horned owl." In a foot-note the same author says: "In FOREST AND STREAM of March 20, 1884 (p. 144), Mr. J. L. Davison, of Lockport, N. Y., states that he has recently examined a golden eagle that had been shot at Plessis, Jefferson county, N. Y. He says: 'The feet of the eagle were full of porcupine quills, which was probably the last animal he had dined off, and about as hot a meal as he ever had.'"

On turning to the pages referred to above, I find the following: "Cougars are either particularly fond of porcupines, or else are frequently forced by hunger to make a distasteful meal, for certain it is that large numbers of these spiny beasts are destroyed by them. Indeed, it often happens that a panther is killed whose mouth and lips, and sometimes other parts also, fairly bristle with the quills of this formidable rodent. Porcupines are such logy, sluggish creatures that in their noctivagations they fall an easy prey to any animal that cares to meddle with them." In speaking of the fisher (*Mustela pennanti*) he says: "Sir John Richardson tells us that 'its favorite food is the Canadian porcupine, which it kills by biting on the belly.' Corporal Lot Warfield, who writes of this animal from western Vermont, states his experience as follows: 'I agree with Penobscot that they are not plenty, but account for it on different grounds, namely, its fondness for the flesh of porcupines, whose quills often prove fatal to it. I have several times found the quills buried in the bodies, besides quantities of flesh, hair and quills in the stomach and excrements, and from this gained a point in baiting them. Let other trappers try it.' Continuing, the writer, Dr. Merriam, says: "During a recent visit to the north shore of the Gulf of St. Lawrence I was informed both by an agent of the Hudson's Bay Company and by trappers themselves, that porcupines constitute a large and important element in the food of the pekin (fisher). Mr. Nap. A. Comeau, of Godbout, who secured me a large and handsome male of this species, tells me that its intestine contained hundreds of porcupine quills arranged in clusters, like so many packages of needles, throughout its length. In no case had a single quill penetrated the mucous lining of the intestine; but they were, apparently passing along its interior as smoothly and surely as if within a tube of glass or metal. Mr. Comeau could not discover a quill in any of the abdominal viscera, or anywhere in the abdominal cavity, except as above stated. A great many, however, were found imbedded in the muscles of the head, chest, back and legs, and it was remarkable that their presence gave rise to no irritation, no products of inflammation being discovered in their vicinity. In examining the partly cleaned skeleton of this specimen I still find some of the quills in the deep muscles and ligaments about the joints. A knee in particular showed several in its immediate neighborhood. One is deeply imbedded in the dense ligament alongside the patella, three lie parallel to and close against the tibia, and two can be seen between it and the fibula."

It is probable that all of the quills entered the body while engaged in killing and devouring the porcupine, for those swallowed seemed to have caused no trouble after having fairly entered the alimentary canal. Therefore there remains no question whatever that the fisher feeds upon the porcupine, but I do not agree with Corporal Warfield in the belief that the "quills often prove fatal to it."

The Indians of the North use the quills in decorating their moccasins and for other fancy work.

J. ALDEN LORING.

OWEGO, N. Y.

Tree Nesting Ducks.

CALAIS, Me., April 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have been interested in reading what Mr. Mather and others say about tree ducks, and thought perhaps the experience of an old bird and egg collector might interest the readers of your natural history column. Fifty years ago we used to have six different tree ducks breeding on our river: barrows, golden eye and the buffle head (*albeola*) rare, but the common golden eye, the American merganser, hooded merganser and wood duck abundant. About fifty years ago pickerel were put into our waters, which soon put an end to most of our wild ducks breeding, as the pickerel eat up all the chick ducks except in the few lakes or ponds that were free from pickerel. Near to Calais are several ponds and lakes that are free from those fish, and the tree ducks bring their young to those lakes for safety.

I was at the Kendrick Lake, and a lad that lived near by was with me. A duck (whistler) came flying low toward us, when the lad threw up his hat with a shout, when the old duck dropped a young one that fell near us that was at least ten days old. The old one went for it so quickly I almost lost it, but I got it and put it in my pocket for a specimen. We were near the lake, and the old duck also, when we saw she had four others in the water. The boy says if we keep quiet she will go away and bring others, or if she is afraid of us very much she will take those across the lake or to the other lake. They were getting near to some water grass, when the old duck made a flutter, caught one and went across the lake; it was hardly two minutes before she returned and took another.

I don't think she took them by her mouth, and the one she dropped, if it had been in her mouth we should have seen it. Mr. Eastman, father of the lad, said they often took their young from one lake or river to another if they thought them in danger, and said he had seen them bring the young from the nest to the water and then in their bills, or to go any distance, or if they are any size carry them pressed to the body by the feet, and the boys often by a shout made them drop their young. They brought me several different kinds afterward, wood duck, whistlers and hooded mergansers, but no young of the large merganser.

Many years ago I was up to Grand Lake Stream salmon fishing, when I saw a large duck fly into a hole high up in a large birch tree. The log drivers said it was a sheldrake and had nested there many years. I was anxious to see what kind of a merganser it was. After the log drivers' day's work was done one of them by driving spikes managed to get up. The old bird flew out, and he brought down one egg, and said there were seven more. I then got the man to arrange a noose over the hole, and the next morning we had the old bird hung by the neck and the eight eggs were new to science. The log drivers said they had seen the old bird bring down the young in her bill to the water. Several years later Mr. John Krider, of Philadelphia, went with me to the same tree and collected the eggs. He was a well-known collector. Mr. Audubon was mistaken in his account of the nesting of this merganser

since he describes it as nesting on the ground among rushes, in the manner of the serrator, having a large nest raised 7 or 8 in. above the surface.

On one of my collecting trips my attention was called by the log drivers to a singular contest between two ducks; it proved to be a female wood duck and a female hooded merganser, for the possession of a hollow tree. Two birds had been observed for several days contesting for the nest, neither permitting the other to remain in peaceful occupancy. The nest was found to contain eighteen fresh eggs, of which one-third belonged to the merganser, and as the nest was lined with the down of the merganser it appeared probable this bird was the rightful owner of the premises. I once found a dusky duck's nest in a cavity of a leaning birch tree about 30 ft. high.

GEO. A. BOARDMAN.

The Harriman Alaska Expedition.

MR. E. H. HARRIMAN, of New York, who is taking his family to Alaska on a large private steamer, has invited a notable party of scientific men and others to accompany him as his guests. The party will leave this city late in May, and will be gone two months. It will not keep to the beaten track of travel, but will visit out-of-the-way portions of the coast of which the average tourist sees nothing and of which comparatively little has been written.

As at present made up the arts and the sciences are well represented in this party. There are geologists, botanists, topographers, ornithologists and mammalogists, and there are three or four artists and two men eminent for their literary ability—John Muir and John Burroughs.

The following gentlemen constitute the guests of Mr. Harriman, E. L. Trudeau, Jr., T. H. Carney, Department Agriculture Washington; E. S. Curtis, Seattle; F. V. Coville, Washington; Dr. W. H. Dall, Smithsonian Institution; D. G. Elliot, Field Columbian Museum; Prof. B. K. Emerson, Amherst, Mass.; L. A. Fuertes, G. K. Gilbert, Geological Survey; Drs. C. Hart, Merriam and A. K. Fisher, both of the Biological Survey; Dr. Lewis Rutherford Morris, Mr. John Muir, Dr. H. S. Pritchett, of the Coast Survey; Prof. Wm. Trelease, Botanical Garden of St. Louis; R. Swain Gifford, George Bird Grinnell, John Burroughs, Robert Ridgway, Smithsonian Institution; E. S. Dellenbaugh, Henry Gannett, Geological Survey; Prof. Wm. H. Brewer, of Yale, and Prof. W. K. Ritter, University of California.

The expedition is expected to leave Seattle, or some other Sound port, about June 1, and to proceed by the inside passage to Sitka and Skagway. Thence it will move north, taking in the Muir and Malaspina glaciers, the Mount St. Elias Alps, and from there cruising along the coast to Cook's Inlet, to Kadiak Island and perhaps beyond.

It is anticipated that great opportunity will be afforded for the collection of little known birds and mammals, and that important scientific results may be achieved. The opportunity for viewing the marvelous scenery of the Alaskan peninsula and of seeing out-of-the-way places is a remarkable one.

It is anticipated that occasional brief excursions will be made into the interior in search of some of the larger mammals, which are not only very desirable objects of the hunter's skill, but most interesting to science as well. Among these animals are the white sheep, named after one of the guests of the party, and the great Kadiak bear, named by one of the members. It is possible too that the steamer may get far enough north to reach the resting places of the walrus, though it is not likely to enter the Bering Sea.

Reason and Instinct.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Doubtless you feel that this discussion is growing lengthy, but I will only ask this one reply.

If I correctly understand Hermit, his challenge to name anything that is necessary to the existence of the lower animals which they do not comprehend, renders any reply from me unnecessary; I never claimed anything of the sort, and if knowledge of prime requisites to existence is the full definition of reason, then I know nothing of such reason in man. Hermit puts the argument I and my "ilk" make as, "The acts of animals which seem to indicate reason are null and void because of other acts which seem to indicate a lack of reason," and I accept that statement, if to it is added, "until the antecedents and all connected circumstances are examined, and fail to afford an explanation of the acts in previous experiences or habits, of the animal performing the acts."

If Hermit holds that the reason of the least intelligent of sound-minded men should not teach them that while grown persons are to be kept away from a child in its perambulator, a toddling child may be permitted to approach, I pity his estimate of human mentality.

Hermit's remarks about adoption are wholly illogical (or what is now the same, misleading), as I never referred to "adoption." It was substitution which I cited as indicating lack of reasoning power in dams.

"Mr. Wade and his ilk do not call on science to verify their claims. We know how gladly they would do so, if science was on their side." That statement is incorrect. But now for a bit of lay science. Hermit gives us lots of what is doubtless the correct article, as he knows it, but he makes statements which are incorrect. "Thus the dog's sense of smell is superior to man's." But no hound has a keener "nose" than many of those human beings both deaf, dumb and blind. To be able to distinguish one's clothing from that of another after washing and a year after that washing, to recognize that a friend is within several yards, to know and name every article of food on the table on entering a dining room seated for three hundred, to know there are many books in a room upon entering that room, to know one's books from others', to distinguish any kind of wood, to distinguish brass from steel, all by smell, is about as much "nose" as any hound I ever knew had (although, I admit, not equal to the American bloodhounds that followed a man's

trail after he changed horses without putting foot to the ground).

It is not logical to conclude that the lower animals reason because they possess the necessary organs for it. We all have the same organs of smell that the deaf-blind have, yet we normals cannot smell as they do. Hermit says: "It is one of Nature's laws that a useless organ soon disappears." It does, does it? How much "soon" is there in the continuance of the extinct third eye now surviving as the pineal gland of the brain? Surely it is a longer stretch of time than any "soon" since we were lizards.

I would suggest to Hermit that Lloyd Morgan's "Introduction to Comparative Psychology," "Habit and Instinct," "Animal Life and Intelligence," etc., can be had of Edwin Arnold, 70 Fifth avenue, New York, and somehow Prof. Morgan has enough "science" for me to sit at his feet and think that I am honored in finding him support my "claims." W. WADE.

Weight of the Raccoon.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Have you any record data at hand showing what weight the raccoon attains? My attention was called to this matter by an item in last issue of FOREST AND STREAM, relative to a 50lb. coon, said to have been killed recently near Bangor, Me. Very many people will question the accuracy of the scales upon which the 50lbs. was weighed, and I would perhaps be found among the doubting Thomases but for the following incident: About twenty-five years ago a young man named Schoolcraft killed, near the village of Fonda, N. Y., a raccoon that is said to have weighed 53lbs. The coon was weighed at the American Express in the village of Fonda, and there was at one time and possibly is yet, in existence a certificate signed by several reputable persons who saw the animal weighed, which certificate gave the weight at 53lbs. The heaviest one I ever saw put on the scales weighed 28lbs. and was a very large male. The largest I ever saw shot weighed less than 25. Domestic animals sometimes attain abnormally large weights, and no doubt wild ones do also. The weight of the coon killed near Fonda appeared to be quite well authenticated. S.

TROY, N. Y.

[Definite records of the weight of the raccoon are not accessible. It has always been our impression that the full-grown animal weighed from 15lbs. to 18lbs., but we have seen some that were much heavier, though none to equal the weight given above. We should be glad to have authentic weights from any correspondents.]

California Audubon Society.

REDLANDS, Cal., April 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At the close of the meeting of the Contemporary Club at the Y. M. C. A. Auditorium last Monday afternoon, a meeting was held for the purpose of organizing a society for the protection of song and insectivorous birds.

It was decided to call the organization the California Audubon Society. Following officers were elected: A. K. Smiley, Redlands, President; Mrs. A. G. Hubbard, Mrs. G. T. Grunlied, Miss A. H. Partridge, Redlands; Mrs. Elizabeth Grinnell, Pasadena; Mrs. Isabel H. Baxby, Santa Barbara; Mrs. Caroline Severance, Los Angeles; Mrs. Geo. H. Dole, Riverside; Rev. T. H. Williams, F. P. Meserve, Kirk Field, H. L. Graham, Redlands; Prof. Everett McLoomis, Academy of Science, San Francisco; Prof. A. W. Anthony, San Diego; Prof. A. J. Cook, Claremont; Honorary Vice-Presidents. Secretary and Treasurer, Mrs. Geo. S. Gay, Redlands; Executive Committee, A. K. Smiley, Mrs. Geo. S. Gay, Harry L. Graham, Redlands. The following resolution was passed:

Resolved, That the California Audubon Society hereby appeal to all parents and teachers to prevent the cruel and wanton slaughter of our native birds by air guns, slingshots, parlor rifles, shotguns, etc., in the hands of the youth under their charge, and that they exert their influence and authority against the practice of egg collecting, now so prevalent among boys.

On payment of 25 cents anyone so wishing may become a life member of the society. REELFOOT.

Manitoba Elk Heads.

WINNIPEG, Man.—The largest wapiti or elk head killed last season in Manitoba measured 49in. along the beam; had thirteen points, and a span of 3ft. 4in. This is much smaller than some Montana or Wyoming heads, but a very large one for this Province, though not a record. ST. CROIX.

Salmon in the Oswego River.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In late numbers of your paper reference has been made to the former presence of salmon in Lake Ontario and its tributaries. Up to the time the Oswego Canal was constructed and the dams built, salmon in great numbers frequented the Oswego River, coming up each year from the sea through the St. Lawrence River and Lake Ontario to visit their spawning beds.

My father has told me of seeing shoals of them on bright sunny days, stopped by the shadow of the bridge at Oswego Falls, twelve miles above the mouth of the river, waiting until the sun was off the water to pass up; and at night of seeing the river covered with boats and canoes, the men in them spearing the salmon by torchlight. These salmon were never known to take a fly or any bait so far from the sea, except that a man fishing for trout many years ago on Salmon River (coming into the lake twenty miles below Oswego), at the foot of the high falls, took several grilse.

Some years ago fishways were placed at each dam on the Oswego; but the demand for water for power and for the canals at low water time, when the salmon were running up, was too great, and the fishways had to go dry.

Up to 1870, and perhaps a little later, salmon were occasionally taken in the whitefish nets set off the harbor of Oswego. FISHERMAN.

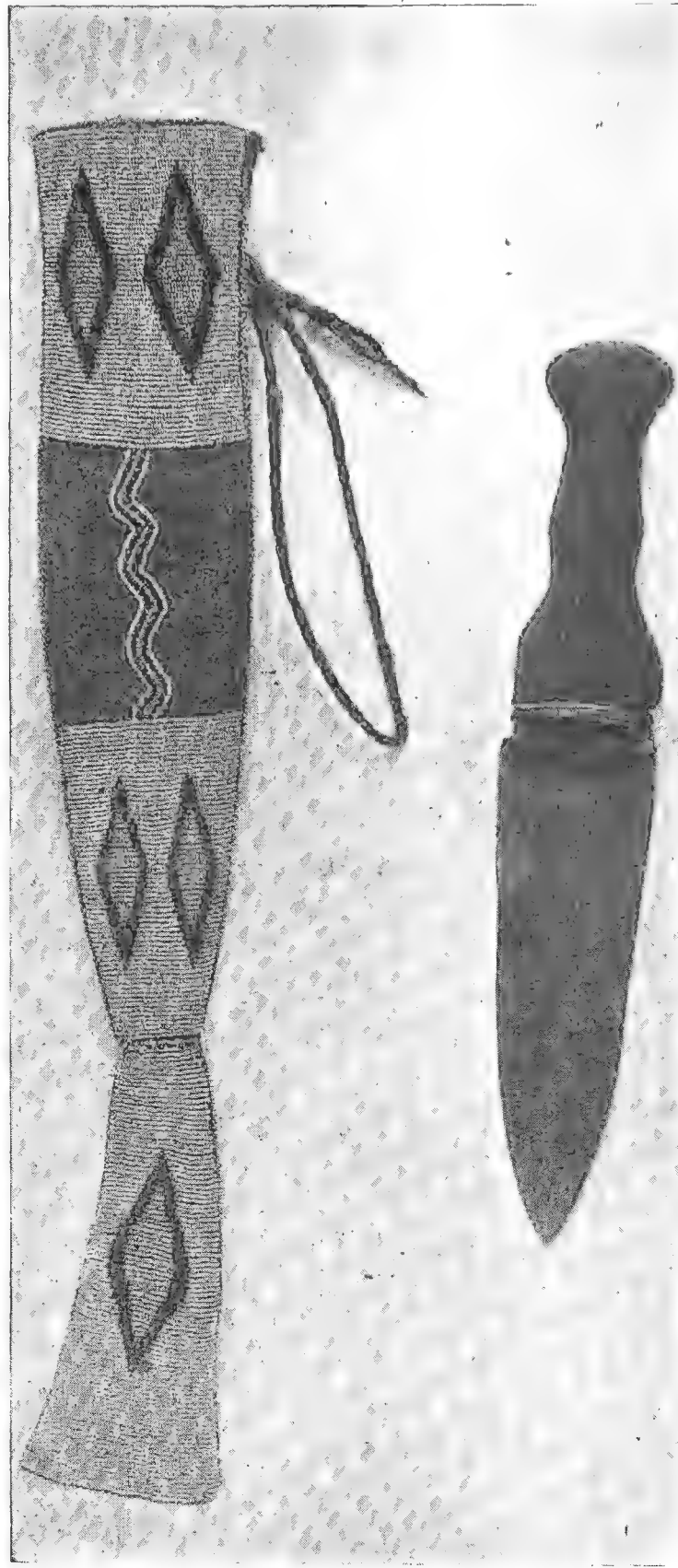
Game Bag and Gun.

Old Hudson's Bay Dag.

THE weapon and its sheath here figured come down to us from the olden time. These dags—so called—were the first knives furnished by the Hudson Bay Company to the Indians of the North, and most of them have long since been worn out, given away or lost. A few still remain, and are cherished more as relics and mementoes of the good old days than for any use to which they are put at present.

When the first white man came, he found the Indians using knives of bone, or of flint stone to skin and cut up their game. Strangely rude and useless they must have seemed to him, yet they served well the purposes of these primitive people. We may imagine that thousands of years before that, the Indians did not know even how to use a sharpened stone or bone for cutting, but that they tore their way through the tough hides to the flesh below with their teeth, or perhaps with a sharp-edged shell, or possibly with the tine of a deer's horn.

After the white man came, the first improvement in the



HUDSON'S BAY DAG AND SHEATH.

knives was by inserting a strip of tin or hoop iron along the edge of a bone knife. For, in those first days, of course, metal—this new and mysterious substance—must have had an enormous value for the Indians, and they must have used it as economically as possible. This strip of tin would take an edge and hold it for a little while, and thus give them a knife vastly better than anything that they had previously known. Soon after this, however, there were brought into the country these old-time dags, useful weapons which rendered far easier the labors of men and of women. These were employed for many years, but later the company sent in an improved knife, more useful for skinning and for the other purposes of camp life, but not nearly so good for war.

It was for this last purpose that in later years these dags were chiefly used, and each warrior when he entered a hostile camp for the purpose of cutting loose horses, carried his dag, slung by a loop to his left wrist. Very likely he might leave all his arms hidden outside of the camp, for an armed man walking through the camp with bow case and quiver and shield upon his back would be an object of curiosity and would be stared at and soon investigated by the people who occupied the camp. So the warrior who entered it, and who, above all things, desired to escape notice, was usually clad only in blanket or robe, and tried to be as inconspicuous as possible. Yet some arms he must have for his defense, and so he carried the dag swinging to his wrist under his robe, and ready at an instant's notice for the terrible forward and downward thrust which might rip open an enemy.

Our friend Bear Chief, who will be remembered by

many of our readers, was once stabbed through the lungs with one of these great knives, the point of which almost came out at his back, making a wound two inches wide, through which the wind whistled as he breathed. Many another man has been similarly cut up, and it is singular to notice how many of those stabbed in the chest recovered from their wounds.

As has been said, the dag is a relic of the olden time, almost as much so as is the bone knife which preceded it, or the still earlier knife of flint. The one here figured is a legacy left to its present owner by a friend, a brave Piegan warrior, who several winters ago left his people to join that greater throng who, in the Sand Hills, still hunt the buffalo that have long since vanished from the material world.

How the Bird Hid.

READING Pine Tree's article, I feel it my duty to write this explanation. The quail and ruffed grouse have the power to retain all scent under certain conditions.

When Pine Tree has hunted as long as I have, which is almost three score years, he will learn that the best-nosed pointers cannot locate a frightened quail which has dropped into the grass and leaves to hide when even less than a yard from their nose.

Last October, while hunting about two and one-half miles north of Hartford, with as good a Jewell setter as any man could wish to shoot over, the dog trailed a covey of quail about eighty rods and came to a point at some scattered brush at the roadside. I flushed the quail and stopped a bird with right and left, and marked the rest down in a cultivated raspberry patch not 50yds. away. Picking up my two birds, I went into the raspberries, which were in distinct rows, with my dog close at hand and my gun ready. I went up and down through that patch of berries both ways, following the rows, the dog hunting faithfully. But from the action of the dog you would not have thought there had been a quail there for a month. Knowing the power of the quail to suppress all scent for a short time, I called the dog and walked away 50yds. to an apple orchard and sat down and ate apples for fifteen or twenty minutes; then took my dog and returned to the raspberry patch, and the dog had no sooner entered the bushes than she came to a point. On the ground we had so recently been over, the dog found and I flushed and shot six quail. The situation was such that I positively know the quail were there all the time.

With the same dog my son and I killed forty-two quail and twelve partridges in one day.

Yet I have seen that dog within 2yds of a partridge on his drumming log and still unconscious of there being a bird in that neighborhood. The partridge will drum continually in places where there are foxes, skunks and other animals who would devour them were it possible to locate them by scent. If, when Pine Tree flushes a flock of birds that fly only a short distance, he will wait a few minutes before he puts his dog on to the ground, he will never have to kick the birds out. The dog can find them. For further proof of this fact I refer him to Frank Forrester's complete work on "Dog and Gun."

SULLIVAN COOK.

MICHIGAN.

Connecticut Grouse Snaring.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The last shooting season demonstrated the fact that partridges are unusually scarce in this vicinity, while woodcock and quail average about as usual. Sportsmen are puzzled over the scarcity of partridges, but a moment's reflection should reveal part of the cause.

The Connecticut law allows snaring on owner's premises. This license is eagerly grasped by land owners, who have always borne reputations as snarers. I write of what I know to be a fact, when I say that many post their lands to protect the snares they set on them. While they reap a reward through the medium of this lame law, yet they are filled with hatred of game laws in general. Many of them are too ignorant to realize the far-reaching benefits of good game laws; they think they are made by and for the benefit of a class. "Let me catch one o' them dudes that make the game laws on my land once; I'll have him arrested and shoved higher'n a kite." That's the way some of them talk to me.

From experience I will say that it is useless to undertake to reason with such men. You could never convince them that game laws are a benefit to them. Of course they believe in the law which allows them to snare on their own lands, but not in game laws in general.

Besides the partridge stranglers, there is a small percentage of farmers who kick against game laws because they have that privilege, and they would kick against anything else for the same reason. Ask them their reason and they will either evade your question or give an answer like this: "The birds don't belong to the city dude, and they've got a nerve to make laws so they can hunt over my land in the fall of the year. What right have they got to hunt on my land?" They don't hunt the birds themselves and would keep others from hunting them, simply because they themselves are chronic kickers.

For the benefit of my fellow sportsmen, I would say that a little flattery judiciously applied works to perfection on this material. Praise the appearance of their fields or of their cattle and horses, and you are in the right road to an invitation to "have a glass of cider? Won't you stop to dinner?" or "Say, you can hunt on my lands whenever you like."

Of course there are farmers, and many of them are staunch supporters of all game laws, who are compelled to post their lands. I talked with one of these persons recently and he said: "It was like drawing teeth for me to post my land. I am so near the city, however, that I was compelled to do so. It was bang! bang! bang! right around my door, all day long; and the rowdies and Italians broke down my fences, stole my fruit and even shot some of my chickens. I stood it all as long as I could before I put up the signs. Any decent man is welcome to shoot over my land, even now; but he must ask permission first." I know of a number of cases like this.

Now, it is not the "chronic kicker" who is the real enemy of game laws. Neither is it the farmer living near the city. The first would kick just as hard against doing away with all game laws as he does against existing ones, for it is his nature to kick. From motives of self-preservation the second would be compelled to post his lands, game laws or no game laws. The only real enemy of all game laws therefore is the natural lawless character who is too lazy to work and who chokes birds for money. He is the grown-up snarer.

It goes without saying that any law which allows snaring under any conditions is a lame one, and the sooner it is stricken from the statute books the better. Then another should be inserted in its place so strict against snaring that the very wording might scare a partridge strangler out of his wits. Such is the only kind of an argument that these people understand.

A couple of sportsmen, with whom I am acquainted, went out of town for a day's shooting early in the season. They went on the Derby R. R. Upon their return they told me how they had seen over 100 partridges delivered to the baggagemaster; not in one batch, but in small instalments at different places. They examined some of the birds and found they had been snared.

WILLIAM H. AVIS.

HIGHWOOD, Conn.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Minnesota Forest Reserve.

CHICAGO, Ill., April 29.—What is perhaps one of the largest bits of out-door news turned up in years appears herewith in the *FOREST AND STREAM*. It is news which will be larger a year from now than it is to-day. Although it is always a long step from the inception of any enterprise to its completion, I think we may briefly cover this matter by stating that it is among the possibilities if not the certainties that the State of Minnesota, one of the most remarkable in the West, in the extent of its forests and in the wealth of its fish and game, will have set apart as a forest reserve, under the protection of the United States Government, a tract which will cover four counties, which will be 140 by 125 miles in extent, which will embrace the sources of the Mississippi River, and which will include one of the most remarkable sporting regions to be found anywhere in the West. It is a long way to the fulfillment of this possibility or this certainty. We may call the result reasonably sure, because it is to be backed by some of the broadest minded thinkers and some of the longest headed men of affairs to be found anywhere in the West.

Although an announcement like the above is practically news to the sporting press, and is news absolutely in regard to the sober features of an actual beginning in the working part of the enterprise, the matter of a forest reserve or "State park," in Minnesota, is not a new thing. At the last session of the Legislature of that State there was passed, "An act to encourage the growing and preservation of forests and to create forest boards and forest reservations." It invites the gift of land for forestry purposes and provides that any one who will turn over to the board a tract of land of not less than 1,000 acres may have the forest named after him."

On the above lines, Congress was memorialized by the Minnesota Legislature to set apart for the use of the public some 2,500 square miles of land in the Leech Lake and Winnibigashish district, and this action of the Minnesota Legislature may be perhaps called the first real step taken in a general way in the matter of the forest reserve. Following hard upon this legislative action, Mr. Chas. Christodoro, prominent in the lumber trade of that State, and a resident of St. Paul, wrote the first communication which I can discover upon the matter, being a letter to the American Lumberman, earnestly advocating the establishment of the reserve, and making use of the following words:

"Beyond the question of forest preservation is the interesting one of the conserving of the game. Deer, moose, elk and bear would thrive and multiply in this region of lakes and woods if controlled by the Government, and were it protected as is the Yellowstone. As a pleasure and outing ground for the people of the Northwest, it cannot be excelled. With its sixty to seventy lakes, in some of which the first line is yet to be cast by a white man, all of them teeming with muscalonge, pike, bass and pickerel, it affords an ideal spot for the lover of the rod and reel. The sportsman can count upon good flight duck shooting as long as the mallards and scores of other Northern ducks are allowed peacefully to rear their young within the confines of the score or more of rice lakes within its borders.

"We Minnesotians want this land and water as a national park. We want Congress to act favorably in the matter. We realize that the railroads, the timber hog, the town sites are all against the idea of making such a profitable piece of territory into a national park, and it is against such that we wish to prevail in our efforts to preserve for all time a pleasure ground for the people, where the canoeist, camper, tourist and fisherman can enjoy nature at her best and where, twenty years from now, after every stick of white pine is gone the way of the black walnut, one can walk under the massive cork pine giants and think of what a wooded paradise Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota were before the advent of the axe and saw."

Commenting upon the above, the editor of the paper mentioned endorsed the idea from the standpoint of the lumberman—this being endorsement from a source unexpected, for the rapacity of the lumber cutter is a proverb nowhere better exemplified than in this very tract of Minnesota, where twenty million feet of Government timber have been stolen outright. Taking the high standpoint of the thinking man, the editor above mentioned approved the view of the thinking lumber merchant and of the State Legislature, and went on further to say:

"The fame of Minnesota as an agricultural region has gone to the uttermost parts of the earth, but her greatest glory has properly been ascribed to the magnificent wealth of forest, lake and stream with which nature endowed her. The disfiguring of these beautiful areas, due largely to man's necessities, in part to fearful conflagrations and mostly to the consummation of commercial desire, has left a dreary waste of hundreds of miles of what was once

as fair a prospect as ever sun shone upon. The time is near at hand when utilitarian purposes can logically be directed to other sources, and is with us now when some reminder of the most glorious natural characteristic of the Northwest should be preserved not only for the benefit of those of this generation, but for the enlightenment, the instruction, the good health of and a refining influence upon the generations to come, to whom this generation owes a debt, emphasized by its richer resources and its loose stewardship of them and in which resources the coming generations should be conceded their undeniable rights.

"Miles of bare Northwestern land, unpromising as to future usefulness, thousands of acres of black and blasted stumps that offend the eye and insult the artistic sense, appeal for the preservation of some of the best of what is left in primeval growth."

In the same issue of the same paper, yet another thinking lumber merchant, Mr. W. B. Mershon, of Saginaw, Mich., came out with a letter reiterating practically the above, and showing yet further that the matter of a Minnesota reserve is not one which is going to be fought by all of the great timber companies operating in that State.

The above, so far as I can discover, covers about all of the reserve matter up to date. I confess I was not aware until to-day that so much had been done, and was writing to the *FOREST AND STREAM* upon a different line when I received a call from Mr. Christodoro himself, stating that he had been to New York and had talked with the Editor of *FOREST AND STREAM* in regard to this very matter, which I had written up, and had in my desk ready to mail! I had arrived at the same station by an entirely different road, and through news sources quite independent of the above.

I have still left to state that, while the matter of the forest reserve belongs to Minnesota, and has been first considered in Minnesota, it is sure that the first step toward active work for the attainment of this great purpose was taken by a Chicago man, and taken within the last few days. Justice requires this statement, though the enterprise itself is too large to be held even within the bounds of all Minnesota. Chicago will not rest content with this credit, and indeed would disclaim any intent to call this a Chicago undertaking, for it belongs to the whole United States. The best and greatest news about the whole thing is that it seems far more than likely that the matter is now past mere beginning and will not be allowed to rest until it has attained success or absolute rejection by the Congress of the United States.

The Man With an Idea.

Years ago when the muscallonge country of Wisconsin was just opening up, one of the most ardent pilgrims to that favored land was a well-known Chicago attorney, Col. John S. Cooper. Col. Cooper is not a politician, but attorney. He won his title honestly in the Civil War, and he has earned the title of sportsman over and over since that time. He was fond of exploring, and there are few lakes of the Wisconsin chains which have not known his boat or canoe. After the glory of Wisconsin began to depart, in some measure, with the advent of the new roads, Col. Cooper turned his face to the less known wilderness of Minnesota. Years ago I predicted that Minnesota would be the next State to be reached by the throng of angling travelers, and this prediction has been fully verified. It was only two years ago that Col. Cooper made his first muscallonge trip in that State. Before he had ended his first outing in the great wilderness of upper Minnesota, he was a devotee to that region, and a convert to one idea. He resolved then and there to spend the remaining years of his life, if need be, in the effort to secure the preservation, intact, so far as that might be, of that great stretch of wild country about the head of the Mississippi River. He saw that the rapid denudation of the forests by the lumbermen must surely be followed at no late date by the most serious consequences in the flow of the head waters of the greatest American stream, probably also by a distinct change in the climate of the region. He saw that the fish and game, even now rapidly passing away, must soon become practically extinct there, as they have in other regions left open to the tender mercies of State laws and the unchecked impulses of eager human nature. It was not enough to Col. Cooper to go on and take what he could of the fish and game of this country, though without doubt its resources would outlast his time. It seemed to him better, indeed it seemed to him imperative that something should be done to keep this wilderness so that the American people might have one more chance to see how noble a thing its original heritage had been.

Col. Cooper was the man with the idea. He was the man with the enthusiasm. He was the man with the purpose and the energy. At the beginning of every considerable enterprise you will find some such man. Sometimes he is overridden, and often he is forgotten, and often he fails. At this point, at what I take to be the first written word in the sporting press regarding this enterprise, I wish to make it clear in the record, that should the State of Minnesota and the people of America win this great forest reserve, the credit for the first working steps toward that fact belongs, and should be given, to Col. John S. Cooper, lawyer and sportsman, of Chicago, who began the work not for glory nor for advertising, but because he loved the woods and streams.

Plan of Campaign.

A great many persons have ideas, but it is very gratifying to state that in this case the idea was not allowed to rest in embryo. Col. Cooper saw some men in Minnesota to whom he mentioned his proposition in part. He met at St. Paul a gentleman who offered suggestions of greatest value. He took counsel among certain Chicago friends, who promised him support, and he found outside this city and outside both these States, other broad-minded men who saw at once that this enterprise was not a personal one, but one of national importance. I need not describe all the steps that have quietly been taken here for the past few weeks, and which have been fully known to myself. Let it be enough to give below a brief sketch of the plans which have been outlined for the furtherance of the main proposition.

In the first place, this work of moving for a Minnesota

forest reserve is not a Chicago enterprise, and it is not a personal enterprise. It is already far beyond both these phases. The matter belongs to the United States, and will need to be brought before the Congress of the United States. Should it come before that body as a mere proposition, should it appear as a political measure, or as a scheme for the benefit of some persons or corporations, the fate of the measure might be written now. Yet more, should it approach Congress in a loose and indefinite form, something perhaps good but vague, something perhaps desirable but not definable, the result of failure might again be prophesied. Still more than this, were this proposition never so clearly and convincingly put, it none the less might fail, if it came before members of Congress who, while they might be willing and anxious to approve the measure if it seemed of great popular benefit, might themselves be too personally ignorant of the region and the data regarding it to act with perfect understanding in the matter.

All these contingencies have been foreseen. It may be said with a certain pride that they have been guarded against with a certain Western largeness and thoroughness. Chicago claims no more than the first step, but the first step, being the one which counts, would appear to have in this case to have been well considered. In a short time there will be a meeting of a few prominent men of Chicago, let us hope of such men as George E. Cole, president of the Municipal League; Edwin F. Daniels, president of the Tollester Club; Judge Grosscup, of the Circuit Bench; Ruthven Deane, foremost ornithologist of the West, and a few other such men, men of social rating and conservative thought, who will be asked to meet as a body for preliminary organization. After such organization there will be invitations sent out to similar men in other States, men of the kind who are not content with passing resolutions. Thus there will be formed, and I think formed at no very late date, a body of American thinkers. I shall not call this a body of American sportsmen. This is by no means a sportsmen's measure, for all classes are interested in it, though sportsmen are primarily so. This body of American thinkers will be one whose invitation will carry weight and be entitled to respect.

An Invitation to Congress.

Soon after the formation of this representative body, which will be sometime this summer, and at the earliest possible date, there will be issued to some sixty members of Congress an invitation to go out and see this wilderness of Minnesota, to see it personally, and to examine it thoroughly, in such way that they may be able to vote understandingly on any measure regarding it and may be able to give their colleagues any facts that they may need.

To take sixty members of Congress, from all parts of the Union, out into the State of Minnesota, to pay their expenses for the entire trip, whether by rail or by canoe, is something which runs very rapidly into the thousands of dollars. Perhaps we may stamp as something less than visionary this interesting proposal when I say that it is already well within the bounds of likelihood that the funds for this large enterprise may be already reckoned as secured. Just how this will be done is something which I am at this writing not at liberty to disclose, but I may perhaps within the bounds of discretion say that if ultimate success shall crown the undertaking it will be due to the liberality of one of the biggest minded men the West has ever produced. So much for the news up to date of a matter which if left alone would not be worth writing about, but which, if handled as it seems likely it will be handled, may run into something very large and interesting indeed.

The State of Minnesota.

To many persons living in the East the State of Minnesota is simply a place out West. To many near-by dwellers, and even to most of the residents of the State itself, much of the original history of the State, and many interesting details regarding this northern part of the State, will come in the way of added knowledge. Really, there are few States more interesting, and few whose history holds more of wild romance. Here it was that stout and devout Lieut. Pike, honest Zebulon Pike, in the year 1805, came to spy out the new possessions of the United States, and to order the traders of the Northwest Fur Company to take down their British flags. Honest Zebulon accomplished his purposes, and told contemporary man much about the resources of that region, although he made the mistake of believing that Leech Lake was the headwaters of the Mississippi.

Prosaic, plodding Zebulon, what a good time he had without knowing it. Because, after he had come down the Mississippi River to St. Louis again, he was sent out into the West to the headwaters of the Arkansas River, with the purpose of crossing over to the headwaters of the Red River, thence descending that river and coming back home again to this great Mississippi River, which then marked the boundary of the known America. He got lost, did sober Zebulon, and by mistake struck the headwaters of the Rio del Norte, in Spanish territory. He was taken prisoner by the Spaniards, taken over to Santa Fe, and then was forced to ride with his captors horseback all the way to Chihuahua, in Old Mexico. Finally released, he rode again northward, through San Antonio, and across Texas far to the east, until finally, in the most matter-of-fact manner in the world, he came again to the Mississippi River, and to soil admittedly American. Meantime Lewis and Clarke were making their lucky trip to the Pacific Ocean, that wonderful trip which brought them so much glory, and which so far overshadowed honest, plodding Zebulon M. Pike, although the latter had seen much of new America himself.

The Historical Society of Minnesota has recently been digging in the early history of the State, and had discovered that Minnesota is the only State with a dual origin. As a matter of fact the territory of the State came partly from the Northwest Territory and partly from the Louisiana Purchase. Minnesota is the only State in the Union which combines territory of those two sources. Just to make my story more complete, and perhaps to please some citizens of Minnesota, I may quote from a paper

read by Mr. Samuel M. Davis, of Minneapolis, at a recent meeting of the Historical Society.

"It is not possible," the author said in part, "to divide among Benjamin Franklin, John Adams and John Jay the exact honor due to each for saving the Northwest to their country. To one, however, who goes through the original documents, it would seem that we are not least indebted to John Jay for his distinguished services in this connection.

"England's claim to the Northwestern territory was founded both on conquest and on the charters of the original colonies; and she was very reluctant to surrender so much of that region as remained in her hands at the close of the war.

Minnesota's Origin.

"The part of Minnesota east of the Mississippi River was taken from the original Northwestern territory. As afterward ascertained, its west line northward from the source of the Mississippi, in Lake Itasca, would pass through Beltrami county, by the west margin of Red Lake, to the Lake of the Woods. The territory east of the Mississippi and this line now included in Minnesota comprises about one-third of the State. The remainder of Minnesota as a Territory and State was derived from the Louisiana purchase.

"The interest that attaches to the Louisiana purchase is romantic as well as historic. That vast territory acquired by the United States in its early history laid the foundations for the subsequent greatness of the republic. That region had belonged successively to powerful and aggressive nations of Europe. Zealous and pious missionaries had traversed it. Daring and adventurous explorers and discoverers had plowed its rivers with their canoes and laid open the vastness of its extent and the magnificent wealth of its natural resources. At length it was returned to the dominion of France. Napoleon was at the head of the French nation, and was in need of funds to equip her armies for conquest. The United States stood ready to purchase Louisiana, and events hurried Napoleon to a conclusion."

Proceeding onward from the dates of acquisition of these great tracts, the first from Great Britain in 1783, and the second from France twenty years later, which supplied respectively the northeastern third and the western two-thirds of Minnesota, Mr. Davis reviewed, in the latter part of his paper, the successive changes of territorial organizations.

Wilderness Incurable.

Since the date of 1849, when Minnesota became a Territory, the changes have been too rapid to follow, yet in spite of the great development of the State there has always remained, virtually unchanged, a great tract of wild country in the upper part of the State, which has not been and which never can be reduced to the purposes of agricultural or city-building man. Hundred of square miles remain now covered with forests, in part virgin growth, though now largely ruined by the lumbering operations. The soil over the greater part of this section is so poor and sandy that it can never be farmed. A few little villages dot the wilderness here and there, dependent mostly upon the lumber companies. There is no permanent civilization, nor will there ever be after the forests are cut off. It is a country fit only to be a wilderness, but yet a country too noble to be merely a desolation. The time has come when, in the opinion of many thinking men, the desolation should be in part arrested, and the wilderness preserved.

It seeming desirable to place in available form as much information as possible regarding this region, a diligent study was made along all possible lines, and certain statistics were tabulated, this work being done on request by Mr. H. G. McCartney, of Chicago, a gentleman who has long been interested in the country lying about the headwaters of the Mississippi. To put this information into form readily digestible, I may say that the proposed forest reserve will include practically all of the four counties of Cass, Hubbard, Beltrami and Itasca. As stated above, the tract would be 140 by 125 miles, and would run from the southern line of Hubbard county clear to the Canadian border. This tract includes 4,000 lakes and countless streams. While it does not include the great White Earth Indian reservation, it does include six large and small Indian reservations, whose territory is already under the control of the United States Government. Under the control of the State of Minnesota is the State Park, which surrounds the headwaters of the Mississippi River.

Of the region thus embraced but little is known by the average man, and I know of but one other section in the Middle West of America equally wild and equally unknown, and that is the canebrake region of the Mississippi Delta, which latter is so rich it is being rapidly taken up by settlers. There does not lie out of doors a tract of country less suitable for agriculture or mining, or more suited to the uses of a national reserve than this sandy, piny Minnesota wilderness. This is not intended as a national park, properly speaking, but as a forest reserve only, and its establishment would not impair individual rights. Details regarding the extent, resources, population, etc., of this tract are given below.

1. The amount of land within the proposed park, which is included in the Indian Reservation, together with the number of Indians. The names of Indian reservations and number of acres and number of Indians:

	Number of Indians.	Acres.
Rois Fort	378	6 square miles.
Leech Lake	1,155	94,440
Red Lake	1,341	3,200,000
Cass Lake		320,000
Winnibigoshish	426	

Total

White Earth Reservation contains 36 square miles, with 1,322 Indians. This reservation would not be included in the Park. Total number of Indians in Minnesota, 7,280.

2. As near as can be concluded, the number of lakes within this region: Itasca county, 400; Cass county, 350; Hubbard county, 150; Beltrami county, 200; total 1,100.

3. The character of the soil in that region in Minnesota: Soil mostly of the drift period. A sandy loam, interspersed with sandy and rocky areas, fit only in most cases for tree growth.

4. The character of the timber and the probable amount of merchantable pine still standing:

Beltrami county is remarkable for its great extent, and the magnificent body of virgin pine forest, situated on the Red Lake Indian Reservation, southeast of the lake. Pine is also found on high ground all the way to the north boundary: White pine, 1-

500,000,000ft.; Norway pine, 350,000,000ft.; oak, maple, birch, spruce, poplar, tamarack, 250,000,000ft.; wood, 16,500,000 cords.

Cass county contains rich forests of pine and hardwood around Cass, Leach and Winnibigoshish. Land south of each lake to the width of ten miles has good clay and loam soil: White pine, 1,600,000,000ft.; Norway pine, 400,000ft.; oak, 8,000,000ft. ash, birch, basswood, elm, etc., 25,000,000; wood, 6,000,000 cords.

Character and amount of timber in Hubbard county: White pine, 450,000,000; Norway pine, 300,000,000; jack pine, 50,000,000; oak, 3,000,000; birch, 10,000,000; spruce, poplar, etc., 10,000,000; wood, 3,300,000 cords.

Character and amount of timber in Itasca county: White pine, 2,200,000,000; Norway pine, 550,000,000; jack pine, 30,000,000; cedar, 100,000,000; spruce, 100,000,000; tamarack, 50,000,000; birch, 100,000,000; oak, 50,000,000; basswood, maple, elm, ash, poplar, etc., 100,000,000; wood, 36,000,000 cords.

Itasca county has two important rivers, the Big Fork and Little Fork, Little Fork being the largest. The land traversed by these rivers covered with fine growth of timber, both hard and soft, and is good farming land. Much of the pine along these rivers has been stolen and floated down to the Lake of the Woods.

5. The number of villages or towns within the Park, and the inhabitants:

	Population.	Acres.
Itasca county.....	743	3,676,000
Beltrami county.....	312	1,431,000
Hubbard county.....	1,412	604,000
Cass county.....	1,247	1,768,000

Totals

Number of acres reserved: Itasca county, 586,014; Beltrami county, 1,088,000; Hubbard county, none; Cass county, 421,240; total, 2,095,254.

Population of towns in proposed park: Park Rapids, 277; Hubbard Village, 533; Grand Rapids, 415; Walker, 200; Bemidji, 150; Deer River, 50; total 1,625.

Character of unappropriated and unreserved land: Beltrami county—Prairie land and timber, hardwood.

Cass County—Timber, brush and swamp.

Hubbard county—Timber and prairie.

Itasca county—Largely timber; gold in the north, with light swamp; agricultural in the south; iron belt in center, running east and west.

6. As to the navigability of the Upper Mississippi for our light-draft steamers from St. Anthony Falls at Minneapolis to Grand Rapids: From St. Anthony Falls from Minneapolis to Brainerd, navigation is obstructed by rapids. Light-draft boats from Brainerd to Grand Rapids. Light-draft boats from Grand Rapids above the United States Government dam to Winnibigoshish dam; Winnibigoshish dam to Cass Lake.

7. The different kinds of game and fish in that region:

Birds—Woodcock, plover, prairie chickens, wild geese, quail, pheasant, wild ducks, all varieties; grouse, snipe.

Game—Elk, moose, caribou, deer, bear.

Fish—Muskallonge, great Northern pike, black bass, wall-eyed pike, pickerel, lake trout, whitefish, silver bass, croppies, rock bass, perch.

8. The market value of the land on an average, subject to the removal of the merchantable pine: In small lots, \$3 per acre; in large lots, \$1.50 per acre.

9. All the facts from Government reports and otherwise, bearing upon the management and cost to the Government of the Yellowstone National Park. The number of employees and the people under Government control, as well as the reports of officials having charge of the Park. About the number of forests through that Park, as well as to the extent of the Park itself: 62 miles long from north to south; 54 miles wide from east to west; contains 3,848 square miles; Park controlled by U. S. troops.

Sequoia and General Grant National Park: Sequoia Park, Tulare county, Cal.; contains 250 square miles. General Grant Park, Mariposa county, Cal., contains four square miles. Park is controlled by U. S. troops. Hot Springs reservation contains 900 acres.

The distinction between national parks and forest reservations: National parks special act of Congress; individual titles extinguished; private interests excluded. Forest reserves under a general act; no private holdings disturbed.

Itasca State Park: Amount of land owned and under State control, 10,879 acres. Private ownership, 8,823 acres. Park originally proposed by Mr. Albert J. Hill, in 1889. Seven miles north and south and five miles east and west.

10. Adirondacks Park under the control of the State of New York. State of New York owns 677,220 acres in the Adirondacks and 48,491 acres in the Catskills; a total of 725,711 acres, which has been set apart by law as a forest reserve. The management of these lands was vested in a State bureau, styled the Forest Commission; a board of five members to serve without pay. Under them a superintendent with assistants.

Private clubs own 550,000 acres; three of them own over 100,000 acres each, or a total of 390,000.

New York State has come owner of nearly 1,000,000 acres abandoned land by lumbermen because it was not worth the taxes.

11. Comparative statements from other countries, such as Germany, about their Government parks:

German Forest Administration—Average yearly new growth, 50 cubic feet per acre, or 2 3-10 cubic feet for 100 cubic feet standing timber. In Germany the prices of wood has increased in the last 30 to 40 years at the rate of 1 5-10 per cent. to nearly 3 per cent. per annum. In Prussia prices doubled from 1830 to 1865. From 1850 to 1891 it rose 59 per cent. From 1830 to 1879 net yield increased 1 36-100 per cent. per year. In Saxony from 1850 to 1879 at the rate of 3 2-10 per cent.

In the Bavarian forests at the rate of 3-14 per cent. per year. This will repeat itself in the United States.

12. What forest reservations the United States Government has provided for, and the manner in which the Government has taken control and is managing the same:

Report of the Secretary of the Interior—Forest Reservations by States.

Arizona—	
Grand Cañon.....	1,851,520
California—	
San Gabriel.....	555,520
Sierra	4,096,000
San Bernardino.....	737,280
Tabuco Cañon	49,920
Colorado—	
White River.....	1,198,080
Pike's Peak	184,320
Plum Creek.....	179,200
The South Platte.....	683,520
Battlement Mesa	858,240
New Mexico—	
The Pecos River.....	311,040
Oregon—	
Bull Run	142,080
Cascade Range	4,492,800
Ashland	18,560
Washington—	
The Pacific	967,680
Wyoming—	
Yellowstone National Park, timber reserve.....	1,239,040

Total amount of acres in above reservations.....

Lands actually reserved are only vacant, unappropriated public lands in said boundaries.

The number of these reservations is 16, and they are partially protected by the Government, by rangers or fire wardens.

Objects for making these reservations not defined by law, but are supposed to be protection against fire and axe, and also upon conditions of water flow, which are said to be dependent.

13. As to the effect of preserving the timber at the headwaters of our rivers in maintaining a volume of water therein as against a condition where timber has been cut off, it has been established beyond controversy that forest cover influences the regularity of water flow.

Forest floor prevents rapid evaporation, and tends to turn surface drainage into underground channels. Retards melting snow and thereby reduces spring floods.

Miscellaneous Notes.

Red Lake Reservation.—Arable land limited, but sufficient for the tribe; 95 miles wide and 115 miles long.

Secretary of the Interior recommends the sale of all timber on reservation at once to save loss by fire and wind.

White Earth Reservations contain 36 square miles of the best farming land in Minnesota. Ample in size and resources to accommodate all the Indians in Minnesota. White Earth Indians are self-supporting.

Area of timber land in the United States estimated, 500,000,000 acres.

Timber growing scarce, of the following kinds: White pine of the North, white ash, tulip poplar, and black walnut.

We consume 25,000,000,000 cubic feet of wood a year. Sixty years will exhaust our existing supply if there is no new growth.

Forest resources treated as a crop, rather than as a mine, from which we take what is useful and abandon the remainder.

White pine timber grown for market takes about 100 years.

Mayor Goes Snipe Shooting.

Hon. Carter H. Harrison, Mayor of Chicago, is a sportsman of no mean pretensions, which is to say, he is a sportsman of no pretensions whatever. The Harrison family came from Virginia to Kentucky, and from Kentucky to Chicago. It would be strange if the sportsmen's instinct did not show in it. Mayor Harrison is the second of his family to be Mayor of Chicago, and like his father is holding his second term of office. An ardent fly-fisher of wide experience, a bicyclist of thoroughgoing sort, and a sportsman tourist, Mayor Harrison is also a good wing shot, and now and then takes a day afield with the Louisiana quail of the Indiana jacksnipe. To-day he sent for me to ask where he could get some good snipe country, as he wanted to go out for a day before long. We both agreed upon the country near Lorenzo, on the Santa Fe road, where there is quite a section of marsh which is sometimes very good. Mayor Harrison will probably put up with Mr. Kelly, at his place on the banks of the Kankakee River, where, as Mr. George E. Cole and myself can both testify, the table groans, and the daughters of the family sing. I am sure I hope he will have very good fortune.

Snipe Situation.

Mr. E. H. Hughes, assistant passenger agent of the Grand Trunk Railway, in company with Warden Harry Loveday, of this city, and Fish Commissioner Nat H. Cohen, of Urbana, Ill., went snipe shooting day before yesterday, at Lottaville, near Valparaiso. They got there just a day too late, the birds having left, and they got but eleven jacks between them.

Mr. W. P. Mussey, who has been snipe shooting at Maksawba Club, has had bad luck the last two days he has been out, though earlier he got thirty and forty birds a day.

At Koutts, Ind., one of the best snipe marshes in the country, there have been some birds, though a great many shooters. Mr. Oswald Von Lengerke went to Koutts day before yesterday for a try at the jacks. At Shelby, Ind., or rather six miles north of there, there is a grand marsh, and this is a popular point. We are having very warm weather right now, and it may be the birds are moving out north, but if they are not leaving the entire section there should be shooting in the Fuller Island tract.

A shooter of Blue Island, a Chicago suburb, says that he has been finding quite a number of birds along the Sag, a few miles west of Blue Island, within the past few days.

Wake up.

Mr. R. R. Wiley, of Peoria, writes me as below:

"Allow me to congratulate you upon the success of your efforts in regard to the Senate bill 43. The stand that you and the other gentlemen so opportunely made should set an example to those who preach protection but who never do anything. If they would only wake up we might hope of having such improvements as 'no spring shooting' on the statutes."

Itasca State Park.

Among other good acts, the late Legislature of Minnesota appropriated \$20,000 for the enlargement and improvement of Itasca State Park, around the headwaters of the Mississippi River, which is, in the estimation of late Warden Fullerton, one of the greatest breeding places for game in the State.

The Executive.

The new executive agent of the Minnesota Commission, Mr. Beutner, is bestirring himself in his new duties. He has looked into the matter of licenses for Lake of the Woods, has held an auction sale of confiscated fish and game, and at last accounts had gone to Ely Lake, via Tower, for the purpose of collecting wall-eyed pike spawn.

E. HOUGH.

480 CANTON BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

As to Flintlocks.

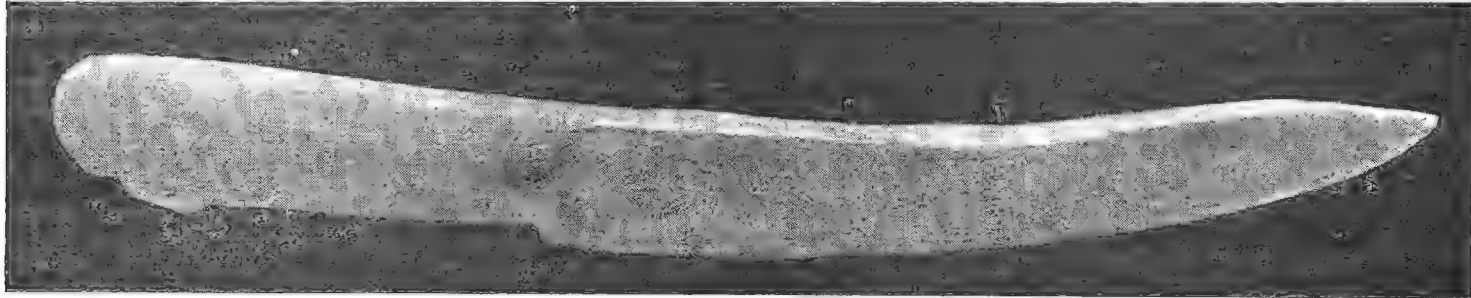
BALTIMORE, April 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Noting "Snap Shots" in issue of 29th inst., and Mr. Orin Belknap's call for gun flints, do not, please underestimate the value of gun flint guns. My first gun was a "gun flint," and my affections go out to it as a companion that never failed me. In the early 40s my older brother had it changed to percussion, and when I returned from school I felt disposed to cry. The gun was a smooth-bore, and was carried by my grandfather in the battle at Lexington. The change from flint to percussion destroyed half its value as a family relic of the Revolution. I was a shooter at ten years of age, when I could not hold the gun at arms' length. That was early in the 30s. What would I have done if my percussion caps had become exhausted, or my cartridges—in the case of a breechloading gun. I lost a deer in Mississippi in 1843 because my percussion caps, carried in my breeches pockets, had become wet in my wading in the overflows. How I then wished for my old flint lock. It never missed fire. It sometimes "hung fire," but I would hold it as long as the powder in the "pan" burned, and it was sure to give a good account.

I don't see what people living remote from civilization want with breechloading guns or percussion guns. Where could they obtain supplies of percussion caps or shells, presuming they would load their own cartridges. That is where the flint lock gun comes in. My ideas may be old-fogy and tintured by my early education in firearms, but "thar I are." EDWIN S. YOUNG.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

One Ball, Two Ears, Two Holes.

ONE day last year while squirrel shooting in Essex county, N. Y., I rested for a few minutes on the sunny side of a hill overlooking Lake Champlain and the "Ti" Flats. There was an old man sitting among some bundles of corn, which he was husking in a lazy sort of fashion. We got to talking about hunting, and the old fellow said: "There was once a chap named Race Winters out in Schroon who had a hound that he shot a good deal by. Well, one day the dog was chasin' a deer through a pasture owned by a man named Wyman. Race hurried up so as to get a shot at the deer on the runway. Pretty soon he seed a big buck a-comin' full tilt right for him. He was jest goin' to shoot when somebody fired from a thicket near by, and the dog gave a yelp and fell. Race was so mad at the shootin' of his dog that he blazed away right into the center of the smoke about ten rods off. He heard a groan and felt that he had better get out of there pretty quick. Just then the old hound got up, shook himself and went on after the deer as if nothin' had

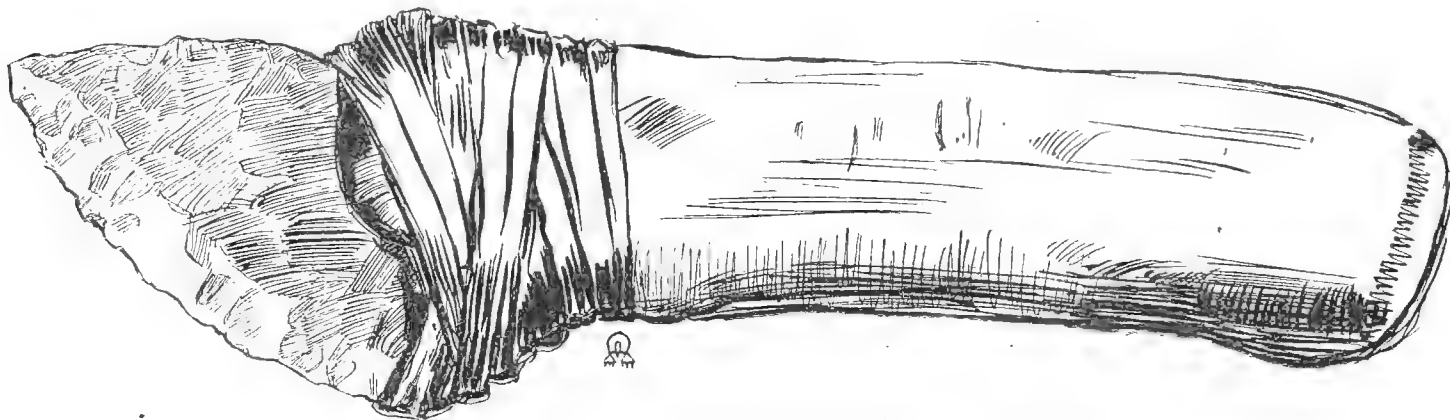


PIEGAN INDIAN BONE KNIFE.

happened. Race soon got to a cranberry marsh, but his partner, a city chap, had already shot the buck as it was druv in by the dog. The funny part of the story is comin'. There was two round holes through that hound's ears, fresh bored by a rifle ball as clean as a punch could have done it. Of course, the spunky old dog was all covered with blood—but he got over it all right. Winters told me once that a neighbor, who hated to have deer drove across his land, recovered from a flesh wound a few weeks later on, sayin' that he had shot himself by accident. I never heard of a neater single rifle shot than this borin' of a dog's ears while they was a-hangin' below his jaws." SILEX.

Ontario Quail.

LONDON, Ont., April 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Quail have come through the winter in this section very well, if reliance can be placed upon reports. Our club has leased about 20,000 acres of land from the Government as a game preserve, upon which we have quail, partridges and woodcock. Reports from there are most encouraging, and we expect abundance of birds as usual next fall. Although this is a natural quail country, and it abounds with native birds, we are in the habit of putting out several hundred imported birds each spring, with the most gratifying results. We have succeeded in saving and putting out alive a very large percentage of the birds



INDIAN STONE KNIFE WITH WOODEN HANDLE.

which we imported in the winter, and in this way we have succeeded in keeping always an abundance of birds on our preserves notwithstanding that it is pretty heavily shot during the open seasons. I think every encouragement should be given to clubs who have preserves of this kind, and are willing to spend their money in keeping up a supply of birds, as we have done, as it benefits not only those who may be members of the club, but the birds scatter and help to keep up the supply on adjoining premises.

Our game laws here are very well observed. We have no spring shooting on ducks, and I would urge you to do all in your power to stop it in the United States. I belong to one of the best duck clubs in western Ontario, and we have very good shooting there, but would not if it were not for the strict observance of our rules for protecting the marsh and giving it regular rests. But it is somewhat discouraging that, while we on this side of the lake and river are doing all in our power to keep the ducks with us and give them every opportunity to increase, our American cousins in Michigan are shooting them ruthlessly in the spring; at least so I am informed on good authority. H. MARSHALL GRAYDON.

Spring Shooting.

MR. EDWIN TINSLEY, Chief Game Warden of Ontario, sends us this letter recently addressed by him to State Game Warden Chase H. Osborn, of Sault Ste. Marie, Mich. It has wider application than to the districts immediately concerned in Mr. Tinsley's references:

PARLIAMENT BUILDING, Toronto, April 22.—Mr. Osborn: I regret to learn that some of your good work in game protection in the State of Michigan is likely to be undone by the combined efforts of the unreasoning greed of pot-hunters and almost criminal apathy of sportsmen. We in Ontario have had to contend for some years with advocates of spring shooting who allege that we have been protecting the ducks for the sportsmen in New York State and Michigan. We had fondly hoped when

your Legislature abolished spring shooting that New York State would fall in line and that the shooting of wild fowl en route to their nesting grounds would soon be a thing of the past. I cannot understand what pleasure or enjoyment a man can derive from shooting game in the spring when unfit for food and full of eggs, men who do this and then expect to have a supply of young birds to shoot in the fall ought to be inmates of a government institution under medical surveillance. If any public officials of your State have any doubt of the wisdom of abolishing spring shooting let them cross Lake St. Clair by boat from Michigan to the marshes on the Canadian side during the summer months, and note the large number of the various species of wild game breeding unmolested, in striking contrast to the dearth of bird life in your waters. A public officer, no matter what his position may be, can confer no greater boon on the people of his State or country than by conserving and perpetuating for them the wise provisions of nature, whether of land or water, so bountifully provided. It is to be deplored that so few public men have the manliness and

courage to rise above political exigencies and honestly do what they know to be right, and just to God and their fellow-men.

Well, friend Osborn, you have done your duty, it rests with those in more exalted positions to do theirs. E. TINSLEY, Chief Game Warden.

North Carolina Quail.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I notice that much has been written through the columns of your valuable paper about the destruction of game birds by the extreme cold weather of February last. I have made diligent inquiry in this section about the matter, and while there is no doubt that they suffered a great deal from cold and hunger, I have every reason to believe that but very few succumbed. When I say "game birds," I refer to quail of course, as they are about the only really game birds that we have here, and I have only heard of three being found dead.

I know that great numbers of doves, larks, yellow-hammers and smaller birds did freeze to death, for I found many of them myself.

I only took one hunt after the cold wave, and on the trip found twenty-four fine coveys, and out of sixty-eight bagged only found one bird that was poor.

Several weeks ago I had occasion to go about nine

miles in the country, and in going that distance I saw five very fine coveys along the roadside. From what I have seen since the shooting season closed, I should say that there was more than enough left for breeding purposes, and with a favorable season I think that we will have a great abundance of quail for our next fall's shooting.

The worst enemy that we have to game here is the "pot-hunter," who goes out with only one idea, and that is to get birds, no matter how. They are after meat and not sport.

May the day soon come when no man will be allowed to sell game. C. H. HARRIS.

ROCKY MOUNT, N. C.

Newfound Lake.

NEWFOUND LAKE, Bristol, N. H., April 29.—The fishing season at this noted lake will open in a few days, as the ice is commencing to honeycomb. Sure sign that dissolution will soon take place.

The season promises to open lively, with all boats engaged, as already there are a few fishermen from Boston now at the lake shores waiting and hoping for the honor of landing the first landlocked salmon this year. If the fishing opens as good as it was the first few days of last year, many a nice trout or salmon will grace the tables of anglers' friends in Boston or New York.

This lake is restocked every year from the State hatchery, located on its banks, which now contain fry in tanks for future distribution in lakes and streams of New Hampshire: 1,000,000 lake trout, 60,000 landlocked salmon, 125,000 brook trout.

Newfound Lake is fed by numerous cold springs. Trout and salmon are often caught during the summer months by deep trolling.

LANDLOCKED SALMON HOUSE.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Sea and River Fishing.

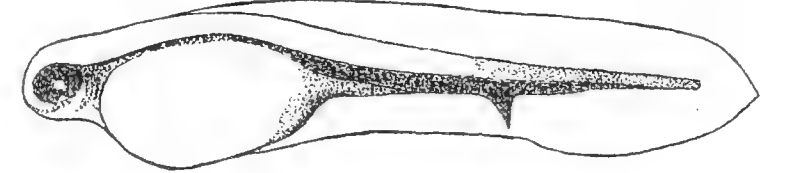
The Mascalonge.

NATURE must have been in an ugly mood when she formed the ancestral pike and launched it in the fresh waters upon its mission of destruction. Thoreau has described the pike as "the swiftest, wariest, and most ravenous of fishes, which Josselyn calls the river wolf." An English writer says: "The European pike, like its brethren, is the most voracious of fresh-water fishes; it probably exceeds the shark, to which it has been compared by many writers, in the relative quantity of food it consumes. Ponds would soon be depopulated, but for its cannibal propensities, no pike being safe from another of its own kind large enough to swallow it." Hallock refers to the mascalonge as "a long, slim, strong and swift fish, in every way formed for the life it leads, that of a dauntless marauder."

But what has the mascalonge to do with the pike? It belongs to the same family, and even the same genus. The pike family is a small one, containing only five principal members. In this family the pickerels are the small fry, the pike comes next in size, standing in a group all alone, and in some waters, rivalling in proportions the giants of the aggregation, the formidable mascalonges. In Europe pike weighing from 40 to 50 lbs. are not uncommon, and captures of much larger ones have been reported.

What are the races of mascalonge? There are three: The common form of the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence River, with the upper part of the body usually gray, the lower part pale, the sides and fins with numerous roundish dark spots, about as large as buckshot; the banded mascalonge of Chautauqua Lake, New York, which has no dark spots, but has many irregular dark cross bands, intermingled with broken bands and blotches, and the variety in lakes of Wisconsin and Minnesota, which lacks both spots and bands, and has uniform bluish gray sides. The last is the one described by General Garrard, under the name *Esox immaculatus*, from eagle waters.

The writer is at a loss to know how to regard the



Nat. Size.

MASCALONGE 4 DAYS OLD FROM CHAUTAUQUA, LAKE, N. Y.

mascalonge of the Ohio River, and its tributaries since authorities differ as to its relations. Kirtland described it as: "White with many narrow transversal brown bands, somewhat curved; length, 5 ft." Jordan and Evermann in "A Check-List of the Fishes," etc., 1896, place the Chautauqua Lake variety along with the unspotted mascalonge of Wisconsin and Minnesota; but in Bulletin 47, U. S. National Museum, published nearly two months earlier, the Chautauqua Lake specimens are supposed "to be allied to the typical form *masquimongy* rather than to var. *immaculatus*, but are somewhat different from either in coloration. No constant difference in other respects is apparent."

The three forms of mascalonge have been defined as follows:

(1) A typical mascalonge, the sides with round or squarish, blackish spots of varying size on a ground color of grayish silvery, the belly white, the fins spotted with black. (In the Great Lakes, their outlets and tributaries.)

(2) A form with spots coalescing in bands. (In Ohio River, Chautauqua Lake, Conneaut Lake and other clear lakes outside the Great Lakes system.)

(3) A variety, or subspecies, with spots obsolete, but with vague, dark cross shades, the tail a little more slender and fins a little higher than in the spotted, or lake, mascalonge. (This in lakes and rivers of Wisconsin and Minnesota.)

The great difficulty with these varieties is to keep them where they are supposed to belong, and induce them to maintain at all times the characters assigned to them. They have an unfortunate way of growing out of one style and into another, and mixing things up by swimming away from one jurisdiction into another. To illustrate: The Ironton Register, Ironton, Ohio, Nov. 28, 1895, had an account of a "pike" taken on light bass tackle by James Dupuy in Tygart's Creek, a tributary of the Ohio River. The fish was 44½ in. long and weighed 31 lbs. Mr. E. Hough wrote about that fish in FOREST AND STREAM, July 11, 1896, as follows: "The head was spotted with dark, regular, exactly round black spots on the jaws and gill-covers. Mr. Dupuy said that the entire body had these regular black spots all over it, a trifle larger than the end of a lead pencil." The writer saw the head of that specimen at FOREST AND STREAM office, July 29, 1896, at which time the black spots of the head were present, but scarcely visible. The head was 9 in. long.

Now, if the mascalonge described by Mr. Dupuy, Mr. Hough and myself be a black-spotted fish without cross bands, it is not the same as Dr. Kirtland's mascalonge, and the Ohio basin must be credited with two races instead of one. Dr. Henshall has contributed to the history of color variation with age in the following paragraph:

"It was also supposed that in all cases the mascalonge was always dark-spotted on a lighter colored ground, but as already stated, while the young are always thus marked, these dark spots become more or less obscure or obsolete with age, and the largest specimens will exhibit a uniform grayish coloration, with brownish or greenish reflections. I have seen large examples from the St. Lawrence basin that were apparently identical in color with others from Eagle Waters and the upper Mississippi of similar size and weight."

The best account of the mascalonge in Wisconsin waters is given by Mr. A. A. Mosher. He says there are three varieties, the unspotted, barred and spotted, and describes them as follows:

"The 'barred lunge' agrees in coloration with the

variety in Chautauqua Lake. On the 'barred lunge' the bars are transverse and commence near the back and extend to the edge of the belly, that is to say, some of them do, while others go only part way, being quite irregular all over the sides, without any apparent system; the dorsal fin is marked the same.

"In the spotted variety the spots are also irregularly placed, and the intervening space partially filled by transverse bars, the dorsal fin marked with distinctive round black spots, exactly the same as in the common gar.

"The '*Esox immaculatus*' has no distinctive mark, the back being dark green, which color extends down the sides, fading, as it extends downward, into a greenish yellow, where it blends with the white on the belly.

"These distinctive marks are on the barred and spotted specimens when very small, not over 2 or 3 in. long, which shows that they are different in marking, at least, from the moment of leaving the egg or nearly so.

"These three varieties are found together, and in fish-

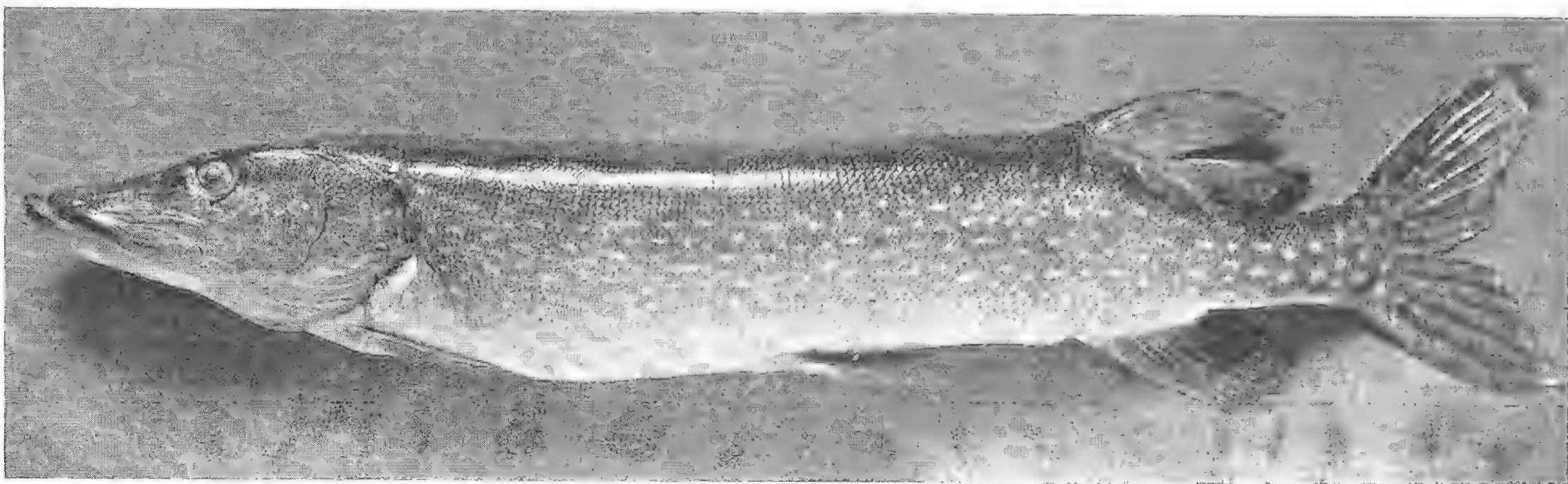
The name *mascalonge*, or *maskinongé*, appears to signify "deformed pike" or "spotted pike"; but we may never know the original orthography and meaning of the designation first applied to the fish. Mr. Chambers, in his book of "The Ouananiche," says:

"The original spelling of the Indian name was undoubtedly 'maskinongé,' and such it is still called in the statutes of Canada. According to Bishop Lafleche, of Three Rivers, a recognized authority upon Indian customs and dialects, and in his early life a devoted missionary to the Northwest, 'maskinongé' is derived from *maské* (deformed) and *kinoje* (a pike), and was applied to the *Esox nobilior* by the Indians, because it appeared to them a deformed or different kind of pike from that to which they had been accustomed."

Dr. De Kay, in the Zoology of New York, Fishes, 1842, mentions it as: "The *muskellunge* or *maskinonge*, for its orthography is not settled. * * * According to Le Sueur, the name of this fish in the Wyandot dialect is

palate almost as long. On the tongue will be found a long patch of fine teeth, beginning in a sharp point and wide at the hind margin. The gills bristle in front with numerous clusters of short, spiny tubercles. Many of the teeth are depressible, facilitating the capture of the prey and preventing its escape. The eye is silvery white with a tinge of yellow, and it has a cold, calculating and ferocious aspect. The combination of great size, enormous strength and formidable dentition makes the *mascalonge* easily one of the most dangerous of the predaceous fishes of our fresh waters.

No hint of the ferocity and destructive character of the adult *mascalonge* is conveyed in the appearance of the newly hatched young, here represented for the first time, and upon an enlarged scale, the actual length of the embryo four days after hatching being not quite 1/2 in. The specimen illustrated was one of a series preserved at Chautauqua Lake by Mr. Frank Redband, foreman of the Caledonia Fish Hatchery. It would require a lively exercise



THE MASCALONGE.

ing for them one is as likely to catch one kind as another. In size and proportions there is no perceptible difference in the three, and in the spring, while they are spawning, they are found together at the same time and place, which would go to show that they are really of one family, for the spotted male is as likely to be found with a barred female as with a spotted one, or with an '*Esox immaculatus*,' so called. * * *

"It may be that away back in the past during some very high waters some of the St. Lawrence variety got over into the Mississippi waters, and mating with '*Esox immaculatus*' produced a hybrid in the spotted and barred *mascalonge*, and that nature, for some inscrutable reason, has kept up these markings in different individuals."

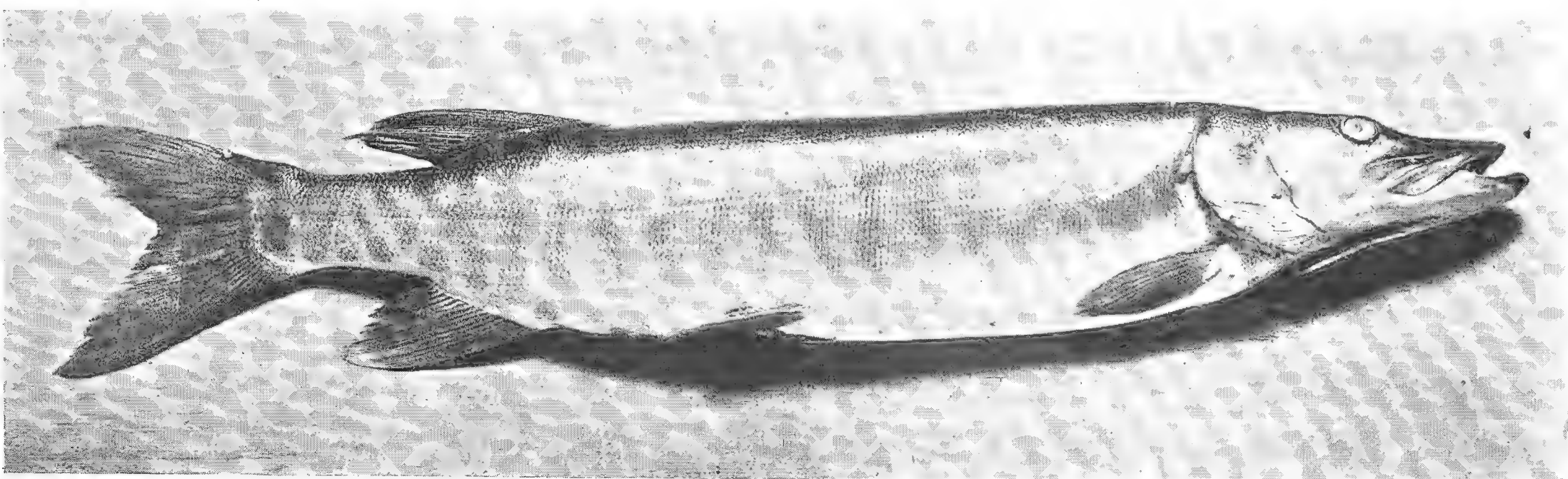
Even in Chautauqua Lake, according to Mr. James Annin, Jr., color variation with age has been observed. Mr. Annin writes that Mr. Frank Redband, foreman of the Caledonia Hatchery, is familiar with the *mascalonge* during the spawning season only. He says all the large fish, above 25 lbs., are spotted (meaning banded). If there

Thuhahwesah han." It must be remembered, however, that Richardson regarded Le Sueur's description of a supposed *mascalonge* as applying to the pike, and not at all to the *mascalonge*. The name *maskinongé* or *maskinongy*, was published in the Mirror by Dr. Mitchell in 1824. In 1815 De Witt Clinton knew the fish as the *muscalinga*, and his account, in the first volume of the Transactions of the Literary and Philosophical Society of New York, published that year, is as follows: "The *muscalinga*, a species of pike, is greatly esteemed, and is generally caught in rivers emptying into the lakes. It weighs from 10 to 40 lbs., and in a few instances 45 lbs., and is generally very fat."

Rev. Zadock Thompson, just fifty years ago, described the *mascalonge* from specimens taken in the River La Moille, Vermont. It was then called by the fishermen the *masquallonge*, and Thompson defined it thus: "The vulgar name *masquallonge* appears to have been given by the early French settlers of Canada to the pikes and pickerels generally, it being a term or phrase descriptive of the

of the imagination to forecast this puny little creature in the rôle of a "dauntless marauder" or a "mere machine for the assimilation of other organisms," and yet, potentially, "he is it."

The egg of the Chautauqua Lake *mascalonge* is about 1-1 1/2 in. in diameter, and 74,000 of them will fill a quart measure. The eggs are free, semi-buoyant, and not adhesive, although some writers say they are slightly adhesive and stick to water plants. In a fish weighing 39 1/2 lbs. the ovaries weighed 5 lbs. and a 35 lb. fish has furnished 265,000 ripe eggs. Spawning usually begins in April or May, soon after the lake is free from ice, and the season is short. It occurs in depths of 10 to 15 ft. on the mud in the bays, or among rushes and grasses near the banks of streams. The eggs have usually been hatched in boxes with wire-cloth tops and bottoms, submerged from 1 to 4 ft. below the surface, the boxes being drawn up daily, the covers taken off and all sediment and dead eggs removed. In 1898 Mr. Annin experimented with the eggs in Chase hatching jars, each containing about



THE UNSPOTTED MASCALONGE.

be any difference in the *mascalonge* at the spawning season the men did not notice it.

About May 1, 1898, Mr. Annin and Mr. Cheney inspected about 130 *mascalonge* at Chautauqua Lake, and in all that number did not find one of the spotted ones, that is, with round spots covering the entire fish, or anything like the *mascalonge* of the St. Lawrence. A good many of them were spotted near the tail, but on their sides they were all barred. One of the very large fish had neither bars nor spots, but seemed to be all of a brownish cast.

From the foregoing somewhat elaborate details we are forced to the conclusion that no one of the three races of *mascalonge* is restricted to a single locality, but two or more of them may occur at any time, and anywhere within the known limits of distribution.

In Chautauqua Lake, New York, it is stated, the dark transverse bars on the sides are characteristic of young fish, and, in the female especially, they disappear at an early age. It is said, further, that the sexes are represented there in the proportion of four males to one female. So-called *mascalonge* are reported in several of the inland lakes of New York, but it is doubtful whether they belong to that species.

The pike was so called on account of its long, slender shape and pointed snout. The pickerel is a little pike.

whole family—*Masque* signifying face or visage, and *allonge*, lengthened, they all having lengthened or elongated heads. In modern times this name, *masquallonge*, has been confined by the fishermen to the species here described, while the other species bear the vulgar name of pike or pickerel. * * *

In his description of the *mascalonge*, Mr. Thompson first called attention to the most important superficial character by which it is distinguished from the pike and pickerels, namely, the absence of scales on the lower half of the cheek.

According to General I. Garrard (see FOREST AND STREAM, Vol. XXVII, p. 268) the unspotted *mascalonge* is *Osh-au-wash-ko Genozhay* of the Chippewas, or blue pike. It is not proposed to discuss further the origin and etymology of the name, since these matters have already been extensively treated in this journal.

The savage character of the *mascalonge* will be revealed through a glance at the size of the mouth and the structure of the teeth. The long jaws are armed with bands of strong, sharp, curved teeth, which might as well be called fangs. The middle of the roof of the mouth bears a patch of teeth nearly one-third as long as the head, and this is flanked on each side by a band on the

four quarts. Apparently they worked as easily as white-fish eggs, but after hatching they seemed to be too weak to rise and go out of the jar into the receiver. The same difficulty has been experienced with certain trout eggs, but by transferring the embryos to rearing boxes or troughs the trouble was overcome. The *mascalonge* eggs usually hatch in fifteen or sixteen days, when the water temperature is 55 degrees Fahrenheit, and the yolk-sac is absorbed in the same length of time. The fry are always helpless when first hatched, but especially so when the hatching period is protracted. At Chautauqua Lake in 1898, according to Mr. Annin, eggs hatched during the first week in May had been in the boxes over thirty days.

The spawning fish are captured in nets, which are set as soon after April 1 as the ice leaves the lake, and the season usually closes in the latter part of April. Males are much more abundant than females on the spawning grounds.

Mascalonge are not gregarious, but are often caught in pairs after the spawning season has passed. They are, for the most part, surface feeders, or they will be found along shallow bars where aquatic plants grow nearly to the top of the water. Their food sometimes consists of vegetable substances, but usually of smaller fishes without regard even to their own offspring. They frequently conceal themselves under lily pads and lie in wait for their prey.

* In the Rapport sur les missions du diocèse de Québec, No. 12, April, 1857, p. 102.

upon which they dart swiftly by a single stroke of the powerful tail. Fishes and young waterbirds are destroyed by them in great numbers, and still more victims would fall before their voracious appetite, but for the huge and somewhat unwieldy bulk of the pursuer. In Chautauqua Lake the mascalonge frequents nearly the same feeding grounds in summer and winter, and is always found in or near water weeds. In February, when the water becomes very clear, the fish range into greater depths; in fact they prefer the depths for permanent quarters, except at spawning time. They are said to feed freely after sundown, and on bright moonlight nights. Warm water appears to have an enervating effect upon them, but when the nights are crisp and cold, as in October and November, they are particularly active and vigorous.

De Witt Clinton wrote to Mitchell of the "muscalinga" as a species of pike which is greatly esteemed. Dr. Kirtland considered the fish one of the best for eating produced by the western waters. Rev. Zadock Thompson described the Vermont "masquallonge" under the specific name *nobilior*, "believing it to attain to a larger size and to be a more excellent fish for the table than any other species of the pike family found in the United States. It is a fish which is eagerly sought, and commands the highest price in market." Mr. James Annin, Jr., stated to me that he had never tasted a mascalonge, or any of the pike family, from other waters that would compare favorably with the Chautauqua Lake mascalonge. The writer cannot claim much experience with the mascalonge as a food fish. While at Trout Lake, Wisconsin, in 1893, we had it on the table of a U. S. Fish Commission car. The flesh was tough and stringy, and poor in flavor; but the weather was warm and something may have gone wrong in the cooking. The finest fish of the pike family, in my judgment, is the little banded pickerel, which is found in its best condition in streams of Long Island, whose lower waters become brackish on flood tide. It is almost free from small bones, the flesh is firm, and the flavor is exquisite, and especially so in October.

The mascalonge has not the dash and activity of the bass, nor the impetuous rush of the salmon and trout; it may nibble at live bait, play with it, and leave it instantly when alarmed by a suspicious movement or an unnatural appearance of the lure. It does not always strike with the regularity and frequency so much desired by the patient angler, and, even when it takes the bait, it must be allowed to hook itself as a rule. Sometimes it will strike with a rush and leap out of the water when hooked, shaking its head fiercely to remove the hook, and again, it may sulk at the bottom as persistently as a salmon, or it may give slack line faster than the reel can take it up. In summer the mascalonge loses its vigor to a large extent, strikes the live bait or trolling spoon with little energy, and offers only slight resistance when hooked; but in October and November, when the nights are crisp with frost, it fights vigorously, especially after sundown and on bright moonlight nights.

Owing to its habit of lying in wait for its prey, the mascalonge is usually caught by trolling with hand line or rod and line near the reeds or lily pads in which it is concealed. A moderately stiff rod, $8\frac{1}{2}$ or 9 ft. long, and weighing 8 to 10 oz., with about 300 ft. of No. 9 Cuttyhunk line, and spoons of the sizes 7 and 8, meet the usual requirements of mascalonge anglers. A live chub of good size, a sucker or a frog will be found suitable for bait, and one of these may be used effectively in combination with a spinner. With about 50 ft. of line out the cast should be made as close as possible to the edge of the reeds or lily pads, the boatman rowing along about 20 ft. from the edge. It is important to let the fish hook itself, and to play it until it is completely tired out. When the fish leaps out of water the tip of the rod must be lowered and the rod held parallel with the surface of the water, to prevent the huge body from falling on the line, and to keep the hook firmly set. The line is to be kept taut, holding the fish on the spring of the rod.

When the gaff is to be used, insert it securely back of the gills and bring the fish aboard with a strong and quick motion, unless you prefer to kill it in the water with a stout club or by shooting it in the head. It is extremely risky to attempt to handle the mascalonge, even when apparently exhausted, instances being on record of severe injuries inflicted by the fish upon the hands of unsuspecting fishermen, when placed in the water in front of its jaws.

For trolling astern, 150 ft. of fine silk line may be used where the fish are not very large. When the fish is hooked it is best to row out into deep water, where line can be freely given without danger of fouling in the weeds. In the lake region about Georgian Bay a small spoon with two blades and two swivels is often used.

In central Ontario, the lakes and connecting rivers from Kingston, on Lake Ontario, to Georgian Bay, covering more than 300 miles, mascalonge and black bass are still abundant. Stony Lake offers celebrated ground. Lake Cameron and its tributary, Balsam River, are well-known mascalonge waters. Lindsay and Peterboro are noted headquarters for the fishing. From Lindsay parties go out to Sturgeon Lake, Bobcaygeon, and Fenelon Falls. In the rapids of the Balsam, formed below a low log slide, big fish live and thrive. In this region minnows, green frogs and crawfish are used for bait.

In the pine woods region of upper Michigan and Wisconsin there are series of lakes and connecting streams extending for hundreds of miles. "Below the low range of hills called the Iron Divide the streams flow to the Mississippi, the chief rivers being the Wisconsin, Flambeau and Chippewa. The Manitowish waters are tributary to the main branch of the Chippewa, and from these are separated by a low divide the Turtle waters. Each of these is a connected series of lakes, the streams uniting them being in many cases mere sluggish creeks called 'thoroughfares.' The mascalonge is found in all these lakes and streams which are tributary to the Mississippi."

Chautauqua Lake, New York, and Conneaut Lake, Pennsylvania, especially the former, are famous for their mascalonge and for the superior qualities of the fish as game and food. On account of its size and the esteem in which it is held, the fish has steadily diminished in numbers with the increase of population, but with the aid of protective legislation and artificial reproduction it may long continue as a distinguished member of the society of American game fishes.

TARLETON H. BEAN.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Chicago Fly-Casting Club.

Mr. H. G. Hascall, captain of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club, issues the following card:

"The regular contests of this club will be held during the summer of 1899 at the North Lagoon in Garfield Park, upon the following Saturday afternoons:

"May 13 and 27, June 10 and 24, July 22, Aug. 5 and 19, Sept. 2, with extra contests for re-entries upon July 8 and Sept. 16.

"Entries for any one of the four events will be received up to the time the last man is at the score in each event. Late arrivals will be allowed to cast in each event after all the contests are finished.

"The time for calling the events shall be as follows: Long distance fly, 1:30; distance and accuracy fly, 3; bait and dry fly, 4. The captain to state which of the latter shall be called first."

The secretary of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club is Mr. George Murrell, room 2, 161 La Salle street, Chicago.

A Good Rule.

It was at Kabekona Camp, in Minnesota, that the rule was first established among the guests of the resort that all fish above the legal daily limit, or above the amount which could be readily used by the taker, must be returned alive to the water. In practically all cases this rule was cheerfully complied with. I am glad to see that a resort at State Line, Wis., follows suit by publishing this also as a rule of their establishment. It is a good rule, and should be followed by all summer hotels.

Trout.

Mr. Charles Antoine, of Von Longerke & Antoine, of this city, will start within the week for the Prairie River of Wisconsin. He will be accompanied by Mr. Edward Taylor, originator of the "Taylor system," of which we have heard so much.

Bass.

The weather is bright and warm here now, and the trees and grass show all the marks of advancing springtime, yet this change has been a sudden one, and the season, so far as fishing is concerned, is fully two weeks late. At St. Charles, on the Fox River, suckers are running and some pickerel are taken now and then, but hardly a bass has been seen, or at least had not a few days ago. By the almanac it is time the sucker run was over and the bass should be up in force. I should expect to hear of the bass run at that point within a week at latest.

Speaking of bass, and speaking of St. Charles, reminds me that I was once told by Ed. Rock, a local fisherman, that he has very often seen both bass and pickerel go up over the fishway at that point. He has seen them nearly succeed in going up over a sheer fall of water at the dam, at one side of the fishway, where the water drops nearly 10 ft. straight down or with but little pitch. Many men think that bass will not ascend a fishway, as I remember was the assertion of Mr. Avery, of Port Huron, at Lansing, Mich., last winter.

Trout Time.

It is getting very close to trout time now. I should not be surprised, from all I hear, if the trout season in Wisconsin were relatively more advanced than the bass season here. The middle of May will be late enough and the first of May will do.

The best time in the year to take big trout on the fly is just at "the turn," when with a leap winter changes into summer in the pine woods. At that time the big fish are moving and they are less wary than they will be soon after the streams begin to be whipped and plugged by fishermen of all sorts.

E. HOUGH.

480 CAXTON BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

New England Early Fishing.

BOSTON, April 29.—The movement of sportsmen toward Sebago Lake for landlocked salmon fishing is a fairly good one, though the ice was eighteen days later than last year in getting out. Reports say that the fishing is to be good, though up to this writing there are no accounts of big catches. The Sebago Club party is off for their beautiful location near the mouth of Northwest River, but the numbers are a little reduced by the fact that the ice was so long in getting out, putting members into other engagements. In the party are Henry S. Fisher, manager of the excursion, and pioneer of the Sebago Club; W. T. Farley, S. A. Bolster, C. A. Dean and two or three others. The party really carries considerable weight, as Mr. Bolster is judge of the Roxbury Municipal Court, while Mr. Dean is one of the most successful of Florida tarpon fishermen. Mr. Farley has a reputation of a 6 lb. trout at the Rangeleys. Messrs. Brackett and Clark are also about starting for Sebago for salmon. I use their names together because they have fished together so many seasons that among fishermen, especially at the Rangeleys, they are always named together as a firm. Later they will go to the Upper Dam, at which point they have fished for a great many spring trips. Mr. Kendrick is also getting ready for Sebago. Mr. L. Dana Chapman, secretary and treasurer of the Megantic Club, with W. K. Moody and Mr. Jones, editor of the New England Sportsman, are off for Sebago. Mr. Chapman has fished there for a number of seasons. He has his son, a youth of twelve, with sporting proclivities, with him on this trip, and he is expected to take a big salmon. They go to Fitches, near the Northwest River, and will doubtless fish the mouth of the Songo and Muddy River besides.

Later a Portland dispatch says that thirty salmon were taken at Sebago Friday. Mr. Pinkham, of Portland, took one of 18 lbs.

EAST SEBAGO, Me., May 1.—This is a queer little town, four miles through the pine woods from Mattock's Station, on the M. O. R. R., and on the southeasterly shore of Sebago Lake. It is here that a good many landlocked salmon fishermen gather in the springtime, while there have sprung up a number of ideal camps, to which tired

Boston and Portland fishermen resort as often as business will permit during the summer and autumn. Fish and Game Commissioners Carleton, Stanley and Oak, with Supt. of Hatcheries Carr, were here yesterday. I understand that they did not fish at all, there being some ice still left in parts of the lake, and the new law reading, "When the ice is out." Evidently the Legislature did not make the law plain enough. But others are fishing. A young man by the name of Field took a salmon Saturday weighing 17 lbs. Mr. W. D. Brackett, of the Brackett and Clark party, took three salmon the same day, one of 3 lbs., one of $5\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. and one of 8 lbs. A party of sportsmen, some from Boston and Portland, is at the Anco-cisco Club. Frank Ferdinand, of Roxbury, is in the party. They came in Friday night. I have not yet heard of their success with salmon. A number of Portland sportsmen have gone up to the Sanyo River.

SPECIAL.

The Moosehead Signs.

MOOSEHEAD LAKE, Maine, April 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Tell the boys through your columns that they can begin to overhaul their fishing kits and look after the old tried rod, for the time approaches when there will be fun to be had with our big speckled trout and lusty lakers! The black ice is already up, and if the extreme warm weather of the past week holds for a day or two yet, it will so honeycomb the ice that the first hard gale will break it up, and fishing will be in order. From present indications I venture to predict that the ice will be out by May 8.

I go fishing with a great many parties each season, and notice that many gentlemen who come here do not use large enough hooks when bait-fishing—that is, trolling with live minnows. We have lots of trout of 3 lbs. weight in Moosehead, and even as large as 6 lbs. have been taken, and when one of those fellows strikes a light hook, away it goes, and the fish is lost. Then, too, many of the rods brought here are too light and springy. In order to hook a fish securely a good weight, stiff rod should be used, and it should not be too long. Our earliest fishing is done by trolling with from 60 to 80 ft. of line, and it needs a fairly stiff rod to set the hook well home when striking the fish. Our lakers, or lake trout, weigh as much as 30 lbs., and when one of that size catches on, he means business, and it needs good tackle to hold him.

These remarks are intended for those who have never fished Moosehead Lake, many such coming here each year for the first time. Of course, the oldtimers and those who are familiar with our waters, know what they are at and come with proper outfits.

I know the boys are all longing to try the trout, and impatiently waiting for the season to open here. The fever is in the blood of all good fellows, and I even got a spasm myself, so I worked it off with poetry flatus—I believe that's what a regular poetry feller I was with two years ago, called it. He used to set by a brook and "listen to the water talk," as he said, instead of fishing. When the "flatus" hit me I was setting by my camp-fire looking at the moon, and wondering why it took so long for spring to get into the backwoods. Here's how it struck me:

The snowdrifts, they are a-goin',
An' the brooks they are a-flowin',
An' the fish-worm is crawlin' in the ground;
On the lake the ice is thawin',
In the woods the crow is cawin',
An' the trout fishin' season's comin' 'round;
An' my blood it is a-b'illin',
Fer a tussel I'm a-sp'illin',
At the big trout I must surely have a go.
"With my rods and reels an' traces,"
I'm a-goin' ter try the places,
Where the biggest fish of all are lyin' low!
Ev'ry day the sun gets higher,
Gettin' warm as my camp-fire,
Soon the papers they will say, "the ice is out";
Then I'll grab my old bamboo,
An' a-killin' fly or two,
An' be off to Moosehead Lake to try the trout!

ED HARLOW, Registered Guide No. 92.

Pennsylvania Troutng.

A FEW days of the last week in April spent at the Spruce Cabin Inn, Canadensis, Pa., afforded the writer the opportunity of again taking up his fly-rod, which had been laid aside for two years on account of the cares of business. The weather was bright and beautiful, the country charming, the trees just beginning to leaf, and the water clear as crystal. The Broadhead and tributary streams had run down low from the absence of rain for several weeks, making the trout shy.

Careful fishing, however, gave satisfactory results at times. I caught enough fish to eat while there, and nine nice ones to bring home. They ran up to 12 in., and were in fine condition. Seasonable showers are needed to insure good catches. My outing was altogether pleasant.

T. H. G.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, \$4 per year, \$2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iv.

NOTICE.

THE New York Clearing House has adopted new regulations governing the collection of checks and drafts on banks outside of the city. This entails a collection expense on those who receive such checks. Our patrons are requested, therefore, in making their remittances to send postal or express money order, postage stamps, or check or draft on a New York city bank, or other New York current funds.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

May 3-6.—San Francisco, Cal.—San Francisco Kennel Club's third annual show.
Sept. 4-7.—Toronto, Can.—Toronto Industrial Exhibition Association's eleventh annual show.
Nov. 22-24.—New York.—American Pet Dog Club's show. S. C. Hodge, Supt.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 6.—Bicknell, Ind.—Indiana Field Trial Club's trials. S. H. Socwell, Sec'y.
Nov. 14.—Chatham, Ont.—International Field Trial Club's tenth annual trials. W. B. Wells, Hon. Sec'y.
Nov. 14.—Washington, C. H., O.—Ohio Field Trial Club's trials. C. E. Baughn, Sec'y.
Dec. 8.—Newton, N. C.—Continental Field Trial Club's trials. Thos. Sturges, Sec'y.

Foxhounds and Foxes.

Now that New England fox hunters have Reynard "started," I hope they will let their "trigger finger" play with the pen and narrate their hunts in *FOREST AND STREAM*. The article under the heading of "New Hampshire Fox Hunting," by C. M. Stark, that recently appeared, plainly stamps him as an experienced fox hunter, and one who has studied out the successful ways of pursuit. In your last issue I recognized an old acquaintance in Dr. E. H. Niles, and was surprised he had joined the crowd of "lazy, shiftless fox hunters." He, too, has discovered the health-giving sport fox hunting abounds in. Fox hunting has grown in favor for the past few years, and is the foremost sport in many sections. That unique figure, the old fox hunter of twenty-five years ago, who could be found in nearly every neighborhood, has gone, together with his hound.

During the past year my experiences have shown that good foxhounds are scarce. My brother and I commenced during the last week in September to purchase a foxhound, and not until the last week in January did we buy; and then we purchased a young dog that had been hunted on rabbits for two years. Over one hundred had been killed ahead of time; but he formed a habit of starting foxes, and so was condemned as a rabbit dog. Nothing now will induce him to run rabbits. He has a wonderful nose, is a fast, wide ranger, and foxes run well before him.

I would advise everyone to take a dog on trial before purchasing. We had six dogs on trial, at prices ranging from \$5 to \$35. Nearly all came highly recommended. None of these dogs would we take as a gift. However, the \$5 dog proved the best. He caught a fox in a manner similar to that described by Mr. Stark. We saw the fox cross a field and enter the timber with the hound some fifty rods behind. In a short time we heard the dog baying as if the game had holed. On going to the dog we found he had caught and was barking at, not having the courage to kill it. Nor could the fox get away. This fox was not injured in any way, and the trailing was on bare ground. This would have remained a mystery, as did Mr. Stark's hunt, had I not had a similar experience a few years ago, which occurred in sight. I saw the hound start a fox from under some shelving ledges in the open pasture. The fox ran some fifty rods, coming within twenty rods of my stand, when it stopped and bristled up, with its ears lying flat on its head (much like a cat on the approach of a dog), and stood waiting for the dog. The hound trailed up within a few feet of the fox, but had not the courage to kill it. After a moment the fox trotted away, the dog in pursuit. I saw the fox several times during the next hour. The hound was always twenty or more rods behind. At another time I had a fox get out from its inclosure during the night. The hound was put on the trail and soon started it, running to a large field, when the hound was not more than four rods behind, when, quick as a flash, the fox turned and tackled the dog. The dog threw the fox and held until taken away uninjured. This may explain why at times a fox is caught by a hound when the chances of escape are easy.

B. A. E.

BARRE, Vt.

Yachting.

ONE of the curious developments of modern yachting is the conversion of old schooners into serviceable auxiliaries. This was begun a couple of years ago by Rear-Com. Whitlock, Atlantic Y. C., who converted the famous old schooner *Hildegard*, once owned by the Prince of Wales, into an auxiliary, with good success. Now Mr. Whitlock has taken the old *Ramona* for the same purpose, while *Palmer* and *Viking* are also in hand for similar change. The idea is a very good one, the boats are still sound and staunch and of course roomy, while they have that bold shipshape appearance which should be an essential quality of every yacht. With but a moderate loss of space for the power, they can be driven at a fair service speed, and by dint of sail and power together they can get around very well with the fleet of newer boats.

AFTER enduring impatience for many months such abuse, insult and misrepresentation as, we are happy to say, but one American paper is capable of, the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts has at last taken public notice of an evil which is apparently beyond remedy. Mr. Higginson, the president, and Mr. Walter Burgess, of the executive committee have each written to protest against the malicious attacks made on it. It is strange that a paper which claims to be of high standing should lend itself as a mere instrument of personal spite against prominent yacht clubs, as in this special case and many others.

WITHIN the past week there has come sad news for the "born sportsmen" of the Payne and Frye stripe, who had, in the notorious "Payne bill," apparently closed the door to Americans who desired steam yachts of modern

type. It is no longer possible to import and use a steam yacht of foreign build, but there is no restriction on the purchase of a foreign design. One New York yachtsman, Mr. Isaac Stern, has taken advantage of this fact to secure a design from Mr. George L. Watson, of Glasgow, from which he will build at the Bath Iron Works, Bath, Me. The new yacht will be similar to the *Andria*, designed by Mr. Watson for John E. Brooks, formerly owner of *Resolute*, Montauk and *Lasca*, but a little larger. She will be 165ft. on l.w.l., 25ft. 9in. moulded beam, 15ft. 4in. moulded depth and 12ft. draft. Her name will be *Virginia*, she will be rigged as a two-masted schooner, and it goes without saying that she will be a handsome craft.

SINCE *Columbia* and *Shamrock* have been under construction the public has continually asked why so much secrecy was sought by their builders and designers. It is also asked whether rival designers, who are preparing boats for the same contests, copy each other's work when they get the chance. Such a case has never been reported. To any one acquainted with the vast amount of work necessary in arranging every small detail for a large modern racing yacht, the idea of materially altering the designs that have been ready for months, after the boats are half constructed, is absurd. The shape of the yacht and every particle of the material that is to go into her are settled and down on paper long before even her lead keel is cast, and the suggestion that Fife might give credence to some newspaper story from America and change *Shamrock* at this late hour is unimaginable. Fife knew all about *Defender*'s lightness of build, and about every part of her construction before he drew a line of *Shamrock*'s shape. It may be taken as a certainty that every possible attenuation to construction was considered and settled months ago, and that he is not waiting for reports of the *Columbia* in order to find out what to plate his boat with.

With such builders as the Herreshoffs and the Fifes, it cannot be supposed that either firm is looking for help from the other, and after the frames are in place and two-thirds plated any further continuance of secrecy in regard to either boat may be ascribed to the desire for advertisement.—New York Tribune.

Yacht Designing.—XXIX.

BY W. P. STEPHENS.

(Continued from page 313, April 22.)

THE straight edge, T square and triangles are common to all drafting, mechanical, architectural or marine, but in the practice of the latter they are supplemented by the splines and weights and the set curves. These require more skill in their use than the simpler instruments employed for straight lines. In most drafting the eye plays a small part, it is merely a matter of mechanical manipulation to lay off certain points at the proper distances, to join them by straight lines, and to draw by means of the triangles or T square other lines perpendicular or parallel



Fig. 66.

to the first. A great deal more than this, however, is necessary when it comes to drawing the numerous curves of a yacht design; the eye of the draftsman must be trained to detect and rectify the slightest unfairness in a batten, or in the joining of two portions of a line drawn with different curves.

In using the batten, as in all long curves, the points of the curve are first plotted and then the weights are placed on the drawing a short distance back from the proposed line. A batten of suitable size being selected, neither too rigid nor too flexible, and somewhat longer than the proposed line, it is taken in the left hand and placed on the paper close to the point marking the extreme right end of the line, the nearest weight being placed to hold it. The fingers of the right hand may be used to steady the right end of the batten for the moment, while the left hand is slid along to the left end of the batten, the thumb being on the inside and the four fingers on the outside. Held in this way, the batten may be lightly sprung to a fair curve, and when it touches the second spot it is anchored there by another weight, placed by the right hand. If the curve is a sharp one and the first weight unlikely to hold, one of the hook weights may be placed over the extreme end to prevent the batten from flying away. If the end does get loose, pencils, scales and any other instruments within its range will be fired through the air with more force than is good for them.

The batten may be sprung from spot to spot, with weights at suitable distances, until the curve is covered, when the extreme left end may be secured with the hook weight. It is difficult to draw a fair curve with a batten just the length of the line, the batten should be at least 6 to 8 in. longer at each end, if the size of the board will permit, and it should be sprung and weighted to a fair curve for this full length; though, of course, only a portion will be drawn in. After the weights are all placed, the batten should be carefully coned in a good light and from both ends, to make sure that it is perfectly fair; the weights being shifted if necessary until it is so. The weights and batten in position for drawing a line are shown in Fig. 66. A batten should never be subjected to such strain as to run the risk of breaking it; if it will not bend freely a lighter one must be chosen, or the set curves must be used instead.

A line drawn with the batten is necessarily continuous,

without breaks or angles, but in using the set curves great care is necessary to avoid these latter, and also to join neatly the different parts of the line, as it is necessarily drawn in sections. Starting at the left end, a curve is selected that will make a fair sweep for at least the total distance between the first three points, beyond which it may diverge from the desired line. The first section drawn should not extend to the point of divergence, but should stop well short of it, then the curve is shifted ahead or a new one chosen to fit the next portion of the line and overlap fairly a part of the line already drawn in. Another short portion is drawn and the curve again adjusted further ahead. In this way what may be termed a long splice is made between each two adjoining parts; whereas, if the first part be drawn clear to the point of divergence and the curve is readjusted so as just to catch this point, the result will be a series of abrupt and broken joints.

In inking with the set curves, or in extending any portion of an inked line, a little care is necessary to avoid an apparent break or thickening of the line at the joint. The pen is held clear of the paper, over the portion already drawn, and moved firmly ahead, at the same time dropping until it lightly touches the paper, continuing with a harder pressure on the new line. Under the most favorable conditions, on good paper, it is not always possible to draw a satisfactory line at one stroke, and when working on vellum it is still more difficult. Where



Fig. 67.

the line is faulty in places, or where, as in work for photo reproduction, a specially hard and black line is necessary, the pen must go over the line two or even more times. Under no circumstances should the pen be pushed backward, nor the pencil either for that matter, but it should be lifted from the paper, carried back beyond the break, and started ahead with a steady motion before it is lowered to touch the paper.

When the drawing is completed in pencil it should be cleaned, using soft rubber or stale bread. The latter should be neither pasty nor very hard, but dry enough to crumble freely. It is crumbled over the paper and rolled in with the palm of the hand, being forced down into all the small depressions of the surface and carrying away the dirt and dust with which it comes in contact. After the use of bread or rubber, the paper is brushed with a soft brush or a fine cloth. In all operations, erasing, brushing, pencilling and inking, the movement should be the same, from left to right.

The drawing being clean and free from all dust that might obstruct the pen, and the ink being mixed, the steel eraser, the sand rubber and a piece of blotting paper are placed at hand on the board, and the work of inking is begun, the circles being first drawn with the compasses, after which the set curves are used for the non-circular

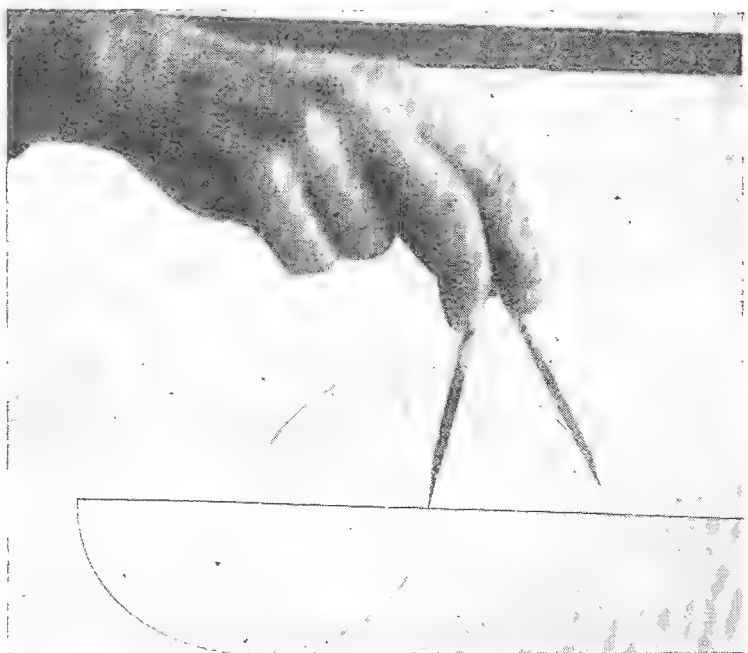


Fig. 68.

curves. All curved lines should be drawn before the straight lines. When a blot occurs, and it will be soon enough at the hands of the beginner, the first thing to do is to wipe the ink off the outsides of the blades, where it has run, and to lay the pen down, not on the paper, but on a remote part of the board or table. Next, the blotter is applied to the paper and at the same time the T square, batten or curve is lifted clear. As soon as the paper is blotted, the ruler should be wiped clean and laid aside. After the loose ink has been removed with the blotter and the paper is dry, the sand rubber or ink eraser should be used, with a slow steady stroke from left to right. In this work the surface of the paper is protected by a piece of metal or cardboard with holes and

slits of various sizes cut in it; a slit of the proper size is placed over a portion of the line to be erased, and the rubber is applied through it. In some cases the sharp steel erasing knife will be needed in addition to the rubber. After the line or blot is erased and the paper brushed clean, the surface is rubbed with an ivory paper cutter or the end of an ivory pen handle until it is hard and glossy. Especial care is needed in re-inking after erasure, as the new surface of the paper is much more absorbent than the original one. On cloth the processes of erasure and re-inking are still more difficult.

There is a very great difference in the fluidity of the various inks; and a pen should be tested with every change of ink. For this purpose a small piece of paper may be kept on the table beside the ink saucer, a much better plan than the indiscriminate marking up of the margins of the drawing. Even in the same mixing of stick ink a difference will be found, as the pen is used for a little time, and after each filling it should be tried on the paper until it gives precisely the same line as at first.

Colored inks are a great aid in a marine drawing, setting out clearly to the eye the many complicated lines. As previously explained in Part XIV., red, blue and green inks can be used to good advantage in indicating various classes of lines. For this purpose the colors may be mixed from ordinary artist's water colors, in small cakes, or they may be had already mixed. The latter are the more convenient, and relatively better, as compared to the cakes, than the liquid India ink compared with the stick ink. The fluidity of the different colors varies greatly, however; red works easily and freely, but by no means as easily as green; a pen that is set right for red ink, making a sharp fine line, will give a broad ragged line if used with green ink. Of course, a pen must be thoroughly cleaned in working from one ink to another, but in addition, it will probably need to be readjusted as well. As a safe precaution, the pen should be tried in all cases before applying to the drawing.

As a rule, fine, sharp lines are the best for marine work, with distinct and clean-cut intersections, these being far more important than pictorial effect. It takes longer, however, to draw a very fine line than a moderately heavy one, and the draftsman must decide for himself just how fine he can afford to work without expending too much time. It should not be necessary, however, to use a much heavier line than those in Figs. 57, 58 and 59.

The dividers are so constantly in the hands of the marine draftsman that a complete mastery of them is indispensable. The method of holding them is shown in Fig. 67; they are picked up with the thumb on top of them and the first and second fingers beneath, just below the joint. They should just balance on the two fingers, while the thumb lies between the legs. Held in this way, the legs may be closed by the pressure of the two fingers on the outside, or opened by the pressure of the thumb on the inside. A better description of the movement is that in closing the instrument the inner leg, nearer the body, is held by the second finger and thumb, the first finger, on the outside of the outer leg, pushing it in. In opening the legs the grasp of the thumb is transferred, to aid the first finger in holding the outer leg, while the end of the second finger, on the inside of the inner leg, forced it out. The motion is really a simple one, though some practice is necessary to acquire it. When first picked up the dividers lie poised with the legs nearly horizontal, a turn of the wrist brings the points down to the paper, and one, usually the inner, is held just over one of the two required points. The instrument is now adjusted very nearly to the other point, one leg is dropped until it rests on the paper at the point, and the other is re-adjusted until it coincides exactly with the second point. This should be done not merely without jabbing a great hole through the paper, but without making more than a slight indentation on its surface. The distance thus picked up will be transferred to some other part of the drawing, either to check a measurement already made or to mark a new one, in which case one of the points is used to ream a very small hole in the surface.

It is possible to use the dividers constantly on a drawing without making a mark that shows through on the other side, and it should be the aim of the draftsman to do this. After the distance is taken from the drawing, as just described, the position of the thumb and fingers is slightly shifted, until the instrument is firmly grasped by the joint instead of by the legs, as shown in Fig. 68. If it is merely a matter of testing or transferring one distance, this new hold is not necessary, but it is where a distance is to be set off any number of times. In this case the instrument is held lightly but firmly by the joint alone, and it is rolled over between the thumb and fingers, not continuously in one direction, but back and forth, describing first a semicircle on one side of the line and then on the other, as in Fig. 68. All spacing of distances, with the plain dividers or the bow instruments, is done in this way, alternately to one side and the other.

There are some points that are used so constantly that it is almost impossible to avoid wearing through, one of these is the central point on the body plan, the intersection of the L.W.L. and the middle vertical, from which a large number of measurements are taken. In this case the proper method of working is to place the point of the dividers on the outer spot, merely poising it over the central spot without actually touching it. The reverse of this is usually done, the point of the dividers is placed at the center for each separate measurement, so that by dint of fifty or a hundred applications, however light, a hole is finally made. By the other plan the same number of applications is divided among a large number of spots, on frame stations at L.W.L., diagonals, inclined waterlines, etc., each individual spot receiving very little injury. It may be noted here that much of the work thus done by the dividers can be done as well by means of a strip of paper and a sharp pencil, the measurements being marked on the margin of the paper. For this purpose a good quality of writing paper may be cut into strips. In taking off the half breadths, for instance, the paper is laid to the proper level line, a corner just touching the center line, then all the half breadths of the fore body are marked at one time. The same process is followed with the diagonals, inclined lines, etc. With

this method, there is, of course, no injury to the paper and the work can be done quickly and very accurately.

The compasses are handled precisely as the dividers, adjusted in the same manner and then grasped by the joint and swung around, the head rolling between the thumb and fingers. Some compasses are furnished with a handle on top of the joint, but this is a doubtful advantage. The thickness of the line drawn with the pen point of the compasses depends very largely on the pressure, and by a little manipulation the compasses may be made to draw a circle of varying thicknesses, as is necessary in shading. In all cases the compasses should be held exactly square to the surface of the paper, and the joints in the legs should be used, according to the span of the instrument, to keep each leg square to the paper.

Where many circles are to be drawn from the same center, a device called a horn center is used, a ring of metal enclosing a small circular piece of transparent horn, on which a central dot is marked, the ring being provided with very small points, which hold it in place on the paper. The horn is adjusted over the point and carries the needle point of the compasses.

The needle point, shown in Fig. 45, has already been described; a very fine point with a shoulder above. It is an awkward instrument, more difficult to adjust to a given point than the plain conical points shown in Figs. 49 to 53. In making really accurate measurements, either in plotting with the pencil or in using the dividers or compasses, it is a great help to have a long fine point to work with, instead of the large leg and set screw and the thick shoulder of the needle point.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Columbia.

THE Boston Globe continues to publish information concerning the new Cup defender, which is interesting and we believe sufficiently true to entitle its yachting editor, Mr. Robinson, to the first prize in the guessing contest. During the past week it has given two important pieces of information, including the actual measurements of the spars and a description of the yacht from personal observation, as follows:

Just seven weeks ago to-day (April 26) the first of the Tobin bronze plates of the new Cup defender Columbia was put in place. To-day she lacks but about a strake and a half of the six strakes of plating that will shut her in, and the prospects for a launch in about four weeks' time seem to be fairly good.

The first four strakes of plating, counting from the keel upward, are in place, and most of the plates are riveted. The sixth, or top strake, shows plates for about half the length of the boat amidships on each side. None of the plates of the fifth or next to the top strake are in place, so that the extreme ends of the boat are not shut in, and show the frames as originally set up. This makes the boat something more than half plated and riveted, but there can be no slacking up in the work if she is to be out on time.

Nearly all the plates to complete the shutting in of the boat have been bent and have had the rivet holes punched in them, so that it is only a question of putting in place and riveting. At the same time the work on the bilge stringers and all the interior strengthening of the boat is so well along as to make it practically certain she will be ready for launching with the completing of the plating.

The Globe's yachting man had a good look at the boat to-day for the first time and therefore speaks of the progress of the work from personal observation. Perhaps the Herreshoffs invited him to visit the shop, and then again perhaps they didn't, but "How do you like her?" was John B. Herreshoff's pleasant inquiry after the observation had been taken, and he seemed satisfied at the expression of admiration for the boat that was given in response to the question.

And the expression was given in all sincerity. Columbia is certainly the finest of the many Herreshoff productions and excels even the handsome and smooth-looking Defender in the beauty of her lines and model. She is the thoroughbred racer all over; a legitimate development and improvement from other Herreshoff models, and promises to be a boat to which the American people can confidently pin their faith in the contests with Shamrock in October.

Little more than a general idea of her model can be obtained from a look at her in the shop. She is so big, she fills it so completely, she towers so high above an observer on the floor of the shop that dimensions of beam and depth could be little more than an estimate. Recourse must be had for these things to something more than simple observation, but a good idea can be had of the sweep of the lines of her underwater body and its general shape. Fortunately these dimensions have been previously obtained, and are as follows: Length over all, 131ft.; water line, 90ft.; beam, 24ft.; draft, 20ft. Length and beam are slightly under what the boat shows. The waterline is designed at as close to the limit of 90ft. as the designer dares to go, while the draft is likely to be under than over the figure given.

The midship section shows a little flatter floor than in Defender, but the bilge is the same easily rounded one that has marked all the Herreshoff designs. It looks a bit harder than Defender's but is very easy at that. The lead keel shows more of the plate shape already described in the Globe than of the bulb shape of Defender, and the weight of the lead is carried considerably lower than in the old boat.

Columbia is cut away forward more than Defender, and the line of the stem as it rises toward the water line, after curving upward from the lead keel, is almost a straight line. From the waterline upward the curve is not so sharp as in Defender, but is more marked than in Vigilant. The bow will be a handsome one. The bow frames show about half way between the U and the V shape, or more of the former than in Defender, thus showing a design to use the overhangs considerably when heeled. The whole effect of the bow is for a more powerful one than in Defender.

And this is also true of the impression of the boat as a whole. She is a more powerful and finer-lined boat than Defender. She cannot only carry more sail, but carry it

better, and at the same time be more easily driven. She ought to beat Defender on model alone.

The common in-and-out system of lap plating has been used on the boat, except that the plates of the second and fourth, or two lowest "in" strakes, have had their upper and lower edges turned inward or flanged, the flange being something over an inch deep. The plates have not been abruptly bent in working the flange, but the bend is an easy one. Spaces are cut in the flange for the frames to pass through, and the flanges do little more therefore than stiffen the plates themselves between the frames. They do not in any way take the place of bilge stringers.

There is of course no evidence of this flanging from the outside. It is not "knuckle joint" work, for the bronze plates could not be bent to such a joint, but is the simple flanging of the "in" plate as described in the Globe weeks ago. It stiffens the plating where the greatest strain comes, and that is all.

The lower strakes of plating are $\frac{1}{4}$ in. in thickness. The bronze shoeing on the lead keel is $\frac{1}{8}$ in. The top strake plates look too handsome to be ever covered with paint, and it is shrewdly argued that had paint been intended, nickel steel would have served the purpose better than bronze. So the outlook for a bright boat above the waterline is still a good one.

The boat rests in the cradle, built specially for hauling out Defender. Consequently she sets level as she will when afloat, for she is intended simply to float out of the cradle when it is lowered into the water. The bottom of her lead keel is level and parallel with the waterline, as already told.

Mr. Herreshoff was not inclined to say definitely when she could be launched, but pointed out that she was being finished as rapidly as possible. In the north shop the workmen are busy with the steel mast, working from the middle toward the ends. The semicircular steel plates, of which the shell of the mast is being made, are about 9ft. long, and lap by each other on opposite sides for about half their length. The frame of the mast is the longitudinal steel angles and the transverse disks or stiffeners of steel plate. The angles are bulbed like the frames and deck beams of the boat and are in long lengths. At their ends they are joined by lapping and riveting. There are eight of these angles, and they run the whole length of the spar.

The stiffeners are circular disks of steel, about 20in. in diameter. In the center is cut a 14in. hole, both to decrease the weight and to allow a man to crawl through. Around this large hole are several smaller ones cut out to save weight. Spaces are cut for the angles. The outer edge of the disk is flanged and riveted to the plates of the shell. The inner edge is flanged in the opposite direction.

The shell plates are riveted on their edges to the steel angles, and on their ends to interior butt plates, so that the outside surface is a smooth one. The plates are also securely riveted all along to the angles, making a very strong spar. In riveting the plates it is necessary for a workman to crawl inside the spar to hold a sledge on the head of the rivet being worked upon, and it is a curious sight to see a man half in and half out of the iron shell.

The diameter of the spar looks to be about 21in. The stiffening disks are placed about $4\frac{1}{2}$ or 5ft. apart. Apparently a length of some 50 or 60ft. has been completed.

If the spar is the same length as the Oregon pine mast now finished and awaiting shipment at the Boston Spar Company's shop, in East Boston, it will be about 107ft. in length. The steel gaff has been completed and is lying on the north pier, where the Defender is moored. Material for the steel boom has been got out, but the work of putting it together has not been started.

Red lead has been freely used in the interior of the steel spars, and also on the frames of the boat, so that her colors are at present red and gold, the red showing on the still uncovered frames.

But later she will be gold from keel to rail.

Mast, 107ft. 6in.; topmast, 64ft.; bowsprit, 38ft., and spinnaker pole, 73ft.

These are the lengths by actual measurement of the Oregon pine spars for the new Cup defender Columbia now building by the Herreshoffs at Bristol.

The spars have been made by the Boston Spar Company in its shop on Condor street, East Boston, and have been carefully kept from public observation. To-day (April 29) they were put overboard from the shop, were lashed together with other Herreshoff spars in a compact raft, and were towed to the wharf of the Magee Furnace Company in Chelsea, just across the channel from the spar company's shop, and were there made fast.

There they will stay until Monday, when they will be towed to Fiske's wharf in the city proper and be put on board the schooner Nat Ayer, which has been specially chartered by the Herreshoffs for the shipment of the spars to Bristol. Fiske's wharf has been selected as the place of shipment because of the big shears there, which can handle the big spars as easily as the smaller ones.

The part of the wharf in Chelsea where the raft is now made fast is not a good point for public observation, since a building rises direct from the cap sill, but there are such things as boats, tape measures and foot rules, and the Globe has men who know how to use them. There was no watchman in sight near the raft about sunset last evening, and the big spars in the raft were not hard to pick out and measure.

The mast for Columbia and the mast for W. O. Gay's 70-footer form the sides of the raft. Between them are the topmasts, bowsprits and spinnaker poles of the two boats, with the boom of the Gay boat. On top are piled the gaff of the Gay boat, the double sets of club topsail poles for Columbia and a set of spars for a 56ft. yawl which the Herreshoffs will soon launch. This comprises the entire Herreshoff order to the spar company. With the exception of the mast there are duplicates of all the spars for Columbia, so that a spare one may be handy in case of accident. No wooden boom or gaff has been made for Columbia, since these spars are to be of steel and built by the Herreshoffs themselves.

The lengths of the principal spars of Columbia are very close to those given in the Globe three weeks ago. The mast proves to be 6in. longer, the spinnaker pole 1ft. shorter, and the topmast 2ft. longer. The length of the bowsprit is the same as then given. The mast where it is squared at the hounds is just 22in. in diameter. At

its heel, where it will go into the step in the boat, it is rogin. The masthead takes up 22ft. of the length of the spar, and is simply roughed out in an octagonal form, but the rest of the mast is rounded and beautifully smoothed and finished. The other spars are completely finished. The iron work of the spars will be fitted at the Herreshoffs'.

The mast will show a measurement of between 76 and 77ft., deck to hounds, when in place, this measurement being dependent on the amount of "bury" given the mast in the boat, or the portion of its length below the deck. It will probably be between 8 and 9ft., as in Defender.

Defender's mast was 72ft., deck to hounds, and her topmast 58ft. long. Columbia's sail plan will therefore be carried about 10ft. higher than Defender's, and will mean not only a considerable increase in sail area, but also a much more effective sail plan. From this is apparent the need of the extra power and stability which the hull of Columbia shows over that of Defender.

The spinnaker poles of the two boats are practically of the same length, showing the base of the fore triangle to the same. With Columbia's mast placed farther aft than Defender's in order to correct the fault of a lee helm found in the latter boat, it is not probable that a longer main boom will be carried than in Defender, so that all indications point to an increase in the sail plan aloft and not on the base line.

Defender's sail area for measurement for time allowance was 12,602 sq. ft. Columbia's promises to be only about 700 sq. ft. more, certainly less than a thousand, but the increase will be aloft, where it will do the most good.

Another Herreshoff cat has escaped from the bag. The steel mast, on which work is now being rushed at Bristol, is not for Columbia, as has generally been supposed, but is for Defender, and will be put in place in that boat and given a thorough trial. In the meantime the Oregon pine mast made by the Boston Spar Company will be stepped in Columbia, and if the steel mast in Defender proves satisfactory, there will be ample time to make a steel mast for the new boat.

This is the secret of the laying aside of the parts of the steel boom for Columbia and the rush of work on the mast in order that it may be put in Defender as soon as possible and the boat herself put in commission and tried under sail. The trial of the steel spar in Defender will show its strength or weakness, its greater or less value, than an Oregon pine spar, as the case may be. If it should prove unsatisfactory, the old Oregon pine spar will be at hand to put in its place, and the expense of a steel mast for Columbia will be saved.

It is a common sense way of solving the question of the value of a steel spar, and Mr. Iselin and the Herreshoffs are very lucky in having the Defender at hand on which to try the experiment. This will be the first steel mast to be used in a racing yacht, and the result of the experiment will be watched with great interest. The supposed advantage of a steel spar is its greater strength and less weight as compared with a wooden spar.

The steel mast for Defender is 100ft. gin. long, and is constructed as described at considerable length in the Globe of Thursday last. Defender's Oregon pine mast was 101ft. The difference between the two is too slight to be considered. The steel mast is close to 21in. in diameter. The Oregon pine mast was a trifle more than that, but the steel one can be made to fit the hole in the deck just the same.

The Yachting World gives the following particulars of the mast of Shamrock:

While reports that the new defender's mast will be built of steel have been coming from the other side, together with denials and confirmations of the report, William Fife, Jr., has gone on steadily with the construction of Shamrock according to the plans which were finished down to the smallest details before the order was placed. The question as to whether a steel or wooden mast would be likely to prove the more satisfactory was fully considered before a single line was drawn, and the designer then decided upon wood. This decision has never been reconsidered, and, as a matter of fact, Shamrock's racing mainmast is now lying at Messrs. Thorneycroft's practically finished, and almost ready for stepping. It is a beautiful stick of Oregon pine, which looked well in the log, and has finished even better than it promised. It is without exception the longest spar ever stepped in a racing boat, and in over-all length it tapes 110ft. Following the fashion which is now universal, it carries its greatest thickness at the hounds, and just under the crosstrees it measures within a fraction of 60in. in girth. It is reduced then with a long-drawn taper until half way to the deck line the girth is barely 50in., and it carries this right down until it is cut for the step.

In view of the importance of reducing the weight aloft, it was thought that the principal metal work of the mast would be of the same manganese bronze of which the hull is being built. The difficulty of getting a perfect and absolutely reliable job in metal so difficult to work determined Mr. Fife, however, to sacrifice this slight advantage and have the mast fittings made of iron in the usual way. These important fixings have, therefore, all been made at the Fairlie yard and sent south as finished, to be fitted and placed in position. Nothing has yet been done in the construction of the gaff or boom, but it is understood that they will both be of metal.

The latest reports from Thorneycroft's point to the fact that Shamrock will not be ready for launching before the end of May. With the aid of specially constructed furnaces the lead keel of the challenger, of some 80 to 100 tons, has been successfully cast, under the supervision of William Fife, and in the presence of the owners of the yard and a number of experts.

According to a cabled report on April 27, Mr. Will Fife, Jr., is seriously ill with la grippe. With Capt. Urias Rhodes, who will sail Defender with Mr. W. Butler Duncan as representative of the owner, will be "Lem" Miller, well known in connection with Volunteer in 1887, and later with Vigilant and Colonia, as mate.

Aileen II., the new steam yacht now nearly completed at Chester for Richard Stevens, has been chartered for the season to Wm. H. Patterson, of New York.

Going Astern.

The South Boston Y. C. has issued the following circular to its members:

"We desire to call your attention to the twenty-eighth open regatta of the South Boston Y. C. Decoration Day, inaugurating the racing season of 1899, in conjunction with the opening of our new club house. As racing is the life of clubs, we believe in the open-door policy in this branch of sport, and that there should be a distinction between rules for match racing and interclub racing, and that yachtsmen should be encouraged in racing, not legislated out of it. If new boats should not be legislated against, surely old ones should not. If twenty boats in a class is picture making, it is a sorry spectacle to see but three in a class in an open race.

Therefore, in order to encourage the starting of a large fleet of yachts in this season's racing, the S. B. Y. C. will start off in arranging special classes, outside association rules, with liberal prizes—a wide open race.

In order to get the sentiment of the racing men, we give you on return card three rules relating to measurement, and ask that you state your preference by putting a cross against the rule preferred. Any modification of the enclosed rules will be carefully considered by the committee.

- I. Waterline length with crew on board.
- II. Sailing length equals the length 3in. above and parallel with the waterline.
- III. Waterline length plus one-fifth overhang forward and aft.

Time allowance according to Herreshoff table.

We are in sympathy with all of those yachtsmen who are dissatisfied with the conditions existing in yachting for some years past, and also with the efforts made to improve them; but at the same time we regret to see thought and labor wasted in a task that is useless and fruitless. The three methods of measurement mentioned above are happily obsolete; they have passed away and have gone where they belong, to join the rope shrouds and lanyards, the deadeyes and the stone ballast of a past generation. There are many things which are uncertain, both in the present and future of yachting, but if there is any one thing that is fixed beyond question, it is that the "plain and simple rule" in which length alone, however measured, or even length and sail area, are the sole factors, is the direct parent of such freaks as Cartoon, Skate and the new Boston 35-footer. If racing is the object, it is not possible to build anything but a freak under any form of waterline rule, with a heavy penalty on the waterline when the yacht is at anchor, and no limitations to draft, fin or length of effective waterline when heeled. That good yachts have been built in the past, or even up to last year, under the length rule and the length and sail area rule, in no way proves that the designer who wishes to win to-day can consider anything else but the evasion of the measured waterline and the forcing to an extreme of every untaxed element of speed.

We do not question the good intentions of the South Boston Y. C., but in thus diverting the attention of yachtsmen from the vital questions of the day to dead and obsolete issues they are simply wasting their own time and doing harm instead of good to the sport. There is no question that the best rule thus far tried or proposed is very far from perfect, but what is needed is an earnest and intelligent effort to discover a rule fitted to modern conditions. The mere aimless condemnation of every move in advance without any practical propositions of something better is both foolish and unfair.

The Anchorage Grounds of New York Harbor.

YACHTSMEN and shipping people generally will be interested to know that the new anchorage grounds to be established under the provisions of a recent act of Congress for Newark Bay, Raritan Bay, and the Kill Von Kull have been reported on by the officers charged with the enforcement of the anchorage laws at this port, and that the new regulations will go into effect in a few days. Two anchorages have been marked off in the Kill Von Kull, one on each side of the main channel. The northern anchorage is bounded by a line passing through the dumb beacon off Bergen Point. The red channel buoy dumb beacon off Constable Point and the red channel buoy off Bergen Point. The southern anchorage is set off by a line running from the power house at Factoryville to Starin's dry dock.

In Newark Bay two anchorage grounds have been set aside. They lie respectively to the eastward and westward of the main channel. The eastern anchorage is bounded by a line passing through the Newark Bay lighthouse and the eastern end of the draw of the New Jersey Central Railroad bridge. The western anchorage lies to the westward of a line passing through the eastern end of Shuter's Island, the black buoy to the northward and the western side of the railroad drawbridge.

Another anchorage has been provided off Elizabethport. It is set apart by a line which runs through buoy No. 4 and buoy No. 2, and thence to the western pier-head of the Central Railroad bridge. In Arthur Kills an anchorage has been marked off to the southward of a line passing through Clark's wire works building, Buckwheat Island, and the phosphate works. At Prawl's Island an anchorage is defined to the southward of a line running through the southern end of Prawl's Island and the old dock off Linoleumville. On Story's Flat there will be an anchorage to the southward and westward of a line passing through Smoking Point, the red channel buoy and Kreischerville wharf.

Off the terminus of the Port Reading docks in Arthur Kills an anchorage will be afforded to the northward of a line passing through the Port Reading wharf and the entrance to Smith's Creek. At Perth Amboy provision is made for an anchorage to the northward of a line passing through the western coal pier of the Lehigh Valley Railroad and the black and red buoy off Perth Amboy, and from thence to Great Beds lighthouse. Off Tottenville the new anchorage ground will lie south of a line passing through the red buoy off that place, and extending in a direction northeast by east.

In Raritan Bay the anchorages are defined as being clear of the dredged channel. The Treasury Department

will shortly issue a chart and printed instructions on the subject of the new anchorage grounds for the information of mariners. The fine for anchoring in other than prescribed localities, except in case of an emergency, is \$100.—New York Evening Post.

New York Y. C. Races.

The regatta committee of the New York Y. C. has issued the following circular of the season's races:

The New York Y. C., season of 1899.

New York, June 22.—The fifty-third annual regatta.

New York, July 1.—The Columbia and the Defender. Course, fifteen miles to windward or leeward, and return, from Sandy Hook Lightship. Cup offered by the club, \$250.

The Fifty-fourth Annual Cruise, Aug. 7.—The rendezvous will be on this date, at a port to be selected by the commodore. There will be the customary club prizes for the squadron runs; the Astor cups will be sailed for over the Newport courses, and the dates and places for other special cups and the Owl and Gamecock colors will be given later.

New York, September.—The trial races for the selection of a vessel to defend the America's Cup will be sailed during the first two weeks in September.

The Autumn Sweepstakes will be sailed in September, after the termination of the trial races.

New York, Oct. 3.—The America's Cup.—As at present arranged with the Royal Ulster Yacht Club, the first race of this match—best three out of five, with one day's interval between each race—will be on this date.

CLUB STEAMERS.

Annual Regatta.—A steamer and lunch will be provided at the club's expense. Under by-law she will be restricted to members and the ladies accompanying them, and those officially invited.

The America's Cup.—Members will be provided with a steamer at the club's expense, and will be enabled to procure extra tickets. All tickets will include lunch.

Arrangements for witnessing other important racing events will be announced later.

S. NICHOLAS KANE.
CHESTER GRISWOLD.
IRVING GRINNELL.
Regatta Committee.

Owing to the abandonment of the Bay Ridge Ferry, Station No. 1 is no longer accessible, and it will be re-established at Staten Island, in many respects a better location.

The Quincy Cup.

WITH the challenge from the Annisquam Y. C., the Quincy Y. C. now has four challenges for its \$500 cup for 21-footers on its hands, and will need all the skill its racing men possess to safely keep the trophy from a visit to another organization. More interesting than ever will be the races for the cup, while the addition of five new 21-footers to the racing fleet will be a "boom" for that class and for the sport itself, which should be ample justification for the original offer of the cup for its continued existence as an interclub challenge trophy.

The date for the first race has been fixed for Monday, July 24. W. E. C. Eustis, challenger from the Beverly Club, has asked that a later date be set, and the club committee will soon call a conference of the challengers and will see if a date satisfactory to all cannot be agreed upon. At present it looks as though July 24 was the only available date, on account of the tides in Hull Bay, and because later dates, when the tide would serve, have been taken by other clubs, but the whole matter will be carefully considered.

With five boats in the match, the question has been asked as to how many races will be necessary to decide the ownership of the trophy. The question is answered by the deed of gift, which says: "A yacht must win three races of a series to win the cup. After four races of a series have been sailed, only winners of at least one race shall be allowed to compete; after six races, only yachts which have won two races."

With five competitors this makes a possibility of at least four races to start with; if a different yacht wins each day. Two additional races must then be had between these four boats, but if it should happen that a different boat wins in each of these races, another race between the winners of two races each must be had to decide the ownership. This makes a possibility of seven races in all, although of course an earlier settlement is the probability.

The latest challenger is being designed by Crowninshield for Com. Hastings, Vice-Com. Bent and W. B. Pigeon, of the Annisquam Y. C., and is to be about 39ft. over all, 9ft. 6in. beam and 9in. draft. She is to be decidedly on the scow type, although her deck line will round in forward in the usual way, and she will carry about 900 sq. ft. of sail. As compared with the other boats, she will be a compromise between the Heiress and the extremes of the scow variety, as shown in the Abbott boat and the Quincy defender.—Boston Globe.

Robert Goelet.

ON April 28 the news reached New York by cable of the sudden and very unexpected death of Robert Goelet, of New York and Newport, on board his steam yacht Nahma, at Naples, the cause being heart failure. Mr. Goelet was the elder brother of the late Ogden Goelet, who died a little over a year ago under very similar circumstances on board his steam yacht Mayflower at Cowes. The two were sons of the late Robert Goelet and nephews of Peter Goelet, Robert being born in his father's house, No. 5 State street, New York, on Sept. 29, 1841. With unlimited means at his command, he was never in business, though devoting himself to the care of his estate. He was a liberal patron of music, and, though not interested in yacht racing, he was, like his brother, a good friend to the New York Y. C. The body will be brought home on the Nahma.

The Canada Cup.

THE following letter practically settles the date for the first race of the series for the Canada cup, as it is understood that the date is acceptable to the Chicago Y. C.:

Charles H. Thorne, Secretary of Chicago Y. C.—Dear Sir: In reply to your favor of the 3d inst., regarding settlement of date for Canadian cup races, I am requested to inform you that our committee this day fixed the date of the first race of the series for Monday, Aug. 21, and the course to be sailed, south of Toronto Island. We understand this decision will be favorable to you, and may now be inserted in our respective agreements governing the race. The committee begs to apologize for the delay in naming the date, for which, however, they are not wholly responsible. F. J. RICARDO SEAVER.

Honorable Secretary Royal Canadian Y. C.

The dates in connection with the entire series of races are consequently as follows: Trial races of challenger, Chicago, July 4, 5 and 6; trial races of defender, Toronto, Aug. 7 and following days; Lake Y. R. A. race week, Toronto and Hamilton, Aug. 14 and following days; first cup race, Toronto, Aug. 21. The latest news is that Arthur E. Payne, of Summers & Payne, Southampton, Eng., has designed a 35-footer for the defense, the yacht to be built for Toronto yachtsmen. Mr. Payne has scored many successes, such as Decima, Penitent, Gloria, Eldred and Emerald, the latter a 36-footer, and he is likely to turn out a very fast boat; the only point is that he has as yet had no experience in designing for American conditions. The following yachts propose to visit Toronto from Chicago and Detroit: Pathfinder, Com. F. W. Morgan, C. Y. C.; Sentinel, Thistle and Catherine, steam yachts; Siren, Hawthorne, Mistral, Toxteth, Vanenna and Challenger, sailing yachts. The city of Toronto has appropriated \$1,000 toward the racing and the entertainment of the visitors.

Forty-two Miles per Hour.

THIS is the speed promised, according to current reports for the steam yacht for C. R. Flint, designed by C. D. Mosher. This yacht has been in contemplation for several years, and the engines are partly built, but nothing has been done toward the hull, though it has been stated at different times that the Lawleys and other builders had received the order for it. The contract has finally been signed with S. Ayres & Son, of Nyack, builders of the fast Ellide. The new yacht is to be 135ft. on l.w.l., 12ft. 6in. beam and 4ft. draft, with twin screws and quadruple expansion engines. The hull will be of nickel steel and bronze, divided into seven compartments. The yacht will be fitted luxuriously for her owner's use, but it is proposed to make her convertible to a war vessel in a very short time, provision being made for shipping a turtle-back forward, conning towers, and rapid-fire guns.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The annual meeting of the Royal Canadian Y. C., of Toronto, was held on April 22, the following officers being elected: Com., J. H. Plummer; Vice-Com., Geo. H. Gooderham; Rear-Com., C. A. B. Brown; Hon. Sec'y, F. J. Ricardo Seaver; Executive Committee, E. R. C. Clarkon, J. E. Robertson, Aemilius Jarvis, G. B. McMurich, A. G. Peuchen, F. O. Cayley, Geo. Hargraff, W. G. Gooderham, F. M. Gray and F. Campbell. The club is now in a very prosperous condition, with a large membership and a growing fleet. Several new yachts of the 35ft. class will be added this year.

The Douglaston Y. C. held a special meeting on April 19, at which it was decided to change the name to the Manhasset Y. C., in consequence of the recent removal from Douglaston to the new site on Manhasset Bay. The club was organized in 1890. The new station will be opened on June 3 and the annual regatta will be sailed on June 10. Mr. O. M. Lipton has offered a cup for the club's dory class, which has received six new members.

Red Cross, steam yacht, formerly Admiral, has been sold by the Red Cross Society to John D. Crimmins, of New York.

Orinda, cutter originally owned by Dr. W. H. Winslow, has been sold by J. W. Tucker to Wm. F. Williams, of New Bedford.

Mr. Isaac B. Mills, of Boston, the yacht designer, has been elected measurer of the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts.

Wayward, cutter, designed by Burgess and built by the Lawley Corporation in 1890, for David Sears, has been converted to a schooner by her new owner, Chas. Smithers. The work has been done at Bayles & Son's yard, Port Jefferson, where the yacht has wintered.

Ramona, schr., recently purchased by Rear-Com. B. M. Whitlock, Atlantic Y. C., from H. M. Gillig, is at Hawkins' yard, Port Jefferson, where she will be converted into an auxiliary. She is best known as the old Resolute, built by David Carl at City Island in 1871 for A. S. Hatch and afterward owned by John E. Brooks. She was sold by the latter in 1887 to Com. Postley, who lengthened and rebuilt her with the aid of Mr. A. Cary Smith, renaming her Ramona. Under the ownership of Mr. Gillig she was for some years the flagship of the Larchmont Y. C.

Nymph, cutter, has been sold by T. H. Pratt to E. J. Bergen, who sold her again a few days later to J. E. Fletcher, of Providence. Mr. Fletcher at the same time selling the fin-keel sloop Memory to Mr. Hope Morton, of New York. Mr. Bergen has since purchased of Chas. L. Poor the schooner Fenella. Mr. Fletcher, the new owner of Nymph, was for some time the owner of Minerva, both of these boats having been previously owned by T. C. Zerega.

The Corinthian Y. C., of San Francisco, opened its season on April 22 with appropriate ceremonies, sailing on the following day to Fort Point, where the squadron of the California Y. C. was met and saluted. In honor of the occasion the C. Y. C. issues a very artistic souvenir volume, with many portraits of officers and yachts.

Intrepid, schr., E. T. Hunt, under charter all winter

to E. Clinton Clark, has been purchased by that gentleman on her return from a West India cruise last week.

Verena, the Burgess 40-footer, practically a sister to Nymph, has been sold by E. A. Morrison to F. de Funiack, of New York, who proposes to alter her greatly. She will be converted to a keel boat, fitted with a 20-horse power gasoline motor, rigged as a yawl and renamed Foxie.

Com. Postley, Larchmont, Y. C., has appointed the following regatta committee for 1899: John F. Lovejoy, chairman; Edward J. Greacen and Howard W. Coates. The club features for the season are as follows: Formal opening, May 27; spring regatta, Saturday, June 17; annual regatta, Tuesday, July 4; race week, from Saturday, July 15, to Saturday, July 22, inclusive; special races, Saturday, Sept. 2; fall regatta, Monday, Sept. 4; special race Saturday, Sept. 9.

Atalanta, schr., has been sold by F. W. Savin to C. H. Brock, of Philadelphia. She was originally the schooner Calypso, burned and rebuilt by David Carl in 1873 for Wm. Astor, and renamed Atalanta.

Black Pearl, steam yacht, E. B. Sheldon, arrived at New York on April 27 from Nassau, after a cruise in the West Indies, having sailed from New York on Feb. 22. Capt. Eldridge is still in command.

Palmer, schr., recently purchased by F. K. Sturgis from Rutherford Stuyvesant, is at Poillon's yard, South Brooklyn, for conversion to an auxiliary. She was built for Mr. Stuyvesant by T. Byerly & Son at Philadelphia in 1865, and was in her day one of the most noted of the great seshooners.

Viking, schr., J. D. Smith, is at Greenport, L. I., where she is being altered to an auxiliary, a gasoline engine of 32-horse power being installed.

Sapphire, steam yacht, A. L. Barber, has been sold to Harrison L. Drummond, formerly of St. Louis.

Within the past year the colony of yachtsmen at Chipewa Bay, on the St. Lawrence River, has taken up the 20ft. class, and it is now very popular. The class at present includes such well-known boats as Skate, Seawanhaka, renamed Flirt, and two boats built last year, Yankee, designed by Gardner, and Minnetonka, designed by H. C. McLeod. Other additions are promised for the coming season and races will be sailed weekly. A. T. Hagen, Rochester Y. C., has a new boat for the class, designed and built by Miller Bros., of Rochester. She is 27ft. over all, 17ft. 6in. l.w.l., 9ft. beam and 10in. draft of hull, 6ft. draft with board; weight of board, 300lbs.; sail area, 500 sq. ft. She will have hollow spars, made by the Spalding St. Lawrence Boat Company.

During the winter L. D. Huntington, Jr., of New Rochelle, has designed and built for W. N. Bavier, of the New Rochelle Y. C., a keel cruising yawl 40ft. over all, 30ft. l.w.l., 11ft. 5in. beam and 4ft. 2in. draft.

The great scow displayed at times last season by the Gardner fin-keel Cartoon in the 25ft. class of the Y. R. A. of Massachusetts, has led to an order for a similar boat for the 35ft. class, the owner being George E. Bruce, of Boston, former owner of Mabel F. Swift II. The new boat will be built by Embree, of Quincy Point, and will be an extreme scow, like Cartoon, practically an enlarged Skate, her dimensions being 60ft. 9in. over all, 35ft. l.w.l., 13ft. 2in. beam and 1ft. 9in. draft of hull, the extreme draft, including fin, being thus far unknown. The fin will be longer and shoaler than in Cartoon, but she will have the same scow rudder. The construction will be much stronger than in Cartoon. The size of the yacht will, in spite of her shoal hull, admit of very good accommodations, the cabin trunk being 16ft. long, with 5ft. 11in. headroom. The space will be divided into a main saloon, two after staterooms, toilet room, galley, etc. The rig is that of a pole-masted cutter, with topsail, the mast being 67ft. long, boom 50ft., gaff 32ft. The contract calls for the delivery of the yacht by June 15.

W. L. Ward, of New York, has now nearly ready at Hanley's yard, Quincy, a cruising sloop of 33ft. over all, 25ft. l.w.l., 12ft. beam and 2ft. draft, with two tons of lead in her keel.

Miller Bros., of Charlotte, N. Y., have on the ways a keel sloop for the 25ft. class of the Lake Y. R. A., for James C. Dryer, of Rochester. She is intended for racing on Lake Ontario. Her dimensions are: Over all, 32ft.; l.w.l., 18ft.; beam, 8ft. 6in.; draft, 5ft.; sail area, 650 sq. ft.; ballast, one ton. She will have hollow spars.

Regina, yawl, designed by Crowninshield and built by Rice Bros. for Hon. W. E. Barrett, of Boston, was launched at East Boothbay, Me., on April 19. She is 76ft. over all, 50ft. l.w.l., 17ft. 5in. beam, and 7ft. draft without board, her outside ballast weighing fifteen tons. Below she has a main saloon 12ft. 6in. long, owner's stateroom, guest's stateroom, toilet room, etc. The same builders have under way two more Crowninshield designs, for Robert Saltonstall, of Boston, and H. H. Bailey, of the South Boston Y. C. Syren, the former, is a keel cutter, of 35ft. l.w.l.; Jungfrau, the latter, is a centerboard cutter 35ft. over all, 23ft. 6in. l.w.l., 10ft. beam and 4ft. draft without board. Both are intended for cruising.

A very useful little volume for yachtsmen has just been published by the Outing Publishing Company under the title of "Yachting Wrinkles." The author is Capt. A. J. Kenealy, the well-known yachting writer, who out of a long experience has gathered together a great deal of valuable and interesting information about yachts, new and old, which is set forth in that easy and familiar style for which he is noted. The book is not only interesting to the casual yachting reader, but it contains a great deal that is of practical value. It is illustrated by numerous pictures and diagrams.

We have received from the secretary of the Yacht Racing Association, B. Heckstall Smith, Esq., whose new address is No. 2 Utrecht Mansions, West Kensington, London, W., the year book of the British Y. R. A. for 1899. The book contains the complete rules, as recently amended, the list of members, allowance tables, decisions of council, etc.

We call attention to the advertisement on another page of the knockabout built by the Buzzards Bay Yacht Agency. This yacht, which is illustrated in the FOREST

AND STREAM of March 18, is a thoroughly staunch and serviceable craft, well fitted for general sailing and cruising.

If You Want the Whitest and Best

WHITE LEAD use "ENGLISH B. B." Of all paint dealers and of J. Lee Smith & Co., 59 Frankfort street, and F. W. Devoe & C. T. Reynolds Co., 101 Fulton street, New York.—Adv

Canoeing.

The Board of Park Commissioners of Rochester, N. Y., has instructed the Genesee Valley Park Committee to prohibit the use of canvas canoes on the waters under their jurisdiction, on the ground that such canoes are not fit for any human being to ride in. The question came up in connection with the lease of the boat-letting privilege to a man who proposed to put on twenty-five skiffs and some canvas canoes. Such a comprehensive discrimination as this against all canvas canoes does little credit to the committee; if a canvas canoe is unsafe, as many of them are, it is not because it is constructed of canvas, but because it is of defective design or construction, or usually both. There is a class of cheap canvas canoe, built by boys with no knowledge of canoeing or building, which is highly dangerous; but on the other hand, there are canvas canoes without number that are cheaper, but fully as strong and safe as anything built of wood. If the committee is anxious to protect the lives of those desiring to go on the water, it might use a little judgment in approving or condemning certain models, rather than establishing an arbitrary and absurd standard.

CANOEING NEWS NOTES.

There is something suggestive of the good old days of canoeing in the copy we have lately received of the by-laws and constitution of the Springfield C. C., with the familiar totem on the cover. The club is now making an earnest effort to restore its old-time standing, and to this end it has arranged a series of races and other entertainments, to run through the season. There will be ten sailing races for points with two silver cups for prizes and pennants for each race, and five paddling races for similar prizes. Club runs, evening canoe trips, entertainments at the club house and similar diversions are relied on to renew the interest of old members and to bring in new ones.

At the general meeting of the British Canoe Association, held in London on March 17, it was decided to hold the annual meet at Falmouth, beginning on July 29. Mr. George Huntley, Redheugh Bridge Works, Gateshead-on-Tyne, is secretary of the Association.

The winner of the ninth of The Yachtsman's designing competitions, for a light draft cruiser, is Mr. George F. Holmes, of the Humber Yawl Club, an old canoeist, well known to our readers through Eel and other designs. The winning design is of 30ft. over all length, 25ft. l.w.l., 9ft. beam and 2ft. extreme draft of hull, including an iron keel of just over one ton. The draft with board down is about 6ft. The yacht is a double-ended, a large canoe yawl, and looks like a very safe and able craft, with good lines and quite a nice cabin.

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

Fixtures.

- May 2-5.—Lincoln, Neb.—Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association's twenty-third annual tournament, under the auspices of the Capital City Gun Club; six amateur and four open events each day; targets and live birds. R. M. Welch, Sec'y.
- May 6.—Passaic, N. J.—E. C. cup contest for championship of New Jersey, between Capt. A. W. Money, holder, and Mr. Phil Daly, Jr., challenger.
- May 6.—Philadelphia, Pa.—Meet of the Intercollegiate Shooting Association, on the Keystone grounds.
- May 6.—White Plains, N. Y.—Live-bird handicap. E. G. Horton, Manager.
- May 9-13.—Peoria, Ill.—Illinois State Sportsmen's Association's tournament. C. F. Simmons, Sec'y.
- May 13.—Dunellen, N. J.—Shoot of the New Jersey Central League.
- May 16-19.—Erie, Pa.—Ninth annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Reed Hurst Gun Club. F. W. Bacon, Sec'y.
- May 16-20.—St. Louis, Mo.—Tournament of the Missouri State Fish and Game Protective Association. H. B. Collins, Sec'y.
- May 17-18.—Oil City, Pa.—Interstate Association's tournament, under auspices of Oil City Gun Club. F. S. Bates, Sec'y.
- May 23-25.—Macon, Miss.—Eleventh annual tournament of the Noxubee Gun Club; targets and sparrows; \$500 in merchandise and cash added. C. M. Scales, Manager.
- May 23-25.—Algona, Ia.—Tournament of the Iowa State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game. John G. Smith, Pres.
- May 24-25.—Greenwood, S. C.—Annual live-bird tournament of the Greenwood Gun Club; 25-bird Southern Handicap. R. G. McCants, Sec'y.
- May 26-27.—Tyrone, Pa.—Target tournament of the Tyrone Gun Club. D. D. Stine, Sec'y.
- May 30.—Rutherford, N. J.—Decoration Day shoot of the Boiling Springs Gun Club; good prizes. W. H. Huck, Sec'y.
- May 30.—Canajoharie, N. Y.—All-day target shoot at Canajoharie, N. Y. Charles Weeks, Sec'y.
- May 30-June 2.—Erie, Pa.—Ninth annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Reed Hurst Gun Club. Frank W. Bacon, Sec'y.
- June 3.—New Haven, Conn.—Yale vs. Princeton.
- June 5-10.—Buffalo, N. Y.—New York State shoot, under the auspices of the Buffalo Audubon Gun Club; \$1,000 guaranteed; over \$2,000 in merchandise, and \$1,000 added money in open events. Chas. Bamberg, Sec'y, 51 Edna Place.
- June 6-9.—Sioux City, Ia.—Fifth annual amateur tournament of the Soo Gun Club. E. R. Chapman, Sec'y.
- June 10.—Princeton, N. J.—Yale vs. Princeton.
- June 13-14.—Grand Forks, N. D.—Fifth annual shoot of the North Dakota Association.
- June 14-15.—Bellows Falls, Vt.—Interstate Association's tournament, under auspices of Bellows Falls Gun Club. C. H. Gibson, Sec'y.
- June 14-16.—Cleveland, O.—Cleveland Target Co.'s tournament.
- June 20-22.—Wheeling, W. Va.—Third annual tournament of the West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Wheeling Gun Club, Wheeling, W. Va. John B. Garden, Sec'y.
- June 21-23.—Columbus, O.—Tournament of the Ohio Trap-Shooters' League, under the auspices of the Sherman Rod and Gun Club. J. C. Porterfield, Sec'y, O. T. S. L.

June 27-29.—Altoona, Pa.—Target tournament of the Altoona Rod and Gun Club, Wopsononock Heights. G. G. Zeth, Sec'y.
 July 1.—Sherbrooke, P. Q.—Annual tournament; targets; Dominion Day; open to all amateurs. Chas. H. Foss, Sec'y.
 July 1-2.—Milwaukee, Wis.—Grand tournament of Milwaukee Gun Club, in Carnival Week. S. M. Du Val, Sec'y.
 July 4.—Pawling, N. Y.—All-day tournament of the Pawling Rod and Gun Club; targets.
 July 19-20.—Providence, R. I.—Interstate Association's tournament, under auspices of the Providence Gun Club. R. C. Root, Sec'y.
 July 18-20.—Little Rock, Ark.—Arkansas State tournament.
 Aug. 9-10.—Portland, Me.—Interstate Association's tournament, under auspices of the Portland Gun Club. S. B. Adams, Sec'y.
 Sept. 6-7.—Portsmouth, Va.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Portsmouth Gun Club. W. N. White, Sec'y.
 Oct. 6-7.—Pawling, N. Y.—Tournament of Pawling Rod and Gun Club; target and live birds.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties on all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

The Noxubee Gun Club, of Macon, Miss., has issued its programme for its eleventh tournament, May 23 to 25, inclusive. The events will be at targets and English sparrows. Merchandise and cash to the amount of \$500 are promised. There are twelve events on the programme for the first day, of which six are at 10 targets, three at \$1.50 entrance; two at \$1.30 entrance and one at \$1. There are four 15-target events, two at \$2 entrance and two at \$1.75; one at 20 targets, \$2, and one at 25, \$3 entrance, completes the first day's programme. There are six target events for the second day, three at 10 and one each at 15, 20 and 25 targets. Six sparrow events, 10 birds, with a uniform entrance of \$2.50 completes the second day's programme. The third day is devoted exclusively to targets, eleven events, 10, 15, 20 and 25 targets. Three cents for targets and 10 cents for sparrows, deducted from purses. Class shooting, 50, 30 and 20 per cent., except when otherwise stated. Ammunition shipped in care of the manager, Mr. C. M. Scales, will be delivered on the grounds free of cost. Shooting begins at 8 A. M. The shoot is open to the world. Manufacturers' agents and experts will be handicapped, concerning which they are advised by Mr. Scales, to write to him if they desire to learn about it.

At the last medal shoot of the Memphis Gun Club Mr. A. H. Frank again won the medal with a straight score of 25. Frank has now won it three times, and according to the conditions, he now becomes the permanent possessor of it. Both of his other wins also were on straight scores. There were ten contestants, and the other winners were J. C. Neeley, Jr., who won twice on scores of 24 and 25; J. P. Edington had two wins to his credit, each on a straight score; Tom Divine won it once on a straight score, and W. H. Allen and Dr. Gragg won it once each on 24.

Mr. E. G. Horton, who has been preparing for a live-bird shoot on Saturday of this week at White Plains, N. Y., informs us that he is forced to declare the shoot off, owing to the scarcity of birds. He has been diligently seeking a supply for several days, and he informs us that a sufficient quantity cannot be obtained at any price, and only small lots can be obtained here and there. Rather than to have a shoot which would fall far short of the programme for want of birds, he regretfully declares the shoot off.

Under date of April 26, Mr. J. W. Babbitt, of Danvers, Mass., writes us as follows: "The Danvers Gun Club have held their annual meeting and elected the following officers for the ensuing year: Dr. E. H. Niles, President; E. H. Langdon, Vice-President; David S. Brown, Secretary and Treasurer; George E. Martin, Captain. Executive Committee: F. M. Spofford, Amos T. Killam, and the president, vice-president and secretary. The club will hold a shoot on May 17 and 30."

Messrs. Schoverling, Daly & Gales began moving into their new modern quarters, 300-302 Broadway, on Friday of last week, and expected to be doing business there on the following day. The new store has abundant space, and is most elaborately fitted in its details. Every department is so arranged that a full display of goods is visible. They sell everything in the way of sporting goods, so therefore some idea may be formed of the space they require for their mammoth stock.

Mr. H. B. Chase, of North Ferrisburg, Vt., writes us that at the annual meeting of the Lewis Creek Gun Club the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Caleb Harrington, President; J. A. Cory, Vice-President; H. B. Chase, Secretary; C. H. Mallory, Jr., Treasurer; M. B. Thompson, Captain. Expert traps and blue-rocks are used. Several new members have been added to the club, and many a pleasant shoot is looked forward to for the coming season.

In our columns elsewhere is some crisp, ahead-of-date news concerning the place where the next G. A. H. will be held. It no doubt will be read with great interest by the Interstate Association, inasmuch as it determines matters ahead of the Association's official action. The Times-Herald, on trap matters, seems to be after the school of journalism which makes a home-made brand of news when there is no news.

There was a good attendance at the shoot of the Brooklyn Gun Club on Saturday last, and some good scores were made, the best being that of Mr. J. S. S. Remsen, who broke 15 straight and 5 pairs, in a 25-target event. He also took one of the special prizes. The other was won by Dr. Creamer, he having a close and hard struggle in the ties with Dr. Smith.

The next contest for the E. C. cup, emblematic of the championship of the State of New Jersey, will take place at Passaic, N. J., on Saturday, of this week. Capt. A. W. Money, the holder, and Phil Daly, Jr., are the contestants. There are several shooters ready to challenge the winner as soon as the contest is over. This is a very popular trophy, and bids fair to make interesting competition for a long while.

At the annual meeting of the Pawtuxet Gun Club, held recently, officers were elected as follows: Wm. G. Crandall, President; S. D. Greene, Jr., Vice-President; R. C. Root, Treasurer; W. H. Sheldon, Secretary; J. Armstrong, Jr., Captain; J. J. Crandall and A. B. Hawkins on Executive Committee, with above officers, comprising a board of seven. The club will hold shoots on Saturdays and holidays till October.

The live bird match between Messrs. T. W. Morley, of Lyndhurst, N. J., and E. Johnson, of Atlantic City, N. J., on Thursday of last week was rather a disappointment in the way of high scores. Johnson scored 87; Morley 81. The conditions were 100 birds per man, \$250 a side. The veteran Capt. A. W. Money refereed the match.

On April 25, on the grounds of the Keystone Shooting League, at Holmesburg Junction, H. E. Buckwater, of Roystersford, Pa., defeated T. J. Payne, of Philadelphia, in a match at 50 birds, \$50 a side. Score, 48 to 42. On the same date Messrs. F. Miller and H. B. Fisher shot a match at 50 birds, \$50 a side, the former winning. Score, 46 to 43.

The Brooklyn Gun Club, which is another way of designating John Wright, contemplates giving an all-day target shoot some time before May 15. Mr. Wright will endeavor to make it an enjoyable event, quite in line with any of his previous pleasing efforts in giving shoots. Special prizes will punctuate any good, surpassing performance.

Mr. W. H. Huck, secretary of the Boiling Springs Gun Club, Rutherford, N. J., informs us that the club will hold a Decoration Day shoot on May 30, and that there will be good prizes and plenty of them. It is a most pleasant place to spend the day, whether one shoots or looks on.

Three-in-one is becoming an universal article of use for the purposes for which it is designed; that is, a lubricant, a cleanser, a rust preventive. It possesses the sterling merit of being equal to all that is claimed for it. A trial is all that is necessary to win the firm confidence and permanent faith of those who need such an article.

We received the programme of the Peru, Ind., Gun Club's tournament last week after FOREST AND STREAM was in the mails, on its way to its host of readers. The date fixed for that tournament is May 2 and 3, Tuesday and Wednesday of this week. The programme, therefore, arrived too late to be reviewed.

At the Missouri State Amateur shoot, Messrs. Hollowell and Young shot a team race against Messrs. Gottlieb and Nauman, the latter team losing by one bird; score, 45 to 44.

In their team match at Wellington, Mass., April 29, the Harvard Shooting Club defeated the Yale Gun Club by a score of 117 to 110, five men on each team, 30 targets per man. Campbell, of Harvard, won the cup for the highest score, he finishing with 27, a 90 per cent. gait.

The Pawling Rod and Gun Club, Pawling, N. Y., has already begun its preliminary thinking about its tournament on July 4, at targets. It no doubt will be perfect in its arrangements. There is no pleasanter company, nor no pleasanter surroundings than those of Pawling.

The final match between the Hudsons and the Oceanics, owing to insufficient numbers present, was not shot. The Oceanic's last shoot of the season took place at Rockaway Park early this week. There was a good attendance.

The Hudson Gun Club is building a new club house on its old grounds, near Hackensack Bridge, near Jersey City, and contemplates a steady season of shooting in the future.

BERNARD WATERS.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Johnson Defeats Morley.

Lyndhurst, N. J., April 27.—An expedition from the southern part of the State of New Jersey arrived at Tom Morley's grounds at Lyndhurst, N. J., in the midday hours of Thursday of last week. A few had rolls of the circulating medium, while one of them had a gun. The latter gentleman was Mr. E. Johnson, of Atlantic City, N. J., and he was present to debate a little difference of opinion with Mr. Morley as to which was the better man at the traps. To show that there was no frivolity, each side put up \$250, which, with sundry other chinks of wealth, the gentlemen aforementioned quietly and calmly gathered to their possession, and took with them to their domicile. They conducted themselves in the most matter-of-course manner, as if the coming and the gathering in of the revenues and the deportation of the same were from long-continued habit.

The match itself was not a high class competition. There was very little wind, hardly enough to make any advantage to the birds, and what there was varied from 3 to 4 o'clock. The weather was clear and pleasant. The first 25 birds per man were quite a good lot, after which there were many very ordinary birds, with a few good ones mixed in. Many of the misses were from downright bad shooting, rather than the superior class of the birds.

Johnson shot a Scott gun 34drs. of Du Pont and No. 7 shot. Morley a Francotte, 50grs. of Schultze and No. 7 shot. Nevertheless, there were some fine shots made, as would be expected in a long contest by men of skill and fame. Johnson's 5th was a twisting right-quartering driver that required fine work to stop, while he was in great luck with his 6th, which struck the wire fence of the boundary as it pitched downward, and was saved. His 16th and 17th he lost, the latter dead out, finishing with 22, his 4th dying dead out also. Morley had an up-hill race from the start, losing two birds out of his first four, which lead he never entirely overcame, though he cut it down to one a time or two. Toward the finish of the race he lost ground. The scores were 87 to 81, thus Johnson won by six birds. The match began at 1:55. The first 25 required 30 minutes. The second 25 required 37 minutes. The third 25, 35 minutes. Capt. A. W. Money was referee.

Several miss-and-outs were shot, the chief feature of which was the fine shooting of Capt. Money and his son Harold, the latter shooting nearly equal to the form of his father, which is truly high form.

Trap score type—Copyright, 1899, by Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

2 3 4 4 2 5 1 1 1 3 4 2 2 3 5 5 2 4 2 4 1 4 5 5 2
 T W Morley..... 2 * 2 0 2 2 2 2 1 0 2 1 2 * 1 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 1 2 2 *—20
 3 3 1 5 1 4 5 2 4 2 4 5 4 5 4 1 4 4 2 2 5 1 5 1
 E Johnson..... 2 *—21
 2 5 5 5 5 5 5 1 2 1 8 4 1 8 4 8 4 2 4 3 8 2 2 1 4
 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 *—21
 3 1 3 5 4 1 4 1 1 4 4 1 1 4 4 8 5 4 5 1 2 1 2 4 2
 2 2 2 1 0 2 * 2 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 0 1 2 0 1 2 2 * 0 2—19—S1
 5 5 2 3 5 4 2 1 5 3 2 5 8 4 4 5 5 3 1 3 3 1 1 5 2
 E Johnson..... 2 2 2 * 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 1 0 * 1 2 2 2 2 1 2 2—22
 1 4 2 4 5 1 1 1 1 8 5 1 4 2 1 1 8 1 1 5 3 5 5 3 5
 1 1 2 1 2 0 1 2 1 0 1 2 1 2 0 1 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2—21
 1 1 2 3 4 3 1 5 3 1 8 5 3 1 5 2 4 2 4 2 5 4 4 1 5
 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 0 1 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 1 * 0 1 2 2—22
 5 5 5 2 5 4 3 4 1 5 2 3 2 1 8 5 4 2 1 2 5 2 4 4
 1 2 2 1 0 2 1 2 1 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—22—S7

Freehold Gun Club.

Freehold, N. J., April 28.—I append the official score of the regular semi-monthly shoot of our club. We shoot from five blue-rock expert traps, unknown angles, rapid-fire system. Every fourth shoot will be at live birds. This is the first shoot of our new year, and in accordance with the action passed at our annual meeting, all men shoot from the scratch and without allowance:

Arrowsmith 1110011101110110111011101—23
 R A Ellis 1011011111101001010001011110—14
 Dancer 1010311011001111000001000001—19
 McDermott 1101001001000001100011000001—12
 Hoyer 1011011101101101101101101101—20
 E Vanderveer 101010110100111011011011100—20
 Campbell 001010101101111101110110110—21
 Snyder 1101001111111100111111011101—19
 J Laird 111110100100100110110101010101—20
 Hance 111111000911111011010101100—20

C. C. Snyder with 24 was first, E. W. Arrowsmith with 23 was second, while Campbell with 21 was third. C. C. SNYDER.

Rochester Rod and Gun Club.

In last week's shoot of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club Ed Meyer carried off the honors of the day. Six men tied in the badge shoot with scores of 25 each. In the shoot-off Meyer, Weller, McCord and Case won the four certificates. Meyer broke 58 targets without a miss. Scores:

Lane, 26..... 111110110111111111111011—23
 Borst, 28 111111111111111111111111—25
 Weller, 27..... 111110101111111111111001101—20
 Byer, 26..... 111111111111111111111111—23
 McCord, 26..... 111111111111111111111111—25
 Jones, 29..... 011111111111111111111111—23
 Meyer, 25..... 111111111111111111111111—25
 Case, 28..... 011111111111111111111111—25
 Judson 11011110111111111111101101—23
 Fuller 101101101110110101111100—23
 Cogswell 010111100101010101000101—23
 1001100101011001101101110

* Scores made in shooting off ties.

The West End Gun Club is arranging to hold a shoot on Decoration Day. The Maple City Gun Club, of Hornellsville, claims the same date. The Rochester Rod and Gun Club will be represented at both places.

Woonsocket Gun Club.

WOONSOCKET, R. I., April 22.—The Woonsocket Gun Club held its first tournament of the season Saturday, April 22. The weather was unusually fine, and there was a good attendance of visitors. The Centerdale Gun Club was well represented by ten shooters and three or four spectators, together with the club scorer, A. W. Walls, secretary of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club, was present, besides shooters from Uxbridge and Burrillville. Leroy, the Campello expert, was there, representing the Du Pont Powder Company, and the Union Metallic Cartridge Company's ammunition. He shot a Remington gun, and made a remarkable score, missing but 4 on the entire programme of 120 targets. This raised the record of the grounds by several points. The scores by events were as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Total.
Targets:	10	15	20	15	10	15	20	15	120
Walls	5	11	18	14	8	12	18	..	86
Reiner	9	12	15	12	6	9	17	10	93
Root	8	9	18	11	7	12	18	12	95
Greener	10	14	18	11	8	12	19	13	107
Bain	8	14	..	13	9	11	15	12	82
Slade	4	13	..	9	8	12	14	11	71
Campbell	8	11	14	10	9	7	17	12	88
Getchell	8	10	12	11	9	11	19	13	92
Leroy	9	15	19	15	10	15	18	15	116
Smith	5	9	11	10	4	11	12	9	71
Francotte	8	12	17	12	8	13	12	13	95
F A Inman	9	12	15	12	9	11	68
Arnold	8	10	9	8	7	10	..	9	61
Coffin	9	11	17	13	8	9	67
Mills	9	13	..	9	8	11	..	14	64
Banfill	..	15	13	7	10	18	10	..	73
Griffith	..	18	12	9	15	18	12	..	84
Inman	4	8	..	9	8	29
Johnson	..	12	13	6	7	38
Day	..	14	13	8	35
Balcom	..	6	6	8	8	8	34
L B Arnold	..	9	4	7	7	27
Edwards	..	4	6	10
Bellou	16	7	23
Harris	4	4
Daniels	..	9	9
Callen	..	6	6

After the programme was finished, there were two extra events. The first was a miss-and-out. This was won by Campbell. Root and Reiner tied for second place, Getchell was third and Mills fourth, having tied with Slade. Griffith and Bain dropped out on the first round. Root and Reiner shot off their tie and Reiner won.

The second extra was at 5 pairs, doubles:
 Campbell 10 10 11 11 11—8
 Getchell 10 10 10 10 10—4
 Root 11 11 11 10 10—8
 Leroy 10 11 11 01 11—7

Shoot-off for first:
 Campbell 01 11 01 10 10—6
 Root 10 10 11 10 10—6

Shoot-off for second:
 Getchell 10 10 00 11 10—5
 Mills 10 10 01 00 10—4

ARNOLD SEAGRAVE, Sec'y.

Pawling Rod and Gun Club.

DOVER PLAINS, N. Y.—Herewith are the scores of our club shoot of Saturday, April 29, which also combined our postponed club shoot of March 25. It was, as the reader will see, a double-header. Our members have the trouting fever, which had the result of slim attendance. The scores are rather low on account of a strong south wind, which blew directly across the traps. We are going to give a tournament on July 4, all day. Liberal programme, on somewhat different lines than heretofore.

Members' cup, postponed shoot of March 25: Points.

I Tallman, 7.....	1101101101111101111111—21	20—41—7—48	5
H Lefurgy, 12.....	110111111111110111110100—17	21—38—10—48	4
F Fenn, 18.....	110100010110110110000100—21	18—29—7—36	1
E Foster, 12.....	11110011000101111101011—13	19—33—8—46	3
F Fry, 18.....	11010100010010110101010—13	16—29—9—38	2
H Nelson, 10.....	00110011011011110110001—15	18—33w	

Members' cup, April 29:			
Tallman, 7.....	11001111111101101111110—20	23—43—7—50	5
H Lefurgy, 12.....	111111111111110111110111—16	16—32—6—38	4
E Foster, 12.....	0011100111011111010000—15	18—33—4—37	3
H Nelson, 14.....	10001011001100110010111—14	18—32—3—35	2

Postponed cash handicap, March 25:
 H Lefurgy, 10..... 19 6 25
 I Tallman, 2..... 19 w
 F Fry, 12..... 15 10 25

Lefurgy and Fry divided.
 Cash handicap, April 29:
 I Tallman, 3..... 21 w
 F Fry, 10..... 14 w
 E Foster, 6..... 21 4 25

Foster and Lefurgy divided.
 In the members' cup of March 25, Tallman and Lefurgy shot a miss-and-out of first and second, Tallman winning.

Harvard—Yale Match.

CAMBRIDGE, Mass., May 1.—The Harvard Shooting Club defeated the Yale Gun Club by a score of 117 to 110, in a team match held Saturday afternoon, April 29, at Wellington, Mass. The weather conditions were almost perfect, and there was a good crowd of interested spectators in attendance, including many well-known shots of Boston and vicinity. The match was very closely contested, and it looked very much as though Yale would win, until Harvard made a gain of 10 birds in the last round.

The conditions were five men on a team, each man to shoot at 30 targets, thrown at unknown angles. The cup for the highest score was won by Campbell, of Harvard, with 27. The judges were: Messrs. Dana and Spalding, with Mr. O. R. Dickey as referee. Dr. Langmaid and Mr. Alison were scorers. Summary:

Harvard.	Yale.		
Mallinckrodt	9	7	9—25
Kinney	9	3	8—20
Sanford	6	7	8—21
Bancroft	7	7	10—24
Campbell	10	10	7—27
41	34	42	117
			38 40 32 110

Trap Around Reading.

READING, Pa., April 26.—At the Three-Mile House shooting grounds, near here, to-day, Harry J. Coldren defeated Harvey Clouser in a 100-bird race, 28yds. rise, 50yds. boundary, Hurlingham rules to govern, by the score of 92 to 84. The birds were a poor lot, and of the lot Clouser drew the hardest birds. This match has been on for some time, but owing to different disputes they have had between themselves, it was only by hard work that they came together to-day. Arthur A. Fink, of this city, was referee, while Messrs. Brown and Schwartz acted as judges.

The score follows:
 Clouser, of Gibraltar..... 012121212*21112122222101—21
 21111112*02212*111112*1—21
 11*2112112211012111*2—22
 21*111*11*21121112211—20—84
 Coldren, of Reading..... 2111122122111112212211—25
 1221122122122112111002—23
 1111012111112210*12122—21
 2212122221220112121110—23—92

Highest run: Coldren 46.
 Spring City, Pa., April 29.—The Twin City Club held an all-day shooting tournament on their grounds here to-day. Edward Ridge, of Philadelphia, took the honors of the tournament, he making the best average.

DUSTER.

Missouri State Amateur Shoot.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., April 28.—The tournament of the Missouri State Amateur Shooting Association, under the auspices of the Washington Park Gun Club, was a pronounced success, notwithstanding that many unavoidable obstacles interposed, such as high water and unfavorable weather. The former no doubt kept many of the Kansas and Nebraska shooters away; for with the threatening aspect of all the rivers in this part of the country it makes railroad traveling very uncertain, as many of the streams are reported as being over their banks. This will naturally deter the prudent man from making any trip where he is likely to be prevented from returning home by an overflow.

However, those shooters who did attend this tournament went away pleased, I fell safe to assert, for it was conducted on the right line, as the programme was arranged so that the poorer shots had at least a chance for their life. The purse was so divided that when one shot into the money he at least received his entrance back, even though it was only fourth place. In speaking of this I refer to the target events of course, for I am frank to admit that the management erred in having four moneys in the 7 and 10-pigeon events. With such a division, it was rarely that any of the contestants were out of the money. In pigeon events of this kind high guns should prevail. Two moneys for every five entries would be a fair ratio, and I believe there would be nearly as many entries. This would at least enable the contestant who shot well to break even on the sport, while on the other hand, if he only kills 4 or 5 out of 7 he should not be entitled to any money. The management admitted the mistake, but very resolutely persisted in carrying out its programme, which is of itself commendable. The Washington Park Gun Club is composed of young energetic business men, and it is safe to predict, should they attempt to hold another tournament it will be even more successful than the present one. All of the members contributed their mite toward the success of this shoot, and to enumerate all the workers at this tournament it would be necessary to publish the roster of the club.

Annual Meeting.

The annual meeting of the Association was held at the Midland Hotel, and in the absence of the president and vice-president Mr. Herbert Taylor was called on to preside. Only five clubs were represented, and after some discussion it was decided to take no definite action in regard to selecting a place for the next annual meeting at present, but to meet again at St. Louis next month, when the Missouri State Fish and Game Protective Association will convene. An executive committee, however, was appointed which consisted of a member from each club, and which is composed as follows: Herbert Taylor, St. Louis Gun Club; Dr. E. R. Hickerson, Moberly Gun Club; W. H. Allen, Pleasant Hill Gun Club; Walter Howe, Washington Park Gun Club, and Chris. Gottlieb, O. K. Gun Club, both of Kansas City.

The sentiment seemed to prevail that there is really no occasion for the existence of this organization, and it has been suggested that it be merged with the parent one, which will most likely be done. Such an amalgamation would materially strengthen the older organization.

Present and participating: C. C. Nauman, San Francisco, Cal.; Harry Davis, Richmond, Mo.; J. W. Gulick, Brookfield, Mo.; A. B. Daniels, Denver, Col.; W. A. Smith, Greenwood, Mo.; J. S. Thomas and W. H. Allen, Pleasant Hill, Mo.; A. L. Devinney and T. Stevenson, Olathe, Kan.; Dr. J. C. Jones, W. G. Lytle and B. O. Running, Atchison, Kan.; H. L. Talbot, A. H. Barlow and Geo. Stevenson, Waterville, Kan.; A. Dixon and S. W. Bullock, Joplin, Mo.; T. A. Brown, Frontenac, Kan.; W. H. Koehler and J. W. Goff, Leavenworth, Kan.; Chas. Young, Springfield, O.; D. S. Gregg, Kingfisher, O. T.; D. W. Cooley, Oxford, Kan.; J. R. Wilmot, Lexington, Mo.; F. N. and C. B. Cockrill, Dr. S. Redman, Dr. A. D. Park and G. D. Park, Platt City, Mo.; Bud Freeman, Blue Springs, Mo.; Geo. McClure and L. S. Eddins, Sedalia, Mo.; G. W. Jenkins, Wamego, Kan.; W. S. Allen, Raymore, Mo.; Dr. C. B. Clapp and Dr. E. R. Hickerson, Moberly, Mo.; Paul Mellinger and Parhan, Wichita, Kan.

The trade representatives were Jno. J. Hallowell, Bridgeport, Conn., of the U. M. C. Co.; J. S. Fanning, Batavia, N. Y., Gold Dust Powder Co.; Paul North, Cleveland, O., Cleveland Target Co., who materially assisted the management by seeing that the target events and magaupr were kept going; Herbert Taylor, St. Louis, Mo. Du Pont Powder Co.'s representative.

The tournament was held at Washington Park, where all the trap-shooting of Kansas City is done. This park has been described in your columns several times before. The targets used at this tournament were bluerocks, thrown from magaupr.

First Day, Tuesday, April 25.

In the early part of the day most of the interest centered in the shooting of Sweet, who for several events kept grinding out straight targets, without any apparent effort whatever. He got through the first four events without a miss, but in the next he could not get beyond his 9th bird, the loss of which gave him a run of 68 straight. This excellent start enabled him to finish at the top of the list; not undisputed, however, as Gottlieb, who shot in his usual steady, unconcerned manner, managed to overhaul Sweet right at the finish, and thus these two are tie for high average with .935, a percentage that would do credit in the professional class.

Next to these comes Charley Young, 4 birds short of their total, and he is in turn closely followed by Hallowell and Koehler. Not only did Young shoot targets well, but his work on live birds was also of the best; for he and Besch were the only two that killed straight in the two live-bird events, which consisted of 17 birds. However, Young's run on live birds, 26, scored 9 more in the miss-and-outs that followed the conclusion of the regular programme. Young's miss did not occur until it was decided to go back a yard each round in order to settle this event. Then when the 33yds. mark was reached he came to grief. To Besch, though, goes the honor in the live-bird events, as his run is even two greater than Young's, being 28. His first miss had to be recorded when he was shooting at 35yds. This miss-and-out created no end of interest, for there were twenty-nine entries, and it was only possible to decide it by going back a yard each round, which began with those who had 7 straight to their credit. On the 12th bird the 35yds. mark was reached, and there were yet 5 straight, but here Nauman and Besch fell out, so the three remaining, F. N. Cockrill, W. H. Allen and Wilmot, divided.

The target programme consisted of nine 15 target events, and one, No. 6, at 10 pairs. The entrance in each was \$1.50. Then there were two live-bird events, a 7 and 10-bird shoot; \$5 and \$7.50 were the entrance respectively in these. The former had \$10 added and the latter \$15. There was also \$100 added in the target events. The weather conditions were perfect.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot	Broke.	Av.
Sweet	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	14	145	145	.935
Gottlieb	14	15	14	14	14	18	13	15	14	14	155	145	.935
Young	15	13	13	13	15	15	15	15	13	14	155	141	.909
Hallowell	12	13	15	15	14	15	15	12	15	13	155	139	.896
Koehler	14	13	14	14	13	18	14	12	13	12	155	137	.883
Nauman	12	15	10	14	13	17	15	13	13	12	155	136	.877
Wright	13	14	13	11	10	11	13	12	14	13	155	129	.832
F N Cockrill	13	12	11	13	11	19	11	9	14	15	155	128	.825
W A Smith	13	11	15	12	13	12	13	13	13	13	155	128	.825
Brown	13	14	12	14	14	14	12	11	13	11	155	128	.825
Thomas	10	11	10	12	12	18	12	13	12	12	155	123	.793
Lytle	13	13	15	13	10	11	15	12	15	12	155	121	.780
Laidlaw	7	9	11	10	12	12	12	12	10	11	155	106	.683
Barlow	15	12	15	15	15	15	14	15	14	14	125	119	.952
Daniels	15	15	13	13	13	14	13	15	14	14	125	116	.928
Park	14	14	13	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	125	116	.928
Planck	12	15	14	19	12	14	14	14	14	14	125	116	.928
Wilmot	14	11	13	15	15	16	13	14	14	14	140	125	.692
Running	14	11	13	15	15	16	13	14	14	14	140	125	.692
Herman	14	14	14	13	10	16	13	15	13	12	135	118	.874
Dixon	14	14	14	13	10	16	13	15	13	12	135	118	.874
Lil Scott	12	13	12	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	125	103	.858
Cornett	12	13	12	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	125	103	.858
Hill	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	111	101	.911
Davis	14	11	11	12	9	15	13	15	12	12	135	112	.843
Jones	13	12	13	13	14	11	11	11	11	11	120	100	.832
Jenkins	12	13	13	13	14	14	13	13	13	11	120	100	.832
Ewing	12	13	13	13	14	14	13	13	13	11	120	100	.832
Talbot	12	13	13	13	14	14	13	13	13	11	120	100	.832
Bruns	12	13	13	13	14	14	13	13	13	11	120	100	.832
J W Scott	13	13	12	8	10	13	12	13	13	13	135	107	.792
Simms	13	13	12	8	10	13	12	13	13	13	135	107	.792
Gregg	13	13	12	11	15	12	11	15	12	11	125	99	.792
W H Allen	12	12	11	12	11	12	11	12	11	11	125	99	.792
Reach	9	12	13	13	16	9	12	13	16	9	95	72	.757
Fernkas	9	14	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	45	34	.755
De Shong	9	14	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	45	34	.755
Renick	11	11	10	10	13	13	13	13	13	13	45	34	.755

Riley	10	14	8	11	17	80	60	.750
Gulick	12	14	10	9	13	105	78	.742
Snyder	7	9	10	12	14	120	89	.741
Bullock	12	11	10	11	12	80	56	.700
C B Cockrill	13	11	9	14	9	95	68	.673
Berkey	10	10	10	10	10	15	10	.660
Redman	10	7	7	7	7	30	17	.566
Glanser	8	8	8	8	8	15	8	.533
Bramhall	8	8	8	8	8	15	8	.533
Cooley	5	5	5	5	5	15	5	.333

No. 1.	No. 2.
Wright	0210122-5
Dixon	1110222-6
Rhodes	1021002-4
Beach	2211112-7
Daniels	1112122-7
Laidlaw	2210112-6
Running	1111121-7
Ewing	1020222-5
McCurdy	0001212-4
Brown	1111212-7
C B Cockrill	1022201-5
Redman	2110111-6
Wilmot	2121*11-6
Fernkas	1002010-3
W H Allen	2121210-3
Young	2222222-7
Derinnay	2221021-6
Hallowell	2222002-5
Davis	111112222-10
Sweet	2220122-6
Nauman	2220220-5
Gottlieb	2222220-6
Cockrill	1220222-6
Riley	00*2222-4
F J Smith	0222222-7
Walden	212111110-9
Glanser	1201122*210-7
C Herman	2221221021-9
Barlow	12201122*2-8
Bramhall	2220222222-9
Stockwell	211221221-10
Simms	2212222122-10

Second Day, Wednesday, April 26.

Quite a number of new shooters put in an appearance to-day, and the entries ran much more uniform, this being evidenced by the fact that not less than thirty-five of the fifty-five contestants who participated in the target event, shot the entire seven events. Dr. Clapp, of Moberly, one of the new arrivals, seemed to be keyed up about right, so he proceeded to cut out the running for the balance of the shooters. He made but few skips, and in only one event did he drop more than one bird, finishing with a loss of 5 out of 110. Even so good a shot as Fanning had to be content to trail after the Doctor, and the best he could do was to finish second, 2 birds short of Clapp; whose average is .954, while Fanning's is .936. Gottlieb and Howe were the only straight men in the 20-bird event, but in the shorter races straights were numerous.

While the table shows but seven events, there was also a team race shot for the two-men team championship at targets. The conditions of this race were 25 targets per man, 50 per team, for the L. C. Smith cup. There were ten teams entered in this contest, but three of them shot only for birds, as they were not members of the Association, and therefore not eligible. The winners in this contest proved to be two local men, members of the Washington Park Gun Club—Walter Howe and Lil Scott—who put up the great total of 48 out of 50, each scoring 24. Next came Wilmot and Davis with 46, the former scoring 24 and the latter 22. The O. K. team—Gottlieb and Hickman—equaled this, as each of this pair had 23 to their credit. The scores of the other teams were: Sweet 22, Herman 22-44; Clapp 21, W. S. Allen 21-42; Taylor 22, Hickerson 19-41; Dave Elliott 22, F. N. Cockrill 17-39. The ineligible teams scored: Nauman 23, Fanning 23-46; Daniels 24, Hallowell 19-43; Koehler 20, Young 20-40.

There were two live-bird events on the card for the day, a 7 and a 15-bird race. The latter constituting what is known as the amateur State live-bird championship. The 7-bird affair showed the following results:

Clapp, W. S. Allen, Wilmot, Nauman, Daniels, Hallowell, Taylor, Rogers and Curtice, 7; Gottlieb, F. N. Cockrill, Wright, Beach, W. H. Allen, Young, Mellinger, Brown, F. J. Smith and Swiney, 6; Simms, Mennefee, Jarrett, J. B. Porter, Fanning, Redman and C. B. Cockrill, 5; Hickerson, Berkey and Riley, 4; Case 3; and McCurdy, 2.

The championship race showed three straights when complete—W. S. Allen, Gottlieb and F. N. Cockrill. The tie was immediately shot off miss-and-out. The O. K.'s champion, Gottlieb, was the first to drop out, as he could add but 5 more to his original total. The very next round brought grief for Cockrill, as he too missed. It now only remained for Allen to kill, and he was equal to the emergency. Those who killed straight received no part of the purse in this event, but next year they will share in a division of 50 per cent of the entrance money. On this occasion the former holder, Davis, received \$62.50. The balance of the purse, with the \$25 added money, was divided, Rose system, four moneys, among those whose score entitled them to a share of it. Under these conditions the 11s got in, and there was but one man out of the money.

The conditions of the event are 15 live birds, \$10 entrance, birds included, \$25 added.

The weather was dark and threatening, and a strong gusty wind prevailed all day, which added much to the difficulty of the target shooting. Fortunately, though, no rain fell.

W. S. Allen scored every live bird. He shot at 29 all told, including the two regular events and the tie.

All target events were 15 singles, with the exception of No. 4, and this was 20.

Targets:								Shot	Broke.	Av.
Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	at.		
Clapp	14	15	14	18	14	15	15	110	105	.954
Fanning	14	13	15	18	14	14	15	110	103	.936
Barlow	13	14	13	17	14	14	12	110	99	.900
Running	13	13	13	17	15	13	15	110	99	.900
Koehler	14	14	13	16	14	13	15	110	99	.900
Wilmot	14	15	15	17	13	11	13	110	98	.890
Nauman	15	12	14	19	12	13	13	110	98	.890
Daniels	13	15	13	18	14	13	12	110	98	.890
Jenkins	14	14	14	18	12	15	11	110	98	.890
Hickman	13	13	15	16	14	14	13	110	98	.890
W S Allen	14	12	14	16	13	13	15	110	97	.881
Thomas	13	11	12	18	15	13	15	110	97	.881
Rogers	11	13	12	18	14	14	13	110	96	.872
Gottlieb	13	12	12	20	11	15	12	110	95	.863
F N Cockrill	12	14	14	17	14	11	13	110	95	.863
Dixon	14	12	14	16	14	14	11	110	95	.863
W H Allen	12	15	11	17	15	13	14	110	94	.854
W A Smith	12	15	10	14	15	14	14	110	94	.854
Hallowell	14	11	13	15	13	12	12	110	93	.845
Gregg	10	12	13	19	13	12	14	110	92	.845
Cornett	9	13	13	16	13	14	14	110	92	.836
Brown	11	14	14	18	12	11	12	110	92	.836
Howe	12	13	12	20	11	13	11	110	92	.836
Young	13	12	14	18	12	12	10	110	91	.827
Taylor	13	12	13	15	13	11	13	110	90	.818
Routt	13	14	11	16	13	11	11	110	89	.809
Hickerson	13	12	13	15	10	14	12	110	89	.809
Mellinger	9	14	12	17	15	10	12	110	87	.790
Dunckel	11	12	14	14	13	10	13	110	87	.790
C B Cockrill	12	13	9	12	14	14	12	110	86	.781
Davis	12	10	10	16	10	13	13	110	84	.763
Snyder	10	10	12	14	9	14	12	110	81	.736
Simms	10	11	5	15	11	13	14	110	79	.718
Renick	9	10	13	13	9	12	12	110	78	.709
Parham	8	10	11	15	11	8	13	110	76	.690
Lil Scott	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	35	14	.933
Lytle	14	13	14	19	12	13	13	65	60	.923
Sweet	13	13	13	13	13	13	14	45	40	.888
Herman	13	13	13	13	14	14	12	45	40	.888
Planck	13	13	13	13	11	14	12	30	25	.833
Bullock	13	13	13	13	11	13	12	45	36	.800
Millett	13	13	13	13	12	12	11	15	12	.800
Riley	12	12	12	12	12	12	11	15	12	.800
McCurdy	15	8	10	10	10	10	10	30	23	.766
M Smith	13	13	13	13	13	10	10	30	23	.766
Geo Stevenson	9	11	16	13	11	11	11	95	71	.747
Talbot	11	13	10	13	14	8	11	95	69	.726
Wright	9	11	12	11	11	12	14	95	69	.726
Ewing	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	15	11	.723
De Shong	10	8	10	10	14	11	11	60	42	.700
Dickinson	10	10	10	10	9	11	11	30	20	.666
Berkey	10	10	10	10	10	10	9	30	19	.633

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO.

TERMS, \$4 A YEAR, 10 CTS. A COPY.
SIX MONTHS, \$2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 13, 1899.

VOL. LII, —No. 19,
No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

THE CONNECTICUT FISH COMMISSION.

THE rottenness of politics and the potency of pull have ruined before now many a fish commission in this country, and the latest instance in point is that of Connecticut. Gov. Lounsbury has committed an outrageous wrong upon the people of his State by debasing the fish commission into making it a berth for his political friends and cronies, irrespective of their fitness for the place, and regardless of the effect the appointment of incompetent individuals will have upon the commission's work and the important interests it is designed to conserve.

The commission as hitherto constituted consisted of Messrs. A. C. Collins, of Hartford; James A. Bill, of Lyme, and Hubert Williams, of Salisbury. Mr. Collins was the active man. He was thoroughly devoted to the work and did it in a sagacious and successful way which brought results. Years ago Mr. Collins won the reputation of being an energetic game protector, and he has had that name ever since. He believed that the game laws were laws intended to be enforced. He was convinced that the game and fish supply of Connecticut should be saved from the poacher, the snarer, the market hunter, the fish dynamiter and the trout netter, for the benefit of the community. He had the rare good sense to recognize that denunciation of "the farmer" was not the whole of efficient protection, and he set himself to the task of organizing the Connecticut State Association of Farmers and Sportsmen, an organization which enlisted the support of the land owners and for years was an efficient agency in advancing the cause to which it was devoted. Mr. Collins did this public service purely as an individual moved by large motives; and the reform he accomplished was one of far-reaching good throughout the State. His personal services were characterized by energy, fearlessness, common sense and a sort of bulldog tenacity, which made him a terror to the evil-doers in every county of Connecticut.

It was with most unqualified satisfaction, then, that the appointment of Mr. Collins to the reorganized fish and game commission in 1895 was received by all right minded citizens who were cognizant of the condition of affairs in Connecticut, and who felt assured by the appointment that the work of the commission would be done honestly, economically and well. That expectation was not unfulfilled. Mr. Collins applied to the work the most advanced modern fishcultural methods, which resulted in restocking the streams with trout and in restoring the shad to the rivers. If the business of the State were conducted as a private citizen would conduct his own personal business, retaining in its service those who had shown themselves to be efficient and valuable in advancing its interests, no one, from the Governor down, would have dreamed for a moment of dispensing with the services of Mr. Collins as fish commissioner. It is no credit to Gov. Lounsbury to say that his failure to reappoint Mr. Collins has not particularly astonished people; but the indignation aroused by his course is none the less deep and all pervading.

The terms of the Connecticut commission expired this year, and the only one of the members of the old board retained is James A. Bill, of Lyme, who through age and sickness is largely incapacitated. Mr. Collins was shoved to one side to make way for a man whose only claim to the place is found in his personal relations with the Governor. His successor is a Mr. Solomons, of Norwalk, a fishing companion and personal friend of Gov. Lounsbury, and reputed to know nothing more about trout than how to catch them. The third member of the new commission is a brother of Gov. Lounsbury's business partner. It would be difficult in all the range of rotten appointments with which the cause of fishculture has been cursed here and there during recent years to find nominations less defensible and more directly personal in the pull which promoted them than these two.

What Connecticut needs to-day is a single-headed fish commission in the person of a man versed in fishculture, interested in the work of fish propagation and game protection and qualified to perform the duties of the office. One such man, given the opportunity, could do more for the public interest of the community in one year than thirty commissions constituted as the Connecticut board is now made up could do in thirty years. It is of course useless to hope for any public redress from the Governor; he has committed himself and the State to a policy of foolishness. The Legislature, however, is still in session,

and if the citizens of the State who appreciate the situation and are moved by an honest indignation to have it remedied would make their influence felt, it might be possible to secure such a modification of the law as would make practicable the provisions of a competent commissioner.

BUSINESS AND SPORT.

WITH the return of business prosperity there comes a general and active revival of sport. It is a manifestation which demonstrates that the fondness of men for the pleasures of rod and gun is a constant and abiding quality, requiring only the ways and the means for its gratification to be at all times manifested. During the last few years there had seemed to be some weakening of interest in these affairs, notwithstanding that the pursuits of the rod and gun have been cherished by mankind from a time immemorial, and that human nature has not changed. There were many conjectures to account for the cause of this apparent defection; some attributed it to the rivalries of the wheel and golf and other engrossing pastimes; while there were those again who found the cause in the growing scarcity of game, the narrowing of available shooting territories and the insufficient and disappointing returns so often rewarding long effort and expense in search of sport. Few, however, considered the real cause, that which brings so much of dolor to a nation or a community, and colloquially is called "hard times." When revenues are cut down and retrenchment is the order of the day, the luxuries and the pleasures are the first to be curtailed or surrendered entirely. If the necessities of life exact all earnings, there is nothing left to be applied to sport.

The Grand American Handicap the other day was in its magnitude a suggestive index of the general revival of sport with the gun. Shooting at the trap, in all parts of the country, has taken a general impetus; and the sales of targets are something enormous. The demand for fishing tackle this season has in most sections been far ahead of that of the seasons of past years. The gun factories feel the general prosperity, and are taxed to their utmost to fill orders. People talk more of where to go and when to go; of what to buy and where to buy it; of the technique of the sport and methods of improvement; all this may rightly be interpreted as showing that the love of sport has only been held in check, and as soon as the check is removed the irrepressible love for sport on land and water, the heredity transmitted through the eons of time, bursts forth in undiminished ardor.

SOME GUIDES AND THEIR WAYS.

WE have adverted before now to the way some Maine hotel keepers have of recommending as guides incompetent individuals who happen to be in their debt for board, and who work it out in this way. The whole subject of the relations existing between the visiting sportsmen, the hotel or camp keeper and the guide might profitably be discussed; for there is no question that some features of the prevailing system are essentially adverse to the interests of the visitor. It would manifestly be a gross error to make any sweeping assertion which should apply to all resorts and all guides. Human nature in Maine is just the plain every-day human nature we find the world over. Some men are honest and some are dishonest. Men in the Maine woods have a living to make; and precisely as with other folks outside of the woods, some make the living honestly and some dishonestly. Premising that nine out of ten are honest, the tenth is so ubiquitous as to warrant our giving him some attention.

Among the numerous camps for sportsmen in Maine may now and then be found one which is conducted in a way not very different from the manner in which it would be conducted if its chief purpose were to sell as much whiskey as possible in a season. And there are guides whose chief intent appears to be to keep their "sports" within sound of the dinner horn of the camp to which they are attached. Ostensibly in the employ of the man from Boston or New York or Philadelphia or Chicago, they are actually in the service of the camp proprietor, and look to his interest first, last and all the time. Many an honest fellow indeed is in virtual bondage to the camp proprietor and the slavery galls him. He is not playing fair with the man he is guiding, and he knows it. When he tells his employer that old stock story that the fish are not biting to-day but they did last week, he lies, and because he lies he despises himself for the lie, and would get

out of the necessity of lying if he could. He cannot emancipate himself, however, because of his real or fancied double obligation to his two employers, with their diverse interests—the only interest of the camp keeper to keep the visitor at his own place, and the true interest of the visitor to go to some other place. As one guide has well put it, such a person has two fires to tend.

The evils here outlined are very real and very widespread. A correspondent who writes in our angling columns to-day tells us that his unfortunate experience has been always to employ guides with axes to grind. The remedy he had resort to was to study up his own fishing country, lay out his own routes and persist in pursuing them in the face of the protests of his guide. His experience appears to have made him impatient of all guides and distrustful of their capacity and honesty of intention, a conclusion, we need not say, unnecessary. There are many so-called guides who are lost the instant they stray from a familiar trail or get off from the buckboard road. But there are others who are competent and skilled masters of woodcraft, natural hunters, explorers and woodsmen, and who would be honest, too, with the man who employed them if they were accountable to him alone. They would be thus solely answerable to the sportsman if employed by him directly, without any intermediaries. The remedy of the whole trouble is to be found in direct employment of independent guides, instead of indirect employment through camp keepers. Then the guide will feel that he is answerable to the visitor alone; that he may serve the true interest of the sportsman, and not be in peril of the woods boycott. For there is a woods boycott. It works in this way: If the guide hired for the sportsman by the camp keeper does not exploit the sportsman for the camp keeper's benefit he does not get employment the next time.

A system of independent engagements between the guide and the guided would surely work to the benefit of the Maine visitor, and it would as certainly be welcomed by the guides and elevate the standard of the pursuit and the self-respect and responsibility of the men engaged in it.

BIGNESS.

THAT man George Kennedy appears to be a fellow of a delightful sort to carry on a discussion of pure science with. When he fails of other argument he calmly projects his rival up a tree, stations a frantic wild hog at the foot of the tree, and then wraps about himself pure philosophy as a mantle and lapses into sweet slumber. As for Mr. Kennedy's eye dilation theory of greatness there is much to be said in support, both as to the brute and the human. For proof of the magnifying power of the human eye, whether "subjected to certain lights," as Mr. Kennedy has it, or in the darkness of the woods, one would need only to cull from the rich storehouse of experience chronicled in the FOREST AND STREAM the thousand and one instances of hunters whose dilated optics have transmogrified porcupines into bears, beheld charging bull moose tremendous as rogue elephants, or seen grizzlies loom up big as barns. There is in common speech, in the proverbial expression "it's all in your eye," a recognition of this great scientific truth, the discovery of which is claimed by Mr. Kennedy; and as a matter of fact we may find many a record in the books illustrating the theory and demonstrating that it has long been known and acknowledged by the men of the wilderness.

Here, for instance, is an illustrative passage from the curious narrative of "The Shipwreck and Adventures of Monsieur Pierre Viaud" in Florida in 1776. Among what the French editor rightly terms the "shocking miseries" and "horrid circumstances" of Viaud's adventures were the nights spent in terror of wild beasts, concerning one of which the author writes thus, italics ours: "All hopes of sleep or rest, for this night, were now given over; our apprehensions were continually kept awake by the incessant howlings which surrounded us, and continued till morning; several bears approached near enough for us to distinguish their horrid forms, and some tygers appeared also in sight, which, perhaps magnified by our fears, appeared of a most enormous size; nay, there was one of them that advanced nearer to us than any of the rest, in defiance of our passive fire; but upon my darting several faggots at him he retreated, after having sent forth a most horrid howl, which was echoed back by all the other beasts of the forest."

The Sportsman Tourist.

Nicaraguan Experiences.—I.

GREYTOWN, Nicaragua.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It has happened to me to spend a large part of the last two years in the little village of Greytown, Nicaragua, at the mouth of the San Juan River. Perhaps a brief account of a few things I have found strange may interest some of your readers, and the interest will be augmented, I am sure, if our delightful and much appreciated Mr. Fred Mather, or any other of your sharps in natural history, will kindly answer some questions which naturally suggest themselves in connection therewith.

This little village has about 1,200 inhabitants, and is situated about three miles from the sea, in the middle of endless swamps and lagoons.

Naturally, I brought lots of quinine, and I took some daily when I first came, but the town was healthy and I stopped it, and have never enjoyed more health and vigor anywhere in my life. I attribute the health of the place to the sandy soil. The site is low, averaging scarcely 2 ft. above ordinary tides, and the sand is dark colored, light and loose. It is, fortunately, too near the equator for hurricanes, for an 8 ft. hurricane tide, such as we sometimes have on the Atlantic and Gulf coast, would drown it out. Yellow fever has never been known here, and I attribute its immunity from this, and its general good health in spite of such inauspicious looking surroundings, to the sandy soil. Colon and Limon, which are on clayey soil, are much more sickly, and are both subject to yellow fever. Perhaps, too, the rains cut some figure. At Greytown there is practically no dry season, and the rainfall is anywhere from 200 to 300 in. I was told, before coming, that there was very little fishing, but that I would find at places our black bass of the United States, under the Spanish name guapote. But, when I saw on the map no end of beautiful, dark, deep lagoons and bayous, and thought how I would love to fish in such places, even if I caught nothing, I did not hesitate to bring no end of tackle of all kinds, and anticipations in proportion. But, to make a long story short, I've had to recognize that, practically, there is no fishing. I never saw so much beautiful water, in which a man indeed may fish to suit himself, but he will get no bites. And, in all the months I have been here, I have never seen a native man, woman or child try to fish from a wharf or in open water anywhere in river, bay or lagoon.

The reason seems to be that the waters are all under the dominion of two dreadful pests, sharks and zavalos. The sharks are of the ordinary tropical salt-water, man-eater variety, and there are plenty of well-authenticated instances of their attacking persons. And the first question I would like to propound to Mr. Mather is, what has natural history to say to sharks infesting these fresh waters, both of the river and of the lakes, one hundred miles inland, and no other lakes or rivers, greater or smaller, anywhere on the globe? Unless, indeed, it be true, as I have heard, that there is one other exception found in some river in Africa.

"Zavalos," meaning savages, is the native name for the other pest of the waters, which I think is even more destructive and objectionable than the shark. In build, scales and general appearance he resembles a thick and heavy built shad, but with a mouth and front teeth designed and patented apparently to bite a piece clean out of a man, exactly of the size and shape that the man himself would bite out of an apple. I never heard of their really biting such a piece from a man, but the mouth irresistibly suggests having been fashioned for that purpose. The natives, however, give them few chances, for, with both alligators and sharks to look out for, waters over knee deep are rarely ventured into. But the habits of zavalos are even more objectionable than his dentition. He is the most ravenous offal feeder that can be conceived of. Hogs, buzzards and wolves, all starved and put together, would be simply not in it with zavalos. They go in schools, not for sociability, but to fight each other for offal, and when any is thrown overboard it is almost terrific to see the knock-down and drag-out turmoil and commotion in the waters. But, with all their greediness, I have never seen any fish so wary of the hook. Fifty times I baited with raw beef, and threw among squads of them, fighting for kitchen refuse, but I never succeeded in getting a good bite. They would sometimes take hold, but quickly drop it. They can be caught, however, though they make the most desperate fight I ever saw.

One day, a deck hand on our steamer fixed a bait and caught one to show me. It weighed about 10 lbs., but I think I saw in the river some which seemed twice as heavy. I think the zavalos are largely responsible, in two ways, for breaking up fresh-water fishing in this country. First, they are in great abundance, and I don't see how any other fish can flourish in the same waters. And, secondly, their ravenous offal-eating cannot but disgust anyone who sees it with an idea of a fish diet from the same waters. The only fish supplied to market here seem to be salt-water fish, caught outside with a seine. If the scientists can offer any apology whatever for the zavalos—even a latin name—it will be gladly received and applied as far as it will go.

The majority of the market fish are mullet, though sometimes fine cavalli are caught outside. The mullet are generally the same that we have from North Carolina to the Gulf, but among them, occasionally, is a very fine large mullet, entirely new to me, and a most desirable fish if we could naturalize him. The natives call it "callipiver," and it is considered the best fish known here. In richness, flavor and delicacy it has, in fact, seemed to me fully equal to the shad, and it is without any troublesome bones. The few I've seen would run probably from 5 to 8 lbs. in weight, and I could see but little difference in appearance from ordinary mullet. But there is a difference to those familiar with them. I will consider a good botanical name for these excellent fish as a real personal favor.

Another fish I have learned to recognize on the table, the natives call mohara, but I haven't seen him in his scales, and I can only say that he seems to be a plain, light-colored fish, built like a sheepshead, and about 2 lbs.

average weight. I think that he is a salt-water denizen, but I do not know.

And now, I've left to the last the "guapote," which was said to be the same as our black bass. After hunting and fishing faithfully for him in vain, at many times and places, I am constrained to believe that there is no fish here even remotely resembling the bass. The fish which as always brought me as guapote is as unlike a bass as it is unlike a salmon. It is of, what I call, the perch tribe, with a small mouth and the build and size of beam. It is very dark colored; and if I had to name it I would suggest black bream. They are an excellent pan fish, and I would enjoy fishing for them if I could get at them. But, as far as I can catch on to their habits, and those of all the river fish that are good for anything—and there must be some—they can be found only in thick tangles of grass and roots, and such places, where no zavalos or sharks can get at them, and where naturally one's hook is forever getting tangled.

There, at any rate, are the only places where I have ever seen the natives fish. I have myself tried only on the edges of these spots, and on the edges have had no luck; while back in thick places the natives usually get some. I have tried several flies and varieties of artificial bait, but always in vain.

While speaking of fish, I had as well throw in the alligators and crocodiles. They are both here, as they are also in Florida, and probably in Louisiana and Texas. They are easily told apart, for the crocodile is web-footed and his teeth come together between each other, the canines fitting into notches in the jaw. The alligator's foot is not webbed, and the lower jaw is broader, and upper teeth fall inside of lower, but fit in notches in the upper jaw. The strange thing about both in this country is their scarcity and shyness, when one considers the suitable climate and immense extent of beautiful waters for them, the exceedingly sparse and scattered population, and the scarcity of firearms, even in proportion to the people. I have made several expeditions in waters that are very rarely visited, and, though on the lookout, scarcely seeing, on an average, one in ten miles. And those seen were all as shy as wild turkeys. About South Carolina rice fields they are certainly ten times as abundant and much easier to approach. I am disposed to attribute the shyness to the scarcity. I have often noted gregarious animals, when in smaller numbers than usual, exhibit marked uneasiness and increased suspicion. An instance of how this rule may work both ways, too, is readily seen in the wariness of a single mosquito, when compared with the onslaught of a swarm. If their shyness is merely an instinctive result of their scarcity, then the sharks and zavalos can be held responsible for the whole phenomenon, for I take it that they can catch young alligators and crocodiles even more easily than they can catch fish.

JACK HILDAGO.

Boyhood Days in Florida.

I.—Up the St. Johns.

WHEN one is turned loose at the age of thirteen years to roam and hunt over the rich luxuriant hummocks of southern Florida, to fish the ponds and lakes that dot the country from coast to coast—yes, to live with nature in her richest and most tempting garb—it is not strange that the impressions then made should last a lifetime. As I look back to that period so full of rare experience, of genuine happiness, all the youthful enthusiasm of my early boyhood comes back to me, and I feel once more the thrill of those glorious days. I am a youngster again, hunting, fishing, fishing, hunting from morning till night, day after day, tired and lame, with barked shins and blistered hands, yet happy—supremely and gloriously happy. It was not for me to know that I had been cast adrift, so to speak, as a last resort; that in such a life as this lay my one chance of securing health and strength to carry me safely through later life. I was not told that my chances of returning to my New England home were of the slightest. All I knew, or cared to know, was that for six months I was free—free to roam that mysterious land with all its hidden secrets, to hunt amid those tropical growths where lurked more kinds of game than my boyish fancy had ever dreamed of, to fish those ponds and lakes whose only fisherman up to this time had been the huge fish-hawk, the graceful heron, or the lazy alligator. Could a boy of my age ask for a better heaven than this?

And so it came about that late one night the train deposited me in the city of Jacksonville, where I was to take the boat for the upper St. Johns and Sanford.

The sun had scarcely risen the next morning when I found myself out on the broad hotel veranda overlooking the St. Johns River. The day was perfect and the sky without a cloud. A faint breeze wafted to me the new and delicious odor of orange blossoms from the yard below. Only a short distance away were the wharves about which the daily bustle and turmoil could just begin to be distinguished. Beyond stretched the broad silent river sluggishly moving toward the sea. Far away to the south it seemed to lose itself in the horizon. As I gazed out over its broad expanse all my boyish fancy was let loose. What had that unknown country in store for me? What adventures lay before me? Perhaps somewhere up that mysterious river bubbled Ponce de Leon's famous Fountain of Youth. Perhaps, in my wanderings, I should find it myself. Surely the air seemed laden with youth-giving elixir. And even as I queried a faint hazy streak appeared on the horizon. I watched it. By degrees it grew more distinct and I discovered that it was the smoke of an approaching steamer. What news would she bring of that country she had just left, and which in my impatience I could scarcely wait to reach? Was the game still abundant, and did the fish still bite? These and kindred thoughts filled my mind as I finally left the veranda and seated myself at the breakfast table. Little time had I for such trifles, however, and a moment later I was making my way to the neighboring wharf. The steamer was rapidly drawing near and soon its deep melodious whistle, full of significance to me, came booming over the water. Breathlessly I watched her as she approached and my delight knew no bounds when I made out, up on the pilot house, the name "Florida." Yes, that was the very boat that was to carry me into that un-

known country so full of interest and promise. I watched her make the dock and drank in eagerly the boisterous greetings of the darkies. I even felt a pang of disappointment when I learned that the trip down had proved uneventful. But then, didn't that mean that on the return there would be all the more chance of something happening? Possibly; at any rate, I would wait.

The boat was not to leave on her return trip until evening, and so I went back to stroll through the town; to stare in at the curiosity shops, and to gaze with undisguised interest at the beautiful plumages of birds and the blinking eyes of alligators. But, oh! how slowly those hours dragged by. It seemed as though that day never would come to an end. But at last the sun disappeared in the west, the mists began to gather on the river, and I made my way to the steamer, where, seated out on the deck, I waited impatiently for the journey up the river to begin. It was a peaceful time. Along the shore the lights flickered and blinked, while overhead the stars had never seemed so thick or so bright. Down on the wharf the darkies were busy hustling the last articles of our cargo on to the boat. They laughed and sang as they worked, their rich voices blending with the soothing influences of the night. I was anxious to be on hand when the boat should start out on her journey, and for a long time I struggled against the drowsiness that was slowly but surely overpowering me. At last I could stand it no longer, and, comforting myself with the assurance that the boat would not leave for some hours yet, I went inside and rolled into my berth.

It was broad daylight when I awoke. The steady thump of the paddle wheels and the corresponding vibration of the boat assured me that we were moving. I hastened on deck, where one glance revealed the fact that we had already come a long distance. The river was much narrower than at Jacksonville, and the country wholly without habitation. Again the old feeling of exhilaration seized me, and boy-like, I longed to let off my pent-up feelings in a wild shout. But I restrained myself and just drank in the glorious scenery and air.

As the day wore on the river grew even narrower; so much so that at times the boat had difficulty in making the sharp turns. Once she even poked her nose well up unto the muddy bank, and poles and boathooks were pressed into service to aid the engines in setting her free. As the river grew narrower the growth along its banks became more luxuriant. The huge cypresses laden with hanging moss, the palmetto trees varying from the tall sentinel that towered way above us to the little bush with its graceful leaves, the twining hills that overran everything mingling their leaves and branches in indescribable confusion, the gayly colored birds that flitted about among the leaves and branches—all formed a picture still fresh in my memory. I gazed until tired at the panorama that was constantly unfolding along the shore, and then leaning over the side of the steamer I watched the curling eddies of muddy foam that rolled and bubbled from under the stroke of the paddle wheels, rising into huge swells as they fell a little further back from the boat, and then stretching out into long slanting waves that tossed themselves against the banks, splashing the mud and water far up against the bushes that lined the stream. Occasionally a startled heron rose slowly from its hiding place along the shore, and stretching its huge wings, drifted lazily off into a more secluded spot. Or a flock of ducks beat a hasty and noisy retreat from a neighboring marsh. I wondered if there would be any more for me to shoot up in that unexplored country to which I was bound. I almost wished I had got out my gun and tried those fellows from the boat. Perhaps the captain wouldn't care. And then a bright thought struck me. Why not go down on the lower deck and ask the darkies for information? No doubt they could tell me all about the place. I would try them anyway, for between landings there was little work for them to do.

Out near the stern of the boat a group were idling away the time singing, dancing, whistling and laughing. Toward this group I made my way. For a time I merely watched them and listened to their songs and yarns. But at last I grew bolder and ventured a question—just a commonplace query as to the country through which we were passing. The jovial party proved to be just in a talkative mood, and soon in reply to my eager questions they were telling me all they knew, and a good deal more they didn't know. But at that stage of the journey I was not wholly capable of discerning truth from falsehood, though my suspicions were beginning to be aroused at some of the remarkable information so willingly offered. These suspicions increased as the time slipped by, but I was wise enough to keep them to myself, and as a result, I secured a most favorable glimpse of a typical Southern darky at his best.

And so the day faded away into twilight. The sun disappeared behind the thick foliage that lined the banks of the stream, and then a little later came that soft, rich after-glow peculiar to the Southern clime. The huge cypresses and lofty palmettos loomed up all the more conspicuously against the bright sky; the thick jungle along the shore seemed to grow denser, while even the birds ceased their chatter as though yielding to the restful peace and quiet of the hour. Scarcely a sound broke the stillness, save the panting of the steamer, the beat of the paddle wheels and the splash of the waves along the shore. And then the light faded away and river and land were wrapped in darkness.

Sanford was still several hours away when supper was called. The meal was rudely interrupted, however, by the approach of another steamer. No more supper for me. I hastened out on deck and watched the stranger draw near. She made a beautiful picture as she loomed up against the dark background of woods and sky, with her mass of sparkling lights, red, green, blue and yellow, while a cloud of black smoke just a little blacker than the darkness about her, poured from her funnel and rolled away in a long pathway behind until it finally blended with the night. She drew rapidly nearer. A deep melodious whistle boomed its greeting to us; ours answered; there was the tramp of paddle wheels, the swish and splash of water as wave met wave, the shouts of the negroes, the measured breathing of exhaust pipes, and the steamer with its noisy load and glimmering lights swept by us and disappeared around a bend in the river into the darkness and the night.

And now there was nothing to do but wait for the

boat to reach Sanford. The evening dragged wearily, but at last a noise on deck roused me from my lethargy, and I hastened out. We were evidently on a lake, and not far away the lights from a town cast their reflections out over the water. This was Sanford, I was told, and so securing my baggage I waited for the boat to make her dock. I took one last look at the old boat which had brought me thus far in safety, and then clambered into a rickety old barge that finally landed me at the hotel where I was to pass the night. Here I tumbled into bed to wait for the morning, and to dream of lakes alive with alligators, herons, ducks, and birds of huge and wonderful forms, and of forests teeming with deer, panthers, wildcats, turkeys and creatures that only dreams can create.

A. E. STEARNS.

A True Sea Story.

IN 1867 I was drifting about Callao, having left an American ship there after putting in nine months of as pleasant sea life as I ever experienced. I soon grew tired of my surroundings. Callao was an old stamping ground of mine, and I knew the ins and outs of everything.

Money was also getting low, and that convinced me, if nothing else would, that I ought to ship. I looked about for a day or two, and finally selected the English bark Meggie, Captain A—, bound to Dundirk, with guano.

The Meggie was an old-fashioned bark of 450 tons, C.M. A good sea boat and quite fast. Her crew were a mixed set, composed of English, Irish, Scotch and Welsh. I being the only American aboard. The Captain was a hard-headed old Scotchman, very fond of his grog, and not much regard for discipline. The mate, Mr. Jones, was a Welshman, a good seaman, and a gentleman, but with an ungovernable appetite for strong drink.

The second mate, or boatswain, was what sailors call "Liverpool Irish," a good seaman enough, but no officer. Old Sails, a French-Canadian, and Chips, a Scotchman, with two apprentices, formed the after-guard.

The crew forward were eight men, rated as follows, four able seamen, two ordinary seamen and two boys. To any one used to American ships this will appear a large crew, but it must be remembered that English ships carry one-third to one-half as many more men than the same class of American vessels. We got away on Feb. 14, and with a fine leading wind went to sea. Every one who has ever made a voyage at sea knows that the first few days are full of trouble. The men are all new to each other, and the ship is new to them. Then the deck is littered with the various odds and ends that must all be stowed away, or secured in their proper places. Battens and chafing gear had to be overhauled and put on. Anchors must be lashed on the bows, chains unbent and stowed below. Generally it takes a week or ten days to get settled and have everything going "ship shape and Bristol fashion," as sailors say.

On the Meggie it was much the same as other vessels of greater or less importance. In the course of a week we had got quite settled and were feeling at home. The officers were apparently all that could be desired, the food was very good and plentiful; the bark was easy to handle, steered like a pilot boat and sailed like a witch. What more could we ask? One would think we were as well situated as we possibly could be. A good ship, good officers, good crew, enough to eat, and watch and watch. But we were soon to find out that our good fortune was short lived. On the second week out the Captain came on deck the worse for liquor. The same afternoon the Mate showed that he too had been splicing the main brace too often. We all looked blue at this, no sailor but what dreads drunkenness at sea, and very few but what have seen serious effects from that cause.

Very soon it was noticed that when the Captain and Mate had both been drinking, they would play at cross purposes, one would give an order only to have it countermanded by the other. In fact, they seemed to lose sight of the welfare of the ship in the desire to irritate and provoke one another.

This, to us, was for a while amusing, but we soon found that it might bring us into circumstances which would be, to say the least, disagreeable.

One morning, when we had been out some three weeks, it came on to blow, and at 8 A. M. Mr. Jones commenced to shorten sail. The fore and main royals were quickly stowed, and we stood along quite comfortably with the wind a little abaft the beam.

At 9:30 the wind had increased so much that Mr. Jones thought it advisable to take in flyingjib and foretopgallantsail. The orders were given, but before a sheet could be started, the Captain sprang on deck with a roar, "Mr. Jones, what in h—l are you doing, sir. Don't you know we are homeward bound, and we want all the wind we can get."

"Aye, aye, sir," said Mr. Jones, "but I thought it was blowing a little too strong for that flyingjib."

"Well, sir," says Captain A—, "the Meggie can carry all she's got with twice this wind," and with a curse he staggered below. Mr. Jones soon stepped into his room, and when he returned on deck we noticed that his eye had an ominous glitter. "By G—," says he, "the old man may run the ship under before I offer to take a stitch off her." This was not very cheering to us, but we could do nothing.

About 11 A. M. the wind had increased to a gale. Captain A—, drunk as he was, saw that we must shorten sail. The orders were given to take in foretopgallantsail, down flyingjib and double reef the foretopgallantsail. The flyingjib and topgallantsail were stowed with some trouble; but when we came to haul out reef tackles on the foretopgallantsail, it was no go. The Captain would not luff the ship to the wind, and we could not get an inch on the reef tackles. Finally, I got all hands on the weather reef tackle, and tore the leech out the sail.

"Lay up there and send down that topsail," roared Captain A—. "Aye, aye, sir," and away we scrambled aloft.

The topsail was soon furled and sent on deck, and a new one was got from the sailroom. By the time that we were ready to bend it the gale had increased to such an extent that it was really frightful to look aloft, much more so to go there. But sailors, as a rule, only know how to obey, and away we scrambled again at the order,

Old Sails and myself on the weather yardarm. As I swung myself outside the lift to haul out the ear-ring, I glanced back at the maintopgallantsail; the sail stood out almost round as a ball, and hard as iron, while the stout spruce stick bent like a whip, and every moment seemed to be coming over on our heads. We finally secured the topsail, furled it and were right glad to once more get down on deck.

In a few moments it was "Clew up the main to-gallant sail," and after the hardest struggle that I ever remember with fluttering canvas the sail was clewed up and furled; that is, it was tied up somehow.

At seven bells we went to dinner. We had just gathered round our pea soup and hardtack, when there was a report like a cannon, followed by the flapping of torn canvas. Running on deck, we found the jib had split and was fast whipping away to leeward. As we stood looking at the fluttering rags, Bang! came another report. Turning, we saw the maintopsail sheets had parted, leaving about a fathom of chain on each clew. Flap! flap! bang! bang! crash! and the huge maintopsail thrashed the mast and rigging with its chain whips.

Capt. A. staggered on deck, and after a look aloft ordered the men to furl the maintopsail. Not a man would move. It was death to attempt going up the main rigging, and we all knew it.

After cursing the men the Captain reeled below for another dram, and we saw no more of him for a while. The maintopsail was new and of the best Russia duck, and it stood a terrible beating before the fur began to fly; but when once the foot of the sail gave way it went very fast.

The afternoon wore slowly away. We were all huddled on the quarter, watching the tufts of canvas flying away to leeward, and cursing the luck that led us to ship with a drunken skipper. At 4 P. M. I took the weather helm, with an ordinary seaman at the lee wheel. The bark was now running before the wind under a whole foresail and fore stormstaysail. This, with the remnant of the maintopsail left, barely sufficed to keep her clear of the following seas, which were racing after us at a fearful rate.

As I looked astern and saw the angry waves following us like hungry wolves after their prey, I could not help thinking the time was near when we could no longer keep clear of them. Their speed was increasing every moment, while we were going slower.

There is no danger in running before a gale as long as the ship can carry sail enough to keep out of the way of the following seas; but woe to the unlucky craft whom the sea overtakes. Many a good ship has been pooped by a sea and gone down with all on board.

I had just told the ordinary at the lee wheel, "Bargie, when you feel her stern lift, hold on for your life," when the sea I had been expecting came. Surging high over our taffrail, roaring and tumbling like a young Niagara, it fell upon our decks. For a few moments it seemed as if the ship must go down; but while we were nearly smothered by the mass of water on our deck, it proved our salvation. The ship was pressed down and her way checked. The extra strain split the foresail, easing the ship's head and letting her come to the wind. There was no time for thought, but with the instinct of preservation we did the only thing that could have saved us. In the momentary lull while the ship was wallowing with the mountain of water on her decks, we sprang for the mizenstaysail; a sharp knife clears the gasket, a dozen hands haul aft the sheet, and as the water rolls off our deck the little bark tosses her head to windward, and we feel that we are safe, for a time, at least.

But I shall never forget that night. None of us could sleep, or cared to try. The Captain below in a drunken stupor, the Mate as bad, and the vessel in a position where human skill could do no more. We sat or stood around in silence. Some tried to raise life enough for conversation, but failed miserably. Some tried to make coffee, but failed in that as well. 'Twas a long, weary night, but all things have an end, and so, morning came at last. The sun rose on a crippled vessel and a demoralized crew. When daylight came we were able to estimate the damage. The foresail, jib and maintopsail in rags. The starboard bulwarks between fore and main rigging gone, long boat stove, galley swept away, and all on account of a drunken skipper.

As the sun arose the wind went down, and by 12 M. we were once more under way and busy repairing damages. I have spent many years at sea and seen many severe storms, but was never so completely and thoroughly frightened as I was that night on the Meggie.

S. D. KENDALL.

TARPOON SPRINGS, Fla.

Our Chinaman Cook.

THE first week in September was a memorable one to a party of tourists who had just completed a most enjoyable camping tour of the Yellowstone National Park. This company, composed of a dozen or more of both young and old, had all the necessary equipment and provisions for the full comfort and enjoyment of this week in Nature's Wonderland, even to a good-natured Chinaman cook, who was familiarly known as Sport.

Sport's efficiency as a cook and his jolly amiability soon won for him the good will of the entire camp, especially of the younger members, who were much interested in his linguistic ability, and often he could be seen as the center of a group of these youngsters earnestly trying to pronounce words they were trying to teach him.

Besides his being the camp cook, the duty of guarding the camp provisions fell upon Sport. He took great pride in this office, and often showed the visitors his tent, where the provisions were neatly and carefully stored and guarded with jealous eye.

The necessary camp attachments, the huge log fire and camp stories were enjoyed every evening before retiring. One evening our guide pointed to some broken boxes and barrels, in which provisions had been stored, and some hungry bear had succeeded in getting them, and told of the night raids often made by bears. To allay any immediate fears which might be entertained by his hearers, he assured the company that bears would not enter a tent or molest human being; but if not themselves molested they only tried to steal meat and other

provisions. The women listened with ears and eyes wide open to this illustrated story and cast perturbed glances at the tent in which their loved ones were fast asleep. As most of the company were tired after the day's tramping, they went early to their tents, the mothers carefully locking or tying the tent flaps for the night. The reader can imagine how much, after hearing these stories, these loving mothers slept that night, with only a tent-wall between them and the wilds of beardom. As a natural consequence, now and then could be heard, mingling with the rumbling of the geysers, a tender, frightened voice: "Listen! Something trying to get in. Get up and scare it away." But this tremulous voice would be answered only by a groan and a snore from the husband. Then the supposed disturbance ceased and all was quiet for a short period.

Sport had retired to his tent earlier than usual and was entirely forgotten until the quiet morning air was stirred by the Celestial's cry of distress. A keen-scented and hungry bear had successfully located a sack of meat carefully sored away in the Chinaman's tent and was attempting to get it. Not finding an opening in the tent the bear soon made one to his own convenience by ripping a long slit in one side with his sharp claws. The opening made at the proper place, a large paw was inserted and grabbed the sack of meat. The noise of the ripping tent partly aroused the sleeping Chinaman, and when he saw the sack of meat disappearing through the opening he immediately grasped the situation, and with the howl of a Comanche Indian also grasped the other end of the sack. Then occurred a most thrilling and unique contest or tug-of-war of bear vs. Chinaman. The sack gave way and the contest was of short duration. The bear was evidently as badly scared as his yellow adversary, and compromised on half, taking only one ham and hurriedly disappearing.

When the aroused campers reached the scene of the catastrophe nothing could be seen but a much bewildered Chinaman holding a torn sack and dejectedly viewing the remains of the conflict, and gesticulating wildly in the direction of his retreating adversary.

The soldiers on guard in the Park reported next day that the cries of distress had been heard in their camp, half a mile distant. Sport's familiar twang was known to them, and asked him why he hollered so loud. "Me no wantee him takee mleeat," he said. And when asked if he was scared, "No, no, me no scaree; me scaree him," was the reply.

It was with the pride of a conquering gladiator that next morning Sport showed the evidence of his night's adventure. Not one member of the company missed hearing the exciting story, illustrated by the torn tent and the Chinese dialect, and succeeding visitors were equally sure to hear the tale from our efficient cook and faithful defender of the camp larder.

A. H. AMBROSE.

ILLINOIS.

"Pleasure in the Pathless Woods."

IN every issue of the FOREST AND STREAM we read accounts of many outings, and these are enjoyed by even the stay-at-homes and the couldn't-get-offs. Those who were doomed to remain behind are carried by these graphic accounts back to piny woods and sedgy lakes and trackless swamps; and the many happy hours spent there in pure and healthful sports. Visions of the big bag of mallards, or the stately stag that fell before one's true aim, or the long string of beauties that tried his bamboo, pass in kaleidoscopic review before the mind's eye of the man who has ever "been there." Unfortunately for themselves, there are a great many who can find no pleasure in these outings, and can't see what others can find in them. Time was, but is no more, when the man who had been out a day with his dog and gun or rod and bait bucket generally tried to sneak in the back way, as if he had been guilty of some disreputable act. To-day some of our best men love the sport, and the number is increasing fast. The pulpit, the halls of Congress, the White House, all have their advocates, who will unblushingly tell you how much they love the sport of rod and gun and rambles over marsh and meadow, in the swamp or through the virgin forest in quest of fur, fin, and feather.

The true sportsman does not measure his sport by the weight of his bag; he can find pleasure in pursuit as well as in possession. A jaunt in the fields in the early fall, when the air is crisp and so refreshing after the long and depressing heat of summer, making the blood course through the veins as though the elixir of life had been injected into them—how you enjoy it! How you enjoy watching your registered pointer or setter coursing over the ground. Suddenly he becomes as rigid as if carved of stone; you work up to him, and look with all your eyes, but you can't locate Bob White and his family, so cleverly are they hidden in the brown stubble. You walk into them, and with a great whirl they rise; you let go with both barrels and see a right and left go down, and your dog soon has them retrieved.

Or you rise at early morn, take your minnow bucket and fly-book, and are off to some cool and shady stream, where you know the wary trout lies. You tempt his appetite with a fine steelback; but perhaps he doesn't seem to want that. Then you try to lure him from his haunt with some gaudy fly, and at last you succeed. Like an arrow he flies to the alluring bait. He discovers his mistake; but, alas, too late. He makes the reel sing and bends the rod like a coach whip in his efforts to get away; but in the end good tackle and science land him.

These are healthful and restful sports. You come home with a better and healthier appetite than a dozen bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla can give, and you don't need any of the pepsins to aid digestion, nor opiates to lull you to sleep.

The pleasures of camp life are many. You have the genial companionship, the pure air, the refreshing sleep, and rest for the entire system. These are Nature's own tonic for the world-worn. There is pleasure in the music of the baying hounds, starting the deer from his leafy couch; there is inspiration in the voicing of the pack hot on the trail. There is life in the honk of the wild goose, the quack of the mallard, the put-put of the wary turkey, the bark of the squirrel, the flash of the bass as it leaps from the waters in pursuit of its prey, and the glint of the sun on its glistening scales; in the splash of

the oars as they dip in the limpid waves, the whispering of the leaves, the curling smoke of the camp-fires, the stillness of the woods, that pervades all like the wooings of a pure and gentle spirit.

"These are some of the reasons that sportsmen can adduce to prove that man and nature are akin." In the stillness of the vast forest one seems nearer to his Creator than in the busy streets of the city; one feels his littleness; he sees how the Creator in his mysterious ways provides for all of these, his children, and loses not sight of any. It puts one in a frame of mind to be at peace with all the world. The nerve-racking race for the almighty dollar is off for a while. There is surcease from the demands of fashion. You come back from the woods a better man morally and physically. There is a spring in your step, a tan on your cheek, a sparkle in your eye that none of the much-advertised patent medicines nor your doctor's prescriptions can give you. A week in the woods beats a month at the popular watering places. The more of nature's tonic you take the less need you have for the M. D.

C. L. BRADLEY.

TENNESSEE.

The Origin of Dixie.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have been greatly interested in the statements of Mr. Harris and Mr. Mather about the production of Dixie by Dan Emmett in 1859.

There can be no doubt that he brought out the song with Bryant's minstrels in that year; but was not the song built upon something older, perhaps even antedating "Coal-Black Rose" and "Old Zip-Coon"? The name "Dixie's Land" was certainly known to Mr. Mather in 1840. And I have some personal recollections which will scarcely go on all fours with any other supposition. First, I seem to remember the verses about "Old Mistress Married Will the Weaver," and "Simmon Seed and Sandy Bottom" as in an old song book that in the forties I much preferred to Milton, which, at the same time, we parsed at school. Next, I have a very clear recollection of the public performance which gave Dixie its vogue just at the time when secession grew into an actual issue, and thus accidentally led to its adoption as the Southern national air. It certainly was not the performance by Bryant's minstrels in 1859, but it was its introduction into a play called the "Japanese Embassadors," brought out at one of the leading theaters on Broadway about June, 1860.

In this play a bogus Japanese Embassy is requested to sing a Japanese song, and they sing Dixie. I happened to come to New York about this time, and was much with a relative, then living there, who was much older, and who was himself the greatest amateur on the violin I have ever met and with the most extensive repertoire. He certainly took me to see the Japanese Ambassador expressly to hear Dixie, which he evidently thought the gem of the play; and my recollection of the matter is that the very cream of the joke lay in the fact that Dixie was such an old, old song. I think I can remember his saying that he had known it very many years before.

Yet I know that recollections of forty years are not infallible upon points no more exciting and important than the age of a song or the book in which it was first seen, and I am prepared to admit my memory at fault if definite evidence can be produced. And it seems to me that the evidence of the person who wrote the play of the Japanese Ambassador ought to settle it. He will probably know whether he borrowed a recent production of Bryant's minstrels, or whether he revived a very old song. Surely some reader of FOREST AND STREAM in New York city can get access to theatrical records and find who wrote the Japanese Ambassador and who played in it, and can perhaps run this question down. The difficulty of doing so will increase every year, and it ought to be done soon.

I think the old slave holder near New York, whose name is perpetuated, was not named Dixie, but Dix. His land naturally was Dix's land, regardless of the spelling.

It was this play beyond all doubt which suddenly and quickly started all New York city Dixie-mad. Surely many others besides myself must remember the play and the quickly following popularity of the tune. From the city it spread everywhere like a conflagration. On Aug. 10 I sailed for California and Oregon by the Isthmus. Dixie had gone but a steamer or two ahead of me, and it became a regular joke with the passengers to hear it whistling, playing and singing at Aspinall, Panama, Acapulco, San Francisco, Portland and even at Victoria.

It struck the South in the fervor of the politics which led up to secession, and by chance the spirited air was already married in the chorus to words which exactly suited the temper of the people. No Southern poet or orator with a month to try in could have produced words to fit and express the burning sentiment of those days all through the South half as well as the accidental lines:

"In Dixie's Land I'll take my stand
To live and die in Dixie."

Those two lines of the chorus were the whole of the song to the South. All the rest was mere frame to the picture, and cut no figure, except perhaps the single line.

"Dixie's land is a land of cotton,"

which identified the locality. Ambitious poets in plenty offered new and patriotic verses, but no one would have them, and "Will the Weaver" still holds the fort. Naturally the air became a favorite on all special political occasions, and having been given a prominent place at the inauguration of President Davis in Montgomery, it was afterward always considered as the national air of the South.

Whoever wrote the "Japanese Embassadors" is the party responsible. But for him it might have been "Bonnie blue flag" or most any other old tune, and the chorus is what did the business.

JACK HILDIGO.

A second edition of the April number of the Game Laws in Brief and Woodcraft Magazine is now printing and will be ready immediately.

More about the Great Eye Theory.

Or the Eye Theory of Greatness.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Yours in reference to Mr. Kephart's statement that "the eyes of a man and the hog are the only ones which do not shine in the dark," and my statement that "the eye of an animal subjected to a certain light dilates and magnifies the terror in the inspiring object," and inquiring if "the university extension lecturers, the presumed source of our respective propositions, said anything about the dilation of the pupil of the eye of the fisherman in his long, lingering gaze upon the big one that gets away," came duly to hand.

Three inspiring questions are presented for reply. First, where did Mr. Kephart get his information? Second, can't a fellow contrive a way to cast discredit, doubt and contumely upon the discoveries of a rival investigator? Third, about the eye of the fisherman.

With the system born of a philosophic mind, I take up the last question first. Your happy suggestion is, I believe, the first rational explanation of this phenomenon in the spiritual world. Here were men of renowned probity in all ages obviously fibbing scandalously about the size of the fish that broke the leader or tore out the hook, and, until you spoke, the world could only look upon the spectacle as a psychic mystery, and upon you, their prophet, as, so to speak, the father of liars! In the light of our joint discovery the veil of suspicion is lifted from the fishermen, your people, and, incidentally, though reluctantly, from yourself. Henceforth we stand forth upon a probative equality with money changers, Lizzie boys and all other benighted creatures who do not fish. It only remains for some of the mere painstaking drudges of science (Kephart will do) to accurately determine the degree of dilation. Supplied with this information, which may appropriately be called "Sir Horace Kephart's Bi-Visual Theorem," proper deduction may be made of the optical illusion, either by the fisherman on the spot or by the man with the blue pencil in the FOREST AND STREAM office. For a while it might be better to leave this to be done at the FOREST AND STREAM end, until the fishermen and the people become used to the discovery and faith is restored.

I now take up the first two questions, as to Mr. Kephart's discovery. Let us first examine his method of reasoning in arriving at the result announced. In saying that the eyes of man and the hog do not shine at night, is it not clear that if he arrived at the discovery as to the one kind of eyes by scientific experiment, he reached the conclusion as to the eyes of the other animal by analogy? Wherein does this analogy consist? What subtle process of thought—what range of experience, either of his fellow creatures or of the other creatures—prompted or suggested this? The Rev. Sam Jones alleges a distinct line of demarcation between the two. He says that while a hog, when he grabs an ear of corn, will shell some of it for the chickens as he runs off, man does not shell any; he takes it all.

As to any element of scientific investigation which may have entered into the supposed discovery, I wish to ask Mr. Kephart in all candor whether he did not pursue such investigations in a swamp down in Arkansas; and if so, whether the hog in mind was not on the ground, and the scientist astride a limb of a tree at an altitude determined with scientific accuracy and attained with the fierce zeal of the enthusiastic searcher after truth? If so, we have in the point of view thus disclosed a possible solution of the whole question. The eyes shine, when they do shine, in terror; but was that hog in terror when it ran him up that sapling? Surely not. He was doing it for pure sport, and the mind can easily picture the two of them, Mr. Kephart as above described, and the hog with his front feet scratching the bark, and see which is having fun and which is only having a little vacation. Suppose the conditions were reversed, and that Mr. Kephart had chased the hog up the tree; would not he have had the laugh on the hog? And would he have had any cause for anger?

It appears, therefore, from whatever standpoint we assume the discovery to have emanated, there is something to be said in opposition to it. Of course Mr. Kephart can come back at me and tear my discovery to pieces, or try to; but I really do not see how he can do so. The beauty about my assertion is that it has the inherent perfection of exact scientific discovery. It cannot be disproved; at least only by the animals themselves, and they, so far as I have heard, are on the side of the affirmative.

GEORGE KENNEDY.

That Boy.

Editor Forest and Stream:

My friend the Adirondack boy has got a camera—one of the old film style—which knocked around the house for years unused, and just the kind for a lad to monkey with and fit up for plates as this one was, if he has that turn of mind. I told him he could take it on one condition; that he send me a picture once in a while. Occasionally he remembers, and his letters, when they stroll down this way, contain a photograph or two. One of these came last week, and possibly you and your readers may be interested to see exactly what a backwoods boy, of average pert in spirits, looks like. He tore off the sides of the picture, so there is no telling what was there, but it does not matter. This boy is a fair hunter, fisherman and all-round woodsman. He still-hunts the varying hare in winter with success, and is quick to capture trout in brook, pond or creek. His school work is in due proportion. The letter that accompanied the picture runs in part as follows:

"Shame has driven me to write. I am no good, or I would have written long ago. Better late than never (better never late, though) so I'll write a line for luck. We are in for a week's vacation—Teachers' Institute and all its glory. Every teacher in Jefferson county gathers here and every pupil breathes freer. The kids and girls have got to take them to their boarding houses (not I this time—some other).

"The leaves are just peeping out of their buds and the robins and other birds are carrying grass and stuff for their nests. It is well to have it spring again. I've killed

a couple of woodchucks so far, and some muskrats. Trapped two dollar an' a half mink above the trestle. I took a treble fish hook, small size, baited it with raw beef, strung out like a worm, and poured fish oil on it. Fixed the spring pole so it lifted down instead of up. That drowned the minks quick. I wanted to catch some skunks, too, only I'm afraid the school teachers and trustees and all the folks wouldn't like it.

"Say, don't tell my folks, because they would worry; but three or four weeks ago, while Clarence Crabb and I were trying to go up under the trestle to the traps, the nose of the boat went out behind the big rock there, caught the current and flopped us over at a hit-in-the-head gait. Of course we had to swim from the middle of the river to shore. There were cakes of ice floating along, and where I crawled out I dug my fingers into a



THAT BOY.

snowbank. I wouldn't have missed the fun for anything. All the damage was a lost chair and shrunk suits of clothes. It wasn't very cold.

"Gene Farnham and I went to the Plains, where I got my wildcat a year ago, after arbutus, on last Sunday. We got grape baskets full of the little sweet sweeters.

"You know how they grow—way down under the leaves, with the moles and worms—but look like stars in bunches when you dig them up. Wake robins are beginning to be out in full bloom, and hepaticas and spring beauties are all over in the shaded woods. Of course there are ponds of bluets forming all over along the river flats. Some of the boys and girls are planting beds of pansies so they can have button-hole bouquets, and be regular dudes. I guess I'd need several bouquets.

"Now, say. It is most time for bass fishing, and I'm going to try my luck. I wish you'd sort of see about some tackle, of which I haven't any to speak of—actually a piece of chalk-line, and hooks jin. long. Think of that for fish weighing a pound!"

With camera, rod and guns, boats, school and effervescent spirits and chums, what can't a boy do?

RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

NEW YORK CITY.

The Old Desk.

It's very old, and very shabby; and it's all inked up with spilled and spattered ink, and there are here and there dabs of mucilage from a knocked-over bottle; and in the center, on one edge, is the gap where some cheerful friend whiled away the minutes by whittling at the wood, to discover whether it was solid or veneer. He found out, but has never had another chance to gouge this particular desk.

Many letters come to the old desk, best of all those that gossip of the field and the forest and the waters. If one were privileged to look over the shoulder of the man who sits at the desk, he would find in these letters an open book of nature and human nature—a combination that is of never failing, never monotonous, never ending interest. Let us thus read some of the letters.

The Comradery of the Field.

How strong it is and all pervading many of us have found by experience. There is a testimony to it, in a letter from an Ohio correspondent: "I am sick, as I wrote you before. Last fall I went out on a camp hunt in hope of being benefited, and I was. My principal occupation was to sit on a log; and I found it a great art to do it well. I was out four weeks, and got one shot at a deer and killed it—first and only one of my life. I find the heart of a sportsman always open to a fellow, especially if the fellow is sick. Many a time have the tears come to my eyes, caused by offers of help to better sport by men who were strangers, but brother sportsmen after all."

Earth Sculpture.

The Putnams have recently published a work written by Professor Geike on "Earth Sculpture, or the Origin of Land Forms," in which is described the agency of water in its various forms, and other agencies in fashioning the earth's surface into the many forms we see about us, mountain and hill, plain and valley, river courses and shore lines, in the larger aspect; and the thousand and one varied details which present themselves on closer view. This branch of geology is one well worth our attention, for with some knowledge even slight of the general principles, we may find abundant opportunity to study out their applications in particular instances, and thus to discover the secrets of those processes by which the physical characteristics of the country we are in have been produced. The more the sportsman—shooter or angler—knows of geology, botany, ornithology, the richer is the store of entertainment and enjoyment opened to him in his outings.

But the man at the desk has been reminded of Professor Geike's books by this part of a letter which has come to the desk from Coahoma. As FOREST AND STREAM readers may remember, Coahoma holds the important position of chief engineer in charge of one of the Mississippi River levee districts; and what he knows about the earth sculpturing by the Father of Waters would fill a book, and it would be a book we would all like to read. Here is the letter; he writes from Clarksdale, Miss., under date of April 27:

Natural History.

Man and Brute.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have been much interested in the arguments pro and con on the question of the reasoning powers of the lower animals. The very able contribution of Hermit in your last number is especially interesting. It appears to me that Mr. Wade falls short of the truth in one direction, while Hermit is perhaps a little too emphatic in the other, though to my apprehension, the latter has much the better of the argument. It occurs to me that before these two warriors couched their lances for such a resolute tilt against one another, it would have been well had the issue been more clearly defined. What constitutes "reasoning powers" in any kind of animal, man included? How is this function of the brain to be described in exact terms?

I believe the test of the exercise of reason lies in the syllogism. Man says, "If I drink this champagne I will surely have a headache, as champagne invariably gives me headache. I would enjoy much pleasure from the champagne, but the headache must be avoided; ergo, I will not drink the champagne."

Dog says, "I see a rabbit! What a jolly time I would have chasing that rabbit! But my master invariably gets angry with me when I chase rabbits. His anger must be avoided; ergo, I will not chase the rabbit."

Measured by this test, it seems that the operations of the man's brain and the dog's are exactly identical. Therefore, the dog exercises the powers of reason. Q. e. d.

In India, elephants have been employed to pick up heavy hewn timbers from a promiscuous pile, carry them some little distance and then stack them up in regular order. Here a still more complex syllogism is brought into play, which it is unnecessary to analyse.

An observer in India relates that he once saw an elephant approach a fence of bamboo pickets and break off the end of one. He then felt of the ruptured end of the fragment he had secured, and not suiting his purpose it was cast aside and another selected. This one stood the test, and the observer, curious to see what use would be made of the picket, was much interested to see the elephant reach under his abdominal region and detach an "elephant leach" that he was unable to reach with his proboscis. Here a plain syllogism is indicated.

I once saw Mr. Rooney, a noted chimpanzee in the Cincinnati Zoo, insert a stick into the lock of his cage door, endeavoring to use it as a key.

I also saw an old monkey in one of the cages holding out a bit of rag with one hand between the bars of his cage, inviting the spectators to seize it, and when the attempt was made the rag was withdrawn with great suddenness, and the adventurous hand was as suddenly seized by the other hand of the monkey, with very evident enjoyment on his part. This game was kept up until interrupted by the keeper.

It seems evident that in all these cases the brain process that we call "reasoning" was employed, the syllogism being clearly discernible. But the varieties of animals whose brain organisms are developed to this extent are quite limited. The reasoning faculties of the horse and cat, for example, are much more circumscribed than those of the animals above mentioned. In their cases, however, the syllogism in its simplest form appears as a feature in the process of ratiocination, though the premise is often mistaken. A rather vicious pet cat bit the writer severely on the hand with slight provocation. A severe whipping was immediately administered, the cat being unable to escape from the room. A reconciliation took place after a short lapse of time. The following day the same thing occurred, but the cat escaped from the room during the castigation. After that the cat was as ready to bite as before; but could never again be induced to enter that particular room, evidently associating the whipping with his presence in that room.

The writer's well-trained and docile buggy horse would always draw the empty buggy through a gate at word of command when held open for the purpose; but on one occasion when he ran a wheel against the gate post a little unpleasantness arose between horse and master. After that he could never be relied on to draw the vehicle through the open gate, but would turn aside into the woods or field. As in the case of the cat, the horse had not sufficient perspicacity to associate the true cause with the more impressive effect, but assumed a wrong cause. Still, a syllogism was present in the brain working in both cases.

There is a regular gradation of mental capacity, from the highest type of human development, down through a long diminishing series to the lowest; and the same gradation follows on down through the animal series, the diminution of mental power keeping exact pace with the diminishing complexity of brain organism, and this with very limited dependence upon mere volume or weight of brain matter; just as one electric motor of given weight and very complex construction will develop much greater power than another of the same weight, but with coarser wire and fewer convolutions.

The brain organism of the typical Afro-American is much less complex than that of the Caucasian. The former especially lacks the faculty of precision. Take an average Southern plantation negro; give him a 12-in. rule and tell him to cut half a dozen sticks each 15 in. long. It will be safe to wager that not one of them will be exactly of that length, nor even very near to it. It is asserted that a greater difference in brain organism exists between the African bushmen and the European than between the chimpanzee and the bushman.

Much has been said about the "missing link" between man and the Simian race. It has occurred to the writer that there is no ground between them upon which an intermediate type could stand. As soon as the ascending animal, who was at the head of the evolution procession, reached a point where he could communicate his ideas by a spoken language, he made an immeasurable bound away from the animal that could not talk, leaving a wide gap between.

The non-speaking animal, barring a limited line of inherited instincts, gained but little knowledge from his parents, but had to rely for his stock of information upon his individual experiences.

On the other hand, the speaking animal began his career equipped with knowledge derived from the accumulated experiences of his ancestors. So he was much further along at the beginning of his individual career than the former was at the end of his. Moreover, the free interchange of ideas through the medium of language was a powerful stimulus to the further development of brain organism in a seemingly endless process, whereas the brain development of the non-speaking animal long ago reached its limit, and stayed there.

The brain process that we call "reason" as between man and the higher animals at least appears to be a matter of degree only, with an intimate relation between its physiological and mental aspects.

That which is loosely called "instinct" and which may be briefly defined as inherited mental impulse, runs along as an undercurrent beneath the reasoning stratum of the more intelligent animals, including man, and even among those most highly developed, reason is occasionally dethroned temporarily, and instinct resumes its sway.

It is impossible to say at what point in the chain of animal development the rudiments of reason begin to overlie the pre-existing instinct. It is exceedingly difficult to exactly define the boundary line between instinct and reason. In a tentative effort I should express the difference in these terms:

Instinct is an involuntary, inherited, impulse, slowly augmented by persisting experience through many generations, excited in the individual by a repetition of the same experience that, having persisted through former generations, established its dormant machinery in his brain organism.

Reason is a self-evolved mental process, growing out of the more highly developed brain organisms in the instinct stage, the exciting cause being new experience, at first purely objective, but gradually merging into the subjective or self-contemplating and abstract, with increasing complexity of brain organism due to reactionary influences. See? COAHOMA.

The Dreadful Santer.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The other day I was talking with Dr. C. Hart Merriam, who is the most persistent and painstaking zoologist in America, about the wonderful accessions to our list of mammals during the past twenty-five years. Their name is legion.

Dr. Merriam has crossed and traversed nearly every State west of the Rockies on horseback, and has himself discovered innumerable new species and sub-species of rodents and mustelidæ, to say nothing of other creatures classed and unclassified, which fill up the notable indices of his collection. Many of these mammals are restricted to circumscribed geographical areas, and are local in their characteristics; but they differ so much in structure, size, habitat, sex peculiarities, and mutations of pelage that the consociation of naturalists readily accepts and recognizes them as variants, and labels accordingly (agreeably to the law of nomenclature) with the best approved Latin, which same being a dead language, is not only appropriate to defunct specimens, but favorable to cognomial uniformity. A scientific term means but one thing the world over, while a popular expression or synonym means perhaps one thing in a certain locality and in another two or three; and possibly nothing at all. For example, a gopher in New England is a chipmunk; in Minnesota a prairie rodent belonging to the *Sciuridæ*, or squirrels; in Florida a tortoise, and in Arkansas a snake. Scientific designation can alone determine which is referred to.

That the methods of the scientists are preferable to the loose vernacular of the hunters and wood rangers is proven by the difficulties which continually arise among laymen to identify creatures by the several names which are applied to them. Besides, the provincial names all the while change with the times and places of their usage, more surely than the nomenclature of the savans. A practical illustration is the recent attempt to discover the origin and significance of the word "sinnaker," as applied to a variety of swamp bears in sections of North Carolina, and so happily traced to the Iroquois Indians by the natural history editor of FOREST AND STREAM in one of its recent issues, thereby impressing upon the flippant and captious the conviction that names which often appear absurdly grotesque to the general observer are media of communication between men who are quite as wise as some other men, but educated in a different school, and should therefore command respect.

Right in line with this thesis comes the word *Santer*, a North Carolina synonym for panther in that section of the State to which the late colonists of Sir Walter Raleigh migrated from Roanoke Island in 1587-8, now embracing Mechenburgh and the adjacent counties. The names of the 117 men and women who were eventually absorbed into the tribe of Croatan Indians inhabiting that location have been retained by families until this day, through four centuries, and which likewise have many of their traits, habits and religious beliefs and practices; so that it is obvious enough that *santer* is a mispronunciation of the English word panther, which the Indians could not master any easier than the craftsmen on Solomon's Temple could the test word shibboleth, or a Chinaman the incorrigible barbarian letter R.

Santers are not numerous in that region, but they occur frequently enough to be a dreaded reality and not a myth. Indeed occasional specimens are found throughout the entire mountain region and foothills of the Appalachian chain, and only last July, in 1898, one was ravaging the hog-pens of Jackson county, in the Loxaway country, where I was residing.

Another interesting terror whose identity the mountain men seem not to be sure of, is what I believe to be the wolverine, glutton, carcajon, or Indian devil, as it is respectively designated in diverse parts of its habitat. Fred Mather describes its appearance and habits most minutely and correctly in his sketch of the French trapper Antoine Gardapee, in "Men I Have Fished With." Some

New Jersey's Ancient Game Supply.

The old narratives of exploration here in America in the early days, and the histories of the first settlements are perfect mines of FOREST AND STREAM lore. Here is a suggestive picture of New Jersey conditions in the times when there were only red men to hunt the game. It comes from a New Jersey correspondent, Louis E. Meeker, who writes:

In looking over a history of Elizabeth, N. J., I came across some very interesting information in regard to the early game and fish supply, and as it refers particularly to the regions covered by the wings and ramifications of Mr. Mather's net, I will quote a passage or two from a letter published therein and written in 1661:

"Marvelous plenty in all kinds of food, excellent venison. Elkes very great and large. All kinds of land and sea fowle that are naturally in Europe are here in great plenty, * * * the sea and rivers abounding with excellent fat and wholesome fish."

Denton also writes in part, 1670: "And how prodigal, if I may so say, hath nature been to furnish the country with all sorts of wilde beasts and fowle, which everyone hath an interest in and may hunt at his pleasure. Where besides the pleasure of hunting he may furnish his house with excellent fat venison, turkeys, geese, heath hens, cranes, swans, duck, pigeons and the like; and wearied with that, he may go fishing where the rivers are so furnished that he may supply himself with fish before he can leave off the recreation."

The passage above quoted, "which everyone hath an interest," etc., might be taken as a text for a sermon on game protection and preservation, for to have an interest in does not mean to kill everything in sight; although at that early period he could not have meant more than that the game and fish were the common property of the settlers whenever they could get them. The above shows what the country contiguous to New York once was. Now only a mere fragment is left, and is to be found only by those who know just when and where to go to get it.

LOUIS E. MEEKER.

In Colorado.

As for the texts for sermons, one finds them everywhere, and we need not go back to the old chronicles to discover conditions of superabounding game plenitude in districts now either wholly barren or where the remaining supply must be preserved, if it shall be preserved at all, by the untiring efforts of those who have the wisdom to appreciate the situation and the public spirit and grit to provide the remedy. The West is making wonderful strides in game protective sentiment and system. The FOREST AND STREAM has had much to say of the new Colorado game law. Here is an opinion about it from the pen of one whose opinions in such things are worth recording; and from a letter written by Mr. Wm. N. Byers, of Denver, we quote:

I think we have a pretty good game and fish law—that is, it is progressive, and that encourages us to hope that we may some day get proper and efficient legislation.

We have had a light flight of water fowl this season. I have not seen a flock of geese, and but few ducks. The small birds are very abundant and very busy building their nests.

I have no matured plans yet for the mountains this season, but expect to get there for some time—the more the better. The last winter has been the most severe I have ever seen here, and it was my fortieth. Weather very fine now and vegetation coming on well.

THE MAN AT THE DESK.

And May He Enjoy It as Long.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Editor Forest and Stream: Inclosed find subscription for FOREST AND STREAM for three years. I was for many years a subscriber, but the past two years I have not been. But I have a grandson, aged twelve years, and as he was looking over some FOREST AND STREAMS of 1888, he made the request that I again take the paper. I do it now, as a birthday present to him. And may he enjoy the same as the old man has done.

JOHN T. BATEMAN.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

credulous people believe it to be identical with the *Gyasticus*, but we leave that for the folk lore. In evidence of its presence in the Piedmont region of North Carolina, the Charlotte Observer made mention last February that some kind of large animal, something like the santer, which played such havoc with the dogs in Gredell county some years ago, "was killing dogs on Goose Creek, in the adjoining county of Union. And it adds: "The animal in question is certainly not the santer, for we have information from Mebane, Alamance county, of the appearance of this fright-inspiring animal there. 'Its color,' says our correspondence, 'is dark, its body is long and slim; so, also, is its tail; its ears are sharp; feet long and armed with great claws. It fears not the face of man, but comes boldly into his very yard, fights the dogs, pursues them even under the house, slays puppy-dogs, devours poultry, eats calves alive and gnaws the old cow's hoofs off. Horrible tracks mark the earth, and the night reverberates with its cry. Traps avail nothing. Cunning hunters come from near and far, but he smiles at their attempts to hunt him down. Benighted pedestrians flee for their lives. In short, terror reigns.'"

Both animals are unquestionably unpleasant living facts. Possibly our correspondents in the old North State can identify the last named as surely as we think we have done the santer.

CHARLES HALLOCK.

Strange Invaders.

WITHIN the last few years there has been quite an invasion of armadillos in this part of Texas. They seem to have suddenly taken a notion to extend their range from the prickly pear country in the southwestern part of the State. Until a few years ago they were quite an unknown animal here, but early in the nineties we began to hear of them occasionally, and in 1892 our hounds introduced us to one on the head of the Sabinal River. In '95 we caught one at the ranch, and since then they have increased so fast that they are now as common as opossums, if not more so.

Although they wear a heavy coat of mail, armadillos are not well provided with weapons of offense. They have no teeth worth mentioning, and their stout claws are better adapted for agricultural than military purposes. In disposition they are peaceable and confiding, and if they make an occasional raid on a melon or tomato patch, they more than compensate for any damage they do in a garden by the constant war they carry on against grubs and insects of all kinds. Even as the skunk places so much reliance on his defensive battery that he will scarcely take the trouble to get out of one's way, so does the armadillo rely upon its coat of mail, and I have known one, after being stopped and rolled over by a dog, to run a few yards to the next little thicket and calmly resume its occupation of rooting about among the fallen leaves. Their armor is a very efficient protection, and dogs as a rule don't hurt them much, as their teeth slip off the armed plates, and they can't get a good hold. Some dogs, however, learn to turn them over and get at the soft spots, in which case they kill them easily.

When deer hunting last November we used often to find them late in an evening, rooting and scratching about among the rocks, and dead leaves, and as I wanted to find out what they lived on I slipped up to within a few feet of one one day and watched him for half an hour or more. He was evidently after ants or their pupae, probably both. He would turn over the little rocks with his nose and root and scratch around the edges of the larger ones, eating something nearly all the time. I crawled up to within a yard of him, and still he did not find me out until he ran his nose against one of my shoes. He seemed to be much impressed by the shape or perhaps the size of my feet, for he sat up like a rabbit to see what the rest of me was like, and peered up at my face in a most ludicrous manner. This was a little too much for me, so I planted the toe of one shoe about where the third button of his waistcoat would have been had he worn such a garment, and he left the neighborhood in a most ridiculous kind of canter, jumping high but short, like a donkey, with his long, heavy tail flying up over his back every time he hit the ground. I gave him a few seconds to get over his fright, and found him again about geyds off, scratching about in another thicket as if nothing unusual had happened to him.

This is a rough limestone country, broken up into brush-covered hills and steep, rocky cañons, and abounding in caves of various sizes. The smaller caves just suit the armadillos, and they drag quantities of dead leaves into them and make snug nests for themselves. They don't like cold weather, and on frosty mornings we have often found them in shallow holes that they have dug for themselves, dragging in leaves after them and stopping up the mouth of the hole from within.

Armadillos have tremendous muscular power, and can turn over quite large rocks in their search for grubs. It is almost impossible to pull one out of a hole by the tail, and as soon as they realize that anything is after them, they try to escape by digging further in. When our dogs bay at a cave we always know when an armadillo is there by the noise he makes when digging. Two or three years ago, before the armadillos were as plentiful as they are now, we kept one for a week or two in an old box with a few slabs nailed over the top of it. It eat all the bread and milk it could get and was always perfectly tame and contented. One cold morning it seemed to be unhappy about something or other, and thinking that probably it was not warm enough, one of the boys threw a couple of flannel shirts over the top of the box. The next morning we found that our patient had pulled the garments through between the slats into his box and cut them up to suit himself, and although they were doubtless still very useful from an armadillo's point of view, they were no longer desirable as articles of human apparel.

When these animals first made their appearance in this part of the world they were quite unknown to most of our neighbors, and they are still looked upon with a good deal of suspicion. One of a party of deer hunters returning to camp after an unsuccessful morning's hunt met an armadillo and promptly blew a hole through it. The report of his rifle was heard in camp, and when he was asked what he had killed he owned that he did not know, but he "allowed" it was a rhinoceros; when asked why he did not bring it into camp with him, he said he

did not like to touch the thing; it looked "mighty pizenous." Another of my friends informed me lately that he supposed armadillos belonged to the turtle "species" and laid eggs.

I have never yet found any young ones, but a neighbor of mine who possesses many flocks of sheep tells me that his Mexican herders have twice found litters of four young and once a litter of five. The Mexicans eat all the armadillos they can catch, and they catch a great many. They say they are better than chickens. They also describe the young ones as being of a bright blue color. They sometimes find both parents with the young.

PURBECK.

KERRVILLE, TEXAS.

The Wild Pigeons.

MILLBROOK, Dutchess County, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: I notice in your issue of April 29 an article written by Mr. A. O. Meersch that the wild pigeon had made its appearance again in Dutchess county in 1895. Having been a regular reader of FOREST AND STREAM since 1887, I have noted with interest all reports of the wild pigeon, as in fact all game birds. Reports frequently come that small flocks have been seen in Michigan or Wisconsin; but that they had appeared in such numbers in Dutchess county as Mr. Meersch describes I was greatly surprised to hear. I commenced to hunt in 1884, when fourteen years of age, and have hunted a great deal since that time over central Dutchess, and have not known of one wild pigeon being seen or killed in that time. In fact, I never saw a wild pigeon in my life. I have made several inquiries of the old hunters about here, and I find that the last wild pigeons seen or killed in this locality was about eighteen years ago. I have often had men tell me there was a flock of pigeons in such an oat or buckwheat stubble, but on going there I would find nothing but doves. I cannot help thinking that Mr. Meersch must be mistaken about the pigeons appearing in such numbers, so late as 1895, and about so many being killed in this county. I will await with interest the reports of other readers of FOREST AND STREAM in Dutchess county, as to when they saw or killed their last wild pigeon.

ISAAC TALLMAN.

ANN ARBOR, Mich., March 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: I read in FOREST AND STREAM for April 29 about wild pigeons as follows:

"Four years ago there was a remarkable flight of wild pigeons there, a flight like those of forty or fifty years ago. Hundreds were killed, and the event created no little interest."

In 1878 I saw a wreck of what had been a pigeon roost, and the piles of unused crates that were left by the butchers. In 1883 I had my last fleeting glimpse of a few of these birds in their arrowy flight from the reach of man. In view of the above quotation I am moved to make a few inquiries. Is there no good thing but a dead thing? Must every living creature be sacrificed to man's impulse to kill? Does nature afford no opportunity that can satisfy us completely, except the opportunity to kill something? Is the taking of life the only royal pastime? Let a flight of wild pigeons appear, and we seem to have an answer.

Witness also Michigan's spring duck killing.

J. B. DAVIS.

Florida Bird Flights.

DELAND, Fla., May 1.—It may interest some of your readers to learn that migrations of birds bound north passed over this section at least five weeks later than usual, few of them previous to April 1, and that scarcely any of these transients appeared to stop with us. I heard the first chuck-will's widow this season the first week in April, though I had heard the song of that bird about Auburndale in other years as early as the last week in February. The same difference of date was noticed in the first "bob-white" song of the local quail. The spring weather so far has been remarkably cool for this time in Florida.

DeLand is nearly four miles from the St. John's and is therefore slightly off the course of bird migration. Both this river and the Kissimmee are popular routes for the traveling flights. We noticed while out in camp near the Kissimmee on the night of Feb. 14, 1896, that large flocks of birds were passing overhead on their way North, and when we arrived at Palatka on Oct. 3, 1896, that as many of them were on their way South. But the latter flight in 1898 was not perceptible at De Land until about the first week in November.

H. R. STEIGER.

Puff Balls.

CARTERSBURG, Ind., April 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: I notice in your issue of April 28 an inquiry from N. D. E. as to the edibility of the common "puff-ball," and his apparent wonder that it should be used as food. The puff-ball, as described by him, while probably not equal to the cultivated mushroom in flavor, is one of the most delicious morsels that grows. It is claimed there is but one variety of the puff-ball, but in gathering them for my own table I have found some that differed from the ordinary kind as described by N. D. E. in both color and structure; but while these may have been edible, I have considered it safest to confine myself to the one variety that I know is good.

To have it at its best, the puff-ball should be gathered before it is twenty-four hours old, as it is of very rapid growth and soon ripens after it attains its maturity. The flesh should be crisp and solid, pure white and free from yellowish streaks, which are caused by a small white worm that sometimes infests it from the root upward. It does not matter how large the ball is, so long as the flesh is solid, and not soft and doughy. I have gathered them measuring 4 and 5 in. in diameter, and they were just as good as those not larger than a hen's egg.

I do not consider it necessary to soak them in salt water, but it does not injure them, except to take away somewhat the slight woody flavor that all wild mushrooms have. I have eaten them ten minutes after gathering them.

I have cooked them in but one way, and that is to fry

them. Cut the slices rather thin—about 1/4 in.—peel off the outside skin, rub them over with flour, and fry in sweet lard or butter to a light brown on both sides. Sprinkle the slices with salt or dip them in salt water before rubbing on the flour. Cooked in this way the puff-ball has a rich, nutty flavor that I have never found in any other mushroom.

ARTHUR M. DAVIS.

Quack and Quok.

THE FOREST AND STREAM makes me say the "quack" of the night heron. I wrote "quak," but should rather have written "quok," which is the nearest I can write his note. Quack, as we all know, is the note of the duck, and brings up memories of the days when two boys stood with longing eyes in the Hatfield meadows on the banks of the Connecticut watching the black ducks far out on the water beyond gunshot as they quacked and splashed and dove. Of the days when we lay behind the blind on the shore of the grist mill pond, wishing they would light, but they wouldn't. When we crept along the banks of the mill river only to see them put themselves out of gunshot before we could get near them. All this was before we learned wing shooting. And here I have the whirr of from two to a thousand wings as the companies of wildfowl pass northward or circle and curve about some prairie pond.

But the quok of the heron is of the night time, and brings up memories of the lonely watching for muskrats or fished for the grinning bullhead or squirming eel, and of the evenings when at the bidding of a certain sweet girl friend long since gone over to the silent majority, at the time when, on account of the pressure of farm work, the day time was, according to those having authority, too precious for such "nonsense." I would launch the little boat and go down to the silent, lonely pond where the pond lilies grew and gather these treasures for her especial benefit.

PINE TREE.

Weight of the Raccoon.

SOME one sends us a copy of the Ellenville, N. Y., Press of May 4, which has this item bearing on the raccoon weight question: Harvey Lake went to Brownville Sunday night to call on his best friend, and about 12 o'clock they heard the faithful dog, Jack, barking up a tree near the house on the bank of the Vernooey Creek. He called Arthur McComb out of bed, and the young men started to see what the dog had found, and great was their surprise to see a coon of enormous size in the top of a small tree. They both took hold and shook him out, and when he struck the ground the dog grabbed him in the neck, and a lively fight took place. But the coon was most too big for the dog to conquer alone, so Arthur grabbed one hind leg while Harvey latched him by the tail, and all four rolled down the bank into the stream. "Hang to it, Arthur; stick to him, Jack," said Harvey, "and I'll hang on to his tail until it comes off." After a good tussle in the water the boys secured their prize and also a good soaking. "Never mind," said Arthur, "we kept the coon." He was a fine fellow, and weighed 47 lbs.

The Linnaean Society.

A REGULAR meeting of the society will be held in the American Museum of Natural History on Tuesday evening, May 23, at 8 o'clock. The paper will be by Jonathan Dwight, Jr. "Remarks upon some of the April Birds of Georgia." By members. Exhibition of specimens, with discussion of distribution, habits, etc., of the species of the genus *Seiurus*.

WALTER W. GRANGER, Sec'y.

Game Bag and Gun.

The Rock Springs Elk Meat.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of April 8 I see that Mr. A. M. Gildersleeve, of Rock Springs, admits that the company used a few elk at their camps during the open season last fall.

As several of the local papers of this State have heretofore denied that the lumber company used any game and have applied to those of us that are trying to protect the game such epithets as "dudes," "tenderfeet," "outlaws worse than the Bannock Indians," and such like endearments, it is now a question of personal veracity between myself and Mr. Gildersleeve. This is especially the case now that Mr. Nelson, State game warden, says that Mr. Gildersleeve, Mr. Kendall and Mr. Biscom all denied to him any knowledge of the killing of game for the camps. Mr. Nelson says that my charges against the company are dictated by jealousy.

It is perfectly true that I run a camp for the accommodation of Eastern sportsmen. Consequently, if the Rock Springs Lumber Company kill off all the game I will have to go out of business. Therefore I will confess that I am fighting to save the game from interested motives.

I will now lay before the readers of FOREST AND STREAM the following facts, any of which I stand prepared to prove in court, leaving it to them to decide how far Mr. Gildersleeve's claim that he and Mr. Kendall are in favor of game protection is warranted by the truth.

The Rock Springs Lumber Company started their camps on Green River in September, 1878, and up until about the middle of December their entire crew of about 200 men was supplied with game.

Soon after the camps were established Mr. Live Simmons, a cattle man living on Green River, below the camps, went to Geo. Biscom, manager for the lumber company, and asked for a contract to supply the camps with beef. Mr. Biscom told Mr. Simmons that he did not want any beef, as he could buy elk meat much cheaper.

By October the company had from three to five hunters at work killing game, mainly cow and calf elk, for the camp. This killing was done openly and the game was taken into the camp in broad daylight.

Several sled loads were hauled down Green River by my camp and delivered at the log camps.

Along in the fore part of December several of the hunters for the company had established camps on Green

River above our camps. As they had taken possession of cabins belonging to our outfit, which we use as outlying camps for winter travel, Mr. W. F. Hill and myself went up to investigate. These men were perfectly open about what they were there for, and on our ordering them off, telling them that we would allow no hunting above our main camp, one of them said that he had been telling the boys all along that they had been too bold about the killing of game. In reply Mr. Hill told him that being bold or not made no difference, as we had the names of all the hunters, and evidence enough to convict them of violation of the game laws. These men made no trouble about going, saying that they were not looking for a row.

While these men were up the river one of them told that he had fifteen elk carcasses at one place in the woods, but as the company had cut down the price per pound he was not going to bring them in. For reasons which we thought good we did not attempt to prosecute either the company or the hunters before the Justice of the Peace at Big Piney. We had some thoughts of taking those of the officers of the company that we could get hold of to Jackson for trial, but it would have been a big undertaking to have hauled prisoners over the divide on toboggans. This fact is all that saved Mr. Gildersleeve and Mr. Biscom from arrest.

By the middle of December we had kicked up such a row that the company commenced to buy beef, though some elk meat was still hauled into their camps. All through the fall and winter some of the teams that brought up supplies for the company took back loads of elk meat to the railroad. Part of this meat was killed by men at the company camps, the balance by outsiders. This meat was taken to the coal camps of Dimondville and Kemmeser and sold, part of it being unloaded at Opal. At the hotel at Evanston elk meat was on the menu.

Along about the end of January, 1899, a team belonging to Ira Dodge, who was supplying beef to the logging camps, brought up a load of elk hindquarters and dumped them off at Boulder Creek, five miles below the camps. This meat lay there for some days, when a team came down from the logging camps and hauled it up. At this time there were large numbers of hindquarters stacked up at Cora, ready to be taken up to the logging camps, but so much attention was being drawn to the affair that no freighters could be got to haul them up.

I want to say flat-footed that if the Rock Springs Lumber Company had been let alone there would have been mighty few elk left on upper Green River to-day. It was a common saying that if the lumber company had the right to have elk killed everyone else had the same right, and the result has been that around Cora and below the biggest slaughter of elk that has been known for years has taken place.

It seems very strange that Mr. Gildersleeve knew nothing of this state of affairs. Everyone in the country was talking of it, the Governor and the State game warden were both notified, and when Mr. Nelson went to Rock Springs in November I requested him to see Mr. Kendall and have something done to stop the slaughter. This Mr. Nelson promised to do, but the only result that I have heard of was a letter to Jackson's Hole, saying that Mr. Gildersleeve and Mr. Kendall were high-toned gentlemen, incapable of any wrong-doing, and that I was talking through my hat, so to speak.

I am glad to say that we have been able, by direct threats, to save the elk herds on the head of the river. I moved about a thousand head of cows and calves back onto the Big Gros Ventre, in order that the elk should not be too crowded. Then, by keeping the elk driven up and the hunters down, we have protected the elk. After the snow gets deep the elk herds can be handled and driven like cattle. Consequently, anywhere between the Big Bend and the lakes one can now see big herds of elk sunning themselves on the south slopes, at peace with themselves and all the world.

I feel perfectly sure that no matter what has occurred in the past, the Rock Springs Lumber Company will from now on obey the law. But their good behavior will resemble that of the bad boy in the reform school; it will be a matter of necessity, not of choice.

WELLS P. O., UINTA Co., Wyo.

WM. WELLS.

On the Wing In Quebec.

SHERBROOKE, Que., May 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Since writing you from Drummondville, Que., a few days since, I have had occasion to visit this thriving city, which is known as the metropolis of the eastern townships of the Province of Quebec. Gun clubs flourish and many fine shots have their residence here. Many of the city dwellers of the FOREST AND STREAM class are building cottages on Little Magog Lake, some eight or ten miles north of this city, where they go with rod and gun to pass the open season, as well as a part of the heated term. This lake is made from the expansion of the Magog River, which in turn is the outlet of the waters of the famous Lake Memphremagog, lying part in Vermont and part in Canada. At and in this city the Magog joins the noble St. Francis, the waters of which pass north through Drummondville, which is some seventy-five miles from here, and on till they join the mighty St. Lawrence River, near Quebec. The St. Francis years ago was one of the red men's great thoroughfares in this section of country, and where now is the thriving city of Sherbrooke, with its busy factories, electric street railways and four other railways, the Indians' wigwams used to stand almost within the memory of the "oldest inhabitant."

Since writing last to FOREST AND STREAM, I have visited Brome Lake, also Orford Lake, near Magog, and if reports were true, in the former lake large quantities of pickerel were being taken before the open season. That is to be regretted, as Brome Lake is one of the finest bodies of water for its size in this Province for fishing purposes, and is visited every summer by hundreds of sportsmen and summer tourists from Montreal, as well as from fifty miles in any direction, with an occasional party from Vermont.

I was also at Lake Memphremagog the present week, at and in the vicinity of Magog; there is good fishing almost every year and the fish warden has within a few months made trouble for several law breakers. There is also a fish hatchery here. This lake is some thirty miles

long and a fine steamer, the Lady of the Lake, makes a daily return trip between Newport, Vt., and Magog, Que., during the heated term, commencing generally its regular trips in June or July, and running till into September. The scenery is fine and the trip an ideal one to take.

On Monday of the present week, as I was on a train between Actou, Que., and Wickham, on what is known as the White Horn range of hills, near where the moose I wrote you about recently stopped the two men on a handcar, the engineer of our train gave the danger signal, which caused everyone to rush to the doors or windows of the train, and there were three fine deer beside the track running ahead of the train. They soon took to the fields and made for the woods, distant about one-eighth of a mile, scaling two or three high fences with the greatest of ease. I never saw a finer reproduction of a picture than the larger one of the three was to FOREST AND STREAM's recent supplement picture, "The White Flag."

The many lovers of Izaak Walton's sport are anxiously waiting the 16th, as they can begin to bring in their baskets of pickerel.

In closing allow me to say to your worthy correspondent Pine Tree that I surely did not intend my remarks on Bloody Brook to be slighting or offensive in the least, and I was pained much to find it so taken by him. I thank him for his historical remarks regarding that most painful episode and assure him that I can appreciate his feelings, as my ancestors back some three generations were of New England stock, though my remarks were somewhat awry regarding that painful Deerfield massacre.

WM. BROWN.

Happenings at Gassett's.

ONE occasionally comes across some queer specimens of humanity, so different from the common run of mankind that the circumstance makes upon the mind a lifelong impression. One of the queerest, and also one of the most shiftless of geniuses that we ever met, and we have run up against a number, was an old bachelor named Gassett, living out on an Illinois prairie a number of years since. He was one of the slowest moving persons we ever saw, and had such an uncommonly even temper that he seldom, if ever, got riled; but in spite of his abominable shiftlessness, by dumb luck and nothing else, seemingly, he managed to get and to hold possession of a large farm of rich, rolling prairie.

Having heard about that section as a first class prairie chicken country, we struck out for it with our hunting implements, and by chance coming across the old fellow, made a bargain with him for board and lodging, in consideration of his having the game that we got and also our assistance occasionally in his farm work. On these conditions we domiciled at his cabin for several months; and what we made by the bargain, or he did, we are unable to say, but this much we can vouch for, that we had a first class, jolly good time while there.

Once in a while, notwithstanding his usually good luck, things would pan out against him. One day a high wind, a bit of a cyclone, struck his farm, overturning a big stack of straw and killing an old horse and several pigs and sheep. "Waal," said he, "sence them critters had to get killed, it's mighty lucky it's done now in the fall, and not after they was all wintered through."

Being asked whether it would not be a good plan to dig the animals out from under the straw and bury them, he answered: "No-o, guess they are 'bout as well off under that stack as anywheres; too much work to dig them all out and then dig a hole big enough to put them all in." So the overturned stack was a sepulcher for the whole business.

Shortly after this Gassett decided to accompany us on some of our gunning trips, since we happened to be fairly successful in that line. So, to put his gun (an ancient, ramshackle, muzzle-loading affair) in order for business, he took it to the village smithy. Being assured that the gun was not loaded, the blacksmith, a very quick-tempered individual, started in to fix it. Wishing to remove the cylinder from the barrel, he removed the barrel from the stock, and placing the breech in the fire, began to pump the bellows, when bang! went the barrel, sending a charge past the smith and close to him, and blowing a big hole through his coat hanging on a nail near the door, and another hole about the size of the top of a teacup through the side of the shop.

"Thought you said the blasted thing wasn't loaded, you cussed old fool," said Vulcan.

"Tain't now," said Gassett in his most drawling tones.

Seizing the gun barrel and swearing a blue streak, Vulcan pulled it out of the fire and hurled it with all his might through the open doorway across the street and into an adjoining field. Then he told Gassett in language more forcible than polite that he had a great mind to pitch him out after his gun barrel. Gassett picked up the stock, went out and got the barrel, took them home and botched up the ancient fowling-piece himself, making it barely safe, and used it while we were there, and as good luck would have it, he didn't happen to get his head blown off.

But once during our sojourn with him, in spite of his usual snail-like movements, we did see him move about as lively as we ever saw anyone. And this is how it happened: At quite a little distance from the cabin were several hives of bees. As the hives were large and there were myriads of flowers on the prairies, the insects would naturally store up large quantities of honey; but Gassett would not use any of the honey himself nor let anyone else have it. When asked, he would invariably say: "Them bees'll need every bit of that honey to keep 'em through the cold weather."

Now, those big stores of honey were tempting to his housekeeper, and she often asked us if we would get some of it out of one of the hives and have the stolen sweetness all to our two selves. So one night—a clear, frosty, moonlight one in early November, a night so cold the bees could not fly—we proceeded with a knife and a big tin pan to rob one of the hives of great chunks of the full comb. Then replacing the hive and hiding the painful of honeycomb in the previously agreed-on place, we retired for the night.

The next day, which was a very warm one for that time of year, Gassett happened to pass near that hive just after noon; the bees swarmed out and pitched on him with a vengeance. With yelling and thrashing of arms,

and dancing, by some other sense rather than that of seeing, it must have been, he made a rush for the cabin, with a swarm of the enraged insects buzzing around and all over his bare head.

He was stung so badly that his eyes were closed for a couple of days, at the end of which time his head and features assumed their normal proportions. "I don't see what in thunder possessed them bees to pitch into me so," said he. "Guess they must have got mad about suthin or other, for I never got stung by 'em afore in my life." He never found out, at least not while we were there.

A. L. L.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Wisconsin Game Law.

Wisconsin is making steps toward the higher walks of game protection. She has not absolutely prohibited spring shooting, but has come pretty near to it, allowing the killing of wild geese only. The license idea goes marching on in Wisconsin, and a \$10 non-resident license law was enacted, carrying the customary clause of a \$1 resident license. It is getting so nowadays that one can't travel around much in Western States on shooting trips unless he takes his check book along. The moral is obvious: Raise your game at home. As to the resident license, I question whether such a law can yet be very well enforced in our rural communities. The average farmer does not like to pay a dollar for every one of his boys who wants to go out after a rabbit in the cornfield. Yet all this is in the way of agitation and of progress. I imagine we will come to have excellent game laws, and very well enforced, at about the time we have no longer much game left to bother over.

The Lake Surprise Country.

We have often heard of the famous Lake Surprise canvasback region near Galveston, Texas, of which I made mention first in these columns some six or eight years ago. This is no doubt the best canvasback country left in America, although it has had many demands made upon it. A few years ago this country was bought up by Mr. Moody, a Galveston banker, and since then has been fairly well preserved, although the owner has gone on steadily marketing the canvasbacks. This week I received a call from Mr. Frederick Badger, of Boston, Mass., who, for three years, has spent some months each winter in the country near Lake Surprise, having written to me regarding this country before he went there. Mr. Badger tells me that Mr. Moody bought out Bud Stevenson's right in the Lake Surprise marshes for \$10,000, and got it cheap at that. My old friend, Bud, with whom I used to trot a friendly race now and then on jacksnipe, is now farming. Billy Griggs, the Northern market shooter who was in there at the time of my visit, has not been there for two years. The canvasback shooting last winter was not so good as usual, and the falling off is attributed to a singular cause. The half-wild hogs of that section are as fond of the wild celery root as are the canvasbacks, and these hogs will drive in 3 or 4 ft. of water and root out the bulbs. In this way a great deal of the feed has been destroyed, so that the canvasbacks have left the place in some degree. Mr. Badger says there are other lakes near by Lake Surprise, which are also leased, though not so air-tight as the Moody preserve. He says this region is only about thirty miles from the High Island country, on Cade & Co.'s ranch grounds, of which also we have heard in FOREST AND STREAM. This whole sea marsh is a great game country, and, as I remember it, it contained the greatest numbers of wildfowl that I have ever seen in any portion of the land.

Mr. Badger, by the way, though now degenerate and living in Boston, was at one time a Westerner, and lived in the good old Judith Basin. He also punched cows for awhile on the ranch of Governor Roosevelt near Medora, though Governor Roosevelt was not Governor at that time.

In Town.

Mr. W. H. Mullins, of Salem, Ohio, manufacturer of the famous Mullins metal boats, was in town this week for a day. Mr. Mullins is a big and fine looking man, but some time ago had the serious misfortune of breaking his knee-cap, an accident which came near making a cripple of him, and which for a long time prevented his shooting or fishing. He tells me that he is now just beginning to feel sure about this injured member, and is beginning to think about a Western trip after big game.

More About Gum.

Apropos of my recent story in FOREST AND STREAM on the gum hunters of the wild regions of the earth, I have to-day a letter from Assistant Commissioner J. H. McIlree of the Northwest Mounted Police, Regina, N. W. T., in which he remarks: "I saw in FOREST AND STREAM of the 8th inst., an article of yours on 'Gum.' I happened to see in a New Zealand paper an article on the Kauri gum industry, and thinking this might interest you, I have cut it out, and enclose it to you herewith."

The paper to which Mr. McIlree refers is the New Zealand Herald and Auckland Weekly News, and the article, beautifully illustrated with half-tone cuts, described very fully the wild business of gum collecting in that far-away part of the world. As I have taken great interest in this new sort of hunting, which seems the counterpart of the work of the trapper, the ginseng gatherer and perhaps the prospector, I cannot forbear going further into this subject than I was able to do before seeing the exhaustive handling which it has received in the journal just now at hand. Thus, regarding the age of this curious product, I read as below:

"The kauri gum industry is not only one of the most important industries in northern New Zealand, but is one of the most interesting in the world. Kauri gum is classed as a mineral, though in reality it is a vegetable product, being the resin which exudes from the kauri pine (*Dammara Australis*). It is found to-day, clinging to the trees in the forests of the north; it is found embedded in the soil on hillsides, and in swamps on country where not one tree is to be seen to the square mile, and where forests certainly have not existed for several hundred years; it is found in old swamp formations that have been covered by marine clays for at least four thou-

sand years, and it is found in the coal seams of the Waikato and the Bay of Islands fields, that are considered by geologists to be of the Jurassic period. It is not impossible that gum may be found in even older deposits than the coal measures, but older measures have not yet been explored. Reckoning, however, from present data, it must have existed over a period of 44,000 years. It is at least 300 years since the forests disappeared from much of the gum country. It must have taken the forests at least 3,000 years to grow and produce the quantities of gum found. It would take a long period after the marine clays rose above the surface of the water before soil could be formed capable of carrying forest trees. Then how long did it take to form the clays on which the forests grew, to say nothing of the older deposits of gum which lie in the ancient swamps beneath the clays? How many thousand years ago is it since the forests which produced that gum were destroyed and sunk beneath the sea? How long is it since those forests waved over a soil that is now in places below sea-level, and how much further back in the world's history since the kauris flourished that produced the gum found imbedded in the coal seams?"

The gum hunter of New Zealand would seem to be lured on in his calling by something of the sporting instinct which governs the trapper or the prospector. He has good days and bad days, and he always expects to find it better a little further on. He practices his art in different ways, sometimes ditching and draining swamps, underneath which the precious treasure lies. Sometimes he gets his gum by surface digging in the barren clay lands. Again he digs in the mounds which are thought to mark the resting place of some fallen giant of the forgotten forest. Yet again, he may dig deep, 40 or 60 ft., crossing different strata of gum, deposited in some mysterious fashion by agencies ancient and unknown. He works with spear and spade, and he works hard at times. Sometimes he goes out exploring for his gum in the forests of live kauri trees which still are standing in portions of New Zealand, working as thus described in the paper mentioned.

"The methods of obtaining gum are varied and even romantic. The more recently-formed gum is obtained by climbing the kauris as they stand in the forests at the present time. This is done by means of a long rope passed over one of the main branches of the tree. First, a strong cord like a fishing line, with a weight at the end, is flung over the branch. With this line the rope is hauled over and then a bowline is made in one end of the rope, in which the climber sits, and partly through his own exertions, and partly through his mates' lusty pulling, is hauled up to the branch. If the branch is a large one, it is very ticklish work getting on to it from the bowline, as anyone may know who likes to try. When once the climber reaches the head of the tree, it is comparatively easy for him to explore for gum, that is, if he is active and cool-headed. The gum is found generally in the forks of large branches, or where the branches join the main stem. Sometimes pieces weighing over a hundredweight are obtained, and either thrown or lowered to the ground. One good tree may give the climber several pounds worth of gum in an hour or two, and again he may climb many trees without getting more than a few pounds weight of gum. So persistent has been the search of the tree-climber that only in the wildest and deepest recesses of the forest do there exist trees that have not been robbed of their gum. As it takes hundreds of years to form the first large accumulations, a tree once robbed is not worth climbing for many years. But underneath all gum-bearing trees are to be found lumps of gum that have fallen in by-gone times. These lie hidden in the spongy soil."

Lonesome like the trapper, the hunter for the kauri gum none the less has seasons when he is gregarious, just as the early trappers of the Rockies held a yearly rendezvous. The trader comes to the kauri camps, just as he used to wander all over the Rocky Mountains in the early days to find the trappers at their rendezvous. Then there is hilarity and trading, and perhaps a few drinks on the side. Still more close is the parallel between the trapper and the kauri hunter. Even to-day in our Western pine woods the trapper who first locates a stream holds it as his own territory. If an intruder comes in, the first comer who finds his traps will content himself with springing them and leaving them alone. If on the next day he finds a trap set by the intruder, he takes up the trap, and springs it face down on top of the chain stake, which is a warning to the interloper that he would better pull out. This is the ancient law of the trappers, and we find a very similar one among the kauri diggers.

"There are laws and customs among diggers unwritten but immutable. If a man strikes a patch, no other digger, except on invitation, must come near him. If men drain a swamp, none others may dig without contributing. If a man clears a gully by fire, it is his to dig. If he sinks a hole none other may work in it until he deserts it. The spear stuck in the ground is a sign that gum has been struck there; and that gum is sacred to the owner of the spear. To keep these laws, and to break nearly every other law, save that of loyalty to a comrade and good-fellowship, forms much of the religion of the average digger."

As to Alaska Big Game.

Mr. Ezra E. Howard, of Edgar, Neb., writes me as below regarding the big game hunting described in Mr. Harry E. Lee's exciting story of his Alaskan experiences:

"I have been reading Mr. Harry Lee's account of his trip to Alaska and the hard work and the famous hunting he had until I feel—well, you know how it is yourself to be chained to business and not be able to go. I have had some experiences in hunting along the Northwest Coast and know that the hardships cannot be described, but would like to try Alaska, and mean to, some time in the future, if possible. I would like to know Mr. Lee's estimate of the cost of a trip there, not to put on too many trimmings, but just a plain hunting trip. What did he have to pay his men or guides? Can you tell me?"

I cannot tell Mr. Lee's whereabouts just at this time, for he travels much, but no doubt this will fall under his eye, and he will answer Mr. Howard on the points required.

E. HOUGH.
480 CANTON BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

For Temperance in Shooting.

STILLWATER, N. Y., May 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Though I may stand with the minority in coinciding, to a degree, with Mr. Schenck; I do not think so.

I fail to see any ground for offense at a person who argues in favor of quitting when you have enough.

When a man bags a reasonable amount of game he knows it, that's sure. And when he takes more it looks to me like wanton slaughter, which it really is. The idea of a man killing a hundred ducks in one day, even though he hunts but once a year, is outrageous. His "enthusiasm" should be no excuse for such work.

Mr. Childress seems to maintain that it is no worse for a man to kill one hundred ducks in one day than it is for another to kill one hundred ducks in ten days. Now, I cannot agree with him, for a very similar comparison may be applied to other things as well as to ducks. Suppose one's family physician was in the habit of taking two large "horns" of brandy each day in the week; he would then be termed a moderate drinker. Then, suppose he changed his habit, concluding to take fourteen drinks every Saturday instead of two a day through the week. Would he then be considered a temperate drinker or an occasional "lusher"?

I never killed a deer in my life. Suppose, then, that I should go out next fall and kill as many as I would have been allowed to kill, according to law, for, say, ten years past, what would sportsmen recommend as being good for me? Small game needs to be protected from "enthusiasm" (Mr. Childress, apology) as well as the large. When their little hearts are stilled, no earthly power can set them performing their function again. That little dynamo of theirs lights all creation to them. I would say to all: Don't kill game birds just for practice. Get a trap and shoot "saucers" or balls.

I think the common laws of decency should be recognized even in private parks.

Mr. Childress says: "Game is the property of the people, and as such is not valued and preserved with a view to the delectation of some man or men who own guns. It has food significance of greater public value than a sport significance."

If Mr. Childress thinks game is worth more for food than for sport I should think, even then that he would be a more ardent advocate of its maintenance and propagation, and not applaud those hundred-a-day sportsmen.

Domestic fowl are excellent for food, as we are aware. Suppose some golf enthusiast owned a nice flock of one hundred chickens, and concluding that he wanted some broiled chicken, he goes into the yard, golf stick in hand, and "brains" about ninety-nine of them. Folks would think he had an awful appetite, if he was sane.

I wish to say of neighbor Schenck, as our American pork bears a fair reputation, he ought to be more particular in what class he puts the hog. Why not say game steer? That's the boy! CHAS. H. SMOELL.

Pennsylvania Fur and Feather.

GETTYSBURG, Pa., May 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A number of sportsmen of York distributed fifty-eight dozen of partridges throughout York county, Pa., the last week in April. They were purchased in Wichita, Kan., and are a fine lot of large and strong birds.

A Hickorytown, Franklin county, man has started a rabbit farm and is meeting with much success. He ships the animals to New York market, where they find a ready sale at better prices than poultry.

About 20,000 small trout were sent to McConnellsburg by the State Fish Commission a few days ago and placed in Fulton county's streams.

There has been shipped to Philadelphia this season a vast number of hides of small animals collected in Schuylkill, Lebanon, Lancaster, Adams, Berks and Chester counties. One dealer in furs collected the skins of 8,000 muskrats, 250 mink, 140 red and gray fox, 250 coon, 1,250 opossum and other skins to the aggregate of 12,690. The average price paid for muskrat was 11 cents; mink, 75 cents; fox, 70 cents; opossum, 10 cents, and coon, 32 cents.

Senator William Scott liberated five German hare in the Gettysburg National Park, and as there is no shooting allowed on the ground they are sure to thrive very well. Two of them were put on Culp's Hill and three on Big Round Top.

F. M. BREMER.

Maine Caribou.

MAINE protects its caribou at all seasons, the close time running for six years from 1899. A correspondent, commenting on this, says:

The alleged reason is that the caribou are leaving on account of the supply of moss being exhausted. Now this law will not make them stay, if there is no food. I never knew a caribou to care for laws; they are a law unto themselves, and as the wind, "go where they list." We have in the eastern part of this State many hundreds of bogs and barren on which caribou used to feed, and which they have never revisited since their return, and which if they chose they could visit more easily than to go to New Brunswick. But the food was not exhausted nor a tenth part exhausted. The caribou in Maine could have lived here just as they live in Newfoundland. Moss grows just as grass grows, and the supply is inexhaustible; at least so far as needs of caribou are concerned. The only good the law will do will be to save some caribou for New Brunswick. They may come back, but the chances are ten to one that they will keep going and hunters will lose the chance to kill the few they might before they all leave.

It is the deer which are getting short of feed in some places; but there is plenty of room to spread. Ten years ago I traveled over many miles of country which the deer had deserted, though there was everything a deer could wish for, and since my recollection there had always been plenty there. They had not been killed, as I knew for sure; but simply had migrated. I notice that such things usually take care of themselves if let alone.

Bob White in California.

IN reading over a copy of the California game laws I notice that Bob White is protected, with other game birds. But I have been informed by the best authority that Bob White cannot live in California. Why, the writer failed to state, but he says that he liberated eight dozen Chinese quail on the Chino Ranch some years ago, but they soon all disappeared. The Bob White quail has been introduced into the eastern portion of Washington and around Moscow, Idaho, and I learn they are doing well. I truly wish they could be successfully planted in California. I would like to hear from readers of FOREST AND STREAM regarding the project. The question is, Has the Virginia quail ever been introduced in California? Did it thrive? If not, why not?

I learn that there are thousands of turkeys in the pine woods of Arizona, and I hope to soon see them on this side of the Great American Desert. I am somewhat of an enthusiast on the subject of game propagation, and hope that the shooting public may soon be persuaded to view the matter as I do, that the time may come when one can vary his sport as much as he desires, and that without spending a fortune in railroad fare.

REELFOOT.

As it is in Texas.

BEAUMONT, Tex., April 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Inclosed please find stamps 25 cents, for which please send me a copy of Game Laws and Woodcraft. While I have met a number who pass as sportsmen in this State, I have failed to find a man who had a fair idea of the close or open season on any particular kind of game. They hunt when they feel like it, irrespective of law. Up to twenty days ago they were killing from 150 to 300 upland and golden plover to the team in a four hours' trip. The birds were very poor and out of condition, and 75 per cent. of the females are full of eggs, from the size of a No. 9 shot up to No. 2 or 1. The rule is to shoot everything, keep the best conditioned birds and throw the rest away. Now, as at least 75 to 80 per cent. of these birds are shot on the ground, where does the sport come in? I can't see it. I saw woodcock brought in last winter that were really unfit to eat, they were so poor. There is a good variety and quantity of game tributary to this point, if it is given half a chance.

BEAUMONT.

Sea and River Fishing.

About our Spring Fishing.

You see it is this way.

This is the way it is. The snow is pretty much mostly all gone on the flat, open lands, but on the north sides of the hills and in the woods there is enough to last all summer, unless the 4th of July comes round in time to "give it a sweat."

So it's no use talking; we can't get there next week anyway. And if we could, what would be the use? There are a foot or two of ice and several inches of water on top of it all over the lake. If the weather should continue nice and warm, the ice may possibly break up toward the end of next week, though I shouldn't be surprised if it didn't. I have known it to stay until almost the 20th. And after it goes we must wait a week or so before the trout will rise any. One year a young chap came up from Boston for the first open water. It was the 21st of May. He stayed three days and went home with only two insignificant rises. The next week the Professor came up and we got all the trout we knew what to do with.

Oh, yes. If we had fished with bait from off our landing stage, I don't doubt we could have got plenty. And good ones.

But we never do.

Only "the missis" has that privilege. She goes up in time to see the logs go down the discharge whenever she can. And they are a sight worth going a long way for, too. One can almost step over the stream when in its normal state, but when 10,000 logs have to be sent down in a few hours, it is another affair altogether. It is a splendid sight.

When the missis goes we try to have the Doctor go up too. He, being rheumatic and not caring much for fishing, is just the one to wait on her. To see the Doctor and his rheumatism run to take off her fish or bait her hook is worth the whole price of admission any day. The aggravating part is that she gets more trout and bigger ones than any of us. More than that, she claims that all those fish are hers, and she will send them to whoever she pleases. And she does.

The rest of us go out fishing a little while morning or evening, but she is a law unto herself, and steps down to the float and fishes whenever she takes it into her dear old head to do so. She is waiting now with as much impatience as any of us, for the time when the ice will be gone and the logs ready to go down.

The number of logs the lumbermen find to send out of that little lake year after year always surprises me. It was a tolerably well timbered country when they commenced cutting on it some thirty-five years ago, and logs have been made on it almost every year ever since. The continuous supply is largely due to the system of cutting adopted and always maintained, and is merely that of letting all trees below a certain size stand and grow. No trees under a prescribed diameter on the stump can be felled. The system is almost precisely that adopted by the Provincial Government on the immense extent of spruce timbered land owned by it, but more stringent and rigidly enforced. In my opinion the Government limit of size is decidedly too low. With the present enormous and increasing demand for pulp wood, as well as other, and with the present limit of size, this generation will see very large areas almost denuded of spruce. Two generations following would not be long enough to bring the timber back to its present value.

With this denudation the scientists tell us will come climatic and other changes. Game and fish—now so important to the Province—will greatly diminish.

These remarks refer mainly to spruce timbered coun-

try, which may apparently be relied on for perpetual reproduction if it has a chance, and is of little or no value for agricultural purposes. The system of cutting, however, with necessary modifications, may apply to other woods.

The Province is in the habit of speaking of its surplus of spruce as inexhaustible, but I have an idea that there are very few things that are really inexhaustible—if wasted.

I often think of the common saying of an old friend of mine, when asked to take another drink after he thought he had enough, "*Voyons! Il y a une limite toujours!*" As much as to say, "See here, there has got to be a stop to this somewhere."

But I am not going to try to run the Province of Quebec, and have strayed a long way from the lake and the ice and the trout.

On my way back I will tell an anecdote. On one of my spring visits home—to my real home I mean—two or three years ago, at a dinner party of gentlemen near Boston, I was seated next to one who has the preservation of our American forests very much at heart. He asked me to tell him about the Quebec system of limits and licenses, which I did as well as I could. Before I got through I found I had four or five listeners instead of one. My neighbor remarked that neither the United States or any individual State had so simple, efficient and economical a plan. Someone asked, "Why shouldn't we have a similar plan in this country?" to which some one else replied, "The power of the timber thieves is too great at Washington." I do not know whether that was the correct answer to the question or not, but as no one gainsaid it or gave any other reply, it had to pass.

The rods are in order, the fly-book O. K., the boats caulked and painted and the canvas canoes new varnished. There is nothing to be done now but wait.

G. DE MONTAUBAN.

QUEBEC, April 29.

Flare Fishing for Suckers.

TAMPA, Kan., April 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It is a rainy day here in Kansas, and that means wet, cold, muddy and disagreeable beyond anything known at the East, where a rainy day was to me always a pleasure. But here the day drags, so I thought possibly a few words about a style of fishing that I used to consider great fun might not come amiss. I suppose the flaring up of a smoky lantern sent my thoughts backward some dozen years, for then the sight of a flaring torch and a shapely glittering spear was enough to send the blood tingling through my veins, and even now, although I am getting toward the years when Time's hoar frost will soon begin to mark me as old, yet if I were back on the old stamping grounds, I think a warm evening would find me among the familiar scenes along certain brooks that I know of.

The sucker is a plebeian fish, despised by the trout fisherman and hated, I suppose, by the fishculturist. But he is in the brooks to stay; and as when taken fresh from the chilly waters of the springtime brook, he isn't to be despised for the table, and best of all furnishes just about as much fun for the small boy (and for some boys not so small) as any other fish. I think he fills out the purpose of existence as well as the rest of us.

When the shad-blow began to whiten the woods with its snowy blossoms; when the shad-fly in great masses began to dance in the sunlight; when the little black-flies began to torment the horses, when we were at work near the woods, then we knew that all along the Connecticut the suckers were gathering at the mouths of the little brooks and would soon be on their way up to their spawning grounds. Then the spear, lying long idle, or only used in our mimic Indian battles, was looked up, its tines carefully sharpened, and its barbs cut deeper; the old torch, black and grimy with the smoke of many a nightly burning, was taken down; a file was placed handy by, and when word came that the suckers were running, some eager youngsters would be seen hastening to the delectable grounds. Beginning as near the river as the water would permit of wading, with hands trembling with eagerness as we heard the splashing of the fish on the riffle, the torch would be lighted, and with careful but eager steps we would advance into the water. Usually the fish first run from the deep waters of the river would be shy and wild; but as we worked our way upstream, soon close to the bottom of the brook would appear what to the careless eye would be only a stick or two of decayed wood, but the experienced eye would detect the fanning fins and slowly moving tail of a living fish. Then with bated breath we would raise the spear, poise it for a moment, and with a "chug" so familiar to the spearer, the first fish of the season would be thrown on the bank to the boy waiting with a gunny sack in hand for its reception. Then we could go on, picking up a fish here and there. Usually just above some deep quiet pool the light reveals some old patriarch of his tribe; but he has run the gauntlet of the spearers before, and so, instead of lying still as his younger brethren do, he turns quickly and makes for the deep water below, in his haste perhaps running against your feet, and even splashing the water into your face. But he is not of necessity lost. Go on with your spearing a few moments, then go back over the ground again, and probably you will find him in the shallow water carefully nosing his way upstream. This time you are on your guard, and with careful, stealthy step the light is gradually thrown about him, and with quick, strong blow the spear is sent home, and with a yell of triumph the old fellow is sent far up on the bank, where he lies panting in all his beauty of black and silver.

But the echo of voices and the flare of other torches shows that other fishers are busy, and that no time must be lost. Back into the brook again. An eel starts out from under the bank; he is quick and hard to get, and so with flying feet and arms, with cries of "Here he is!" "There he goes!" the spearers are after him. Perhaps they don't get him and perhaps they do. If they do, look out for the spear, for the eel, winding his tail around the handle, will try its metal to the utmost.

Further along you think you see one of the old settlers; so again, with strong, sure blow, the spear is sent

downward, only to strike the fishlike form of wood or stone, and to come back, if of poor metal, bent or broken; but if of good steel, with dulled points to the tines. Here the file comes into use, and soon you are pressing onward. But you reach the grounds where the others have fished; so putting out the torch and keeping the willows and alders of the meadow between them and you, with quick stealthy step you pass them, and again find the brook. Here is the deep pool formed by the old mill dam, and the light reveals shadowy moving forms deep in its waters, that you know are "whoppers." I have known those so cool-blooded that, with rubber boots on, they could fish night after night without wetting their feet; but I am of different temperament; for, although I would begin with all manner of good resolves, yet over boot tops, knee deep, waist deep, into the dark, chilly waters I would go after these fish. Then on upstream to where the fishing grounds ended. There, cold, wet and tired, and feeling as if fishing were not worth the while, we would go home; but only a few days would pass until night would again find us eager as ever on the fishing grounds.

It is not all of fishing to catch fish. There was the splashing, turbulent passing of the fish over the riffles; the diving of some startled muskrat; the sleepy cheeping of the birds, disturbed in their rest—and most of all, the tickling of the toads with a straw. Later in the season the toads seek the uplands; but now they are along the brookside; and if you want strong medicine for the "blues" look up Mr. Toad, and tickle his throat with a straw, and you will need no physician.

In sucker spearing, as with hook and line fishing, it is the big ones that get away. One time, fishing with a defective spear, the big fish of the season was by his very weight, as I lifted him from the water, torn off and got away. The biggest I ever saw was once at the head of a little pond, where I caught just a glimpse of what I at first thought was a stick of wood, but which at once took to itself fins and disappeared in the deep water, and I saw it no more. But a feeling of disappointment lingers with me even now as I write, because of that great fish.

PINE TREE.

The Maine Fishing.

BOSTON, May 6.—Fishing in Sebago Lake, Me., is still going on, though the season is not proving highly satisfactory, and a great many sportsmen go away without a fish. Still there are some successes, and these may be named. Mr. Field, of Bockton, with Mr. W. D. Brackett and Mr. Emerson, has taken a salmon of slightly over 17 lbs. weight, a very large fish for Sebago, taken with rod and reel. Mr. Brackett got three or four salmon of good size, one weighing over 8 lbs. Mr. Emerson did not fish much, but is interested in the new hotel at the Bay of Naples. Mr. Kendrick, of Boston, has taken a big salmon and one or two of smaller size. Mr. W. B. Saul, of the Sebago Club party, has secured a salmon of 13 lbs., with several smaller fish. Mr. W. T. Farley, of the same party, secured a salmon Monday that weighed 9 lbs. The record of the Sebago Club, up to Tuesday, had been thirty-eight trout and salmon. A number of "red-spots," as brook trout are termed at Sebago and Moosehead, in distinction from lake trout and landlocked salmon, have been secured in the vicinity of Muddy River and Kettle Cove, although the "redspot" fishing has not yet been first class in that lake. The ice is out of Sebago Lake, Me., but there are no reports yet of salmon taken. Cobbosseecontee, Maranocook and the other Winthrop, Me., lakes are clear of ice. One salmon of 7½ lbs. is reported from Maranocook, with a larger one from Cobbosseecontee. Mr. Carleton, of the Maine Fish and Game Commission, is reported to have taken the first trout of the season at Maranocook. H. E. Capen, of Augusta, has taken a number of trout from the Winthrop Lakes. J. T. Richards, in company with the Maine Fish and Game Commissioners, making an early visit to the Maine trout and salmon waters, takes home a salmon of 6 lbs. Very little fishing has yet been done at the big salmon pool at Bangor, the water still being remarkably high from the melting snows above. Still, some good fishing is looked for there when the waters do subside. All the Maine rivers are still swollen to almost the freshest pitch, and brook fishing has scarcely begun.

The ice still hangs in the Rangeleys and Moosehead, though the warm weather of a week ago made great progress in dissolving it. But the actual freeze of Wednesday and Thursday has retarded progress greatly. Careful estimates now put the departure of the ice from those waters at from the 10th to the 15th; but all depends on the weather. The ice went out of Lake Auburn Sunday, April 30, several days later than last year. Fishing immediately begun, and every available boat has been in use almost ever since. J. Murphy made about the first record with a salmon of 7 lbs. James Tracy has taken two salmon. G. J. Merrifield, F. Jackson and P. Record have made catches. Supt. Stanley, of the Lake Auburn fish hatchery, says that there are lots of fish in the lake, and a good season's fishing is to be hoped for. Mr. P. H. Dingley caught two good trout in that lake on Monday. Mr. B. Atherton and Mr. Fowler, of Lewiston, have been to Cobbosseecontee fishing, and take home several good trout.

Dispatches say that the ice has left Carry, Row and Pleasant ponds, in northern Somerset county, Me., and that the trout fishing promises to be excellent. Reports are conflicting as to whether the ice is out of Grand Lake, Me., at this writing, but several Boston fishermen are on the way there, and expect to find the ice out. Newfound Lake, N. H., is not yet clear of ice, but doubtless will be ere this reaches the eye of the reader. Boston fishermen are interested, since good salmon catches were made there last year, as well as catches of big lakere.

May 8.—The Cape Cod trout fishermen are bringing home some better strings since the warmer days and bright weather, but already there are reports of low water in some of the best streams. Pickerel fishing in Fresh Pond is now in order. It will be remembered that this pond is a source of supply or reservoir for the City of Cambridge, and hence under city control. Formerly no fishing was allowed there, though well stocked with pickerel, but of late it has been decided to allow two persons to fish there in one day, under special permit.

Mr. E. C. Stevens and Mr. Tausig had a permit for one day last week, and had good luck, taking eight pickerel, one of 3½ lbs. They mean to try the same waters again.

The telegraph has not yet announced the clearing of Moosehead, Me., of ice, though the news is hourly expected, since the ice had left the coves on Friday, and some of the bays were clear. Neither are the Rangeleys clear. Mr. W. S. Marble, of the Rangeley Lake House, who has had years of experience and observation at that point, under date of May 6 writes that the ice is out of the coves, with the water in the lake the highest he has ever seen it. "But taking all conditions into consideration, I do not think the ice will leave before May 15." Webb Lake, Weld, Me., is clear of ice, and good catches of trout and salmon are reported. Over 100 trout and salmon are reported to have been taken on Monday, while the record of Tuesday was not far behind. The size of the fish taken this year is reported to be better than last, especially of salmon, and this is also true of Sebago and other waters. Commissioner Stanley is of the opinion that the salmon are growing rapidly. Messrs. P. O. Vickery, of Augusta; Fish and Game Commissioner C. E. Oak, of Caribou, and A. S. Hinds, of Portland, fished Lake Auburn one day last week. Mr. Oak took a salmon weighing 10 lbs., the only success of the party.

Brook trout fishing in Maine and New Hampshire is reported to be excellent in all the brooks where the snow water is about done running. This pertains only to the more southerly portions of each State, however, since there is yet a great body of snow in the North Woods. Late reports establish the fact that the ice is out of Grand Lake, and most of the Schoodic chain. A number of Boston fishermen have started.

The ice in Newfound Lake, N. H., went out on Monday, and fishing began immediately. C. A. Gale, of Bristol, was the first to come in with a fish, a salmon of 7 lbs. W. F. Gale, of the same place, followed with a salmon of 8½ lbs. Ansel G. Doloff, of Bristol, took a 7 lb. salmon on Tuesday. C. E. Rounds, of the same place, has caught a trout of 2½ lbs. L. D. Foggy, of Plymouth, has taken three salmon weighing about 3 lbs. each. G. H. Greeley, of Plymouth, has taken several small salmon. Mr. Fox, of Hill, has landed a beautiful salmon. Nashua and Manchester anglers are also at the lake in good numbers, among whom may be mentioned A. E. Clark, J. P. Ransom, F. H. Thurston, T. J. McDonald, S. Sawtelle, O. H. Brown, J. C. Fletcher and F. G. Noyes.

Plymouth, N. H., reports mention good catches of brook trout. Frank E. Rollins, of that place, with his two sons, Frank and Ross, caught 135 trout from Duryin Brook the first day of the open season, Tuesday, May 2. J. G. Fletcher and F. Fletcher caught 125 the same day. The same day M. Robert Burns caught fifty very fine trout from Palmer Brook. G. E. Edmonds has taken thirty-five trout from the same stream. The brooks in the vicinity of Hill are also being fished with good success. G. W. Chaffin and F. H. Briggs fished these brooks one day last week with the result of sixty trout. Anson Buxton took fifty brook trout from the streams near Bristol early in the week.

The Ice Out.

BOSTON, May 8.—Moosehead and Mooselucmaguntic clear. Rangeley clearing rapidly. Fishing good. Richardson clear. SPECTATOR.

A Mountain Trouting.

FOR a week the weather had been cold and raw in the mountains, but June brought sunshine and the west wind in her train, and Hank and I concluded that the time was in flower for a serious offensive movement against the trout.

Acting upon our resolve, the crisp dawn of a mountain day saw us winding away down the road from the rough little cabin on the knoll that was our home camp. Hank's two wiry little horses, harnessed to a buckboard that momentarily threatened to collapse, made fair time over a roadbed that constantly made walking a preferable mode of progress, and the fourteen miles to Perkins' shanty at the junction of the Lewey Lake and Cedar Lakes trails, were traversed in time for luncheon. Leaving our horseflesh there, we took rods, slung pack basket over shoulder, and started off down the familiar trail to the Cedars. Having gone three miles we struck off to the left and traveled due east, striking the Jessups River within an hour, having crossed the headwaters of the Miami River on the way. The character of the water at that point not being to our liking, we followed deer paths for about two miles up stream to where the water roughened. Here we found the remains of a tiny surveyors' lean-to; we raised up the frame, readjusted the old slabs of bark, cut browse and arranged our exceedingly limited amount of duffle.

An hour or more of daylight was still ours, so we determined to try the water as a forecast of the morrow. Going a few hundred yards above camp, we put rods together and started in. We killed some twelve, fishing back to camp, and went ashore more than satisfied with the prospects. The fish were there.

That night we sat about the fire drying our clothes, talking in low tones of the coming sport, or quietly watching the smoke plumes swaying over the glowing craters of our pipes. Soon, knocking out the ashes against the guard-log, we crept beneath the shelter, and wrapping coats about shoulders, slept. The night was destined to have one interruption, however. I was aroused by a soft, crushing sound, followed by a slight shock, which was in turn followed by a series of muffled exclamations. A glance by the dying embers of the fire revealed what had happened. The fork of one of the uprights had given way, causing the roof to tilt and slide sideways and burying Hank beneath it. I lifted the roof for him to creep out, and then we repaired the shack, laughing heartily over the mishap.

In the grayness of dawn we left camp, and for an hour walked swiftly up stream until the water swirled and eddied about the bases of great boulders, or sprang melodiously down many little rapids. Here we rigged tackle, donned a liberal coat of tar oil, lit pipes and started in. The forecast of the previous day was upheld by the event, and never had fisher a fairer setting for his sport; stretches of rapids filled with small holes, wherein lurked many a fine fish; pools at bends studded with great rocks; occasional long, quiet reaches; the long, winding avenue of

the stream, with its borders of hemlock and balsam, beech and basswood, that ever permitted the free use of the fly.

Heavier and heavier grew our creels, and when we stopped for lunch on a broad rock their weight was very substantial. A short rest and smoke, and we resumed our sport. It continued as fast as in the morning, so at 2:30 we quit. The condition of my creel resembled that of the famous rattlesnake skin of Miles Standish when he returned it to the Indians, and the strap was cutting my shoulder sorely, while my partner had the same report to make. A full half of the fish we caught had been returned to the stream, and toward the end we became very exacting as to size. Our largest fish was precisely 1 ft. long, weighing 1 or 2 oz. under 1 lb.; but 9, 10 and 11 in. fish were common.

Dressing our catch, we broke camp and swung off down stream for Perkins', where we arrived in full time for supper. The next morning, lashing our basket of trout behind the backboard, we started homeward, arriving at noon.

On this trip I used a fly exclusively, while Hank pinned his faith to the worm. It may be of interest to the brotherhood to note that this occasion was one when the fly decisively defeated bait in point of size of fish killed.

Letters from the mountains tell me there are still 3 ft. of snow in the woods, and the lakes and streams are ice-bound, yet I know the dark water is gurgling and bubbling beneath eager to burst forth from its barriers in laughing cadences, and the knowledge rouses a fever of unrest in my blood. Shall it be lulled? Quien sabe?

"It is there that we are going, with our rods and reels and traces
To a silent, smoky Indian that we know—
To a couch of new-pulled hemlock, with the starlight on our faces
For the red gods call us out and we must go."

ZURUS.

Fishing Up and Down the Potomac.

Shenandoah City.

SHENANDOAH RIVER, the principal tributary of the Potomac, like the main stream, is stocked with bass from end to end, and has for thirty years been favorite ground for the angler.

At Harper's Ferry, the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad sends a branch line south along its west bank about three miles to Milldale, where it makes a horse-shoe curve, and leaving the river, climbs the grade through the valley of a little brook, Flowing Run, and goes on to Charlestown. This first two or three miles from its mouth has furnished much sport, as frequently when the Potomac comes down muddy, the bass crowd over into the clearer water of the Shenandoah, and besides, it is comparatively easy of access to strolling anglers.

Getting a team at the Ferry, we drive out past the charred ruins of an old flouring mill, burned during the war by the military authorities, on a charge of furnishing supplies to the enemy; past a modern pulp mill, with its pool and sluice full of pulp timber.

These paper mills, useful and necessary and profitable as they are, furnishing employment in localities near forests where for the most part there is little enough opportunity for steady work; which should command the respect and gratitude of every angler who reads, for they have wonderfully cheapened the dissemination of knowledge, and are doing much for the intellectual development of the world, yet seem to have no other effect than to rouse a mild fury in the bosom of the average angler, which gets him disliked in the neighborhood of mills, as interfering with a legitimate business without a better cause than a blind prejudice.

The constant tendency is thus to array against each other a good and necessary industry, with the local sentiment of the employees on one side, and a lot of strolling idlers, hunting for a time-killing amusement on the other, in which the latter have not much show either in argument or verdict; and if only the fishing was affected by the debris the angler might have long ago given up in despair. But this is the pulp mill's case. The true situation is that the mills are an object of curiosity and admiration to the angler. There is not the slightest prejudice among them against the business, though careless argument would sometimes seem to imply as much. But the angler is indignant at the individual who is responsible for disposing of the waste by dumping it into the river, and the individual cannot be reached, so the mill stands to take the blame for the useless and baneful pollution. If the refuse was filtered, so as to be harmless, as by law it must be in many places, there would be no antagonism. But when the acids are thrown into the river, and the shavings and pulp waste, to cover spawn beds, choke out riparian vegetation, filling the fish haunts under the stones with putrefying masses, altering the normal plankton to a degree we can only guess, is bad for the young fry, for our scientific experts tell us nothing about it; when they do all this, and then get angry at feeble protests, instead of curing the whole trouble by disposing of their wastes in some other way than unloading them into the river to contaminate it for miles below, the angler gets careless of disastrous results, forgets the community and its good, and the blessing of cheap paper, and finds himself enjoying a sense of relief at the information that the mill is to close down. It is all wrong. The shutting down of a paper mill is a national calamity, whether by a trust, or exhaustion of raw material, or any cause, and a hard blow for the locality that has come to depend on the employment and trade it has created; and it is no credit or service to the angler, because it establishes no principle or precedent, increases friction and helps nothing in securing what is demanded, what he is striving for, the clarifying of the refuse.

This mill has just given notice that it will close down when its present stock of material is worked up. But when it moves to some other locality, which will welcome it with open arms, it simply does the same thing over again and poisons some other stream.

The Potomac will some day be cleared of all pollution so far as practicable, not on account of restoring the finest bass stream in the world, but because the National Capitol stands on its banks and the city must use its waters.

The Hydrographic Office of the Geological Survey col-

lected samples of the Potomac waters from many localities above Great Falls, and these were examined by the microscopists of the Marine Hospital Service and found in almost every instance to contain the microbes of disease, and the physicians of the District of Columbia as a body denounced the condition of the water that is brought to the city for drinking purposes as unfit and dangerous. This is the lever on which the angler must depend for assistance in ridding the river of fish-killing wastes. But the poorest way of effecting this is by closing mills. Destroy the refuse.

To cleanse the river does not imply a threat to a single establishment. "Clarify the debris," that is all. Half a dozen States are now working hard to redeem the purity of their streams and incidentally restore their fisheries so wantonly destroyed, and their proposed legislation does not menace an institution. "Filter the wastes" and give the country an object lesson in cleanliness that is sore needed. Typhoid, one of the most dangerous and easily disseminated maladies that threaten health and life, is one of the easiest stamped out and prevented. It is one of the few whose germs are familiar; whose birth, propagation and spread are fairly well known, and whose destruction is simple. But it is river-carried, and quarantining a locality is no protection, unless the river is quarantined.

Washington has already suffered an epidemic, brought here by the Potomac from Cumberland, and her average death rate from this cause brings her well up to the head of the class of the great cities of the country, and there are other diseases carried and spread the same way.

There seems to be a misapprehension of the extent of an owner's rights who reaches a river bank, whether an individual or a municipality. That proximity confers ownership exclusive in the stream. This is only true to the extent of the use of such water as reaches him, and by no means gives him a right of sewerage in the channel. The right of pure water to which he is entitled is just as sacred to the man or settlement below, and the stream must be passed on in the same condition it reaches him. No city deserves the right to pure water from above, which sweeps its dirt into the stream to poison the waters below.

"Destroy the filth." The pulp mill which will do this will, by its example, confer a blessing on mankind.

Our regrets go with this one that is to be shut down. Only harm has been done, whether it is a move of a syndicate or the fear of prosecution. No lesson can be learned from its removal except perhaps in the direction of recognition, that resistance to material pollution in any considerable volume, has grown serious enough to hamper the offending industry.

A couple of miles beyond this pulp mill brings us to a long, low dam, diagonally crossing the river. This is Shenandoah City. There is nothing of it but the ruins of a couple of ancient flour mills and the name. Here if one brings his own boat or has previously arranged to have one ready, he may cover a great field of first-rate fly water. If he is to try his fortune afoot he crosses the dam to the east side and finds plenty of opportunity to test his skill.

The water of the Shenandoah has two distinct colors and a million shades between. In flood it is a brownish yellow, and as ugly as any puddle to the fly-fisherman. When at its clearest it is a deep oak green, and with appreciably more color than any of the neighboring streams, giving to the stranger an impression of lack of transparency; but, while this may lead him to carelessness in the matter of exposure and shadow, he quickly learns that it is no bar to the visions of the fish.

This vernal hue we have found to prevail as far as we have fished, up its 200 miles, and often liken the color of occasional pools in other neighborhoods, where trees or depth lends something of a like shade, to the "Shenandoah tinge."

Just below the long dam on this side is a foamy pool, where on one of our trips one of the party took his first bass with a fly, and the incident will never be forgotten. He was already middle-aged and had spent most of his life in the field, and was full of woods lore; he knew the haunts and habits, and was better than any of us, but he had not taken any kind of a fish on a fly since as a boy he had poached for trout, in a little Irish burn. When he fastened at his first easy cast under the apron to a pound and a half bass his excitement was intense. Hope and fear played tag with his emotions so fast, neither was it for long, but, like the lightning, was gone before one could say "it is."

But he saved his fish, and another devotee of the fly was initiated into the fraternity, and a welcome one. Many a time since he has joined us in our days up and down the Potomac: none more earnest, none more faithful, satisfied with light strings, jubilant over big ones, and out of his long experience in the open, with always something to add to our little stock of knowledge of the woods, the waters, or the life that makes these interesting.

Fishing from the shore for a distance above the dam on the east side is somewhat tantalizing, as there are few places where one may get good casts over favorable water, free of the brush which comes well down on the bank; but a half-mile up is a long, narrow wooded island, separated by a winding stream at medium stages of water, a torrent in flood.

Here the fishing in hot weather is delightful and profitable. Great rocks block the chute at intervals, rising high above the waters, which must find their way around in little falls and rapids, from pool to pool. Plenty of shade and grass beds, and everywhere the water is over a foot in depth, gives promise of a response.

When the sun is beating down on a still day, too hot for comfort, in the narrow valley of the rocky river bed outside, to lounge through this damp, cool covert, and creeping up the face of one of the great rounded piles drop a fly in a rift on the other side or in a grassy bowl, where a little rivulet trickles down, sure that somewhere thereabouts a big fellow is lurking, and to have such easy effort rewarded, is the luxury of fly-fishing.

For three consecutive seasons my friend, who used to spend his annual vacations here, had the coincident fortune to take seventeen good fish from the upper half of this chute in an evening's fishing, and still calls it Island No. 17.

On the outside of the island a series of long irregular ledges cross the river diagonally, over which the river tumbles in a broken cataract, called Bull Falls, and here at times the pools yield big catches.

The best season here is the late fall, when the water is low and clear, and one may cover almost the width of the river dryshod; but as one must take his holiday when he can, many a day is spent in vain effort to coax the fish from pools too deep or troubled, or the water side reached when a yellow flood is on and the fishing off.

But your enthusiastic angler does not count these days as wasted, but any day as found, spent any time under the sky.

In an article on British fishermen in St. Pauls (Vol. 2, p. 346), speaking of seasons, the writer says: "Some anglers hold that their year does not commence till May; that they cannot fish till they find the May-fly upon the water, while others, more determined for sport, are on the river side early in April, and keen salmon fishers will have a pull at the monarch of the brook in February. Again there are enthusiasts who will be at work before the end of January."

"These are like the gouty man in the well-known engraving. They would angle in a tub in their dining room rather than not fish."

But there be other ends to fishing than the two oft quoted, a fool and a worm. Where one can feel his flaccid muscles swell and harden under the hard work of pleasant days and summer suns; can lose that listless habit that grows upon the sedentary man, who has no hobby, pursued by the harpies of business cares that sap his life, these holidays are a foretaste of joys eternal. To one who feels these days of sunshine and flowers, of woodland and waterfalls, have not only added ten years to the term of his natural life, but have added to his capacity for enjoyment of the present, the pastime is looked on as something more than a diversion, and the fish that stands for all these is in gratitude, apotheosized.

HENRY TALBOTT.

Forcing the Season.

As usual, this spring I started fishing too early, and in impossible streams. "A vague unrest" is the cause, I suppose, for it is certain that a man takes longer chances for a fish after a winter of inactivity than when a number of excursions have slaked his thirst for the sport. I hope that destruction of fish and fishing do not mean the same to me, though there was never a man who hated worse to come in empty handed. I know a man who revels in the destruction of fish; he stabs the sluggish sucker and catfish in the back and waits around with a shotgun to catch some bird sitting still and pots it, and all for his insatiable appetite for things untamed. He does not go fishing in April; there is no chance of his getting enough to gorge himself. I believe he lacks imagination. Later on he will foul some fish and pick their bones. He is like the fish he pursues, the sucker, the kind of fish I take it, Lord Tennyson had in mind when he wrote:

"We are men of ruined blood,
Therefore comes it we are wise;
Fish are we that love the mud,
Rising to no fancy flies."

The writer is not so. We rise to the first balmy days and getting together our fishing things steal away to the fishing grounds, meeting some village mentor who casts the cold eye of disapproval on the signs of one of his neighbors lapsing again into his thriftless ways.

We have some early fishing here in the chubs. We know them as "horny-heads." They have a lot of red about the head, and bead-like excrescences cover the forehead. His general appearance indicates that he has been a faithful and consistent user of strong drink for many years. This fish heaps up great piles of pebbles of a bushel or more at a place. Its flesh is all but worthless, and it decays almost as soon as it is taken from the water. I often think of a verse from the old English poem, "The Red Fisherman," by Praed, when, having to do with this fish:

"The water was as dark and rank
As ever a company pumped;
And the fish that was netted and laid on the bank
Grew rotten while it jumped."

The most remarkable trait of this fish is its power to make a noise like a newly-hatched chicken, and quite as loud, when being taken from the hook. This is make-believe fishing sure enough. It bites like a trout, but it is nothing after you have caught it. A fisherman this year, who was forcing the season like myself, caught two very fine trout when fishing for chubs in a bass stream.

Last year I had one day's good luck early fishing. In the fall before, when I was walking up the Stilhouse Run, I saw a good-sized trout. I went back the following spring and caught a big trout where I had seen this one, and a larger one just below. In size they would have ranked well with the largest in a big catch. This year I have been more lucky with my early fishing, and I crave the indulgence of the reader in going over this evening the events of my April fishing. It is far better spinning yarns on paper than face to face, for, as you talk to a man who understands these things, you see a far-away look in his eye, which indicates that he is not thinking of the tale you are telling him but of the one he is going to tell you.

April 13 was the second day for months when the air became soft. For weeks a chill breeze had been blowing. There was not a sign of life in any of the trees. Even the scarlet maple, the first to burgeon in the spring, had not put forth buds. The day before a fisherman had gone to Stony Creek and had taken six fine trout. The poor fish had been kept on short rations for weeks, and were ready to take anything. Stony Creek is an ideal trout stream. The cool, clear water foams over miniature falls, and eddies in deep pools; large rack heaps present inviting spots for a cast. It lacks but one thing, and that is more trout. It has been fished to a standstill. It is too early for fly, and I try a worm. I fish up stream for half a mile and the fish refuse to respond. As I cast and let the line drift down through the eye of the pool it is arrested. Is it a trout or is it the bottom of the creek? How

precious one poor little pull on the line seems when fish are not biting! I let the line rest for a moment and strike, feel the fish and we part. It is a serious matter on such a day for a trout to trifle with you in that way. A few more pools are tried and a fisherman meets me. He has caught three in the first pool he tried, and had no bites since; thinks the wind is in the east. It is enough to put the wind in the east. Failure is written all over the records of the day, and as I came home tired, I think I am not as fond of fishing as I had thought. The history of this little fishing expedition may seem mostly preface, but all there is to tell was the anticipation, the only sure thing in fishing.

I had another day. My younger brother is bitten with the snake, and we went fishing a few days later in Stony Creek for revenge. We put the old gray in the buggy and took our dinner. We started in at the forks and succeeded in getting fifteen trout big enough to keep, which made a very decent show in a 10lb. creel. They bit freely for awhile, and I took about one in three. Then they ceased to take the bait, and we wound up at the Blue Hole.

I have a bite. One of those nibbling bites big trout in deep water so often indulge in, and which are so trying to the nerves in waiting for the fish to go to work in earnest. I "feel" the fish gently, knowing that it is a dangerous experiment, but inaction is intolerable. The nibbling continues until the bait is taken and the fish moves away in a strong, steady rush that causes the line to cut the water. I strike, knowing that I will feel the weight of a fish, and glorious consummation, a monster is hooked, and he makes one grand rush, and I think I have the master of the pool. But one strong rush settles it, and to the top of the water comes a large sucker. It is a very desirable addition to our catch, but it is not a trout. I thought when I first felt that weight there was to be a fight, but one effort is all the *cyprinidae* thinks it is necessary to make. Like a passenger being ejected from a train, they make only a show of resistance, and wait for further developments.

My best fish I took on Williams River, another no-account stream, but which yielded me enough trout. We got ahead with the work in the office, and my brothers went to another county for some athletic events, and the old gray horse, who enjoys a fishing trip as much as I do, was pressed into service for a polo game, and with spurs and a plankton holder, I hear he acquitted himself very creditably. He sweated, and helped to win the game for our side, and got his name in the papers. The spur was something he had never dreamed of in his philosophy before. I am expecting to get a fine offer for him soon, but I shall refuse. His being gone made it necessary to look for other means of transportation. Twelve miles into the mountains was most too much of a walk for me.

There is a superior colored person who attached himself to me sometime since, and who makes living easier. He owned a pony and dogcart, and the bare mention of his driving me to the meadows on Williams River was enough, and the problem was solved. There was an axle, he said, which Anvilson, who didn't understand steel, had welded, and which had let him down, but Hammerson, the rival blacksmith, had then welded it by a receipt which had been handed down from father to son. We risked it, and it proved worthy of our confidence. Balancing ourselves over the axle that means so much to a dogcart, we went up into the mountain. I know of nothing finer than to visit the high grass country to the west where an elevation of 3,500ft. makes you feel the "exhilaration of height." Uncle Harry told me tale after tale of old-time murders and other horrors; how the white people escaped when slaves could not testify, and how all the colored people were taken miles and miles to see bad white men executed, and how they all came home and got religion.

Twelve o'clock saw us at the head of the dead water. As I took a hasty lunch, an otter swam right before my eyes, and seeing me, dived, tip-tilting his fine tail into the air. Up stream is the best way for me to fish a trout stream, and I have never been able to determine whether it is really the right way to fish a stream, or being so little fishing up stream, it places the fisherman at a different point from that where the fish are accustomed to see a man.

I cast in the eye of a pool and the line stopped as the bait rolled down stream, but there was that indescribable sensation conveyed to the hand and arm that it was no dead weight that held it in place in the midst of the seething waters. I waited a moment and struck. Too late or too soon, or through some fault of the fish, I only felt it well, and lost it. This I did with seven fish. One was just being landed when it broke away, and all these fish were large. I examined my hook carefully and whetted the point with a small stone. The next trout that bit was taken, a fine one of 12in., but it dropped in some sand with the hook broken from the leader in its mouth. Putting on a No. 2 hook I had better luck. I believe the hook was dull. I often sharpen my hooks, and am not methodical enough to carry a whetstone, but find the nearest stone does equally as well.

A breeze sprung up soon afterward that made the fishing poor, but every now and then a trout was added to those in the creel. They ranged large. That is the rule here in early fishing. The large trout are taken all the year round, but small trout are not in the way in this month. The whole trip I did not take a dozen which I had any hesitation in keeping, and when I came home, grandsires, who had lamented the diminishing size of trout, said they had never seen a finer lot. Our law here requiring trout under 4in. to be returned to the water has a bad effect on fishermen. It encourages fishermen to keep all those over 4in. When they are reproached with bringing in little fish not larger than sardines, they will remind you that by inference the Legislature has declared them of lawful size and big enough to keep.

Before night I felt that there was weight in my fish basket, and that is a very comfortable feeling indeed. It reminds you that you have not lived in vain. I have made no arrangements for staying all night, having no time to get a camping outfit together, and having to travel light, I had felt no misgiving on the subject, and when I met the man of the neighborhood, I asked him

what the chance of stopping with him over night was, was disagreeably surprised to hear him say: "Pretty slim." He was under the impression I was with a crowd of people, and when he found that I was by myself, he very cordially invited me home with him, and he made me most comfortable.

He told me that some unknown dogs had been running deer into the river for their own edification, and he had sworn he would kill them on the first opportunity. That when it came he took his rifle to fulfill his vow, but his heart failed him, but that they should most certainly die next time. I encouraged him, for the thought of a doe heavy with fawn run to death by idle hounds was too horrible to entertain. I had seen these very dogs on the river, and not thinking what they were about, had given them the remnants of my lunch. He told me that he had got one bear last fall, and that a .25 caliber is big enough for anything in these mountains. He had heard of a bear in a certain locality. Had said to himself that the bear was probably using under a certain clump of chestnuts; had packed a 43lb. bear trap four miles, and set it under leaves and cut sweep apples up and scattered around it. Had found the bear in the trap on the second morning unable to move the trap and drag, and had shot it. Had got some good bee trees last summer. Surely life far from the haunts of men has some compensations. If my host ever quarrels with his wife, he falls out with all the people in his neighborhood. In this log cabin of very modest dimensions is the little daughter of the house, a timid two-year-old maiden, whom Uncle Harry nearly frightened into fits, as she had not seen a black man. If any one desires to know what a child can be to its parents they should see this mountain home on the banks of a brawling stream.

Next morning, April 21, was the first clear morning of the year without frost, and so I brushed the dew away as I worked my way up stream. The narrow valley had been cleared, and the ground was carpeted with a thick blue-grass sod. The fall of the stream was so great that in walking up the narrow meadow one seems to be ascending a hill.

It was a perfect morning, and I was under its influence, and thought then that some day I might tell of the day, the high mountains, the falling waters, the sun and shadow, but the hour is past, and, leaving such descriptions to those who can find words to record their sensations, I fall back to the plodding recital of occurrences.

This was one of the rare early days when the trout would take the bait on top of the water. I fished over the ground I had passed over twice the day before, and at a likely place, where I had not been able to do any business before, a large cream-colored trout darted to take the bait, and giving it too much time out of too abundant caution, I lost the best trout I had yet seen. If I had not seen it I would probably have caught it.

Every now and then I would strike a fish and land it as soon as possible, as is the rule in fishing for brook trout. At the best pool I know of on the little river I had a most vigorous pull. I dropped the point of the rod an instant and struck. I felt the weight of a fine fish, and in the first contest the line parted at the tip of the rod without giving me a good idea of the fish's size. I think if I had ever gotten the fish turned I could have landed it. I had a similar experience. I saw a little pot of water large enough to afford a lurking place for a trout, and so situated that only those who are on the lookout for such places, which, from their location, have been unobserved and untouched by the common herd, would choose for a cast. I have better luck in such places for trout than any other. The conditions are such that in streams fished to death, it is often useless to try the show places, and trout can only be caught when they lurk in some spot which has not caught the fisherman's eye, and who, therefore, have no cause to suspect that their daily bread is loaded. A wood might be practically denuded of its flowers, and yet a violet or two might be found in its hidden places. I hope I make myself clear.

It was in such a place that, by ignoring a long shallow pool, I walked half-way over in the stream and cast where a small part of the water passed behind a boulder. I let the lure wash down in the current, and in front of the boulder a big trout showed up and snapped the bait. I struck, and the current and weight of the fish broke this line above the leader, though I had changed reel and line after my late mishap. Truly, "nobody knows what trouble we see." Having caught a lot of big trout with the lines, I have reason to believe that the largest fish got away. As the old song runs: "We've all been there before, many a time!"

The writer asks to be excused if he has taken too long in saying, "April 21, fished in Edgar Beard's hacking; caught twenty trout. April 22, fished same place till noon; caught thirty-one. Had fish for breakfast and took a 10lb. basketful home. Uncle Harry not at trysting place; carried kit and fish basket (approximate weight 60lbs.) up mountain two miles and a half to cart, and found Uncle Harry lying in the sun, sufficiently apologetic for having missed me."

MARLINTON, W. Va.

ANDREW PRICE.

Cable Car, Pike and Muscalonge.

LAST week, as the forms of type of the FOREST AND STREAM were on their way to the press room, an electric car conductor, turning his motor the wrong way, put on full speed and threw forms, wagon and driver into the air. The driver was pitched out over the horse's head, the wagon was landed on its side in the gutter, and more than half of the pages of type were knocked into pi—which is a printer's expression for one of the most hopeless kinds of chaos on earth. By putting in a solid night the very efficient foreman of the FOREST AND STREAM printing office had the paper ready for press not more than fourteen hours late.

By a mistake in the make-up of the angling pages, the cut of a pike was substituted for that of the muscalonge in Dr. T. H. Bean's capital paper on this fish. We regret the confusion which must have ensued in the minds of our angling readers, who have doubtless been puzzling their brains to reconcile the illustration with the fish they have always known as the muscalonge.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Col. Fox's Fly Dope.

I had occasion last summer to mention in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM the excellent fly dope which we used on the Boardman, in Michigan, and which was prepared by Col. E. Crofton Fox after a formula of his own invention. This ointment was not a theoretically good thing, but an actually good thing, and its deviser was a man whose experience in the pine woods of America and the tropical growth of lower latitudes had made him anxious to secure a preparation which would afford real protection against biting insects. I can vouch now, as I did then, for the efficiency of the dope, as can my friends to whom Col. Fox has given the formula. As Col. Fox is not in the dope business, and only made known the formula as a courtesy to his friend, I never felt like telling the formula to anyone, and never did so, but I have been obliged to answer a great many letters and have sometimes referred such letters to Col. Fox, who was good enough to hand them over to a firm of druggists at his home in Grand Rapids who knew the formula. This week I sent him one more letter, this time from Mr. L. Fisher, of Allentown, Pa., who wrote me and sent me \$1 to get him up a bottle of this compound. Now, I am not in the drug business, nor is Col. Fox, we both having other things to take care of, he being busy buying tracts of lumber, and I myself much occupied with elevating trap shooting and doing other great and good deeds in this naughty world. Well, anyhow, Col. Fox wrote me a letter, and he sent me the formula, and here are they both. I am very sure a great many sportsmen will thank Col. Fox for his courtesy, as I am sure I do again. A nicer man never put foot in a wader.

Cut this recipe out and paste it in your fly-book, and remember Col. Fox. If any outfit ever tries to sell you a box of dope made up on this recipe for trade purposes, don't buy it. Make your own. This is amateur and not professional dope, and it is good. Col. Fox writes:

"Your inclosure from Mr. L. Fisher, of Allentown, Pa., has just come to hand. I think that you and I have both been bothered enough in regard to this matter of Fox's fly dope, and I have concluded to publish the recipe in the FOREST AND STREAM for the benefit of fishermen and hunters of this country. You will remember you used it with me on the Boardman River last June, and I gave you the recipe at that time, with the request that it be not published; but since then I have become so solicitous for the sportsmen on account of my own suffering that I am desirous of benefiting them by giving to the public this prescription, which I have made during the last twenty-five years' experience in fishing, hunting and estimating of pine timber in all the States of the Union and in Canada, and in Mexico and Central America. I can vouch for its efficiency against all the vermin found from the Equator to almost the North Pole. I trust that I will have the pleasure of meeting you in the near future on a trout fishing expedition in this neighborhood. I return the postal money order sent you by Mr. Fisher, which you can return to him with my compliments. If you wish to publish the inclosed recipe he will be able to have it put up in his own city."

The following is the recipe:

B' Fox's Fly Dope.

Oil Pennyroyal.
Oil Peppermint.
Oil Bergamot.
Oil Cedar.
F. E. Quassia.....aa 3i
Gum Camphor.....iv
Vaseline Yellow.....5 ii

M. S.—Dissolve camphor in vaseline by heat, when cold add remainder.

How to Fasten Your Creel.

You buy a nice new creel, don't you? And you find a nice wicker-work loop sticking up to hold the lid down. You poke a stick through this, and then you knock the stick out, and the lid comes open just as you are wading a deep and swift bit of water, and your trout all get out of the basket. Then you get another stick and poke it in the loop hard, and this time the pesky thing breaks off and leaves you with a loose lid.

Of course, the hole in the top of the lid is supposed to be there for the purpose of poking the trout through it into the basket, but this only shows how very little of human nature was known by the man who designed the trout creel of commerce. It is all right to say that one should tie down his lid firmly, poke his trout through that hole, and not look into the basket till night, but this is founded on anything but rational premises. Any fellow knows better than that. Here you, are just out of the house after a winter of dolor. You get into the stream—feels nice on your feet, doesn't it, and better yet about your knees, and still better when it runs high as your hips?—and you get to work, and you catch a trout. You put him through the hole in the lid, and go on casting. But do you leave that lid locked down with a string? Nay, prithee, say not so! You do far otherwise from that. You go along, to the next bend at farthest, and then you are seized with a desire to know how that trout is getting along in the basket. You want to see him, to hold him again in your hands, to have converse with him, and to express once more your admiration. Can this all be transacted through the hole in the lid of the basket? I trow nay. There is nothing more needed in the world than a good, easily opened fastening to the lid of a trout creel—not one that will shut easily, but come open easily. Shall mankind sit at lunch on the bank, with trout in the basket near by, and not open the same basket, and lay forth its contents upon the cleanest sward there is to be found? Say not this in anglerdom. We have long enough tolerated this policy of the closed door.

Now, if you will take a stout rubber band and fasten it by passing it between the strands of the basket some 6in. or so below the locking loop, on the front face of the basket, you will begin to have light and happiness dawn upon you. You will grasp the idea without much further direction. Pass this rubber band up until it sticks out through the little hole in the front edge of the cover, which is cut for the purpose of letting through the locking loop.—Cut off this worthless loop, for it will only

break off pretty soon anyhow. Get a little stick zin, long and make a half hitch or loop of your rubber band about it. This is now your lock, the stick lying on top of the lid at its edge, and the spring of the rubber holding the lid tight shut. When you want to put in another trout, or still more likely, want to have a look at the trout you have already caught, just pull up the lid without unfastening anything at all. When you let go the lid it will snap shut again and keep shut, and will not let your trout spill out, no matter how your basket hangs. If you want to open the basket wide to get out your fish, push the stick through the hole endwise, and it hangs free. The man who will put this simple device on his trout creel, instead of the old, conventional wicker loop, which was invented in the days of Noah and is no account today, will sell creels where the old sort will not go.

"Bait Charm."

Did anyone ever hear of a "bait charm"? Did anyone ever hear that some fishes bite after finding their bait by means of smell? Did anyone ever put anything on his bait for the purpose of "drawin' the fish"—I don't mean the good old system of spitting on the bait; everybody knows that that is a good thing, and especially good when the fish are not biting very well.

I do not know just how the matter happened to come to my mind, but I recently bethought me of a certain odd character I met years ago on the banks of the old Skunk River, in Iowa, when I was a boy. This was an old, dried up, wizened, short, thin little man, who was fishing for a living along that stream, which was then a good angling water. This man could always catch more fish than the best of us, especially of such fish as suckers, red horse and other fishes that bite at worms. He always put some sort of scent in his worm can, but would never tell what it was. He said he would guarantee to make a finished angler and perfect gentleman out of anybody who would give him a \$5 bill, but he was not loosening any information for anything but cash. Tradition runs that a certain young man of that vicinage who had more wealth than sense produced the \$5 and learned that bait scent was sometimes anise seed oil, sometimes peppermint, and I think also another ingredient, which I do not now recall. Only a little of this was used, a few drops

My friend Ed. Rock, above referred to, is a blacksmith. I believe I should have liked to be a blacksmith myself, for it must be nice to pound things out of iron, but I have never yet got to the place where I could do all the things I wanted to. In every village there is one man who knows more about shooting and fishing than anybody else. Sometimes it is the barber, sometimes the minister, and sometimes the blacksmith. In the case of St. Charles it is the blacksmith. Ed. Rock may get his hands soiled a little now and then, for you can't be a manicure and a blacksmith too, but withal he is a good deal of a sportsman. He understands the habits of the bass, and knows about the ducks and snipe. He doesn't believe in shooting duck on the water, or jerking fish out by main force. Much of a naturalist as well as fisherman, you can always learn something of him during an hour on the stream. Not without philosophy, moreover, is he, as should be the case with your genuine angler. "I see folks a-sittin' and a-sittin' on the bank," said he, "and sometimes I wonder what makes a fellow like to fish, anyway. It can't be just the fun of catching a fish, fer when you catch a fish you take him off and put him on the string and don't make no great fuss about it, and pretty soon you forget it; but then you go right back to fishin' again, and keep on just as if you hadn't caught any fish at all. If you get another, it is the same thing over again. Folks keep on sittin' here, and they catch a few bullheads and suckers, and they put them on the string, and go on fishin' again. What are they looking fer, and what is it they expect to get? Sometimes it seems to me that a feller is tryin' to catch something that ain't in the river."

Methinks there may be some truth in these sayings of my friend Ed. Rock. We go on fishing and fishing, and waiting and waiting, and sometimes, if we stop to think, the conviction might indeed come over us that we are expecting something that "ain't in the river."

The Ananias Fishing Club.

The same friend writes me: "The Ananias Fishing Club, of Louisville, Ky., will leave for Lake Erie on their annual fishing trip about the middle of May next. This club is composed of some of the leading business and professional men of the city. There will be sixteen of the

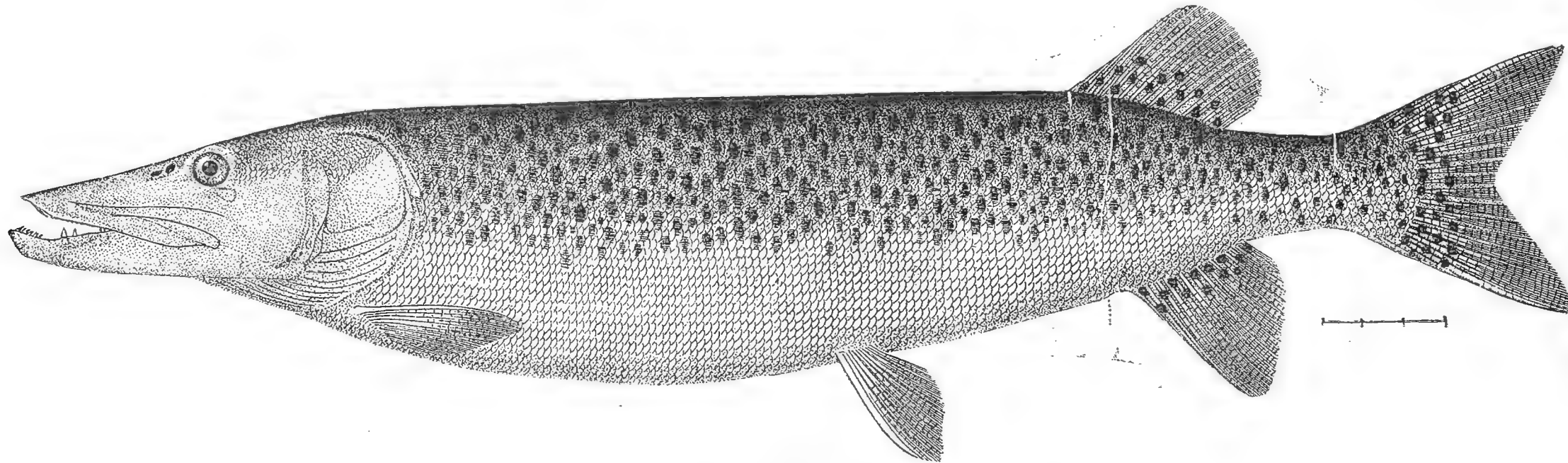
Connecticut's Misfortune.

Editor Forest and Stream:

If there ever was a time when Connecticut sportsmen were indignant, that time is now, and the reason is the Governor's action in his appointments of fish and game commissioners. After many years of fruitless work it was acknowledged in 1895 that the time had come to change something and see if it was possible to obtain better results. After many weeks of talk and much hard work a bill was favorably reported to abolish the old fish commission and create a fish and game commission. It so happened at that time that Gov. O. Vincent Coffin, of Middletown, was very much interested to further these interests, and he appointed three commissioners—James A. Bill, of Lyme; Hubert Williams, of Salisbury, and Abbott C. Collins, of Hartford. Their work was so successful that in 1897 Gov. Lovein A. Cooke reappointed the same gentlemen. For the last two years the work of this commission has been far in advance of our expectations. Owing to press of business Mr. Williams, much to our regret, was obliged to resign, but his successor, Dr. Knight, of Lakeville, was a most estimable gentleman, and ably assisted Mr. Collins in the work. Owing to age and its attending infirmities Mr. Bill, of Lyme, became incapable of active work, but his long experience and service lent dignity to the commission, and we all regret his necessary confinement.

But as long as Mr. Collins was on that board every one knew it would be a success. He it was who set the example of enforcement of the fish and game laws. He was the one who discarded the system of planting fry and substituted fingerling fish, with results that astonished all. No man in any public position ever held the confidence of such portion of the public as are interested in these matters as he does. No man ever paved the way for so much to be done at so little expense as he has, and as a reward for himself and for the satisfaction of the sportsmen he is now dropped.

Who are his successors? Mr. Bill, of Lyme, infirm with old age and unable to do anything, is retained. The immediate successor of Mr. Collins is a Mr. Solomons, of Norwalk, called an ardent sportsman, but by occupation an oyster grower; one who never raised a voice in



THE MUSCALONGE.

From Fishing Industries.

in the can of worms, for its strength would scald the worms in short order if too much were used. I know we boys who in time learned this "secret" always religiously employed scent for our worms when we went fishing. I have sat by the side of this quaint old character by the hour, watching his sucker lines (throw lines, with a little twig at the edge which held a loop of line and showed the gentle working of the sucker at the bait) and listening to him discourse ex cathedra on the art of fishing. I remember that a part of his set lecture ran to the effect that "some fish bit by sight, some by scent." He classified all the worm-biting fish in the latter category, and I think he also placed the pickerel there, though this is but a vague memory, for which I can see no foundation in likelihood. There be more things in heaven and earth than the bookmen ever get hold of. All I can say is that the old duffer always had a bigger string of fish than anyone else who fished along the river. I long ago ceased to use his "bait charm," but it seems I have not forgotten the man, and I would go a good way to see and talk with him again, for he was fuller of stories than I at that time suspected, since I was then perhaps only eight or ten years of age.

Bass.

Up at Fox Lake, in this State, the bass are running, and market fishermen have been catching forty or fifty a day with hook and line. The fish are just coming out of the deep water, but are not yet on the spawning beds. The spawning season will be very late this year. This I gather from the talk with Mr. Charles Hills, a gentleman who fishes in that district considerably, and with whom I have passed some pleasant hours in a casting contest in which speed, style, distance and accuracy were never for a moment in doubt.

I still have no word from my friend Ed. Rock, at St. Charles, on the Fox River, and I infer that the bass are not yet running there, which is a most singular state of affairs, they being now three weeks past due. I should like to have a day with the fly in that country some time this summer. You can take a trolley car at St. Charles and spin rapidly north several miles until you strike the riffs below South Elgin, where later on there is good wading and fly-casting. This is within forty miles of Chicago. In July there should be good sport there. Yet another place which the fly-fisherman ought to keep in mind for the coming summer is the Mississippi River just above LaCrosse, Wis. This locality I have often mentioned, but have never personally tried. Friends tell me that it offers magnificent sport.

members in the party. They will make their headquarters on Middle Bass Island, and will have a large tug boat with the necessary smaller boats to take them to the various fishing grounds. The president of the club and admiral of the fleet, who takes charge of the party, is a veteran angler, who has had a wide experience from the trout of the Nipigon to the tarpon of southern Florida."

Animate Oddities.

Just now they are having a big run of "spoonbills" up the Ohio River. There are two sorts of spoonbills. One is a duck and one is a catfish. The latter is sometimes called the "shovel-nose cat." He is a very weird sort of creature that runs mostly to nose. He uses his nose as a shovel, and hence gets his name. The shovel-nose is a very obliging sort of beast, and devotes most of his energies to getting into nets, from which he ultimately appears in the Southern fish markets, minus his head and tail, and bearing some name or other to conceal his identity.

I was once fishing in the Iowa River, about 100 miles above its mouth, and I caught a sort of thing which made me drop my rod and take to the woods. It was about 2 ft. long, and tapered from front to back till it was only about as thick as one's thumb at the tail. Its tail had two blades to it, one longer than the other. Its head was unearthly, and its mouth was underneath its chin. All along its back it had a row of horny scales. It came out of the water in a tired, listless way, and made no reply when I asked it what it was. I was only a freshman then, and did not know that this was a shovel-nose sturgeon, which I take it is some sort of a survival which was tired of life before Adam was on earth. The fish offering no objection, I took it home, and three of us worked for a week trying to mount it so that it would look like something. We threw it away eventually, though it lingered long with us as a sort of nightmare dream.

480 CAXTON BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

A Monster Shad.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., May 1.—I inclose a slip which was published in our Sunday Courier, and which the editor tells me this morning was first published last week in a paper at Marlborough: "Grant Baxter, at Hampton, on Friday caught a shad which weighed 23 lbs. and was 3 ft. in length. The monster was exhibited in Frank E. Merritt's store at Marlborough." This is certainly a "whopper." I mean the fish, of course.

J. S. VAN CLEEF.

defense of a game or fish law, or ever had any actual experience in propagating fish. The third is by occupation a brewer. Now, I am not going to comment on this make-up; it is unnecessary. What Connecticut needs now is a fish culturist. What we do not need is this commission. Let the General Assembly create the former and abolish the latter; have him elected on his merits by the Assembly, and thereby save the State two-thirds the cost of a useless commission; and let a good, competent man carry on the work so ably begun. It is all well enough to talk about ardent sportsmen filling these places, but it takes experience and pluck to obtain results. Results are what we want, not ardor. Let us see if our representatives can arise to the necessity.

CHAS W. HALL.

HARTFORD, May 8.

Guides and Guiding.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have made many trips to Maine, always for fish, as I do not care to shoot large game. I do not recall a guide in my employ but had some "axe to grind." When I have lodged in camps the guide favored some friend who owned a specially "well kept camp." Often no fish were to be taken within miles, but the tenderfoot finds this out only by persistent whipping of the waters and the usual bluff, "Well, they are not rising to-day." My early visits to Maine were mostly devoted to paying board for myself and guide at "well kept camps," where none of the guests averaged as many or as large trout as one may get within twenty-five miles of New York City.

I found by experience that if I wanted fishing I must locate it myself. This led me to studying the country, getting information from loggers, sportsmen and others, and with guide, canoe and tent striking into the woods and persistently following my own route, often against the wishes or directions of the guide. When the guide is not working for a "well kept camp" he is usually hunting for an easy route for himself. In this way I have had the finest of fishing and the excitement of following often an unknown route, and in this way getting the full flavor of a woods' trip.

There are many lakes and streams in Maine where at any time during open season excellent fishing can be had; the difficulty lies in knowing where to go. I make a practice of learning all I can about a section which I visit, so that I may return to it and fish more or less familiar waters. My experience with guides generally is that they know little and care less about fishing. They are often

ready to spoil a cast in order to chase a deer, and, shall I say it, get a shot even out of season.

That there are exceptions among the guides—men who will honestly work for the interest of the sportsmen—I willingly admit. To any one knowing such I say "bonne chance!" Stick to him. He is a treasure, and can do more to make a woods' trip what it should be than one can imagine who has not tried both kinds of guide.

D. W. TRYON.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

Sept. 4-7.—Toronto, Can.—Toronto Industrial Exhibition Association's eleventh annual show.

Nov. 22-24.—New York.—American Pet Dog Club's show. S. C. Hodge, Supt.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 6.—Bicknell, Ind.—Indiana Field Trial Club's trials. S. H. Socwell, Sec'y.

Nov. 14.—Chatham, Ont.—International Field Trial Club's tenth annual trials. W. B. Wells, Hon. Sec'y.

Nov. 14.—Washington, C. H., O.—Ohio Field Trial Club's trials. C. E. Baughn, Sec'y.

Dec. 8.—Newton, N. C.—Continental Field Trial Club's trials. Thos. Sturges, Sec'y.

Dog Sense.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The following anecdote may be deemed worthy a place in "Instinct vs. Reason," of late so prominent in the Kennel Department of FOREST AND STREAM.

My friend Dr. Messer, of Waupun, Wis., has a white bull terrier which displays reason, in my mind, though others may call it instinct. Billy is a great ratter and mouser, and has learned to adopt the cat's method and wait for his prey to come out of its hole. Then he waits for his victim to get some distance away from the hole before undertaking to make a capture. He learned this method by sad experience, for at first he would jump at the rat or mouse as soon as it appeared, and usually with the result that the intended victim escaped back into its hole. Billy showed his ability to reason a day or so ago. A cookie had been laid down in front of the cupboard to coax the mice out from underneath. One came to the cookie and Billy saw that it was too close to the cupboard, so he picked it up in his mouth and carried it about 4 ft further away. Then he went back to watch for the mouse to come out, certain that he would get his prey before it could get back and out of his reach. Was it reason or instinct that caused him to move the cookie out further?

D. J. HOTCHKISS.

FOX LAKE, Wis., April 26.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have been much interested in the discussion of animal instinct and reason, and wish to relate an incident bearing on the subject.

A few years ago I had an English setter that was the most intelligent dog that ever lived, of course. We have all had them. While hunting with her one day in September I crossed from one field to another, and on climbing the fence called her in for a rest, as the day was hot and no water was accessible. After lying in the shade of my body for a time she got up and began to range. The ground ascended for about twenty rods from where I sat and then declined into a slough.

She quartered the ground on my side of the hill, passing back and forth at the top two or three times before disappearing. She was gone perhaps twenty minutes and I was thinking of going to see about it, when she suddenly came up over the hill, and, turning broadside to me, made a perfect point. I was surprised, as I had seen her cover the same ground before going out of sight, but climbed down and walked up toward her. When within about two rods of her she broke her point and ran down on the other side of the hill into the slough and made another point. I followed her and flushed a fine covey of birds within 20 ft. of her.

If this was not reason, then I am willing to admit that animals do not possess it. If it was instinct, from what source did she get it?

We had the best quail shooting last fall we have had in twenty years, and the birds survived the cold weather excellently.

When the season opens I can raise a dozen coveys in six hours any day if the weather is favorable for breeding.

H. E. JAMES.

IOWA.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have been thinking of one point in regard to the subject of dog's reason that I do not remember to have seen brought out. It is an incontrovertible fact that dogs dream. How many times after a hard day's hunt, the dog is very tired, and we let him lie under the table or by the fire. Soon he begins to stir in his sleep, whines and lets out a bark or two. We administer a gentle kick; he awakes, and soon the same thing is gone over again, and it is evident he is living over again the events of the day in his dreams.

Now, dreaming is a sort of a continuation of thought, for how can an individual or animal dream who cannot think? And just where thinking ends and reason begins is hard to answer.

Some years ago, when living on the farm, we owned a beautiful Irish setter, one that seemed to comprehend almost everything said to him; and in the fall, when the hunting season was drawing near, that dog would never leave my father nor myself for a moment. He knew it was almost time to go shooting. Now, the question is, how did he know it? Instinct hardly, for that would mean in a dog to hunt all the time. If high-bred, intelligent dogs do not reason, then perforce they must possess some sense we have no word for.

L. E. M.

NEW JERSEY.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

Mad Dog Bite Cure.

In the year 1846 our family lived at No. 66 Washington street, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. The house we occupied was owned by an aged widow and her daughter, Mrs. Drake, also a widow. The mother's name was Vanderbilt. She was a relative of the old Commodore, and a blessed soul was she—a fine type of the good old Dutch Reformed. I well remember the account she gave of the burning of the ship Pulaski at sea; of how her relative (nephew, I think), Charles Tappan, was rescued, and how his hair was blanched almost at once by the horrors of his situation. When we moved from Poughkeepsie I came across a book in the school library, entitled, "Disasters at Sea." Supplementing the description of each catastrophe was a list of the lost and saved. Sure enough, I found the name of Charles Tappan connected with the account of the burning of the Pulaski.

But of the mad dog cure—in which, I think, she had no faith, but gave it to us as a thing of curiosity and superstition. She spoke of it as a matter of long ago, which must have dated back into the eighteenth century. It consisted of crusts of bread, upon which was written, with ink, five words, each word containing five letters. The bread was to be given to the person bitten for a certain number of days consecutively, then omitting several days—resuming and omitting thus for a given time, how long, however, I have failed to remember.

I give the words used, with my humble opinion, that never has there been a more ingenious arrangement of letters than this:

SATOR
AREPO
TEMET
OPERA
ROTAS

You will see that the top and bottom words and those at the left and right (all around) spelled forward and backward, are all the same words. The second lines, up and down, crosswise and backward, spell the same words. The middle up and down, forward and backward, is one word.

If this bread pill was as effectual as it is curious, there would be no need of Pasteur institutes.

N. D. ELTING.

Canoeing.

THE programme of the Buffalo C. C., published this week, calls attention to the absence of similar announcements from the many older, larger and once prominent canoe clubs of the country. In England the canoe racing season opened with the 1st of March, and regular weekly races, sailing and paddling, have since been held on the Thames. Though May is well advanced, there have not only been no canoe races in this country thus far, but practically none have been announced, the exceptions being the A. C. A. meet in August, the Buffalo C. C., the Springfield C. C. and a few others. With the popularity and prosperity now attending most branches of outdoor sport, with many established canoe clubs, well housed in suitable localities, it is strange that there is practically no canoe racing in this country. It was quite a matter of course that canoe racing should suffer a decline with the withdrawal a few years ago of such men as Vaux, Whitlock, Gibson, Oliver, Brokaw, Ford, Jones and many others, who after years of devotion to canoe sailing were compelled to abandon it through the claims of business. At the same time, there is no apparent reason why their places should not have been taken by new men; the interest in all kinds of sailing and water sports is far more general now than it was twenty years ago, when canoeing came to the fore so rapidly with a host of enthusiastic followers.

Of course, the machine nature of the modern racing canoe has exerted a strong influence to keep men out of racing; but in spite of this there is nowhere apparent the interest in canoeing and canoe sailing which might be expected in this country, with its magnificent possibilities for the enjoyment of the sport.

The Buffalo C. C.

THE Buffalo C. C. has within the past three years come to the front as one of the live American canoe clubs, and this year it is making a special effort to keep up its position. The following lengthy programme of races for the season has been arranged.

Details for Sailing Races.

If any trophy or pennant races are postponed on account of weather notification of the postponement will be sent to those having forwarded entries.

Pennant races for the B. C. C. class and open sailing canoes to be judged by points, the first four to be counted: 20 for the first, 15 for the second, 10 for the third, and 5 for the fourth. Boats or canoes to be sailed by the owners.

All sailing races to be started promptly one hour after the arrival of the steamer at the dock at Crystal Beach, reckoning on the first steamer leaving Buffalo after 1:15 P. M.

The Bay Beach trophy to be raced for by B. C. C. and B. Y. C. according to the deed of gift.

The Bird races on Aug. 12 and Sept. 4, open to birds owned in the B. C. C. and B. Y. C.

A special prize has been offered by Vice-Commodore Forbush to the owner of sailing canoes doing the best work at rigging on May 27, A. M.

Half-raters, so called, are for boats in the class of the Dad.

X—Free for all, races to count points for a special season trophy, and races postponed on account of weather to be declared off.

T—To count points for the season for a special club prize in the open canoe sailing.

H—If postponed on account of the weather, races to be declared off.

K—To count races for the season for a special club prize, and if a tie occurs additional races to be sailed.

Paddling.

All paddle races to be declared off if not run on schedule dates. Entries for the tandem paddle to be made in writing one day before the race to the secretary of the regatta committee.

X—To be counted in points for the season for a special club prize.

M—To be counted in points for the season for a special club prize.

S—To be counted in points for the season for a special club prize.

E—Activity badge. Three of these have been donated by the commodore for members entering and starting in the greatest number of regatta committee events during the season. Gold for the first; silver for the second, and bronze for the third. This applies to both sailing and paddling events.

F—This E to apply to races at the A. C. A. camp.

May 27, rigging. EX, scrub races.

May 30, A. M., EXII, free for all. P. M., EX, full line.

June 3, E, pennant race, class boats only. ES, tandem paddle. EM, combination tandem.

June 4, E, cruise to Pt. Abino, church, return via Crystal Beach.

June 10, E, carrier trophy. Open class, E X, war. EHT, open sailing canoes, A. C. A. limit. EX, stand, single.

June 11, E, cruise to church and sail with lunch in boats. EX, boat race.

June 17, EHK, half-raters. EX, tandem, ¼ miles, four turns.

June 17 and 18, E, Buffalo C. C. at Irondequoit Bay, Rochester.

June 24, Ladies' day; EHX, bird class. EM, combination tandem; EX, full line.

June 25, E, cruise to church and lunch at Sand Hopper. ES, tandem trophy.

July 1, E, pennant race, class boats only. EX, tail-end.

July 2, E, cruise to Windmill Point.

July 4, A. M., EHK, half-raters; EHX, free for all. P. M., EX, full line.

July 8, E, Buffalo C. C. at Buffalo Y. C. EX, sailing races. EX, paddling races.

July 15, EHX, bird class. EM, combination quod. EX, tandem paddle with hands. E, Buffalo C. C. at Toronto C. C.

July 22, E, Bay Beach trophy. EHT, open sailing canoes. EX, tilting. EX, quod, A. C. A. limit.

July 22, E, illuminated parade and ladies' day. E, church; lunch at Port Abino.

July 23, E, Crystal Beach trophy. EXS, tandem trophy.

July 29, Open class. EX, war.

July 30, E, church with cruise and lunch in boats.

Aug. 5, EF, A. C. A. camp, Aug. 5 to 18. E, pennant race, class boats only. EM, combination tandem.

Aug. 6, E, cruise; lunch at Calloll's dock. EX, tail-end.

Aug. 12, EHT, open sailing canoes. XH, A. C. A. limit. EX, canoe, one-man paddle with hands. EX, boat race.

Aug. 13, Church.

Aug. 19, Buffalo Y. C. at Buffalo C. C. E, Bay Beach trophy, open class. EX, full line.

Aug. 20, Cruise with B. Y. C.

Aug. 26, E, carrier trophy, open class. EX, tilting. EM, combination quod.

Aug. 27, E, Cruise to church, and lunch at Sand Hopper.

Sept. 2, Ladies' day; E, pennant race, class boats only. EXS, tandem trophy. EX, scrub races. Toronto, Rochester, Irondequoit canoe clubs at Buffalo C. C.

Sept. 3, Toronto, Rochester, Irondequoit canoe clubs at Buffalo C. C.

Sept. 4, Toronto, Rochester, Irondequoit canoe clubs at Buffalo C. C. A. M., XH, bird race, special prize. EXH, free for all. EXMS, full line. EX, stand, single.

Sept. 9, E, Crystal Beach trophy, open class. EM, combination tandem.

Sept. 10, church.

Sept. 16, EXH, free for all. EX, war. ES, tandem trophy.

Sept. 17, E, cruise on land, led by Dad. EX, quod.

June 23, EH, handicap race (regatta committee prize). EX, canoes vs. boats.

Sept. 30, EH, free for all birds. EX, stand, single. EX, backward single.

The Canoeist's Art.

Editor Forest and Stream:

During the sixteen years which I have been a canoeist I have always cherished the idea that it was the one branch of sport into which professionalism would never creep. This fond delusion has been dispelled by the following advertisement cut from to-days' Herald:

CANOEIST, professional, teaches the art of canoe sailing; success guaranteed; reasonable terms. EXPERIENCED CANOEIST, Herald Downtown.

It would seem, however, that the novice who finds it necessary to make his debut in this, the most charming of pastimes, under the wing of a paid coach, would hardly be of a class which would find much enjoyment in the sport or a very warm welcome from the ranks of canoeists generally.

As a matter of fact, anyone who pays for lessons in canoeing simply wastes his money, for if there is one thing which delights a veteran canoeist more than another, it is to teach a beginner the simple mysteries of managing the tiny craft—mysteries, so simple indeed, that if more knew how easily they were acquired, the canoe camps pitched weekly along the Jersey shore of the Hudson, from Englewood Beach to Alpin, would be reinforced by many who now spend Saturday and Sunday, bent over the handle bar of a wheel, swallowing the dust of the highway.

E. T. KEYSER.

NEW YORK, April 30.

A. C. A. Eastern Division.

BOSTON, May 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The spring meet of the Eastern Division of the American Canoe Association will be held on Horn Pond, Woburn, Mass., from Saturday, May 27, to Wednesday, May 31.

This spot is very conveniently located on the outskirts of the town about eight to ten minutes' walk from trains of the Boston & Maine Railroad. The site selected for the camp is on a high elevation, where one can overlook the pond; also all the races. The course is a good mile straightaway, finishing right in front of the camp. The committee trust that every canoeist will attend the meet, coming to stay through the whole or part of the time.

The Anniton C. C., located on the pond, are going to use every effort to make this meet one of the best held. The usual racing events will take place on the 30th, and let every club send as many representatives as possible.

J. B. WATERBURY, Rear-Com.

The A. C. A. Meet.

It will be remembered that while the sentiment of the executive committee in favor of the general vicinity of Grindstone Island was unanimous at the November meeting, no definite point was selected, there being an objection to returning to Stave Island. The choice of site was left to Com. Thorne and the camp site committee, and they have finally decided on Hay Island. This is a small island on the Canadian side, about one and a half miles from Gananoque. It is described as well suited for a camp, in a good location for short canoe trips.

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, \$4 per year, \$2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iv.

Yachting.

The Rochester Y. C.

The Rochester Y. C. promises to make the most of the present revival of racing on the Great Lakes through the coming contest for the Canada cup, and is now preparing to take an active part in that contest with its new Genesee. At the same time, a very lively season is expected on Lake Ontario and about the club station, Charlotte, with club and local races, and the open races for the Fisher cup, now held by the club. The club has at the present time the following cups:

The Fisher cup, which was donated to the Chicago Y.C. by A. J. Fisher, July 8, 1882, as a challenge cup. Won by Cora, Royal Canadian Y. C., twice. Then it became the trophy of Atalanta, and was won by Nora twice. On Sept. 19, 1892, it was won by Onward, of the Rochester Y. C., Nov. 1, 1895, it became the bona fide property of the owners of Onward, according to the rules of the Lake Yacht Racing Association. On Nov. 5, 1895, Arthur T. Hazen, Fred S. Todd and J. R. White, the owners of Onward, made a deed of gift of the cup to the Rochester Y. C. on condition that it be a perpetual challenge cup. It has since remained.

The Madge cup was given to the Rochester Y. C. in 1888, by Wolters' Bros., to be awarded to the yacht making the best record in the club's fixtures during that season. It was won by Madge, and was given by her owners to the club, to be raced for each year and awarded to the yacht making the best record in all the club races and cruises for that year.

Won by Vennette in 1890.

In 1891 Vennette, Amelia and Romola each scored the same number of points, and the cup remained in the possession of Vennette.

Won by Nox in 1892.

Won by Nox in 1893.

Won by — in 1894.

Won by Nydia in 1895.

Won by Zarita in 1896.

In 1897 Pedro and Chic each scored the same number of points.

Won by Pedro in 1898.

The Flynn cup was presented to the club by Jerry Flynn, of Charlotte, and became the property of the yacht winning it in the special series of races.

Won by Veritas in 1897.

The Kelpie cup was presented to the club by Col. James S. Graham, to be awarded to the winner of the sealed handicap race on Labor Day of each year.

Won by Kelpie in 1897, fifteen competition.

Won by Majel in 1898, thirteen competition.

The Wright cup was presented to the club by Commodore Alfred G. Wright in 1899, to be awarded to the winner of the cruising race on Memorial Day (May 30) of each year. The winner in this race may be challenged not earlier than thirty days from above date, the winner of second race to hold the cup for the balance of the season.

The McFarlin cup was presented to the club by Mr. McFarlin in 1899, to be awarded to the winner of best two out of three races, one at least to be to windward or leeward and return. Open for all yachts in club under 35 ft. sailing length and over 19 ft., Genesee excepted. Cup becomes the property of the winner. Regular sailing rules and time allowance to apply.

The Hotel Ontario cup was presented by George W. Sweeney, proprietor of the Hotel Ontario, and is open to all yachts on the lake. Regular time allowance and racing rules to apply. The cup becomes the property of the winner. The first race will take place the day after the Fisher cup races.

The last cup was presented at the club meeting last week. The fixtures as arranged are as follows:

May 27.—Opening cruise to Sodus.

May 30.—Cruise from Sodus Bay to Charlotte. The Wright cup will be awarded to the winner of this race.

June 10.—Club race, first, second and third classes, twelve miles; fourth class, six miles.

June 15.—Annual ball.

June 24.—Club race, usual distance for classes.

Sealed handicap race, Tuesday, July 4, 10 A. M.

Saturday, July 15.—Ladies' day and club race; race at 2 P. M., twelve miles for first three classes, six for fourth. Luncheon and hop in evening at club house.

Saturday, July 22.—Ladies' day and club race, 2 P. M.; six miles for all classes.

Saturday, July 29.—Club race, windward and leeward course, ten miles for all classes. This is one of the McFarlin cup races.

Saturday, Aug. 5.—Club race, twelve miles for first three classes, six for fourth and course triangular. A McFarlin cup race.

Monday, Sept. 4.—Sealed handicap race, start at 10 A. M., triangular course, usual division for distance of classes. The Kelpie cup will be awarded to the winner of this race.

Tuesday, Sept. 19.—Clam bake.

Columbia and Defender.

THE work of plating the topsides of Columbia with Tobin bronze is now nearly completed, all but a few sheets at each end are in place, and many of the sheets have been riveted. As they come from the works in Bridgeport the sheets are 2 ft. long and 4 ft. wide. It is expected that the yacht will be ready for launching about June 1, and the operation should be an easy one, very different from the launching of Defender four years ago. The old yacht was launched in the usual way, being shored up on greased sliding ways. It will be remembered that when partly down the ways the yacht stuck, probably owing to some obstruction in the ground ways deep under water, and she was only hauled off with difficulty by powerful tugs after several days work.

The new yacht has been built on a well constructed marine railway, the keel resting in a strong steel cradle on rollers. When the time comes for launching this cra-

dle will be allowed to run down the ways, controlled by a powerful steam windlass and steel cable. The operation is the same as is employed in hauling out and launching much larger and heavier vessels.

On May 2 Capt. Urias Rhodes and Mate Miller, with a crew of thirty-one men, arrived at Bristol from New York and boarded Defender. They will put her in commission as speedily as possible. The men are all Scandinavians, and mostly young. Mr. C. Oliver Iselin was at the shops on the same day, inspecting Defender and Columbia.

The Canada Cup.

THE 35-footer for the Rochester Y. C. syndicate was launched at Hanley's Yard, Quincy, Mass., on May 2, and will proceed to New York, where she will be delivered to her owners, who will take her up the Hudson and by canal to Oswego, thence by Lake Ontario to Charlotte. She has been named Genesee. It has not yet been decided who will be in command, or who will make up the Corinthian portion of the crew.

On the other side of the Lake three boats are well advanced, those building at Hamilton. Much secrecy has been observed concerning them, but something is now known, the following being from a Hamilton dispatch to the New York Tribune:

Owing to the secrecy maintained regarding the construction of all the Canadian defenders which are to take part in the trial races beginning Aug. 7, no information has been obtainable until to-day. Only two of them have been seen. The third racer, being built here, is still kept locked up, owing to the ordering of a seventh yacht from English designs.

The boat for the Victoria Y. C. syndicate is a fin-keel cutter, 44 ft. 4 in. long over all, with 10 in. of beam, and will draw about 5 ft. 2 in. of water. She is built of oak and pine and is finished in cherry and oak. She will be out of the shop in about a week and will be launched on May 10. Her water line length is about 25 ft., and while in no sense a freak boat, she has every indication of being a "hustler." Her canvas area will be 1,500 ft. The ballast on her fin weighs 4,800 lbs.

The second boat seen is also a fin-keel cutter. The exact measurements were not allowed out, but this one seems to be 4 or 5 ft. longer over all than the one first described. She will be not far from 50 ft. in over-all length, and with several more inches of beam than the Victoria boat, and much shallower in the underbody and harder in the bilges. She seems to be a larger edition of Verona, which the same firm turned out last year, and which took eleven first prizes out of eleven starts. She will carry 1,300 sq. ft. of English-made sails.

The third Hamilton boat is described as follows by the Toronto papers:

Messrs. Fearnside and Johnston, who are building a Canada cup defender in Luke Thompson's old boat house, took the peep-proof covers off Monday afternoon long enough to allow a party of friends to see their product. The hull is completed ready for the planking, and shows a very fine racing model. This boat is so different from the Weir and Burnside boats that the difference is easily seen. She is a fin-keel, like the others, but lightness is the first thing that strikes the mind. She looks to be 6 or 8 ft., probably more, shorter than the Weir boat, about as beamy, but much shallower, and with a more sudden turn of the bilge. She is of flush deck construction. The builders will give out no dimensions, but she looks as if she might be 42 or 44 ft. over all, about 10.6 or 11 ft. in beam, and of small draught.

If anything lighter in wood can be found in Canada it will be a marvel. Every stick is like cork, and you could hunt the boat over for a day without finding a knot. With her lightness, however, she will be strong, her scantlings coming fully up to the required specifications. While she does not look freakish, she has much more the appearance of a racing machine than either of the other Hamilton boats.

At Toronto the Duggan boat is well under way, while the McLeod boat is building at Oakville, where Canada was built. The designs for the third boat are expected from Arthur E. Payne, of Southampton, and she will be started immediately.

Kingston Y. C.

KINGSTON, Ont., May 6.—At the annual meeting of the Kingston Y. C., held on Monday evening, the 1st inst., the following gentlemen were elected officers for the ensuing year. Com., Dr. Allan Black; Vice-Com., W. Bruce Carruthers; Rear-Com., Jas. H. Macnee; Sec'y, T. J. Rigney; Treas., J. E. Cunningham.

The Yachtsman gives the following interesting particulars of the original "Will Fife" of yacht building fame: "There was buried in Largs last week the man who discovered and gave to the world the first chapter in the deeply interesting history of the evolution of yacht building at Fairlie, namely, the Rev. John Boyd, M.A., minister of the United Presbyterian Church at Wemyss Bay. The story as Mr. Boyd told it is briefly as follows: 'William Fife, a mill and wheelwright of Kilbirnie—a small parish eight miles inland from Largs—settled in Fairlie toward the end of the last century. He had a son, also William by name. This young man was acquiring the craft of mill and wheelwright under his father when a strong longing to go off into the Bay of Fairlie and inspect the vessels that often came to there, seized him. Having no boat in which to carry out his desires, he boldly set to and built one. So well did he build her that she was speedily bought from him. When several more that he built in rapid succession were quickly bought up, it dawned on him that boat building, rather than the construction of carts, was his true vocation; and, much to his father's vexation, a yacht and boat builder he became. And so was founded, rather more than a hundred years ago, the now world-famous business. The present head of the Fairlie firm is a son of the founder of it, and the designer of Shamrock is a grandson of (for yachting purposes) William Fife I.'

Small Yachts in Germany.

THERE was a time many years ago when yachting in Germany was confined very largely to the "bubfish" boats, open center board skimming dishes imported from New York, some of the best being built by Capt. Bob Fish, whence the name. At the present time Germany has no need to go abroad for her yachts, as was shown last year in the 65-footer Kommodore, and though the conditions are not favorable to the construction of many very large yachts, the German designers have shown in the smaller classes their ability to do good work. The two designs here shown were selected at random from The Wassersport, as good boats that in size are well within the powers of the young amateur, who, if he once succeeds in building one of them, will be able to feel that he has a yacht to sail in and not a coffin. They are not racing craft, and neither was designed with a view to great speed. The first one is the work of the clever Hamburg designer, Max Oertz, and was designed for the one-design class of the Royal Danish Y. C., at Copenhagen. The design shows a fine little keel single-hander, a thoroughly safe boat for the novice. Her dimensions are:

Length—	
Over all	22ft 2in.
L.W.L.	14ft. 9in.
Beam	5ft. 6in.
Draft	2ft. 6in.
Mainsail	195 sq. ft.
Jib	80 sq. ft.
Lead keel	0.50 ton.

The original scale is of course in metres, but a scale of 1/4 in. equals 1 ft. will give from this drawing a boat of 15 ft. 6 in. l.w.l., with other dimensions enlarged in proportion.

The other yacht was designed for single-hand work, and is of the following dimensions:

Length—	
Over all	21ft 8in.
L.W.L.	14ft. 5in.
Beam	5ft. 11in.
Draft—	
With rudder	1ft. 8in.
With centerboard	4ft. 3in.
Mainsail	204 sq. ft.

A scale of 3/8 in. applied to this drawing will give a waterline 15 ft.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Mr. Arthur Curtis James, one of the joint owners of the new auxiliary brigantine Aloha, now nearly plated at the Erie Basin drydocks, has just passed a very successful examination before the United States local inspectors, at New York, and received his license as master. During his ownership of Coronet, schr., Mr. James devoted himself to the study of navigation, and he has been for some years a student of Capt. Howard Patterson. He will command his new ship himself.

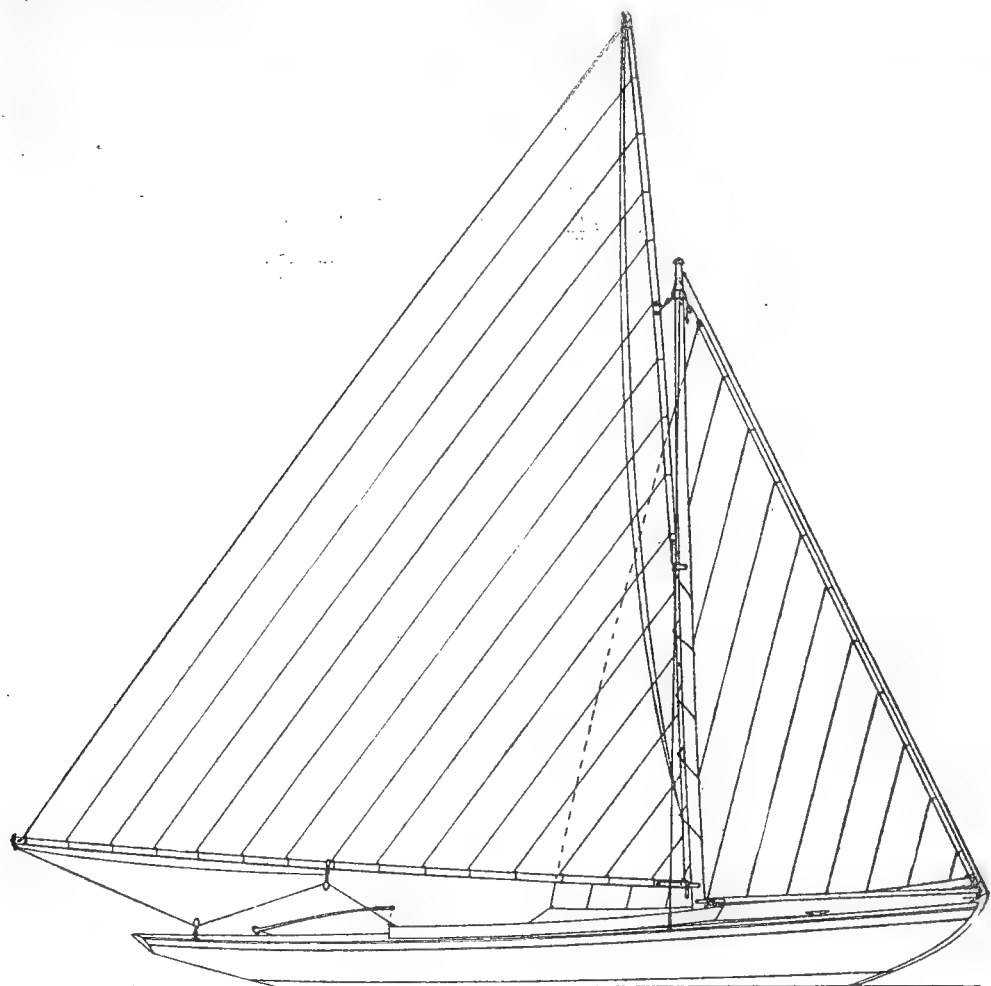
The Kingston Y. C., of Kingston, Ontario, has elected the following officers: Com., Dr. Black; Vice-Com., W. B. Carruthers; Rear-Com., J. H. Macnee; Sec'y, T. J. Rigney; Treas., E. Cunningham; Regatta Committee, Messrs. Burns, Mowat, Conway and Com. Black; General Committee, E. Burns, H. W. Richardson, S. Calvin, W. C. Kent and F. M. Strange; Auditors, R. E. Burns and A. C. Johnston.

The Jamaica Bay Y. C. held its annual meeting on May 4, and elected the following officers: Com., Henry F. Hewlett; Vice-Com., Benjamin F. Daly; Rear-Com., Oscar M. Lipton; Fleet Capt., Frederick S. Lafond; Treas., M. H. Christopher; Chairman House Committee, George A. McDermott; Chairman Regatta Committee, John C. Lefferts; Chairman Membership Committee, Conrad V. Dykeman; Chairman Entertainment Committee, F. L. Johan; Board of Directors, John J. Jones, R. H. Pforr and Charles Solomon; Fin. Sec'y, James E. Lent; Recording Sec'y, Charles P. Daly.

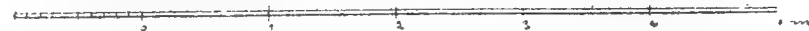
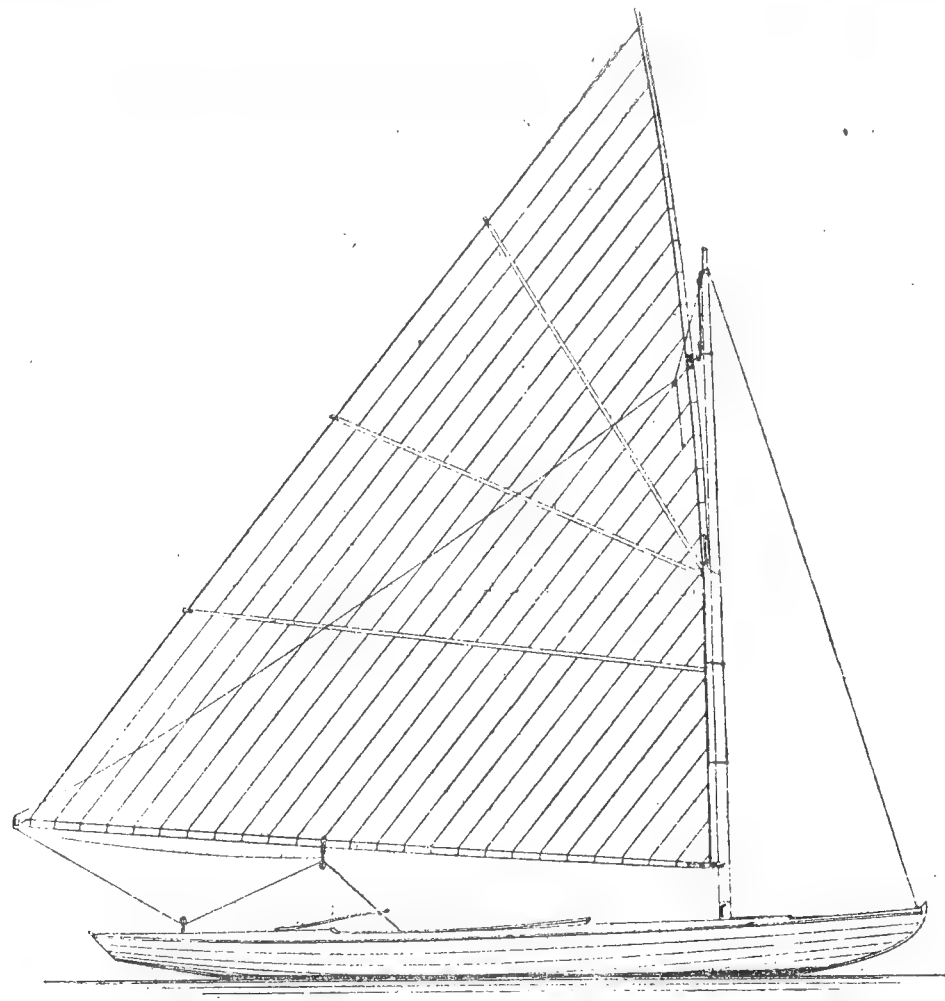
The following dates have been agreed upon by R. C. Y. C., National Club, Q. C. Y. C., Parkdale Club and the Royal Toronto Sailing and Skiff Club, on which each club will race under the auspices of the Lake Sailing and Skiff Association: May 24, R. C. Y. C.; June 10, National; July 15, Q. C. Y. C.; Aug. 5, Parkdale; Sept. 9, Royal Toronto Sailing and Skiff Club. Mayor Shaw has donated a silver cup for the 16-footer making the best average in the five regattas. Cups will also be given for boats making the best averages in the other classes.

The new royal yacht, Victoria and Albert II., will be launched this week at Pembroke Dockyard, England. She will surpass anything of the kind yet floated, being a yacht and not a warship.

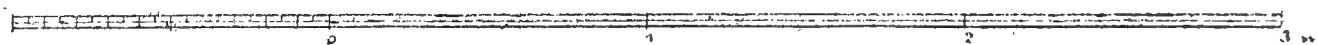
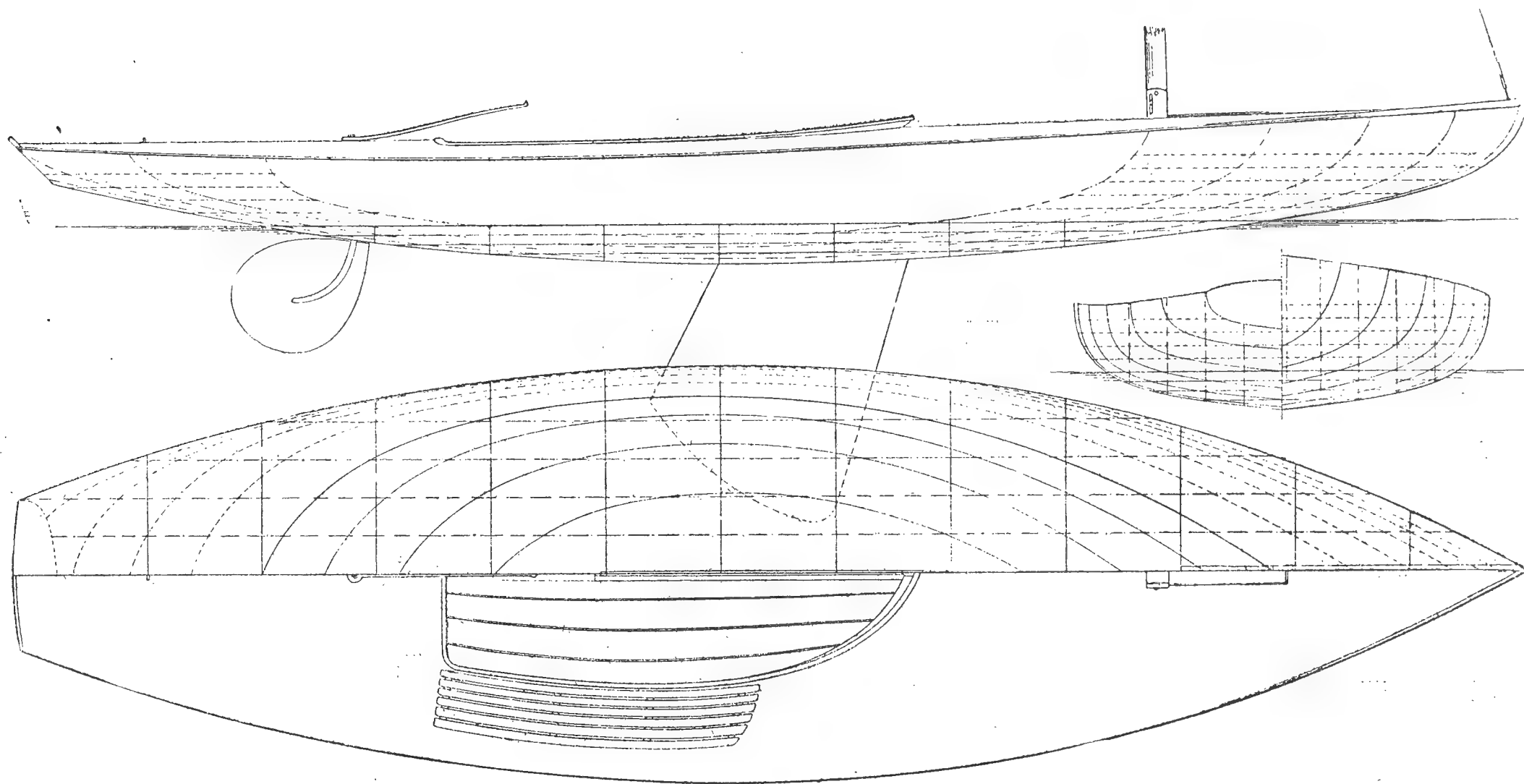
A Manual on Laying-Off Iron, Steel and Composite Vessels, by Thomas H. Watson, has recently been published by Longmans, Green & Co., London and New York. Mr. Watson, the inventor of the double sliding rule for calculating displacement, tonnage, speed and indicated horse-power, is the lecturer on naval architecture at the Durham College of Science, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, England, and also a member of the North East Coast Institution of Engineers and Shipbuilders. In this new work, a large octavo volume, illustrated by numerous folding plates, he describes the methods of laying off on the mould loft floor all classes of vessels, sail and steam, for commerce or war, and of iron, steel and composite construction. The various processes of this enlarged form of marine drafting are described clearly and plainly, with the aid of diagrams; the methods of obtaining the true shape of every portion of a vessel being given in detail. The various subjects covered include the laying off of the sheer draft, the cant frames, the decks, beam camber, etc., the floor and double bottoms, the shell plating, including the lining off the model, obtaining sight edges, etc., obtaining the true form of the plating, the scribe board, rib bands and harpins, moulds, poop round and turtle-back, stringer plate and beam knees, iron and steel mast, and many minor details. The book is written plainly and simply with no formulas nor complicated calculations, and is quite within the comprehension of those for whom it is primarily intended, young draftsmen and apprentices and students of ship building. At the same time it is so complete and thorough as to make it a valuable aid to the more expert draftsmen and builders.



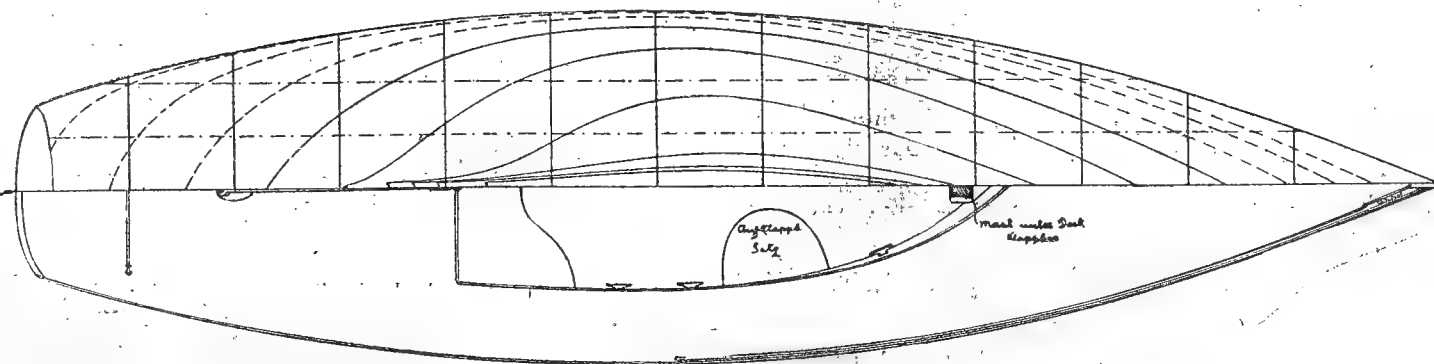
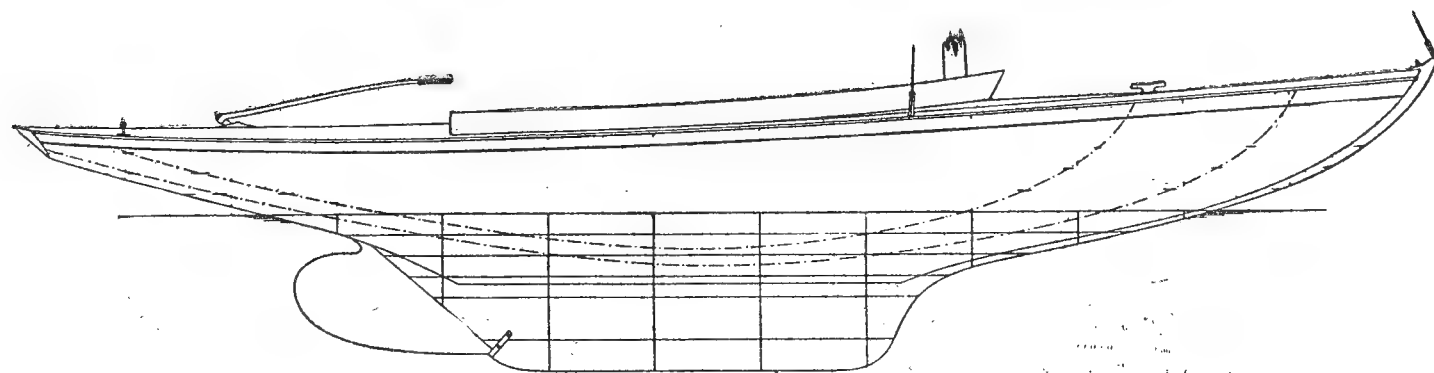
ONE-DESIGN YACHT BY MAX OERTZ, HAMBURG.



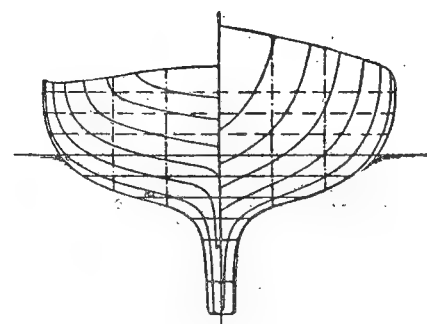
A GERMAN SINGLE-HANDER.



A GERMAN SINGLE-HANDER.



ONE-DESIGN YACHT BY MAX OERTZ, HAMBURG.



Coronet, schr., F. S. Pearson, has been sold to John I. Waterbury, of New York, owner of Saxon, schr.

On May 4 the steam yacht Niagara, Howard Gould, sailed from New York on a long cruise to the Azores, England Scotland and Norway. Mr. and Mrs. Gould and a party of friends are on board, and Capt. Shackford is in command.

The Corinthian Y. C. of Philadelphia has arranged to make important improvements at its station, Essington, on the Delaware River. A large basin will be constructed, with storehouses, workshop, etc., giving all facilities for the care of yachts in summer and winter. The estimated cost is \$16,000.

The Columbia Y. C., of Chicago, has organized the Columbia Yacht Club Construction Company, for the purpose of financing its new club house, 60 by 100ft., which will be ready early in the season.

The Bay Yacht Club is a new organization, just formed in Bay Ridge, with a station at the foot of Fifty-sixth street. The officers are: Com., James J. Haaren; Vice-Com., Peter J. Hackey; Fleet Capt., Edward McGlone; Meas., John J. Tierney; Pres., Thomas Garrity; Vice-Pres., Jacob Hass; Sec'y, Michael Malone and Treas., William C. Copley; Regatta Committee, Edward McGlone, Chairman; Michael Malone and John J. Brown.

The officers of the Yale Corinthian Y. C. for 1899 are: Com., John T. Archbald, '99 S.; Vice-Com., E. A. McCullah, '99 S.; Rear-Com., F. C. Havemeyer, 1900, and Sec'y and Treas., T. E. Franklin, 1900. The club has leased a new house at Morris Cove, near the Pequod Club.

Dragoon, sloop, F. M. Freeman, recently sold to Julian Schley and a syndicate of Savannah yachtsmen, has arrived at that port, being taken from New Rochelle through the canals and the Chesapeake by T. F. Day, C. G. Davis and H. Percy Ashley, with a paid hand. The yacht, one of the fastest of the Larchmont 34ft. special class, will represent the Savannah Y. C. in the coming race for the interstate challenge cup, now held by the Carolina Y. C.

One of the best technical journals among our many exchanges is *Marine Engineering*, the monthly published in New York. It is now running a series of very interesting articles on American "Schools of Marine Construction," the first paper, in the April issue, describing the U. S. Naval Academy, at Annapolis, and the May number dealing with Sibley College, Cornell University.

If You Want the Whitest and Best

WHITE LEAD use "ENGLISH B. B." Of all paint dealers and of J. Lee Smith & Co., 59 Frankfort street, and F. W. Devoe & C. T. Reynolds Co., 101 Fulton street, New York.—*Adv*

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Sept. 4.—Sea Girt, N. J.—Meeting of the New Jersey State Rifle Association. De Lancy G. Walker, Sec'y.

Brooklyn and Louisville Revolver Match.

NEW YORK, April 29.—On April 25 a revolver match was shot between the Brooklyn Revolver Club and the Louisville, Ky., Revolver Club, the scores being telegraphed from city to city at the close of the match. The conditions were, teams of ten men each, distance 15yds., target 4in. black counting 10, concentric rings outside of this at 1in. interval counting from 9 to 1. Thirty shots to be fired by each contestant in 5-shot strings, 20 seconds being allowed for each string, taking time from the first shot. Mishfires or disabling of weapon caused the string to be discarded and another shot in its place. Any weapon allowed. Ammunition full charge factory ammunition, for which the piece is chambered.

Scores of Brooklyn Revolver Club, April 25:

	10	10	10	10	9-49	Seconds.
Wendlestadt	10	10	10	10	9-49	16
(S. & W., .32, police, Smokeless, U. M. C.)	10	10	9	8	7-44	16
	10	10	10	8	8-46	19
	10	10	10	9	8-47	19
	10	10	9	8	8-46	18
	10	10	10	8	7-45	19

*Hopkins	9	8	7	4	3-31	16
(S. & W., .32, police, Smokeless, U. M. C.)	9	9	7	6	0-31	20
	9	8	7	6	6-36	19
	10	9	9	8	6-42	19
	10	9	8	7	4-38	18
	8	8	6	6	6-34	17

**Tayntor	10	10	9	0	0-29	10
(Merwin & Hubert, long, .32, U. M. C., black, used as double-action.)	10	10	10	7	5-42	17
	10	10	10	9	8-47	16
	9	8	8	8	7-40	19
	10	7	7	6	3-37	20
	10	10	10	9	7-46	19

* Began with S. & W. .44, with U. M. C. Smokeless, but, having had the cylinder jam twice in succession, discarded it and shot as above mentioned.

** Had mishfires on two strings owing to too delicate a main spring, causing strings to be shot over. On a third string the target fell after the third shot and began swinging, causing last two shots to miss target. A fresh string was allowed for this.

Jenks	10	9	8	8	7-42	18
(S. & W., .38, military, U. M. C., Smokeless)	10	10	8	8	7-43	17
	10	10	10	9	8-47	16
	10	10	10	10	4-44	17
	10	10	10	9	7-46	17
	10	10	10	10	10-50	16

Dietz	10	10	10	10	9-49	16
(S. & W., .38, military, U. M. C., Smokeless)	10	10	10	10	9-49	19
	10	10	9	9	9-47	19
	10	10	10	10	10-50	19
	10	10	10	10	9-49	17
	10	10	10	10	8-48	19

Olney	10	10	10	9	8-47	18
(S. & W., .38, military, U. M. C., Smokeless)	10	10	9	9	8-46	20
	10	10	10	10	10-50	18
	10	10	10	10	8-48	18
	10	10	9	9	8-46	19
	10	10	10	9	9-48	18

Wilson	10	10	9	8	6-43	17
(S. & W., .32, police, U. M. C., Smokeless)	10	10	9	8	7-44	18
	10	10	10	9	8-47	18
	10	10	10	10	9-49	19
	10	10	10	10	9-49	20
	10	9	9	9	8-45	20

Shedd	9	8	8	7	7-39	18
(S. & W., .32, police, U. M. C., Smokeless)	9	9	8	7	6-39	19
	10	10	10	8	7-45	20
	10	9	9	8	6-42	19
	10	10	9	8	8-45	19
	10	10	10	7	8-45	20

Webber	10	10	10	10	9-49	18
(S. & W., .38, military)	10	10	10	9	7-46	19
	10	10	10	9	9-48	20
	10	10	10	10	9-49	19
	10	10	10	9	7-46	19
	10	10	10	10	10-50	19
Napier	10	10	10	9	7-46	20
(Colts, .38, military, U. M. C., Smokeless)	10	10	10	10	10-50	18
	10	10	10	9	6-45	18
	10	10	10	10	9-49	18
	10	10	9	9	8-46	18
	10	10	10	9	7-46	19
Grand total, 2,681; Louisville score as telegraphed, 2,369. Brooklyn wins by 312.	REGINALD H. SAYRE.					

Cincinnati Rifle Association

CINCINNATI, O.—The following scores were made by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association in regular competition, at Four-Mile House, Reading Road, April 30, 1899. Conditions: 200yds., off-hand, at the German ring target. Payne led on the champion target with 217. Hasenzahl wins the Dietrich medal for April with a score of 71 on the honor target. Weather warm and gusty, 2 to 4 o'clock wind. A team of eight men of this Association shot a telegraph match with a team of eight of the St. Louis Club. The Cincinnati team scored 4,040 points.

Champion score:											
Gindele	23	24	24	25	17	19	18	21	22	14	—207
Payne	22	20	22	25	21	23	22	21	22	19	—217
Weinheimer	18	20	16	16	19	14	22	20	20	25	—190
Uckotter	23	9	19	18	12	23	18	19	14	21	—178
Roberts	8	15	21	19	20	24	22	20	16	15	—180
Nestler	15	20	16	22	15	13	18	24	19	21	—183
Wellinger	14	23	16	16	23	21	21	19	22	14	—189
Hasenzahl	17	21	20	20	21	23	14	24	23	22	—205
Strickmier	17	20	22	19	17	23	13	23	20	22	—196
Bruns	21	19	18	19	21	9	10	24	17	17	—175
Speth	22	15	22	23	21	21	24	19	19	20	—206

Special scores:										
Gindele	21	23	21	20	21	22	21	25	20	22—216
Payne	23	21	17	23	25	23	22	19	23	20—219
Weinheimer	19	20	18	16	25	19	17	19	16	22—191
Uckotter	18	20	14	15	11	16	12	21	17	8—152
Drube	18	24	13	25	14	20	21	21	14	18—188
Roberts	23	16	22	25	21	21	20	24	23	19—214
Nestler	20	20	25	20	24	15	21	22	25	216
Wellinger	19	23	18	24	23	23	17	21	24	22—214
Hasenzahl	23	23	20	24	23	25	20	24	15	20—217
Strickmier	23	24	24	24	19	18	20	23	22	21—218
Bruns	21	17	23	19	20	16	21	23	22	21—203
Speth	23	23	20	22	16	22	23	19	22	22—212

Honor target:	25	22	20	—67	Bruns	19	23	18	—60
Weinheimer	21	23	24	—68	Speth	21	23	15	—59
Uckotter	23	18	24	—65	Payne	22	24	19	—65
Hasenzahl	21	20	14	—55					

Targets have been exchanged and the final result will be forwarded when the St. Louis team is heard from.

Rifle at Shell Mound.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 24.—There was a goodly attendance at Shell Mound range yesterday, but the day proved a very stormy one, necessitating frequent changes in wind gauges.

The North German Schuetzen Club held a monthly medal shoot.

Champion class, F. P. Schuster, 429; first class, J. Gefken, 402; second class, J. Lenkenau, 371; third class, O. Schinkel, Jr., 324; fourth class, J. Woeckel, 359; best first shot, H. Burfeind, 24; best last shot, H. Burfeind, 24.

Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club, 50yds., Columbia target, Siebe pistol medal: C. M. Daiss, 42, 48, 44; F. O. Young, 47, 49, 48, 53; A. H. Pape, 66.

Lewis revolver trophy: F. O. Young, 49, 56, 59; J. E. Gorman, 49, 57.

Daiss all comers' and Jacobson members' medal, 22 and 25 rifle: E. Jacobson, 18, 23, 23, 25; George Mannel, 23, 30, 30.

All comers' rifle medal: D. W. McLaughlin, 40, 58; F. E. Mason, 53, 62; F. O. Young, 60, 61; R. Stettin, 91, 98.

Members' rifle medal: G. Mannel, 93, 95.

German Schuetzen Club in monthly bullseye shoot: Dr. L. O. Rodgers, 226, D. B. Faktor 291, R. Stettin 306, F. Rust 391, A. Jungblut 496, H. Hellberg 598, H. Likendey 681, George H. Bahrs, 682, F. P. Schuster 706, J. D. Heise 776; Charles Thierbach, 782, J. T. Bridges, 1,076.

Bushnell medal, 10 shots, no re-entry: F. P. Schuster 216, Dr. L. O. Rodgers 215, D. B. Faktor 214, E. H. Goetze 269.

Competition for cash prizes, 3 shots, re-entry: Dr. L. O. Rodgers 73, J. Utschig 72, D. B. Faktor 70.

San Francisco Schuetzen Verein, monthly bullseye shoot: J. C. Waller 84, Lieut. E. Ipsen 354, Charles Thierbach 394, William Ehrenfort 426, John Gefken 496, Frank Koch 509, D. B. Faktor 513, John Utschig 537, F. Rust 563, A. Lamaire 598, J. D. Heise 602, D. Dunker 637, Capt. J. Thode 651, August Pape 664, Otto Lemcke 669, H. Burfeind 728, Louis Bandel 735, George H. Bahrs 831, R. Stettin 955, H. Stelling 1,058.

ROBEL.

Trap-Shooting.

Fixtures.

May 9-13.—Peoria, Ill.—Illinois State Sportsmen's Association's tournament. C. F. Simmons, Sec'y.

May 13.—Dunellen, N. J.—Shoot of the New Jersey Central League.

May 16-20.—St. Louis, Mo.—Tournament of the Missouri State Fish and Game Protective Association. H. B. Collins, Sec'y.

May 17.—Brooklyn, L. I.—John Wright's prize shoot at targets; commences at 10:30.

May 17-18.—Oil City, Pa.—Interstate Association's tournament, under auspices of Oil City Gun Club. F. S. Bates, Sec'y.

May 18.—West Chester, Pa.—Annual spring shoot of the West Chester Gun Club. F. H. Eachus, Sec'y.

May 23-25.—Macon, Miss.—Eleventh annual tournament of the Noxubee Gun Club; targets and sparrows; \$500 in merchandise and cash added. C. M. Seales, Manager.

May 23-25.—Algona, Ia.—Tournament of the Iowa State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game. John G. Smith, Pres.

May 24.—Elkwood Park, N. J.—Contest for E. C. cup, emblematic of championship of State of New Jersey, between Messrs. Phil Daly, Jr., and T. W. Morley.

May 26-27.—Tyrone, Pa.—Target tournament of the Tyrone Gun Club. D. D. Stine, Sec'y.

May 30.—Rutherford, N. J.—Decoration Day shoot of the Boiling Springs Gun Club; good prizes. W. H. Huck, Sec'y.

May 30.—Canajoharie, N. Y.—All-day target shoot at Canajoharie, N. Y. Charles Weeks, Sec'y.

May 30-June 2.—Erie, Pa.—Ninth annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Reed Hurst Gun Club. Frank W. Bacon, Sec'y.

May 30.—Newburgh, N. Y.—Decoration Day shoot of the Glenwood Gun Club. Open to all. C. Hoppenstedt, Sec'y.

May 30.—Winona, Minn.—Winona Sportsmen's Club's tournament.

May 30.—Haverhill, Mass.—All-day shoot of the Haverhill Gun Club. C. F. Lambert, Sec'y.

May 30-31.—Buffalo, N. Y.—Decoration Day shoot at Audubon Park.

June 3.—New Haven, Conn.—Yale vs. Princeton.

June 3-4.—Sheboygan, Wis.—Sheboygan Rod and Gun Club's tournament.

June 5-10.—Buffalo, N. Y.—New York State shoot, under the auspices of the Buffalo Audubon Gun Club; \$1,000 guaranteed; over \$2,000 in merchandise, and \$1,000 added money in open events. Chas. Bamberg, Sec'y, 51 Edna Place.

June 6-9.—Sioux City, Ia.—Fifth annual amateur tournament of the Soo Gun Club. E. R. Chapman, Sec'y.

June 7-8.—Crawfordsville, Ind.—Indiana Trap-Shooters' League tournament, under auspices of Crawfordsville Gun Club.

June 10.—Princeton, N. J.—Yave vs. Princeton.

June 13-14.—Grand Forks, N. D.—Fifth annual shoot of the North Dakota Association.

June 14-15.—Bellows Falls, Vt.—Interstate Association's tournament, under auspices of Bellows Falls Gun Club. C. H. Gibson, Sec'y.

June 14-16.—Cleveland, O.—Cleveland Target Co.'s tournament.

June 20.—Ogden, Ill.—Ogden Gun Club's annual tournament.

June 20-22.—Wheeling, W. Va.—Third annual tournament of the West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Wheeling Gun Club, Wheeling, W. Va. John B. Garden, Sec'y.

June 21-23.—Columbus, O.—Tournament of the Ohio Trap-Shooters' League, under the auspices of the Sherman Rod and Gun Club. J. C. Porterfield, Sec'y, O. T. S. L.

June 27-29.—Altoona, Pa.—Target tournament of the Altoona Rod and Gun Club, Wopsonock Heights. G. G. Zeth, Sec'y.

July 1.—Sherbrooke, P. Q.—Annual tournament; targets; Dominion Day; open to all amateurs. Chas. H. Foss, Sec'y.

July 1-2.—Milwaukee, Wis.—Grand tournament of Milwaukee Gun Club, in Carnival Week. S. M. Du Val, Sec'y.

July 4.—Pawling, N. Y.—All-day tournament of the Pawling Rod and Gun Club; targets.

July 18-20.—Little Rock, Ark.—Arkansas State tournament.

July

In his report of the Nebraska State tournament, Mr. Paul R. Litzke mentions a phenomenal squad record, five men breaking 20 targets each, making thereby a score of 100 without a miss. The men were Messrs. Rogers, Daniels, Duer, Young and Parmelee.

There will be a great contest in St. Louis next week, and there is a probability of lively times to follow in the effort to readjust possession of the different trophies by men who can shoot, want to shoot and will shoot.

At the Kansas City shoot it was suggested that efforts be made to match the two grand veterans of the sport, Capt. Money and Capt. Sedam, in a pigeon contest of 100 birds. It was further proposed that this contest take place during the Missouri State tournament at St. Louis.

In the report of the Boston Gun Club's shoot is some admirably sound, though gentle criticism on high scores, which are considered merely as high scores apart from the true sport of trap-shooting. Read it and observe it.

We have received a photograph of the squad which broke the world's record in competition at the Peru tournament, but too late for publication this week. Next week we will be pleased to publish a reproduction of it.

Mr. W. C. Collins, secretary of the Greenville Gun Club, Kell's Point, Jersey City, N. J., informs us that his club will shoot every Saturday till further notice.

On Saturday of this week, at Elkwood Park, Long Branch, N. J., there will be a live-bird handicap, 20 live birds, \$10 entrance, handicaps from 25 to 32yds. Plenty of birds are on hand for sweepstakes.

The new board of trustees of the Chicago challenge trophy, elected recently are: Messrs. F. H. Lord, chairman; Wm. B. Leffingwell and F. A. Bissell.

At the Osceola shoot, Heikes and Gilbert tied for general average on targets. Charley Budd beat them all at pigeons, killing 25 straight in the handicap.

The third annual May tournament will be held at Audubon Park on May 30 and 31. There are ten target events each day. W. C. Garbe, Manager.

The Brooklyn Gun Club, John Wright, manager, will hold its monthly shoot on Saturday of this week.

Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, manager of the Interstate Association, was in New York a few days early this week.

BERNARD WATERS.

The Inanimate Target Championship.

THE inanimate target championship and the E. C. trophy that goes with that title, are both held by Rolla O. Heikes at present. It is possible, however, that the title and trophy may have another owner shortly, as the American E. C. & Schultze Gun Powder Co. has signified its intention of redeeming the trophy and putting it up for open competition at the Missouri State shoot, which is to be held at St. Louis, May 16-20 next.

As is well known, the conditions of all open competitions for this trophy are as follows: 100 targets, unknown angles; 100 targets, expert rules, one man up, and 50 pairs, or 300 targets in all.

The trophy was first put up for competition by the company above mentioned at its tournament, May 5-8, 1896, held at Guttenburg, N. J. Since that time there has been one other open competition for the trophy, and four individual matches, making six contests in all. Strange as it may seem, notwithstanding all the excellent target shots there are in the country, the trophy has never been held by anybody except Heikes or Gilbert. In fact, with the solitary instance of Fulford's challenge to Heikes late last year, no one else has ever put in any claim for the championship.

Records of Past Contests.

In view of the coming contest at St. Louis, the following records of all contests for the championship will be of interest:

First contest.—Open competition at Guttenburg, N. J., May 5-8, 1896. Won by Fred Gilbert; J. A. R. Elliott and E. D. Fulford tied for second and third; R. O. Heikes fourth. Their respective scores were:

	Unknown.	Expert.	Pairs.	Total.
Fred Gilbert.....	91	81	84	256
J A R Elliott.....	96	80	85	261
E D Fulford.....	91	88	82	261
R O Heikes.....	92	89	77	258

Second contest.—Heikes challenged Gilbert, the match taking place at Watson's Park, Chicago, Aug. 20, 1896. Heikes won. Scores as follows: (Conditions were 50 targets at each style of shooting.)

	Unknown.	Expert.	Pairs.	Total.
Heikes.....	48	45	40	133
Gilbert.....	47	44	39	130

Third contest.—Gilbert challenged Heikes, the match being shot at Dayton, O., on the grounds of the Buckeye Gun Club, July 31, 1897. Gilbert won. Scores as follows:

	Unknown.	Expert.	Pairs.	Total.
Gilbert.....	48	48	46	142
Heikes.....	47	44	45	136

Fourth contest.—Heikes challenged Gilbert, the match being shot at Watson's Park, Chicago, Aug. 13, 1898. Heikes won. Scores as follows:

	Unknown.	Expert.	Pairs.	Total.
Heikes.....	48	48	44	140
Gilbert.....	47	45	45	137

Fifth contest.—After the above match, the trophy was redeemed by the American E. C. & Schultze Gun Powder Co., and put up for open competition at a tournament held at Dayton, O., Oct. 11-13, 1898. The conditions were the same as prevailed at the Guttenburg tournament, May 5-8, 1896, on this occasion Heikes won somewhat easily, with Fulford and Harvey McMurchy tied for second and third; J. S. Fanning was fourth, with Gilbert in fifth place. Scores were:

	Unknown.	Expert.	Pairs.	Total.
Heikes.....	87	98	85	270
Fulford.....	88	94	84	266
McMurchy.....	91	93	82	266
Fanning.....	88	90	84	262
Gilbert.....	94	93	74	261

Sixth contest.—Fulford challenged Heikes, the match being shot on the grounds of the Keystone Shooting League, Holmesburg Junction, Pa., Jan. 21, 1899. Heikes won. Scores as follows:

	Unknown.	Expert.	Pairs.	Total.
Heikes.....	45	43	41	129
Fulford.....	42	45	36	123

The Dupont Trophy.

THE Du Pont trophy, which is to be contested for at St. Louis next week, offered for competition by E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co., was first started at an open tournament held at Baltimore, Md., on Oct. 23, 1895. Fifty-one contestants entered. Charles Macalister, of Baltimore, and Fred Gilbert, of Spirit Lake, Ia., tied on 25. In the shoot-off Gilbert won, 5 birds to 4.

On April 4, 1896, J. W. Budd, of Pemberton, N. J., and Fred Gilbert shot the first individual race for the possession of the cup at Watson's Park, Burnside, Ill. Gilbert won; score, Gilbert 92, Budd 74.

Second contest, Watson's Park, June 1, 1896: Fred Gilbert vs. Geo. L. Deiter, of Milwaukee, Wis. Scores: Deiter 84, Gilbert 83. The third race took place at Milwaukee, Wis., July 8, 1896, Gilbert vs. Deiter. Scores: Gilbert 96, Deiter 88.

The trophy was again offered in open competition at the Du Pont tournament, held at Chicago, Aug. 3-8, 1896. There were 224 entries. B. W. Claridge, Baltimore, Md.; W. R. Miller, Texas; H. D. Kirkover, Buffalo, N. Y.; Geo. Roll, Blue Island, Ill.; and Chas. Gottlieb, Kansas City, Mo., tied on 25. Claridge won the shoot-off with 5 straight kills.

The fourth individual match, at Baltimore, Md., on Oct. 6, 1896, was between B. W. Claridge, and J. C. Malone, of Baltimore. Scores: Claridge 47, Malone 43, out of 50.

The fifth match was at Baltimore, Md., on Nov. 10, 1896, 50 birds to the man. B. W. Claridge vs. Geo. Roll, of Blue Island, Ill. Scores: Roll 48, Claridge 45.

The sixth contest was at Watson's Park, Burnside, Ill., on Dec. 16, 1896; Geo. Roll vs. J. L. Winston, of Washington, Ind. Scores: Winston 91, Roll 84.

The seventh contest, between J. L. Winston and Geo. A. Mosher, of Syracuse, N. Y., took place at Yardville, N. J., on Jan. 16, 1897. Scores: Winston 87, Mosher 85.

The eighth race was shot at Chicago, Ill., on May 1, 1897, at 100 birds per man, between J. L. Winston and Chas. W. Budd, of Des Moines, Ia. Scores: Budd 86, Winston 85.

The ninth contest was between Chas. W. Budd and Geo. W.

Beck, of Indianapolis, Ind., and was shot at Burnside, Ill., on June 8, 1897. Scores: Budd 91, Beck 79.

The tenth contest took place at Eau Claire, Wis., Aug. 28, 1897, 100 birds per man, between Chas. W. Budd and J. A. R. Elliott, of Kansas City, Mo. Scores: Elliott 99, Budd 94.

The eleventh match was held at Kansas City, Mo., on Oct. 22, 1897, between Fred Gilbert, of Spirit Lake, Ia., and J. A. R. Elliott, 100 birds per man. The score was a tie at 97. Gilbert won the shoot-off at 25 birds. The score standing: Gilbert 25, Elliott 24.

The twelfth contest was again between Gilbert and Elliott, and was shot at Watson's Park, Burnside, Ill., on Dec. 9, 1897. The score was a tie at 93 out of 100. In the shoot-off next day at 25 birds, Elliott won. Scores: Elliott 25, Gilbert 21.

The thirteenth contest was also between Gilbert and Elliott, and was shot at Dexter Park, L. I., on Jan. 15, 1898. Scores: Gilbert 96, Elliott 91.

The fourteenth race for the cup was shot at Chicago, Ill., on April 14, 1898, between Fred Gilbert and Frank Parmelee, of Omaha, Neb. Scores: Gilbert 86, Parmelee 82.

The fifteenth race was again between Fred Gilbert and J. A. R. Elliott, and was held at Chicago, on Sept. 24, 1898. Scores: Gilbert 97, Elliott 94.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Oceanic Rod and Gun Club.

Rockaway Park, L. I., May 1.—A strong wind blowing from the score to the traps made the targets skip and jump after the manner of lambs in springtime. The Oceanic Gun Club was holding its last shoot of the season, and, different from its last two or three prior shoots, delightful weather favored it. There were not sufficient members of one team to make the necessary contest, so a nine-men team race was made up between New York and New Jersey, with the result that the latter won by 6 targets; score, 158 to 152. The scores were:

New York State—Scott 16, Woods 15, Jennings 18, Stoney 20, Charles 15, Diffley 15, Leoble 13, Laney 19, Waters 21—152.
New Jersey State—O'Brien 16, Van Dyne 18, Schields 18, Larkey 16, Coleman 17, Hesse 20, Jones 13, Dr. Bell 22, Hassinger 18—158.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	15	10	10	15	10	10	10	10
Dr Bill.....	14	7	8	13	9	8	10	9
H Van Dyne.....	12	6	6	4	4	4	4	4
C Schields.....	6	7	5	10	4	4	4	4
B Waters.....	12	8	7	11	7	5	7	8
H C Larkey.....	12	9	4	7	9	5	4	4
T Diffley.....	9	5	8	4	4	4	4	4
W Hassinger.....	14	8	7	10	9	6	4	4
J Falco.....	5	5	4	4	4	4	4	4
B Laney.....	9	15	8	4	4	4	4	4
O Hesse.....	9	8	8	4	4	4	4	4
R Woods.....	13	7	8	13	9	4	7	9
S Charles.....	5	5	7	8	4	4	4	4
J O'Brien.....	5	4	4	4	4	4	4	4
G E Leoble.....	6	8	4	4	4	4	4	4
H P Scott.....	7	9	6	5	8	4	4	4
J Norris.....	5	3	5	3	4	4	4	4
J Jennings.....	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4
J Stoney.....	3	5	5	4	4	4	4	4
F Coleman.....	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4

Several star sweeps were shot.

New Utrecht Gun Club.

Woodlawn, L. I., April 29.—The scores of club shoot, with the allowances of each shooter, are as follows:

S B Topfitz, 8.....	110010010010111000011101001001000	—14
J Gaughen, 6.....	11101100011011100100100101111	—19
D Deacon, 5.....	00001001000100001011001001001	—11
D C Bennett, 5.....	101100001101101011111101111	—21
P E George, 3.....	11101111101101111010101011	—21
W H Thompson, 5.....	010001010111111111111101101	—22
P A Hegeman, 10.....	000000100001000011111110100110001	—15
F A Thompson, 5.....	01010110111011000011101111101	—20
E G Frost, 10.....	0100100010110001011001000010101	—13
Dr Shepard, 9.....	00101001010000001011001000010101	—17
Dr O'Brien, 9.....	00011110001000101011100110001101	—17
C Furgueson, 8.....	11001111011100001000110110010111	—21
C F Fleet, 10.....	1000000001010000100000000	—12
*C Arthur.....	101110101000010100100100	—12
M Otis, 6.....	1001010010010110101100001111111	—17
*Dr Webber.....	00011000111000010000110	—9

Events:	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	2	3	4	5	6	7
D Bennett.....	7	8	8	4	4	4	*B Thall.....	6	1	1	1	1	1
J Gaughen.....	7	6	7	7	4	6	C Furgueson.....	5	5	5	5	5	5
S Topfitz.....	5	2	5	5	5	5	*C Arthur.....	3	6	4	4	4	4
W Thompson.....	7	6	6	6	6	6	M Otis.....	8	3	4	3	2	2
D Deacon.....	6	4	4	4	4	4	*Dr Webber.....	6	1	3	1	4	4
P George.....	5	5	7	8	4	7	Dr Shepard.....	6	4	4	4	4	4
P Hegeman.....	3	4	4	4	4	4	E G Frost.....	7	4	4	4	4	4
F Thompson.....	6	6	6	5	3	8							

After the club shoot six 10-target events were shot.

The Altoona Shoot.

ALTOONA, Pa., May 5.—Editor Forest and Stream: The programme for the two days' target tournament, to be given by the Tyrone Gun Club is ready for distribution. Copies can be had by writing to D. D. Stine, secretary, Tyrone, Pa. There are ten events for each day. On Friday, May 26 events Nos. 1, 2, 6, 8 and 10 are at 10 singles, \$1 entrance; Nos. 3, 5 and 9, 15 singles, \$1.50; Nos. 4 and 7, 20 singles, the former \$2 entrance and the latter four-men club team race, class shooting, three moneys, \$2. Saturday, the 27th, events Nos. 1, 2, 4, 6 and 9, are at 10 singles, entrance \$1; Nos. 3 and 7, 15 singles, \$1.50; No. 5, 25 singles, \$2.50, and No. 8, 20 singles, \$2.

The equitable system of dividing purses (with the exception of event No. 7, first day) will be used; in 10-target races, four moneys; 15s, five; 20s, six; and 25s eight. A magatrap will be used, and targets will be thrown at 1½ cents each. Guns and ammunition shipped to the secretary will be delivered to the grounds free.

A number of shooters from the Altoona Rod and Gun Club will attend the State shoot at Erie.

For the benefit of shooters in this vicinity who cannot go to the State shoot, the Altoona Club will hold a target tournament on their Lyswen grounds on Decoration Day. The programme, which is now ready for distribution, announces six 10-single, \$1 entrance, three 15-single, \$1.50 entrance, and a 5-pair, \$1 entrance event. Equitable system, four moneys in 10, and five moneys in 15-target events. Targets will be thrown at 1½ cents each. Shooting begins at 9 o'clock. Visiting shooters should send shells, etc., to G. G. Zeth, secretary. Electric cars run from the central part of the city directly to the grounds.

The Altoona Club has the second magatrap, and will have a third one in operation during the big shoot in June at Wopsononock Heights. We venture the assertion that there is not a club in the country with the facilities for shoots that this organization has.

A very pleasant caller in shooting circles the other day was W. L. Colville, of Batavia, N. Y., who is sowing seeds for Du Pont powder trade. Sportsmen who have the pleasure of Dick Swiveler's acquaintance, know him only as an ardent lover of nature, a profound friend and advocate of legitimate sport, and the possessor of a personality gentlemanly in the extreme. An Altoona party accompanied him up the mountain to Wopsononock Heights, the scene of the June tournament, and spent the afternoon at shooting and sight-seeing.

Mr. Colville's visit here recalls some memories of the days when trap-shooting was in its infancy. He was associated about twenty years ago with Palmer O'Neil, of Pittsburgh, then the leading sporting goods dealer in western Pennsylvania. In those days we bought glass balls from him, and later the Legowsky target. The latter you might hit sometimes with a full charge of shot and knock it into the next lot without scoring a break.

G. G. ZETH.

Malone Defeats Smith.

BALTIMORE, Md., May 4.—In a match at 100 live birds for \$200 a side, Mr. James R. Malone, captain of the Baltimore Shooting Association, defeated Mr. Edward T. Smith, of Ballston, N. Y., by the score of 89 to 79. Each stood at 30yds. Boundary 50yds.

The birds were the best trapped on the grounds of the Baltimore Shooting Association this season. There was a fair wind blowing from the southwest. Mr. Charles Macalister refereed the race, and there was no hitch from start to finish. Each principal generously congratulated the other on the difficult kills, and Mr. Smith was the first to congratulate Mr. Malone on his victory.

Mr. Smith expressed a wish for a return match in the fall. He expects to be absent from Baltimore during the summer. While Mr. Smith is almost a stranger in Baltimore, he in a short time proved himself to be a thorough sportsman and an accomplished athlete, having defeated some of the best local talent in several branches. He has made application to join the Baltimore Shooting Association, although he spends but few months of the fall and spring in Baltimore.

Mr. Smith's first shooting here was last January, when he made a run of 32 straight kills. He then went to Macon, Ga., for the winter, where he had good sport killing ducks and field birds. He took part in the Maryland Sportsmen's Exposition shooting at Prospect Park; and while there he beat Phil Daly, Jr., in a 10-bird race. At the Baltimore Shooting Association tournament last week he killed 10 straight in the introductory handicap and graced 13 out of 15 in the Philico handicap. Mr. Smith is a member of the Maryland Club, the Green Spring Valley and Elkridge clubs, and also of the Riverton and Larchmont shooting clubs. Many club men backed Mr. Smith to beat Mr. Malone, and the B. S. A. men who backed their captain won considerable money. The scores:

Malone.....	021222111111221200201221101212212000122112222202
Smith.....	1220222122122202211112221212121221122202211222—87
	122212101212011221212100111001200222121222222
	20220120220222022020210212121210202220222011222—79

IN NEW JERSEY.

East Side Gun Club.

Newark, N. J., May 4.—The club shoot of the East Side Gun Club took place to-day. The conditions were 25 targets, point system. The targets were thrown hard, and there was a strong 5 o'clock wind, which made them erratic. Following are the scores:

G H Piercy, 18 points.....	11011111111110010111101—20
W Hassinger, 18.....	11110111101001001111111—19
L H Schortemeier, 18.....	01010101101101101100111—17
H C Koegel, 16.....	01010101101101101100001—15
J H W Fleming, 14.....	30111010101010101010101—15
A Schobel, 16.....	01111111010000010001010—14
J Fischer, 14.....	3010111101010101000010100—13
A Schmitt, 14.....	01001000001011001011110—12
F Perment, 18.....	00010101000001100111000—10

Optional sweepstakes, Rose system, two moneys:	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	15	15	15	10	4	4	4
Schortemeier, 6.....	11	12	11	6	6	6	6	6
Piercy.....	8	11	11	8	5	6	6	6
Koegel.....	6	11	8	11	7	6	5	5
Schobel.....	7	9	10	6	6	5	5	5
Fischer.....	7	9	9	6	6	5	5	5

* Five pairs.

Championship of New Jersey.

May 6.—At Passaic, to-day, on the grounds of the Passaic City Gun Club, the contest between Capt. A. W. Money, the holder, and Mr. Phil Daly, Jr., challenger, took place with a large and interested audience to witness the struggle for possession of the elegant E. C. trophy, emblematic of the championship of the State of New Jersey. The day was delightful in respect to weather, clear, pleasantly cool, with wind so gentle that it had no disturbing effect on the targets. The light, while good, was variable, and later in the afternoon, was hazy.

Peru Gun Club Tournament.

PERU, Ind., May 6.—The third annual tournament of the Peru Gun Club, which was held here on May 2 and 3, did not differ materially from the first and second annuals of the same club, which were held upon the same grounds in 1897 and 1898, except that the attendance was not quite so large as upon the two former occasions. However, considering the great number of sportsmen who are barred from participating in tournaments just at this season on account of the rush of business in various lines, caused by the lateness of the spring season, and considering that quite a few shooters every year come to the conclusion that they can never become experts, and hence cease to attend tournaments, the attendance was highly satisfactory to the management and all the participants, and I predict was one of the most successful tournaments which will be given in the Middle West during the season of 1899.

As usual the weather conditions at Peru during the tournament were absolutely perfect. In fact, the Peru Gun Club seems to stand well with the weather clerk, as during their three annual tournaments of two days each there has been six as fine days for shooting as the most chronic kicker could wish.

On the evening of May 1, or the day preceding the tournament some familiar faces began to show up on the incoming trains, though the first sportsman to appear was a stranger to us in the shape of Mr. L. J. Squier, of Cincinnati. However, he made himself pretty well known at the scores before he got out of town. In fact, the way he dallied with the straights began to be a familiar sight before the tournament was a half-day old. Among the first of the old guard to appear were Messrs. G. E. Bruner and Elmer Apperson, he of the motorcycle fame, of Kokomo, Ind. Next to arrive was Mr. John Parker, of Detroit, Mich., who as manager of tournaments and as the popular representative of the Peters Cartridge and King Powder Company, of Cincinnati, is too well known to need further mention. However, the Peru Gun Club would not hold a shoot without Jack. Messrs. Shepardson and Streeter, of La Grange, and Mr. M. J. Smith, of Huntington, completed the list of earlier arrivals. They were all upon the grounds early the following morning, anxious and eager to get at the festive bluerock, and before the regular programme was begun four extra races, three of 10 birds and one of 15 was shot off in rapid succession, the scores of which will appear below. Those already on the grounds were soon joined by Messrs. H. W. Cadwallader, of Danville, Ill.; D. D. Smith, Garrett, Ind.; Al Bussell, Leesburg, Ind.; John A. Ruble, Chicago; F. D. Alkire, Woodlyn, O.; Ed Rike, Dayton, O.; J. S. Boa, Chicago; Chas. W. Townsend, Knox, Ind.; Fred Anson, Huntington, Ind.; and about the same time a telegram was received from Mr. Edgar Apperson, of Kokomo, stating that he was lost in the wilds of Fort Wayne, but to hold the programme open until the 11:45 train, as he wanted in. This was supplemented by a 'phone from Mr. F. H. Snow, of Brooklyn, O., who stated that he was in the same boat with Mr. Apperson, and would come in on the same train. At 10:15 A. M., the L. E. & W. north-bound train stopped right opposite the grounds to let off some shooters and a company of rough walkers, which would have excited the admiration of Theodore Roosevelt himself charged across the Commons to join the crowd already at the score. They were led by Lieut.-Col. O. F. (Partington) Britton, and consisted of Mr. E. E. Neal, Bloomfield; E. H. Tripp and Thomas F. Parry, who, with Dr. Britton, represented Indianapolis; Fred Erb, Jr., and Joe Blistan (Slow), of Lafayette; Mac Stilwell, secretary Indiana Trap-Shooters' League, Crawfordsville; Messrs. Wallace and Benson, Kokomo, and Messrs. Lochary, Cooley and Forbis, of Hartford City. The scores of these gentlemen for the first day are appended herewith:

Scores, First Day, May 2.

Events:	Extras.	Regular.
Birds:	1 2 3 4 5	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10
Shepardson	10 10 10 15 5p	15 20 15 20 15 20 15 20 15 20
El Apperson	9 8 9 12 11	14 17 15 16 15 14 19 14 14
Bruner	7 8 9 14 6	13 17 14 19 14 20 13 17 13 19
Streeter	10 10 8 11	12 18 13 18 14 17 9 16
M J Smith	7 7 8 12	10 14 10 17 10 13 *15
Cadwallader	8 7 5 12	10 16 11 11 10
Gray	9 8 9 14 9	11 18 12 19 13 18 13 19 11 17
Cavanaugh	9 9 9 12 7	13 20 14 19 13 20 15 18 13 18
Squires*	9 8 8 13 5	10 16 13 19 11 19 12 16 13 15
Neal	10 10 10 14	15 17 13 19 14 19 14 20 12 18
Tripp	8	15 18 12 18 12 18 14 17 13 12
F Erb, Jr.	8	12 12 9 11 14 16 12 17 12 17
Parry	7	13 17 11 17 11 19 15 13 12 17
Ruble	8	14 18 11 18 15 15 16 13 17
Partington	8	15 17 14 18 13 18 13 18 14 19
Slow	8	13 18 13 19 13 17 12 19 15 19
Alkire	9	11 18 12 18 13 17 9 16 13 16
Boa	6	13 16 13 17 14 19 13 19 15 18
Rike	6	12 15 13 19 12 19 13 16 14 17
Snow	9	14 18 12 19 14 20 13 18 13 18
E Apperson	6	12 18 14 16 13 19 12 18 15 19
D D Smith	6	13 18 14 19 15 17 11 17 14 17
Townsend	13	12 16 13 15 12 15 11 14
Stilwell	9 12 6	*15*14*13*17*13*18*12*16*14 18
Wallace	8	14 14 14 13 20 18 13 18
Forbis	8	9 16 9 12 9 13
Cooley	8	12 16 12 13*10 11
Lochary	8	16 12 16 15 18
Farr*	8	16 9 15*14 19
Trask*	8	16 15 15 *16
Parker*	8 7 8 11	15 10 11 11
Anson	8	15 10 15 8

* Shot for targets only.

The above scores will show that Gray was high gun for this day in the regular programme events with 163 scored out of 175, with Squier second with 161 out of 175, and closely followed by Apperson and Rike with 159, Ruble and Partington 158, and Frank Alkire 157.

Second Day, May 3.

The second day of the third annual tournament of the Peru Gun Club, which was on May 3, was not a record-breaker in point of attendance, but it will go down in history of trap-shooting as the day upon which a squad of shooters at the score broke a world's record by scoring 100 targets in a 20-bird race, which was the first time that the feat of making a clean score was ever accomplished by any squad in a race of any length. What was the more remarkable about this score was the fact that it was accomplished by a squad of gentlemen who are amateurs pure and simple, and do not follow the sport of trap-shooting as a profession in the slightest degree. This squad was composed of Dr. O. F. Britton, of Indianapolis, Ind.; F. D. Alkire, Woodlyn, O.; Ed Rike, Dayton, O.; J. L. Head, Peru, Ind.; and H. W. Cadwallader, Danville, Ill., at the score in the order named. Further mention of this feat will be found in the notes of this tournament. The weather of the first day continued upon the second, and while the attendance was smaller some new faces appeared in the persons of Dr. Senieur, of Troy, O., and Messrs. Walter Hartman and Bert Robbins, of Auburn, Ind. The following are the scores for the second day:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Birds:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20
Partington	12	19	14	18	15	18	13	20	14	20	14	18
Alkire	14	19	15	17	14	20	15	20	15	20	11	17
Rike	15	19	14	20	14	19	12	20	15	20	15	19
Gray	13	19	13	16	13	18	13	20	13	17	12	17
Cadwallader	14	19	14	13	11	15	12	20	14	18	11	18
Parry	12	20	14	13	14	18	15	20	13	20	12	19
Squires*	14	20	15	16	14	20	15	20	15	20	14	20
Tripp	14	14	14	18	14	13	19	11	16	13	18	18
Snow	14	19	15	20	12	20	15	19	13	20	13	20
Ruble	13	18	15	20	14	18	13	20	13	16	14	19
Cavanaugh	14	17	13	18	13	17	15	19	13	20	14	16
Neal	13	16	14	17	12	14	17	14	15	13	16	18
Boa	15	18	14	18	13	18	18	18	18	18	18	18
Townsend	15	19	19	19	19	19	19	19	19	19	19	19
Bussell*	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14
Tillett*	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Robbins	10*11	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	*16
Hartman	18	18	18	18	18	18	18	18	18	18	18	*12
Senior	18	18	18	18	18	18	18	18	18	18	18	18
Parker*	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15
Farr	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14

* Denotes shot for targets only.

The averages for those shooting through the entire programme of 385 targets for the two days were as follows: Squier, 364, .951; Rike, 361, .938; Snow, 357, .927; Alkire, 354, .919; Partington, 353, .917; Ruble, 351, .911; Gray, 347, .902; Parry, 342, .888; Cadwallader, 335, .871; Cavanaugh, 333, .864; Tripp, 309, .802.

Mr. E. E. Neal's average was not computed, as he withdrew from the sixth event after six or eight targets.

Squad No. 1 the second day did some truly remarkable and regular shooting, as in event No. 2 they each scored 19, and in event No. 8 they broke all previous records by scoring 100 targets straight in a 20-bird race. This occurred at about 12:30 P. M., and it did not occur to any member of the squad that they were going to break the world's record. In fact, the programme was being hurried through in order to allow the most of the shooters to leave on the 3:25 P. M. train for Indianapolis. However, when the 16th round had been reached and 80 targets had been literally ground into dust, a settling down of the squad was easily noticed, and one or two members who are inclined to talk when shooting, were noticed to be doing nothing but shoot. No one said a word, but some one in the crowd of spectators and shooters whose attention had been attracted to the remarkable exhibition being given by this squad spread the news around that there was something about to happen over at the magatrap. The shooters left the other set of traps, the spectators crowded closer, and while no one addressed a word to the shooters at the score, the excitement was intense. As Dr. Britton, the veteran of many exciting matches closed with a clean score and turned to go to the club house, there was a slight inclination upon the part of some of the spectators to cheer, but a quiet "hush" from the watching shooters silenced all applause, and Frank Alkire smashed a left-quarterer into dust. Old Reliable Ed Rike, as steady as a clock, drew a high right-quarterer and blew it out of sight. Gray, of the home club, who had led the crowd the first day, but had not yet scored a straight on the second, and who was at No. 3 position, drew a straightaway from the trap, but slightly right-quartering to him, and smothered it before it had gone 20ft. from the magatrap. It was now up to Cad. Here was a gentleman who is one of the best amateurs in the State of Illinois, but he had not as yet scored a straight in this tournament. Yet he was as cool as the proverbial cucumber, but when his bird broke in the trap the crowd wondered: Will he lose his nerve? Not for the world. Cad only steadied himself a little, his firm call "Pull!" came without a tremor, and when a sharp left-quarterer from the trap, but nearly a straightaway to him, left the trap, he blew it out of sight, and the world's record was broken. The shooters and few spectators cheered the squad to the echo, but no one man ever showed better nerve than Mr. H. W. Cadwallader, of Danville, Ill., when he broke his first straight in the eighth event of the second day and helped his squad to be the first to make the record so long sought by the trap-shooters of the universe.

LOUIS D. REAM, Acting Sec'y.

Trap at Watson's Park.

The following events were shot recently at Watson's Park, Burnside Crossing, Ill.:

Alpine Gun Club.

May 4.—In the 25-bird race of the Alpine Gun Club Barto won with the excellent score of 22, and also with a score of 23 in the target race for the medal he won on 23. Live bird scores: Simonetti 2202011202101220000200202—14 Church 121012001201222010210001—16 Barto 12120222222202022222112—22 Bacci 0202210011200110200202012—14 Maraviglia 02112002020002w Carriari 11002w

Target scores, same day, for target medal: Simonetti 1111101101111111111111—21 Chiesa 11110001111101000100110—15 Carriari 011001011010111001001101—14 Bacci 1110101000110010101110—15 Maraviglia 000110110101001011001111—14 Barto 0111111110111111111111—22

Same day, practice, targets:

Shot at.	Killed.	Maraviglia	Shot at.	Killed.
Simonetti	30	29	Maraviglia	30
Church	20	18	Barto	30
Bacci	30	12	Chiesa	10

Montgomery Ward & Co. Trophy Shoot.

May 5.—The sixth contest of the Montgomery Ward & Co. trophy resulted in a tie between Dr. Shaw, H. O. Stone, J. R. Magill, W. B. Leffingwell, A. W. Adams, Hollister, J. S. Boa, D. O'Brien and J. T. Dazey. Mr. W. B. Leffingwell won medal No. 1 and Dr. Shaw won medal No. 2 by making the longest run of kills from the start, 13 in all. Palmer won out on ties on 14. E. Steck won out on ties on 13.

In a match at 50 targets on this day Steck and Boa tied on 43. The scores: J L White, 30, *1. 1111021111110211—14 O E Searles, 30, 3. 02222200222202211—14 Dr Shaw, 30, 1. 1212222211111012—15 H O Stone, 28, 3. 102022121022222212—15 J R Magill, 28, 3. 222102212111201012—13 J Elias, 29, 2. 0121112220221001—13 W B Leffingwell, 30, 3. 011021211122112—15 P Adams, 30, 2. 22000221001000w A W Adams, 28, 3. 1211*0221210221012—15 Hollister, 30, 2. 1212210111011111—15 S Palmer, 29, 1. 0112102112111122—14 J S Boa, 29, 2. 222022222122222—15 G Roll, 30, 1. 0220220202112221—12 Geo Thorne, 28, 3. 210012201121110020—12 Dr Miller, 30, 2. 12102101122021212—14 D Bacci, 28, 3. 22022010020222101—12 E P Dewolf, 28, 3. 00220011110111010—11 J H Amberg, 30, 2. 12112221202111001—14 H Levi, 29, 4. 222200121022110011—14 R Simonetti, 29, 3. 12120221000112102—13 J B Barto, 30, 1. 2210022120201211—12 E Steck, 30, 1. 0101222222120121—13 D O'Brien, 29, 1. 2012221121212122—15 J T Dazey, 28, 3. 1221111011111111—15

* Denotes extra birds to shoot at.

Ties on 15, at 5 birds:

Dr Shaw, 30, 1.	222*	02100
H O Stone, 28, 1.	210222	02100
J R Magill, 28, 3.	110222	0100
W B Leffingwell, 30, 1.	122011	122200
A W Adams, 28, 1.	00	0000
Hollister, 30, 0.	20	0000
J S Boa, 29, 0.	22220	0000
D O'Brien, 29, 0.	0	0000
J T Dazey, 28, 1.	101120	0000

Ties on 14 at 3 birds:

J L White	111	111	111	121	101	111	120
O E Searles	221	212	210				
S Palmer	112	212	111	111	101	211	111
Dr Miller	112	111	110				
J H Amberg	212	210					
H Levi	111	221	121	20			

Ties on 13 at 3 birds:

J Elias	211	020	R Simonetti	w
E Steck	111	21		

Garden City Gun Club.

May 6.—Mr. H. Levi won in the shoot of the Garden City Gun Club to-day. The scores:

H Levi, 30, 4.	1021202202012121122—15
J H Amberg, 30, 2.	21122101101112221—15
J M Gillispie, 30, 2.	21022100112021022—12
W B Leffingwell, 30, 2.	22222012222220122—15
J Watson, 30, 2.	1022200200002012—8
J Ruble, 30, 1.	12211122*w
E Ehlers, 30, 2.	12101122210101112—14
S S Kimbell, 30, 3.	020201101022101010—10
M Goldsmith, 30, 3.	110211320222120222—15

Ties on 15:

H Levi, 30, 4.	21011212111012101—15
J H Amberg, 30, 2.	0102111202102101w
M Goldsmith, 30, 3.	212022220220221w

RAVELLIGG.

Glenwood Gun Club.

NEWBURGH, N. Y., May 8.—The scores made by Glenwood Gun Club on Saturday, May 6, are given herewith. The club will hold its third annual spring tournament on Decoration Day, May 30, open to all:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	25	25	25	25	Targets:	25	25	25	25
W Steward	9	13	13	13	West Steward	14	14	14	14
C Hunt	15	14	14	14	Decker	14	15	15	15
R Hobbs	17	18	18	18	A Westerman	18	18	18	18
Geo Mould	20	22	22	22	I Wood	20	20	20	20
Hopp	22	22	22	22					

WESTERN TRAPS.

Montgomery Ward & Co. Diamond Badge.

CHICAGO, Ill., May 6.—Yesterday at Watson's was a merry day and a lovely one, the gilt-edged May weather being all that could be asked and a lot more than should be expected in Chicago. The interest in this series of contests continues unabated, which is proof enough that the running of the shoots is of such nature that the sportsmen of Chicago like to come out and take a hand in them. There were twenty-four good men and true yesterday who mixed it up lively for the finish in the event, and this time manager Leffingwell himself was the lucky one, and landed the badge, Dr. Shaw winning the high average medal for consecutive kills. Silas Palmer, who is getting to be about as dangerous an amateur as we can scare up here, won the 14 tie, and Eddie Steck the 13 tie. Scores follow from Mr. Watson. This prosperous trophy race will end in August, and this is matter of regret, for the firm has stated that it will not then further continue these badge shoots. We need some good clean competition here all the time to keep interest alive.

On Tuesday evening, May 4, in the State street hall, there took place the disbandment of the Cook County Trap-Shooters' League. Eureka, Garden City and Calumet Heights clubs sent representatives. Too many strings, I presume.

Next week comes the old-time Illinois State shoot, for the second time at Peoria. Chicago will not send any very heavy delegation, but enough to show that the fixture is her favorite one. The representation from below will be large, and a cheerful and enthusiastic time may be promised in advance. The Peorians are big-hearted fellows and splendid entertainers. At this writing it seems likely that the shoot will go to Peoria next year, but no extended look at the slates has been had as yet.

We will send a little group of Illinois shooters down to St. Louis for the Missouri State shoot, May 15-20. John Watson is scheduled, but that is a good way from home for John except in the jack snipe season.

Mr. Will K. Park, of Sporting Life, Philadelphia, is in town to-day on his way to Ottawa and Peoria next week, and will take in some of the bigger Western shoots this coming month.

For a long time the Knoxville squad record, 119 out of 120, has remained unbroken, and seemed about as much as could be asked from five different men shooting at 20 targets, each in the same event, shoulder to shoulder. Yet on Tuesday of this week, May 4, this record was twice broken, and a perfect squad score of 100 made. This happened at two Western points, widely separated. At Lincoln, Neb., in the State shoot, squad No. 1, composed of A. B. Daniels, of Denver, Colo.; George Rogers, Lincoln; W. S. Duer, Hastings, Neb.; C. A. Young, Springfield, O.; and Frank Parmelee, Omaha, Neb., went from the score with a clean balance sheet, the five men having each broken his 20 straight without a skip or a hitch. In this squad, singularly enough, was Charlie Young, who was one of the five who broke 119 in the earlier record. This performance must have given the boys who took a hand in it a lot of comfort, and it seems almost too bad to think how short-lived was their glory. Yet on the same day, at the third annual tournament of Peru, Ind., the feat was duplicated. Dr. O. F. Britton, of Indianapolis; F. D. Alkire, Woodlyn, O.; Ed Rike, of Dayton, O.; H. W. Cadwallader, Danville, Ill., and J. L. Head, Peru, Ind., constituted the squad in this instance, and I have no doubt that they felt just exactly the way their friends and acquaintances were feeling at the same time out in Lincoln, this being a case of five of the one, and one less than a half dozen of the other. I have not any records available at this moment, and memory does not serve, but I have a vague idea that Ed Rike figured in that 119 score. If so, he and Charlie Young may very well

Nebraska State Tournament.

LINCOLN, Neb., May 5.—The twenty-third annual meeting of the Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association and tournament was graced with a fair attendance and favorable weather; so, with these two essential features, it must be classed as a success. True, the attendance was not up to what the promoters of the tournament had expected, but it is well to remember that only two weeks previous another tournament had been held at Lincoln and in face of this it is all the more remarkable that the attendance was so good, and was maintained up to so uniform a standard throughout the four days. While the number of principals engaged on the first day was less than on any other, this is really the case at a tournament, as the first day generally records the big entry at nearly all shoots. This can be directly attributed to the manner in which the programme was arranged for the setting aside of six events each day for the rank and file naturally appealed to this element, whose wishes must hereafter be consulted, in order to insure the success of any tournament. While these events were mostly short races, as they should be, the management should have gone further and divided the purses in these events at least by the Rose system, in place of that rancorous old inequitable system; for then those who performed the most meritoriously would have received their just compensation, and not the most fortunate ones.

The programme makes reference to that old, rank coward, "no dropping" for place, and calls attention that this is prohibited by the constitution of the Association. Of course, this is a bluff, for where the above system is in vogue no mention should be made of dropping for place, for the system is of itself responsible for this incident, as it frequently places a premium on inferior shooting. A very forcible illustration of this occurred during this tournament. In one of the 15-target events there were no straights, but ten scored 14, eight 13, six 12 and four 11, while there was no 10, nor 9, and but one 8, which received fifth money, \$4.30, and none of the other places paid entrance money. Such conditions I maintain should not be permitted to exist.

Shooting Grounds.

The tournament was held on the grounds of the Capital Gun Club, one of the best-arranged shooting grounds in the West. The appointments were very complete. The club has three sets of target traps arranged on the Sergeant system, and one set of five-bird traps. The former are so located as to permit the use of both at the same time. At the target traps the shooter, when at the score, faces north, while when shooting pigeons, he faces a little east of north. This obviates any interference by the sun, and also insures a good light, which every shooter understands is quite essential in making good scores. The club house is rather small, especially for occasions like this, though it will answer very well for club shoots. However, there was no lack of shelter for the shooters; for the club had taken the precaution to provide a very large tent for the accommodation of its guests, one amply large enough for an hundred people. I am told that the club contemplates erecting a nice house on the ground shortly. Another very nice arrangement was that which prevented the spectators from encroaching on the shooters while at the score. The seats for them were so located that they could not come in contact with the shooters at all, being separated by a woven wire fence, though it was possible for them to obtain a good view of the shooting from where they were situated. On live-bird day there was quite a crowd in attendance to witness the sport. Unfortunately Mr. R. M. Welch, the secretary of the club, was called to Cincinnati on business just prior to the tournament, so that all the work of conducting the affair devolved upon the shoulders of Mr. George Rogers and H. H. Harley, both of whom are very consistent workers and were about early and late to see that everything the schedule called for was carried out to the letter. George Rogers shot through the entire programme, and his shooting, despite the handicap, was of a very high character, and excellence, he being near the top each day, and also among the first in general averages.

The club leases the ground, about five acres, and has it all inclosed in a 6ft. woven wire fence. The electric cars run right to the gate, it being only 15 minutes' ride from the heart of the city.

In the cashier's office Mr. F. E. Mockett held sway, and the gentleman was highly qualified to fill this arduous position, being both courteous and capable. His work was done with a dispatch that was gratifying to management and principals alike. Mr. Fred Karcher, one of the referees, is quite a character himself, and added much to the pleasure and enjoyment of the visiting shooters by his musical ability and originality. Every night the shooters would gather in room 113 at the Lindell Hotel and here Mr. Karcher, and Roll Heikes would entertain the shooters with rare selections, rendered on the banjo and mandolin. This entertainment never lacked spectators, for not only were the shooters in evidence, but quite a number of the other guests of the hotel would drop in to enjoy the rendition. Mr. Karcher is proud of the distinction of being the referee on the occasion when the new squad record was made.

That New Squad Record.

This new record was made with a curious and singular combination, and it may be of interest to know what guns and loads were used by the principals. Rogers, No. 1, shot a Greener gun, Leader shells and Austin powder; Daniels, No. 2, shot a Francotte gun, Smokeless shells and Du Pont powder; Duer, No. 3, shot a Parker gun, Smokeless shells and Du Pont powder; Young, No. 4, shot a Smith gun, Smokeless shells and Du Pont powder; Parmelee shot a Remington gun, Smokeless shells and Schultze powder. Thus, it will be seen, that the principals used each a different gun, and two kinds of shells and three kinds of powder were represented. But this is not all, for, though to add to the singularity of the combination, two kinds of targets were used.

Out of Town Principals.

These consisted of W. E. Beeson, Grand Rapids, Mich.; W. D. Townsend, W. D. Burgess, G. F. Brucker, Plumber Reed, Frank Parmelee and Kimball, Omaha; Louis Painter, Osceola, Ia.; Ed L. Clark, Nora Springs, Ia.; Howard Davidson and Henry Thiel, Junction City, Kan.; E. R. Eway, Chadron, Neb.; R. R. Kimball, Fremont, Neb.; Dr. J. B. Hungate, Weeping Water, Neb.; W. S. Duer, Hastings, Neb.; C. D. Hagerman, Wymore, Neb.; Chas. Young, Springfield, O.; A. B. Daniels, Denver, Col.; E. E. Hairgrove, Sutton, Neb.; O. F. Harlan, Cook, Neb.; F. M. Eaton, Geneva, Neb.; C. J. Brook, Atkinson, Neb.; M. T. Miller, York, Neb.; W. J. Organ and J. G. Hilbery, Beaver Crossing, Neb.; Geo. Peterson, Coon Rapids, Ia.; C. D. Linderman, Adams, Neb.; Dan Bray, Syracuse, Neb.; Geo. Nicolai, Minden, Neb.; D. C. Olmstead, Bertrand, Neb.; Geo. Schroeder, Columbus, Neb.; J. W. Den and Chas. Atkinson (Brink), Arapahoe, Neb.; Bert Long, Mason City, Ia.; F. Miller, Berwyn, Neb.; G. O. Rains, Beatrice, Neb.; J. F. Berard, Herman, Neb.; W. H. Hen, Concordia, Kan.

The trade was represented by R. O. Heikes and Jno. J. Hallowell, of the U. M. C. Co.; Fred Gilbert, Du Pont Powder Co.; Chas. Budd, Hazard Powder Co. and Parker gun; J. C. Fanning, Gold Dust Powder Co.

Association Session.

The annual meeting was held Thursday night at the Lindell Hotel, and was a very brief session, only routine business being transacted. This consisted in calling the roll, collection of dues and the selection of a place for holding the next tournament and the election of officers. The Omaha Gun Club and the Lincoln Gun Club, of Lincoln, were bidders for the tournament. When the names of the two clubs were submitted to a vote the result was that Omaha was chosen on the first ballot, the vote standing Omaha ten and Lincoln eight. W. H. S. Hughes, Omaha, was elected President, and E. E. Hairgroves, of Sutton, was chosen Vice-President; Geo. W. Loomis was elected Secretary and Treasurer.

First Day, Tuesday, May 2.

For some time Pop Heikes has been up in the air, so to express it, in regard to a gun that would fit him. However, by the stride he had to-day one would infer that he had found one that did fit him in the Parker he used. The conditions of the shooting were of the hardest nature, as the velocity of the wind was something awful, and I cannot recall a single instance where it ever blew so hard for so long a time. It began early in the morning, and continued until night. The destruction of the club house and tents were momentarily expected, as the former swayed to and fro, and the beams and rafters in the latter quaked in the most awe-inspiring manner. Meanwhile Roll was complacently and imperturbably negotiating the targets to such an extent that but few ciphers were recorded against him, and these few were dotted along here and there. His total for the day showed but ten losses, and his average was .944. True, he and others have often exceeded

this, but I question if such shooting was ever done in the face of such a wind.

Charley Young also shot well, for he is second, with an average of .933, two breaks short of Heikes' total. In the five 15-target events he lost only one, but he was not so successful in the longer events. As he is shooting in the amateur class, thereby being permitted to contest for the money in all the events, he is the biggest winner of the day, for two of his straights occurred when there were no others. George Rogers, one of the local contingent, is third, with a percentage of .916. Event No. 5 was a 25-target race, in which there was a special prize in the shape of a silver cup. This Rogers won on a score of 24, for, though Budd and Heikes tied him, they could not compete for it, as this event was open to amateurs only. Heikes missed his last bird in this race. Rogers was a good winner on the day's shooting, as his 20 straight in event 2 was the only one, and netted him \$17.75. Hallowell also counted good and hard once, his being the only straight in No. 4. Duer arrived late, but showed up well in the events he took part in.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot	at.	Broke.	Av.
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	180	170	.944
Heikes	14	18	14	17	24	15	19	14	20	15	180	168	.933	
Young	14	19	15	17	25	15	19	15	16	15	180	165	.916	
Rogers	12	20	13	17	24	14	20	13	18	14	180	163	.905	
Gilbert	14	16	15	17	20	15	19	15	18	14	180	160	.900	
Parmelee	15	17	14	16	22	13	19	12	20	14	180	158	.877	
Heer	14	19	11	18	23	13	17	13	17	13	180	154	.855	
Fanning	13	19	15	19	21	12	19	9	18	13	180	152	.844	
Painter	14	16	12	18	20	13	17	13	17	14	180	151	.838	
Bray	14	17	15	17	23	11	18	12	12	12	180	150	.828	
Seaton	14	14	13	19	22	12	16	10	17	14	180	147	.816	
Daniels	11	17	11	15	23	11	19	8	18	13	180	146	.811	
Peterson	14	15	12	19	21	14	15	12	12	11	180	145	.805	
Den	13	15	15	16	18	13	18	10	14	13	180	145	.805	
Clark	11	17	11	17	23	17	17	12	17	12	180	144	.800	
Kimball	8	13	13	17	22	12	16	13	19	11	180	144	.800	
Townsend	13	16	12	16	23	14	15	12	14	9	180	143	.791	
Beard	13	18	10	15	21	11	18	14	14	9	180	141	.782	
Linderman	11	15	12	14	21	13	17	12	14	12	180	137	.761	
Frink	10	15	10	12	23	12	18	11	17	9	180	136	.755	
Miller	14	12	13	11	18	14	16	11	17	10	180	122	.677	
Moore	8	13	8	11	18	14	11	11	13	10	180	117	.650	
Hairgrove	12	18	13	17	24	14	20	14	20	12	165	152	.921	
Budd	12	19	12	18	20	14	12	16	13	18	165	136	.824	
Hallowell	12	19	12	14	18	11	16	13	16	16	165	132	.800	
Long	13	19	12	14	18	11	16	13	16	16	165	80	.941	
Duer	13	12	12	21	15	18	15	19	14	14	165	46	.836	
Olmstead	14	14	13	14	18	15	18	15	14	14	165	45	.836	
Beeson	14	14	13	14	18	15	18	15	14	14	165	45	.836	
Troyer	14	14	13	14	18	15	18	15	14	14	165	45	.836	
McCandless	14	14	13	14	18	15	18	15	14	14	165	45	.836	
Lytle	9	15	14	13	18	15	18	15	14	14	165	45	.836	
Powell	8	13	14	13	18	15	18	15	14	14	165	45	.836	
Wallace	8	13	14	13	18	15	18	15	14	14	165	45	.836	
Clyde	8	13	14	13	18	15	18	15	14	14	165	45	.836	
Harlan	8	13	14	13	18	15	18	15	14	14	165	45	.836	
M. T. Miller	8	13	14	13	18	15	18	15	14	14	165	45	.836	

Second Day, Wednesday, May 3.

The general improvement in the scores of to-day may be attributed to the favorable weather conditions. In this respect nothing could be asked for except that it was a trifle too cold, but the wind that blew did not affect the flight of the targets materially, and notwithstanding that it was hazy most of the day the light was good.

Roll Heikes went the entire route with loss of but 7 targets, and in face of these returns it but follows that he is again in the van with a percentage of .948. While this is a trifle better than yesterday, I do not consider it as good an exhibition of shooting. The other Ohioan, Charley Young, is again second with .942, having dropped but 10, 5 of them in the 50-bird event. However, he was not so fortunate to-day, as he had a number of opportunities to win good money in the 15-bird sweep by going straight, and only once did he succeed. This was the first event. In the three other events of this kind he scored 14, losing his 13th target in one, his 14th in another, and finally his last one.

Gilbert and Fanning came to the front to-day and occupy third and fourth places in the order named. Daniels is the only one in the simon-pure class to make a percentage of .900, though Painter and Rogers are but a single break short of this.

Fanning and Daniels are the fortunate ones, as each broke a 20 straight at an opportune time, which paid \$17.75. There was only one 15 straight in all of the four amateur events, and Young got this.

No long runs were made, Heikes' best, 58 and 59, while none of the other contestants could group their break together to any extent.

Event No. 8 in the table is the Parker gun handicap. This was really event 3, but for convenience sake I have placed it last. Thus to be able to show the total each contestant made, as well as the bird allowance, he had and the number he scored of these. For the handicap did not consist of added targets, but an allowance, and the number he was able to score of these was then added to his total. Thus Moore, the winner of the gun, broke 45 out of 50, and had an allowance of 6, of which number he broke 5, making his total 50. The figures in the ninth column of the table show the allowance each shooter had, and those in the last column show the number he actually broke of these. Some who had no show to get into the money did not shoot their allowance, so this is not given. There were five moneys in addition to the gun, first going to Hagerman and Linderman, who, with their handicap, scored 47; 46s were numerous, while there were three 45s and two 44s. Hungate was the only 43, and this paid better than any place but first. Heikes made the top score in this event, scoring 48, losing his first and sixth targets. The four 20-bird events were open to all, the others to amateurs only.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot			
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	at.	Broke.	Av.	
Heikes	15	19	19	15	20	13	19	48	175	168	.948	
Young	15	19	20	14	19	14	19	45	175	165	.943	
Gilbert	14	17	20	15	19	14	18	47	175	164	.937	
Fanning	13	18	19	15	18	13	20	45	175	161	.920	
Daniels	13	20	19	14	20	13	18	42	2	2	175	159	.908	
Painter	13	17	19	12	19	14	19	44	1	1	175	157	.897	
Rogers	12	19	17	14	20	12	18	45	175	157	.897	
Budd	14	18	19	13	17	14	16	45	175	156	.891	
Bray	11	16	18	14	17	14	19	44	2	2	175	153	.874	
Heer	10	19	17	14	18	13	16	45	1	1	175	152	.868	
Hagerman	14	18	15	14	17	13	16	45	4	2	175	151	.862	
Hallowell	10	17	17	13	20	13	17	42	175	150	.857	
Peterson	10	17	18	12	18	13	16	42	175	148	.845	
Moore	12	14	18	14	15	11	18	45	6	5	175	147	.840	
Long	13	16	14	13	15	14	17	42	2	2	175	144	.822	
Frink	10	15	16	14	16	13	19	41	6	5	175	144	.822	
Townsend	10	13	18	12	19	13	16	43	3	3	175	143	.817	
Duer	12	13	16	13	16	14	15	44	175	143	.817	
Linderman	12	14	14	13	15	13	15	43	4	4	175	139	.794	
F. Miller	9	15	16	13	15	13	18	40	5	1	175	139	.794	
Den	12	12	15	14	18	10	18	36	5	2	175	138	.788	
Hairgrove	13	18	18	16	11	13	39	9	7	175	134	.765		
Andrews	10	15	16	13	14	12	18	34	4	3	175	132	.754	
Kimball	7	16	18	13	16	13	40	3	2	160	123	.768		
Hungate	11	11	16	13	12	13	38	6	5	135	101	.748		
Parmelee	..	19	20	18	18	18	41	130	116	.892		
Rains	11	16	10	12	11	38	5	4	130	89	.753			
Grant	12	8	12	17	27	120	76	.635		
Davidson	7	7	10	10	10	7	35	4	1	120	66	.550		
Clark	12	13	14	12	11	33	4	3	2	115	91	.791		
Olmstead	11	11	13	12	11	33	4	3	2	95	74	.778		
M. T. Miller	10	11	14	11	11	33	6	3	6	95	68	.715		
Saint	10	14	11	11	11	33	6	3	6	85	57	.670		
Beard	9	11	11	11	11	33	4	3	80	51	.637			
Dorgaa	10	11	11	11	11	33	4	3	80	51	.637			
Troyer	..	17	11	11	11	33	4	3	80	51	.637			
Wolf	..	12	11	11	11	30	70	58	828	.39	.453	
Clyde	11	11	11	11	11	29	65	40	615	.70	.600	
Harlan	12	11	11	13	11	29	45	36	800	.70	.600	
Ewoy	7	11	11	8	11	29	45	27	600	.70	.600	
Eaton	..	11	11	18	11	29	35	29	828	.39	.453	
Brooks	6	11	11	11	11	30	30	17	566	.70	.600	
Schultz	..	7	11	9	11	30	30	16	533	.70	.600	
Malone	7	11	11	11	11	30	15	7	566	.70	.600	
Yule	..	11	11	11	11	30	50	30	600	.70	.600	
F. F. Kimball	..	11	11	11	11	27	50	27	510	.70	.600	

Brook, 28	2222221122211202222-19
Fanning, 31	222222222222222222-18
Hairgrove, 29	0111*212111121212-18
Hallowell, 30	202222222222222222-18
Heikes, 32	022*22222222222222-18
Schroeder, 28	12111101012121212-18
Beard, 28	11110111221110111-18
Plumber, 28	211220011*121211222-17
Parmelee, 31	222212221022222222-17
Linderman, 28	2222220*2222222222-17
Burgess, 29	22221221*2211210212-17
Long, 27	211111210111220110-16
Young, 20	22222220*2122*2202-16
Nicolai, 29	122122202121*1*22*11-16
J W Den, 29	11022021111101*2222-16
Frink, 27	101110*011121222222-15
Painter, 27	11010220*022221111-15
Eaton, 26	2121*102002111*0-10
Brucker, 28	102211020200-7
Smith, 29	*2110100*0-4
W T Den, 26	1*00*02** -3

State Live Bird Championship.

The closing event of the tournament was the contest at live birds for the State championship, the C. E. Mayne diamond badge being the emblem at issue. This contest consisted of 15 live birds, \$15 entrance and \$15 added, four moneys, 40, 30, 20 and 10.

Fifteen shooters qualified for the race, and at the finish it was found that Dan Bray, of Syracuse, and Geo. Nicolai, of Sutton, had accounted for their total. The shoot-off was at 5 birds, and the first 5 resulted in another tie, but in the next a decision was reached, as Nicolai drew a left-quartering outgoer in the 7th round that he could not negotiate. Bray again accounted for his 5, and thereby won the trophy on a score of 25 straight. Smead, of Omaha, won the badge last year, but failed to materialize for this contest. Moore, of Lincoln, was the only one to score 14, and this gave him a nice little roll. Another noteworthy feature was the poor showing of Frank Parmelee, who only scored 11, which is the poorest score that he has ever made in a contest for this badge. However, in justice to him it must be stated that he was without a pigeon gun, and used three different ones during the day. The weather was cloudy, though pleasant, while in the afternoon a good wind prevailed.

Bray	1121221222211-15	Rogers	*2021222222*2-12
Nicolai	2111221121222-15	Duer	2222022220212-12
Moore	22*11222212222-14	Willard	1101212100112-12
Linderman	2022222*222222-13	Parmelee	2221*202022022-11
Hairgroves	*1221222121210-13	Burgess	1021021*0*22122-10
Beard	21112100121120-12	J W Den	222220*00210121-10
Brook	2001122122122*-12	Plumber	*20222*2200
Shroeder	1222122002222-12		

Shoot-off. Bray 211212111-10 Nicolai 121210112-9 Individual target championship, 25 targets, \$3 entrance, open only to Nebraska shooters; gold medal:

Duer	11111111111111111111-25
Parmelee	11111111111101111111-24
Nicolai	11111111111101111111-24
Rogers	11111101111101111111-23
Bray	11101010111111111111-23
Frink	11111111010011111111-22
Eaton	11101111011101110111-21
Hairgrove	11110111111101101110-21
Linderman	11110101111101110101-20
F Miller	111100111011111111100-20
Moore	1111111101001011101110-19
Plumber	00111101001111110110011-17
Den	00110101w

PAUL R. LITZKE.

Jeannette Gun Club.

ELTINGVILLE, S. I., May 3.—Goodly numbers of the Jeannette Gun Club and the Columbia Fishing Club were present on the charming grounds of the latter organization to contest for the special prizes in a live-bird shoot, to-day. The mere mention of these grounds conveys no adequate idea of their elaborate equipment and natural beauty. Situated on the east coast of Staten Island, they have an area of eight acres, on which are a well-built club house, a large boat house containing several fine launches, large and small a large dormitory, a club building for the shooters, stables, a poultry yard, garden, etc.,—all most complete in themselves and their appointments. The shooting grounds slope gently toward the shore, and are next to it, so that on one side is the surf-beaten shore and broad ocean open to the view, while on the other side were fruit trees in full blossom, forming a setting than which nothing more beautiful could be desired. In this beautiful club resort, the club members spend many days with their wives and children in wholesome and sensible enjoyment.

The shooting was enjoyed with a zest which was thorough. The prize in the 7-bird event was a silver cup, made by Tiffany, intrinsically valuable in itself, but prized much more by the competitors as a desirable trophy. Good shots and difficult kills were applauded to the echo. The traps were set on the slope next the shore, highest on the right as one faced them. The grass, grown already to a height which largely concealed birds which preferred to walk rather than fly, was of the deep green of the springtime. A powerful wind blew across from left to right as one faced the traps.

The retrieving was done by the Jeannette Club's setter dog, a most indefatigable worker, far above the average retriever in promptness and finish of performance, and very intelligent withal. The office of referee was filled most satisfactorily by Mr. H. P. Fessenden, while that of scorer was filled by the painstaking popular Johnnie Jones.

The first event was at 7 birds, handicap rise, Interstate Association rules. The scores:

Rottman, 28	220222-5	J Bohling, Jr., 25	2222222-7
Debacker, 28	1101010-4	L H Schortemeier, 33	2022222-6
Ehlen, 25	2002222-5	H Lohden, 25	120110-5
Brunnie, 28	21101*1-5	J H Kroger, 28	1121202-6
Barr, 25	2200010-3	Ringhoff, 28	0011111-5
Steffens, 32	2121210-6	F C Karstens, 28	0221201-5
Pape, 28	1021111-6	G Meyer, 25	0121112-6
Nobel, 25	0220221-5	J Wellbrock, 28	100010-2
J Mohrman, 25	2220122-6	Keilshorn, 27	120**1-3
Kid Peters, 25	2012202-5	Ferguson, 25	020*210-3
Hainhorst, 28	210*202-4	J Vagts, 28	0120011-4
J Bohling, Sr, 30	101112*-5	C Meyer, 25	0*110*1-3
Otto, 28	1122101-6	J Mehnke, 25	01202*2-4
Schlicht, 28	1122112-7	J D Wilkens, 25	0210110-4
Garms, 28	22*2000-3	C Bralng, 25	1001020-3
Leoble, 28	2222222-7	W Ralphs, 28	2202100-4
C Von Lengerke, 30	2222020-5		

Leoble and Bohling, Jr., were the only two who killed straight. In the shoot-off the latter missed his first bird, while Leoble killed his, and won the cup. Leoble was shooting in fine form, delivering both barrels in quick time and admirable accuracy.

The second event was miss-and-out. After the first round or two the struggle narrowed down to seven out of the thirty-two shooters, Barr, Steffens, Hainhorst, Garms, Leoble, Wellbrock, Schortemeier and Meyer. Barr and Leoble missed their 9th and went out. Schortemeier caught a hot twisting right-quartering driver, which got away in the 11th round, as it sped swiftly before the wind. Meyer missed his 12th. Steffens drew an easy one and killed it, and won in the 12th round. The prize was a beautiful toilet set, hand painted. Capt. Robert Debecker had the painting done to order, and the artist's work alone cost \$50.

Rottman, 28	20	Leoble	112222220
Debacker, 28	21110	J Bohling, Jr.	0
Ehlen	0	Lohden	1*
Brunie	0	Ringhoff	0
Barr	122222220	Karstens	120
Steffens, 30	122212212222	Kroeger	0
Pape	0	G Meyer	2210
Nobel	110	J Wellbrock	112222220
Mohrman	210	Heilhorn	20
Peter	10	L Schortemeier, 30	2222222220
Hainhorst	22212110	J Vagts	1210
J Bohling, Sr	10	C Meyer	22221212220
Otto	210	H Koster	1110
Schlicht	22120	Ralphs	1220
Garms	2122220	Wilkens	0
C Von Lengerke, 30	120	Menter	0

The Bedford Rod and Gun Club, Bedford, Ind., holds its third annual tournament on Friday of this week. There are eleven events on the programme, five at 15 targets, \$1.50 entrance; five at 20, \$2 entrance, and one at 25 targets, \$3 entrance. F. T. Sherwood, Sec'y.

St. Louis Shooting Association.

St. Louis, April 4.—At a meeting of the board of directors of the St. Louis Shooting Association, held at their headquarters, in room 34, Insurance Building, Friday, the handicap committee that will grade the participants in the live-bird events, which will be held at the big May tournament, at Du Pont Park, was selected. The committee will be composed of the following well-known sportsmen: Thomas Marshall, John Watson, Will K. Fox and G. M. Walden. The fifth member, who will be a St. Louisan, was not definitely decided upon, but in all probability Edward Prendergast will be selected to look after the interests of the Mound City shooters.

Prendergast, although a young man, has been before the sportsmen in this city for a number of years. He has competed with almost every expert shot in the country, and was at one time champion of Missouri. Prendergast probably knows more individual shooters in St. Louis and vicinity than any other man, and consequently a more capable man could not be selected to serve on the handicapping committee. Thomas Marshall is Mayor of Keithsburg, Ill., and is a two-time winner of the Grand American Handicap. No shooter is more widely known than Marshall, and he is thoroughly competent to judge of the respective merits of the participants in the live-bird handicaps.

John Watson is a resident of Chicago, and is the owner of the famous Burnside Shooting Park. Watson has probably trapped more birds and watched a greater number of sportsmen at the traps than any other man living.

Will K. Fox is well known in the trap-shot circles of the East, and will take care of the Eastern sportsmen in the handicaps.

G. M. Walden is a resident of Kansas City, and he will look after the West. Walden was president of the Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association for two years, and is thoroughly conversant with tournament affairs. He knows how disagreeable is the duty of a handicapping committee, and only accepts the position as do the other gentlemen, with a spirit of sacrifice, with the view of fostering the great sport.

E. S. Rice, of Chicago, who took a party of over 100 sportsmen to the big Elkwood Park shoot last month, will head a large delegation from Chicago to the St. Louis shoot. Rice is especially interested in the big event of the week, the Du Pont championship contest, which will be decided on Friday, May 10. In view of the value of this trophy and the number of times it has been defended, a vast amount of interest is being taken in the probable outcome of this event. In this contest there will be entered every crack shot in the United States, and every amateur who thinks he has a chance to kill 22 out of 25 birds.

Picking the winner of this event will be a decidedly difficult matter, as the handicapping committee will do its work so thoroughly that the 100 or more competitors will be placed on an absolutely fair and even basis. This will also be true of the contest for the valuable trophy offered by the St. Louis Republic and the Lemp medal. The handicapping committee will see to it that these events will furnish close and interesting sport.

In target events there will be no handicaps. Every shooter shoots at the same number of targets from the same score. These targets at Du Pont Park are apparently very difficult. This arises from the fact that the target traps are sunk in the ground, and the absence of a screen gives the shooter a view of the target much quicker than when a 3ft. screen obstructed the view. The shooter seeing the target 20ft. nearer than usual does not make the proper allowance for the speed of the target and shoots behind it. He realizes after the first event is finished that he has much more time to break the target than under the old system, and therefore is more careful in his aim. High averages are sure to prevail at the May tournament.

Ample facilities for taking care of the crowd at Du Pont Park have been made. The old Du Pont magazine, which is a brick building 40 x 60ft., will provide ample storage for guns and shells during the tournament week. Watchmen will sleep in the building every night. A cashier's house and shoot pavilion have been erected near the live-bird grounds. A large oblong tent, 40 x 60ft., will be placed immediately behind the target rangers. Another tent of the same size will be used for a mess room. In the rear of this there will be a tent for the kitchen. These tents, with their white surfaces, will make Du Pont Park look like a circus grounds during the week. The number of inquiries for programmes from almost every State in the Union indicates the largest attendance that has ever been at a Western tournament.

Considerable rivalry exists between St. Louis and Kansas City as to the number of teams that will represent each city in the team shoot for the State medal. Herbert Taylor, of the St. Louis Shooting Association, returned from Kansas City last Wednesday, and he stated that arrangements had been made by the shooting enthusiasts of the western Missouri metropolis to secure a private car that will bring thirty Kansas City shooters to the May shoot.

There will be five teams from Kansas City, consisting of the O. K. Gun Club, Stock Yards Gun Club, Washington Park Gun Club, Belt Line Gun Club and Kansas City Gun Club. The team that will represent the last-named club will include such wonderful shooters as Christ. Gottlieb, Champion Jim Elliott and J. E. Riley. The latter is training hard for the shoot. He is particularly anxious to win his match with Rolla Heikes, which will take place at Du Pont Park on Saturday, May 13, two days before the commencement of the big tournament. Elliott is at Hot Springs, and according to reports he puts in about five hours a day at hard work, and will be in fine fettle when the shoot commences.

Five and possibly six teams will represent St. Louis in the team shoot. The team composed of Dr. J. W. Smith, Dr. Max C. Starkloff, Edward Prendergast and Peter M. Kling, which now holds the medal, will in all probability be the favorite for the shoot. Kling is at present in Berlin, Germany, and if he does not return in time to participate in the match, J. J. Sumpter will probably take his place. The St. Louis Gun Club team will be composed of H. B. Collins, F. W. Paramore, C. W. Scudder and Charles McClure Clark. Another team will be from the Du Pont Park Gun Club which will be composed of J. M. Selzer, J. H. Conrades, Jr., Charles Spencer and Herbert Taylor.

John and Duthiel Cabanne are organizing a team that will prove a mighty tough proposition. Capt. Will Lenzard is selecting a team to represent the Central Gun Club. Capt. Stroth of the Riverside Gun Club is picking a team that the Riversides say will beat the West End Gun Club in the race for the medal. It is now thought that at least eighteen teams will meet in the contest for the State medal.

GEORGE MUNSON.

Haverhill Gun Club.

HAVERHILL, Mass., April 29.—A few members of the Haverhill Gun Club participated in a little practice this afternoon, with Mr. J. R. Hull, one of Parker Bros.' traveling representatives, as a visitor.

No regular programme was shot, just a "ragtime" shoot, which was thoroughly enjoyed by all. The remaining ties from our Patriots' Day handicap for third prize, consisting of a split-bamboo rod, was decided, between Tuck and Bradford, the former winning on the first round.

We are now preparing ourselves to hear about the "biggest one that got away, took my hook, leaders," etc., and other fish stories. Mr. Hull was shooting a gun new to us, and the work he did with it will show in the score. He allowed no time to be wasted, as between whiles he made up a squad consisting of Hull and "himself" and kept blazing away.

Events 1, 2, 5, 12 and 13, unknown angles; events 7, 8, 9, 10 and 11, regular angles; events 6 and 7, reversed angles; event 3, expert, one man up. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	25
Hull	8	9	14	7	13	5	10	14	13	14	8	24	23
Brown	6	10	6	5	10	5
Tozies	6	6	10	4	13
Miller	9	7	10	5	10	4
Lambert	13	9	14	8	7
Bradford	9	6	12	7	5
Tuck	9	8	13	3	8

In one of Hull's "lone events" he made 29 out of 30, with 28 straight.

C. F. LAMBERT, Sec'y.

John F. Weiler Gun Club.

ALLENTOWN, Pa., May 3.—The scores made at the club's monthly shoot, at Duck Farm Hotel were as follows, Charles Kramlich winning the medal:

Event No. 1, 25 targets: J. Rehrg 16, O. Griesemer 14, Erdman 12, George Kern 10, Joe Flickinger 7, Charles Kramlich 18, O. Acker 16.

Event No. 2, 8 live birds: John F. Weiler 5, O. Griesemer 4, George Kern 4, O. Acker 5, Joe Flickinger 6, J. Rehrg 6, Thomas Crader 6, Charles Kramlich 8, O. J. Engleman 7.

C. F. KRAMLICH, Fin. Sec'y.

Boston Gun Club.

WELLINGTON, Mass., May 3.—The magauart furnished amusement and practice for fifteen shooters Wednesday afternoon at Wellington on Boston Gun Club grounds. Some good scores were made, though it was considered a very windy day by some who stayed at home, unwilling to risk their reputations as experts. These are the people who miss the very elixir of trap-shooting, the spice of the cake, as it were, the real practise where the targets are not mere inanimate saucers, but flying objects, temporarily imbued with life to deceive and mislead the unsuspecting sportsmen. A 70 per cent. average under such circumstances is worth to the shooter more than an 80 or 85 on easier days, and small loss if the scores fail to impress one's friends in becoming style when beneficial training of eye and hand is gained in the contest between erratic flights and steady shooter.

To-day regardless of wind and a comparatively novel trap system some really fine scores were made in the match. Mr. Thos. Howe, of the Hingham Club, at 17yds., broke 61 out of 70 targets, all kinds, and Leroy, who was but one target behind at 21yds. rise, later on broke 24 straight at 16yds. So this particular trap continues suiting some Eastern as well as Western shooters.

Aspirants for straight honors were Messrs. Howe and Leroy, two each; Sheffield, Spencer, Hull Gordon and Hood, one each. Scores in full.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Targets:	10	10	5p	10	10	10	10	10	5p	10	10	10	6
Gordon, 17	6	5	5	7	5	8	5	10	9	5	7	8	3
Miskay, 18	9	7	5	8	7	7	8	9	8	7	8
Leroy, 21	9	9	8	9	8	8
Hull, 21	6	9	5	9	6	6
Woodruff, 17	9	7	8	7	8	9	8	8	6
Allison, 18	9	9	8	6	7	6	7
Nickols	8	8	2	3
Howe	10	9	7	7	10	9
Sheffield 16	10	4	6	8	7	3	9	6	5	8	6	7	3
Hood, 18	6	8	4
Goodhue, 16	3	5	5	2	3	3	6	8	7	5	7	6	3
Tozier, 16	5	4
Spencer, 18	8	8	9	1	8	6
Dana, 16	6	7	6
Michaels, 16

All events unknown angles, except No. 9, at known; 3 and 10 at pairs:

Fourth shoot in prize series, 30 targets, unknown angles:	
Spencer, 18	10111111011 10111 1111 111111-27
Hood, 18	111011110110111111111111-27
Woodruff, 17	101111101111011110111111-26
Howe 17	111011011111111111111111-26
Leroy, 21	1110111111110101110101111-25
Miskay, 18	1110011011110010110111111-23
Allison, 18	1011010111110011100111001101-20
Sheffield, 16	0110110110101110001111011101-19
Dana, 16	11000011111100011100111101-19
Gordon, 17	001010011101110110101100011-18
Goodhue, 16	110100000100011000010111010-12

Fort Smith Gun Club.

FORT SMITH, Ark., May 1.—The opening shoot of the Fort Smith Gun Club took place at the Fair grounds, Saturday evening. As it was the last of the month the attendance was small, most of the members being busy with their books and accounts.

A strong wind was blowing across the traps, and the birds were thrown hard. This, together with the fact that the shooters were somewhat rusty, kept the scores low. Mrs. Ben Atkinson favored the club with her presence, but her shooting was badly handicapped by a faulty gun. As it was, she beat Webber out on the first 10 birds.

Baptiste and Leach shot a race against Matthews and George, 40 birds to the team, the former winning by a score of 39 to 19.

Leach shot Baptiste a race for the price of the birds, the former winning by a score of 40 to 29.

There were not enough present to effect a reorganization, which will probably be accomplished at the next regular shoot, which takes place on next Saturday evening, at 4 o'clock.

Chief Fuller was present and fired a few shots just to get his hand in, but as he did not fire 25 shots his score is not given, it being necessary to fire that amount to get an average. Following is the score:

Shot			Shot		
	at.	Broke. Av.		at.	Broke. Av.
Leach	52	42 .810	George	50	25 .500
Matthews	50	32 .640	Webber	25	6 .240
Baptiste	50	29 .580	Mrs Atkinson..	22	3 .120

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO.

TERMS, \$4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. }
SIX MONTHS, \$2. }

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1899.

VOL. LII.—No. 20.
No. 846 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

ABOUT SCHWEITZERKASE.

If you have no case, abuse the plaintiff's attorney; if you are put to it for an argument, call names, the hardest names you can think of. This is the good old rule which has been followed for thousands of years and will be kept up so long as human nature shall remain what it is. But to call names, though cheap, convinces nobody. Though one were a past-master in blackguardism, like Dennis Kearney, of Sandlots notoriety, who once dubbed an opponent a slab-sided, bung-eyed hyena; or like the prophet who from behind the barricades of game he has slaughtered "just for pastime" shrieks "game hog" at his fellows, his hard names would carry no persuasion nor reformation, nor conviction, nor accomplish anything else than to reveal the weakness of his own position.

A case in point is that of the net fishermen of the vicinity of New York and the amateur anglers who have banded themselves together in a Protective League of Salt Water Fishermen. The purpose of the league is to secure the enforcement of the laws relating to netting and the pollution of the waters by waste from factories and other sources. The organization has already gained formidable strength, and those who are back of it have demonstrated that they "mean business." They are alert to the situation, and have begun a campaign which they promise to keep up until they shall have achieved its purpose. Naturally, they have excited opposition, and the opposition has taken the form of ridicule and derision. The netters' advocates call their opponents names. They say that they are schweitzerkase fishermen. The implication is that the League people are of a humble class, whose rights are not worth while respecting, and that their interests are of no importance as compared with those of the netters.

There may be honest differences of opinion respecting schweitzerkase. Some people like it, others do not; it is a matter of taste and of good digestion. The cheese is an important article of diet; tons of it are consumed annually on Manhattan Island; but we have never heard before that its consumption had any bearing upon the moral, social, industrial, political or sportsmanlike standing of those who eat it. No one is any better or worse for the eating of schweitzerkase; no more nor any the less respectable. Nor are his angling interests to be influenced in the slightest degree by the fact that he does or does not take schweitzerkase along with him on his fishing trips for lunch. Many worse things go into the lunch baskets of more pretentious folks. Nor is there any good reason why the interest of the schweitzerkase fisherman should not be protected equally with that of those anglers whose elaborate lunches comprise all the high-priced delicacies of the season and the most expensive wines. The man with the schweitzerkase gets just as much enjoyment out of his fishing, and is fully as deserving of consideration and has precisely as much claim to the protection of the law for preserving to him the opportunities to enjoy himself in his own way. This is a fact which cannot be covered up by calling names.

Now what are the facts of the case affecting the great class of salt water fishermen whom the city pours out annually to the banks of the Hudson and the East River, to the shores and bays of Staten Island, Jamaica Bay and neighboring waters, and up the Sound? Ninety-nine out of one hundred of them are working men, engaged during all the rest of the week in toil, and intent in the short hours available for recreation upon having their favorite sport in their own way. The League president, Mr. Biedinger, a letter carrier, will stand as an example of its membership. They are not those who can spend money without thought for railroad fares to distant waters, and afford the time and expense of putting up at summer hotels or staying at expensively ordered club houses. For this very reason, because they are of the ranks of the workers—the people whom the netters are pleased to term schweitzerkase fishermen—their limited privileges should be most jealously defended. The defense of their rights should not be left to them; it belongs to the State.

Things have come to a pretty pass indeed if these people may not undertake to secure the enforcement of the righteous laws without finding themselves the butt of cheap ridicule. In this resort by its opponents to such arguments, the League may find encouraging assurance that its growing influence is something with which illegal netters must reckon in New York waters.

SNAP SHOTS.

We publish in our angling columns a gratifying report of progress by Pres. Biedinger of the League of Salt Water Fishermen, an association formed in New York and vicinity for the enforcement of the laws relative to salt water fishing and the pollution of the waters. It is manifest that the members of the league are very much in earnest, and they have gone to work in the right way, building up a body strong in numbers and therefore certain to be influential. If they shall bring into their association all the people who are directly interested in its objects, there is no reason why they should not expect to have so much political influence that they may secure representation of their purposes at Albany.

One of the most interesting facts reported by Pres. Biedinger is the changed attitude of the men who were formerly engaged in net fishing in Jamaica Bay. This body of water is the chief amateur sea fishing ground near New York City. It was formerly infested with nets; and the line fishermen, most of whom are working people with opportunities for outings limited to one day in the week at the most, found that the nets were destroying even these restricted privileges. A law was secured abolishing nets from the bay. It was vigorously fought by the netters, but in the end they were compelled to submit to its enforcement. The result is that these same men have now gone into the business of boat building and boat hiring, and acting as boatmen and guides for the line fishermen, and are finding in their changed industry more satisfaction and profit than ever rewarded the more arduous net fishing. This result is one of the unexpected benefits thus accruing to a wider class than that for which the law was originally intended. There is every reason to believe that a like result would follow the strict enforcement of the netting laws in other localities where the line fishermen would increase under similar conditions, and provide another mode of livelihood for those who now engage in the toilsome industry of hauling nets.

Here is the enticing promise a Michigan summer resort proprietor holds out for the alluring of people to his establishment: "The streams in Michigan abound in brook trout. An expert trout fisherman and enthusiast has been employed by the month who will devote his entire time to fishing for the hotel. He will also conduct parties desiring to engage in this rare sport. It is expected that brook trout will be served to the guests as often as three times per week." The prospective guests are to be congratulated—those of them who shall get there early enough, or this year at least. The later comers will not be likely to find any fish, for no waters in Michigan were ever yet so abounding in brook trout that they could stand the industry of an expert "employed by the month to devote his entire time to fishing for the hotel."

The summer hotel keeper is not privileged above other men, and at the expense of other men to exploit the trout streams of his district for his own benefit in this manner. There are trout breeders who are engaged in the business of raising trout for market. If summer resort guests must have trout to eat three times a week or every day in the week, there is no reason under heaven why the fish should not be supplied to them, provided the steward buys his fish from the artificial growers whose stock is unlimited because capable of being kept up, and does not go for them to the public streams, which, once being depleted of their original supply, may be restored only with difficulty. This Michigan hotel man is only typical of many scattered throughout the country who have assumed that the native supply of fish or of game in their vicinity was something to be exploited for their own special benefit. The hotel kitchen door is too often open to grouse and woodcock killed out of season. The supply of the hotel guest's palate is the agency which has cleaned out many of our best game covers. The laws which forbid the taking of game for market are aimed directly at cutting off the traffic of the hotel table. There should be in every State in the Union a law similar to those which now prevail in several, limiting the catch of fish which an individual may take in a day or a season, and the amount which may be transported. We shall have these statutes all in good time; and moreover, one of these days public opinion will have been educated up to a point where no hotelkeeper will dream of advertising that he has employed a professional trout fisherman to fish constantly for the hotel table.

One encouraging reflection in the varied phases of the contest against selfishness and greed and disregard of the rights of others by individuals and classes is that the fight for game and fish protection is in line with the growing sentiment of the day. The tendency of the age is toward a recognition of the advantages of relaxation from the grind. Sport as a diversion from work is of constantly growing importance. We may not realize the advance of public sentiment and practice in this direction from day to day, but we may see it by contrasting the present conditions with those of ten or even five years ago. For the man of business to take a vacation is coming to be the rule rather than the exception; to arrange for an outing of a day or a half-day is the custom of tens of thousands. All this makes for the principle of preserving those gifts of nature which supply our enjoyment in the field and on the water. Every recruit in the army of outers means a new soldier to fight in the cause of game and fish protection. The time will come when those who are for protection will so overwhelmingly outnumber those who are inimical to it that they will hold the balance of power, and the cause for which the comparatively few are now struggling will be won.

The sensational canard sent out the other day that ex-President Cleveland had dropped dead at Middle Bass Island, in Lake Erie, where he had gone on a fishing trip, proves that we may not accept as true all the press dispatches that come over the wires; and it may be that the story of the mile of pigeon flight that darkened the sky over Reedsburg, Wis., the other day, had its rise, progress and end in the brain of an enterprising press agent. There is nothing impossible, nor inherently improbable in the tale. Wild pigeons did once pass as clouds over the land; there has never been any altogether reasonable theory to account for their annihilation. The stock was lessened, we know, by the systematic trappers, but the records of that pursuit, so far as known, would not justify the belief that it had resulted in their extermination of the species. The bird disappeared; that it was exterminated has never been shown, and is not known. As it went mysteriously, it may have returned, or may return, and as mysteriously. If the Wisconsin report is true, the flight is one of the most interesting bird incidents of the times.

We print in another column a note from Senator N. F. Reiner, of the Rhode Island Legislature, regarding his introduction of a bill to provide for a State game commission. Mr. Reiner's measure calls for five commissioners, to be appointed by the Governor for the term of three years, and to serve without pay, their duty being to cause the enforcement of the bird protective laws. This is something which is very much needed in Rhode Island, where the work of protecting game has been left for the most part to the initiative of individuals and associations of private citizens, who have made it their concern. If public spirited persons can be found in the several counties willing to assume the responsibilities of the new office, the authority given them by this statute may be of material benefit in their work. We trust that the Rhode Island Assembly may enact the bill into a law, since there is reason for confidence that Gov. Dyer would name for the places the best men available. He may be depended upon to select commissioners who will be personally interested in the work; and with a game board made up as that of Rhode Island is likely to be, we may look for a thorough reform in the administration of the laws, which under existing conditions are in many districts a farce.

That is a good suggestion made by Mr. Gard. T. Lyon that salmon fishermen passing through Quebec would do well to call upon Commissioner Parent, to express to him their appreciation of his attitude toward the netters. With a Commissioner of Lands, Forests and Fisheries so manifestly disposed to crush the salmon poaching abuses, law enforcement may be looked for with confidence.

We do not gorge gingerbread just because there happens to be a gingerbread supply to gorge. Why should we try to catch more fish than we can carry just because the fish happen to take the hook? To recognize the wisdom of moderation and to exercise moderation, this is one of the characteristics which distinguish the man from the babe. Let this thought be a comfort and a consolation when the other fellow comes in with the bigger string.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Nicaraguan Experiences.—II.

BEFORE coming here I knew enough of the general character of the country not to expect much shooting. The whole Atlantic Slope of Central America is primeval forest, so densely matted with every variety of tree, bush and vine that, although there is a great deal of game, the difficulties and discomforts of going for it are almost prohibitory, and the chances of surprising it are very near to nil. In paddling through creeks and bayous and walking a few wood paths, I have found a few doves and pigeons and two or three curassow, but the chances are too slender to cut much figure. I had heard, however, that wild ducks were abundant, so I came prepared. To make a long story short, I am almost prepared to say that there are no ducks in Nicaragua. That is, there are no ducks that any white man can go hunting for, except a few blue-wing teal in late September and early October.

There is a native wild duck, the muscovy, and it is a very large and fine one, but I have never seen one out in open water, nor have I seen any flying about anywhere, passing and repassing. I killed one while walking an old railroad embankment, which ran through a swamp of tall grass and silico palm trees and a few forest trees. It flew up and lit upon a dead tree, and let me approach within shot. The natives tell me that the only way to hunt them is to go prepared to wade these swamps neck deep, and occasionally one will scare up some of these ducks, and they will generally light upon trees and let one approach within shot. But though there are men here who occasionally bring peccary or wild hog to market, no wild duck is ever brought in.

But the strangest thing to me about wild ducks here was to find little bunches of blue-wing teal all along our beach ponds, late in September and early in October; and at the same time several snipe in adjacent marshy places, for the blue-wing teal and the snipe always appear together, and exactly at that time, on our Carolina rice fields. How do they get here, 1,500 miles further south, at the same time, and why do they wish to come so far south, anyhow? I don't think there is any special attraction in the way of food, for there seems to me very little—certainly nothing approaching our rice or the wild rice, either. And they do not come here to remain, but only rest a few days and then disappear, and the snipe go with them. On their return trip in the spring I have never seen them, and I do not think they stop at all. It would be interesting to learn the limits of their migrations. I have looked in vain for a single specimen of any duck but the blue-wing teal. Beside that and the muscovy I've seen evidence of but one other duck in this country. That was a domesticated specimen of what I take to be a native woodduck, with red bill and feet and very beautiful plumage. But I think they must be rare, as I've not met a single wild specimen, and but one tame. In answer to my inquiries I was always told that I would find great quantities of ducks on Lake Nicaragua. Recently I had an opportunity to go there, and to go along the margin of the shore for about twenty miles. Very soon after I got out on the lake I began to see flocks, apparently of a very large, black duck, flying about. I counted twenty flocks in an hour, containing from ten to two hundred. In flying they often formed lines and angles, reminding me a little of geese. At last I drew moderately near a large flock upon the water and noticed with great interest how the flock acted as blackbirds frequently do—the rear birds of the flock continually rising and flying over the others and lighting in front. In that way the flock as a whole is always traveling about as fast as a man walks. I carried my boat toward them and they were not shy, and I was soon within 40 yds of the flock. There was not a duck among them! They were all the anhinga, or snake-bird, often called in Florida the water turkey, because their flight resembles a wild turkey's. They are, I believe, the most at-home bird in the water of all the birds in the world. They swim at whatever depth they wish, and their favorite depth is to have the whole body submerged and only the long, curving neck out of the water, with its tapering head and bill, looking far snakier than snakes could look to save their lives. Some weak-minded sportsmen may think that a crippled duck is a good swimmer, or diver, or hider, but he simply is not in it at all with anhinga. When the latter is wounded and dives, he goes under to stay some days, and the hunter had as well go about his other business. They will dive from the limb of a tree 20 ft. above the water if wounded, and never reappear while any Christian can afford to wait. It was really a beautiful sight to see several hundred of these birds in the water together splashing, swimming, diving and flying. Each of these birds has the two middle feathers of its tail beautifully fluted, or crimped, and I once heard of an exquisite fan, made entirely of these black fluted feathers for one of his sisters by Gen. Hampton. There would be no trouble in making these fans about Lake Nicaragua. But as for wild ducks, I doubt if there was ever a wild duck on the lake, for I examined near twenty miles of grassy edges and went into every little creek and bayou—the places where they would be if there were any—and in January, the most likely month of the year. The muscovy may be called a woodduck, as it lights in trees, and frequents marshy forests only, and not open waters, judging from what I see and hear of it. And the only open-water ducks ever to be found here are the blue-wing teal in the fall.

I have also seen in the fall a very few shore birds, Spanish curlew and yellow legs, beside the regular game snipe which came in company with the teal, as before told.

The natives have domesticated a bird, which is very interesting, and I hope someone can identify him for me. They call it al caravan. Its body is about the size of a crow's. Its plumage is inconspicuous gray, about like a plover's, and its bill and legs are proportioned like a plover's. Its head is large and its eyes very large, and it is semi-nocturnal in its habits. It has a habit of crying or cackling, something like a marsh hen, at irregular times. The natives naturally say that it marks the exact moments of noon, midnight, sunrise, sunset, high water, low water, even hours, etc., and sometimes call it the

hour bird. They become as tame as chickens and are prized for destroying every kind of insect, beetle, scorpion or reptile, even to the snakes, about the premises. They run almost as swiftly and gracefully as a chapparral cock, and show no more disposition to fly than chickens do. They would make very interesting pets about a country place anywhere.

Of all the animals in the menagerie, the sloth is one of the least popular, for he is always asleep, and one is not permitted to poke him up, though it would not do him any harm, either. But here I have been on terms of intimacy with one, studying his personal equation for many days. For instance, I would put him on a low tree and shoot him rapidly with an air gun, to develop his best bursts of speed in climbing. But it scarcely paid. A foot in five minutes was near about his highest record. Evidently his whole interior is geared down to very low speed—about that of the minute hand of a clock, and with some sort of escapement, insensible to stimulation. But I did not thoroughly solve his whole equation for two reasons. First, he did not appreciate the interest I took in him and basely absconded to the bush one night when I had scarcely had him a week. Second, from the small insight I did get into it, is surely the strangest, most unique equation in all nature's algebra. Most animals are scarcely more than simple arithmetic. Watch the alligator alligate, or the tiger tige, for even an hour or two, and one can figure their ancestry and posterity for remote generations. But the sloth is higher mathematics. Transcendental powers are clearly implicated in his variables. He was never made from any blue print, as all other animals are. He is something changed from something else. Like the equation, perhaps, of some old man, affected by some malign influence and differentiated, instead of being allowed to die of old age. Every one knows what a queer looking thing it makes of any equation to go and differentiate it. Imagine this done to the old man's by some fantastic power, and there you are. Everything about him suggests that as the solution of his strange enigma. His ossified joints, his crooked and enormous nails, his almost toothless mouth and weak jaws, his withered hair, his querulous and feeble cry, his torpid muscles and his cradle-like swinging under the limbs of trees, all indicate second childhood incarnate. Either ancestry or posterity seem alike preposterous. And deep down in his yellow eyes, too, one sees a sub-consciousness of it all. Vague memories lurk and stir below, though hope, and even resentment, have long died out. His look expresses no animosity, only hopeless estrangement, as if it said, "You, too, are one of them."

After I began to suspect what he might be, and especially after I read that in his eyes, I stopped trying to make him climb against time. In fact, I hope he does not know, and never will know, that it was I who, with the air gun, used to assist at the races. For my position was directly behind him, and he had no habit of looking back. I bring him into this narrative for two reasons. First, I wish to point out what I believe is an error in the books; at least in the only book I have accessible, Baird's "Dictionary of Natural History." This says, and repeats again, that sloths feed upon leaves. Evidently their equation has been too deep for Baird. I doubt whether any sloth ever tasted a leaf. They live upon ants, and my friend was a sort of living ant trap. His coarse, shaggy, mildewed-looking hair seemed to be full of some sticky substance which was attractive to the ants. The natives said it was honey, and that he had regularly baited himself with it at some bee tree in the woods. At any rate, he would wrap his long arms around himself and bury his long claws in the hair, and bring them out with ants adhering to them, which he would eat. The natives say that his favorite tree is one called the trumpet tree, which is always hollow and infested with ants. There is a wood ant, too, which builds nests in trees, something like a hornets' nest in appearance, and they say that a sloth will sometimes stay by one of those nests for weeks, living on the inmates.

Second, I wish to have someone identify if possible for me a relative of the sloth, as I believe, of which I have a skin, but can only get very conflicting accounts and names from the natives. The skin is 8 in. from nose to root of tail, 3 in. wide across body, tail 8 in. long, and both body and tail clothed in a dense, fine, gray, silky wool, covering the short legs and everything, 1 in. thick over the back and half as much over the under parts. I think it must be a sloth, from the enormous development of fore claw, one great big hooked claw and one about half the size, on each front foot, and four medium-sized claws on each hind foot.

The books speak of a two-toed sloth, but Baird says it is larger than the common, or three-toed. The native who gave me this skin called the animal chameleon, and described it as hanging by its claws underneath branches and living on ants. Other natives call it miko-leon, or monkey-lion; and still other miko-la-noche, or night-monkey, and say it lives upon fruit, and claws and scratches fearfully when handled. And still another native, from my description of the fine fur, calls it perro de aqua, or water dog, and says it is aquatic. And still another, a man who can write, and who brings me nice snakes, recognizes the existence of all the other animals, but says this is none of them, but is "guatuzá," and is related to the squirrels.

Will not some kind scientific party identify some of these things for me and give me a few botanical names to retaliate upon the natives with. I don't mind encountering a single strange creature or two, but I am demoralized by stirring up a whole menagerie at a time.

One experience with my ammunition is worthy of being noted. Smokeless powder shells, even where the brass case extends over the whole powder space, are absolutely ruined in this damp climate within a year, and sometimes will not even blow the shot through the barrel. In the States I have suspected them of losing strength, but here the effect of dampness seems to soon reach an extreme. But why do not the army and navy complain of their smokeless powders deteriorating? Perhaps at some future time I will write something of some interesting snakes I have met here.

JACK HILDIGO.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Types of Sportsmen.—II.

OUTSIDE of a Middlesex county village in Massachusetts, there lives a man without an enemy—an anomalous condition perhaps when it is conceded that he is successful in all undertakings. Children run to him and birds and animals fear him not. Mentally, he has a range like a modern machine gun, and shots fly off with a like rapidity and penetration; from fish worms to book worms, from the Iliad to the almanac, from political economy to abstract poverty, from religion to science, and from gunpowder to glory, his mind runs, and when with some friend on a shooting or fishing trip an incident occurs to touch off his magazine of imagination or information, one gets an entertainment well worth the price of admission. You are dead-headed in usually, and get a ticket something like the following:

"Dear H—:

"You know that I have purchased the old homestead and that I intend to pass my remaining days in this good country, in peace and comfort, interspersed with some pleasure. Your hilarity may conflict with the former, but I think it will conduce greatly to the latter, so I wish you to come up here and pass a few autumn days with me. There are many grouse about, and I think that with the aid of my pointers, we can secure a few. Anyway, there are now some in my cellar, and you need not return empty handed. What your friends don't know about you won't hurt them. [He delights in nagging me.] You have expressed doubts as to the existence of Longfellow's 'Wayside Inn.' Well, we will drive over to Sudbury behind a mass of horse construction as you ever saw, and then you may believe that there is at least as much truth as poetry in some things. Take a trolley car from Worcester, and after an hour's ride I will meet you with open arms where the track crosses the turnpike which leads to my place. Let me hear from you, saying that you have bought a return ticket. Cordially yours, _____."

Who could withstand such persuasion? Not myself surely, and so I flew to him like a moth to a candle's flame. He was there at the crossing sure enough, and with him the largest stock of geniality that one man ever carried. He had lumps of sugar in his pocket for his horse, kind words on his tongue for his neighbors; and, as though to show appreciation, the horse carried us toward the farm at a clip that was astonishing to me, and the neighbors gave him more than half of the road. We went into the open barn door flying, and I thought a smash-up would follow. Not at all. "Whoa, Prince," and the steed stopped almost in his tracks and awaited the usual caress.

Even the unemotional cows seemed to like him, and when I spoke of their attention, he said, "Don't be afraid, they won't bite you."

Who knows of greater pleasure than that of visiting a New England barn in the autumn? There are piles of yellow corn and stacks of produce on the barn floor, apples, pumpkins and sweet cider galore. The odor of the hay blended with the exhalations of the neat cattle were a happy contrast to the smells of the city left behind a few hours before. The whole atmosphere of the place and its contents was a most agreeable change from the city zephyrs contaminated with gas houses, oil refineries, soap factories and gregarious oppidians. The hired man sang bass as he did his milking, and between the notes I heard the streams of lacteal fluid strike the bottom of the tin pail. I said to my host, "That man of yours has a deep voice." "Oh, yes," he replied, "it is way down in the barn cellar, and it makes me think of Artemus Ward's criticism of a singer's ability. He said he did not believe there was much music in it, but it sounded like the rumblings of an elephant's bowels."

We went to the house, and he showed me to the guest chamber, where I was to arrange my toilet. "Good gracious man," I said, "let me wash up at the pump down in the yard. I am like a bull in a china shop, and I'll smash some of these delicate things long before I am half presentable." "Smash away," he said, as he left me.

A high art and high posted tobacco mahogany bedstead was against one side of the room. Its spotless white counterpane and the delicate tracery of its pattern, and that of the pillow shams harmonized with the lace of the window curtains. I knew that I would sleep on feathers that night. On the dressing case were costly bits of bric-a-brac, cut glass and silver implements for the improvement of personal appearance; Persian and India rugs covered the floor; the washstand and its china were a dream in gold and white; the whole room was the pride of a good housewife, and I was glad to escape from its effulgence without injury to it or to my reputation for delicacy. I found my host playing with a host of dogs on the lawn; they were all pets and of all kinds, and all had good manners; a word or a look kept them in obedience. I was introduced to the lady of the house, and at the supper table she said that her husband spoke well of me often, and that she was glad to see his friend. I then told her the old story of husband and wife who visited Europe and its art galleries, and when Apollo was pointed out to her she gave him a critical examination and said, "Well, I have seen Apollo and I have seen Ephraim, and give me Ephraim in preference always."

In the morning we were off to historical Sudbury with two English pointers and two guns in the Concord wagon. The drive over the hills in the crisp air is most exhilarating, and as we rounded a curve in the road at a sharp trot the Wayside Inn was before us, and not a myth. Built in 1700, it has withstood nearly two centuries of storm, sunshine, wear and tear. True, it has been kept in repair, but the shape, beams, timbers and most all of the woodwork are the original. Long years ago there stood an ancient oak at the left corner, and from its gnarled trunk hung the creaking sign of the red horse. To-day and nearby there are "great oaks from little acorns grown," and one of them is hollow and within its shaggy rind ten adults can stand; towering and massive, a regiment could drill in their shade as they stand guardians over the spot made famous by New England's poetic chief. We visited the low-ceiled parlor, where gathered the Landlord, the Poet, the Musician, the Theologian, the Student and the Spanish Jew. May

be they did not gather there. Possibly the license of poetry had much to do with it. Of one thing rest assured. License or no license, poetry or ribaldry, men have gathered in the room across the hallway that are now gathered to their fathers, and possibly the call to the bar hastened the call to the higher tribunal. Yet this bar is high of itself. There men were first taught to take it straight, and the high-ball of to-day was there first handed down to politicians and posterity. All that you can procure there now is soft, and as I drank my glass of ginger pop on that day I harked back

but no, that shot ended all animation, and he is apart from his former home by leagues of snow-topped hills and frozen valleys.

Now, dear reader, we have been away from the spot on a wild goose chase; let us go back to the reality. We ate our lunch on the bank of an old cellar hole; sods nearly covered the stones from between which mortar had long since gone. My friend in answer to a question told me that tradition said that it was formerly the home of a pioneer settler; that the Indians, enraged at the encroachment and aggressiveness of the Puritans,

After a while we left the spot and crossed the meadows to the river. I asked in relation to the topography of the stream, and my friend said: "This is Sudbury River, and Longfellow might as well have applied his ode to it as to the River Charles:"

River that in silence windeth,
Through the meadows rich and free,
Till at last thy rest thou findeth,
In the bosom of the sea.

This river is a confluent of the Assabet, or the reverse is true, and together they form the Concord, which in turn empties into the Merrimac, and the united waters turn the wheels in the cotton mills of Lowell, where the shuttles fly in and fly out and the bobbins whirl in endless effort to provide covering for mortals and other things. Could we have taken a boat many years ago and rowed silently through the Concord River we might possibly have surprised Nathaniel Hawthorne and Ellery Channing at their antics on the banks; maybe Ralph Waldo Emerson and Henry Thoreau might be found with them, and that all had gathered there as a result of signals. The first and middle fingers spread apart and held vertically has been understood for years by country boys to mean, "Will you go swimming?" The forefinger alone replies in the negative. These men acquired sedateness and scholarly attainments in life, yet they must have had a boy's promptings, and very likely they could be seen plugging each other with mud sods while they ran about the meadows blacked all over with river mud, while their clothes lay in four little piles on the shore. Possibly they had inflated frogs with straws and laughed in "ghoulish glee" at the failure of the loud-voiced amphibians to get below the water surface. Then again do you not suppose that they tied mud turtles upon strips of shingles and set them afloat in an open boat to paddle their own canoe? All of those boys developed great thinking power, and in some way if any one stays in sleepy old Concord for a length of time they are apt to do much thinking.

A muskrat leaves the shore at our feet, and as he darts athwart the stream the two ripples broaden out, and together with the shore, form a right-angle triangle. Yet what does he care for geometrical terms, cube root or square root? He is only interested in the roots of the sweet flag and of the lilies, and in a desire to build his winter home.

The sun goes down among the tree tops on the western hills, and the day has gone apace.

Withal it was a day of moods and tenses,
And breeches rent by barbed-wire fences—
A day when nature was lavish in giving
Pleasures that made life worth the living.

It behooves us to return to home. We leave the Wayside Inn to the future and drive out from under the oaks, grateful for hospitality received.

Sunday was the next day, and the family carriage conveyed us to the village church, where we listened to the quiet service, and, although the voice of the aged tenor was at times too high and somewhat prolonged, we departed with a feeling of profound respect for the teaching and its teachers.

In the evening the family gathered around the organ in the music room, and their voices blended in harmony as hymn after hymn was sung, and when at midnight I



THE WAYSIDE INN.

to the times when the cattlemen, teamsters, soldiers and farmers drank their Medford and their flip, and departed feeling for a few brief moments as fine as if one thousand hens were picking oats from off them. My friend showed two marks on the uncovered and hewn beams of the dancing room, and said that the upper one was the limit of Washington's highest kick; the lower was Lafayette's. Say, was he taking advantage of my gullibility, or did the Father of his Country unbend at times (backward in this instance) and enjoy a little fun? It is easy to believe it of the Frenchman, for he was of a happy turn of mind. I think it possible, for I once played leap-frog with a minister near lacustrine shores.

This tale, although true, is for sportsmen, and we will leave the inn for the fields. As we were nearly through the orchard, one of the dogs froze with head up as though in prayer, and from the top of a scrub apple tree a partridge lit out into space. It was an easy shot, and the bird goes to my pocket. Among the barberry bushes and the saffron and ruby sumach blossoms my friend's gun belched the contents of both barrels, and he led me by one bird. Later in the day, in getting over a barbed wire fence I became tangled up; with one foot on the ground and the other held high up by the barbed wire, I struggled to break away, and the dog looked on in sympathy. The wire transmitted the tremors and a frightened partridge arose further down the line. Excuse the bobance of a gunner—I made the shot of a lifetime, considering the circumstances, and the dog retrieved the result of it. My companion answered my shout and freed me from suspense, although a portion of myself was left on the fence. He told me to let it stay, that he thought it right and legal to poison crows.

As we move further away from the Wayside Inn, the game grew scarce, and only one more bird came to bag. My friend remarked that experience had taught him to keep close to the farmhouses if large numbers were wanted, and that usually two or three satisfied him, and after securing that number he was content to see his dogs do their part alone. We followed an almost obliterated road through the woods and undergrowth for a while, and after descending the sloping and partridge-berry-carpeted side of a ridge, came to an opening of an acre or more in extent. In all my wanderings of many years in field and forest, no spot was mirrored in my memory like this one. I have dreamed of it on long winter evenings up in my den, where guns, trophies, fishing rods, books and pictures and all trappings pertaining to the pastime lie in order or disorder undisturbed. There I have thought of it with pipe alight and with half-closed eyes, while the wind moaned without and the snow patted against the window panes, and a gentle voice from an adjoining room interrogated unheeded, "Why don't you come to bed?" There in my fancy was the spreading savin bush, green, low and symmetrical; there were the twisted and gnarled apple trees, bearing few remaining frost-bitten fruits for the birds to feed upon; there the clusters of the pepperidge berry were within my reach, and the bright red blossoms of the sumach swayed on their stiffening stalks in the west wind; on the stone fence the gray and red squirrels sported, in the pines beyond the crows cawed angrily at our intrusion, and awaited our departure to feed upon the crumbs of our simple lunch; the dead grass stands up against the assaults of scurrying autumn leaves; the sun shines warm upon me, and the cranberries pop under my feet as I go to the spring at the meadow's edge; I think I hear the report of my gun, and see how it disturbed the living things thereabouts, and the stuffed form of the gray squirrel climbing the tree limb before me on the wall of my room seems imbued with life, and I imagine that his sides pulsate in breathing;

had slain the whole family and burned the house. The subject put my friend in a retrospective mood, and he talked as follows: "Our forefathers came here to escape religious persecution, and sought a place where they could worship God in freedom, and then denied to others the same privilege. When they first landed they fell upon their knees and then fell upon the aborigines. As English and Protestants, they fought the French and Catholicism, from Acadia to the Alleghanies and north-west to the Great Lakes. They fought the Indians to the extermination of the latter, and they burned at the stake their own kindred as witches, and, as Tom Moore said of the Irish people, 'They hated each other for the love of God.' Traces of their bigotry and intolerance are not now wholly extinct. But 'the world do move,' and men's minds are broadening out, and fighting and wars grow



THE INN AND ITS GUARDIAN OAKS.

less frequent with each century. Preachers and others begin to realize the absurdity of praying for victory and for the slaughter of their opponents. Men of science and scholarship advocate the plain teaching of the Golden Rule, and the benefits of man's humanity to man. The day is coming when all creeds, isms and dogmas will go to the wall; when people will be bound together in plain worship of the Creator of these Elysian fields, and then joining hands 'with malice toward none, charity for all,' sing with Longfellow:

"There is no death! What seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life Elysian,
Whose portal we call Death."

was driven in the moonlight to the railroad station to take my train for home, and after retiring to my berth and when almost asleep and in my sleep the notes of the grandest of all hymns rang in my ears: "God, be with you till we meet again." W. W. HASTINGS.

A Word in Appreciation.

MAY 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It is with a feeling of timidity that I write; but it is all on account of not having the gift of literary accomplishments. I cannot read FOREST AND STREAM through and then keep my tongue silent. In last week's issue Mr. W. W. Hastings wrote something that touched me personally; and it

worked on my mind to such an extent that I did not know but it was for my special benefit. But I found out differently, for I showed the article to a friend; and then the friend was not satisfied; he came around in the afternoon and said, "Say, just let me take your *FOREST AND STREAM* to-night, and after supper I will go and sit down all by myself, fill my old pipe and read it once more. Natural, isn't it—that barnyard fence, and"—I could see the dew was gathering in his eyes as he walked away; and I voluntarily went to the window and looked at the Atlantic Ocean. The article referred to is "Types of Sportsmen—I." After a New England boy has been away from home for a quarter of a century and then reads an article like that he cannot help but think of those old places, the orchard, the pine trees beyond and the little hand we used to clasp as we walked to and from the old school house, long since folded in the last sleep.

Pine Tree, too, must be in the same mental condition that I am, or he would not bring up memories of old days when two boys stood on the Hatfield meadows. But there were other boys that stood there. I have been there, and also have crawled all over the Northampton meadows after black duck with my old musket, that was used in the war of 1812. And if nothing happens in about ten days I shall be fishing, not on Hatfield meadows, but on a brook called Running Gutter that used to run the old saw mill at Hatfield, Mass. I expect to get that large trout that I did not get two years ago. He lives in a sharp bend of the brook under an old log. An old chestnut stump hangs over and gives shade on sunny days. I can see the place now, but not the trout; but if I find him at home about the 23d of this month I shall be satisfied. *

Bear Hunting with the Seminoles.

HUNTING the black bear in Florida is a sport to which few are introduced. This bear is not fierce nor dangerous, still he is "big game," and a bear hunt is always full of incident and excitement. About ten miles from Kissimmee, is a cypress swamp—it is an aquatic jungle full of fallen trees, brush, vines and tangled undergrowth, all darkened by the dense shadows of the tall cypress trees, and full of mosses and alligators. Running through the swamp is a chain of islands. Here is a field for sportsmen, and here live unmolested a whole colony of the bruin family. Hunters hear their growls and numerous fresh tracks show where the night marauders have entered the hammock, where they feast on wild honey, huckleberries, the cabbage of the palmetto and the wild orange. They seldom come out to expose themselves during the day, hence they are rarely captured, and in consequence are on the increase. Settlers frequently report depredations on their hogs, and with a spirit of vengeance organize for bear hunts; but bruin is safe in his swamp home, for without dogs trained to hunting bear, even if he were surprised, he would quickly make his escape into the jungle.

Of all game of the forest bear meat is the favorite dish of the Florida Indians—squaws, piccaninnies and dogs revel in it. With this knowledge, it was an easy matter to secure a party of Seminole chiefs and their trained dogs for a bear hunt. The auspicious day arrived. This picturesque hunting party came striding into Kissimmee as unconscious and statuesque as bronze figures of Mercury. The party was led by Chief Tom Tiger, following after in Indian file was old Chief Tallahassee, Doctor Tommy and Little Tiger, while trailing along by their sides were the formidable looking dogs. Dressed in their holiday attire, with new leggings and moccasins, bright calico shirts, a half dozen red handkerchiefs around their necks, crowned with the immense red turban, the emblem of their race, with knives and cartridges in their belts and Winchester at their sides, the Indians attracted as much attention as a Presidential party.

If ever men deserved the name of Nimrods, it is these sons of the Everglades. Even Little Tiger, a boy of twelve, with his fine rifle, could put to shame many a skilled marksman. But on to the chase. The souls of the red men seemed to leap within them at the thought of the sport after bear, while the hounds barked gleefully, so with hasty preparations our hunting party started for the Reedy Creek jungle. At this point we will turn the story over to the "tenderfoot," that the reader may better follow the chase.

"As we reached the hammock, which has been for years a veritable elysium for the bears, the dogs seemed to become possessed of a very spirit of unrest; soon they struck a trail. 'To-co-see ojus' (bear plenty), exclaimed Capt. Tom Tiger, as he observed the numerous cabbage palms with their buds freshly torn out, as well as the conduct of his dogs, and with a word of command to the hounds, he started. The rest of us followed, till we struck a marsh heavily timbered with cypress, which grew so close that the sun's rays could not reach the earth. It made a dark, damp and dangerous ground to enter. The dogs were now running with broad scent, heads well up and throats wide open. If ever there was a sound sweet to hunter's ears, it was the baying of five hounds close on bruin's trail. With nerves on a tension we rushed along, with gun carried at ready. On swept the riot. The Indians yelled as only Indians can, and the tenderfoot brought up the rear. A hunt in a Florida jungle, pulling through soft mud, climbing over logs, pushing through vines, sprawling on hands and knees through the tangled, matted undergrowth, expecting or fearing each step we would strike a moccasin, are the penalties paid for the romantic, adventurous hunt with a Seminole Indian. At last the supreme moment arrived: the leading dog had reached the bear, and soon the five dogs and the bear were having a vigorous rough and tumble fight. We were in good hearing distance, but traveling was very difficult, and our progress was slow. The Indians' cry, 'Yo hoo hee! yo hoo hee!' to the hounds made them fight furiously, so much so that bruin broke from cover and started on the chase just before we reached shooting distance. Further into the woods the chase led. Soon the sound of the pursuing dogs ceased, much to our surprise. We appealed to the nearest Indian for an explanation. 'Lo-co-see (bear) climb tree,' was the brief reply, and later, when we reached the dogs, they were running wildly around on the bank of a dark creek. We were again at a loss to comprehend

the situation, until we were shown by the Indians a leaning tree, the top of which reached to the further side of the creek, over which bruin had safely passed. 'Lo-co-see hiepus' (bear gone).

"Three hours' tramping through the swamp and hot sun had taken all of the enthusiasm out of us, and we were ready to play quits, but the stalwart red men had defiance in their faces as they said, 'Big lo-co-see; fight heap; Indian kill lo-co-see to-day.' Away to the left the brown legs of Little Tiger could be seen twinkling through the foliage; he had found some fresh tracks of a cub, and in his eagerness to capture a baby bear he proved a similar nature to his little pale-faced brother. But the stern hunters had no time for a cub, and soon started for old bruin, who by this time had crossed the marsh and gotten into a tree on the opposite bank, and by this trickery put the creek behind him. This did not daunt a Seminole Indian. Wading the shallow part of the creek, with water to the armpits, again cooled our ardor, but safety depended on not losing sight of the Indians, as we were miles in the swamp, and with no hope of finding our way out without the guidance of our red pilots. At last the bear was driven to a small island and surrounded, the island covered with tall grass and weeds hiding both dogs and bear. The dogs grew furious, and several times forced the bear to stand and fight, and such a battle as it was; the dogs didn't hesitate to take hold of old bruin, and as a result were badly lacerated from the blows of her powerful paw. We closed in and our game was in a trap. The Indians were in their future heaven; but the tenderfoot was getting very sly of being hugged. Bruin, now finding herself cornered, made a break for the open, and as she emerged from the tall grass, with the dogs at her heels, she met the stalwart figure of Tom Tiger. Rising on her hind legs, with open arms, she made one dash for him, when stepping back, in a cool and deliberate manner, he pulled the trigger of his 'scatter' gun and emptied both barrels into the bear's side. This ended the chase, and a happier set of Indians the world never saw. Immediately they drew their knives and commenced skinning the bear. As the skin adheres very tenaciously it should be taken off at once, as it comes off much easier; besides, it is difficult to scrape away all the fatty tissue after it cools, and wherever any remains it rots the pelt.

"The Indians' method of educating their dogs for hunting bear is well worth knowing. They take the gall of the bear and thoroughly saturate the nostrils of the young dog. This is excruciating pain to the dogs, and they howl and whine for hours; but it makes 'bear dogs' out of them, perfect on a trail, and this is the point with the Indian.

"The huge carcass of bruin was divided and each Indian carried a load to camp. A fire was soon built and a huge chunk of bear meat was thrown on the coals. All night long they cooked and ate, the tenderfoot getting into his hammock beneath the boughs of the oaks. We rested and dreamed—the flicker from the camp-fire, the Indians moving to and fro, the silence occasionally broken by their low soft voices, and ever and anon in this wakeful slumber came the half dreaming thought, 'Betty and me killed the bear!'"

MINNIE MOORE-WILSON

KISSIMMEE, FLA.

Podgers' Commentaries.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have just finished reading the last number of *FOREST AND STREAM*, and laid it down with a sigh of regret that there was no more of it. It is a particularly (not exceptionally) good number, and now, having recharged my pipe and settled back in my easy chair, the spirit moves me to give voice to my reflection and the memories of the past joys and sorrows of a sportsman. I might say joys of the past and sorrows of the present, which are so ably voiced in your editorial, "Work and Play."

You say truly that the most enthusiastic sportsman is too frequently one whose opportunities for the enjoyment of outings are few, and he looks forward to his day or two when the shackles are discarded, with quite as much enthusiastic anticipation as that with which the boys were wont to count the days to ensue before the arrival of the circus. I am not sure that scoffers are not so far out of the way in the designation of the *FOREST AND STREAM* as the "journal of the workers," or they might more properly say, the "consolation of the workers," those whose only satisfaction and compensation it is for being "chained to business" and prominent members of the Can't-get-away Club. As they peruse its columns and read of sylvan camps and bubbling brooks, they can smell the odor of bacon and broiling trout, and the scent of the pine cones to their nostrils as they glance at the breechloader and the split-bamboo resting on the wall of the snuggery.

It is true it stirs up a spirit of restlessness, and causes involuntary pacing to and fro like unto that of the wild animal in its cage; but the sportsman consoles himself with the reflection that his day is coming, and next week or next month he too will be sitting on a log beneath the greenwood tree.

It is said that the greatest pleasure is in anticipation rather than participation. It is often the case when the long-looked for outing of the sportsman brings bad weather, no game, and no fish; and all that precious time comes to naught. It is not as if one had the time to wait for a change of weather or a better location. No; he has just so many days and hours release from the slavery of business. Such disappointments never come to the man who neither shoots nor fishes. He can go through his confinement to business with perfect serenity. An occasional evening out with the boys suffices. The odor of a not over good cigar serves as well for him as that of the balmy pines. Just think what that man loses of the enjoyment of life! Presumably he never misses such. Think of a man who goes down to his grave with the boast that he never shot a bird nor caught a fish! Yet I have a few friends who do not shoot, do not fish, and abominate the water and yachting. I look upon them with commiserating pity, although the poor, misguided chaps seem to manage to enjoy life in their miserable way. They play cards and billiards long into the small hours, and go home with very indefinite ideas of the location of the latch

key-hole, and they think they are enjoying life. I have expended time in missionary work with one friend, and thought I had made a convert of him. He went so far as to purchase a gun. All that ever came of it was the shooting of a predatory cat on the back fence. Of such material are some of the Governors of our States, men who are indifferent to the preservation of game. They don't fish nor shoot; ergo, why bother about such trivial matters? I make it a rule never to vote for a candidate for any office who does not, and I take especial pains to ascertain his status.

In our State the supervisors of every county are empowered to regulate the periods of the open and close seasons; and seldom being sportsmen, they generally manage to make a beautiful mess of it. There seems to be universal bitterness and prejudice prevailing in the country against all clubs who hold shooting preserves by purchase or lease, and the supervisors, influenced by that class of men who scorn all restrictions and laws, make a great deal of trouble for the clubs. The only way out of it to bring about peace and harmony is that potent remedy for all differences—a good dinner, for the short cut to reason is through a man's stomach. So the clubs invite the supervisors to a good dinner, when and where the question can be discussed *con amore*. It is astonishing how much more clearly a supervisor can see his way, and how much more amenable to reason he is with his "stomach with good capon lined," properly moistened with liquid arguments. The efficacy of this system of settlement of the questions relative to the game laws of an adjoining county was illustrated recently when the stubborn supervisors were invited to dinner at a club presided over by a chef of great renown. There was a certain stiffness and frigidity at the outset, but the dinner ended in the most enthusiastic expressions of fraternal regard, terminating in the usual declaration that none of the party had any special desire to return to their domiciles until the morning sunbeams bathed nature in roseate glory—and they didn't.

I think this whole Philippine difficulty might have been settled in the same way. Instead of a diet of lead, an invitation to dinner—the novelty of a square meal—would have been more potent than bullets. How much less crime there would be in the world if every man could have enough to eat and drink. It has always struck me that things might have been arranged differently; for instance, with no necessity for eating oftener than say once a week. It would give plenty of time to rustle for the next meal. The female portion of the community, especially those slaves of the kitchen, would rejoice no doubt.

We have just opened up a new game season for a new game. The sea lions (so-called generally, but really a species of large seals) abounding on the rocks at the entrance of the harbor, and along the coast. Their breeding rookery is mostly on the Farrallones, a rocky island about fifteen miles off the coast. The reason of the edict against them is the complaint by the market-fishermen that they have an inordinate appetite for our best fish, especially salmon. Some one of those blasted chaps who are eternally figuring up the cubic feet and inches of the amount of oxygen a man consumes in a lifetime has estimated that the seals in one harbor consume 150 tons of salmon and other fish daily, and so a howl has gone up that they must be exterminated. And this is all to favor a community of fishermen, not one man of them a native, but all a foreign population—Greeks, Italians and Austrians—not speaking a word of English and hating Americans. Query: Which have the best right, the original seals or the interlopers? It is something akin to the poisoning of quail by the vineyardists because they eat a few grapes.

Just above the entrance to our harbor is a famous rookery, where the seals breed in great numbers. A few days ago preparations were made for a great slaughter of the innocents, and a party repaired to the rocks and bombarded the unsuspecting animals until the waters were red with their blood. Hundreds were shot, and I suppose the murdering work will continue as long as one can be found on the rocks; but the idea of exterminating them is ridiculous, for they swarm in countless thousands on the coast in the vicinity. The result will be that they will congregate at more inaccessible points and continue a fish diet as long as there is a salmon on the coast, and I don't know why we should dispute their right. They were here a long time before we came, and fish were created as much for them as for us.

A young seal when tamed is one of the most affectionate pets. An acquaintance who lived on the beach on the opposite side of the bay had a pair that he raised and that played with his children about the house, spending a part of their time frolicking in the water; and at the word of command would plunge in and bring him his breakfast of fish. They were household pets for years, but the war of extermination has commenced; how far it will succeed is a question. I prophesy it will be a failure. As long as the canneries continue to load ships for foreign markets as they now do there is a greater danger of depleting the supply by such consumption of salmon than by the seals. In earlier days salmon sold in the markets at 2 cents per pound (before the canneries got in their deadly work), and were called poor man's beef. Now the price has risen to 20 cents; but there is no scarcity as yet.

I am curious to see what will be the next subject of discussion in the *FOREST AND STREAM*. Epithets, instinct and reason, and skunks have had a substantial airing, and now I hope to see some equally interesting topics, especially the habits and characteristics of animals, a subject a lover of animals never tires of. We learn more of their habits and natures from such discussions than we could from any other source, being personal experiences, and many animals are the gainers thereby. Take the skunk, for instance, who has been greatly the gainer by the experience of contributors who have been favored by his society. His character has been greatly improved. He is an illustration of a gentleman that attends strictly to his own business, resenting any interference with it—an exemplification of the wisdom of abstaining from fooling with the buzz-saw.

We are just now having the annual exhibition of the dog show, which is well attended, especially by ladies, every one of whom will have her opinion of the judges.

that do not award the blue ribbon to her special pet. I have often wondered what the dogs themselves thought of it. Their howls are anything but a mild protest to the whole business.

PODGERS.

The Old Desk.

"Forest and Stream" Picture Books.

IN many of the letters coming to the Old Desk, and not intended for publication there are "good things" it were churlish in the Man at the Desk not to share with others. So far, that is, as he may do this without calling down upon his devoted head the criticism with which the present Robert Browning is being scored for publishing the love letters of his father, Robert Browning, and Elizabeth Barrett. Here, for instance, is a hint for FOREST AND STREAM readers, which is so pertinent and timely, that it deserves printing:

"For six years—or since the advent of my first boy—I have portfolioed FOREST AND STREAM pictures—and some others—but mainly those of animals, fish, hunting and camp scenes, etc., hoping by means of them to make up in some small way, to my little boy the lack he must realize of farm life and country experience, which lack I regard as very serious indeed, and deeply to be deplored.

"But pictures in portfolios are always tucked away out of sight, and are not available. So, while I have been gaining a little strength from my long illness, I have used it in sorting—classifying in a natural way—my accumulations and pasting them into great books of paper cambric, which the boy's mother made for me. You should see the noble and altogether surprising result and the wild delight of C— B— A—, aged six years. Really, these sumptuous folios are wonderful, and delight me and every one who has seen them as much as they do the boy.

"You have no idea what an effect can be so easily produced. I didn't know I had such riches. My Animal book, my Bird book, my Fish and Fishing book, my book of Camps and Camping, take one away to the wilderness and keep him there till he shuts them and pulls himself back to the 'settlements.'"

"C. H. A."

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

The Great Eye Theory Again.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., May 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I learn through a friend that one George Kennedy, of St. Louis, has been circulating libellous stories about me, to the effect that I was treed by razor-backs in the Arkansas swamps, exterminated a mixed flock of turkeys, etc., etc.

Now, without going into details about my own lurid past, I desire to put you on your guard against this fellow Kennedy. Don't take my word for it, but just digest the following indictment and judge for yourself:

First count: Shortly after I came to St. Louis, a guileless and undiscriminating youth, I fell in with Kennedy, and he told me the following story. It was all Greek to me, as doubtless it will be to you; but with the help of certain dictionaries you may be able to struggle through it.

"We were down at White Sand Landing, the first above St. Genevieve, on the Missouri side. There were five of us: Sam Adams, Wad Smith, old Roussin, Joe the ferryman, and I. It was too hot to fish, and the woods were full of jiggers. So we went out on the back porch and sat down to a little game.

"It was 10 cent limit, and two calls five. We used grains of corn for chips; white grain one cent, yellow grain 5. We played all forenoon, and had a good pile of cobs under the table when the dinner-bell rang. The biggest pot of the day was on the table, and no openers on the third round. But Madame Roussin was very strict about meals, and after the thing had run around a couple of more times without openers, she declared that if we all didn't quit that sinful game she'd clear the table. So we went into dinner; but the meal wasn't what you would call sociable. Every fellow was thinking about that fine pot on the back porch. It didn't take long to eat all we wanted, and then there was a stampede.

"Well, sir, I'm a jug-fishing white trash with one gal-lows and a dugout, if the chickens hadn't hopped up on the card table and eaten up all our chips!"

Second count: Kennedy once went back to Pennsylvania to visit his folks. Of course he had to go fishing as soon as he'd said "Howdy." The only stream in the county was three miles away, and it ran past an insane asylum. Kennedy got in position right near the institution and fished. He is a patient man, Kennedy, but finally he had to give it up. As he passed under the asylum wall on his way home, a red-headed lunatic stuck his head out of a window and called out:

"Hello, there! Catch anything?"

"No."

"Get a bite?"

"No."

"How long you been a-trying?"

"All morning."

"Say, partner, come in and room with me."

HORACE KEPHART.

That Moose on the Railroad Track.

LAKE MEGANTIC, Que., May 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your footnote to my article regarding moose—that something must have been wrong with my first moose at the time he was seen—as moose do not carry horns—a few weeks previous to April 24. I knew when writing that article that Mr. Timmons saw the animal during the open season of last fall, and the statement that he went back a mile to find a gun I thought sufficient to show that fact, as it would not be safe for any one to shoot a moose out of season in that section of country. Mr. Timmons writes a reply to my question that the occurrence happened on Nov. 1, 1898.

WM. BROWN.

Natural History.

The Wild Pigeons.

ASHLAND, Wis., May 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A press dispatch from Milwaukee says: "A large flock of wild pigeons—at least a mile in length—passed over this vicinity yesterday, flying northward; reminding observers of pioneer days in Wisconsin, when these flocks used to darken the sky in their annual spring flights."

This doubtless will carry pleasure to thousands of old pigeon hunters, like myself, and if you have not chronicled the fact of this "mile long" flight, please do so. We, who were pigeon hunters back in the sixties, all know about these large flocks, which usually passed about the 1st of April each year. I then lived in southwestern Wisconsin in Grant county, the home of your well-known friends, the Neavilles, Mather and W. Seaton. The question you have been discussing in FOREST AND STREAM, "Where have the Pigeons Gone?" used to frequently recur to me, after witnessing the flight of one of these large flocks through the sky and starting out with my gun to see where they "lit." Still, we boys used to find some quite large flocks sometimes, in the trees. The largest flocks were always in the spring. In the fall, after the acorns got ripe on the large white oak trees—what we boys called "sweet acorns"—the pigeons were on hand, especially about daylight, and for half an hour would settle down to breakfast, fluttering from limb to limb and keeping up a constant "peeping." Every morning, during the season of two or three weeks, sunrise would find me in the hunting grove, next to my father's place; the pigeons were as promptly on hand, and always about the same time—the break of day; they were as regular about this habit as the clock. My usual "bag" was half a dozen to a dozen. That meant a pigeon "pot pie," and as I would hand the birds to Bridget to "take care of," I would get a tornado of Irish that started in with, "O'f'll niver clane thim burrd; no!"—but we always had the pot pie just the same. My father had a printer working for him by the name of Hubbard, from Potosi, and my recollection is that he had one of the Neaville boys with him at our home once on the occasion of a pigeon pot pie. There wasn't any doubt about "where have the pigeons gone" after they were once served in that style by good old Bridget. There was never, to my taste, any other style of pot pie quite so nice.

JOSEPH COVER.

A press dispatch from Reedsburg, Wis., under date of May 9, reported: "There was a general excitement at Lime Ridge recently when a flock of American passenger pigeons passed north over that place. The flock being a mile long and so dense as to nearly obscure the sun. Their appearance has created interest throughout the country, as these birds have not been seen for twenty years, and even specimen hunters could not secure a single bird. They formerly roosted near Lime Ridge and came every summer by the millions to nest and breed. The people made pigeon hunting one of the principal sources of revenue in those days."

MACOMB, Ill., May 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have been trying to locate the wild American pigeon, and every attempt has proved a failure. I wrote to all parts of South and Central America, Mexico, Red River country, Arizona, Oregon, California, Washington, Arkansas, Indian Territory, and no trace of the passenger pigeon could I find. There have been a few scattering birds over the country. Five years ago three were seen here and two of them were killed.

To verify the report of the Reedsburg, Wis., great flight, I wrote to the postmaster at Reedsburg, and this is what he says: "There is no question about the correctness of the report. I know the parties, who are old residents, hunters and trappers, and who know what they are talking about. Quite a number of the birds have been seen around the hills, eight miles southwest of here, in addition to the large flock mentioned."

The question arises now, where have they been for the last fifteen years?

DR. W. O. BLAISDELL.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I can endorse most fully the statement made by Mr. Isaac Tallman in his reply to the article written by Mr. A. Meersch, and published in your issue of April 29, in which he claimed that there was a flight of wild pigeons in this county in 1895. I have been quite familiar with the game and fish of this county for nearly or quite fifty years, and during all that time I have never heard or known of a flight of wild pigeons in this county.

For many years up to about 1850 flocks of wild pigeons in the fall were quite abundant, and were very often taken with nets, which was a very favorite way of capturing them at that time, but very few if any have been taken in this manner since that time. A few small flocks appeared in the fifties, but not to such an extent that an attempt was made to capture them through the aid of pigeon nets, and I find upon inquiry that the experience of others agrees with my own.

The last flight of pigeons of which I have any knowledge occurred in the seventies, where they nested in the mountain range south of the Beaverkill in the lower part of Ulster county. There were two flights about this time, one small one and in the course of two or three years this was followed by a flight where the pigeons appeared in great numbers.

This flock had nested in Missouri in the month of April, and the most of the squabs were killed by those who were in the business of furnishing squabs for the market.

When the nesting was over the entire flock went to Michigan, where they nested again, and they were followed there by the same persons who again destroyed most of the squabs. When they left Michigan they took their flight eastward, and telegrams were sent all over that part of the country where the pigeons would be likely to nest a third time, and as soon as they settled in the Catskills these persons were apprized of the location and very soon appeared on the scene.

The party, about thirty strong, stopped at Monson's, whose house was located on the upper Beaverkill, about three miles from the nest.

This nest was a mile from the Willewemoc Lodge, where I happened to be during the whole time that the pigeons were in their roost. It was claimed at the time that the squabs were sent down to New York by the ton, but as to this I have no personal knowledge, though I do know that during the nesting all, or nearly all, of the squabs were destroyed, and this was done by invading the grounds at night and striking the trunks of the trees with a heavy axe or sledge hammer, upon which the squabs would tumble out of the nests on the ground, and be picked up and carried to Monson's and shipped to New York the next day.

I do know, however, that from a natural ice house and the ice house belonging to our club, these persons obtained not less than fifteen tons of ice for the purpose of preserving the squabs.

This is the last flight of pigeons that has ever taken place in this part of the country, so far as I have any knowledge, and I am very sure that if there had been any I would have known it.

J. S. VAN CLEEF.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., May, 12.

The Jerusalem Cricket.

Yet another animate oddity is described to me by Mr. Arthur Putnam, of San Diego, Cal., who recently spent some months in the studio of Mr. Edward Kemeys, of Bryn Mawr, Chicago. Mr. Putnam is an artist and a naturalist in his way, and he tells me of a creature of which I for one never heard before.

"The Jerusalem cricket," he says, "is a California product. He is one of the largest of his race, his average size being about 2in. long and 1/2in. wide. He never bothers anyone, but spends all his time asleep. If you turn him over in a plow furrow he lies on his back and snaps his teeth like a wildcat. Then he will struggle for a moment or two, and if not touched will turn over about as gracefully as an ice wagon and run away for a foot or two. He will hide under the nearest clod, and if you turn over the clod he doesn't mind, for by this time he is fast asleep again. Touch him on the back and he is wide awake, and at once throws himself on his back and begins to kick and bite, which is his mode of defense. In this he shows his wisdom. His head is stuck on his body like a double potato, and as he can't turn quickly or see quickly, he flops over on his back.

"In the fall the Jerusalem cricket burrows in the ground and does not come out until spring, though he does not live in a cold country. He probably does not get enough sleep in the summer, so he makes it up later on, when he can't stand it any longer.

"This odd fellow has a large round head, as large as a hazel nut, with two little black beads the size of a pin head for eyes, which are placed about the middle of his head. He has two feelers, which hang out in front when he walks, and which lie straight over his back when he is asleep. His legs are hooked on to his waist, which is short. His hind legs are long, like those of a grasshopper, but he never hops. He is clumsy and built for heavy work. In color he is light amber yellow on the head, legs and waist, his posterior whitish, covered with black or dark brown stripes, which run horizontally across his back. His hind legs are covered with two rows of thorns, which scratch a fellow pretty lively on occasion. He chews a light colored tobacco and his mouth gets very full if you make him talk. If you put him in a cup sometimes you can get him to squeak, though the sound is very faint.

"The butcher birds have a great way of hanging these clumsy crickets on the thorns of the orange trees, where they leave them to sleep it out, which they do if they are unable to squirm off. You can see their dried skeletons in dozens hanging on orange or lemon tree thorns. I have seen butcher birds follow a plow all day waiting to catch these crickets.

"The Jerusalem cricket lives on grass roots. It rarely burrows deep than a foot. It does not shed its skin as some insects do. The young are rarely seen. The adults never seem active, and rarely crawl 10ft. without a nap. They do not chirp like the ordinary cricket, and have no wings.

"I do not know that the Jerusalem cricket is a very sporty bird, except in one particular. If he discovers himself near an ant hill, he will stop short in his tracks and turn around very quickly. The ants will promptly attack him, and this he knows. He turns his big head first one way and then another as they come on, and lumbers off as fast as he can. The ants cannot get through his armor at any place, except at his waist line, where his two sections of plates lap over. The ants know this and go after this vulnerable point. Defending himself after this fashion, the big bug throws himself on his back and tries to fight off his little foes. He cannot reach his enemies with his legs very well, and in the end is very lucky if he gets off safe."

A fight of this kind is something of a sporting event in miniature. I presume, and shows nature in a serio-comic light, which is a relief against the usual somber tragedy.

E. HOUGH.

480 CANTON BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Weight of Raccoons.

LOWELL, Mass., May 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I notice in the last numbers of the FOREST AND STREAM, items relating to the weight of the raccoon, and while I have heard similar stories of coons being shot, weighing 35 to 50lbs., it has not been my luck in years' experience of hunting them to get one.

The largest I ever saw, weighed 23, 24 1/2 and 26lbs. each, all males, the first one named was shot in the Province of Quebec, Canada, and the other two in Middlesex county, Mass. The largest female coon weighed an even 20lbs., and that is as large as any I have ever heard of, although several have come to my knowledge of about that weight.

PROCYON.

FRONTON, O., May 13.—As to coons: In February of 1871 I killed a coon which weighed 28lbs. Its hide was a great curiosity. I have never since found one over 15lbs., and think the 28-pounder about twice the average size for this part of the country.

JAMES DUPUY.

Game Bag and Gun.

In the Rockies.—I.

"Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
And yet it irks me the poor dappled fools—
Being native burghers of this desert city—
Should, in their own confines, with forked heads,
Have their round haunches gored."

—As You Like It.

THE point of view has much to do with a man's enjoyment of a spectacle. This trite aphorism occurred to me a few days ago, when comfortably seated in a "Wild West" amphitheater, watching the antics of the bucking broncos. It brought back a similar scene just one year before. Then I was an actor instead of a spectator. The amphitheater was of nature's architecture.

Around us arose in serried masses, tier above tier, shoulder to shoulder, forming a perfect amphitheater, some of the grandest and most mountainous masses that form the great chain of the Rockies. The arena was a little mountain park, high on the headwaters of the Snake River, in which we had encamped the night before, our first night out. We had staged it from the railroad, Dan and I, to a far interior mining town, where we outfitted, and getting an early start pushed the pack train for twelve good hours without a stop, until at nightfall we had camped in this little park. Another such day would land us in the promised land, the Mecca of our hopes, a land of scarred, sky-scraping pinnacles, where the bands of big game awaited our coming.

But, alas! for the plans of mice and men. The blankets we had taken from under the saddles the evening before had been saturated with perspiration, the chill night air of that dizzy elevation had done the rest, and they were frozen as stiff as boards. As a consequence there was some spectacular bucking that morning in that little park, beside which the performance of Buffalo Bill's bronchos was a very one-horse affair. Dan did some ground and lofty tumbling, which I was not in a position to appreciate at the time, being absorbed in an attempt to pick out a soft place to land on. Dan said I succeeded, inasmuch as I landed on my head. The first thing I distinctly remember when I cleared away the various constellations that presented themselves to my vision was the spectacle of Dan seated on the ground with his coat split up the back, totally unconcerned about his mount, which, having bucked him off, was endeavoring to perform the same office for the saddle, but wildly waving his arms toward one of the pack horses, and yelling to the packers, "Stop that pinto! Stop that piebald son of a gun!"

As every other pack horse in the train was bucking as hard as the pinto, I was at a loss to understand his interest in this particular animal until, having mastered it, Dan dived into one of the side packs, and with a countenance and a voice that betokened the depth of his misfortune, he told us that the worst was realized, that those great necessities of life which he had brought all the way from the East—the mustard, the jam and the pickles—had formed a triple alliance. They were joined beyond power of divorce. The side pack was simply a mess of broken jars and badly mixed contents. I never was so glad in my life. Jam for Big Horn hunters—think of it! As one of the packers remarked to Dan, consolingly, "Jam may be a good thing back East, but it don't climb these hills worth a cent!" My tenderfoot companion found before he had gone far that he didn't need any condiments to make his food palatable.

We had calculated upon getting off by sun up, but it was 10 o'clock before we got that pack train straightened out, and when we did get it to moving we were too thankful to think of stopping for dinner. We had eaten all the cooked food the day before, so bacon—and raw bacon at that—with bread straight, was the menu for dinner that day, served al la saddle. Dan bolted his bread and bacon with the appetite of an Esquimo, and swore it had a flavor that John Chamberlain's terrapin wouldn't compare with, an opinion in which John would undoubtedly concur.

Despite our expedition we made poor progress. Everything went wrong. The packs kept slipping, necessitating numerous delays, and finally in crossing a stream the pony with the bedding on its back slipped, and soused under its precious burden. This was the last straw. Although it was only 2 o'clock, we gave up and made camp right there on the banks of the stream. There was plenty of wood at hand, and the guide and packer soon had a big bonfire ablaze. With their lariats they dragged up and piled together huge logs, and around the fire on a scaffolding of poles arranged the wet blankets.

Dan got out his bamboo, and said he guessed he would cast a fly or two. He would have fared better if he had cast a stone or two. The stream was clear as crystal, cold as ice, swift as a mill race, and literally alive with trout. But they did not know that Dan was harmless, so when he went through a few wild gyrations in the endeavor to cast a fly they must have construed them into overt acts of hostility. I was an interested, the packer an amused, spectator. Suspicious sounds emanated from behind the blanket, and glancing back with an expression of uneasy distrust Dan said he thought he would try a pool around the bend which looked better. Shouldering my rifle, I struck up stream, and when I got back that night Dan had a big tale to tell of a monster trout that had taken his leader and flies. Next morning the packer, while out after the horses, rescued the leader from the top of an aspen. He said the trout must have been a high jumper to have left it in a tree top.

For a while after leaving camp I threaded through the willow flats that bordered the stream in the hope of jumping whitetail deer, which use in them. But the noise necessarily made forcing my way through the thick clumps precluded any hope of stalking so wary an animal, and I struck up the mountain. The ascent was gradual, plateaus and mesas and little parks alternating with some stiff steep. Tracks were abundant, but my hunt was unrewarded with even a disappearance of deer. I stayed out later than I thought, and was sitting on a log in a little park high on the mountain side enjoying the serenity of the evening, when I chanced to

turn and gaze back down the mountain. Evening had already fallen upon the stream beside which we were camped, and up out of the darkness the sound of its waters rushing through their rocky channel seemed to strike far and faint, from the shore of another world. I started up and hastened down, little relishing the idea of having to spend the night on the mountain side, or the chance of breaking a leg if not a neck in the dark. As I sped noiselessly over the spongy turf that carpeted a gentle descent, I thought I saw some objects move in the edge of the trees, and stopped, when they seemed to suddenly disappear. Again I started, and again some thing seemed to move, and again I stopped. Brushing my hand across my eyes I started again, convinced that a cobweb or something else moving as I moved had tricked me, when out from the trees, hardly a hundred yards away, walked a big doe. I dropped as if stricken with paralysis. In the half light as I raised my rifle, and trained the sights upon her a strange transformation took place. As the doe walked she seemed to lengthen out longer and longer, and suddenly I saw with the sensations that only a victim of the mirage can appreciate—I plainly saw a third pair of legs outlined beneath this monstrously elongated deer.

I do not know whether my hat lifted or not as my attention was concentrated upon the mystery that was evolving itself before me, but I do know that the rifle barrel was wobbling about in a circle, for it was in the direct line of my vision. Like a flash occurred to me all those fairy tales of nursery days, of bewitched huntsmen, of the phantom deer that only a silver bullet could kill, and the Lord only knows what I would have done next had not this modern spook dissolved itself. It seemed to part in the middle, and metamorphose itself into a doe followed by her full-grown fawn. The fawn had been at her side when she first came into view, and gradually dropping behind had effected the illusion in the uncertain light. I drew a free breath, and saw what I could not see while my gaze was concentrated on that strange sight—a big blacktail buck standing at gaze with lifted head and titillating nostrils. He seemed suspicious. Beyond him quietly feeding were two more does. As I looked and listened I could hear them crop the luxuriant herbage.

Stretched out flat upon the ground, with my elbow at rest, I trained my rifle at the fawn with that painstaking particularity that only a man who is shooting for his supper can take. It wilted in its tracks like a wet rag. At the report the startled deer ran together, and then with long leaps went crashing into the woods. Here was meat aplenty, wood at hand and water near—I was fixed for the night. The fawn was nearly grown, weighing perhaps 100 lbs. I went deliberately to work disemboweling it. When I raised up from my bloody task I was surprised to see a long shadow fall upon the ground, and glancing quickly behind me beheld the great full moon with its golden rim resting upon the mountain's crest and flooding the scene with its silvery light. I no longer thought of staying out on the mountain, but shouldering the best of the fawn struck off down to camp. I located it while still high on the mountain side by the blazing fire, but was compelled to go down into the valley some distance above it. Once in the cañon, I could no longer see the fire, but concluded some intervening mound or rocks cut off the sight.

The real reason was the blankets which still shrouded it. While above it I could look down and see it, but when on the level it was hidden. I passed it, but getting to windward smelt the smoke and so located it. The logs had burned to an immense mass of glowing embers, giving off steady heat with little smoke, just the fire for a barbecue. Cutting green boughs we made an immense broiler, and splitting the fawn, suspended the two halves over the coals. The others had eaten one supper, but that makes no difference in the mountains. In that high, thin air your appetite is always on edge, your digestion in order, and you can eat as many meals a day as you can prevail upon your men to cook. It was nearly midnight when, wearied with story-telling and gorged with barbecued venison, we crawled into our blankets.

In the stilly watches of the night the slaughtered deer had its revenge. For the first and only time in the mountains my slumbers were far from dreamless. The peculiar experience with the doe, together with a surfeit of fawn, colored my dreams, and all night I suffered untold afflictions from phantom deer.

FRANCIS J. HOAGAN.

KENTUCKY.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Virginia's Eastern Shore.

BELLE HAVEN, Va., May 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Having not seen anything from the eastern shore of Virginia in your valuable columns this spring, I thought I would respond to a feeling that has long been prompting me to represent our lovely section occasionally in your paper, provided you find anything worthy of acceptance.

Accomac county, on the eastern shore of Virginia, like all other sections of our coast, has donned its spring colors, and shore-bird shooting and fishing have supplemented duck shooting and field sporting. A bushel of fine trout at a tide now is a fair catch for two men. Curlew shooting is at its height, and will remain so till about the 20th inst., when they will start northward to nest. Smaller birds, viz., dowitch, plover, calico back, yellow leg, etc., will be here in maximum quantities about the 10th to 20th.

There are three clubs located on the ocean side of Accomac, one on Wallops Beach, composed principally of Pennsylvanians; one on Revels Island and one of Wachapneague. Members of the latter are down and enjoying the first of the season's sport. This club are New Yorkers, and have demonstrated considerable liberality among our people, and in return are much liked and heartily welcomed by the people. They are always prompt in paying their dues and non-resident fees, thus giving the wardens no trouble. The club has been holding annual regattas, awarding valuable prizes to successful competitors in boat races, and setting out at their commodious club house a genuine feast during the day, inviting the ashore county citizens to participate; several hundreds of them accepting. To describe the luxuries and entertainment

afforded by these regattas would take too much of your space.

Our game laws are reasonable. All non-residents must become a member of the Game Association, which costs him \$3, and \$2 annual dues. But as low as the cost is, now and then some repugnant non-residents are inclined to "kick"; yet we cannot think that any true sportsmen would refuse to pay the fee, all of which is expended toward the protection of our game.

Drum-fishing is coming on at the north end of Hog Island, between the locations of Revel's Island and Broadwater Club, the latter in Northampton county. Drum fish weighing from 25 lbs. to 75 lbs. are caught in great abundance in the latter part of May and first few days of June. Last year one boat would often bring up forty to sixty, the result of one day's fishing. It is a common thing for two or three men to be hung to different drums on the same boat at the same time, cutting and sheering the boat in all directions. As a food fish for immediate eating the drum is fine.

All of the sites suited to the location of clubs on the eastern shore of Virginia seem taken up. In fact, clubs have had considerable to do with reducing the sport of shooting, especially on our coast, from the fact that they usually locate in lands and near waters where wildfowl use most, the club habitations driving the fowl off and eventually breaking up the sport altogether in that section. The best way to preserve good shooting is sporting on the yacht system, or to go and come from the shore to the hunting grounds every day in smaller crafts.

JOHN H. JOHNSON.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

The Minnesota Forest Reserve.

CHICAGO, Ill., May 12.—I may state that progress is making in the matter of the proposed Minnesota forest reserve, which was taken up more fully in an earlier issue of *FOREST AND STREAM*. Col. Cooper has held some conferences which are of importance in the preliminary part of the movement, and it is hoped that not a great deal of delay will ensue in the establishment of the preliminary body. The matter seems to meet with approbation. Among other letters I have one from Mr. Charles Cristadoro, of S. Paul. The latter says: "I am glad to see the good work going on as it is. Friend Mershon is stirring up the boys in great shape from Maine to California. We must win, but will not win without a fight. It is the chance of a century of centuries to secure, as long as water flows and grass grows, a monument of the pine forests, a headstone at the graves of the departed forests." Mr. Cristadoro suggests that the following prominent gentlemen in different parts of the country are apt to be useful in this work, and are sure to be interested in the proposed movement: Hon. Knute Nelson, Alexandria, Minn.; Hon. Jas. A. Tawney, Winona, Minn.; Hon. John J. Jenkins, Chippewa Falls, Wis.; Hon. Page Morris, Duluth, Minn.; Hon. J. E. Carpenter, Minneapolis, Minn.; Hon. John M. Thurston, Omaha, Neb.; Hon. A. Y. Foster, Tacoma, Wash.; Hon. I. V. Quarles, Milwaukee, Wis.; Hon. Jas. Bixby, Muscogee, I. T.; Hon. J. S. Sherman, Utica, N. Y.; Hon. J. C. Spooner, Madison, Wis.; Hon. Chas. Dick, Akron, Ohio; A. Cristadoro, 442 West Twenty-second street, New York City; W. F. Dermot, Trout Creek, Mich.; C. R. Sumner, M. D. Rochester, N. Y.; Hon. J. W. Fordney, Saginaw, Mich.; Hon. C. D. Shelton, Houghton, Mich.; R. D. Schultz, Zanesville, Ohio.

Another writer, Mr. LeRoy Lefe Smith, of LaPorte City, Iowa, sends some comment on the region concerned, which I append:

"Your article in *FOREST AND STREAM*, relative to the preservation of the lake region in northern Minnesota as a national park, has interested me greatly. Ever since my first visit to the region at the head of the Mississippi River, I have hoped that something might be done to reserve this beautiful region from the encroachments of the timber thieves and relentless civilization.

"I purpose taking another trip about June 1 to the head of the river—this time with the intention of making further observations as to the exact source of the river, and starting from there for a long boat ride down the river clear to the blue waters of the Gulf. I make the long trip to get material for a number of articles for certain magazines. I expect also to contribute frequently to several well-known newspapers. If I am not mistaken this is the first time such a trip has ever been attempted in an open boat.

"Any suggestions you might make as to stirring up public interest in this Government park scheme, will be gladly received and acted upon."

As has been stated, forestry agitation has been going on for some time in the State of Minnesota, the last word in this regard being given in the Cross forestry bill which was passed at the last session of the Legislature. This bill was originally introduced by J. N. Cross, of Minneapolis, president of the State Forestry Association. It was presented in 1897, but defeated. This year it was passed, and is now a law. Its terms create a forestry board and establish certain State forest reserves, to consist of all such tracts of land as the State may choose to set apart, all lands which may be given to the State, all lands that may be donated for forestry purposes in fee, and all lands that may be given to the State of Minnesota by the United States. Any person donating to the forestry board a tract of 1,000 acres or more, will, under the law have this forest named after himself. It is thought that numbers of the timber kings of Minnesota will donate large bodies of denuded lands. Many lumbermen are paying heavy taxes on lands which they will be willing to surrender, there are large bodies of State swamp lands which will be apt to come in, and the United States Government is expected to contribute largely. No existing agricultural or commercial interests may be disturbed. The forestry board will be composed of nine members.

The above shows well-considered and determined effort on forestry lines in this State. I imagine that the action of the State of Minnesota would not interfere in that proposed in the National Forest Reserve. In the latter case there would be still larger donations of private land, and possibly the State of Minnesota would in turn con-

tribute territory otherwise worthless. The real purpose in all these movements is to preserve the wilderness, and in this the men of Minnesota will act as they think to the best interest of their State. These would seem to be not antagonistic to the broader proposition.

A Michigan Public Park.

The progressive State of Michigan is in no wise behind the front in any matter of intelligent progress. The Michigan Legislature has now in its hands a bill proposing the establishment of a great public park, comprising nearly a million acres of land in the counties of Wexford, Manistee, Lake, Newaygo, Oceana and Mason. These lands are to be withdrawn from settlement, and set apart as the perpetual pleasure ground for the enjoyment of the people, for the preservation of the growing timber, and for the propagation and preservation of game and fish. This park, if established, will be under the control of a commission of five members, the latter to be appointed by the Governor. Restricted building permits may be issued. Indeed, the laws governing this proposed park would appear to be similar to those controlling the Yellowstone National Park, with the further addition of the Michigan license idea. It will be unlawful to hunt or trap on the reserve, but fishing licenses may be secured, the price being \$5 for non-residents and \$1 for residents of the State of Michigan. There are some splendid trout streams included in the proposed tract, and these will be eagerly sought by many anglers, so that it is thought the license fee will raise a great fund for the necessary expense of conducting the park. I do not know what likelihood this measure has of becoming a law, but if it is passed and the park established, there would be unquestioned benefit to the State. Thus it seems that we are having the preserve idea and the license idea also offered to us in the West, and it is only fair to say that both of these ideas are advancing with rapid strides.

Wisconsin Features.

I do not know how non-residents are going to like the new Wisconsin law, but it seems to be red hot and air tight. An excellent clause is that giving the warden the right to search without warrant. Still another good feature is the improvement of the tagging clause controlling the shipping of deer. There is a strong leaning toward drawing the line tighter and tighter in shooting matters in this State. For a long time I urged upon shooting clubs in Wisconsin to place a limit upon the bag of ducks, as is done in many of the first-class clubs all over the country to-day. Many club members replied that they did not believe in limiting the bag, as duck shooting was an uncertain thing, and they wanted to kill all they could when they got a chance. The State of Wisconsin has now done a little thinking for itself, and for everybody else on this head. The non-resident deer hunter will pay \$25 license in the State of Wisconsin. The non-resident hunter for any other sort of game will pay a \$10 license. He will have to content himself with two deer or fifty birds, and if they go out of the State the hunter will have to go with them. Cold storage of game in close season is forbidden. When you look at this Wisconsin law it seems to be a mighty good one, and I hope that it will work.

Yellowstone Park Buffalo.

Mr. Ben D. Sheffield, of Livingston, Mont., a guide well known in that section, paid me a visit this week. Mr. Sheffield is in and about the Park much of the time, and is familiar with the game of that region. He tells me that the buffalo of the Park appear doomed to extinction. Every once in a while one is seen outside the Park to the south or west, and after that it does not last long. The soldiers tell him that to the best of their knowledge there are about only twenty-five buffalo left in the Park.

Killed A Grizzly.

Bill Clark, an old-time pioneer and hunter, killed a grizzly bear last week on the divide at the head of Gladstone Creek. This bear measured 9ft. across the arms, 9ft. along the middle of the back, and is said to have weighed between 700 and 800lbs. Mr. Clark says that this is the only real grizzly bear he ever saw east of the Sierra Nevada Mountains. Its fur was a dark gray color. Nearly all the mountain hunters express the same belief about the grizzly bear, and make a distinction between it and the silvertip. Thus Mr. Sheffield, to whom I have above referred, states that the silvertip is smaller than the grizzly, and that the "grizzly is never seen east of the range." The hunters and naturalists never did agree. If Mr. Clark's bear be reported correctly, it would seem to be big enough for a grizzly, for it measured more than a foot across the head between the ears. Silvertip or grizzly, it was likewise a peach.

E. HOUGH.

480 CANTON BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

The Wyoming Non-Resident Law.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Not long ago, in an editorial on the new Wyoming game law, you said that there was no penalty for hunting without a license. Section 14 says:

"Each act of pursuing, hunting, or killing any of the animals mentioned in this section, without a license, as herein provided for, shall be considered a distinct and separate offense."

"Any person or persons violating any of the provisions of this section shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction thereof, shall be fined in any sum not less than \$25 nor more than \$100, or by imprisonment in the county jail not less than ten nor more than ninety days, or by both such fine and imprisonment."

Does not this cover hunting without a license?

WM. WELLS.

That's What it Looks Like.

Boston, May 1.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: I have just seen a copy of the *Brief and Woodcraft*, and I think it will be a sure winner. There is room for just such a magazine.

C. HARRY MORSE.

Seth Armitage and his Mud Shoes.

"SPEAKING of original geniuses," said Mr. Eason Beacham, manager of Park & Tilford's Seventy-second street store, "Seth Armitage, of Mariposa, Ont., holds a place all by himself."

"I spend my vacation at Mariposa, and I see a good deal of Seth, for both Seth and I are fond of shooting and fishing. Seth is nominally a farmer; but he might as well be called a horse doctor, deacon, mechanic, professional hunter or half a dozen other things. In fact, it would be hard to suggest a calling of which Seth does not know something."

"He is a great hand at praying for rain in a dry summer, and he is equally good at hauling wood for the cross-roads church in winter, and for years past no harvest bee, binding bee, logging bee or barn raising has been complete without Seth Armitage."

"When a neighbor's mowing machine breaks down or the kitchen clock gets a fit of the sulks, the things are shipped right over to Seth, and he never has any trouble in putting them in working order again. He rides a bicycle that is partly of his own construction, makes missing parts for a watch or a gun, and is as good a mechanic as he is a naturalist or herb doctor."

"Above all things, Seth loves shooting and fishing. Two years ago he was very much behind-hand with his harvest. He started one morning to cut a field of grain that was over-ripe and shucking. A friend came along



THE MUD SHOES IN ACTION.

bound on a fishing trip and asked Seth to join him. It was the kind of an invitation Seth never refused. 'Hold on a minute, till I take out my horses,' he said, 'and I'll be with you. This grain ought to have been cut a week ago, but it's stood so long now I guess another day won't make much difference.'

"The day his daughter married Seth left the wedding party on the way to the church to go on a bear hunt, and he has always considered it a piece of good judgment on his part, a sort of killing two birds with one stone, for while the girl got married he got his bear."

"Seth's hunting and fishing territory is mostly about Goose Lake, which lies only a rifle shot from his home. This used to be a great rendezvous for Indians, but now only a few come there each year. It is quite a large body of water, but its shores are swampy, and the open water is everywhere surrounded by quaking bogs that cannot be crossed by man or beast. A dog cannot even get across to retrieve ducks shot over the water."

"The lake is on the line of the wildfowl migration, and is full of ducks and geese each spring and fall. To enable him to hunt them successfully, and also fish, Seth has devised what he calls mud shoes. These shoes are canoe-shaped affairs, made of 1/2 in. basswood, 7 or 8 ft. in length. Each one is provided with a band for fastening it to the foot, something on the principle of a snowshoe thong. The shoes are very light and easily carried."

"When Seth reaches the shores of Goose Lake he slips his feet into the gearing and glides over the bogs and rushes and lily pads that lie further out much as a skee runner travels over snow. On gaining the open water, he sits down on a board laid crosswise over the shoes, and propels himself with a paddle. The shoes are then as stable and seaworthy as a catamaran."

"His gun is carried in the hollow of one of the shoes, and he generally stands erect when shooting. The shoes are exactly adapted to the peculiar conditions of Goose Lake, with its bogs and unfathomable mud, and Seth enjoys good sport at times when his neighbors can only look on and envy him."

J. B. BURNHAM.

Indians and Game.

WELLS, P. O., Uinta, Co., Wyo.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: As under existing conditions there is sure to be a fight with the Shoshones and Bannocks in the spring, I will put you in possession of the facts, in hopes that something may be done to keep the Indians on the reservation.

The Indians come in as soon as the snow will let them. Some of them have passes to hunt horses, some passes between Ft. Hall and Ft. Washakie, some no passes at all. No Indian horses range here, as they would winter kill. The Indians pay no attention to the game laws, but kill cow and calf elk.

In August last year, while I was away, a band of Indians, ten or twelve men and some women, camped about eight miles north of my place. As they were killing elk for the hides, a game warden from Wind River, named Pyle, came over, got eight men at my camp, and tried to make an arrest. The men from my camp were all tenderfeet but one, Ed. Hill. The Indians showed fight, the warden ran away at the first yell, and Ed. Hill, seeing that the Indians had them outflanked, told the boys that they had better pull out. Ed. left his gun and went over and had a talk. The Indians were very abusive and said that they were ready to fight.

All through the fall the country was full of Indians. The first week in October Ed. Hill and Nelson Yarnell came in from Wind River and reported a camp of Indians near where the row had been in August. Yarnell said that the Indians were over for trouble, so we sent word to Jackson's Hole, and fourteen men, including D. C. Nowlin, our member of the Legislature, and Wm. La Plant, the Justice of the Peace, came over. The next morning eighteen of us went up to the Indians' camp, but they had pulled out. They had three tipis out in an open park, and nine more back in the timber out of sight. This meant about twenty-five or thirty men, and it was a very pretty trap for a party like ours if we had ridden up to the three tipis and attempted to make an arrest. We scouted the country north and west to Warm Spring Creek, but could not locate the Indian camp. Albert Nelson, now State game warden, was with me in advance. There was some snow here and there, and the creeks were skimmed with ice. There was a mounted Indian scouting our advance, and the flank scouts reported the same thing. There is no doubt but that they had a trap ready for us somewhere.

Now you can see very plainly that if we want to protect our game this thing has got to stop. So when the trouble starts in the spring, please understand that we have done all we can to keep the Indians out without a fight.

WM. WELLS.

Rhode Island Game Commission.

PROVIDENCE, Rhode Island, May 11.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: I have introduced into the Senate a bill appointing bird commissioners, which I think will have a good effect, as we intend to have men appointed who are thorough sportsmen, and who are willing to do this without compensation, for the present at least. The measure reads:

"Section 1. In the month of June, 1899, and every three years thereafter, the Governor shall appoint five commissioners to serve without compensation, one from each county of the State, to be known as Commissioners of Birds, who shall hold office for three years or until their successors are appointed."

"Sec. 2. The Commissioners of Birds shall protect birds throughout the State, and shall cause to be prosecuted for the violation of the provisions of this chapter and of the laws of this State concerning birds. Said commissioners whenever complaint is made by them or either of them, or by their deputies of a violation of any of the provisions of this chapter, shall not be required either by themselves or by their deputies to furnish surety for costs or be liable for costs on such complaint."

"Sec. 3. Said commissioners shall appoint such number of deputies in each county as they shall see fit, and shall issue commissions under their hands to said deputies, empowering them to execute the duties of such office and shall record the names of said deputies with the Secretary of State. It shall be the duty of every such deputy to arrest without warrant any person whom they shall find taking or killing, or shall have in their possession birds contrary to the provisions of this act."

"Sec. 4. Any deputy appointed by the Commissioners of Birds as hereinbefore provided may, without warrant, seize any birds found in the possession of any person at any time when the killing of such birds is prohibited by law."

N. F. REINER.

Mastigouche Club.

President H. W. Atwater, of Montreal, sends us a copy of his annual report to the members of the Mastigouche Fish and Game Club, whose preserves are at St. Gabriel de Brandon, Province of Quebec. In the course of the report he says: "We are on a sound financial basis (something exceptional with clubs of our description). A large amount of work of a permanent character has been done through the season to put our property in good working order, and all tending to the actual comfort of our members. The lease from the Government has been renewed for a further term of ten years. They have also granted us permission to take fish from the lower reaches of the river to stock the lakes above the Great Chute. By this means, in a few years' time, our fishing territory will be doubled."

"The house committee have closed up 'Lac Eau Claire' and 'Lac la Chance' for the space of two years, and inasmuch as our territory comprises a large number of lakes, they propose to gradually continue this rule to all the smaller lakes. In this simple manner, along with the restrictions put upon members relative to the size and number of fish to be taken, a very short time will elapse before our lakes will abound with fish, and we may look forward to having a preserve that will be hard to equal, even in the land of Canada."

"The house committee propose to open the club house ready for the reception of members on May 20 next, and they hope to have a good representation of members present."

Sea and River Fishing.

A Homily on Angling.

BY CHARLES HALLOCK.

WASHINGTON, May 1.—The angling season is backward this spring like the budding, the plowing, and the planting; and in the high latitude of natural trout streams where these winsome fish do most lurk, disport and use, from Maine to Wisconsin, the lakes are still ice-bound, and snowbanks linger in the deeper shadows of the forests. It is even so on the Brule, in the superlative domain of Winneboujou, that eminent angler's patron, where the St. Paul Club has been wont to open camp each year on May 1. And Fred Mather, the author of "Men I Have Fished With," writes from there that patches of snow remain where the harbinger blossoms of the trailing arbutus are beginning to show in the birch woods. Fred has just entered upon the administration of Cedar Island Lodge, where Mr. Henry Clay Pierce, of St. Louis, has most extensive trout preserves and propagating works, with no end of such home and scenic attractions as unlimited wealth can procure. At different times I have been his guest, as well as the guest of the hospitable Winneboujou.

Just where the stream divides, the drooping birches drop the larval parasites which breed in their branches among the hungry trout which gather in the rough waters of the spring rise to catch the flotsam of the current, and many a 2-pounder, yea, a 4-pounder, has been captured, *secundum artem*, at the confluence of the reunited waters. And up and down the river, for miles above and below Cedar Island, the stream flows in alternate pools and rapids, beside which the rustic cottages and æsthetic club houses have been located, with here and there a hostelry for the public. All the trout fishing in the Brule is done from boats, and each of the various river craft must have its skilled boatman to pole it up the rapids, to hold it on the riffles, and to shoot the falls, just as is done on the salmon river, Restigouche, in Canada; as well as to make noon camp and broil a mess of fish as the guides do among the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence in midsummer.

It is a knackful accomplishment to pole a skiff or bark canoe up a rapid stream, requiring not strength so much as dexterity and a knowledge of the stream's ever changing moods and caprices; for if the current but catches the bow in slightest deflection from the line of direction, she swings broadside round, and is swept ruthlessly back to quiet water, only to essay the ascent again. Under such stress, a novice in a canoe will be apt to lose his head and upset; for such a craft is totterish at best, and one must learn to get and keep his balance, like a tight-rope dancer, or a pupil at a riding school. All the same, there is a slightly lass of fourteen, city bred, and daughter of a self-exiled valetudinarian living just below the Northern Pacific Railroad crossing, who learned in two years' time to rival the most dexterous of the local aborigines who guide for Winneboujou. I have seen her put a 15 ft. loaded canoe up the stiffest rapids on the river, to the irrepressible admiration of newcomers, who could not comprehend by what knack or magic so slight a person could accomplish such a feat, any more than they could realize, until they learned by what dexterous turn of the wrist an expert angler fastens to a darting trout.

And this reminds me that there are always at every angling resort lots of fellows who come to the river side in the full-fledged belief that they are gifted, and discover at first effort that they are practically *hors du combat*, and that even a little child can lead them.

No young rooster ever had his comb cut with such compunction of abasement and inconsequence! Helpless but reliant upon the hope set forth before them, the wise among them are fain to intrust their lives, and the fortunes of the day to this self-taught maid in short skirts who deftly plies the push-pole; and when they return to the landing at sundown with a goodly mess of average trout, more, indeed, than they ever stood godfather to before, they feel that they have undergone an experience as novel and instructive as it was exhilarating.

There are several ladies in the Winneboujou Club who are deft with the paddle and rod, of whom the three daughters of ex-Mayor C. D. O'Brien, of St. Paul, are noted. His home crew of eight oars and a coxswain constitute the most striking summer feature at White Bear Lake, when it turns out for a sturdy pull over the regular course; all to the manor born.

Now if I might add a word by way of homily, I would assert that it is easy enough always to discover an experienced angler without looking into his mouth. Some pretenders may have the written code at their tongue's end, whereby they daze and overawe the unsophisticated neophyte; but they never can deceive a veteran. An expert can read them offhand. He can detect their deficiencies and shortcomings the instant they enter for competition. All of us can tell a horseman at sight by the way he approaches an animal to take the rein or put foot in the stirrup. So it is with him who handles rod or paddle. An apparently insignificant movement will give him away. Likewise with the man who takes up a gun or axe, billiard cue, foil, or Indian club; who steps into a carriage or boat, or enters a drawing room. Ignorance cannot be disguised. It is the companion of awkwardness, and the two go always hand in hand.

Assuredly, bookish wisdom and finical acquirements do not make the fisherman. An angler with superfine tackle and toggery may astonish the callow by his professional make-up, but unless he understands the habits of the fish and the character of the water he fishes, he will make but a poor fist of his angling, and a good deal more is included in a knowledge of habits than consists in the mere superficial understanding of what fish eat, how they abide and what will attract them best or bring them most surely to creel. If it be true of forest haunts of game, it is equally true of the brooks, that too much beating about the bush defeats its ends. The silent hunter or angler and quiet methods, secure the goodlier results. A tyro's fantastic manipulation of the rod will scare more fish than it will bring, while all his frequent changing of flies, in-

volving disconcerting body movements, will only lessen his chances of filling his creel.

There is a closer analogy between hunting and fishing than many people affect to believe. I am always surprised when I do not perceive a sportsman of repute exercise the same caution in approaching the denizens of rivers as the fauna of the forests. The ostrich with his head in the sand is not more foolish than the man who fancies that the fish cannot see him because he cannot see them. A practiced eye will detect a motionless fish or a glancing flash in the stream where one who is unaccustomed will fail to discover it after it is plainly pointed out. One should approach an eligible part of the stream with unvarying discretion, even though it appears to be barren. Hundreds of so called anglers ruin their chances at the outset by the clumsy manner in which they approach the timid creatures which they propose to entice and lay hands on. If market gunners behaved in like manner, utterly ignoring the first principles of "drawing on game" which bird dogs practice so well, our city epicures would get no woodcock or canvasback ducks.

If opinionated tyros only knew by what great painstaking fish baskets are sometimes filled, they would discover that they have something yet to learn in order to attain the acme of high art. For example, the inevitable farmer's boy of the epigram will crawl on his belly for 20 yds. in order to get a big trout from under the banks, and ten to one he will yank him out. Herein he develops several attributes of a true angler. He is familiar with fish haunts and habits, and he exercises caution and patience, without which success would be impossible. It is by the application of these qualities that the tow string is able to discount the silk line and reel. Books cannot impart the practical information which that lad possesses. I once met a party on the Nepigon in August, who had been fishing all the choice places along shore where fish abound earlier in the season, and had taken none. I took them in a canoe to a riff in mid-stream, where a small island divided the current, and they caught a bag full. You see a man may be a prize winner at a fly-casting tournament, and yet have no "luck" on the streams, because he doesn't know their changing moods and tenses.

It is not my purpose to discuss low grade and high grade angling in these desultory lines. Of course, a masterly cast with a fly will pick up fish which a gob and wattle cannot reach. We all understand that; and we have long been familiar with the logic which, from the days of Saladin and Cœur de Leon prefer dexterity to brute force. I am simply trying to show where those who attempt to practice high grade angling are deficient and fail, and that many who talk by the book are but bunglers in the art. One chief reason why many come short is because they don't keep their eyes on their work. I do not believe that a short-sighted individual can catch as many fish as one who has perfect vision. He must miss a great many fish that rise. A fly-fisherman in particular should keep his eye on the water. It should follow with constant vigilance the vagaries of his flies. He should take up his line as seldom as possible; be sure always to strike the instant he thinks he detects a gleam. I have trout fishing especially in mind while I write. It is *sui generis*, whatever may be said of fly-fishing in its general application to fish of other sorts. With respect to salmon, the rule of striking at sight does not apply at all; quite the reverse being the practice; the same with black bass. The motion of a trout is often quicker than the glance of the human eye, and unless the angler is on the alert the trout will have seen and investigated the lure before a contemptuous flap of his tail has made the angler aware that he has come and gone. Often an upward lift of the rod tip will hook a fish whose presence was not suspected at all, the barb fastening to its tail, side, or gill. Such incidents as these give rise to the speculation that trout knock flies into their mouths with their tails.

Books are filled with high art methods and systems of manipulating artificial flies, all of the impressionist style of dictation, just as we have in metaphysics the higher criticism and the higher law, but the teachings are exogenous and heretical, and the strict constructionist of the old school will catch the most fish.

One object of wading a stream (presuming the banks are as practicable for casting as the bed) is to avoid observation. A man in full view on the bank will empty a pool in a jiffy. Every trout will take to its lair. Proper wading is the most deliberate operation imaginable. A good wader will scarcely roil the water in a mill-tail. He will often pick up a score of fish without moving more than a couple of rods. The fish will so little heed him that they will sometimes play about his feet. I have often waded through a school collected in a long reach of water waist deep on a midsummer day when the sun was bright, and picked out now and then a fish; and then getting on the banks well back out of sight, and returning to the head of the pool, fished it through a second time with tolerable success. Wading also enables the angler to cover water which he could not otherwise reach, and it permits him to fish with a short line, say, 30 ft. from reel to tail fly. Long distance casts are a mistake, because the line is not then in such complete control, and the energy of the effort to deliver it scares the fish. I seldom attempt an inordinate cast except when fishing with minutest flies on calm, broad water. Under such conditions only is the ability to deliver a long line an enviable qualification. A slight ruffle on the surface is worth 20 yds. of distance.

There is a great difference between stream fishing and pond fishing. From a boat a long line is the proper thing. A 30 yd. cast of line evenly laid out at a fly-casting tournament is an exquisite performance, but the accomplishment is seldom of practical use in angling, except for salmon. The essence of the art called gentle is to know how to find the trout first and then to present the lure as naturally as possible without exciting suspicion. Perhaps, after all, the stage of water, the time of day, and the season of the year, are not considered as much as they should be? If one fails at one hour, let him try another part of the day. In August only the early morning and the dusk of evening are likely to yield satisfactory results.

I remember once an amusing incident at Seaman's Pond in Ridgewood, Long Island, where a visitor was permitted to fish for the liver-fed trout which were in the habit of rushing *en masse* after what was thrown in at feeding time until they fairly made the water boil. The

figure of a man on the bank had no terrors for them then, though they were a little shy on off hours, and of course our ambitious angler took a fine trout at the very first cast. If he had had a "trot line" carrying a score of hooks, he would have taken a fish on every one. After playing him well to creel, so as to enjoy the suspense which contributes so much to the enjoyment of sport, he cast again, expecting a repetition of the previous rush, but nary rush ensued. A fingerling or two broke gingerly at his tail fly, but the most persistent persuasion failed to fasten another trout.

Hæc fabula docet that dead failures are possible in the best stocked waters, and that the shoemaker is worthy of his last; or words to that effect.

Trout on Broadhead Creek.

I AM a plain, blunt man who loves my country, and my friend. I have reached that period in life when, like Cicero, I love to recall the pleasures of a well-spent life, and if there is any part of my life I would willingly omit, it is the several years I spent in reasonably close contact with the "scurvy politicians who pretend to see the things they see not."

I seldom get beyond bait fishing—the red worm or the shining minnow. I do not pretend to be an artist in fish. Fred Mather is! But even he comes to the rescue of a bait-fisherman when occasion offers.

When the May sun began "to shed her amber light the new-leaved woods and lawns between," my blood was alive with the inspiration to be derived from a few days of "the contemplative man's amusement" in far-off Monroe. Nothing but flounders were biting at Anglesea, N. J., though the dogwood tree was in blossom. But one morning I found a letter on my table from Price Bros. of the Spruce Cabin Inn, up in Monroe county, Pa., saying, "Come at once; trout galore."

I took the noon train that day for Canadensis, Pa., the station where the fisherman gets off for the Spruce Cabin, a telegram having told my old friends, Price Bros., that I "was on the wing." But I must tell you how I found this beautiful spot twenty-four years ago, that has been so near my heart ever since.

William King, a nephew of Judge Edward King, President Judge of the Philadelphia Common Pleas, first introduced me to the trout of Monroe county. The amiable Judge King left a handsome estate to William, his nephew, who was a brilliant and brave naval officer, and a member of the old Philadelphia Club at Thirteenth and Walnut streets. William King understood as much about spending this estate as the historic Judge knew about saving it.

William King, something of a satirist, laughed at my \$5 lance—now pole—and noticed that I carried no miller nor Jock Scott flies, but was voluminously funny at my tin bait-box.

"Will you fish, Colonel, with the red worm?" said the naval swell.

"Certainly," I replied, "and I will beat you two to one."

"No you won't," said Lieutenant Commander King, "not for a \$25 dinner at the Philadelphia Club."

"Done," I replied. "We begin to-morrow at 8 A. M., each man have an attendant; fishing to last for six hours."

King was to try the fly and I was to try the worm—no minnows allowed. The naval officer's rig from stem to stern was something beautiful to behold. Including rod and reel, dress, and a long book of every known fly, prepared by Keider, of Philadelphia, his outfit must have cost \$250.

I said to Milton Price, then only eight years old, "Can I beat this fish dude?"

"Yes," he said, "I'll get the worms to-night; I know the holes where the trout live, and we'll just wax the shirt off of him."

This encouraged me somewhat, but the case looked ominous. I was up by light, and with my good-natured and confident friend breakfasted at 7 A. M. on trout, coffee, buckwheat cakes and maple molasses.

King had secured a strong-limbed country boy, and we were off on time. Only one pole for each party, and one line to be used. I was limited to Broadhead Creek, Stony Run and Goose Pond Run, and King was to go up Broadhead Creek, then to Mill Creek and Buck Hill.

This was the great piscatorial day of my life. Milton Price knew every pond where the *fontinalis* disported and every laurel bush that grew on the side of the pond where the lusty trout did dwell.

We improved the time. When I was sure of a good spot I waded in up to my neck, and was sure of some return. I had an ordinary summer suit on, and I knew King would not spoil his \$60 Wanamaker suit after all the trout in Monroe county.

When tired out I would lie under the flowering rhododendrum (laurel) bushes and let Milton Price catch all that was left. I slipped over stones, fell over the roots, caught one trout that weighed 2 lbs., and at 1:30 P. M., little Milton said, "Colonel, we will stop now, we've got that dude beat." And we stopped, rested long enough to get our breath and started back to the Spruce Cabin farm. We had a royal bunch of trout, strung on a crooked stick, just forty-three in number.

When we reached the hotel we were wet, tired and hungry, and up came Lieutenant William King of the U. S. Navy. He had two trout as long as your finger for his six hours' work! He sighed as he took one glance at our healthy string, and cried, "Peccavi, I've lost my bet, boys."

He swore young Martin Price on his affidavit, now a lusty grown man, that we two had caught the forty-three trout, and expressed himself satisfied.

The next week he put up the dinner, and no one who has not dined at the Philadelphia Club can fully comprehend the comfort of that memorable dinner. Perhaps that experience, and limited opportunities to catch trout, have kept me a bait fisherman ever since. Deep-sea fishing has been my successful hobby.

Nature has done a great deal for Monroe county. In October and November this is the greatest county in Pennsylvania for grouse. A law has been passed prohibiting the selling of grouse in the State, and this helps the shooting immensely.

The main stream for good fishing is Broadhead's Creek.

but not far away are Mill Creek, Buck Hill, Middle Branch, Levis Branch, Goose Pond Run and Stony Run, all in good condition, and a patient fisherman is sure of his reward.

Many of the fishermen bring their wives, and my pen is not lithe enough to write fully of the lavish friendliness of nature to this county of Monroe. Here is the spot for the fisher to come. Pike county has to withdraw and pale its ineffective fires before this brightest spot in old Monroe.

A very agreeable gentleman, Charles Stokes, of the Stock Exchange, New York, is here for a month. He came in with twenty-five trout during the week, but amused us very much by his experience with a big red bull of Farmer Wagner's. He had just "bagged" a one-pounder when the bull gave him chase. He dropped his fish and gathered a pile of stones and began to fire at the bull. When he would hit the bull it would become more vociferous than ever. Stokes says it was the most interesting exhibition of "Wagner's" music he had ever heard! Finally one well-delivered blow with a big rock on the knee drove the bull off, and Stokes had time to fly. He was, so to speak, fenced in, and says he felt like the negro when chased by a bull, he cried as he ran, "Millions for de fence."

JAS. MATLOCK SCOVEL.

MONROE COUNTY, Pa.

New England Spring Fishing.

BOSTON, May 13.—There is plenty of spring fishing in Maine waters, but somehow the catching has not yet been up to expectations, if indeed it ever is. Great interest is felt in the Rangeley waters, and the long-time early visitors are many of them at their old haunts. At the Oquonoc Angling Association camps there are quartered Mr. F. A. Turner, president of the Association; Mr. John Woodbury and others. Mr. A. G. Mann and wife and Miss Lena Mudge are at the Birches, same lake. At Haines' Landing fishing parties have begun to arrive. Mr. Rosse Babcock, J. N. Wells, J. E. Adams, Jr., New York; Edgar R. Lewis, New Bedford; H. A. Damon and party, Fitchburg, Pa., are expected at once. The Ackerman party was the first to arrive at the Upper Dam, consisting of B. J. Ackerman, Brooklyn, N. Y.; S. Cohen and G. G. Sufferen, New York. Mr. Ackerman has taken a trout of 5lbs., with several smaller ones. The party took over twenty trout in one day early last week. Mr. Ackerman has visited the Upper Dam some twelve seasons, missing a couple of seasons, including last year. He fondly expects to come up to his old records, which are among the largest. The Brackett and Clark party was also one of the first to get to the Upper Dam, including W. D. Brackett, C. P. Clark, J. H. Emery and Rufus Brown. This is the twenty-eighth season that Mr. Brackett has fished at the Upper Dam, and the twenty-fifth season that he and Mr. Clark have fished there together. This is doubtless the oldest consecutive fishing friendship on record. The fishing success of this party has not yet been up to former seasons, since the water is the highest ever known, and in both Richardson and Mooselucmaguntic lakes are millions of smelt; many of them dead from spawning. The trout are "just gorging" on these smelt, and will not take to artificial flies or other bait till the smelts are gone. Still a few trout are being taken.

Senator W. P. Frye went up to his cottage on the rock, head of Mooselucmaguntic, on Wednesday, and out again on Friday, only making the trip to see that his place is in readiness for Mrs. Frye and guests this week. They hope to spend a good deal of time there this season. The Senator was deprived of his usual fishing outing last year, by reason of the Congressional session. He was telegraphed to by President McKinley, when in the Maine woods, to come out and take a place on the Peace Commission. His first impression was to decline flatly, but he reflected as to what the country would say if it was found out that he declined so important a position for the sake of fishing and shooting in the Maine woods. That decided the matter. Mr. Frye is a fishing enthusiast, and a fly-fisherman altogether, never employing any other method. He tells many a good fishing story. Among his latest may be noted: Last year he was on a board of some sort of Congressional investigation. A California judge was one of the witnesses, and made a good one. After he had testified he came to Mr. Frye's seat and said: "I see you don't recognize me, Senator." His face was very familiar, but Mr. Frye could not place it. The name was given, and mention made of the Maine woods. Behold, the judge and one of the first guides Mr. Frye ever employed on Mooselucmaguntic Lake, over forty years ago, were one and the same man. Inspired to get an education, doubtless, by the character of the man he guided, the State of Maine young man sought and obtained an education, studied law, went to California, and hence the judgeship. Congratulations were mutual, and both agreed that fishing had been of great advantage to them. Massachusetts Fish Commissioner Buffington, of Worcester, has gone to Haines' Landing on a fishing trip. He has fished the world over, but usually goes to the Rangeleys for his spring trip.

A. E. Morrison, of Rumford Falls, and Freland Howe, of Norway, are at the Upper Dam for their usual spring trip. Mr. Howe has fished at that point for many seasons. Camp Prospect, Richardson Lake, is open, and the proprietors and guests are at hand, among whom are F. O. Walker and Mrs. Walker, Dr. and Mrs. C. M. Bisbee, Rumford Falls; J. F. Chute and lady, Portland. Dr. H. C. Haven is at his camps on Beaver Island, Richardson Lake, and Mr. Herbert Leeds, of Boston, is soon expected as guest. Messrs. John E. and Bayard Thayer are soon expected at their Birch Lodge, head of the lake, and doubtless they will go thence to B. Pond for fly-fishing. There they will inhabit the camp Gov. Russell so much loved, when in life. Harry Dutton, wife and two daughters and H. E. Russell and wife were the first to arrive at Bill Soule's Pleasant Island camps, Cup-suptic Lake. Mr. V. F. Prentice, of Worcester, was the first to arrive at the Mountain View House. Mr. R. A. Tuttle, of Boston, and party, are due at Lake Point Cottage. C. P. Stevens, of Boston, who had such great success with landlocked salmon in Rangeley Lake two years ago, is at his camp, "Vive Vale," Narrows, Richardson Lake. He has been there for a couple of months,

superintending the building of additions and making his camps more of a summer home. His guests have begun to arrive, including Mrs. Stevens and maid, Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Thurston, Mr. W. W. Lee, Mr. Hayes and Mr. Prior. They will fish the Narrows, and some big catches are always to be expected from this party.

Glowing reports come from Webb Lake, in Weld, Me. J. M. Holland, of Dixfield, and Edward Stanley, of Boston, have made a good catch there, including twenty-three trout and two salmon. P. R. Doble, of Beverly, Mass., has taken six trout and four salmon. Guests at Pine Point camps also include W. W. Wait, Dixfield; S. P. Gonga, Stanley Bisbee and D. C. Holway, Rumford Falls. This party took three trout weighing 8lbs. Philip Andrew has taken nine trout. P. S. Ladd has taken two trout. With lower water, it is expected that fishing will greatly improve.

Some good reports of trout fishing continue to come from the Cape. Grover Cleveland and A. H. Wood, of Boston, landed eighty trout on their early trip to their preserves in Sandwich and Sagamore. Mr. Cleveland is reported to be delighted. Wakeley Lake has given some fine trout this season. One weighing 4lbs. is reported and a Boston angler has caught several weighing from 2 to 3½lbs. Edward Lowell, of Boston, and friends are building a club house at Catuit Point. Several brook trout have been taken by this party of over 2lbs. At West Barnstable good success is reported on leased waters.

At Newfound Lake, N. H., good success is being reported. Geo. H. Fowler, of Bristol, is one of the more successful fishermen. On Tuesday he caught a salmon of 3lbs. and five trout of 3, 3½, 5½, 9½ and 11½lbs. respectively. Other good catches have included: Chas. E. Rounds, two trout of 2½ and 11½lbs.; A. G. Dolloff and Frank Greer, four trout of 6½, 7, 10 and 12lbs.; J. Elwin Robie, 10lb. salmon; E. Towne, two trout, 11 and



DR. TARLETON H. BEAN.

12lbs.; Clarence Merrill, 3½lb. trout and 10lb. salmon; F. L. Eames, of Boston, two trout of 9¾ and 10¼lbs.; Harry B. Cilly, Manchester, two salmon of 9½ and 3lbs.; Dr. A. I. Ballou, trout of 15lbs.; Levi Woodbury, Natic, salmon of 2½ and 8½lbs.; Parker Hancock, Franklin, two salmon of 7½lbs. each; G. G. Fellows, Franklin, salmon of 2¾ and 8¼lbs.

From Mashpee come reports of good trout fishing. The following Boston fishermen have been down there and made good catches: L. B. Morse, G. B. Balch, L. C. Haskell, Joseph Russell, Waldron Bates, M. L. Sanborn, Howard Butler, R. C. Watson, Edward Hodges, S. Henry Hooper, James A. Fowle, W. G. Russell and J. G. Reed. Henry Cobb and William J. Follett, of Newton; Geo. Warwick, of Cambridge, and Robert Harrington, of Winchester, have made some good catches in both lake and river at Mashpee.

SPECIAL.

Dr. T. H. Bean.

As has already been announced in these columns, Hon. Ferdinand W. Peck, Commissioner-General, has appointed Dr. Tarleton H. Bean director of forestry and fisheries to the United States Commission to the Paris Exposition of 1900.

Dr. Bean was born in Bainbridge, Lancaster county, Pa., Oct. 8, 1846. He entered the State Normal School at Millersville, Pa., in 1864, was graduated in 1866, and was then appointed acting professor of natural history. He was engaged in teaching nearly nine years, and in 1874, while principal of the High School of Wilkesbarre, Pa., joined the United States Fish Commission and remained in the Government service until 1895, passing through nearly every grade of advancement up to the position of Chief of the Division of Fish Culture.

In addition to his other duties, Dr. Bean was the honorary curator of the department of fishes in the United States Museum, and for eleven years edited the publication of that museum and of the United States Fish Commission. In 1876 he received the degree of doctor of medicine from the Columbia University, Washington, D. C., and in 1883 the honorary degree of master of science was conferred upon him by the Indiana University. In the same year his ichthyological publications won him a medal at the London Fisheries Exhibition.

Dr. Bean was associated for many years with his preceptor, Dr. J. T. Rothrock, Forestry Commissioner of Pennsylvania, and worked in his herbarium. He has been a close student and teacher of botany for many years and has made collections in Alaska, Siberia and many parts of the United States.

Beginning with the Centennial Exhibition in 1876, he has had a varied and full exposition experience, both at home and abroad. He was the representative of the United States Fish Commission on the Government Board at the World's Columbian Exposition, and served there as a juror in the group of zoology. He represented the Fish Commission also at the Atlanta Exposition. He is best known as the author of works upon ichthyology, and especially reports upon deep-sea fishes, the fishes of Alaska, the Gulf of Mexico, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and New York. He has also published many papers upon fisheries and fish culture and the management of fishes in the Aquarium. From 1888 to 1893 Dr. Bean edited the fish and fishing columns of FOREST AND STREAM.

In 1895 he accepted the office of superintendent of the Aquarium in New York City. He rebuilt and successfully opened the Aquarium and remained in charge of it until 1898. He has now nearly completed an extensive work upon the fishes of New York, which will be published by the New York State Museum.

The Silkworm.

THE silkworm, everyone knows, is a caterpillar, which produces silk. Its natural food is the leaves of the mulberry tree; it is produced, or born, from a small egg about the size of a pin's head, and when full grown is from 2 to 4in. long, according to the breed. The small breeds are shorter lived than the larger, therefore, I will speak in such a manner that the treatment is to be understood as suitable for any varieties. It is necessary to procure good eggs, and those imported from the south of Europe have the preference. Silkworm's eggs in this country should not be hatched before the middle of May, or even later, and they should be kept cool until then or they are liable to hatch before; even before there be leaves to feed the interesting little insect. The later the hatching the more plentiful and good have the leaves become.

Artificial heat is necessary to hatch the eggs advantageously, but that heat must be administered gradually day by day. A small room with a stove in it or a fireplace, so as to have a regular command of it, is the best system.

The eggs should be placed in gutters formed by doubling papers several times, an inch wide and placed on a table, in perhaps a sieve or tray as the most convenient thing. The natural heat of the room is to be gradually increased five degrees of Fahrenheit daily until seventy degrees is reached, at which heat the worms will in a few days begin to show themselves, running up the paper gutter, which are extended and fixed sufficiently open.

On the top of the gutters the youngest mulberry leaves, because the most tender, are to be laid, and when the worms have got thereon, they are to be removed to a sheet of common paper, without size. A whitish-brown paper, I think best. Silkworm's eggs will hatch naturally, but the artificial heat is used in order to produce a more regular development of all the worms together.

All the little black insects generally issue from the eggs two or three consecutive mornings. They are very active and soon find their way to the leaves. During the whole course of rearing, the temperature should be maintained (a little over or under) seventy degrees, night and day. The night temperature, however, may be the lowest, rather than that of the day. No particular harm will arise by its fall below even sixty degrees, other than retarding the growth and appetite of the worms. Sudden changes from heat to cold produced by incautiously admitting sudden drafts or damp are harmful. Continued damp is peculiarly injurious.

It is important to keep the room supplied with pure air by regular ventilation admitted gently; by means of ventilators would be the best system, but in default of them the door of the room can be left more or less open. The air is best admitted through other apartments, and not directly from the outside, excepting in occasional circumstances, when the external air is sufficiently warm and quiet. The worms hatched each day are best kept separate. The first may be placed in the coolest part of the room, to retard their development, and the last by being placed in a rather warm corner, will eat more, and develop themselves quicker, and thus by spinning time, all will arrive at perfection more nearly at the same time.

Young silkworms require feeding at least every five hours daily, and from the last meal at night to the first next morning it is desirable to let not more than six or seven hours intervene; not that the insect would materially suffer, but their progress is impeded. Silkworms will not die, even if three or four days without food, though this would be a piece of cruelty.

On the mulberry tree in its native climate the insect has always leaves to eat, and is surrounded by pure air. Let us imitate nature then in rearing these useful little creatures.

Find it very useful during the young state of silkworms to cut the leaves tolerably fine and drop the same gently over, most covering them. The insects then, all alike, can immediately begin to feast thereon by reason of so many fresh edges being presented to them to attack. It is important that none of your stock lose time in this respect, or they cannot grow equally alike.

The worms properly attended, viz., fed regularly and kept in the temperature named, will soon show signs of their first sleep or change of skin coming on, toward the end of the sixth or seventh day.

During this torpid state, the insects eat nothing, and only those behindhand in going to sleep require feeding in frequent small sprinklings in order to push them along and get them into that state as early as possible with the foremost. When this state is approaching, the insects fall off their appetite, and a smaller quantity of leaves is administered in proportion, as it is seen to be unconsumed. The worms when asleep will be observed to be stationary and motionless, with heads erect. Previously to this state they have fixed themselves in position, having spun over the leaves, etc., below them, some fine silken webs, to which they secure their feet. These webs are not perceptible to the naked eye, but it is now important not to disturb or touch the insect, for it is absolutely necessary that this position be preserved until they have shot off their skins, which will be in a couple of days, when feeding again commences.

When all have changed their skins, they should be supplied with young whole leaves, and when they get on these they may be transported thereby to a clean sheet of paper and their old bed of dry leaves, excrements removed, but be careful not to touch the insect with the fingers, for they would suffer from the contact. Silkworms shoot their skins four times at about the same intervals as already named.

It is desirable to explain that silkworms are the better for having plenty of room to crawl about, therefore, they should never be allowed during growth to be laid thick. As a general guide, between every two, there should be at least space enough for a third, unoccupied.

The second age of silkworms last about six or seven days, during which time they are fed as before, with cut leaves, until the second sleep and change of skin occur. On the fifth day of that age, I recommend moving the insects to fresh, clean paper, and the clearance of the old leaves and waste, etc., for nothing is so conducive to silkworm's health as cleanliness. This will make their second sleep more comfortable and tend to prevent diseases.

This cleanliness must never be neglected before and after every sleep; and when the worms get larger, it must be effected oftener, as it is then of more consequence.

The second sleep lasts like the first, about two days, during which time the insects eat nothing. It is, however, generally necessary to supply small quantities of leaves, either to worms not yet asleep or those just awake. The latter can be removed to fresh paper by themselves as soon as they get on fresh whole leaves, by which to be lifted away.

Thus, feeding regularly and keeping the silkworms clean, maintaining always temperature of about seventy degrees and keeping up proper ventilation, will enable them to arrive at the third sleep and change of skin as before stated, in about seven days; after which it is not necessary to cut the leaves so fine, when feeding them; indeed many persons give them entire, but I fancy they are better cut or coarsely chopped, using a clean knife always.

After this third sleep, the insects begin to grow a goodly size, and of course eat more, producing a greater quantity of excrements and litter, which should be cleaned away, for the least putrefaction thereof causes the air around to become unwholesome and impedes their respiration. The necessity of this will readily be understood, when I explain that the worms have as many as eighteen breathing holes, viz., nine on each side of their bellies; pure respiration and cleanliness therefore are important to their health, neglect these breathings and disease makes its appearance.

Every time silkworms are cleaned out, especially when getting large, they require nearly double the space to occupy, so that they may crawl about, without mounting or suffocating each other. By adopting these attentions the fourth or last sleep and shooting of skins will be satisfactorily accomplished.

After this the worms, if in health, become quite ravenous in appetite, and should be constantly supplied with whole fresh gathered leaves, as fast as they can consume them; at least, they should have a good meal, almost covering them with leaves, every four or five hours. Nothing is got by stinting silkworms in food, with the idea of economy for that would be acting in a pennywise and a pound-foolish manner. Let it be understood that during this age the worms grow rapidly, and their food becomes converted into serical matter in their bodies, fit for spinning out; therefore withhold not food, if you desire to have a fine crop of cocoons.

It is customary on the Continent, when cleaning out the worms, to lay over them twigs of mulberry, a foot or more in length, by which to remove them to a clean allotment of space; this is an excellent plan, and there are always many young branches that may be removed from the trees or bushes with advantage.

I cannot here speak of the proper method of cultivation of the mulberry, which is a subject by itself, and deserving particular attention. I am writing for those who have mulberry leaves at command, as all must have before being able to rear silkworms with satisfaction. And the proper sort of leaves too, for be it understood that the black variety generally grown for the sake of the fruit, is not used in foreign countries for feeding silkworms.

The white varieties of mulberry are the best and most generally adopted. I brought out one kind grown in the Alpine district of Italy, which is much esteemed, because growing fine from the seeds without grafting. This variety produces very excellent leaves, and the plants do well in this country; they are very hardy, and have stood the test of severe winters. It is then just as easy and wiser to plant the proper kinds than to continue silkworm feeding with the wrong, as is too often done at present.

If silkworms are removed by hand when cleaning them out, they should be touched delicately, and if I may express myself, in a loving manner. They should never be pulled forcibly away from the leaves, branches or other things to which they may be attached by their feet. They should be cleared out every two or at least three days, when they are getting large.

In about ten days after the fourth change, if all has been properly attended to, the insects will have arrived to maturity, and fit to mount and spin, and must immediately be supplied with material for the purpose. It is fashionable to curl paper thimble form, for silkworms to work their cones in; but this, although an excellent plan with a few, would not be sufficiently expeditious for a great number.

In the southern parts of Europe it is customary to prepare a kind of open-headed broom, made of different dried branches, etc., without thorns, into which the worms go and spin. I have found oak twigs, broom, garden cress, which has run to seed, tops of turnips, shavings, old flower stems, etc., very suitable for the purpose. These materials may also be laid all round the back and sides of the shelves or stages on which the worms are, without making brooms, or they can be laid in rows 8 or 10 in. apart across them. Those worms not requiring more food will soon repair to such things, where they will enclose themselves in their silken habitation.

Silkworms, when arrived at maturity, present a beautiful transparent golden hue, particularly at their necks,

which is easily observed by looking at them against the light. They are to be seen running about as if in search of some retreat, a fine web of silk may be seen issuing from their mouth, over the leaves which remain uneaten. Those worms not finding spinning quarters themselves may be taken gently and placed against the materials provided. The cocoons will be finished in from four to six days, and the change to the chrysalis state will be completed by the eighth, when the crop may be gathered by detaching the cones; and having cleaned them of the floss or waste silk around them they are ready to be reeled, with the exception of any retained for reproduction, which should remain as they are, until the insects make their way out in form of moth, male and female.

Eggs having been laid for the continuation of the progeny.

Those cones intended for reeling, if to be kept, before being subjected to that operation, must be baked in an oven, hot enough to kill the insect, without injury to the silk, for once perforated they are spoiled for reeling. From the time of the completion of the cones, about fifteen days more or less to the appearance of the moths may be reckoned, but their coming forth depends upon the temperature.

I would make a few remarks about the shelves or stages on which to keep silkworms. In those countries where great quantities are reared, erections are fitted up with several tiers of stages about 18 in., one above the other. In Italy such a building is called "il castello," or castle, and generally constructed to contain worms, from either 20z. or 10z. eggs, or in numbers about 20 to 40,000. The latter quantity of worms would consume about 2,000 lbs. weight of leaves.

Not many (if any) silkworm rearers here in America at present require such a building, but if silkworm rearing is to become a profitable employment, as I believe it will, many of such may become requisite; therefore, I may as well describe my plan of erecting the same.

Four posts, 3 in. in diameter, are placed firm and upright between the floor and ceiling of the room, previously having holes drilled in them 1 in. in diameter, 18 in. apart, the same distance from their bottoms, and 3 or 4 in. more from their top, next the ceiling. Into these holes, drive inch pegs, 6 in. long, which are to support the tables or stages, much in fashion of a four-post bedstead, by being set in pairs, with the pegs facing.

The stages themselves may be constructed with 12 ft. 1 1/2 in. splines, forming the sides, and connected by inch crosspieces 4 ft. long at 18 in. apart, which are nailed thereto, thus forming a frame 12 ft. long and 4 ft. wide; over these bars, inside the frame, wire net with 2 in. meshes, may be fixed, or simply wire drawn over, either of which will support the paper containing the worms; but I like best to bed over the frame some reeds, which make a more solid table, and the air passes between the interstices.

Here I wish to explain, that it is important, whatever be used to construct stages for silkworms, that the materials should be such as admit the air through the paper containing the worms, as it tends to keep their beds drier and less prone to fermentation, so detrimental to them.

A similar kind of building may be made on a smaller scale, without the posts extending to the ceiling, but then they must be provided with the feet, in order to stand steady. Such a thing may be constructed with every neatness and polish, even for the parlor if desired, but I have considered cheapness and use only.

The Japan breeds of silkworms lately introduced are rather shorter lived than those usually adopted. They produce fine silk, and because of their less liability to disease are becoming general favorites, although very small.

Another occupation besides rearing silkworms, would be the reeling of silk from the cocoons for commerce. This on the Continent is the business of the reelers, but here in America at present, the amateur alone reels his own silk; but he does it in a way which most invariably renders it unfit for manufacture. When the rearing of silkworms in this country is effected more largely, reeling houses will soon be established.

If the quantity of cocoons be so great that they cannot all be reeled before the time the moths would appear, they must be baked in an oven heated to 180 degrees Fahrenheit, placing them in baskets, which process destroys the chrysalis in about an hour. Another method is to steam them, as is done with fish, potatoes, etc., for about twenty minutes.

After this is done, the cones should be laid thinly on shelves, through which the air can play, to dry them. Thus they will keep until reeled by occasionally turning them, having an eye to prevent depredations from insects.

The first process in reeling is to find the ends or threads of the cones by whisking them a few times in hot water below boiling point, with a small hand whisk, made of fine twigs of the common broom or other fine elastic material. The silken webs adhering to this are drawn by it and the hands until the true ones are found and run clear and free.

The webs of four to six cocoons go to form a thread. The quantity of cocoons employed in the production of a pound weight of silk varies according to their quality and kind. The larger cocoons run an average of 10 lbs., and the small Japan will require from 12 to 14 lbs. to produce 1 lb. of reeled silk.

The number of silkworms also will be in proportion from 250 to 500 to produce a pound of cocoons, or even more if very light.

The worth of a pound of silk varies according to the price in the market, from \$10. \$14 to \$18, I suppose at the present time, according to the little quantity produced. In the reeling houses in Italy, the average day's work for a woman and girl to turn the reel is six hanks of silk, each containing about 30z. The day is divided into three equal parts, viz., from daylight to nine, from nine to two, from two till night.

The water in the basins, which should be soft, should be changed at least once in the day, as cleanliness helps to maintain a gloss on the silk. Double cocoons, or those spun by two or even three worms, are very difficult to reel, indeed the produce from them is inferior and coarse; breakage often occurs by reason of the inequalities, and the cones as twist can only be made three

or four times, instead of many, so that the thread is not so finely compressed.

At the reeling house at Pegli, near Genoa, which I visited, the reels are worked by water power, and eight cocoons are reeled at one time, viz., four to each thread, but at a house in Piedmont, which I went over, five were used, and I was informed that sometimes six were adopted when a larger thread was required.

A. V. MEERSCH.

The Trout Killer.

I AM a literary man. I have read my Izaak Walton and have been soothed and charmed by the descriptions of that gentle angler. I have recently turned angler myself, and I know more about fishing now than I did when I began. I feel that the world should get the benefit of my experience, not that the world will care much about it, for it will probably be indifferent to this experience, as it has been to everything else of mine, but a man after all owes something to his kind, as well as to his other creditors, and I cannot help insisting on conferring this benefit on the world, even if martyrdom comes to me or to my readers.

I always like to start a paper of this kind in a conscientious way. It may become famous. For aught I know it may turn out a second "Complete Guide to Anglers," and it is well, therefore, to go into details for the benefit of the novice in fishing. First of all, I soon learned that you must be very particular about your outfit. I found that out, not by myself, it is true, but through others. My friend, who had invited me to a month's trout fishing, and whom I shall call the Sport, told me so to begin with, and the men who sell outfits told me so time and time again, with each call that I made upon them, for it was not long after my invitation before I sought an outfit. I went first, of course, to get a fish pole. The man I struck, who was in the business, was an angler as well as a dealer, and he said decidedly, correcting me, they kept rods of all kinds. I asked him if I could catch fish with a rod, and he looked at me critically and said he did not know; he thought it was doubtful, especially if there were no fish, but that with a rod and a net, he thought I could probably snare them. I told him I thought myself that a fish pole and a seine would be sufficient to catch what I was after. He then hauled down pole after pole—"rods," he still called them—miles of them and put them together one after another. I found a good long, heavy rod and told him I thought that would be strong enough for what I wanted; I selected a good heavy line and sinker, and some large hooks that appeared sharp and dangerous, and asked him what he thought of that for trout. Heavens and earth! shall I ever forget the look he gave me! "Trout! Trout! Why," he said, "I thought you were selecting for tarpon or shark!" "Oh, no," I replied, "I may not have mentioned it before, but plain, simple everyday trout is what I am invited to catch." I asked him what he usually sold for bait to trout fishermen. "Bait? Bait for trout? No sportsman ever uses bait!" He spoke and acted like a man who was hurt in his feelings. "Of course," I said, "I know worms are always in order—I am sportsman enough for that—but what I want to know is when you cannot get worms, what kind of bait do you sell for trout?" He seemed tired of my conversation and answered shortly "flies." "Oh, I see," said I, "when you can't dig worms you catch flies! As a sportsman I always did like to dig worms and clams, but I never could catch flies; what am I going to do?" He said, "Well, you see, real sportsmen use artificial flies!" "Great Scott!" said I, "do real sportsmen deceive the trout by not giving them the real thing? Betray their confidence and let them, like the scurvy politician, seem to see the thing they do not, and go for it?" I could not help asking, "Don't you consider this immoral? An imposition on the trout?" He deigned no answer, but pulled down a case containing millions of impossible moths and flies and bugs of all kinds. It then occurred to me that my friend, the Sport, had written to me to get some flies for him when I came along, but I supposed he meant the flies of commerce—to raise blisters with and such things—and I was going to order them of my chemist. I looked at this entomological collection with interest, and said I thought from what I had read that March hackles were fitting to trout and that I would like some of those. "March is past; it is now late July," he replied, to which I added, "Yes, but the trout I am going to catch would be fooled just as badly in August with a March fly as in any other season; when I fool them I want to go the whole figure." No answer to this, but only the remark, "You are going in August, you say; well, you will want that and that and that. Now, there is a fly, that is a sure killer in August," said he, adding to my collection a magenta and sky blue moth with a pink tail that would not deceive a babe, let alone a trout. "That's a sure killer," he said with enthusiasm. "Does this kind of an insect when living go after the trout and bite them to death that you speak of it as a sure killer?" By this time I was simply bewildered, for my enthusiastic friend paid no attention to me whatever, but simply went on talking to himself. "An 8oz. steel rod—that's best for him; silk lines, leaders, reels, fly-book and flies, basket, a light landing net, eight and four are twelve and four are seventeen and three are twenty-three dollars in all. There you are, all complete, and I hope you will have good sport." I gladly paid the bill, for he said he would send everything properly packed for transportation, and I left him in a state of pleasurable excitement. Next to get my boots.

My friend the Sport had said, "You will want high boots—rubber, unless you prefer to wade the streams in thick shoes," which I didn't. It was rather a hot day to try on rubber boots, but I did it all the same. "How high are these boots?" said I to the India rubber man. "Eight dollars," said he. "I mean," said I, "how high up do they come?" "Depends on the man," said he. "I am the man," said I. "They would go over your head," said he; "that pair was made for a man twice as big as you are. You want something like this," and he pulled down a pair that did not go above my waist, only reached my hips. "Are these high boots, fishing boots, sportsman's boots, trout fisherman's boots—that's the kind I am after, and I want to be sure of my outfit." He assured me they were all these, and more too, and so

I paid his bill—the goods to be packed for transportation.

Well, all things considered, I finally got my outfit within reasonable limits, and when I shook off the dust of New York from my feet, I already felt an exhilarating sensation, as an angler should, and I really pitied people in New York who were not anglers, and the trout lazing away their time in fancied security in deep pools under gently swaying alders 'way off, where I was going, and I could hear the running brooks finding their way to the sea, and I dreamed of trout.

In due time I reached my friend the Sport in the land of trout. I shall not tell where this land is, for no sportsman gives away his pools. He may be in all other things truthful and confiding, but as to the place where he gets his trout he will give points in lying to Ananias or a discount in silence to a deaf mute.

The Sport was a real sportsman and not an amateur. He had got wet in every river and brook, and in every lake, within a radius of sixty miles, and had deeply studied the haunts and ways of the salmon and the trout, and had been scratched by every overhanging bush and briar in the country. I longed to show him my outfit, and after the first welcome was over I asked him if he had ever studied entomology, for if he hadn't he was about to begin. I showed him my fish pole (rod) and my fly-book; he said the rod was all right and my flies well selected, and pointing to my magenta-colored sky-blue moth with the pink tail he said, "By Jove! you have been very fortunate in that one. You have got there a sure killer." That was the exact language of my friend in New York. I told the Sport I had selected that one myself, because I knew that its bite was fatal to trout. He said, "Likely enough, especially when dead." I did not understand this remark very well, but as time was short I did not press my inquiries. I showed him my boots. He asked whether I was going to wade in them. I told him "No, that I was only going to wear them!"

At last the day came on which I was to show the stuff I was made of. My friend the Sport did not look very well dressed when we started off. His boots were high up, quite to his hips, muddy in spots, and there was an evident, not to say an obtrusive, patch in the seat of his trousers, which became conspicuous from time to time under his bob-tail monkey jacket, as he stalked along. His wide-awake hat was hopeless—ornamented with flies of various kinds, and pulled into any shape that sun or rain had made convenient. My thought was that he would certainly scare the trout, and I wondered whether I ought not to go alone. Never shall I forget the excitement I felt when, with the assistance of the Sport, I put my rod together and adjusted the reel and ran on my line, and fastened the leader, and then my first fly—the sure killer, magenta, sky blue and pink, and never did warrior hear the cry to arms with greater joy than I heard the quiet, subdued voice of the Sport saying, "Cast your fly into that pool, I'll not fish just yet, I'll wait till I get you started." "Cast your fly into that pool" was much like saying to me "Cast your bread upon the waters," or "Bring me a mountain from the moon," or "I'll thank you for a piece of that sun spot." It was not that the pool was so far off, for it was not 20 ft. away, and I had been told how I ought to do it; but my leader was so crinkly and got curled up so easily that, though it was well soaked before I began, I could not get it out a foot from the shore. I grew hot and desperate, and finally tried a back cast, swinging everything high up and back at the same time, and then I got a bite. I had caught the upper branch of an alder that swung gracefully over the edge of the brook miles away until I had caught it, and then I found it was near to. I climbed on to a rock near the alder and reached forward, and grasped a lower branch, and was pulling it toward me, as I had read such things are done, when my foot slipped, my rod dropped and my reel, getting unfastened, fell into the dark water under the rock, unwinding itself as it sunk to the bottom.

I sat down to consider the situation. From the position of my fly in the top of the alder, I was evidently catching birds; from the position of my reel at the bottom of the pool I was after fish—a long way after them, it is true, but after them—and all between the two extremes was tangled line around rubber boots and fish pole rod. It seemed hopeless. But after study I went to the bird's nest end of my line, and after breaking through all sorts of underbrush and climbing up and down everything and getting into mud and gurry till my rubber boots were plastered, and slipping over, boots and all, in the slippery mud and water of the bank, I rescued my magenta, sky blue pink-tail sure killer. I then took off all my clothes, dove for my reel and recovered that; dressed again and began anew my preparations for casting into that pool.

I had never till that day associated bird's nesting and trout catching together, but experience, that great teacher, soon taught me that if I could not see my fly drop into the pool, I might be sure of finding it either up a tree or in the seat of my trousers. At times I really forgot whether I was after birds or trout. Trout fishers are philosophers. The Sport sat on the pebbly strand and noiselessly laughed and cried by turns at my efforts, advising, assisting, it is true, but utterly indifferent to my sufferings.

I grew tired at last of that pool and of that alder. Your true angler always expects to get a fish in some other pool, and I was no exception to the general rule. I told the Sport I thought I would try my luck elsewhere, and sat down beside him quite exhausted with my efforts. He said, "But you have not cast into that pool yet where the trout are; you have only been around the edges, and hardly that." I said, "There is not a trout in that pool, and there never has been one; I have been into every tree within a mile of it, and I ought to know." He took up his fish pole as I said this, and first looking behind him, gradually threw toward the pool; the click of the reel at every new cast showed he was paying out more line. It was good to see him as he swayed his rod over his right shoulder only a little out of perpendicular, and then with a sway forward away would go the line, gradually unfolding, and then the leader also gradually unfolding, and while you were wondering about the fly, down would drop noiselessly into the middle of the pool, the bit of silk and feather, which, on touching the water, became alive and strug-

gling for life as you know by its hasty movement across the water. No wonder the trout could not stand it. Nobody could. Of a sudden I saw a streak of light, the rod stiff in the air a little over his right shoulder and bent nearly double, and the Sport standing like a statue, waiting the next move of the trout, for that there was a trout I had no doubt; a whirr, whirr of the reel, and then a click, click of the reel, then a splash and a jump, a break out of water, and a whirr, whirr of the reel, followed by the click, click. I got so excited I could only walk the strand and wonder why he didn't haul him in. Patiently, noiselessly, now shortening his line, now letting it run, the Sport hardly moved from his place till I heard the sudden and continuous click, click, and the line got shorter and shorter, and at last an open-mouthed trout came toward us, the Sport drawing back slowly nearer and nearer where I stood, and then with a quick turn of the rod, brought the fish to his side, and next ran him up the pebbles of the shore. I thought when the fish was working the way it was that it must be as big as a halibut, and I was surprised when I found that a trout weighing a pound and a half could make such a row.

I immediately became possessed with a passion for trying it again, and the Sport at once acceded, waded in with me nearer to the pool, and patiently directed my movements. All of a sudden I became blinded and had my fish pole nearly wrenched out of my hand, as the Sport said to me in a low voice, "You've got him—hold your rod up; hold your rod up, I say! Don't let the tip down, hold it up!" My rod would not stay up; I could not get it to stay up. It bent and bent, and the point would sway from side to side, and my line began to go off in spite of me. "Hold your rod up; give him the butt; don't let the line slack; reel in; keep the pressure on him steadily all the time. Let him take the line off the reel; now wind in—slowly—let go again; he's a buster. Hold your rod up—up, I say; keep the pressure steady and strong all the time, that's what tires him." Well, that's what was tiring me. After the first five minutes I began to hope that the fish would get off, but then I got my second wind, and a most intense interest and excitement possessed me. I wanted to see that fish, but he was sulking somewhere at the bottom of the pool. I thought of taking my line over my shoulder and walking ashore, pulling the fish after me; but I was afraid of the Sport, who had now resumed his place on the pebbly beach, and was watching the fray, calling out in a low voice from time to time, "That's better! Keep your rod up; up, I say; don't let him get any slack anywhere; there he breaks! That's good! Reel him in toward me, gently—gently, plenty of time; don't let him get round that snag. There he goes, round the snag." I said to the Sport, "Do you mean to tell me I have been catching a snag all this time?" But the Sport had no answer; he had walked into the water and come out with the snag in his hand, which he threw ashore, so I could not reach it again, saying, "He's on still; good; it was close, but he's well hooked; take it easy, keep your rod up—up, I say! Now swing him in, swing him along; shorten line, not too fast; lots of fight in him if he sees you or gets into shoal water. Gently, swing him toward me; I'll gaff him—or here's your new net, must land him with your brand new tackle from New York. Gently, gently—so; hold your rod up! Here you are, my beauty!" A swish, a passing of the net under a beautiful thing in the water, and I was on the beach in front of my spoils. I immediately began to sing, "Lo, the Conquering Hero Comes!" The Sport said I was a good singer, but that trout were unappreciative, and then I threw myself on my hands and knees, letting my fish pole lie where it would on the strand, while I examined this my first victim of misplaced confidence.

I counted the spots on him—he was so plump and beautiful and cool, as if he had been living in an ice chest. I was surprised to find he was not bigger. I certainly thought he must weigh a ton, and the singular part of it is that he seemed to me to grow smaller and smaller as I remembered the size I thought him when I had not seen him, and the size he was when I did see him. That's why we always lose our largest fish! The Sport said I had done nobly, and then and there he dubbed me the Trout Killer. I took that trout home with me and weighed him. I held the scales myself. He weighed just 2 lbs. and 10 oz. My education was finished. I had learned in one day the two great virtues of an angler—patience and lying in weight.

HENRY M. ROGERS.

The Salt Water League.

NEW YORK, May 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am now satisfied that the objects of the League of Salt-Water Fishermen will meet with success. There are hundreds of fishermen in and about New York who would take an interest, if it were well put before them, and I must say that we are making great strides in that direction. There are some who will say, why deprive the net fishermen of their daily bread? But no such thing is liable to happen, and we wish it well understood too, as this League wishes to do nobody an injustice. But we shall stick to our rights and furthermore get the best that can be got in the way of justice to fishermen who toil all day, as I myself have to do for a living. But I want a little outing now and then, to drive dull care away, and so do a great many others. And like myself, they go off on little trips to the fishing grounds (which nowadays are very hard to find). But as we all know, and we have a number of proofs of it, net fishermen care naught for the laws of the State, but destroy everything and anything in the line of fish that may chance to come into their nets. We also have a number of proofs of the pollution of the waters, which matter is being brought before the proper authorities, and I am sure it will be looked after and stopped.

Now, as to the part of the people who say that we are depriving the net fishermen of a living. Take, for instance, Jamaica Bay, which was a great place for the netters in late years. But a law of 1898 compelled them to stop it, and this is in fact the only place where fishing is allowed on every day of the year. The cry was that they were going to starve if stopped; but what has happened there instead? They are buying or

building small boats for the money they used in former years for their nets, and the consequence is that in some places they cannot accommodate their patrons. This is just and only because the fish are there now in plenty. Wherever fish are to be caught, there you will find fishermen. And let me tell you, the proprietors of fishing resorts are looking to us now to keep up the good work. But that is not all. They are stumbling over one another to become one of the delegates of that particular section to help us in every way; for they say it is the best thing that happened. The netters are being taught what is right, and at last they approve of it.

Now, again you take law No. 139, 1898, Mr. Rudolph Hoffman, the game protector, one of the new board of directors, has this to say: "Last year he had destroyed twenty-four nets, two fykes and one pound, and now, so far this year, he has failed to find one. He is a hustler. They stopped, for they fear him, and the result is that the fishermen are catching more fish there, as the reports show. It is the same all over, and by the end of the year they will be pleased to have us pass the bill which we will present to the Legislature."

Hon. Theodore Roosevelt, Hon. Grover Cleveland and others have accepted honorary membership in this League, and in their letters to us, they promise to help us in every way possible. We are arranging for a series of mass meetings in and about New York to enroll and enlighten those who do not readily understand where we are at. Due notice will be sent you of our next one.

I am now very busy appointing delegates to the various assembly districts, who will have the power to appoint two assistants to help them, and organize their own branches before the fall. Following is a list of those appointed thus far, as branches.

- No. 1. Wm. Roebor, office 329 Eighth avenue.
- No. 2. Frank A. Owens, office 11 Atlantic avenue, Brooklyn.
- No. 3. Joseph Bins, office, 705 Greenwich street.
- No. 4. Fuch's, office 22 Delancey street.
- No. 5. Thos. Reilly, office, 209 West 107th street.
- No. 6. Col. Jas. F. Milliken, office, 31½ West Thirtieth street.
- No. 7. Alfred Rogers, office, 276 East Tenth street.
- No. 8. A. H. Baer, office, 350 East Fifty-first street.
- No. 9. A. Baywood, office, 2094 Third avenue.
- No. 10. Wm. Bjur, office, Eldret Dock, Hammels Station, Rockaway Beach.
- No. 11. J. F. Marsters, office, 55 Court street, Brooklyn.
- No. 12. J. F. Marsters, office, 800 Broadway, Brooklyn.
- No. 13. Capt. F. Baerem, office, Whitestone, L. I.
- No. 14. C. S. Crane, office, 1160 Broadway.
- No. 15. Comellas, office, 251 Washington street, Brooklyn.
- No. 16. H. Taxter, office 315 West 116th street.
- No. 17. Jos. Steiner, office, 309 Broadway.
- No. 18. Chas. Fuller, office, Broad Channel, L. I.
- No. 19. M. Fitzgerald, office, Great Kills, Staten Island.
- No. 20. Hon. Dan O'Reilly, office, 28 Fourth place, Brooklyn.
- No. 21. Sam Howard, office, 302 West Fifty-second street.
- No. 22. Rudolph Hoffman, office, 3156 Third avenue.
- No. 23. M. S. Newcorn, office 110 Park Row.
- No. 24. Dan A. Nesbitt, office 376 Amsterdam avenue.
- No. 25. G. Kissinger, Jr., office, 270 West Nineteenth street.
- No. 26. J. Lewin, office, 121 Chambers street.
- No. 27. J. Lewin, office 103 Reade street.
- No. 28. G. P. Morosini, Jr., office, Riverdale, N. Y.
- No. 29. Adolph Minck, office, 55 Beaver street, Brooklyn.
- No. 30. J. Franz, office, 1782 First avenue.
- No. 31. Sam Nordenschild, office, Madison Square, N. Y. P. O.
- No. 32. F. Fadding, 60 West Eighteenth street.
- No. 33. John Jefferts, 86 East, Third street.
- No. 34. Isaac Smith, office, Princes' Bay, S. I.

Others will be appointed later on. Please impress it on the readers that we want fishermen and friends to help us by becoming members, a very small cost, indeed.

T. BIEDINGER, President.

Canadian Fishing Season Open.

QUEBEC, May 13.—Never has the oldest inhabitant in this north country of short springs experienced such a sudden leap from winter to summer as we have had here within the past few days. We have seen 6 ft. of snow disappear in some exposed localities in as many days. Several days before the last of the snow had left the city streets the thermometer was registering nearly 85 degrees in the shade. The buds on the trees are quickly developing into full leaf, though there are still good quantities of snow, and will be for weeks to come, on the site of the more sheltered of the city's winter dumping grounds. Of course, the rapid advance of the season has brought on the opening of the angling waters much earlier than was anticipated. The heat of the sun rapidly thawed the snow upon the icy covering of the lakes, and under the pressure and influence of so much water the ice has rotted and disappeared almost everywhere. On Lake Beaport and other waters in the neighborhood of the city, the ice went down in the middle of last week. Nearly a week ago some good fish were taken with bait in Lake Beaport, and yesterday several rises at flies were reported. On Monday last, the same day that the ice is reported to have left Moosehead Lake, it disappeared from Lake Edward. This is fully a week earlier than anticipated. A message received here this morning reports that the large trout of Lake Edward have commenced to take quite freely. The same news comes from Lake St. Joseph. In all these waters the angling is usually good almost as soon as the ice disappears. The Messrs. McCormick, of Florida, have already taken up their summer headquarters at the Laurentides House, Lake Edward, whence they will make angling excursions during the summer to various surrounding waters. A number of New England fishermen are expected at Lake Edward next week. A few local knights of the angle went up on Thursday to their preserves, on the limits of the Laurentides and Stadacond clubs, but so far no reports have been received from them. Several American members of the Triton Fish and Game Club are due here this afternoon on their way a-fishing, having been wired to some days ago, as soon as the ice went out.

The Kenogami Fish and Game Club, which was only formed last year, and which secured some of the best of the waters between Lake St. John and Chicoutimi, has erected a comfortable club house on Lake Long and looks forward to a fine season's sport. It is expected that its membership will fill up very rapidly, many of the shares having been already taken up by Quebecers. Capt. Wurtele, of this city, has been elected president in place of Mr. Savard, M. P., of Chicoutimi, whose parliamentary duties tie him down a good deal to Ottawa.

I am expecting to hear almost daily that the ice has gone from Lake St. John. The snow upon its surface had melted several days ago. There will undoubtedly be

good fishing for ouananiche around the shores of the lake and also in the estuaries of the southern rivers during the fourth week of this month. It is too early as yet to speculate upon the opening of the season in the Grande Discharge, because it will depend largely upon the amount of rain that falls between this time and the second week of June, and the period at which the spring floods of the lake subside.

The unusually high waters expected this spring in consequence of the sudden appearance of hot weather and the large amount of snow in the woods are hailed with considerable satisfaction by salmon fishermen, many of whose rivers were spoiled last year by the late running of logs. This year everything promises well for an early and successful running of logs, and lumberers and anglers are both happy in consequence.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Western Trout Season.

CHICAGO, Ill., May 12.—Our trout season is now well under way, and within the past week has been turning out a great success. The spring has been very late in the pine woods country, as it has at this latitude, later in upper Wisconsin than in the Michigan south peninsula. Ten days ago a series of heavy rains brought the angling industry to an end in Wisconsin, but for four days past the weather has been beautiful the streams have cleared and the trout are rising beautifully.

One of the best trips made by Chicago people thus far was had by Charlie Antoine, of Von Longerke and Antoine, and Edward G. Taylor, author of our much-mooted "Taylor system." They fished the Prairie River for five days, and toward the close had some great sport, though they were caught for two days by the rains and high waters, which spoiled all the fun and kept the fish down. The swamp water filled the Prairie until it was too deep to wade. Shortly after that the weather cleared and the stream ran down, and at the time Charlie came home the fish were rising splendidly. I need not say that it was with great reluctance he turned his face homeward. He tells me that cowdung and brown hackle were the best flies, though they used coachman and Rube Wood to some extent, and on one day the Abbey was good. They took some very nice trout.

Mr. William Cooke Daniels, of the big dry goods house of Daniels & Fisher, Denver, Colo., came to Chicago all the way from Denver in order to have a little fishing for trout. Mr. Daniels was adjutant of one of the regiments at Santiago, and is recovering from the Cuban fever. He has fished in pretty much all corners of the world, and came here deliberately to try the trout of the Middle West. He has taken many trout in Colorado, of course, but says he does not like it there, for the fishing is too easy, so that anyone can float a line down stream and take trout. Mr. Daniels is an expert fly-tier and is very fond of dry fly-fishing, at which he served a long apprenticeship in England. Not being acquainted in this part of the world, he inquired of Spaldings' house here, and Mr. Hirth referred him to me, and I referred him to the Prairie River, where I am sure I hope he will make a pleasant addition to his trouting experience. Later on he may go over into Michigan and try for the big rainbows there. At the present time all Michigan is devoted to rainbow chasing. First it was the grayling, then the brook trout, and now the rainbow is the article of angling commerce most sought for. It is conceded that the rainbow outfishes the brook trout, but is not comparable to the latter on the table. I imagine, however, that Mr. Daniels will care more for our brook trout fishing as a novelty.

Mr. Fred N. Peet, of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club, is back from a rattling good trouting trip in the south peninsula, where he met his old friend, Mr. John Waddell, of Grand Rapids. Mr. Peet says that he found some streams running into the Pere Marquette where the fishing was all that could be asked. The wading was good and the fishing comfortable, and they took trout up to 2½ lbs. in weight. Mr. Peet is in love with the south peninsula trout country, and will not go anywhere else. I need not state that he has the rainbow bee very firmly implanted in his bonnet.

Mr. H. L. Stanton, of this city, will leave soon for St. Paul on a business trip, but will go via Wisconsin, and admits that he is sorely tempted to stop off and have a session with the trout. We have few more ardent trout fishermen than Mr. Stanton, though of late he and his friend, Mr. Frank Willard, have taken to muscallunge fishing. Mr. Stanton was born at Horicon, Wis., and he was one of those who saw the Kekoskee bullhead eruption near that place. He says he has seen his father sink a bushel basket in the water and dip it out full of bullheads, and continue this until he had a sled load of fish. He has seen seventy-five wagon boxes loaded in one day in this way. He saw pickerel thrown out of the water with potato forks in great quantities. Later in the season, when the ice had cracked on the main lake, the fish got air and scattered out again away from the air holes.

South Peninsula.

The opening of the trout season in Michigan south peninsula came under a very bad condition, a heavy rain on the day previous to opening day having ruined the streams. This was followed by high wind and colder weather, so that for the most part the army of fishermen who went out on opening day were more or less disappointed, though some good baskets were taken.

The Pere Marquette Club, on Kinne Creek, celebrated opening day, of course. This stream is short and clear, and so full of trout at the opening of the season that their tails stick out of the water. Messrs. W. B. Mershon, of Saginaw, and Mr. John Morley, were on hand, of course, but did not reach the club until noon. The former put twenty-four nice ones in his basket that afternoon, and followed it up by forty-five on the following day. The club members took about 450 fish in all on opening day, and the trout expressed regret that they were not more gentlemen on hand to oblige them in their wish to be taken in out of the cold water. That is a wonderful stream. I am not advised at this writing whether Mr. Morley operated the Montreal fly with

which he did us all up at the time I was there, but it may safely be guessed that he was doing business with some sort of fly. Mr. Morley is an up-stream fisherman, and it is uphill work to beat him.

The Little Manistee is one of the crack streams of Michigan, and has been from the grayling days on down. It is reported that there were fifty fishermen on the Little Manistee on opening day, and several parties have gone in there to camp for the season, some of them, I fear, with the purpose of marketing trout. I have seen such parties along that stream, though it is fair to say that they did not seem able to catch enough trout to spoil the river. The best reaches of that river are not easily accessible from hotels, and your genuine trout angler is not favorable to wasting time off the water. Baldwin, Mich., seems to be the great entry point for the Manistee system, and many good waters are accessible from that locality. This is the town to which our present Mayor, Carter H. Harrison, went in the good old grayling days, when he was a frequent visitor to Michigan.

Mr. W. J. Hooper and A. Bush, of Baldwin, fished the Little South on opening day, and killed about forty trout apiece, in spite of conditions none too good.

Mr. A. J. Bradford tried the Middle Branch, and he found it very productive, killing sixty trout.

The Baldwin River comes into prominence this season and seems to be very well stocked. Mr. Clarence Weavers took forty-three trout there on opening day.

Among flies which seem to be useful in Michigan south peninsula this spring are the Cahill, grizzly king, queen and hare's ear.

Bait Killed the Flies.

It is a theory which may perhaps be supported by facts, that bait fishing, if long continued on a stream, will kill the water for any sport at fly-fishing. The use of a spoon hook is still worse, in the opinion of many. Thus, Mr. Daniels, of Denver, tells me that the Gunnison River, of Colorado, which was once a splendid fly stream, is now a very poor one, though productive to bait fishing. I do not know how accurate this may be in general, but I may say that the best fly stream of which I have personal knowledge is one which has not been fished for the market for some time, and which has happened to be fished chiefly in late years by fly-fishermen in the great majority. Of course, there is great temptation to drop a worm now and then if the trout are not rising, but if we follow our religion to the limit it would seem that we should refrain from all but the fly, lest we kill the virtue of the fly. At any rate this is doctrine which will not work to the detriment of the fishing.

How to Bring Trout Home.

It was Mr. Mather, I believe, who spoke about keeping flies in a fruit jar, which I should think would be a very excellent method. There might be some danger in their getting served as preserves if company came, but this is so slight that it may be overlooked. The fruit jar is a good thing and a preserver of good things. A friend of mine who has just come back from a trouting trip has shown me another one of its uses. He had a big glass jar, with the cap screwed down tight, which he had brought along covered with ice. The jar was stuffed full of trout, and every trout was cold and stiff as a wedge. Of course, the fish had been kept quite dry, which is a most desirable thing. If a trout is soaked in ice water it will get soft as a sardine soaked in oil. The old way of packing trout in damp moss is a good one, for evaporation keeps them cool. Mr. Dudley, of Dudley P. O., Wis., nearly always packs the trout for his guests in cotton batting before he puts them on ice. I have seen nothing better for carrying trout than the refrigerator basket used by the members of the Pere Marquette Club, of Michigan. I should think that if the trout were placed in jars in one of these baskets they would keep just as well, and perhaps be dryer. The basket in question has a nice chamber, but the latter is open at the top. I wonder how it would do, if a fellow had to make his own refrigerator basket, to take two or three big fruit jars, fill them with ice, and screw the caps down. These could be placed in a pail, and ought to set up quite an ice cellar of their own, in which the fish could be kept cold and dry.

Wausaukee Club.

There will be an informal opening of the Wausaukee club house in Wisconsin on Sunday, May 14, at which time a number of Chicago gentlemen will go up to try the fishing. The greatest spring celebration of this worthy club, however, will be on May 30, which will be a highly enjoyable day, with many ladies in attendance and a full showing of the club membership. This club comes as near to being a trout club as any we have in Chicago, though it is in good bass and deer country also. A full account of the opening of this club house at the beginning of the club membership. This club comes as the time, some years ago.

Where to Go.

Mr. Gilbert L. Watson, of Parkersburg, W. Va., writes me as below under date of May 9: "Your letter in the FOREST AND STREAM of February in relation to the use of flies in fishing in Michigan streams has been read with interest. Will you kindly inform me of the most favorable stream for trout fishing in Michigan, and also the proper time of the year for the best convenience and success."

Perhaps Mr. Watson will find something of interest above in these columns. I would suggest that he try the Pere Marquette River, where he will get both brook and rainbow trout and stand a very good chance of striking a big rainbow. They tell me that the best time to get these biggest rainbows is in August, when the fish are feeding on grasshoppers. If Mr. Watson will go to Grand Rapids and inquire at the local gun stores he can get the information he will further need. Should he happen to meet Col. E. Crofton Fox, Mr. John Waddell or Mr. Harry Widdicombe he might be fortunate enough to secure advice which would be very useful to him.

A New Tarpon Club.

Mr. A. W. Adams, who spent the winter at San Antonio, Tex., tells me that the club house of the Tarpon Fishing Club, at Aransas Pass, is in full operation and re-

ceiving much patronage from its members. More than this, he says that there is in process of organization another big club, which will be put up on the mainland at the quaint old village of Rockport. Mr. Green, president of the Tarpon Club, was asked to accept a similar office for the new organization, but declined, stating that it would be better to have a different executive, so that a friendly rivalry might spring up in the way of yacht races, etc. It seems now certain that this sleepy and delightful corner of the world is to be invaded by the throngs of fashion. We are going to Florida-ize Texas. It is a long way to the tarpon keys of Rockport coast, but the trip is worth the making. That the new club will be a success hardly admits of doubt.

In passing, and while speaking of San Antonio, I may say that Dick Merrill also wintered there, and was at last accounts home in Milwaukee. He probably has trout in his eye by this time. Joe George, who was postmaster, will probably not spend the summer at San Antonio. Mr. George made a recent trip to Monterey, Mexico, to take a rest and look around. Capt. Oscar Guessaz is now home from Cuba, and being disappointed in his ambition to join the troops in the Philippines, will probably remain at San Antonio for a time, unless those quail over in Cuba prove too strong for him.

The Rockport Tarpon Club.

May 13.—Mr. A. W. Adams, of this city, who has spent the winter, as is his custom, at the pleasant Southern city of San Antonio, Tex., was often at the Gulf Coast at Rockport and other points, and he is so kind as to give me for the FOREST AND STREAM the following details regarding the latest club to go into that favored region:

"A tarpon club, for the purpose of fishing and hunting, has recently been organized, with a membership of 400, and the following board of directors: Mr. J. C. Van Blarcom, St. Louis, Mo.; Mr. A. W. Houston and Mr. J. S. Lockwood, San Antonio, Tex.; Mr. W. C. Connor, Dallas, Tex., and Mr. E. H. R. Green, Terrell, Tex. The object of the organization is fishing and hunting, to which end a handsome steam yacht has been purchased and the erection of a beautiful club house begun at St. Joseph's Island, Aransas county, Tex.

"For fishing and hunting a better place could not have been found. Here in early winter are canvas-back, red-heads, mallard, blue-winged and green-winged teal, pintails, widgeon and other varieties of ducks. There are also wild geese of all kinds. The Tarpon Club house is to be situated in the very center of this sportsmen's country, abundant reservation having been secured for use of the members of the club, and will be kept open and in operation the year round, for every day in the year the locality furnishes sufficient amusement in either hunting or fishing. As a game fish the tarpon has no equal. Aransas Pass is its feeding ground. Tarpon fishing commences about April 1 and lasts until about Dec. 1, when the cool weather drives them into deep water, and duck shooting about Oct. 1, and lasts until April 1. Aside from tarpon there is an abundance of Spanish mackerel, pompano, bluefish, sawfish, flounders, sheepshead, croakers and other varieties. About a quarter of a mile from the club house the surf bathing in the waters of the Gulf of Mexico is excellent. The water has a temperature of about 70-degrees all the year round. The inner bays furnish unexcelled opportunities for yachting.

"The club building is to be two stories high, is shaped like the letter L reversed, and is 176ft. long on the stem of the L by 154ft. 6in. on the base line. On the first floor will be the office and billiard room, private office, a buffet, dining room and dancing hall, private dining room and kitchen. The private office will be fitted with lockers for the storage of fishing tackle, signal flags, etc.

"One of the features of the first floor is a large open veranda, especially arranged for the accommodation of hammocks.

"The second floor is to contain eighteen sleeping rooms for both ladies and gentlemen, a store room, linen room and two servants' bedrooms. Each sleeping room has two outside doors and two windows, and nine of the rooms are en suite. The parlor is on the corner of the building, and will be fitted up with especial view of making ladies comfortable. Around all sides of the building both up and down stairs is a veranda. From the first floor veranda steps lead to the ground, and five stairways from the veranda lead to the second floor.

"The interior of the building will be finished with matched and beaded wainscoting. The latter will receive an oil finish on the first floor and be painted on the second floor.

"From the second floor balcony a stairway leads to the tower, around which runs a balcony at a height of 60ft. above the ground. In this tower will be placed a powerful searchlight.

"The building will be lighted by electricity and electric lights will be placed not only in the rooms, but on all verandas. The power for the illumination will be obtained from an electric plant located in a separate building containing dynamos run by a naphtha engine, which will also be used in pumping water from a 26,000 gallon cistern to a tank of similar size 30ft. high. From the latter the water will be piped to the house.

"The building will be constructed entirely of wood, to rest on piling driven into the ground by hydraulic pressure. The first and second stories will be finished on the outside with pine siding, and the tower and gables will be shingled. The main body of the house will be painted white, the cornice and windows green, and the roof red. Some idea of the size of the building can be gained from the fact that between 400,000 and 500,000ft. of lumber will be used in its construction. The lumber, when placed in the building, will cover 12,094 sq. ft. of ground, upon which it is erected. The total floor area, including the tower, is 24,477ft.

"The electric light plant will furnish illumination for 126 incandescent lamps, each 32-candle power, and also for the large searchlight."

E. HOUGH.

480 CANTON BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Minnesota Fish and Game.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. John Bentner, executive agent of the Minnesota Fish and Game Commission, accompanied by Supt. Morgan of the State Hatchery, have just returned from Vermillion Lake, where they had been to get the usual supply of pike spawn for hatching at the State Hatchery. The trip was not an unqualified success. On former occasions no trouble has been experienced in getting a sufficient supply for all demands, but owing to unusually high water, no fish were found on their usual spawning grounds, but were found on some rapids further down the stream. The swift current made the use of nets almost impossible. As a result, about 1,000,000 spawn were obtained. It was the intention of the commission to get not less than 100,000,000 spawn.

I see by a Duluth paper that some sportsmen are inclined to criticize Mr. Bentner for the failure of the expedition. In this connection it should be remembered that Mr. Morgan, of the State Hatchery, was on the ground and attributes the failure to the reason given above.

It may be further stated that Supt. Morgan has warned former commissions that what has happened this spring was likely to happen at any time, and has recommended the blasting out of the rocks in this particular place, so that nets could be used if the pike should ever use this place as a spawning ground.

For some years many thousand dozen goose and duck eggs have been taken from the breeding grounds of these waterfowl, particularly in Kittson county. Last year the quantity shipped was enormous. The albuminous part of the egg is used in the manufacture of photographers' materials. The yolk is also utilized, but in what way I could not learn.

Mr. Bentner informs me that he has stationed men at various counties, and will endeavor to prevent the despoiling of the nests.

A determined effort will be made to protect moose and deer from indiscriminate slaughter in certain parts of northern Minnesota. There is the best of reasons for saying that lumberjacks have been feasted on moose and venison steaks by their employers, who engage a man for the purpose of securing the supply for the camp. The killing has not been confined to the winter season only, but the flesh of these game animals is frequently found on the tables of hotels during the summer season.

The family who comes from an Eastern State each summer and shoots moose at night by torching, should receive especial attention. I am credibly informed that three moose were killed in one night last season by this family. Parts of the carcass are smoked and taken home for family use. There are twelve salaried game wardens in this State. It is the intention of the commission to put the entire force of paid men into the northern part of the State when the season for shooting game birds opens, and they are not needed in their respective localities.

J. W. G.

A Trout Quartette.

DURING one of those occasional lulls that occur even in a busy law office, my mind lately reverted to a happy day away back in 1894, when I made my championship catch of trout in a small stream at Ticonderoga. It was along toward the end of the season that I happened to cross this cold brook on my way from a pond where I had been catching bass. No one had fished there for a good many years, and a youngster on his way home with the cows inquired, "Say, mister, be you a-fishin' for chubbs?" as he saw me getting the line ready. Well, the boy passed along, shying small stones at his cattle, and I baited up with an angle worm and threw in just below an old bridge where there was a large stump. The line had scarcely touched water when with a loud splash something appeared from the deep pool, and crouching behind a low bush, I saw a mouth and a pair of shoulders that fairly made even my veteran heart leap to my throat. But, alas, the mighty trout missed his aim, or perhaps it was his last bit of sundown exercise for the day. Anyway, back he went to his home among the dark roots in the sweet, cold water. No lure in my collection could draw him forth, and I sadly returned to the old log farmhouse at "The Vineyard," where I always spend my summers.

I could not forget those big jaws and shoulders, so, as soon as I could escape from farm work, I repaired to the brook once more, determined to get the old fellow and his mate, if possible. It was a bright, sunshiny day, the last of the trout season, as I remember, and there was a slight western breeze. I had a \$1.50 three-jointed pole with a cheap reel, and used a large, old-fashioned, English-made fly that I had recently bought on a bargain counter in New York.

A large insect attracted my attention just then. I captured it, and following a mere caprice, as anglers often do, ran the hook crosswise through its back. I then fell to laughing at my ridiculous double bait, as the natives called such contrivances. The fly was made of coarse feathers, brown in color, and resembled nothing on earth or in the sky that I had ever seen. Then the insect capped the climax. I am not going to tell the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM the name of the live part of this bait, for fear of possible future rivals. But to proceed with my story.

I dropped in just above the home of the big fellow, thinking that he had perhaps gone up to see his friends in the horse pasture. As the bait rested on the surface, something slowly arose with its head down stream and then quietly sank to the bottom. I was almost sure that a large pike had run up from the pond to feed, although I had never seen one in such cold water. The fish actually seemed nearly as wide as the brook as he came into view. Some way, I am always the coolest with my big fish, although often nervous with small ones. I lifted the point of the rod, and to my intense delight the line was fast to a log—or something about as solid. I waited for about two seconds and then with a twist of the wrist set the old hook home. The little channel was only about 3 ft. wide and about 4 deep, but luckily there were no roots, so I played my game gently back and forth, keeping well out of sight, so as not to alarm him. Once he got ugly and made a rush for an old snag, but I forced him back to his bed without much trouble. He was now

pretty well tired out, but still full of mute protest. I then adopted a novel procedure. Laying the rod flat on the low bank, I began to play the fish, holding the line in my hands, as we often do when out alone on Lake Champlain trolling for big pike. I soon had his highness cornered up, and with the aid of my old gray fedora hat, treasured to this very day, neatly netted the prize, and he lay upon the grass, the largest wild brook trout that I have ever seen alive. He was beautifully marked, very stockily built and in splendid condition. The weight I could not ascertain, as I invariably dress my fish as soon as caught, to preserve the flavor; but I judged it to be at least 2½ lbs. His length was exactly 16 in.—"one foot four." Carefully putting him, or rather coiling him, into the basket, I worked a little further down stream and soon had his mate, a beauty of 15 in., using the same bait and fly, and landing her neatly with the rod. I kept on for about ten minutes longer, when I stopped, said good enough, and started for home. I had added in that time two more fish to my catch, measuring 12 and 9 in. respectively.

There was a jolly trout supper at the old place that night, and 7 or 8 lbs. of fish were used for the first course. There are several present readers of the FOREST AND STREAM who enjoyed my champion catch. I am still looking for the man who can beat that "old he one."

PETER FLINT.

150 NASSAU STREET, New York.

The Bullhead as a Standby.

A RHODE ISLAND correspondent, whose report is of white perch fishing that turned out to be bullhead catching, writes with true Waltonian philosophy of the satisfaction to be found even in the humble fields of angling. "We hired a leaky boat," he says, "rowed out to the spot that was pointed out as a likely place for white perch, and fished faithfully, but took only a few yellow perch. Then it was up with the sash weights that served as anchor to try another place, and so on all over the pond; but not a single white perch came our way. On our last anchorage I caught a bullhead, and then we both fished for them, catching them pretty, fast, some of the heavy ones making a good fight on our light rods. We fished until long after the stars came out, and the new moon hung low in the west.

"I like to read of the capture of tuna, tarpon, striped bass and other heavy game fish; and I have spent a good many hours casting menhaden bait into the surf for bass and catching flounders, skates and sea eels, with the bass few and far between. When once a good bass is hooked it is grand sport, but I think I would rather fish for lighter fish with finer tackle.

"I would rather catch trout than white perch, and perch in preference to bullheads; but there is a certain satisfaction in sitting in a boat on a summer evening and watching the daylight fade, and listening to the distant sounds, softened by coming across the water. Over on the side hill the 'whip-poor-will' whistles, and overhead four or five night herons pass with their hoarse 'qua,' and somewhere in the edge of the pond an old bullfrog tells us to 'sink deep,' 'sink deep,' as we do, and have lots of fun bringing up bullheads of a pound weight, about as fast as we can handle them. The bullhead is a reliable standby, and as one writer says, when once hold of the hook never tries to shake a friend, but submits to the inevitable. I would advise all who have not done so, to read Nesmuk's strong defense of the bullhead, and the catfish family."

"S. S. B."

New Hampshire Fishing.

NEWFOUND LAKE, Bristol, N. H., May 8.—The fishing season opened Tuesday, May 2, a number of salmon being caught at the Hebron end of the lake, a good catch of seven being credited to Chas. Fox and party of Hill, N. H. S. L. Sawtell, of Lowell, had fair luck, as did T. J. McDonald and wife, of Lowell. A Boston lady caught two salmon before breakfast Saturday morning. On the bar at the mouth of Fowler's River, Chas. A. Gale took a 7 lb. salmon Friday. At the foot of the lake in Bristol a 10½ lb. salmon was landed by Amasa Highlands, it being the largest taken thus far.

The trout are making reels turn merrily, such as, to Paul Lang, five in one day, total weight 56 lbs.; a 12½ and 10½-pounder, caught by Ed. Towns, of Bristol; also Dr. Ballou, 10½ lbs.; Chas. Rounds, two trout; Ansel Doloff, one; Fred Falls, two. Perhaps a dozen others whose names we did not get. We hope to fight it on this "line" if it happens all summer.

LANDLOCKED SALMON HOUSE.

The Connecticut Fish Commission.

THE Governor has done a most discreditable and strange thing in refusing to reappoint Mr. A. C. Collins, of Hartford, as Fish and Game Commissioner. Mr. Collins has been for several years on the commission, but before that, as agent of a State Protective Association, won wide reputation for the skill, activity, dauntless courage with which he enforced the fish and game laws. Evil doers learned to dread him, and, incidentally, he got to know the State like a book for the purpose of fish and game protection. All that knowledge he brought to the position of commissioner, and superadded wisdom of fishculture, sequels of which were the decided increase of our shad supply, the substitution of trout fingerlings for fry, and the intelligent information conveyed constantly to legislative committees in relation to fish and game statutes. The "turning down" of such a man is a capital misfortune to the sporting interest of the State, and is as foolish as it is incomprehensible.—New York World, May 7.

Quebec Salmon Netting.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Recently a committee of two from the Sainte Marguerite Salmon Club had a conference at Quebec with Mr. Parent, Commissioner of Lands, Forests, and Fisheries for the Province of Quebec, concerning the illegal netting that has been going on for the last two years on the Saguenay River.

Mr. Parent met us cordially, and seemed very much in earnest in his wish that the practice should be

stopped at once. He agreed to pay one man, we to pay his companion, to patrol the Saguenay from Tadousac to the mouth of the Ste. Marguerite, a distance of eighteen miles, during the months of June, July and August, and we shall put on two men in addition.

By the new fish and game laws, passed last winter by the Provincial Parliament, these guardians are given large powers; for, in addition to being guardian and constables, they are made magistrates, with the powers of justices of peace, as far as all fish and game matters go. So now it looks as though a stop would be put to the work of the poaching gangs on the Saguenay.

We have found that the local justices of the peace here sympathized too much with the poachers, for in 1896 we had men out who lodged information against fourteen men they had seen taking salmon illegally, and they were all arrested, but their cases were continued until March, 1897, and then the justice discharged twelve and fined the other two—one \$2 and the other \$5—which, of course, only encouraged the law-breakers to keep on with the poaching.

Last autumn Mr. Parent sent down one of the higher judges to try thirty-one men, against whom Mr. A. J. Price had laid information, and they were all convicted and imprisoned, good evidence of the earnestness of the Government in this matter.

Mr. Parent said he was very glad we had come to see him, and he wished that representatives of other clubs would come to him and talk over any troubles they have on their waters. It would certainly be a good thing if the members of fishing clubs, on their way to their rivers, would remain over in Quebec a day to call upon the Commissioner, for it will strengthen his hands to feel that all the anglers recognize what he is doing and wish to help along the great work he has undertaken. He seems determined to stop illegal netting.

GARD. T. LYON.

On the New Jersey Shore.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., May 9.—Striped bass are moving along the coast and taking the hook at least a month earlier than last year. At Manasquan Inlet the catches for the past ten days have been fully equal to what is ordinarily to be expected in June. To take five and seven to the rod in a single day is no unusual occurrence. While they are not as yet of the large size, still they are most welcome visitors and receive most marked attention. The largest one so far was taken to-day, 13 lbs. Kingfish, too, have put in appearance, and share honors pretty evenly with the bass; they, too, are unusually early; while I have known them to be on thus early in former years, still, last year May 30 was the date of the first catch from the beach here. The weakfish too are about, as they are being taken pretty freely in the pounds, and they should be ready for the hook in the surf within the next month. I saw large schools of butter fish in Shark River last Sunday, doubtless driven in by the weakfish, which feed on them most voraciously. A few bluefish have been taken in the pound at Elberon, and that is a remarkable fact, as they usually do not approach the shore thus early in the season. The indications are that, weather conditions remaining favorable, we should be enjoying good fishing by June 1 and that is as early as we ever anticipate. We now have what long has been a dire necessity, viz., a first-class rod factory. To numberless anglers this will prove a positive boon, as heretofore all repairs had to be sent to the cities, involving tedious delays and heavy expense.

LEONARD HULIT.

Chicago Fly-Casting Club.

CHICAGO, May 13.—Editor Forest and Stream: The scores of the meet to-day were as follows:

	Long Distance Fly, Feet.	Distance and Accuracy, Per Cent.	Accuracy and Delicacy, Per Cent.	Bait Casting, Per Cent.
J. D. Belasco.....	95	69 2-3		89 1-15
J. H. Bellows.....	116	90 1-3	94 1-3	93 7-15
C. H. Chadwick..		70 1-3		90 2-15
H. Greenwood ..				93 2-5
H. G. Hascal.....	105	81		95 13-15
E. R. Letterman..		71 2-3		89 1-3
F. N. Peet.....	118	89 1-3	93 1-6	96 2-15
H. W. Perce.....				83 11-15
E. A. Renwick.....	101	78	92 5-6	87 7-15
G. W. Salter.....		86 2-3	87 1-3	83 13-15

Holders of Medals.—Long distance fly, F. N. Peet; distance and accuracy, T. H. Bellows; accuracy and delicacy, T. H. Bellows; bait-casting, F. N. Peet.

The Kennel.

National Fox-Hunters' Association.

THE Foxhound Stud Book, published by authority of the National Foxhunters' Association, appears in a most artistic dress in its first volume, for 1898. It is compiled by Col. Roger D. Williams, keeper of the Stud Book. It contains a list of the officers of the association, its constitution and by-laws, code of running rules and regulations, a list of the hunt clubs in the United States, with their officers, records of all foxhound trials, standard for judging, and pages from 13 to 83 are devoted to registrations and listings. It contains portraits of Rear-Admiral James E. Jouett, U. S. Navy; Col. Haiden C. Trigg (Full Cry), of Kentucky; Dr. Wash-Miller, of Kentucky; Dr. W. F. Sturgill, of West Virginia; A. B. F. Kinney, of Massachusetts; W. S. Walker, of Kentucky; Geo. L. F. Birdsong, of Georgia; Gen'l G. W. Maupin, of Kentucky; Col. Theodore Roosevelt, of New York; W. W. Huffstetter, of Kentucky; Foxhall Keene, of New York; Col. Roger D. Williams, of Kentucky; Dr. A. C. Heflinger, of New Hampshire; W. N. Ramsey, of Kentucky; Dr. James F. Rosborough, of Texas; J. C. Varner, of Arkansas; T. H. Brown, of Texas; Carey Randolph Ruffin, of Virginia; R. E. Lee, Alabama; J. H. Wallace, Jr., of Alabama; George J. Garrett, of Georgia, and R. M. Smith, of Mississippi, all famous in the annals of fox hunting. To Col. Williams great praise is due for compiling and editing a work which so greatly redounds to the credit of the Association.

Yachting.

The Canada Cup.

FROM what is now known of the different contestants in the series of trial and final races for the Canada cup, it is evident that these races will be one of the features of the season, second only to those for the America Cup. While they cannot compare with the latter as a personal duel between two of the greatest of modern designers backed by unlimited money, producing the fastest and most costly craft ever floated, at the same time the series of races promises to rival the great class contests of the 40-footers in 1888-9, the 46-footers in 1891-2, and the 21-footers in 1892. As in all of these, the interest in the 35ft class will be due to the number of contestants, the variety of types, the personality of such designers as Messrs. Duggan, Payne and Hanley, and the number of races to be sailed. In addition, the contest is in every sense an international one, Canada being pitted fairly against the United States; and the result can hardly fail to determine the fate of the Y. R. A. girth rule, as applied to American conditions.

While it is hardly safe to say that no boat building for the class is as yet unknown, and that none may yet be started, it is pretty well settled that the class will be limited to ten yachts, four for the challenge and six for the defense. Of the former, three are of the keel type and one a centerboarder. This latter, Genesee, has already been described; she was designed and built by C. C. Hanley, of Quincy, Mass., formerly of Cape Cod, for the Rochester Y. C. syndicate. Mr. Hanley has been remarkably successful for some years in the Cape cat type and its modern development into the wide but fairly deep centerboard sloop, such as Acushla; his work, however, has been confined exclusively to salt water, mainly Buzzard's Bay and Massachusetts Bay, and to some form of simple length rule with unlimited sail. In this case he is working under new conditions, for lake sailing; and under an entirely new rule, the outcome of which no one is yet able to predict. There is little doubt that he has turned out a very fast boat of the type; the question being whether this type is suited to the girth rule and the local conditions on Lake Michigan and Lake Ontario.

The Cuthbert boat, designed for the Peare syndicate, Vera by name, has been very closely guarded, being built under lock and key, and as yet little is known of her except that she is of the modern keel or semi-fin keel type.

The third boat, Josephine, is described as follows by the Hamilton Times:

Mr. Geo. Webster, the well-known yachtsman, has returned from a visit to Chicago, where he assisted in trials of the yacht Josephine, the Whitely-Griffith challenger for the Canada cup. The boat, which was designed by Mr. Webster, was built at Muncie, Ind., and taken by rail 200 miles, to Chicago. The owners, Bert H. Whitely, of Muncie, and D. D. Griffith, of Chicago, accompanied by Mr. Webster and Capt. Burrell, formerly skipper of Zelma, sailed the new yacht under the old Pathfinder's jib and topsail, to South Chicago, where the new challenger received her sail rig. These sails were something of a surprise to the Chicago yachtsmen, in that they are from Ratney & Laphorne, the celebrated sailmakers of Cowes, Isle of Wight. Mr. Webster had two spins out on the lake in the new boat, and he says she skipped along in fine style especially in the heavy weather encountered while out on Friday last.

The boat is of white pine, with trimmings of mahogany, and the interior workmanship, Mr. Webster says, is the finest he has ever seen. So well were the details of construction carried out in the Muncie workshop that not a change of any kind had to be made in the original plans after the boat reached the water. Her dimensions are 47ft. on deck, 27ft. on waterline, 10 ft. 6in. beam, and 6ft. 2in. draft. "Most of the overhang is at the stern," remarked Mr. Webster to-day, in discussing the boat, "and she is not in any way a freak. She carries about five tons of lead on her keel. Her cabin skylights are flush with the deck, and all the interior fittings are made to clear to a racing hull in a few minutes, and with little or no trouble."

Captain Burrell has been engaged to sail the boat this summer. He will move his family from here to Muncie in a few days. "With a Canadian designer, a Canadian skipper and English sail," remarked Mr. Webster, with a laugh, "there won't be much Yankee about the boat."

Another dispatch from Chicago says:

The new yacht Josephine, another of the Chicago Y. C. contestants for the honor of competing for the Canada cup race, arrived off the harbor Tuesday noon from South Chicago. This is the \$7,000 yacht built at Muncie, Ind., by the Whitely Steel Company for Burt H. Whitely and D. D. Griffiths. She is a pretty little yacht, 47ft. over all, 10½ft. beam and 26ft. on the waterline. She will carry about 1,500 sq. ft. of sail, and has a modified bulb keel. She will carry a crew of six in the races, but for cruising has quarters for twelve. Workmen were busy Saturday bending on the sails and putting the finishing touches upon her in preparation for trials to-day.

Mr. Webster is a well-known Canadian yachtsman, of Hamilton, Ontario, where he has built several yachts of his own design, afterward sailing them with good success in the L. Y. R. A. circuits. The most notable of these was Eva, a keel boat in the 32ft., now 35ft. class, finally sold to Lake Erie. The nationality of this new yacht is a little doubtful, she was built, in an inland town in Indiana, by a Hamilton builder, and though as a professional he cannot steer her in the races, her skipper is also a Canadian from Hamilton. The sails, it is needless to say, came from Cowes, or Gosport, England.

The fourth yacht has been built during the winter by the Spalding St. Lawrence Boat Co. at its shops at Ogdensburg, N. Y., and though there have been no locked doors and soaped windows, very little has been known about her. Her owners are Com. F. W. Morgan, Chicago Y. C.; Chas. H. Thorne and William Herrick. She was designed by W. P. Stephens, and in type she is a keel cutter, such as has thus far proved the most suc-

cessful on the Great Lakes. The name selected by her owners is Prairie, a new one on the yacht list, and at least indicative of her Western ownership and origin. She is 44ft. over all, 28ft. l.w.l., 9ft. beam and 7ft. draft, with an S section, well hollowed below, and a bulb keel. She was designed especially to fit the new girth rule and the somewhat conflicting conditions of Lake Michigan and Lake Ontario. With a rather full load waterline, she has no freak features. She has been designed to fit the rule rather than to evade it. The scantling throughout is up to the limit of the tables, and the possibility of a voyage of from 1,200 to 2,000 miles through the Lakes as a part of this season's racing has called for special care in her construction.

While she has been designed solely for the Canada cup races, this type of hull furnishes very fair room below, and with her mahogany cabin house in place she will have over 5ft. head room and good accommodation below for cruising. In racing she will carry two light flat hatches, and for the present she has no internal fittings but a light seat on each side of the cabin. The deck is flush, with a small racing cockpit, and she steers with a tiller, the rudder being hung on the sternpost. Her overhangs are moderate, about 6ft. forward and 9ft. aft, but they are used to finish out the bow and buttock lines. The topsides are planked with white pine in narrow widths, the bottom is planked with white cedar, with oak garboards, and the deck is of clear pine, with marine glue in the seams.

She will carry about 1,500 sq. ft. in the cutter rig with pole mast, her boom being 36ft. The sails are by Wilson & Silsby, Boston, of the newest materials. The hull is enameled white above water, with a gold stripe. Her builders have turned out a very handsome piece of work, and one that will last for many years.

The following comments are credited to a Chicago yachtsman:

It is rather a coincidence that the Chicago boats which were built for the Canada cup race closely resemble each other. When the boats were building the owners guarded the secrets of their construction closely, and one could find out nothing about them. It so happens that the plans were made public at about the same time, and the figures show that the three boats are as nearly alike in construction, and in other details, as if the same designer had built all of them. The three boats are really miniatures of Defender. Of course there was no copying, for such a thing would be impossible, so close-mouthed were all the people involved.

The Chicago boats are of the cutter type. You will find that, averaging them up, they will show about the same figures. Four tons of lead on the keel, while 45ft. over all will fit each one. A 9ft. beam and a 25ft. waterline are other points which are noticeable. All draw about 7ft., although Josephine has a 6½ft. draft. They will carry from 1,500 to 1,650ft. of canvas. Peare's boat being built for the 1,650ft.

Both in the number of yachts and in the variety of types, the defense is stronger than the challenging side, as the six boats include one centerboard, two keels and three fin keels. The centerboard boat was designed by G. H. Duggan for the syndicate headed by George P. Reid, of the Royal Canadian Y. C., and she will be sailed by J. Wilton Morse. She is now under construction at the shops of Harry F. Hodson, Toronto, builder of Glencairn I. She has been very closely guarded, and even now, when nearly ready for launching, is still under lock and key. The general belief about Toronto has been that she would prove a fin keel, but it is now known that she is a centerboard boat, with outside lead. Mr. Duggan is a strong opponent of the girth rule, and the probabilities are that if there is a weak place in this rule, designed nominally to produce a wholesome and usable type of yacht, he will find it. The spars are being made by the Yacht Company, at Dorval, under Mr. Duggan's personal supervision, the rigging will be made up there also, and the ironwork is being made at the shops of the Dominion Bridge Company. No name has yet been chosen for the yacht. It is expected that she will be ready for a trial sail by the first week in June, and for the race of June 12 for this class.

In addition to the Reid syndicate, organized at the outset early last winter, two others have lately been organized by Æmilus Jarvis, who managed and sailed Canada in the first races for the cup in 1896. The boats are building at Oakville, Ontario, a few miles west of Toronto, by Andrews, the builder of Canada. The first, now partly planked, is from the designs of H. C. McLeod, of Halifax, N. S., and formerly for a time a resident of Minneapolis and Chicago. Mr. McLeod, who holds a prominent position with the Bank of Nova Scotia, has followed yacht designing as an amateur pursuit for many years, and has turned out some fast racing yachts, both of the keel type and the modern shoal skimmer and scow types. His new boat is a beautifully modelled cutter, with fine S section, about 44ft. over all, 30ft. l.w.l., 9ft. beam and 6ft. draft, carrying 1,400 sq. ft. of sail.

The second boat will be started this week, if the designs arrive, as expected, from England. Arthur E. Payne, of the firm of Summers & Payne, Southampton, Eng., is well known to our readers through his many successful yachts, Decima, Corsair, Penitent and others. The new boat will probably be similar to his 36-footer, Emerald, reduced 1ft. in measurement, and, of course, shortened on the waterline. Mr. Payne has thus far had no experience in designing for American conditions, nor has he visited this country, but it is more than likely that he will be guided in the selection of the elements of the design by Mr. Jarvis; at least, in so far as the length and sail area that experience has shown to be best adapted to the lake in summer. As far as lines and construction go, he is likely to turn out a fast and handsome yacht. Mr. H. K. Wickstead, of Cobourg, will superintend the construction of both of these boats, when they are ready Mr. Jarvis will sail one of them, and the other will be handled by some good Corinthian. It will be well toward the end of June before they can be out.

The three Hamilton boats already mentioned, are nearly ready for the water, and will be sailing in a short time. Hamilton boasts a number of clever men, both at the stick and about the deck, and all three are likely to be well handled. It is impossible to forecast their chances of success without knowing more about them, but

between the three, the fin type will probably be well represented.

All of the yachts, on both sides, are being built under the table of scantling prepared for the Yachting Racing Union of the Great Lakes by Mr. Stephens in 1897, but not yet tested to any extent. With the exception of the design from Mr. Payne and of sail cloth and imported Scotch wire, the Canadians have relied solely on themselves for the defense of the cup, the designers and builders are all native Canadians, and such fittings as cannot be had in Canada, blocks, and similar gear, are being specially made, instead of being imported from the United States. The sails will probably all be made in Canada, though from the very limited demand for costly racing sails, the sailmakers are thus far by no means equal to those of the States.

The whole policy in this respect is an admirable one, it is inevitable that, while united so far as associations and rules go, the yachtsmen of Canada and the States must always be friendly rivals in such contests as the Canada cup, Seawanhaka cup, etc. Thus far Canada has been at a serious disadvantage in the lack of designers, builders, sailmakers, and of such an extensive market as the States afford for the purchase of all the minor accessories of yachting. Within the four years since the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. first challenged for the Seawanhaka cup a great stride has been made, Mr. Duggan has come forward as a designer of the highest rank in the smaller classes, and others have come in with less conspicuous success; some of the finest blocks and fittings yet seen on small craft have been made in Montreal, many ingenious devices in construction have been introduced, yacht cordage of the finest quality has been put on the market by Canadian makers, and material advances have been made in the art of sailmaking. As matters now are, Canada is rapidly removing the serious handicap under which she thus far labored as opposed to a larger nation in which yachting has long had a strong popular support.

Until all the yachts have been tried under sail it is impossible to form any conclusions as to the probable winners of the trials and final races, but thus far the advantages are manifestly, as in most international races, on the side of the defender. The six Canadian yachts need only to be designed for the trial and final races at home, Hamilton being within thirty-odd miles of Toronto. Nothing more need be expected of them than speed under normal racing conditions on Lake Ontario. After being once afloat, they can be sailed day after day for nearly two months before the final races.

On the part of the challenger, the yachts must be designed, to a certain extent, to meet the conditions on Lake Michigan, stronger winds, rougher water, and probably much harder weather even in summer than on Lake Ontario. It is by no means a certain thing that the yacht which shows the best performance in the Chicago trial races early in July will be the best one for the races on Lake Ontario six weeks later. Apart from this, after the selection has been made, the challenger has a voyage of upward of a thousand miles, a matter of a couple of weeks' or more, with incidental delays, to say nothing of possible damage to the light racing gear and canvas. Two of the yachts have to reach Chicago by long voyages, Genesee having some 1,800 miles to traverse between Boston and Chicago, while the distance from Ogdensburg to Chicago is nearly 1,200 miles. All of these conditions materially favor the home boats from the start.

The dates of the races have already been published, Chicago trials July 4 and following days, Toronto trials, Aug. 7, cup races beginning Aug. 21. The Royal Canadian Y. C. has arranged to select a committee from all the Canadian yacht clubs to make the choice of a defender in the trial races. Invitations have already been sent out to one member from each of the clubs, Royal Nova Scotia, Royal St. Lawrence, Quebec, Kingston, Royal Hamilton, Queen City and Victoria, and the committee will be completed by several members of the Royal Canadian. In this way it is hoped to reach a satisfactory and fair decision as to the best yacht to defend the cup.

Royal St. Lawrence Y. C.

THE Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. is looking forward to a season of lively racing, though there is perhaps less of a general interest in the extreme racing boats than at any time since the challenge for the Seawanhaka cup in 1895. It is true that there will be two instead of one series of foreign matches this year, and these will be hotly contested, but by a small number of boats. A great deal of interest is already awakened in the match between the White Bear representative, Yankee, and the famous 20-footer Dominion, winner of last year's races. The champion will be sailed precisely as last year, steered by Mr. Duggan and manned by the same crew, her rig being unchanged. She is now in the big shed at Dorval, bottom (or rather, bottoms) up, for a good polishing after a fresh coat of white enamel. Her seams and planking show no signs of the hard weather of the last season's races. Beside her in the shed are her sister boats, Strathcona and Speculator, both ready for racing except for the varnishing and polishing. The trials of last year showed the pair to be about equal to Glencairn II., at least, and they are quite available this season. In the shop is a new racing 20-footer, of the same type, but showing the effect of the over-all limit and the limit of angle of bow. Dominion is of course barred from the Seawanhaka races by her over-all length and square bow; the other three, Speculator, Strathcona and the new boat, as yet unnamed, show very little difference in excellence of model. It is probable that only these three boats will be in the trial races on July 17, and the following days; nothing is known yet as to outside boats, and there will probably be none. In this case Mr. Duggan, with his crew, will take the best of the three, probably the new one. Though four boats are mentioned for the Seawanhaka trial races to select a challenger, but two are definitely known—Duchess, and the new Crowninshield boat for the Bridgeport syndicate, now building at Lawleys'. It is doubtful whether more than four start in the trials.

The new one-design class, illustrated in the FOREST AND STREAM of April 29, makes an excellent boat for waters in which draft is limited, as on many parts of Lake St. Louis. Five of these boats have been built by the Yacht Company at Dorval and are now ready for the

water. It is probable that the members of the club will devote themselves more than in the last few years to the racing in this and other small classes rather than to the 20-footers. The club has announced the following fixtures for the season:

May 13—Twenty-foot racing class, and 22ft. one, one design class.
 May 20—Twenty-foot racing and 22ft., one design class.
 May 24—Larks, 17ft. knockabouts, 20ft. racing (morning and afternoon).
 May 27—Seventeen-foot knockabouts, 20ft. racing and the cruising class.
 May 27—Seventeen-foot knockabout, and 20-footers.
 June 3—Twenty-footers, 22-footers, and general handicap.
 June 10—Seventeen-footers and 20-footers.
 June 12 and 16—Series of Dominion and White Bear races, for the Commodore Ross Cup.
 June 17—Larks, 20-footers and 22-footers.
 June 24—Seventeen-footers, 20-footers, 22-footers and the general handicap for the Donald A. Smith cup.
 July 1—Larks, 20-footers and 22-footers.
 July 8—Seventeen-foot class, and 20ft. class.
 July 15—Twenty-foot class and 22-footers.
 July 17 to 19—Seawanhaka trials.
 July 22—Seawanhaka trials.
 July 26 to 29—Races for the Seawanhaka cup.
 Aug. 5—Valois regatta.
 Aug. 12—Larks and 17-footers.
 Aug. 19—Hamilton cup day—17-footers, 20-footers and 22-footers.
 Aug. 26—Lake of Two Mountain's regatta.

The New Royal Yacht.

THE new yacht built for Queen Victoria was successfully launched on the afternoon of May 9, the Duchess of York officiating as sponsor. The yacht is described as follows by the London Telegraph:

"Heaven's Light Our Guide" is the motto of the new royal yacht. The introduction of the leek, the Welsh national emblem, beside the rose, thistle and shamrock, at the bows under the royal standard, illustrates the kindly sentiment of the royal family toward the principality. This royal recognition of the humble leek is quite an innovation, which will give pleasure to Welshmen all the world over. It is a delicate compliment to the country which has built all the royal yachts except the little *Elfin*. The present *Victoria* and *Albert*, the *Osborne* and the *Alberta* were all constructed at Pembroke Dockyard. On Tuesday the Duchess of York, by severing a cord, released the new *Victoria* and *Albert* from the slip, a beautifully carved ivory mallet having been made specially for the use of her Royal Highness, and as a memento of the occasion. The present *Victoria* and *Albert* has many sacred memories for the Queen. She was built and decorated under the personal supervision of the Prince Consort, whose piano, despite the lapse of years, still remains on board. The fittings and upholstery are practically the same to-day as when the vessel was new, and the memory of her Majesty's Consort will be perpetuated in the new yacht in many ways. The royal apartments, for instance, will be hung with chintz of the same design as that in the present yacht—moss rosebuds on a white ground. This simple design has never wearied the Queen.

The new yacht will not be the largest royal vessel in the world, but she will be by far the most palatial in all its appointments and decoration. She is 800 tons less in displacement than the *Russian Standart*, but has the advantage of nearly 600 tons over the German Emperor's new yacht, the *Hohenzollern*, the pioneer modern yacht of European monarchs. There is one great difference between these three yachts, however. While the *Standart* and the *Hohenzollern* are armed—in fact, are almost war cruisers in all but name—the new *Victoria* and *Albert* will be a pleasure vessel, first and last, and has been built with no thought of ever being required to fulfill any warlike purpose. Consequently provision has not been made for the mounting of any guns, except a few small pieces capable of returning a royal salute. She has been built to give pleasure and to fittingly carry the mistress of the seas on occasions of state and pleasure, and will be the handsomest modern ship afloat when she is finally completed.

The main dimensions of the new *Victoria* and *Albert* may be appropriately compared with the present yacht of the same name, and the comparison shows that there are few points of resemblance. The latter was built of wood in 1854—forty-five years ago—and is driven, like all the other royal yachts, by paddle wheels. She has two funnels, fore and aft, and three pole masts. Driven by paddle wheels at a speed that never exceeds about sixteen knots under the most favorable conditions, and having a broad beam of no less than 40ft. 4in., she has been famed as the most comfortable royal vessel in the world, and latterly as the most antiquated also. On the other hand, the new vessel is built of steel throughout, her hull being sheathed with wood and coppered like any ordinary cruiser, so that she will be able to go for long sea cruises without losing speed from accretions to the hull, or experiencing delays while being docked to have her hull cleaned. It is said that the Queen was for a long time unwilling to abandon the paddle-wheel system of propulsion, which insures so great comfort in traveling. However that may be, the new yacht will be fitted with two screws. Whereas, the old yacht has a speed of at most sixteen knots, the new vessel will steam at fully twenty knots. The latter will not be as free from vibration or as steady probably as the old ship, but every reasonable precaution has been taken to prevent the royal passengers from experiencing discomfort.

The new yacht, which is to cost, when completed, £353,414, is 380ft. in length, has a beam of 50ft., a draft of 18ft., and a displacement of 4,700 tons. Her speed is to be twenty knots, with 11,000 indicated horse-power. The normal coal capacity is to be 350 tons.

Sir William White, the director of naval construction, designed her and has devoted his highest skill to attain in her the maximum of comfort. Even to the question of coaling he has arranged the bunkers that they may be filled from the outside without disturbing by coal dust the royal family on board.

The royal pavilion will be 150ft. long, extending from the stern of the vessel, and fore and aft there will be two pairs of spiral staircases for ascending from the upper deck to the promenade deck, which will be high out of the water. From the upper deck to the main deck, again, there will be lifts to enable her Majesty and suite to reach their private apartments with the least fatigue and inconvenience. The accommodation of the new vessel is far more commodious than that of either of the present yachts, and will enable her to be used with comfort for longer cruises, such as the Duke and Duchess of York have long been credited with the intention of taking. One feature of the royal yacht is that all the woodwork fittings are of non-inflammable wood, so that should a fire unfortunately occur, the flames would have less chance of spreading rapidly.

The new *Victoria* and *Albert* will be the handsomest ship afloat, if carving, paint and elaborate, but tasteful, gilding can achieve this end. Time was when such a craft would have borne as figurehead a representation of the reigning sovereign; but instead there will be at the bows a large shield bearing the royal standard and surmounted by a crown, carved and gilded. On each side of this centerpiece will stretch a floral scroll, on which the rose, the thistle, the shamrock and the leek will be fittingly represented. From the point on each side where this scroll will terminate will stretch a double line of moulding representing cable-laid rope, the lines being fixed 5ft. apart. This moulding has been carved from mahogany, and will be richly gilded. It will extend on both sides of the yacht practically from stem to stern. At the stern there will be further ornamentation, including a representation of the royal arms, above which there will be a medallion. In the center of this medallion there will be a star, and around the margin will be traced the words, "Heaven's Light Our Guide." On the two sides there will be some further scroll work of oak leaves.

Y. R. A. of Massachusetts.

As the result of the continued discussion of the recently adopted rules of the Y. R. A. of Massachusetts, a special meeting of the Association was held on May 6 at the call of the owner of *Beatrice* and four other owners. The vote was five for the abolition of the new rules and thirteen for their retention, as follows: For abolition, *Annisquam*, *Dorchester*, *Jeffries*, *Quincy* and *Wellfleet*; against, *Boston*, *Cape Cod*, *Duxbury*, *East Gloucester*, *Lynn*, *Manchester*, *Hull*, *Massachusetts*, *Mosquito*, *Old Colony*, *Savin Hill*, *South Boston*, *Squantum* and *Winthrop*.

In commenting on the matter, the *Boston Globe* says:

The value of the sail, ballast, beam and other restrictions in the Y. R. A. cabin classes will now be put to the test of actual racing. The failure of the owners of old boats to secure any modification of the sail restrictions at the special meeting of the Association Friday evening settles the restrictions for the summer at least, but no one can say at present just what the result will be. Whether the season is a success or not in the cabin classes, the racing—or lack of it—should furnish a basis for any needed revision of the restrictions in the early fall, so that every one interested may be heard and a satisfactory basis reached.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The name given by Mr. James Coates to his new schooner is *Gleniffer*, from the "Braes of Gleniffer," near Paisley, Mr. Coates' home.

Sultana, steam yacht, J. R. Drexel, arrived at New York on May 7 from Marseilles, France, by way of Bermuda, having been absent over a year. When war broke out last spring she was in the Mediterranean, before going to Southampton, and the danger of capture from Spanish ships, especially the converted yacht *Giralda*, said to have been purchased for the purpose of picking up American yachts, caused her to lay up at Marseilles.

The fourth regular meeting of the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. was held on May 9 at the town house. Mr. F. S. Hastings was elected to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of the treasurer, R. C. Wetmore. The question of adhering to the rules of the Yacht Racing Association of Long Island Sound was discussed at some length, and it was finally decided to adopt all of the rules but that relating to measurement, retaining the old length and sail area rule. The club house at Oyster Bay will be opened on May 26, the formal opening taking place on Decoration Day.

The Taunton Y. C. announces the following fixtures: May 30, club race, start 2:30 P. M.; June 17, club race, start 2:30 P. M.; July 15, club race; July 21, club run; Aug. 12, club race; Aug. 17, ladies' day; Sept. 4, club race; Sept. 27, ladies' day.

Messrs. Bow & MacLachlan, one of the well-known Paisley firms of shipbuilders and engineers, have been commissioned by Mr. Andrew Carnegie, the American ironmaster, to build him a steam yacht of about 100ft. in length, for use in connection with Mr. Carnegie's recently acquired estate of Skibo, in Sutherlandshire. Her fit-up will include all the most recent improvements, and she will have the fine turn of speed for so (comparatively) small a yacht of fourteen knots.—The Yachtsman.

The regatta committee of the Corinthian Y. C. is considering the giving of a race for 35-footers in the midsummer series of the club, hoping to get the Bruce, Saltonstall and Loud boats, as well as some of the old ones. A class for the Quincy 21-footers will be made and some races will probably be sailed without time allowance under Y. R. A. of M. measurement and some with allowance under the Corinthian sail area rule. The waterline measurement will be the same under both rules—"waterline with crew on board"—and some interesting comparisons ought to be possible between the standing of the boats in the allowance and "no allowance" races. There is the best of feeling between the Corinthian Y. C. and the Association, in spite of the efforts of certain outside parties to exploit the club to the Association's disadvantage, and there are really but a few points on racing matters on which the organizations disagree. Classification is now practically the same, so that the Association boats race in the same classes in Corinthian races as in their own or-

ganization. The midsummer series promises to be the most interesting for many years.—*Boston Globe*.

The catboat building by Hanley for W. L. Ward, of New York, has been named *Windora*.

Mr. W. Butler Duncan, Jr., returned to New York on the *St. Paul* last week after a trip of several months abroad, a part of the time being spent on the Mediterranean, where he has raced the two-tonner *Mimosa*. He will take charge of *Defender* as soon as she is ready and will have command of her through the season.

The new steam yacht *Aileen II.*, designed by Gardner & Cox for Richard Stevens, was launched on May 13 at Roach's Yard, Chester, being christened by Miss Dorothy Sproul, of that city. The yacht is of steel, similar in model to *Malay* and *Sylph*, built last year, and is 150ft. over all, 125ft. l.w.l., 20ft. beam, 12ft. depth of hold and 9ft. draft. She has triple compound engines, 10, 16 and 25 by 16, and two Almy boilers. Mr. Stevens has chartered her to W. H. Patterson, of New York, for the season.

Niagara, steam yacht, Howard Gould, arrived at Ponta Delgada, Azores, on May 13, having left New York on May 3.

Mr. H. K. Wicksteed, whose designs of small cruisers are familiar to our readers, has just completed a boat for his own use in cruising about Lake Ontario this summer. She is similar to *Zulu*, whose lines were published in the *FOREST AND STREAM* of Dec. 10 1898, the same moulds being used, but the length over all has been reduced from 30 to 28ft. to fit the shop in which she was built, the l.w.l. is 17ft. 8in., and the centerboard has been replaced by a deep keel of iron, making the total draft 4ft. She has 520 sq. ft. on mainsail, jib and mizen, which she carried very ably, and her cabin, with just under 4ft. head room, gives good room for two in cruising.

The inaccessibility of City Island has always been the one serious drawback to a location which in other respects offers ideal advantages as a yacht building center. Even of late years, with the new Second avenue bridge and improved train service to Bartow Station, there is still the tedious ride of three miles in an antiquated bob-tail car, and formerly it was still worse. The many yachtsmen who have business at Wood's, Hawkins', Piepgress' and the other building yards will be glad to hear that a modern steel bridge is now under construction replacing the time-worn relic that has long joined the island to the mainland. This old bridge, by the way, once spanned the Harlem River at Third avenue, New York, being moved to City Island some time in the sixties, when the cast iron bridge that has lately been removed was built by John Roach. As soon as the new bridge is completed, in the course of the fall, a trolley road will be constructed from Bartow to the end of the island. It is now proposed to lay out a new system of streets in place of the primitive roads, the present Main street being widened to 80ft., while a roadway of the same width will be constructed entirely around the shore. The old Belden estate, on the extreme south end, may be converted into a public park. The main portion of the island is comparatively high, and offers excellent building sites, heretofore useless on account of the time required to reach them. One club, the Harlem Y. C., already has a fine house and station on the island.

Britannia, cutter, advertised at auction on May 10, was purchased at private sale shortly prior to that date. It is now said that the purchaser was Mr. W. G. Jameson, who had charge of her during her racing career, as the representative of the Prince of Wales, in which case it is probable that the Prince is the real owner. No modern yacht of equal fame has had such a sad fate as that of other, all equally ignorant of yachting. It is to be hoped *Britannia*, passed from one speculator or promoter to another, she has at last gone back to her original owner. Bona, the fast Watson cutter, has also been sold lately to Mr. J. Howard Taylor, of London. Two other famous yachts have been announced for sale at auction on May 10—*Formosa*, the noted 90-tonner, owned about 1880 by the Prince of Wales, and Mr. John Jameson's 90-tonner *Irex*.

Mr. B. B. Crowninshield, of Boston, has designed a light-draft schooner for C. H. Jones, former owner of *Chapaquoit*, who will use her in hunting and fishing trips to the Carolina sounds. She has an over-all length of 95ft., 70ft. l.w.l., 23ft. beam, and but 3ft. draft, more than this being inadmissible in the shoal waters for which she is intended. The cabin trunk will be entirely abaft the mainmast, and under it will be main saloon, three state-rooms and toilet room. The galley and captain's room will be under a smaller trunk cabin just abaft the foremast. The space abaft this, under the flush deck and abreast of the centerboard trunk, will be used for stores. A small centerboard may be placed in the seag aft. The yacht has only a moderate freeboard, and very well shaped overhangs. She will be built by A. J. Frisbie, of Salem, Mass., and will be finished by the end of August, going South in the fall.

At the meeting of the Corinthian Y. C., of Philadelphia, on May 11, it was arranged that the club knockabout races with the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Club, of New York, should be sailed at Essington during the week beginning June 5. The return races will take place at Oyster Bay during the week beginning August 28. P. A. B. Widener's new steam yacht *Josephine* and the schooner yacht *Coronet*, owned by John I. Waterbury, of New York, were placed on the club's roll. Lieutenant Commander F. A. Miller, U. S. N., and Meredith Bailey, Jr., of Ecuador, South America, were elected members.

If You Want the Whitest and Best

WHITE LEAD use "ENGLISH B. B." Of all paint dealers and of J. Lee Smith & Co., 59 Frankfort street, and F. W. Devoe & C. T. Reynolds Co., 101 Fulton street, New York.—*Adv*

During the thunderstorm of Wednesday afternoon lightning struck the beemartin gourds swinging from a pole erected on the premises of Supt. S. L. Dill, of the A. & N. C. R. R. The gourds were shattered and the martins killed instantly. The lightning split the pole from the top to the fence post to which it was nailed at the bottom and very nearly destroyed the post. It is a little singular that a pole of the same kind was destroyed by lightning on the same lot last year.—*New Bern (N. C.) Journal*, May 5.

Canoeing.

Repairs to Canvas Canoes.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In my little book, the "Manual of the Canvas Canoe," is given the following prescription for repairing cuts and punctures in canvas canoes: Appliances—A small malleable iron ladle with handle, a small alcohol lamp or stove, half-pint of alcohol, 10 cents worth of resin—which will probably serve for many cruises—lard, mutton, tallow, or other grease, a piece of 100z. canvas, a couple of small wooden chisels or scalpels, made of 1/2 in. twigs cut from the nearest tree or bush and flattened to a thin blade at one end.

Turn the canoe so that the canvas will dry in the sun; place a few tablespoonfuls of resin in the ladle, and melt over the alcohol stove; when at the seething point and thoroughly melted, put in half a teaspoonful or so of lard, mutton tallow or other grease; stir in until thoroughly melted; pour a small quantity of the mixture into a cup of water from the river; or water in which the canoe has been cruising, and when sufficiently cool to handle knead between thumb and finger; if too soft and pliable, add more resin; if too brittle, add more grease; the lump after being kneaded should be about the consistency of a lump of shoemaker's wax—fairly pliable. It is a nice matter to get the mixture of just the right degree of consistency, as if too brittle the patch will readily break off, and if too soft it will not stick. When the degree of consistency is determined, immerse a piece of canvas—a patch having been previously cut of a size amply sufficient to cover the cut—in the compound; stir in well with the flattened sticks while holding over the alcohol flame until the canvas is thoroughly coated and saturated with the boiling compound; remove quickly and place smoothly over the cut and plaster flat with the sticks, plastering the edges well down; use plenty of the compound. A large cut is better covered with several small pieces of canvas, as one large piece is difficult to immerse in the compound, as well as difficult to handle after being immersed. I have repaired a slit in a canoe a yard long in this manner. The canoe is ready to launch and use immediately after the patch is applied.

A correspondent, Mr. Edwin H. Pierce, of Auburn, N. Y., sends me the following, which he thinks is a simpler and better method than mine. I have never tried it myself, but give it on his recommendation:

Materials.—One small bottle of Le Page's liquid glue with brush. Bottle of thick asphaltum; a piece of heavy unbleached muslin, or light, close woven duck.

Method.—Dry the canoe in the hot sun, or by the camp-fire; smear the canoe and the patch with Le Page's glue; apply the patch smoothly, and smear the outside of it also with glue, running the brush from the center outward; if the edges of the patch fray see that the stray threads are well stuck down with glue; long threads should be cut off with knife or scissors. The glue not only holds on the patch, but strengthens the cloth, so that a thinner and neater lying patch may be used with safety; it also fills the pores of the cloth so that one coat of varnish—if time is an object—will suffice. If the sun is hot the glue will set in a few minutes—at the utmost half an hour—and then the patch may be painted with one or two coats of thick asphaltum, which will dry in a few minutes more, and if the work has been neatly done the patch will never wear off. Close woven, unbleached muslin will stick better than canvas. If the rip is a long and dangerous one, I put on two patches, one over the other, allowing the first to dry well before applying the second; the outer patch should be much larger than the inner.

COMMODORE.

The Eastern Division Meet.

The executive committee of the Eastern Division, with the approval of the commodore, announces that the annual meet of this division will be held on May 27 to 30, at Horn Pond, Woburn, Mass.

The camp is situated on the southwestern shore of the pond, easy of access, with a fine stretch of water for sailing and paddling courses, terminating very near the camp. The general location is very attractive and the ground is admirably adapted for camping. As heretofore, tents will be provided for those who desire them, if notice is received by May 24, and the mess tent will be in charge of a caterer, where meals can be obtained at reasonable cost.

The camp may be reached via southern division of the Boston & Maine Railroad from Boston, Lowell or Lawrence direct, by taking trains to Cross Street Station, thence over Lake avenue to the head of the pond, where a ferry will run to camp.

A special entertainment will be provided on Saturday night by the Innitou C. C., complimentary to the division. All canoes and camp equipage shipped care of the Innitou C. C., to Woburn, Mass., so as to arrive by Friday, May 26, will be carefully forwarded to the camp. Be sure to ship early to avoid delays.

The following programme of races for Tuesday, May 30, is announced by the regatta committee: Tandem paddling, single blades; one-half mile straightaway. Paddling, club fours, single blades; one-half mile straightaway. Paddling, single blade; one-half mile straightaway. Paddling, club fours, double blades; one-half mile straightaway. Tandem paddling, double blades; one-half mile straightaway. Sailing, unlimited; three miles. Sailing, upset. War canoe; one mile straightaway. Tournament, hand paddling, hurry-scurry, standing paddling, upset, novice sailing.

Events, course and distances subject to change at discretion of committee.

Please extend the invitation to attend the meet and join the A. C. A. to any canoeist whom you may know.

Membership application blanks may be obtained of the purser.

Per order of J. WINN BROWN, Vice-Com.

WILLIAM W. CROSBY, Purser.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

CANOEING NEWS NOTES.

The new book of the British Canoe Association, a very neat little volume in white canvas cover, has just reached us. In addition to the list of members, etc., it contains a portrait of Vice-Com. A. E. Wale, and some good views of the last meet, at Inchmoin Island, Loch Lomond, with a log of the meet. The camp this year will be at Falmouth, beginning on July 1. The officers of the Association are: Com., T. H. R. Bartley, Mersey C. C.; Vice-Com., A. E. Wale, Mersey C. C.; Rear-Com., J. P. Oliver; Hon. Sec'y-Treas., George Huntley, Gateshead-on-Tyne, England.

Trap-Shooting.

Fixtures.

May 16-20.—St. Louis, Mo.—Tournament of the Missouri State Fish and Game Protective Association. H. B. Collins, Sec'y.

May 17.—Brooklyn, L. I.—John Wright's prize shoot at targets; commences at 10:30.

May 17-18.—Oil City, Pa.—Interstate Association's tournament, under auspices of Oil City Gun Club. F. S. Bates, Sec'y.

May 18.—West Chester, Pa.—Annual spring shoot of the West Chester Gun Club. F. H. Eachus, Sec'y.

May 23-25.—Macon, Miss.—Eleventh annual tournament of the Noxubee Gun Club; targets and sparrows; \$500 in merchandise and cash added. C. M. Seales, Manager.

May 23-25.—Algona, Ia.—Tournament of the Iowa State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game. John G. Smith Pres.

May 24.—Elkwood Park, N. J.—Contest for E. C. cup, emblematic of championship of State of New Jersey, between Messrs. Phil Daly, Jr., and T. W. Morfey.

May 25-26.—White Plains, N. Y.—White Plains Gun Club target tournament. G. H. Molenaar, Manager.

May 26-27.—Tyrone, Pa.—Target tournament of the Tyrone Gun Club. D. D. Stine, Sec'y.

May 30.—Rutherford, N. J.—Decoration Day shoot of the Boiling Springs Gun Club; good prizes. W. H. Huck, Sec'y.

May 30.—Canajoharie, N. Y.—All-day target shoot at Canajoharie, N. Y. Charles Weeks, Sec'y.

May 30-June 2.—Erie, Pa.—Ninth annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Reed Hurst Gun Club. Frank W. Bacon, Sec'y.

May 30.—Newburgh, N. Y.—Decoration Day shoot of the Glenwood Gun Club. Open to all. C. Hoppenstedt, Sec'y.

May 30.—Winona, Minn.—Winona Sportsmen's Club's tournament.

May 30.—Haverhill, Mass.—All-day shoot of the Haverhill Gun Club. C. F. Lambert, Sec'y.

May 30-31.—Buffalo, N. Y.—Decoration Day shoot at Audubon Park.

June 3.—New Haven, Conn.—Yale vs. Princeton.

June 3-4.—Sheboygan, Wis.—Sheboygan Rod and Gun Club's tournament.

June 5-10.—Buffalo, N. Y.—New York State shoot, under the auspices of the Buffalo Audubon Gun Club; \$1,000 guaranteed; over \$2,000 in merchandise, and \$1,000 added money in open events. Chas. Bamberg, Sec'y, 51 Edna Place.

June 6-9.—Sioux City, Ia.—Fifth annual amateur tournament of the Soo Gun Club. E. R. Chapman, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Under date of May 10, Mr. N. F. Reiner, secretary of the Centerdale, R. I., Gun Club, writes us as follows: "Inclosed find programme for our afternoon shoot on Decoration Day. This makes a nice little programme for an afternoon's sport, and should be well attended, as we have added \$7, and the price of targets is only 1 cent. Of course we do not expect to make any money on this shoot, but we wish to bring together all of our own State shooters, as well as some from Boston, Worcester, etc. I think if they will all come we will give them a good, fair and square shoot. This shoot is open to amateurs only. All expert shooters (paid shooters) can shoot for birds." There are nine target events on the programme, with a total of 125 targets, with a total entrance of \$7.50. Money divided by the equitable system; eight entries or less, three moneys. Over eight, four moneys.

Billy Crosby, of the Baker Gun and Forging Company, seems to have a strong affection for the Board of Trade diamond badge, the emblem of the live-bird championship of the State of Illinois. Last year, on June 9, he killed 10 straight in that event, and finally won the badge in a miss-and-out with a run of 88 straight, making his total 98 straight for the trophy. This year, at the Peoria tournament, he won the badge again, scoring 10 straight and following it up with 50 more in the ties. Thus in two consecutive contests for this much-coveted trophy, he has scored 158 live birds without a single loss. He shoots a Baken gun and 44grs. of E. C. powder, which is considered a light load by most trap-shooters.

In view of the fact that so many shooters have displayed skill and success in both target and live-bird shooting, it would seem to be a good juncture at which to have a championship trophy which would include both styles of shooting in its competition. Champion trophies are rather plentiful in each branch of trap competition; that is to say, at live birds and targets respectively, so that a trophy, the conditions of which required competition at both targets and live birds would be distinctive and useful. It further would have all the requisite broadness of competition for a genuine championship, if given under the best auspices.

Mr. C. C. Beveridge, in his wanderings, takes a few moments now and then to try his skill at the traps. On May 11 he was in Pittsburg, Pa., and participated in a shoot of the Greenfield Gun Club on that day. He averaged 96 per cent. out of the first 100 regular, and 94 out of the second 100 at all kinds of shooting. On the same day and place Mr. L. B. Fleming won in the 100 target event, scoring 97, and did it with a Winchester gun, Leader shells and Schultze powder. Beveridge scored 96 and H. I. Born 95.

Capt. A. W. Money, of most distinguished trap fame, took a trip Westward, starting on Saturday of last week. It is hardly necessary to add that he took his shotguns along and will tarry at St. Louis this week, where he will take part in the great tournament therein. If any man should have a craving for a match with the Captain, it is likely that he may be accommodated, if Eastern precedents are good in this respect. Capt. Money contemplates a trip to the Pacific Coast before his return.

The programme of the Glenwood Gun Club's spring tournament provides twenty target events, all at unknown angles, with a total entrance of \$10. Ten per cent of purses taken for average money for high guns. Targets, 2 cents. Amateurs who so wish may shoot for targets only. There are five merchandise prizes for amateurs. Programme events commence at 9:30. Refreshments and lunch on the grounds. Five-cent fare on trolley cars. C. Hoppenstedt, Sec'y.

The two weeks of May commencing on the 7th, should be kept in mind by all good trap-shooters, as the time of year when it is proper to smash things far and wide. In Mr. Litzke's report of the Illinois State shoot, elsewhere in our columns, will be found a most interesting lot of information on the smashing of targets and incidentally the smashing of records long undisturbed heretofore.

At the annual convention of the Illinois State Association, Chicago, was fixed upon as the place where the next Illinois convention and State shoot will be held. Mr. E. S. Rice was elected president of the Association, Mr. Thomas Marshall first vice-president; Mr. Thomas Laffin, second vice-president; Mr. W. B. Leffingwell, secretary.

The annual shoot of the Canajoharie Gun Club, May, 30, Canajoharie, N. Y., has fifteen target events on the programme, 15 targets to each event, entrance, targets included, \$1.30. Ten dollars in cash for best averages in events from 5 to 14 inclusive. Moneys and averages divided 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 per cent. Targets 2 cents. Magauntr will be used. Charles Weeks, Sec'y.

Mr. B. W. Sperry, secretary-treasurer of the Charlotte, N. C., Gun Club, writes us under date of May 10, that "on May 4 a reorganization of the Charlotte Gun Club was effected. A large membership is assured, and we have ordered a magauntr, which will soon be placed. Col. J. T. Anthony was elected president and captain; B. W. Sperry secretary and treasurer."

Mrs. M. F. Lindsley (Wanda) left for her home in Cincinnati on Tuesday of this week. She shot in various events in the East, of which the most important was the Grand American Handicap. Mr. Lindsley also shot in this event, scoring 23, with one dead out. Mrs. Lindsley is famous as one of the few really good lady shots of America.

We publish portraits of the two squads which so recently distinguished themselves as breakers of world's records; one at Lincoln, Neb., the other at Peru, Ind. That of Peru had H. W. Cadwallader, J. L. Head, Ed Rike, F. D. Alkire and Dr. O. F. Britton. That of Lincoln had Frank Permelee, C. Young, W. S. Duer, A. B. Daniels and George Rogers in its make up.

The telegram from Mr. Litzke, elsewhere in our columns, mentions the victory of the Veteran Gun Club, of Kansas City, in the team race at St. Louis this week. The score was remarkably good, 58 out of a possible 60.

Mr. John G. Smith, president of the Iowa State Sportsmen's Association, Algona, Ia., informs us that programmes for the Iowa State tournament are now ready for distribution.

In a brief communication Mr. G. G. Zeth informs us that the Altoona Rod and Gun Club's tournament will be a rousing big one.

The White Plains Gun Club, of White Plains, N. Y., have arranged to hold a target tournament on May 25 and 26. BERNARD WATERS.

Garfield Gun Club.

CHICAGO, May 13.—At the Garfield Gun Club shoot to-day there was a good attendance. No. 6 event was three unknown traps, one man up. In the second trophy contest Von Lengerke was first with 24 in Class A, Thomas first with 21 in Class B, and Pollard first with 16 in Class C. The scores in this event were as follows:

Pollard	101011001111000110110111	16	Kuss	0111111111111011110111	22
Dr Meek	111111111111001110110011	20	Dr Shaw	1111101111111111101111	23
Kehl	000010010011000000010001	6	Mrs Shaw	0010010111110011001100	13
Hellman	01101111010111100101100	16	Northcott	10111001100111001010101	15
Richards	0111111001101111111111	21	Brabrook	10100110011001101000110	13
Kuss	0111111111111011111011	22	Dr Royce	01010110000010101001010	10
Dr Shaw	1111101111111111101111	23	Thomas	1111111001111110111011	21
Mrs Shaw	0010010111110011001100	13	Workman	1000100101100010100010	10
Northcott	10111001100111001010101	15	Nusley	1111110111100011110011	18
Brabrook	10100110011001101000110	13	Von Lengerke	1111101111111111111111	24
Dr Royce	01010110000010101001010	10	Fanning	1101011101101111111111	21
Thomas	1111111001111110111011	21	Young	1011011101010001010101	15
Workman	1000100101100010100010	10	Smith	0101000010011110110001	13
Nusley	1111110111100011110011	18	Riddiford	0100100110101101111111	17
Von Lengerke	1111101111111111111111	24	Fehrman	1111111010111011111111	22
Fanning	1101011101101111111111	21	Mud	1101010111010101111111	19
Young	1011011101010001010101	15	Pod	101101111101111101011	20
Smith	0101000010011110110001	13			

Events:	1	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	3	4	5	6
Targets:	15	10	15	15	10	Targets:	15	10	15	15	10
Pollard	7	9	9	9	9	Workman	7	4	10	3	11
Dr Meek	9	9	9	10	10	Nusley	8	8	11	9	9
Kehl	7	5	2	6	6	Kuss	12	11	11	11	11
Hellman	9	2	14	8	8	Von Lengerke	11	11	11	11	11
Richards	11	7	14	11	9	Hoover	12	8	11	11	11
Kuss	13	11	11	11	11	Little	11	8	11	11	11
Dr Shaw	13	9	12	13	13	Smedes	5	13	11	11	11
Mrs Shaw	10	10	10	10	10	Riddeford	7	11	11	11	11
Northcott	9	7	12	12	12	Fanning	5	12	8	8	8
Dr Royce	7	6	9	9	9	Young	7	10	11	11	11
Brabrook	4	6	8	8	8	Fehrman	7	11	14	7	7
Thomas	9	11	11	11	11	Smith	9	2	11	11	11

Fitchburg Rifle and Gun Club.

FITCHBURG, Mass., May 9.—The Fitchburg Rifle and Gun Club held its third shoot of the season May 8. The day was almost perfect for shooting, though a puffy east wind played havoc with some of the targets, making the scores somewhat erratic, only two straights being made, those being credited to Russell and Converse, while the rest had to be content with anything between 2 and 8.

Of course we could enumerate many excuses for the poor shooting, such as strange guns, new shooters, dark background, etc., but the chief reason is (to be honest) we're not on to it yet. But we have lots of fun, fresh air and sunshine, and best of all, get away from business for a few hours to enjoy freedom.

It looks now as though some of the shooters would be "all right" with a little more practice, and make a good showing in some of the team shoots, which we are in hopes to arrange with some of the clubs near by before the season is over. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Converse	9	6	6	7	10	7	6	7	5	8	3	8	5	5	5
Coleman	2	4	4	2	3	3	5	5	5	5	3	4	5	5	5
Estabrook	4	3	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
Cutler	5	6	4	8	6	6	8	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7
Dix	7	3	6	6	8	8	8	3	6	6	6	4	4	4	4
Russell	5	8	9	10	5	8	5	6	7	7	7	7	7	7	7
Graves	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
Dwight	3	4	2	3	2	3	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4
Hawkins	5	5	6	5	7	5	6	6	5	4	6	6	6	6	6
Edwards	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6

Events 1, 2, 4, 6, 7, 9, 11, 13, 15, known; 3, 5, 8, 12, 14, unknown; 9, reverse; 10, 5 pairs.

Woonsocket Gun Club.

WOONSOCKET, R. I., May 13.—The Woonsocket Gun Club held a practice shoot Saturday, in which eight members participated, enjoying the generally favorable weather conditions. Those who made good scores laid down the rule that "the soft gray light is the shooter's light par excellence"; others "could not see a thing." The new pulls were voted a success, and with the contemplated slight change in position of traps and shooting platform, will put the club in possession of a good ground and complete equipment.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	25	5p	25	10*	25	5p	10
Mills	21	6	20	6	21	4	8
Getchell	19	5	19	5	20	7	5
Campbell	16	6	17	5	20	10	10
L Arnold	13	6	13	6	13	6	13
Darling	14	10	14	10	14	10	14
Balcom	10	9	10	9	10	9	10
L W Ballou	4	14	4	14	4	14	4
Seagrave	3	7	3	7	3	7	3
Daniels	14	14	14	14	14	14	14

Haverhill Gun Club.

HAVERHILL, Mass., May 13.—Our Memorial Day shoot, should the weather be favorable, promises to eclipse the one of April 19. The Portsmouth, N. H., Gun Club, with their ladies, have been invited, and should any strolling shooter, at a loss to know how to spend the day, no matter from what State or Territory, he hails, be within a reasonable distance of Haverhill, he should by all means attend this shoot, and we will make him feel at home.

Our handicap prizes consist of sole leather gun case, 6 1/4 lbs. Du Pont's Smokeless, and 100 loaded shells as first, second and third prizes, members only to compete for same.

The programme calls for 10 targets in all except the two handicap events, with optional sweeps of 50 cents each, targets extra. Light lunch served free to all shooters and their ladies.

C. F. LAMBERT, Sec'y.

The St. Louis Tournament.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., May 15.—The Veteran Club, of Kansas City, won the team race, scoring 5

Minneapolis Gun Club Shoot.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., May 12.—The Minneapolis Gun Club held its regular Thursday afternoon shoot yesterday. There was a good attendance. The features of the shoot were the straight score of Catamaran in the Paegel Diamond Badge and the shoot-off for the junior club badge between Messrs. Parker and Remington.

The free bus running in connection with the Eighth avenue car line was kept busy the greater part of the afternoon accommodating spectators and shooters.

A great deal of interest is being manifested thus early in the season in regard to shooting.

All who are so inclined are welcome to attend the Thursday shoots. Several new members have been elected of late and the old members are beginning to enthuse. The following are the scores in the different events:

Val Blatz diamond badge, 15 targets, unknown angles:	
French	10101111101011—11
Biffon	1110111111001—12
Parker	1101010111111—14
Hays	11010101110111—11
Nelly	11111101011101—12
Dr. Bill	11111101011111—13
Nelson	1101111011010—11
Mrs. Parker	1101110100010—8
Morrison	1101100100010—8
Black	11111110010101—11
Thompson	1111111111111—15
Catamaran	0101011111101—12
Remington	10010001010110—7

Thompson won the badge.

The Paegel diamond challenge badge, 15 targets, unknown angles:

French	1011111111101111—22
Biffon	111111111101010111—22
Parker	10111101011111110111—21
Hays	11001011111111110111—21
Neely	11001111111111110111—21
Dr. Bill	10101011011011010111—18
Mrs. Parker	11111101010000011110—17
Nelson	11110010010111011011—18
Morrison	00111111111100010011—17
Black	010101111110111101101—19
Thompson	11111111111111111101—24
Catamaran	111111111111111111—25
Green	10011100101001111111—18
Whitcomb	01010111111011001010—17
White	01111101011101111011—20
L. F. Kennedy	01011110100101111011—18
Johnston	011111010000101011101—16
Mrs. Johnston	111111101001011110111—20
Sully	0001100101111000001111—13
Ooegotell	000011110111110110110—17
Stone	011111111100101110111—20
O'Brien	1010011011000011001001—13
Hoy	1010011010000011011111—15
Hoffman	011100000111101011111—17
Wood	01101111111101011111—21
Griffith	11110101010101011011—18

Catamaran won the badge.

The Schlitz diamond badge, 25 targets, unknown angles:

French	11111110110111111011—22
Biffon	11101111110111111111—23
Parker	11111111011010101110—20
Hays	01111111110110101101—20
Neely	11100101010111111101—19
Dr. Bill	110101111101101011000—16
Mrs. Parker	11111000111110001010001—16
Black	00000001111010000010111—11
Nelson	110111110100010001111—16
Morrison	0001000001101000011010—9
Thompson	00111111110101111111—21
Catamaran	11010101111111111001—21
Green	0000110001001000101001—10
Whitcomb	110101011101110000011—16
White	11010101111111110111—22
L. F. Kennedy	111111100111110110101—20
Johnston	110101100111101100101—18
Mrs. Johnston	101011011101010111100—18
Stone	10110101111101111111—21
Dezotell	110001101111000110010—15
Sully	011001001010101001011—15
Gonella	1010100101000111010001—13
Remington	10110101111101111110—20

Biffon won the badge.

The club badges, 10 singles and 5 pairs, known angles:

French	1011111111	10 10 01 10 10—14
Griffith	010010011	01 01 10 10 00—9
Parker	1110001111	01 10 10 11 11—14
O'Brien	1111010111	11 11 10 11 10—16
Neely	1111111111	11 01 11 01 01—17
Dr. Bill	0101010101	00 01 01 01 01—11
Mrs. Parker	1111000110	00 01 01 00 01—11
Nelson	1111010111	11 00 10 11 11—16
Morrison	1011100000	10 10 10 10 10—10
Sully	0011100010	00 10 11 00 10—9
Thompson	1110111111	10 11 01 11 11—17
Catamaran	1111111101	10 11 11 10 10—16
Green	0100101011	10 00 10 11 01—10
Whitcomb	1101010101	10 10 10 10 10—12
White	1101010111	10 11 11 11 10—16
L. F. Kennedy	0100010100	00 10 00 10 10—7
Johnston	0011111000	10 11 00 00 10—10
Mrs. Johnston	1100011110	00 00 00 10 10—9
Hoffman	1111110111	10 10 00 11 11—15
Dezotell	1111111110	11 10 01 01 10—15
Hoy	1000100010	11 01 01 01 00—9
Remington	1000111111	00 11 10 00 10—11
Emerson	0100011010100	0100011010100
Mrs. Parker	1001001101001	1001001101001

Thompson won the senior badge; Mrs. Parker won the junior badge, and Neely won the amateur badge.

Upon The Heights.

BATAVIA, N. Y.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: I can remember Altoona when it was a scrub city, with board walks, a Pennsylvania Railroad town with a population very cosmopolitan. To-day Altoona is one of the considerable towns of the great commonwealth of Pennsylvania, and that is saying a good deal, because Pennsylvania is considerable of a State. Altoona is a very easy place to reach, but mighty hard to get away from. I arrived there on a certain date and arranged to leave on a certain date. I will not pause to explain here why it was that I did not make connections with the intended train. Suffice it to say, that the combination made up of Dr. Christy, Mr. Hauck and Mr. G. G. Zeth, most effectively checked any schemes that I had for a further move west.

On greeting a gentleman sportsman (whose name I cannot now remember), said he was glad to see me, and hoped that I would attend the Altoona tournament. He further remarked, "By the way, have you ever been to our shooting grounds on Wopsononock Heights?" I remarked that I had never visited Wopsononock Heights, but hoped that the pleasure would not be long denied me.

An hour afterward I had the honor of being introduced to Dr. Christy, and after some preliminary conversation, Dr. Christy said, "Have you ever been to our shooting grounds on Wopsononock Heights?" I remarked that I had never visited Wopsononock Heights, but hoped that the pleasure would not be long denied me.

Later in the evening I had the honor of being introduced to Mr. Hauck, and after some conversation upon the crops and the early spring and rather warm weather, he remarked, "By the way, have you ever visited our shooting grounds on Wopsononock Heights?" I remarked that I had never visited them, but hoped that the pleasure would not be long denied me.

At that moment Mr. G. G. Zeth made his appearance, and to whom I was at once presented, and after a few remarks upon the crops and weather, growing grass and singing birds and the general forwardness of spring and the fine condition of business in Altoona, he remarked, "By the way, have you ever visited our shooting grounds on Wopsononock Heights?" I remarked that I had not, but hoped that the pleasure would not be long denied me.

By this time, I was impressed that the shooting grounds on Wopsononock Heights were well worth visiting, and remarked that I should feel rather slighted if an opportunity was not afforded on this occasion for me to visit the shooting grounds on Wopsononock Heights. Mr. Hauck replied that the opportunity would be afforded me on the morrow; that a special train would be made up in my honor and in his charge as superintendent of the road, we would make the trip, and since this visit

I can understand why the gentlemen composed of the Altoona Shooting Club were so very enthusiastic over the location of their grounds, situated as they are, nearly 3,000ft. above sea level; for there is nothing like it in this country, and that means in the world. The magatrap is set so that the birds are thrown into space, and you watch them as they whirl through the air, sink and melt away from the vision in the abyss. Taking into consideration the whole situation, the position of the trap, the background, the mountain ranges laid out by nature's precise mathematics as far as the eye can reach, the valleys in sight, of which I may mention the Bald Eagle, Bells Gap, Homer Gap, Riggle Gap, Juniatta Gap, Dry Gap, Burgoon Gap, Kittanick Point and Bennington Gap, all forming a picture, under the rays of the setting sun, most exquisite.

Imagine, if you please, this magnificent view, with a background of the setting sun, veiled by golden clouds, each mountain peak brought out in bold relief, their sides reflecting the shimmer of the golden glory of the West, while further down their sides the light playing into deeper shadows, causing modest rainbow tints of surpassing beauty.

If the sunsets are beautiful, the mind runs riot in contemplation of a sunrise view from Wopsononock Heights. The weary trap-shooter, retiring at as early an hour as he usually does, presuming that he is staying at the Wopsononock House, rises the next morning just as day is breaking, and throwing open the lattice, looks over the mountains, waiting for the coming of the day. Brighter and still brighter grows the light in the east. Then comes the first rosy streaks heralding the coming of Old Sol. Brighter and brighter grows the horizon, the glow of the morning light is upon the mountains, and while he is drinking in the beauty of the scene, he sees the rim of the sun covering the mountains with a blanket of light. A few moments more and the valleys are brought out of the shadow and the day has begun. Gazing on the magnificent spectacle, he drinks in the freshness of the morning, and he feels glad that he is on Wopsononock Heights. It is well worth the trip up there to see the sunset or a sunrise to say nothing of the good entertainment at the Wopsononock Heights hotel. Dr. Christy informs me that the air on the heights has great health-bearing properties, and avers that it contains 88.7 per cent. of ozone, and this, I am confident, cannot be said of any other mountain range in the United States; and I have crossed them all. In fact, the Doctor thinks that there is enough ozone in the air on Wopsononock Heights that if it would be captured, so to speak, and bottled and used with a certain percentage of low land oxygen and properly administered, life would be prolonged almost indefinitely. I trust I shall not be charged with free advertising in favor of the wonderful shooting grounds at Wopsononock Heights, near Altoona, only I urge all sportsmen good and true to attend the Altoona tournament next month, and there receive in return fourfold for any time or money expended in the visit.

The other day a friend of mine showed me a flint lock pistol with 1½ in. barrel; a gentleman's pistol of long years ago. My friend does not own that pistol now; it is in my collection; and speaking of old things, it reminds me of John Krider's store. Any visit I make to Philadelphia, I endeavor to get down there to the old place, simply to look at it, and sometimes, when Uncle John Siner is in a reminiscent mood, listen to his stories of the long ago. I invariably approach the store on the opposite side of the street, in order that I may get a good view as possible from the pavement to its old gable. This old pile was erected by Wm. Penn. in 1734. In it we see the same old bricks, window casings and I believe the very same old show windows, that in their very dust and quaintness endears them not only to the antiquarian, but the sportsman as well. There are the very same counters, and the bench at which John Krider and others before him worked. This old store was opened as a gun store, if I am correctly informed, in 1836, and all the old-time sportsmen, of which we have any record in this country, almost have at one time or another purchased their supplies at this dear, funny old place. Henry W. Herbert (Frank Forester) has loafed in there, and talked gun and dogs with other of his friends. Uncle John Siner has been there since 1843, and among the pleasant stories he tells is one of Mr. Hazard, whom he described as a fine-looking gentleman who came into the store one morning, and in a hearty manner said, "Good morning, Krider," as if he had always known him, "I want you to try some of my powder; here is a sample; I think your customers will like it well enough to give it a trial." It would appear that up to this time there was no powder used, or known to sportsmen but Du Pont, unless indeed some canisters that found their way here from England. They were, however, willing to try the new powder, and later commended on its merits, finding it to be a very excellent powder. Mr. Siner tells of the cranks of those days, and of a way that they had of testing the cleanliness and quickness of powders. They would place small samples of the varieties on clean boards and flash them, observing the quickness of ignition and combustion, and looking critically for residue, greater or less, remaining. Mr. Siner told me of fine flint lock guns that he saw when a boy, and later some of the exquisite pieces of workmanship with the cap locks. Speaking of these guns and the men who made them and the times they were used, we were for an hour living in the past quite sixty years ago.

Before concluding, I want to speak of another old-timer, Mr. Chas. Weis, Erie, Pa., who is now approaching his seventieth birthday. I had a most interesting visit with him a short time since. He spoke of the time when they hunted deer as a business for market, when it was considered all right, and said that in his time he probably had killed over 1,200 deer and five elk way back in the 40s. He says the last elk killed in Pennsylvania was shot by Henry Haines, in 1858. He speaks of rifles weighing from 10 to 16lbs., having carried one himself of about the latter weight, and referred to the introduction of the percussion lock with a cap, and the percussion pill used prior to that, which was laid in a cup over the vent and struck by a hammer. In our day, we can scarcely believe that elk ever roamed the forests of Pennsylvania. We now associate them with Western game only, and conjecture the abundance and variety of game in the Middle States prior to sixty years ago.

DICK SWIVELLER.

St. Paul Rod and Gun Club.

ST. PAUL, Minn., May 6.—Herewith are scores made at our shoot Saturday afternoon at Kittsondale grounds. Twenty-five shooters faced the traps, and some excellent scores were made, F. Novotny carrying off the honors with a straight score. The senior badge was won by Morrison, and the junior by P. Hanser. Novotny was a visitor. We have put in the Sergeant system, and it proves very satisfactory. The weather was all that could be desired. About 2,000 birds were thrown.

No. 1 was at 25 targets, unknown angles, for the badge:

Bennett	010101111111111110110—21
Spear	1101000001110101001100—14
Moore	111111111111111111011—23
Martin	110000010101011111101—17
F. Novotny	11111111111111111111—25
Perry	1001010010001111101001—14
Morrison	11111111111101111111—24
Fonda	110001010111010101111—18
Ramaley	010110010010101111011—17
C. Hanser	0110100100010000111111—14
P. Hanser	0111110101111101011101—21
Leibrock	0011000101000111111101—16
E. Novotny	11010011111101011111—21
Hirsch	01111111111111111111—24
Murray	0011101110001111100011—17
Hutson	1010100101011101001001—14
George	00001100100100101101000—11
Wood	1111111111111111101001—22
Wild Rice	110111111011001100011001—18
Graaf	0111010010000101001001—10
Emerson	110111001010100100110110—15

Event No. 2 was at 10 singles and 5 pairs, as follows:

Bennett	1111111111	11 11 10 11 10—18
F. Novotny	1011111111	10 10 10 11 10—15
P. Hanser	1011011111	11 10 01 11 11—16
Leibrock	1010110100	10 10 01 00 11—11
Ramaley	1100010111	00 11 10 00 11—12
Morrison	1111111111	10 11 01 01 11—16
Hirsch	1011111110	10 11 11 11 11—17
George	0010001110	10 10 10 10 01—9
Wood	1111111111	10 10 10 10 01—15
Fonda	1101011111	00 11 11 10 10—14
C. Hanser	1101111111	11 01 10 10 10—15
Perry	1011101111	00 10 00 01 11—12
Emerson	0100000111	00 10 10 00 00—6
Cunningham	1101111111	10 01 10 00 10—12
E. Novotny	1111011111	10 11 10 10 10—15

A. E. PERRY, Sec'y.

In a match at 100 targets for \$25 a side, Mr. W. N. Sanders defeated Mr. B. H. Norton, May 10, at Lyndhurst, by the score of 68 to 54. There are no grounds which try a man's skill out more thoroughly than those of Tom Morley, as many have found by a falling off of their scores and confidence in their ability.

WESTERN TRAPS.

At the Illinois State.

CHICAGO, Ill., May 12.—This seems to be a year of double winnings. Tom Marshall is the biggest two-times winner of the year, and another Illinois man, Billy Crosby, of O'Fallon, has just won for a second time one of our most important Western trophies, the Board of Trade badge, of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, at Peoria. Mr. Crosby had to kill 60 straight to secure the medal, against 98 last year in the ties. Mr. Leisy, of Peoria, dropped out at the 59th bird, and Chas. Powers, of Decatur, killed 57 before he retired. There would seem to be shooting at Peoria this week. Thus Mr. Powers ran 180 straight in targets before he met misfortune. All the glory seems to go to the lower part of the State, for the Smith cup and the target championship was won by a Peoria man, Mr. F. C. Kiehl.

Chicago Clubs.

Our main interest centers in Peoria this week, but both Eureka and Garfield clubs will have good representations at their grounds this week.

On next Monday Mr. Oswald Von Lengerke and Mr. Walter Du Pee will resume their argument on the pigeon question at Watson's, Mr. Du Pee thinking that he can beat his competitor with his handicap of 4 birds added to his score. Mr. Von Lengerke thinks he can give the 4 birds and still win. And there you are.

Mr. A. W. Adams, president of the Eureka Club, is home and in good working form. He will do business at Eureka grounds henceforward.

St. Paul.

The St. Paul Rod and Gun Club has commenced its season of activity at the traps, and on May 6 held a nice shoot at the Kittsondale grounds. Mr. F. Novotny, a visitor, killed 25 straight. Morrison won the senior badge on 21, and P. Hansen the junior badge with 21. At unknown angles, other scores were: Thompson 21, Spear 14, Moore 23, Martin 17, Fonda 18, Perry 14, Ramaley 17, C. Hanson 14, Leibrock 16, E. Novotny 21, Hirsch 24, Murray 17, Hudson 14, George 11, Wood 22, Wild Rice 18, Graaf 10, Emmerson 15.

Trap Around Reading.

READING, Pa., May 6.—The Mt. Penn Gun Club held the first of a series of shoots for a gun on their grounds to-day. Ball won to-day, breaking 22 out of 25 targets, thrown by the magatrap. The scores in the first shoot for the gun were as follows: Ball 22, Yeager 21, Coleman 20, Hunsberger 15, Stock 15, Henry 16, Brown 16, Boyle 12. John Shafer officiated as referee in the above event. Sweepstakes followed. The scores were as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10
Yeager	8	6	9	10	9	9	Boyle	2	2
Ball	7	..	7	6	6	8	Brown	4	..	5	6	6	..
Coleman	7	7	8	6	Henry	6	6	6	4
Hunsberger	4	5	Shafer	6	8	..	8
Stock	3	6	7	7	Wertz	9	10	10

West Chester, Pa., May 9.—In the shoot to-day for the cup of the West Chester Gun Club, Ford and Henry each broke 22 out of 25 targets. In the shoot-off for the cup, Ford won, breaking 9 to Henry's 6. The scores follow:

Events:	*1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	*1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	25	10	5	10	10	10	Targets:	25	10	5	10	10	10
Green	14	5	4	7	5	..	Howard	14	6	3	7	5	8
Peters	21	10	3	7	5	10	Henry	22	..	3	9	7	..
Harrison	17	4	4	8	5	7	Lumis	15	..	4	9	9	..
Ford	22	5	10	9	Smith	18	..	3	8	10	..
Hanams	14	6	7	..	Todd	8	..	5	4
Hoar	13	2	3	9	9	..							

* Denotes the shoot for the cup.

Pottstown, Pa., May 6.—The Shuler Shooting Club, of this place, opened its new grounds at Sanatoga to-day. The following events were shot:

Events:	1
---------	---

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Connor	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	13	15	15	180	177	.983
Powers	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	13	15	15	180	176	.977
Heikes	14	14	15	15	15	15	15	14	15	15	14	15	180	176	.977
Gilbert	15	15	15	15	14	15	15	14	14	15	14	14	180	175	.972
Crosby	15	13	15	15	15	15	15	14	13	15	13	15	180	173	.961
Fanning	12	14	15	13	14	14	15	15	14	15	15	15	180	173	.961
Fulford	15	14	13	15	13	15	15	15	14	15	13	14	180	171	.950
Roll	15	15	15	14	15	14	13	14	11	15	14	15	180	170	.944
Young	15	13	14	15	15	14	13	15	15	13	14	14	180	170	.944
Marshall	13	14	14	15	13	13	13	14	14	14	13	15	180	167	.927
Budd	14	14	15	14	15	13	14	12	15	12	14	15	180	167	.927
Mackie	15	15	10	14	15	13	11	14	14	14	15	15	180	165	.916
Steck	14	14	14	14	12	11	13	10	13	14	13	15	180	157	.872
Riehl	13	14	14	13	10	10	12	15	14	14	15	10	180	156	.866
Shoff	12	12	14	15	13	13	12	12	13	11	14	12	180	153	.850
Pugh	12	12	15	..	14	15	15	13	12	..	10	..	135	118	.874
Winbinger	12	..	13	13	13	12	14	..	12	..	15	14	135	118	.874
Webster	15	14	13	14	15	14	15	..	13	..	120	113	.941
Meidroth	15	15	..	15	..	12	9	14	13	13	120	105	.875
Courtney	13	14	10	13	..	13	..	13	12	..	13	..	120	102	.833
S P Life	12	13	10	..	14	13	12	12	11	120	97	.808
Bingham	11	14	..	35	..	14	..	12	..	12	..	15	105	93	.885
Sammis	14	..	14	..	13	..	14	..	11	..	13	11	105	90	.857
Boa	15	..	14	..	15	..	15	..	14	..	13	..	90	86	.955
Guptil	14	..	13	..	15	..	15	..	13	..	14	..	90	84	.933
Thompson	14	..	13	..	14	..	13	..	13	..	14	..	90	81	.900
Walpert	14	..	13	13	14	..	13	11	90	78	.866
Fortier	13	..	15	..	13	..	12	..	14	..	10	..	90	77	.855
Harphan	11	..	12	..	15	..	14	..	11	..	13	..	90	76	.844
Crothers	12	..	12	..	13	..	11	..	15	..	10	..	90	73	.811
Morgan	13	..	12	..	12	..	14	10	12	90	73	.811
Mrs Shattuck	14	..	15	..	13	13	10	11	11	14	90	72	.800
Dr Shaw	14	..	14	..	14	..	11	..	12	..	10	..	90	72	.800
Burnside	12	13	10	..	8	..	13	14	90	70	.777

Crosby	2122222222	-10	I Watson	2022222222	-9
Stannard	2222222222	-16	Shaw	*2222222222	-9
Paddock	1211222222	-10	Nance	12011221	-9
England	2212221112	-10	Heilman	1221022222	-9
Walpert	2122121221	-10	Shepard	121112101	-9
Paterson	2122222222	-10	Barr	12111111*	-9
V F Boltensine	2222212222	-10	Wimbling	2221202122	-9

Parkman	1122222222210	-12
Brown	2222222222220	-11
Lafin	1112221120	-9
Cropper	111222110	-9
Sammis	212222110	-8
Bacon	22222220	-7
I Watson	2222220	
Shaw	12122*	
Nance	212120	
Heilman	12220	
Shepperd	12210	
Barr	12210	
Winbigler	1120	
Meidroth	220	
Porter	10	
Shoff	20	
Morris	0	
Ellett	0	
Guptill	0	
McBarnes	w	
Huff	w	
Ties on 8:		
Woodford	212221222222222	-16
Bingham	221121212212120	-15
A S Miller	1211221210	-10
Harding	122120	-6
W Hoff	22210	-4
Collier	2220	-3
Waugh	220	-2
Fortier	220	-2
Carson	20	-1
Owens	*	-0

Team Shoot.

This event was started immediately after the ties in the diamond badge contest were decided, which was after dinner, Wednesday. There were fourteen clubs represented in this race, and fifteen were entered. The conditions permit each club to enter two teams, but only the local ones availed themselves of this opportunity.

The programme stipulated that the entry in the contest would be \$20 per team, but some of the clubs protested against this, so it was changed to \$10, or rather the price of the birds. Thus there was nothing but the added money to contest for, which amounted to \$100, and was divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent.

The Du Pont Gun Club, composed of Marshall, Bingham, Crosby and Powers, and the Peoria Gun Club No. 2, represented by Portman, Heilman, Shoff and Sammis, tied for first on 39 out of 40, Crosby and Heilman being the unfortunate ones.

Rock Island and Pekin clubs tied on 37, and divided second money. Four clubs tied for third, Alcedo, Genesee, Canton and the Alpine of Chicago.

First money netted each team \$25; second paid \$15, and third remunerated each to the extent of \$5.

Individually and collectively the shooting in this event was very good, as altogether these teams averaged nearly 90 per cent., six being the lowest scored by any of the principals, while straight scores were numerous.

The birds were a mixed lot, improving as the race progressed. On the first day there was no wind, though there was a light breeze on the second day.

It is well to understand that this event began on Wednesday, and was not decided until the following day.

The conditions were four men to a team for the club team championship, 10 birds per man, 40 per team; entrance price of the birds, for a purse of \$100, three money, 50, 30 and 20:

Du Pont Gun Club.			Canton Gun Club.		
Marshall	22222222222-10		Detterline	2222222222-10	
Bingham	2222222222-10		Brown	2222222222-9	
Crosby	2222222220-9		Ellett	2222222222-10	
Powers	2211222222-10-39		Thompson	2220122222-7-36	
Peoria Gun Club No. 2.			Fiper City Gun Club.		
Portman	2221221222-10		Harris	0222112121-9	
Heilman	2221221220-9		McBarnes	1222222222-10	
Shoff	2222222222-10		Fortier	2221222222-10	
Sammis	2221222222-10-39		Miner	2220122222-8-35	
Rock Island Gun Club.			Canton Gun Club.		
Cropper	2112212122-10		Craig	221221111-9	
Porter	211122222-9		Scott	1121112221-10	
Lafin	212201111-9		Smith	211121*01-8	
Nance	211221212-9-37		Harding	220122222-8-35	
Pekin Gun Club.			Dixon Gun Club.		
Becker	121101111-9		Woodford	2122212222-10	
J Hoff	1210211221-9		Morris	1221*01222-8	
W Hoff	1222221111-10		Throop	1221222*21-8	
H Lemm	2*21212122-9-37		Paukhurst	2122021111-9-35	
Alcedo Gun Club.			Chillicothe Gun Club.		
Parkman	2222012111-9		Guptill	2111201212-9	
Winbigler	1222221112-10		Barr	1122011011-8	
A S Miller	111111111-9		Whiting	1222212212-9	
Cool	2*21212122-8-36		Bescon	2222202222-9-35	
Genesee Gun Club.			Eureka Gun Club.		
Harbaugh	21121221*2-9		Paterson	1020011021-6	
V Boltenstine	*22211212-9		Steck	1222212122-10	
H Boltenstine	1221111110-9		Stannard	2211212222-10	
M Boltenstine	2221222202-9-36		Roll	2222202222-9-35	
Alpine Gun Club.			Garden City Gun Club.		
Crothers	1122222220-9		J Watson	*122212202-8	
Barto	2222222222-10		Levy	2122012220-8	
Boa	2222222212-9		I Watson	222022022-7	
Simonetti	222222*022-8-36		J A Ruble	2101021221-8-31	
Peoria Gun Club No. 2.			Walpert	222*221120-8	
Bartson	2111111112-10		Leisy	2012122222-9-34	
Meidroth	12222*0110-7				

L. C. Smith Cup.

This trophy is indicative of the State championship at inanimate targets, and the competition is entirely different from the other target events, it being shot one man up, three unknown traps, 20 targets per man. These conditions were evidently not to the liking of many, as the entry in this race was not very big, only thirty taking part in it. Of this number Reihl, Crosby and Ruble broke straight. They decided to divide the proceeds of the entry next year, and shot off for the cup. Everyone expected that this would be a closely contested shoot-off, but it came to a very quick termination, and only nine targets were needed to reach a conclusion. Reihl scored all of his, but Crosby could get no further than his 6th, while Ruble lost his 5th. Mr. C. F. Reihl is a comparatively new shooter and hails from Alton, Ill. He used a Parker, Leader and Du Pont. Powers, J. Hoff and Stannard divided second money, \$70, and shot off for the 300 shells that were at issue. These Powers won, but generously gave them to Hoff.

Geo. Roll shot out Marshall and De Wolf, who were tied on 18 with him. This gave him a fishing rod. They of course divided the \$50. Seven tied on 17, and divided \$40, while Morgan, of Chicago, and Harris shot out the others and divided the six quarts.

The conditions of this event were 20 targets, three unknown traps, entrance \$5, birds extra. Winner this year to receive all the entrance next year. The scores:

Geo Reihl	11111111111111111111-20
W B Crosby	11111111111111111111-20
J A Ruble	11111111111111111111-20
J Hoff	11011111111111111111-19
C M Powers	11011111111111111111-19
W D Stannard	11111111111111111111-19
Geo Roll	11111111111111111111-18
T Marshall	01111111111111111111-18
De Wolf	11101101111111111111-18
R Simonetti	11110101111111111111-17
E K Crothers	10111111111111111111-17
Dr Shaw	11011011111111111111-17
J Thompson	11101101111111111111-17
A C Connors	11101111111111111111-17
G Walpert	10111101111111111111-17
Morgan	01101110111111111111-17
J B Barto	10111101111111111111-16
Boa	11110111111111111111-16
B Woodford	10111101111111111111-16
Winbigler	11110111111111111111-16
J E Smith	10111101111111111111-16
Parkman	11011011111111111111-15
H Lemm	11011011111111111111-15
Guptill	11110111111111111111-15
Minor	10110111111111111111-15
Pfeiffer	00111101111111111111-14
Lyons	1111111001010010111-14
E Bingham	00010101111111111111-13
G Fortier	1011111001101000111-13
Dr Carson	100100w
Meidroth	

Ties on 20 for cup:					
Reihl	11111111	— 9	Ruble	11110	— 4
Crosby	111110	— 6			
Ties on 19:					
Powers	111111111	— 10	Stannard	1110	— 3
J Hoff	11111110	— 9			
Ties on 18:					
Roll	11111	— 5	De Wolf	1110	— 3
Marshall	11110	— 4			
Ties on 17:					
Morgan	111111111	— 10	Simonetti	110	
Harris	11111110	— 9	Shaw	01010	
Thompson	11110		Walpert	0	
Connor	11110				

PAUL R. LITZKE.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Sanders-Norton.

Lyndhurst, N. J., May 10.—On the grounds of the Lyndhurst Association to-day, in a match at 100 targets, \$25 a side, Mr. W. N. Sanders beat Mr. B. H. Norton. Score 68 to 54.

W H Sanders	1011100101011101111110-18
	000011000101110111110111-15
	0010111110010110011011-16
	1111100110011111011011-19-68
B H Norton	1000101110111111000000-12
	10000110111011100100110-14
	00100110111110000010110-13
	0110110001011101011010-15-54

Two sweeps followed: In No. 1, 15 targets, the scores were: Sanders 8, Norton 7, Packard 13. No. 2: Sanders 10, Norton 9, Packard 6.

Trap at Singac.

Singac, N. J., May 10.—Messrs. J. H. Fletcher and Arthur Bunn shot a match here to-day at 25 live birds, the conditions of which were that each stood at 25yds., the former having three extra birds to shoot at. He won out on even terms, hence the extra birds were not required to finish his competition.

There also was a match on for to-day at 50 live birds between Messrs. Bunn and Moffett, but owing to other interests engaging the attention of the latter, he could not be present, and the match in consequence did not come off. The birds were barely an average lot, though there was an occasional good one, of which Fletcher's 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 17th, 19th, 21st and 22d were noticeable, and the same applies to Bunn's 5th, 7th, 12th, 19th and 21st. The score follows:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1899, by Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

		↑	↓	↑	↓	↑	✓	T	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	
--	--	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	--

Freehold Gun Club.

Freehold, N. J., May 12.—The following event was from five traps, unknown angles. Hance was first, Snyder second, Vanderveer and Ellis tied on 21, and in the shoot-off at 10 targets, Ellis scored 9 to Vanderveer's 8 and won third. The scores:

Snyder	01011011111011111111011101-23
E Vanderveer	1011100011011011011001110111-21
R A Ellis	11011110010101101101100110111-21
Heyer	011001100010101110110011100-17
Jas Laird	111010100011101010001101010011-16
Hance	10110110110110111111110111-25
Shepherd	0111011010010101110100101110-18
J T Laird	01110110110011111110010110001-19

New Jersey Central League.

Dunellen, N. J., May 13.—The first League contest of this Association took place to-day. There were three teams in the contest, one from the Climax Gun Club of Plainfield; one from the Dunellen Gun Club, of Dunellen, and one from the Reservoir Gun Club, of New Brunswick. There were five men to a team, 25 targets to a man.

At the annual meeting officers were elected as follows: President, J. G. Lindzey; Vice-President, T. H. Keller; Secretary and Treasurer, H. B. Smith. The conditions governing the shoots were not changed. Contests take place on every other Saturday, and the next one is fixed for May 27, on the grounds of the Reservoir Gun Club, at New Brunswick, N. J.

The team contest was as follows: Climax Gun Club of Plainfield—Apgar 20, Manning 19, S. Terry 19, Goodman 16, Lambert 16—90.

Dunellen Gun Club, of Dunellen—Runyon 22, Osborn 18, Fletcher 16, Giles 15, Lindzey 13—84.

Reservoir Gun Club, of New Brunswick—Belloff 21, Keller 20, Hovey 15, Strong 13, Smith 12—81.

Sweepstakes were shot, and the scores are added hereto:

Apgar	10	7	9	9	7	6	6	9
Fletcher	5	9	6	4	8	8	7	6
Keller, Jr.	4	4	6	5	5	7	4	3
Vanderveer	7	8	6	8	5	6	5	9
Goodman	9	7	7	6	5	8	7	9
Giles	6	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
Osborn	5	6	5	9	7	9	9	8
H B Smith	6	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
Strong	7	4	5	6	3	5	6	6
Keller	7	7	7	10	9	10	8	8
Manning	7	8	8	6	5	5	5	5
Gerow	1	2	3	3	8	5	5	5
Hovey	8	9	6	9	8	5	5	5
Lambert	3	5	6	7	7	7	7	7
Hobart	7	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Teel	3	2	2	2	2	2	2	2
Lindzey	9	8	8	8	8	8	8	8
Belloff	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8

ON LONG ISLAND.

Brooklyn Gun Club.

Brooklyn, L. I., May 13.—The attendance of visitors was quite large, considering that the weather indications were not of the best. Dr. Kemble was in fine form, and shot exceedingly well. No. 4 was a handicap prize shoot. The handicap allowance in this event follows names in the list of shooters. All tied in the main event on shooting their allowances. Then the ties were shot off on 15 singles and 5 pairs, the scores then being as in event No. 5 in the scores. On the second ties Kemble, Scheubel, F. S. Thompson and Bramwell tied.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	10	25	25	15	15	15	15	15	15
W H Thompson, 12	8	6	19	16	17	15	15	15	15	15
Dr Kemble, 9	10	21	19	17	21	14	12	8	11	11
Lane, 9	5	3	19	14	14	14	14	14	14	14
F A Thompson, 5	8	7	19	22	19	23	10	12	6	15
Dr Creamer, 10	4	6	17	18	14	17	15	15	15	15
Dudley, 2	10	23	21	24	13	12	13	12	8	8
Hopkins, 4	23	23	21	14	14	10	11	11	11	11
Wright, 15	16	9	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Scheubel, 5	21	20	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Bramwell, 5	22	20	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10

Fort Smith Gun Club.

FORT SMITH, Ark., May 9.—On May 9, after the races were over, the shoot of the Fort Smith Gun Club, which had been postponed from Saturday on account of rain, was run off. Several new shooters were present, Messrs. Clark and Trobridge being among the number. Both shot exceedingly well considering that it was their first effort over the grounds of this club. The day was fine, the birds were not thrown hard, but the shooting was horrible. Nothing like it has been seen on the grounds prior to this time. Everybody had an "off" day, and it seemed that no one could make a run of 10 straight, nor was it done during the day. Following is the score:

Shot	at	Broke.	Av.	Shot	at	Broke.	Av.
Leach	50	34	.680	Trobridge	26	18	.600
Baptiste	50	32	.640	A W Boyd	50	22	.440
Matthews	50	31	.620	C H Boyd	50	18	.360
Clarke	40	20	.500				

SECRETARY.

Boston Gun Club.

WELLINGTON, Mass., May 12.—Good scores resulted at the last Wednesday shoot of the Boston Gun Club, at Wellington. Fine weather conditions aided of course, and it only remained for somebody to take full advantage of them. Mr. Griffith, of Pascoag, R. I., proved the man of the hour, scoring 91 out of his 100, placing his 30 straight in the match in his usual quiet fashion, yet none the less decisively. His targets throughout the shoot were centered well, denoting accurate aim and steady hold, with probably also his frequent practice over a magautrap, standing him in good stead. At the conclusion of the match he was warmly congratulated by the home crowd, who are sufficiently sportsman-like to rejoice as much when a visitor walks off with the honors after earning them as when it is one of themselves.

Others shot well too. Mr. Howe with 86 targets, six 9s and four 8s out of 100; Gordon, Allison, Leroy, Miskay and sheffield with at least a small straight. Scores:

||
||
||

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO.

TERMS, \$4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. {
SIX MONTHS, \$2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1899.

VOL. LII.—No. 21.
{ No. 846 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

IN FLORIDA.

No State in the Union presents an example of more wanton, foolish, wasteful and devastating game destruction than Florida. Within the memory of those who are comparatively young, the vast areas of the peninsula have been converted from districts which were fairly superabounding in game, to what are now barren wastes, where one may travel for days and catch sight of nothing but vermin. Florida has been overrun for years by wanton butchers, who in the name of sport and in the guise of sportsmanship, have slaughtered without let or hindrance. Now at this late date the horse having been stolen, Florida is locking the stable door with a padlock of formidable strength.

The Legislature this year has enacted a law which embodies some of the most stringent provisions of the advanced game legislation of the day. With respect to deer the FOREST AND STREAM Platform Plank has been adopted; the new statute provides that deer may not be sold at any time. A non-transportation provision has been adopted with respect to wild turkeys and quail or partridge; the law forbids the carrying of this game from one county to another, except that hunting parties may take their own game home with them. Export of game beyond the State is entirely prohibited. Limitations are put upon the amount of game. The shooter is restricted to four wild turkeys in a day and twenty-five quail; and a hunting party to six turkeys and fifty quail; and until 1905 one person may not kill more than five deer. Restriction of this nature are among those to which the objection is made that they cannot be enforced, since it is impossible for anyone except the individual to know how many birds or how many deer he has killed in a day or in a season. On the other hand one prevailing influence of such legislation is that it teaches a new idea. It inculcates an appreciation of the fact that the taking of wild game by the individual citizen is a privilege which may be accorded to him in just such degree as public interests appear to warrant, and if once a comprehension of this principle can be instilled into the public mind, the cause of game protection has been materially advanced.

The provision of the new law which will excite the most comment is a non-resident license section, requiring that before hunting for the purpose of killing any wild deer, turkey or quail in any county, a non-resident must apply to the clerk of the circuit court of the county for a permit to hunt, paying for it \$10. The money so collected is to be used for the purpose of paying the game warden of the county. The chief intent of this provision appears to have been to provide funds for enforcing the law. Public opinion in Florida is so apathetic in respect to the preservation of game and the execution of the laws that we cannot help thinking these stringent enactments so far in advance of public opinion that their enforcement will be difficult; and the new law is likely to be a dead letter precisely as the old law was. It would manifestly have been impossible to secure from the Legislature an appropriation for the purpose of paying the game warden, and the non-resident clause therefore has been adopted as an expedient for raising the necessary revenue. If Florida had begun in 1865 to hold to account the men who invaded its borders with rifles and shotguns, and who crimsoned the shores of its rivers with the blood of wild creatures slain in wantonness from the decks of passing boats, and if it had educated its own citizens to a point of decency where they would not have killed deer the year round, including does heavy with young, there would still be an abundance of game and an alluring attraction for non-residents. As it is now, the fields are so barren of birds, that the number of sportsmen tourists in Florida has of recent years greatly decreased.

We note in some of our Florida exchanges criticisms upon the statute, based upon the ground that it is unconstitutional, as being in conflict with the Federal Constitution which declares that "The citizens of each State shall be entitled to all privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States." While non-resident game laws have not been tested in the higher courts on this ground, we repeat what we have said before, that in the light of decisions bearing upon the question, notably in the case of Greer vs. State of Connecticut in the United States Supreme Court, there is reason to believe that the constitutional authority of the State in the protection of its game extends to and includes the right of discrimination against non-residents.

THE "ALL" OF IT.

THE guild of anglers owes much to him or her who first expressed in words the truism that "it is not all of fishing to fish." Vague as it is in generalization and negative as a definition, it is nevertheless readily accepted as a self-evident proposition, clear, concise and a tenet of the guild; for does not every reader or hearer of it, who has experienced the delights of practical angling, know complementary elements which truthfully constitute the "all"? The sport of angling so abounds with pleasure that one has but to look back in one's own experience to assent to the tenet that "it is not all of fishing to fish." In its incomplete negation, it in no wise offends the beliefs of anyone, nor does it exalt any part of the sport above others. Each individual is left free to enjoy his own affirmative. Past experiences and delights of memory are left undisturbed by it, though brought to mind in the pleasure of living them over again.

There are no opportunities for opposing opinions as to what constitutes the "all" of fishing when each one has his own experiences, and his own supreme judgment as the definition and final test to determine it. In its wealth of wholesome means of enjoyment, there is that variety which in whole or in part pleases the taste of all who engage in it. In this lies its greatest charm. Given the fishing as a motive, the devotee relaxes from the cares and struggles of business, and goes forth to where there are clear waters, in a setting of woods and fields, rich in nature's own colors, and all fragrant with the odors of the world's great laboratory. Thus, as to what fishing really is each angler is a law to himself, as to its pleasures. If each angler were to attempt to define its pleasures and fascinations, there would hardly be two definitions precisely alike even in idea. Each one is governed by his own experiences, habit of thought and emotions; but such is the subtle witchery of the sport that each follower of it has a personal interest and sympathy in the doings of his fellow in sport, however radically his ideas and practice of the pastime may differ from his own.

Your true sportsman is distinctly unselfish in his pleasures. He delights in the company and participation of congenial fellows, and if that pleasure is or is not denied him, he writes out his story, if he is of the true spirit, narrating the doings and incidents of his outing for the delectation of his brethren who are "chained to business," thus in a way sharing his pleasures with them. There is thus an infinity of side lights for those who are denied participation, and a constant adding to the store of affirmation that "it is not all of fishing to fish." So long as nature's moods and works change constantly, presenting new pictures and new ideas to him who notes them, the literature of fishing will grow and grow without ever reaching a full telling of what it really is, though the tenet that "it is not all of fishing to fish" will ever hold good.

THE NEW JERSEY PROTECTOR.

FROM many sources come evidences of the deep feeling entertained by New Jersey sportsmen respecting the appointment of State Fish and Game Protector. The present incumbent of the office is Mr. Chas. A. Shriner, of Paterson, whose entire record is that of an exceptionally capable, devoted and efficient officer. Mr. Shriner's record is one of which any public official might well be proud. He has done his duty intelligently, fearlessly and honestly. In all the years of his service we have never heard one word in question of the conduct of his office, except in certain cases seized upon by a sensational press for strictures based upon alleged conditions which did not exist in fact. To Protector Shriner the former Fish and Game Commission owed in large measure the shrewdness and executive efficiency of its administration. We are convinced that the members of the old board would fully and freely bear their willing testimony to this fact. In particular we know that Mr. Howard P. Frothingham, president of the old commission, and of the one now in office, has expressed himself unreservedly in appreciation of the value of Mr. Shriner's co-operation with the board both in enforcing the laws and in conducting the fish stocking enterprises.

For what reason then, the citizens of New Jersey are asking themselves, can there be any question of the retention of Protector Shriner in his present place? If his public record and the minutes of the commission and the estimation of the commissioners themselves testify to his capacity as an officer, why should there be any doubt

of his reappointment for another term? The question is one which finds ready reply. It is a matter of politics. For no other reason would a commission of four business men charged by their obligations of office to care for the public interest of the commonwealth think for a moment of dispensing with the services of the man known to them to be the one best fitted to serve those interests. If Messrs. Frothingham, Halsey, Morris and Budd were to conduct the affairs of the commission as they would manage their own private interests, they would never entertain the thought of losing Mr. Shriner. No more would they consider such a thing in the management of the public business, were they altogether unhampered by political complications, and free to manage the affairs of the commission as they would their own.

The situation then, divested of befogging politics, is perfectly simple and clear; and the duty of the commissioners in the premises is plain. Having in view only the interests they have been charged to uphold, they should disregard all other considerations, recognize their obligations to the public alone, and pursue the course which will make for the advantage of the State. No weighing of action in the false scales of politics can make wrong right or right wrong. To put into the protector's place the best man available will be to insure the continued usefulness of the service; to throw that man overboard in obedience to a dictation which is inspired by antagonism to the cause of game protection and fish stocking will be to sacrifice at once the public interest and their own place in public esteem. As between a Governor who has openly declared that all game and fish laws should be repealed and the Game and Fish Commission should be abolished, and a commission guided by a determination to uphold the laws and replenish the fish supply, the people will be with the commission every time, and all the time.

We have said that there exists deep feeling on this subject in New Jersey. The existence of the feeling is not enough. It should be given expression. We urge then upon New Jersey sportsmen the imperative duty of making known to the Commission the sentiments so freely expressed in private. It is a time for something more than talk if New Jersey does not wish to see its game and fish interests sacrificed. The Commission, through its President, Mr. Howard P. Frothingham, of Mt. Arlington, should be apprised of the public feeling on the subject.

SNAP SHOTS.

The fundamental principle of the poultry yard industry is that if you would have broilers you must set your hens and hatch out chickens. No one ever yet reaped a fortune from the chicken business by killing off the last hen in the yard and then waiting for eggs to rain out of the sky. This, however, is what we have been doing with our game for so these many years; and only just now are we coming around to the poultry yard recognition of the principles involved, and beginning to farm our game fields as we would our chicken yards. In a quiet way there has been during the last season a very large restocking of fields with quail and pheasants. This has been carried on with a thoroughness and scope in New Jersey unequalled elsewhere by public authorities. Importations of quail have been brought from the Indian Territory and distributed here and there to the care of land holders who would undertake to protect them from encroachments during the breeding season; and there is every reason to believe that the results of the present enterprise will prove as successful as have been those of recent years in the same State. The New Jersey authorities have now engaged in this branch of game restocking long enough, and on a scale sufficiently large, to determine that it is a practicable and satisfactory expenditure of effort.

We used to have frequent letters from Havana recounting the excursions of the Cuban Field Sports Club, but the pleasant correspondence was long since interrupted by the grave complications which for the time prevented indulgence in the pursuits of the field. Now that various reforms are being instituted, it is probable that suitable game legislation will be adopted; we have a communication from our whilom correspondent intimating as much. In course of time Cuba may become a winter resort of American sportsmen.

If the waninish were found in the Wabash and a Wisconsin angler were to fish for them there, retaining the ancient spellings he would be described as a man from Quisconsin catching ouananiche in the Oubouskigon.

The Sportsman Tourist.

The Lazy Indian.*

NOTWITHSTANDING that Indians are so generally called lazy, I think there is a good deal to be said on the other side. Did anyone ever see an Indian lazy when he had an object to call him out? Did anyone ever see a white man more active, more energetic, more alert, or more tireless and patient about his task than an Indian when he has an adequate motive?

Are Indians ever lazy when they are on the fresh track of a deer? On the contrary, they are so full of life and vigor that a white man's movements seem lazy and slow in comparison. When they are diving in the river for salmon they are not lazy. After they have learned the use of money, offer them \$2 a day to build a brush house or do any work they are familiar with, and they will not be lazy, but will work with surprising agility. We see consequently that when they are doing nothing and appear to white men to be lazy, it is not because they have no work in them, but because they have nothing to do, or have no motive for doing anything. Give them something to do that they think is worth doing, or give them a motive, and you will find there is work enough in them. If they have nothing to do and have no motive for working, how much are they to blame, and how are they any different from white men for not working? If a white man had nothing to do and no motive for doing anything, he would perhaps be as lazy as an Indian.

The necessity of working to earn a living and the opportunities to go further and get rich are what keep the main body of white men at work, and here lies the explanation of the Indian's apparent indolence. With them there is no necessity for earning a living, and no opportunities to get rich. Bountiful nature provides them every year with their daily food, and all they have to do is to gather it. No need of their working every day from morning until night. It would do them no good if they did. When they have procured food enough to sustain them and covering enough to keep them warm, all work beyond that is thrown away. If they worked twenty hours a day they could not improve their condition any. Then why should they work? It is not necessary for them to earn their living. This motive to work, the almost universal stimulus to labor among the civilized races, does not exist for the Indian. Suppose it were wholly withdrawn from the lives of white men; would they be much more industrious than the Indians?

Besides this, the Indian cannot practically increase his wealth. His wealth lies in the countless red berries of the manzanita bushes abounding in the hills, and in the millions of acorns on the oaks of the forest, and in the endless migrations of salmon past his wigwam. No work that he can do will make him any richer. No idleness or laziness of his will make him any poorer.

His wealth consists in the stocks that he owns in nature's great granary, and these will yield the same yearly dividends whether he works or not. His labor cannot increase the value of his stock or raise his dividends a particle, nor can his idleness depress the stock or reduce the dividends. He has no hope of getting any richer nor fear of getting any poorer.

Consequently the chief motives for work that civilized races have the Indian is wholly destitute of. The power and desire to accumulate property is what makes civilized men work, because they will get richer for it. But neither the power nor desire to accumulate property exists among the Indians, and if they did work they could become no richer for it. Allowance ought to be made for this in passing judgment on the Indian's often-quoted laziness.

Suppose now that at this moment every person in the town or city which the reader lives in had an independent income, which he could neither increase by his work or diminish by his idleness. Should we have any lazy people in the community? Would not three-fourths of them become lazy? Wherein are the Indians any worse?

It ought to be explained here that almost all Indians appear nowadays to a great disadvantage in everything, owing to the very demoralizing effect of their acquaintance with white men, and this is particularly true in regard to their activity. We do not see them now in their primitive character. When the overland train nowadays stops at a station in the far West and one sees a group of listless Indians loitering about the platform in dirty, white man's clothes, one gets about as correct an idea of these Indians in their normal primitive wildness as one does of a panther in a caravan, that lifelong captivity has completely disheartened, and that has had all his native life and spirit whipped and poked and teased and starved out of him. We do not see the Indians in these times as they appeared a century or more ago, when they were proud of their individual exploits and physical accomplishments, when their deeds of skill and bravery were appreciated and admired, when they took pride in the power of their bows and arrows, and ate thankfully and proudly the fish they had captured, and the acorn soup their women had made for them; when they were proud of their mountains, plains and forests, when the course of their lives was as full of interest to them as the child's play is to the child, and they entered into their life with a corresponding zest. Now all this has been changed. Their spirits are broken. Their pride is gone. The white man's rifle has made them ashamed of their bows and arrows. The white men's sneers have made them ashamed of their home-made soup and dried fish. Individual prowess is of no account, now that gunpowder and lead can do so much more.

They have nothing to be proud of now. The great, powerful race that has come like a cloud of locusts upon them swarms over their hills and plains and forests, and what was their pride is now their grief and shame. It gives them pain to look on what was once their happiness. They cannot keep up their interest in the things that this superior race openly despises. Their little games and dances look mean and inferior compared with, to them, the imposing celebrations of the white men. Their interest has died out in them, as it has with everything

else that they most enjoyed and gloried in. A sense of their inferiority meets them at every turn. They are discouraged, disheartened, broken-spirited. The old fire will not come back in their veins at the bidding of any of the things that used to call it up, or if it does, the sight of a white man will quench it again. Is it to be wondered at that they do not display much activity or life? Is it to be wondered at that they appear lazy and spiritless?

"What use, what use is it?" they say, "for the poor Indian to try to do anything? Everything we do in the presence of white men only brings up a fresh sense of shame. We were proud of our hills and our forests and our rivers; we were proud to tell our children these would some day be theirs; we were proud of our tribe; we were proud of each other; we were proud of our Mother Earth that gave us such bountiful harvests of food. We are ashamed of all these things now; we are ashamed to learn from the white devil that has come among us, that we do not own our beautiful woods and hills; we are ashamed that we have told our children that they should be theirs; we are ashamed of each other and of our tribe and of our pitiful rations of acorns and fish."

This is the reason that the Indians do not seem more active. This is the reason that the Indians around the railroad stations and the settled towns look so listless,



MARSHALL RADCLIFF.

Half-breed boy, McCloud River Indians, California.

lazy and dejected. The white man has not only consciously dispossessed them of their lands and their inheritance, which was bad enough, but he has unconsciously robbed them of everything that made life dear to them. He has poisoned all their fountains of happiness. He has changed their sweet things of life into wormwood and gall. He has robbed them of their pride, their ambition and their manhood. He has taken, so to speak, the very marrow out of their lives, and the life that is left them is a burden, a bondage and a disgrace. These things account to some extent for what the white man calls the Indian's laziness.

SALMO.

A Camp on the Chickahominy.

WANTING an outing that would be new, pleasant, and not too far from home, yet health-giving, we decided on a tenting trip for a short season. This had been planned, talked of, and the larder filled so many times on paper, it was with very little trouble we laid in a stock of provisions we thought suitable; and the tent, set up in dreams so often, was actually bought, and the day soon came when we were ready to start. I must admit there were several return trips after the door was locked and a slight nervousness as to just how this thing would turn out.

Living in the city of Richmond, we, by happy chance, selected the historic Chickahominy Swamp for our camping ground. We had gone a few days before to be sure of a satisfactory site, and to obtain permission from the owner, which was given gladly. The place was high, dry and on the river bank, among grand old pines that sung and sighed until every sense was soothed and rested. It was a small party with small experience that left the C. & O. station that hot day in June. There was our friend Les, Tad our boy, W. and myself.

The ride on the train of about an hour was of no special interest, for the country is flat, and only the delightful freshness of the long tracts of woodland saves it from being most commonplace. Reaching Providence Forge, we alighted and found ourselves for once interesting to outsiders. The darkies grinned when they heard our plans, and the whites, however humble, were too polite to imply by any word they thought we were crazy, but they had not perfect command of the expression of their faces. After considerable talking we secured the services of a young black giant, who, placing the bag in which the

tent was packed with some cooking utensils on his head, a grip in one hand and a basket in the other, started off briskly for the "Reach," which was our destination.

It was hot even at 4 o'clock, and the four dozen eggs I carried increased steadily in weight, until each weighed about a pound at a rough guess. But the rest of the party were well loaded, so there was nothing to do but go on.

It was fully an hour before we came to the beautiful Sycamore Spring plantation, and filed down an ideal shady path to get a drink of the delicious water that gushed and gurgled from the side of the bank. To our right was the old deserted mansion house and one cabin standing, that occupied by the last of the old servants, Aunt Venie. But there was too much to be done to stop for investigating that night.

A short walk brought us to our camp ground, and a more lovely spot it has never been my pleasure to look on. It was a large cleared space, about 50 ft. from the river, which I am sure nature intended for a camp, and we were the first to discover the secret in all these ages! We unloaded and rested for a few minutes, trying to take it all in and getting delightful breaths of piny odors, and realize that this was actually to be our home for a few days.

We were soon at work. W. and Les hunting tent poles, while Tad and I unpacked the things that would be first needed, because usually those are left until the last, and until every package has been ramsacked in desperation. In a surprisingly short time the tents were up and well pegged, then the two "big boys" started for firewood, while Tad and I filled pillow-slips with pine tags and carried pine tags into the tent until they were knee deep, and oh, the fragrance of that bed!

The air was beginning to get cool, and the rousing fire the boys made was very pleasant. I'm not sure the fire was made in strict accordance to woodcraft, but we thought it a success. There was a quiet, suppressed excitement when we began to get supper. It was an important event, and I did want to do my best, but just where and how to get kettles placed on those uncertain looking logs, was puzzling! Many suggestions were offered, and at last by the help of a stout pole with a knotty end, a tin bucket of water was safely landed to boil for coffee. When the coffee was made, of course we fried bacon, for whoever heard of a camp that didn't have fried bacon? It was not long before supper was ready, and we ate it by the light of the fire, and with the hearty appetite that is produced by such exercise as we had. Why is it that coffee drank from a tin cup, stirred with a tin spoon, and bacon taken from the pan just as we need it on our tin plates, tastes so much better than in our "civilized state"?

After supper was cleared away we were all tired enough to gather around the fire and rest. The usual story telling of such parties was omitted. It was so restful not to hear the clang, clang of the electric cars, and all the babble of the city! Such peace, such quiet it seemed we had never known, and we were content to listen to all the "woody" sounds that are music to the ears of one loving nature just for herself. There would be a splash of the fish, followed by the remark, "That must have been a big fellow," and then the hoot, hoot, h-o-o-t of an owl, which would always receive a friendly answer from the other side of the woods. But our first night was not ideal! Those owls just kept up those "hooting visits" all night, and everything was so strange and new, that Tad said "his eyes just would not go shut," and I think it was the same with the rest of the party.

Nevertheless, just as day was breaking the boys were all up, fixing their lines to have a try at the fish before breakfast, and it was only a try to, for they didn't even have a nibble.

The sun had not absorbed the glorious freshness of the woods when we finished our breakfast, and this was the beginning of five happy, free days; and what an immense amount of enjoyment we crowded into them!

The fishing proved to be very good, though the first day's work was not encouraging, and we could take but little consolation from the native who tried to comfort us with, "If thar ain't no fesh in the river cetch, cose, you can't cetch no fesh." But we were reasonably sure there were "fesh to cetch," and "cetch" them we did before our outing was over.

At the ford it was a decided novelty to watch the teams come through the woods away across the river, with cries of "Whoa, whoa, sur," or a funny looking cart pulled by an ox, drive slowly down the steep bank, and then plunge in, water to the hubs and wade carefully across. But if they were new sights to us we afforded all that came near enough to our camp quite as much diversion.

Then there were walks to the spring and long talks with Aunt Venie, who told us many interesting tales of when Marse Edward brought them from Richmond during the war out to the plantation, and of Miss Car-line's marriage; and then she pointed out Miss Car-line's grave in the old family burying ground, near which we were sitting, now a wild growth of blush roses and honeysuckle. Just across the lane a short distance were the bodies of all the darkies who had died in Marse Edward's service, and it was with pride she told us, she "spect fo' long she be layin' thar her own self."

One never-to-be-forgotten night I was wakened by a distant growl of thunder, and then the lightning flashed and danced about in a decided business-like way. For a minute I was scared. Would the tent hold good its promise of being water-tight? Would there be any tent at all? For the wind was surely rising, and might carry it away. This and many more things rushed through my mind, among which was, would there be any dry wood to get breakfast with?

I aroused W., who, after listening to the wind, decided there was no time to lose, and the big rubber must be put over the tent. "Was I afraid to go out with him and help?" No, indeed! I just wanted a chance to get out and see how everything looked. We called Les to prepare himself, and we soon had the rubber cloth securely fastened.

But the sight was awful in its grandeur! The great trees swayed and bowed as though they would snap off, the sky one great mass of inky black, and the lightning darting forked tongues, showed us the river, wind-whipped to a foam, roaring and rushing, and at last there came howling blasts of wind. Never before had the

* The following notes refer particularly to the McCloud River Indians of the Sierra Nevada foothills of northern California.

loneliness of the place and our helplessness so impressed me. But the rain, which we had expected to come in torrents, was only a mild shower, which was almost dried from the bushes by the time we were ready to start for the ford.

The long rambles through the woods, finding many curious flowers and plants, mosses odd and lovely and specimens of wild cactus, with gorgeous pink and yellow blossoms, was one of my chief pleasures. Often on the soft road near our tent, we would see tracks of deer, but we had no sight of one, yet it showed the possibilities of the swamp in the game season.

But now our time was up, and all too soon we must go back to the city, yet so strengthened and refreshed for this brief sojourn with mother nature.

The tents were packed and the tin "chinaware" stored in the empty provision baskets, and we awaited only our former assistant to come to help us with the baggage. At the river and the spot where our canvas home had been for the past five days each one of us resolved that though this was our first, it should not be the last trip of this sort. For if one wants genuine rest, pleasure and enjoyment, I know of no place where all are better combined than among the grand old pines and cypresses of the Chickahominy.

ANNIE McD. WHEELER.

Types of Sportsmen.—III.

Editor Forest and Stream:

When you and I were together a while ago and chatting about men and their likings for the pleasures of the fields and streams, and you suggested that we consider types of sportsmen, I thought if I spoke of a schoolboy that it was the beginning of the end, yet it has since occurred to me that I did not go back far enough, and if now I write you of mine that was and of myself, and in so doing I possibly incur the ridicule of stony-hearted readers (if you choose to publish these lines) I cannot help it. If it meets no other eyes than yours, let it pass as an appeal to you personally for sympathy, and if I read your face aright and understand the kindly look in the eyes back of your spectacles, you will grant the appeal and not cast it and myself aside. It may be that there are some among your readers (and I think there must be) who have known sorrow of a like kind, and have had the same yearnings and desires, and can say with me, "'Tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all."

My reference is to a little fellow who was taken from me many years ago—my little boy. He whom I had planned so much for, he whom I had hoped to take into the green fields in a far different way. They told me then, and they tell me now, that it is all for the best, but I could not understand it then, and I cannot now so understand it, and I'm waiting to see his little face watching from the windows of his celestial home for my homecoming as he so watched from his earthly house. Then again will his dimpled hands go up and his little voice repeat, "Papa, come," and Peter cannot say him nay. He was little and nearly two years old, but he knew more about me than I knew of myself, and when I held him on my knee and talked to him about the singing birds and told him how in years to come we would go out into the fields with them, I believe he understood. When I took my gun from its place and showed it to him, he would say, "Ope, ope," and as his little eyes peeped through the glistening barrels and his laugh rang through the house, I was the happiest man in the world. When I tried to wind the fish line upon its reel he tried to help me, and his efforts snarled the silk into a more confused pattern than that of the carpet, and I would go down to his level on the floor and we would put our heads together to study the problem. The artificial trout and bass flies were his especial delight, and he saw the good points and felt them too. I had thought to buy a little gun for him just as soon as he could carry it, and his little shoulder stand the recoil, and often had I looked into the Broadway gun store windows thinking of the purchase. Sundays, when his mother and sister were off to church and left me to care for him, how well I did it. Before they were fairly around the corner we played fishing. Is Sunday fishing of that kind wrong? In later years, when on some lake or beside some stream I wished that he might be with me that I could row him about or carry him in my arms across brooks or bad places; when lying on blankets and balsam branches in the North Woods, I have looked up to the stars wondering where among them he might be, and wishing that I might call him to myself. The smoke from the campfire should not touch him, no chilly wind should blow upon him; I would rap him in my blanket, fold my arms about him and keep awake that he might sleep in safety.

Yet it is not to be so. All that I have of him is a print of his moist little thumb on the inner cap of my watch case, a picture and a remembrance. His mother has his playthings, his little clothes, a pair of tiny bronze shoes wrinkled about the ankles and scarred in places where and when he walked on his uppers. I found them one Sabbath afternoon tucked away with ribbons and perfume, and they are a bond more binding than the minister's "I pronounce you husband and wife." He had a slight cold, we thought, and while away that day at my employment a reply came to my message, "There is no change." Returning at night I missed his face at the window, and as I entered the house they told me our little boy was dying. Can you know what that meant to me? His first and last words were "Papa." The doctors went out and desolation came in. The gentle spirit had gone, and the still little body was ours to care for but for a few hours longer. My pen will not obey further. The clips of my glasses will not hold when wet, my collar hurts my throat, and I have no more to tell.

W. W. HASTINGS.

A story is told of a Chicago commission game dealer that a man who had two barrels of prairie chickens out of season sent them to him, billing them as rabbits. He sold the birds at a big price, but returned the shipper the price of rabbits at 60 cents a dozen. The fellow kicked, but the dealer told him that he had sold the rabbits without looking to see what they were, as they were billed as rabbits, and refused to pay only for rabbits.

A Regimental Heirloom.

IN view of the strong ties binding together the Anglo-Saxon brotherhood on both sides of the Atlantic, and as of the American army it may now be said, as of their brothers in the British army, they can "go anywhere and do anything," it may not be out of place, in the FOREST AND STREAM, to give a brief sketch of the history of one of our Queen's marching regiments, the early home of the writer, leading up to a sporting incident closely connected with its unwritten history; for attention to sports and pastimes of a military force is a not unimportant part of preparation for active service. The regiment in question, now termed the East Yorkshire, has had many changes in name and station, in peace and in war, since it was raised in 1685, at the time of Monmouth's rebellion.

Its first active service was in 1690, when it was said by an officer, "We pursued them (the enemy) till we lost them in a fog, when they seemed like people received up into the clouds."

In 1708 the regiment was engaged in driving the French from their position at Oudenorde. "The (French) army was nearly destroyed, but was preserved from complete annihilation by the darkness of the night."

In 1709 it again took the field, and joined the force which invested Tournay. "The citadel of Tournay was celebrated for the multiplicity of its underground works, and the approaches were carried on by sinking pits and excavating subterranean passages to the enemy's casemates and mines."

Toward the end of 1740 the regiment embarked for Jamaica, and the following year it was employed on an expedition to Carthage, in South America. In 1741 it

was rechristened after we parted from her, in order that she might not be identified, her breakdown and our grievances having been brought before Parliament. We were so long lost sight of and were so much over time, that we were given up and included in the long list of hapless vessels lost at sea.

During the stay of the regiment in that home of the tourist and sportsman, Fredericton, the following incident occurred. Of the citizen of Fredericton it is well said by your correspondent, Mr. Risteen, "The tranquil river flowing by his door is a mirror of his mind. He is content with his lot, for, if he is secure from sudden attacks of affluence, he is equally safe from the withering disaster that comes from reckless speculation. He is liberal in thought, conservative in action."

At this desirable station the officers sat round the historic, well-polished mess table one winter's evening. The well-worn after-dinner stories, collected in the four quarters of the globe, had been reproduced; and sport in all its branches all the world over had, as usual, been resorted to as a topic of conversation, when the colonel, anxious that a long-felt want, his special fad, should be supplied before he retired from the command, suggested that a much-needed handsome centerpiece for the mess table should as soon as possible be ordered from London, its character based upon a sporting scene, depicted in silver. This met with the approval of all, old and young, and all decided that a North American winter scene would be most suitable.

Two keen sportsmen, D. and F., therefore were detailed for this welcome duty, to proceed forthwith to the best hunting grounds. Both had already won their spurs in green woods and on barrens, and both, at this distance of time, with additional experience, are now



THE CENTER-PIECE.

was encamped for a short time in the Island of Cuba. In 1758 it embarked for America and served in the attack on Louisbourg, a French settlement in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. In June, 1759, an expedition was organized against Quebec, and the regiment took part in it. The Heights of Abraham were gained by a night attack on Sept. 12, and a general engagement followed, when General Wolfe was killed in the hour of victory.

In 1782 a royal order was issued directing that each regiment should take a county name, and this regiment, heretofore the Fifteenth, received the territorial title of the "Yorkshire East Riding."

To those in this nineteenth century having any experience of the "natural thinness of the hair," it may be of interest to learn from a regimental order of this period (1782): "The hair should be turned up behind on a comb and loosely platted, with a black riband or tape in a bow-knot at the tie, which should never be permitted to be made too close to the head, as such a practice cuts the hair, which should be encouraged by every means to be as thick and full as possible. When, from the natural thinness of the hair, it is not sufficient, a false plat must be added. As nothing promotes the growth of hair more than frequent combing, the soldiers should be enjoined to accustom themselves to do so morning and night. It will be of infinite consequence to the improvement of their hair to permit them to appear at morning roll calling with their hair only tied, and hanging down the back."

Another subject of interest, the "whirligig of time" being nowadays, on occasion, brought seriously to our notice, was the form of punishment of soldiers of that period (1786)—not a time of over-civilization: "A common punishment for offenders among the followers of an army, when martial law prevailed, was the 'whirligig.' This was a circular wooden cage, with many apertures, which turned on a pivot, and whirled round with such velocity that the delinquent inside it soon became extremely sick."

Without following the regimental drum in peace and in war during the past century, the records bring us to January, 1862, when the regiment embarked for St. John, N. B., in the hired transport Adelaide, which encountered violent gales and was nearly lost. The ship

considered authorities in all that concerns rod and gun.

Two well-known skilled Indians—Chief Gabe and Sabatis—were selected to assist in "fetching venison" on this important service. In the case of these experienced sportsmen—red men and white—it required no reference to Lord Wolseley's "Soldier's Pocket Book" for instructions in the bivouac, nor to "Clery's Minor Tactics" as to the mode of action in conducting reconnoitering patrols, and in preparing and carrying out an attack upon moose and caribou.

The selected ground, too, for the tactical operations in question was all that could be desired—Gaspereaux barrens—grounds never—well, hardly ever—drawn blank. But man proposes!

I have lately, after a brief sketch of "blank days," sung the praises, in FOREST AND STREAM, of "Red Letter Days"—which of these were our "missionary sportsmen" destined to have allotted to them?

Day after day, alas, for many days in succession, it was a case of one unending blank! Of fresh tracks there were enough. Of hope there was enough. Of skill there was enough. Of moose and caribou—nil. At last, when hope had been nearly exhausted, when even fresh tracks had not been seen for many days; when nothing apparently was left but the final resolve to return, crestfallen and dejected, and to give an account, a sad account, of their stewardship, once more to take up the daily routine of barrack life, with the ever-pressing thought of the utter failure of the expedition; suddenly a bright idea flashed in the mind of the red man chief—Gabriel Sacobie—as he awakened from a long and disturbed sleep, "We have not tried that 'pocket' in barren No. 1, near Pleasant Brook. Game we get this day. I dream of many caribou."

There was joy in camp that morning. A general inspection, for the hundredth time, of rifles and ammunition. Breakfast was a veritable feast. Belts were tightened, snowshoes fastened with more than ordinary care, and with springy steps the reconnoitering party directed their course toward Pleasant Brook. The morning walk is perfection; the air we breathe is nectar; mile after mile is passed in rapid succession. And here is Pleasant Brook; and here, yes here, are fresh tracks of a large herd of caribou, with, happily, a breeze springing up in the required direction. There is no lengthened halt, every-

body's mind is made up how to make the "cast," how to bring guns and gunners to the supreme moment of action.

There was some pretty stalking; some unexpected delay. "Rome was not built in a day." Patience—already tested—was now required as a virtue. Well may the quarry be called Rangifer caribou; their range is great. But here, at last, is a line of fresh beds in snow and moss; here are the well-known signs of browsing, and there, that's nothing more nor less than the antlers of a fine stag, showing clearly on the sky line, over the brow of a not distant mound. "They're off!" "Yes, they're off!" the stag with the antlers leading in a series of bounds. A well-directed shot from the rifle of one brings him down, as fine a specimen of the caribou as he had previously, or has since, shot, and it was one of very many. This was followed by many succeeding shots, by many succeeding bounds on the part of the quarry: by many devices on the part of the gunners to aim and fire with effect; with the final result of as many caribou as we had planned to take, lying conspicuously on the "fighting line" in the crisp snow.

There was well-founded joy in camp that night that the apparent failure had been changed to success; and there was fresh joy the following day when the colonel welcomed the successful sportsmen to the barrack grounds, where the enclosed photograph—historic scene—was taken, from which was engraved the regimental centerpiece, an heirloom that accompanies this splendid regiment, the East Yorkshire, in its many wanderings in the empire of the Good Queen—an empire upon which the sun never sets.

FREDERICTON, New Brunswick.

MIC MAC.

Woman and Field Sports.

I HAVE often thought that it was a great pity that our wives and sisters and daughters did not indulge in outdoor sports more. They would soon learn to love them, and derive health and happiness from them. There is no reason why they should be debarred. If they could handle the revolver, rifle and shotgun with accuracy it would be something they should be proud of and one from which they would derive a great deal of pleasant and healthy exercise; and such knowledge might sometime be of great service to them, and would tend to give them more self-confidence. A woman who can pull an oar, cast a fly and land the wary trout, or bring to grass the whirring partridge or the swift-flying duck, has an accomplishment she should be proud of. She would enjoy the rambles through the stubble with dog and gun, or the excursions on the lakes with rod and reel, or the camp-fire and tent life in the woods, and find in them the much needed fresh air and exercise.

No doubt some old crusty sportsman will say that camp is no place for a lady. Well, of course that depends on the camp and its members. A camp that is not fit for your wife and children is not fit for you. A good many would-be sportsmen's idea is that a camp hunt means a grand drunk. Now, it does seem to me that if that was my idea, instead of going so far and spending so much, I would stay close by some good bar till I was completely satisfied or disgusted.

Take the women and children into camp. It will be all the purer for their presence; it will give you pleasure to see them happy and growing strong and healthier. And with the roses blooming on the wan cheeks and the bright sparkle in their eyes, denoting good humor and health, you will also note a lessening of the doctors visits and in your drug bills.

C. L. BRADLEY.

TENNESSEE.

Another Word in Appreciation.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In recent years many beautiful things have appeared in your columns, but none that have appealed more strongly to me than the recent article by Mr. W. W. Hastings entitled, "Types of Sportsmen.—I." Many years I have lived a "far cry" from the old homestead, and as I settled down in my den for a pleasant hour with FOREST AND STREAM, I was strangely moved when my eye fell upon the article I have mentioned. I was carried back many years to scenes to "memory dear." The streams and woods that caused me the loss of so many lessons, familiar faces of dear, dear friends who long ago passed "beneath that low, green tent whose curtain never outward swings," all seem present before me. Green is the memory of a trip home on a shutter, after having emptied father's gun of gin. of hornet's nest and blasting powder, after having been many times admonished not to touch it. I travel again the well-known forest ways with dog and gun and faithful friends; we are again setting a line of traps and watching for the first breaking of the ice in the trout streams; again we gather the first wild flowers. The time passes unheeded until the fall of the back log in the grate brings me back again to the present.

Blest be memory, which takes us back again to boyhood days.

C. J. HALPEN.

HAVERHILL, Mass.

In Appalachian America.

No one who has ridden, as I have, through the silent lengths of that great region, can fail to have his imagination touched by what he has seen—the almost limitless forests lying there untouched upon the long slopes of the towering hills, as if they had been there keeping their counsel and holding their secrets ever since the creation; and here and there in the little clearings the houses of a secluded people, as reticent as the hills about them, slow to speak, their eyes watchful, holding back the secrets of their quiet life.—Prof. Woodrow Wilson in the Bevan Quarterly.

Take inventory of the good things in this issue of Forest and Stream. Recall what a fund was given last week. Count on what is to come next week. Was there ever in all the world a more abundant weekly store of sportsmen's reading?

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Natural History.

Bob White in Town.

HUDSON, N. Y., May 15.—Editor Forest and Stream: On my way to business at 8 o'clock this morning, and while passing the grounds surrounding the Presbyterian church, I heard a familiar whistle, one that will make a sportsman stop short or change his gait to a tip-toe and make him peep in every nook and corner to find where it comes from. I was not long in climbing over the fence enclosing the ground, and there I saw a pair of quail, as natural as could be, and apparently as much at home as they would have been in some field miles from civilization, instead of in the heart of the town. I ran for the camera, but before I could get back again and near enough, one flew on to the church, the other out into the street, and lit on the sidewalk in front of a grocery store. I enclose the snap-shot I caught of it on the sidewalk.

While I was looking after this pair a covey of fifteen were located in the park in front of the court house, and there they were undisturbed for some time, until some boys coming along, thought they were little chickens, and tried to catch them, when they flew to a neigh-



A WILD QUAIL IN CITY STREETS.

Photo by Mr. G. Hills.

bor's grounds. They were not at all wild, and I think must have been released somewhere near here within a day or two, as we have not known of so large a covey anywhere in this vicinity. If this should come to the notice of anyone in this county or the adjacent counties who has released quail within a week, I would be pleased to hear from him.

I have just heard of the death of one of the quail. A friend's cat caught it on his lawn.

G. HILLS.

The Brush Deer.

C. macrotis, var. *virgultus*.

Range: northwestern Minnesota and southeastern Kewatin, Manitoba; Rainy River, Lake of the Woods, Red Lake and Roseau region.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am happy to summarize for your consideration my protracted investigations in northwestern Minnesota during the eleven years 1880-91 of a variety of black-tailed deer which occupy a limited area on both sides of the international boundary and are locally known as brush deer and jumping deer. The last describes a habit and the first his habitat, and is therefore the most appropriate as a distinctive appellation. I have arbitrarily designated it as *Cariacus virgultus*. In the early years of the decade above mentioned they were tolerably abundant, and a trio of hunters headed by Dean Benson secured as many as five in three days in December of 1882, and brought the carcasses into the town of Hallock, which was then, as now, the county seat of Kittson county, Minn. They stood on view for a number of days, and at last a land-looker from Pennsylvania, whose name and residence I have forgotten, bought the largest and finest buck specimen and shipped it away for mounting. It is barely possible that his address can even now be obtained from Horace Sutton, merchant, of Gadis, Roseau county, Minn. [Roseau was segregated from Kittson some ten years ago as a new county.] The balance of the deer were cut up for meat and the skins were sold as ordinary pelts for \$1.50 apiece. It is to be deprecated that someone was not sufficiently alert in the interest of science to take advantage of an opportunity which never could be bettered to secure male and female specimens. Later on I made special endeavors to do so, and in 1890 I obtained a permit from the State for one James Fullerton to shoot brush deer out of season for the State University and the Smithsonian Institution. He procured a doe, which he duly shipped to Minneapolis, but not receiving the pay which he expected, wrote me an order on Henry F. Nachtrich, professor of animal biology at the university with bill for the deer, which I have now. I presume the specimen is still in its collection. Some two years previous to this, Mr. L. Booker, president of a private bank in Pembina, N. D., had a fine mounted male specimen at his residence. I am not aware of the existence of any but the three mentioned. My visits to Hallock were annual and confined to the closed season for deer, and Fullerton moved to Wyoming not long after, so that his efforts ceased there.

To summarize and differentiate, I find this brush deer so unique in many essential characteristics as to startle zoologists who had previously recognized or been cognizant of only the accepted varieties of the *Cervidae*. As far as I can learn from Chiefs Koopenar and Mikenok, of the Roseau Indian Reservation, and from the best

white local hunters, they are scarcely known beyond the tract of country which lies between the Rainy River on the east and the Red River of the North on the west, and embraces an area of some 10,000 square miles. The Red Lake country and the Lake of the Woods define its southern and northern limits respectively. There is a strip of prairie about twenty miles wide skirting its western border along the Red River bottom, which is fully occupied by farmers, and some settlers have pushed well into the timber to the eastward; but until the miners and prospectors came in numbers there was no interior population except a few Indians. I wrote Chicago Field from Minnesota in 1884:

"It is among the brush which fringes the edge of this timber and separates it from the prairie that the assumed variety of deer in question has hitherto been found and killed by local hunters. They are known as brush deer, from their being found in the brush, to which their winter coat very nearly assimilates in color, as well as from the shape of their tails, which are short, thick and bristling, like brushes used in cleaning bottles. They are not familiar to hunters from other sections and are the subjects of much curiosity and comment therefrom. The common red deer (white-tail) is rare in this immediate vicinity.

"I have taken especial pains to note the markings and structural characteristics of this deer, and to make measurements; and having had five specimens, of both sexes and different ages, under inspection at one time, and found them all to agree in general features, I have been able to reach conclusions which might not be justified by a single specimen. One big buck (the largest) stood 3ft. 5in. high at the shoulder and measured 5ft. in length from tip of nose to end of tail; girth, 4ft. around the body and 2ft. around the neck, which was short and thick-set. Body hair, dark gray, profusely sprinkled with long black and white hairs; forehead, broad and protruding, and black to the eyes; face and throat, light gray, shading to jet black on the breast and over the entire belly; tip of nose, black; ears, black; rump, light gray; tail, 6in. long, stubby, the upper half pure white, the lower half jet black; hocks, tawny; hoofs, 3in. long; antlers, comparatively small, short and very symmetrical, with seven prongs to each. Weight of animal on the hoof, 300lbs.

"The tail is somewhat similar to that of *C. macrotis*, but of uniform thickness its whole length, while that of its congener is shaped more like a mule's. The markings are different, and so are its habits. Its antlers are very much smaller and its weight less. As to the true black-tails of the continental divide and the Pacific Coast, they are not nearly so chunky, and their general coloration and markings are also different. The coat is several shades lighter at the same season, and their throats and bellies are invariably white. Col. E. S. Bond, of Chicago, examined several carload consignments with me, and all were white. Their tails are much longer, broader, flatter, more spindling, with a small black tuft on the end about one-fifth of the length. Horns are much larger, more spreading, and more scraggy. In short, there are scarcely three breeds of cattle to be found so strikingly dissimilar in their appearance. When startled, the brush deer gather their forefeet together and seem to jump rather than bound, a habit which makes them hard to hit. They are invariably hunted from the saddle with a short rifle. Buckshot are no good, as the brush is too dense. Long shots are the rule. Two hunters in partnership succeed the best, for obvious reasons. Tracking is the method in favor, but deer are often jumped from the brush. Without horses very little ground could be covered without fatigue, and it would be a task to pack dead meat through deep snows for any distance to a camp."

Synchronous reference was made to this discovery of the brush deer in the St. Paul Pioneer Press of Feb. 7, 1884, which reported as follows:

"Mr. Hallock has made the interesting discovery, which Spencer Baird accepts as gratifyingly important, that the brush-tail deer is found in Minnesota. Mr. Hallock's residence in the northern part of this State has given him advantages for observation which led to this addition to what is known of the deer species in the Northwest."

From Indian Agent Grim, at Dominion City, Manitoba, I have just learned that the Indian name for the species of brush deer which I have named *virgultus* would be "Muck-a-tay-wan-wish." This in distinction from the class or genus of deer known as "jumping deer," as distinguished from others which trot, or run. The Indian designation for jumping deer in general is Wa-wash-kay-oh.

CHARLES HALLOCK.

Animal Cemeteries.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the story of one of my trips to the woods, printed in yours of Jan. 14 and 21 last, I mentioned that my guide showed me a place where he said the caribou came to shed their horns, and that he went ashore and found a pair.

The idea of the animals seeking a definite place for this purpose was quite new to me, but lately the efficient superintendent of game and fisheries at Quebec, L. Z. Joncas, Esq., has told me that they do frequent such places, and that this habit was quite well known to him. He knew of many (and mentioned several) places where horns could almost certainly be found at any time. And not only do they go to shed their horns, but they go there to die. These places are known as cemeteries, and whole skeletons are occasionally found. This, however, would be rare, as the bones would usually be torn apart and scattered by bears and other carnivore.

Mr. Joncas instanced the case of a gentleman going to a certain region for geological exploration, who asked for a permit to shoot a moose out of season in order to get a good pair of antlers. He was told that by diverging a little from his route he might reach a place where he would find plenty of them. He did so and secured five excellent specimens.

This may be a very old story to thousands of your readers, but as I had never heard or read of it before I made a note of what seemed to me an interesting point. It would account for one so rarely finding bones or horns lying about loose in the woods.

G. DE MONTAUBAN.

QUEBEC

Migrations at New Orleans.

IN the previous account in *FOREST AND STREAM* of April 29, of the migrations here this spring, it was stated that on April 20 the weather was very summery, and that unless there should be rain and a spell of brisk weather there would be no visible evidence at least of any further migration.

But there is no depending on the birds; one begins to think there is no use predicating anything definite about them. The rain did come, it is true, but on this occasion the birds came before the rain. The very day the other notes were mailed, the open meadows of Audubon Park were lively with the ditties of the black-throated bunting. This species had not been present since 1895, the cause of its absence being unknown to me; by April 22 the birds became as abundant as they were at any time. On the 20th the barn swallows were really abundant for the first time. Another cuckoo was heard, and humming-birds abounded. The rain came that evening. The next day broke in a heavy rainstorm, and though the storm ended in the forenoon, the sky remained cloudy, and there was a good shower before sunset. The new tender foliage of the oaks, hackberries and pecan trees, on the retired and suburban streets near Audubon Park being now freshened by one of our typical warm, soaking spring rains, and being insect laden, doubtless attracted many birds. The last myrtle warbler in full plumage and singing in a desultory way, as these late migrants usually do, was noted. (The date of departure of the last myrtle warbler here is unusually regular; for former years it has been as follows: 1894, April 21; 1895, April 22; 1896, April 15; 1897, April 27; 1898, April 21. It will be seen from this that with the record for this year the date of departure has been April 21, three times; these notes are the joint records of Mr. Andrew Allison and myself.)

Worm-eating warblers were found rather commonly, moving about briskly and not often giving one a chance to see them well. This warbler is an uncommon one ordinarily about New Orleans. A flock of waxwings was observed the same day.

April 22.—More worm-eating warblers; one olive-backed thrush; yellow-billed cuckoos common.

The morning was stormy looking, but a brisk wind swept all traces of clouds away by noon; there was a sparkle and brightness in the air, and the wind was fresh but soft, coming from the south.

April 23.—The "most perfect" day of the season; sky dazzlingly bright, and air fresh and limpid. In a grove of young willows, blackberries and locusts, some rare transient birds were seen; the Blackburnian warbler and a pair of the blue-winged yellow warblers, also a transient of the yellow warbler. The last white-throated sparrow was seen.

We seemed to be enjoying a "second spring" at this time, but it was as ephemeral as it was delightful, and the next day ended this respite from our early summer.

From April 25 to May 7 or 8 there were growing indications of summer conditions, and the summer seemed fairly installed by the last of these dates.

Strange to say, however, no grasshopper sparrows were noted before May 9, when one was heard singing; this bird is ordinarily common in Audubon Park after the first week in April.

Two strange things were noted of the black-throated: on the night of April 28 about 10 o'clock, one was heard singing as loudly as in the day. I have never heard that this species is a night singer. The other notable thing was the finding of what was undoubtedly the nest of one of these birds, though all appeared to leave May 6 or 7 all the circumstances pointed to the buntings as the owners of the nest, which was rather compactly built, and contained two light blue eggs, when some one robbed it. The only other species that might have similar nesting habits is the indigo bird, and while this species was common a short time previous, none were present at this time, whereas the black-throats were all about.

April 25.—Savanna sparrows and hummingbirds exceedingly common. Many indigo buntings were present April 20-25.

April 25-28.—Light migrations nightly. Yellow-breasted chats were heard most frequently.

May 4.—Last Savanna sparrow.

We shall have a long wait now before the general fall migration sets in, though in the latter part of July the waders begin to return, and movements begin among some of the warblers and vireos and the swallows.

HENRY H. KOPMAN.

A Pennsylvania Putnam and a Wolf.

GETTYSBURG, Pa.—The last wolf seen or heard of in Adams county was killed by Thomas Goodman, an old hunter in the mountains northwest of Castletown. He saw the tracks in the snow, and following them to a den in the rocks, the hole being large enough for a man to crawl in on his hands and knees, he lit a pine-knot from a fire kindled for that purpose, and pushing his gun, a muzzle-loading rifle in front of him, entered the den. After going some distance he saw two bright spots some roft. ahead, and taking the rifle he shot for the space between the bright spots. After shooting he dropped the rifle and drew a large hunting knife in anticipation of an attack from the mate. But after waiting some time and not hearing anything, he moved on to the place where the bright spots had been, and found he had shot the wolf between the eyes, killing it instantly. He watched the den for several weeks after, but not seeing any others, he knew he had killed the last one in the South Mountains. This was about the year 1857. In size, it was about as large as a shepherd dog, a little longer in the legs and gray in color. This was the last wolf heard or seen in our county.

F. M. B.

An Opossum on his Dignity.

MILHURST, N. J., May 15.—Last Sunday while strolling through the fields in a lonely place, I saw a big possum out in an open grassy meadow leisurely coming toward me; and as I was then behind a clump of bushes, it didn't happen to see me. As soon as it got suitably near, I picked up a stick and ran out and hit it a number of light blows, which caused it to stop, and it then commenced

growling and bristling up, but not offering to move off. How I would like to have had some one present with a camera at the time.

Then the idea came to me that, as it kept headed toward me in a sideling way and kept the one position mostly, I would just make a rough sketch of the little varmint. So luckily, having a letter and a bit of a pencil I sat myself down in the grass within 5ft. of it and commenced sketching, while it kept up a continual snarling and growling, somewhat as a small dog would, at the same time humping its back and bristling up for all it was worth. As soon as it offered to change its position I would give it a gentle tap with the stick, when it would assume the sideling position again. Thus keeping it so for a short time, I managed to make the enclosed sketch.

I was never more amused in my life. The very idea of sitting flat in the grass on a bright, sunshiny day out in a meadow within 5ft. of a snarling and bristling possum and making a sketch of it! The whole affair was simply ludicrous.

Having made the drawing, and thanking the little animal for its kindness in keeping so reasonably quiet while having its picture taken, I bade it good-day, and resumed my strolling in one direction, and looking back a moment afterward, saw the fat marsupial awkwardly waddling off through the grass in another.

A. L. LYON.

Game Bag and Gun.

In the Rockies.—II.

(Continued from page 386.)

"A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse!"

ONWARD and upward our pack train traveled steadily throughout the long and laborious day; after another late start the following morning. Late that afternoon we came to an ideal camping place in a meadow beside a stream, and Chad, our guide, suggested making camp. But it still lacked a couple of hours until dark, and being anxious to reach our journey's end, we insisted upon pushing on. For a short distance we followed the tortuous course of the stream, now finding a precarious footing upon its crumbling banks, and now stemming its swift current. Then we were compelled to abandon it by the beetling bluffs, which shut in upon it, and struck up the mountain side. Our guide and packer were loath to leave it, but Dan and I were insistent.

We wound along well worn game trails, zigzagging back and forth upon the precipitous mountain side, until we reached the summit of the ridge, where we found a highway, in the literal sense, which we traveled for many miles, with our horizon widened to limits inconceivable by the man who has never breathed the high thin atmosphere of those dizzy heights. The distant peaks cut the sky line sharp and clear as a cameo, and upon their scarp sides we could see each stunted bush that clung to the savage slope, each rock with rigorous distinctness of outline.

The sun lingers long and lovingly upon the mountain tops, and before it had set for us on that high ridge, night had already come to the cañons below us. Disliking to climb down that mountain side only to have to climb back up it again in the morning, we pressed on hoping to come to the end of the ridge, but at last the shadows of night gloomed about us, and we saw we would have to undertake the descent, or camp for the night among the bleak rocks without wood for fuel, pasture for our horses, or water for either them or ourselves. Then we heartily berated ourselves for not listening to our guide's advice earlier.

We were blundering down the steep and savage slope in the dark. I was in advance with Chad, the pack horses following us, and behind them urging on, were Dan, and "Toad," the packer. Half-way down the mountain side grew steeper, and we dismounted, leading our horses, and carefully feeling our way.

Suddenly our horses careened madly backward with a frightened snort. I clung to the bridle rein, and was jerked off my feet. Within a few feet of us in the darkness sounded a loud, startled "hough," and in the direction it came from there was a scrambling in the bushes. A strong, half-human odor assailed our nostrils. We had walked upon a bear, who had probably mistook us for a band of elk coming down the mountain side, and who, upon discovering his mistake, humped himself off as badly frightened as were our horses. In an instant everyone of them had broken loose and stampeded, and we were left alone on the side of the steep mountain in the dark, and without even our rifles, which were in their boots on the saddles.

We sat down and listened to the sounds of the stampede dying away in the distance, and pursued by the frantic guide and packer, who yelled and raved far in the rear. When they returned empty handed, we took an inventory, and found that we mustered one revolver without any ammunition for it, some flies and fishhooks, and a hunting knife apiece—not a very consoling outlook for four hungry hunters adrift in the wilds a hundred miles from the nearest habitation.

The moon was coming up, and by the aid of its pale light we got down off the mountain without further accident, and built a big fire of sage brush and aspen boughs beside the stream, supping sumptuously upon cold water. While coming down an incident happened that illustrated what a practical woodsman our guide was. Chad, who was in the lead, suddenly halted us with an exclamation, and while we were fumbling for matches, informed us that there were Indians about—his foot had struck the impress of an Indian's moccasined foot in a soft spot. Striking a match we saw it there plainly outlined, but the moment it gleamed under the light he gave an exclamation of disgust, berating himself for not having thought of the bear we had met higher up. A bear's hind foot leaves an imprint almost identical to that of an Indian, and this it was.

Needless to say, we slept little that night, but shivered around the fire, the air biting like a bulldog, and our faces burned to a crisp, while chills were tobogganing up and down our spines. With the first streak of day we were off, and trailed the horses until noon before we found

them. Having learned the wisdom of making haste slowly, we went into camp right there, and after a hearty meal Dan went to sleep. I stretched out to do the same, but got interested in watching Chad, who was a past grand master in the art of fly-fishing.

In front of our camp the stream swept by swiftly though sullenly, for the channel was deep. Parting the willows Chad made a cast, the fly flitted over the surface, there was a shimmer, a gleam of light flashing out from under the steep shelving bank, a swirl, a dash down stream, and at the touch of the steel a speckled beauty flashed into full view. The rod quivered and bent, the reel sang, and again and again the surface seethed as his sinewy form shot into view, until at last, completely spent, the game fish floated feebly up on its mottled side.

Then I took off my hat—not in deference, but in search of a black gnat, the fly that Chad had found successful. No morocco-bound fly-book bulges out the breast pocket of the angler for mountain trout. He who voyages through the Rockies on the hurricane deck of a cayuse discards all ephemeral refinements. I know full well that many a tale is told, many a recollection is written in the few pages of the fly-book—pages that no pen has ever marred—that friendliest of faces, and sweetest sylvan scenes, and sounds of running streams are imprisoned between its covers, and that each worn and ragged fly with its scars of honest battle, has a tale to tell of many triumphs. But for practical utility the old campaigner knows a fly-book worth two of that. It bulges out no pocket, it is never lost, or left in the bottom of the pack, but it is always with him, carried on his head. Around the crown of his soft slouch hat he winds a couple of long gut leaders, and there they stay until wanted. In the leather sweat band on the inside he sticks the point of the hooks and they are safe, shielded between the swat band and the felt. They are arranged around the circumference of the band, and the gut snells radiate toward the center like the spokes of a wagon wheel. They keep in better order than they would in any fly-book, and the wearer never knows they are there until he looks for them. I have worn a hat full of flies for six weeks, night and day, even sleeping in it, and found them always in fine order and available when wanted. You never know when you leave camp when you will get back or what you will want. Always carry a little bag of salt and a hat full of flies, and if you get lost you could subsist on trout even if your ammunition gave out. Many a morning have I hunted without success, and whiled away the middle of the day, when the game quits moving, fishing for the speckled beauties with a rod culled from some clump of alders.

I found the fly I wanted, and waded down to the foot of the riffle, whisking the fly as I went just to test the spring of the rod and to see that my wrist had not yet lost its cunning. Now for a good beginning. Where the curving stream sweeps against yon steep bank the water has a bluer tinge, a greater depth, and underneath that overhanging rock is a veritable den for some old seclusive savage to lay in wait, and watch for aught that might travel down the liquid highway past his lair. With 40ft. of line out I can barely reach it, but though the cast proves abortive it confirms my hopes. There was a line of light flitting through the water as if some spent sunbeam sought the depths. With greater care I cast again. Again that splendid rise. Eager to gain the prize, I strike, and by the shades of Walton lose him. For one fleeting instant the hook held, and then the pole straightened out, the line was lax, and the fish had felt the steel and was gone. Hoping against hope I cast the fly far below, and bring it skitting over the surface. That was a game fish. The sting of the hook seemed to merely rouse his wrath, and rushing from his lair he made sure work of the audacious insect. The upward rush carried him high above the surface, a glimpse of silver and gold, set with round ruby dots, a splash and the vision vanishes. But only for an instant. The weight of the fish's descent comes down upon the rod, and the hook, well mouthed, is driven home.

Without that fish I feel that life is not worth living. All considerations pale beside the desire to have him. Oh, for a stiffer rod and stouter tackle! The savage instinct mounts supreme. Long dormant, it seethes in the blood, the same thirst for conquest that thrilled our nomadic forefathers, hunters and fishermen all their days, to whom success meant food and life; failure, starvation and death. That instinct guides my hand while the lis-some rod bends in bowlike curves and my nerves vibrate to every motion of the fish, transmitted through the bamboo electrically.

At last the tension lessens. Fewer and feebler grow his rushes, and between them I draw a free breath. Succumbing only to complete exhaustion, incapable of another effort, the great trout is brought to land. I lay him gasping upon the green sward, full 2ft. of matchless coloring.

A footfall behind me, and the clanking of the camp kettles, and I turn to confront Toad, the packer, who has come down for a pail of water. He gazes admiringly upon the fish—not with the eye of an angler, but looking solely to its culinary properties. He swoops down upon it, and before it is through kicking it is in the frying pan.

Down the stream, as the shades of night steal out from the mountain side, I stumble over the slippery, rock-strewn bottom, battling with that world of waters, and escaping a ducking more through good luck than skill or strength. No trout streams on earth can compare with those of the Rocky Mountains. As limpid as liquid crystal, as swift as a mill-race throughout their length, as cold as the melting snow which feed them, it is no wonder that their tenants of the freehold are strong and quick and game. And then, they have the weight—weight which the fisher for fingerling brook trout wots not of. I have bearded both in their watery wilds, and know whereof I speak. I have heard the effete Eastern angler, who never saw a mountain trout, say, "Yes, they are larger, but then they are coarser, and not so game as our brook trout." It is a downright pleasure to see such a one tackle a big trout in a mountain torrent, and at one and the same time smash his tackle, and change his mind. No other rises more fiercely to the fly, or fights faster, or longer. And upon the table, in the opinion of epicureans, he yields place to neither fish nor flesh. But to appreciate him as he should be, you

should accompany me back to camp with your creel straining at its withes with the weight, and your appetite sharpened as only the mountain air can sharpen it.

At camp a wonderful transformation has taken place. Order has come out of the chaos, and everything is in its place. The wild spot which through countless centuries was unprofaned of man now wears a homelike aspect. The tents have been pitched, balsam boughs laid down 1 ft. deep, and the blankets spread upon them. The fire flames and crackles cheerily, and in the flickering light the aspens now reach out their white and ghostly arms, and now withdraw them. Night is at hand.

FRANCIS J. HAGAN.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CHICAGO AND THE WEST

The Supposed Flight of Wild Pigeons.

CHICAGO, Ill., May 20.—As a usual thing the average daily newspaper is an exceedingly untrustworthy source of information on matters pertaining to field sports or natural history. The average daily editor is always a very hurried man, and is sometimes a very ignorant man, so far as regards knowledge in the above lines, and once in a while he is a man deliberately seeking for a sensation, no matter how unfaithful that may be to facts. It would be difficult to say how many times there have appeared in the columns of the daily press more or less fabulous reports of imaginary flocks of wild pigeons, and indeed this is one of the staple items of "news" among correspondents in need of space money. When you see such an item in a newspaper, it will for the most part be safe to brand it as either deliberately untrue or grossly ignorant. It is easy to mistake a flock of blackbirds for a flock of pigeons under conditions of a certain cerebral excitation. Even a more deliberate attitude might lead one into supposing that he had seen a flock of passenger pigeons, when it reality he witnessed a flight of golden plover. For one reason or another we hear of flocks of wild pigeons, here, there and everywhere, and we read ingenious theories as to the present location of the great pigeon roosts in Central America, Africa, Australia or some other seaport country.

It is supposed by scientists that the wild pigeon is practically extinct in the United States. Scientists do not, however, claim this to be literally true, and it is without doubt true that a few specimens of this bird have been seen within the last few years. In an issue of the FOREST AND STREAM of last June, I gave the account of some gentlemen of Grand Rapids, Mich., who had on two separate occasions seen specimens of the wild pigeons at a recent date, and who cited the indisputable proof of mounted specimens of these birds which had been killed near Grand Rapids not long before the date above mentioned.

So much then, may be said for the accuracy of the statement that the wild pigeon is not extinct, and if there be a few individuals, it is at least not impossible that there may be a flock or flocks of these birds.

The truth of the Reedsburg, Wis., dispatch, reporting a large flock of pigeons at Lime Ridge, given in FOREST AND STREAM of May 20, has also been investigated by Mr. H. B. Jewell, of Wabasha, Minn., who wrote to the postmaster at Lime Ridge and received the following reply:

"LIME RIDGE, Wis., May 16.—Hon. H. B. Jewell.—Dear sir: The clipping you sent to hand. The pigeon story is getting quite large; nevertheless a part of it is so. There was a string, probably a mile long and single file. Now and then there would be an opening, and probably a hundred in each string. This is correct, as I can prove by the parties with me at the time.

"W. H. BRENZER, P. M."

Mr. Jewell says that the letter from the Lime Ridge postmaster is "certainly from headquarters," and he leaves the matter, as I must also, for the decision of the popular jury. There would certainly seem to be a very large element of truth in the dispatch. We have no right, scientific or otherwise, to brand as untrue any event because we have not seen it ourselves in the process of its happening. I should trust my informants at Grand Rapids absolutely in regard to wild pigeons, because they have grown up among them and have known them familiarly in the past. As much may be said for the old inhabitants of Wisconsin, where the bird was also known in countless numbers not many years ago. If this was a flight of wild pigeons, there is still mystery enough left regarding it. Where did the birds come from, and where did they go?

Singing Mouse No. 14.

Speaking of daily newspaper natural history, I believe I should be obliged to admit that, if I had first read in a daily newspaper of a singing mouse, I should probably have smiled in a superior way, and have thought that it was another case of opium dream. Yet not long ago I had very good proof of the accuracy of a statement in the New York Herald which mentioned a singing mouse that had been located in New York City. This item in the Herald calls out a letter from Mr. Charles H. Cragin, of Washington, D. C., who wrote to the Herald regarding a mouse or mice which he had heard to sing many years ago, and which he thought learned the trick from canary birds. Mr. Cragin's mouse is the fourteenth of which I have ever personally heard, and perhaps his comment may be not without interest as bearing on this curious little product of animate nature.

"About thirty years ago my father devoted some of his spare time to raising canary birds for pleasure, and one room in the back building of the old home was given up to this object. After he had gotten all of the pleasure out of this work that he desired, he gave the birds away, and the room, previously monopolized by the canaries, was thoroughly cleaned and used as a servant's bedroom.

"Shortly afterward we were very much surprised to hear noises through the house, resembling those made by the birds. After some patient watching on my part, I was soon rewarded by actually seeing a mouse sit up, like squirrels do, and sing or whistle—whichever one may call it—precisely as the canaries had done. These singers, or whistlers, continued to furnish us with their music for many months, and then it gradually subsided."

Got Two Turkeys.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Kemeys, of Bryn Mawr,

Chicago, have hunted together in many parts of the West and South. Mrs. Kemeys has killed antelope and deer in Colorado and Texas, wild turkeys in the Indian Nations, and at least one bear in North Carolina. Mr. Kemeys years ago killed a great deal of big game. Nowadays they care most for wild turkeys. They have gone to all sorts of places after this royal bird, very often without success, and they would be only too glad to go to any region, no matter how distant, where they thought they would be sure of getting a wild turkey. This spring they heard that they could probably meet success near Brandon, Miss., and last March they made another turkey pilgrimage to a plantation not far from Brandon. Here they hunted patiently for a couple of weeks. The method employed was that of sitting in a blind and watching a bait. Several times they found the bait of corn eaten up in their absence, but they seemed doomed to disappointment, the only results for some days being a turkey hen which was killed by Mr. Kemeys. On the last day of their stay Mrs. Kemeys decided to go out for a final session at the blind. She had waited for more than an hour, and having given up all hope had violated all the canons of turkey hunting, coughing, moving about in the blind, etc. Yet at last, by chance, turning her eyes toward the bait, she saw a sudden vision of a giant gobbler standing with head erect, looking directly at the blind. An instant later he stooped and began to peck at the corn. Perhaps he heard the movement of the huntress as she turned the double barrel upon him, for again he stood at full height, a glorious apparition of the woods, this time just in time to receive the charge in the head and neck. Mrs. Kemeys says that when she came up and saw this great bird lying with outspread wings upon the ground, it seemed to her the most beautiful thing she had ever seen. All the prismatic colors in the plumage were shown fully in the bright sun which beat upon it, and so impressed was she with the beauty and consequence of her prize, that she instinctively called out exultantly at the top of her voice. Then she had the task of carrying the burden nearly a mile before she got assistance. I saw the skins of these two birds, which were mounted here in Chicago, and I must say that never did any plumage appear more beautiful. It is rarely that we hear of the killing of a wild turkey by any resident of this city, and the bird is so rare and so very shy that it may be well entitled as among the premier trophies of the American sportsman.

Acquired Territory.

Mr. F. H. Lord, general passenger agent of the Chicago Great Western Railroad, is just back from Minnesota, where his railroad has been annexing a new lot of territory. Mr. Lord tells me that the new railroad line will be called the Cannon Valley Division of the Chicago Great Western. It runs from Red Wing to Makato, Minn., and taps some good sporting country, for instance the famous bass water known as Madison Lake. As Mr. Lord is a devoted sportsman himself as occasion offers, it may be supposed that he will take a fatherly interest in this newly acquired territory.

Fell By the Wayside.

Mr. Percy F. Stone, of this city, has a summer cottage at Oconomowoc, Wis., near which place he was born and brought up. This week Mr. Stone was up at his cottage, and while there learned the facts of a little instance of law-breaking which he has brought to me. It would seem that Mr. Ernest W. Chubb, of Milwaukee, who sometimes writes in the sporting press over the name of Greenhead, has either through ignorance or intent broken the fish law of Wisconsin. Let us hope that the former motive is the real one. It is not right for any one to preach doctrine for others which he will not practice for himself. Mr. Stone handed me the following cutting of a dispatch which appeared in a Milwaukee journal of May 15:

"OCONOMOWOC, Wis., May 15.—Deputy Game Warden B. S. Young arrested two men yesterday forenoon on Silver Lake while in the act of catching green bass unlawfully. They were brought to Oconomowoc and this morning pleaded guilty and paid their fines, \$10 and costs. Ernest W. Chubb, one of the men, lives in Milwaukee, and is a correspondent for Sports Afield, a periodical devoted to the interests of sportsmen. He sometimes writes for other papers and magazines, always upholding the law and crying down the game wardens for not performing their duties. He advocated the law prohibiting spring shooting and favored the protection extended to fish. He is a great duck hunter and admires the wary green head, so much so that he chose the nom de plume Greenhead, when writing for magazines."

My informant tells me that Mr. Chubb and his companion were fishing in Mud Bay, a famous spawning ground of the black bass. They had taken seven bass when they were approached by the officers of the law. They threw these fish overboard, but five of them were dead and were picked up by the deputy warden and used as evidence. The men were fined something over \$13, and had their boat and tackle confiscated. I am very sorry to be obliged to chronicle such news.

Siberia Montana.

It is matter of great regret to me that I was out of town the day this week when my old bear hunting companion and friend, Noel Money, passed through en route West. I got his message too late to catch him here. The last time I heard of Noel he was in France, bound thence for Siberia. Then he came back to London, dodging Chicago very conscientiously. Now, without any warning, he flits by in the night and leaves only a hail and farewell to mark his going. For the benefit of many friends of this good sportsman and good fellow, I may say that his address, to-day at least, is Marysville, Montana. Should I ever catch him there will be an accounting. I want to know if he still wears the buckskin trousers that I coveted. And I want to say to him again that Capt. Bobo has been saving up for him a set of good bear tusks, and a pure white bear claw which he personally took off from the bear which bore it. I don't mind a fellow's traveling about a bit, but this jumping from Siberia to Montana without any satisfactory intermezzo is something which ought not to be encouraged.

E. HOUGH.

480 CAXTON BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Bob White.

I CAN hear the notes of Bob White from the window of my office, located within 80 yds. of a mill where thousands of spindles are turning out thread and hundreds of looms are making it into cloth. All through our section in the fields and forests he is to be found. Civilization does not cause him to move his haunts. He loves the fields which the hand of man has taken from the woods, and in the grain which the husbandman has failed to garner he finds his choicest food. He loves oats, wheat, corn, peas and the seeds of the herbage which spring up after the harvest is gathered. Here he will stay for many generations.

NORTH CAROLINA.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing and hunting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

Where to go.

ONE important, useful and considerable part of the FOREST AND STREAM's service to the sportsmen's community is the information given inquirers for shooting and fishing resorts. We make it our business to know where to send the sportsman for large or small game, or in quest of his favorite fish, and this knowledge is freely imparted on request.

On the other hand, we are constantly seeking information of this character for the benefit of our patrons, and we invite sportsmen, hotel proprietors and others to communicate to us whatever may be of advantage to the sportsman tourist.

ANGLING NOTES.

Fishculture in New Zealand.

LAST winter during holiday week, a telegram followed me from place to place which read: "Will arrive in Albany to-night. Can you meet me there? Reply at Murray Hill Hotel," and the message was signed L. F. Ayson, Fish Commissioner for New Zealand. As the telegram caught me in Albany, I had only to wait for Mr. Ayson to arrive, which he did a few hours after I received his message, and for about twenty-four hours I had a visit with one of the most earnest and enthusiastic fish-culturists it has been my good fortune to meet. Mr. Ayson had been directed by his Government to examine the fishcultural establishments and fish commissions of the world, practically, and he had a year's time in which to make his tour. When I met him he had visited the principal fish breeding places in continental Europe and Great Britain, Canada, the United States Fish Commission in Washington, and various hatcheries operated by the United States, State of New York and other States, and nowhere had he found attention given to hatching what are commonly called commercial fishes, as in the United States. The methods, too, he found to be far advanced in this country, as a rule, over those practiced abroad, but this he believed he would find to be the case before he left home, and for that reason he had planned to visit the United States last, instead of coming directly here from New Zealand. He had timed his return journey so that he might take home with him a quantity of impregnated eggs of our fishes, notably the whitefish. The success already attained from introducing into the waters of the Antipodes fish from Europe and America is remarkable, considering the adverse circumstances under which the experiments have been carried out; and the rapid growth of fish established in these new waters has been phenomenal, particularly in the case of brown trout (*farlo*), which grew to greater average size than in the waters of England, from which the original stock was obtained.

The salmon (*salar*) experiments have been less successful, as greater difficulty has been experienced in transporting the impregnated ova the long distances between the mother country and the colonies, and such as have survived and reached the smolt stage and descended to the sea have not returned in quantities encouraging, up to this time, to those having the matter in charge. Mr. Ayson is of the opinion that the young salmon descending to the sea are destroyed by sharks, porpoises and other sea fish, at the mouths of the rivers, but he is hopeful that the royal fish may yet become a source of pleasure and profit in the rivers of New Zealand. The brown trout has thrived in a most marvelous manner, but shows a characteristic which is peculiar to the same fish when planted in the waters of this country, by declining to take bait or lure for a considerable period after the fish are established in any particular water. In fact, in New Zealand the large brown trout are almost always taken with bait of some sort, and rarely with the fly. Ten years ago my friend, Mr. Robert B. Marston, editor of the London Fishing Gazette, sent me some eggs of the Hampshire (brown) trout, and when they were hatched I planted the fry in what is known as Halfway Brook, one of the best trout streams in New York, a large stream that has in its best days furnished native trout up to 5 lbs. in weight. The trout did well in the stream, and that they bred was evidenced by the catching of young fish several years after, and I then planted more brown trout in the stream. Fish of this species, up to over 3 lbs. in weight, were brought to me for identification, but I had reason to believe that they were not taken legitimately, for nearly all were taken by one man, who was never known to fish with hook and line, but he netted and sold minnows for bait. Men who fished the brook with hook and line, that is men who I know fished this way, did not get any big brown trout. Last year brown trout were taken occasionally with worm, and this year some big fellows were taken by using small minnows, and finally they were taken with fly. My own opinion is that they require finer fishing with fly than our own trout *fontinalis*, and that few of the fishermen who fish this stream ever try the fly, but more have been taken this year in what is positively known as fair fishing, than ever before, for every few days brown trout are reported from the stream, and I have little doubt if the stream is skillfully fished with fly as is done in England, that brown trout would be taken. Unfortunately, the brook is

so overgrown with alders that it rarely tempts the few fly-fishermen who resort to it. It is a far cry from New Zealand to fly-fishing in New York, but it has been impressed upon me within two years that bait fishing is giving way to fly-fishing in the region in which I live. I know this from the people who ask me about flies, and who confess that fly-fishing is a new departure for them, and once a fisherman is successful with artificial flies he is loath to return to the barnyard hackle.

Sunapee Trout in New York.

Within a few days I have received two letters dated within five days of each other, from two gentlemen in different parts of this State, making inquiries about supposed Sunapee trout caught in New York waters. The first, written by a clergyman in Keeseville, Essex county, reads: "I have this morning been showing to a friend, an ardent and very successful trout fisherman, the copy of the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission Report for 1896, and am so much interested in a statement which he made that I forward it to you. Late last summer he was fishing Wall Brook, in the town of Schuyler Falls, Clinton county, which empties into Lake Champlain through Salmon River. Using a worm for bait he caught a red trout weighing from 4 to 6 lbs., unlike anything he has caught before, and his experience as a trout fisherman in lakes and streams is a wide one. Two other trout fishermen who were with him had never seen one like it. The trout was very game and fought like a half-pounder. In looking over the report, when he came to the picture of the male Sunapee trout, he said: 'That is the very trout I caught last summer.'"

The other letter is written by a lawyer in Lockport, and reads as follows: "During last week there were caught near Olcott, in this county (in Lake Ontario), several fish about which I ask your aid as to their identity.

"An old fisherman who caught them stated to me that he had never seen their like before, although he has for many years been a net fisherman at Olcott. I examined one of the fish and found it in appearance to resemble the lake trout very much, and in fact to be as I thought from its appearance one of that species. However, it had none of the usual markings of the lake trout, no mottled spots or coloring of any kind. There was a silvery appearance over the whole body with no spots of any kind. The general shape of the fish was that of a lake trout, and upon examining the second annual report of the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission, I found there described the white trout, or as it is also called, 'golden trout,' or 'Sunapee sabling.' The fish I refer to was exactly represented by the illustration of the female Sunapee trout. Is there any reason to believe that this trout is to be found in Lake Ontario? Otherwise, do the lake trout of that lake appear in the form of the one I have described, without markings of any kind? I have seen the lake trout in many different places from Lake Ontario to Puget's Sound, and in all cases think I can recall there have been distinct markings on the fish consisting of mottled spots with purplish tinge, and also spots of a yellowish or salmon tinge. The absence of these spottings made me think that possibly the white trout had been planted in Lake Ontario through the efforts of the New York Fisheries Commission or in some other way, and I am in hopes that it is so, as that species would seem to be a valuable addition to the fish supply of the lake.

"I had the fish cooked, and its flesh resembled in color the flesh of the lake trout, and was very delicate and palatable."

It was rather curious that two letters dated so near together should ask about the same species of fish, and that a brook fish in one part of the State, and a lake fish in another part of the State, should have been recognized from drawings in the same volume as the male and female of the species, when, as a fact, the species does not exist in either of the waters. So far as is at present known, the Sunapee trout or sabling is found only in Sunapee Lake, New Hampshire; in another lake in the same State, and in Flood's Pond, in Maine, or more correctly, they are native only to the waters named, for I believe the fry have been planted in New Hampshire waters, to which they are not aboriginal, and the same may be said of Maine, as they have been cultivated in that State from the stock found in Flood's Pond.

The only attempt made to establish the Sunapee trout in waters outside of the New England States named, so far as I have knowledge, was made by the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission of this State, when it sent the State fish car to Sunapee Lake and made an exchange of fish with the New Hampshire Fish Commission, obtaining sixty adult Sunapee trout from 2 to 5 lbs. in weight. Forty-two of these fish, evenly divided as to sex, were planted in Lake George, and the balance went to the stock ponds at the Caledonia hatching station and to the New York Aquarium, where they subsequently died. During the journey from the New Hampshire State hatchery to the New York fish car, where the fish were crowded into one-tenth or less of the water they should have had, they proved themselves to be the most hardy of any fish of the salmon family that I have ever handled. Except for the driver of the wagon, I was alone with the fish, and I did not dare use the water in the streams that we crossed, as all were swollen and discolored from recent rains, and every fish appeared to have its head out of water seeking the oxygen the water did not afford, so that I had serious doubts of handling a single fish alive at the car, as all were weak from the exhaustion of artificial spawning only a day or two before. At the car the fish were taken from the four cans in which they had made the mountain journey and placed in fifty cans with fresh water and ice to reduce it to the temperature of the hatchery breeding pens, and during the subsequent all-night journey all but two of the smaller fish recovered and were planted in apparent good condition, but I never expect to see another lot of any species of trout that will live through what those fish did, in spite of changes in temperature, overcrowding, leaky steam valves, missing train connection and adverse conditions generally, and I doubt if so many would have survived except for a plucky crew of men who could go without sleep or food, and did not mind water hot or cold. After the Sunapee trout were planted in Lake George, on a shoal in mid-lake, for they are lake fish and spawn on shoals in the lake, and do not enter streams, one was caught by a lake trout fisherman the following spring, but recognized by the man, as he was the

captain of the steam launch which took them to be planted, the fish was released uninjured. They have been seen on the shoal where planted at breeding times, and it is hoped that they will thrive and multiply.

The fish caught in Clinton county may have been an unusually high-colored male *fontinalis*, as it was taken "late last summer," for a breeding male *fontinalis* is sometimes as highly colored as a male Sunapee trout, and the latter presents the deep red of the illustration only in the autumn. If it was not a breeding male *fontinalis*, I do not know what it could have been, but it was not a Sunapee trout, for they do not enter streams.

When the first report of the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission was issued, a gentleman who has been an ardent trout fisherman all his life, told me that the male *fontinalis* shown in colors in the salmon, and reproduced in the second report, was of such vivid red on the belly as to be overdone, for no trout was ever so highly colored.

I complimented him by saying he must always have fished in the open season, and had never seen a breeding male in breeding finery. Later I dipped from one of the stock ponds at a State hatchery a lot of breeding male trout, many of them more highly colored than the trout in the illustration, and the same gentleman, when he looked at this, remarked that he had nothing more to say about the red of brook trout.

As to the Lake Ontario fish, it was probably a lake trout and nothing else. In more than twenty years of lake trout fishing, fishing every year with fair success and taking in the aggregate a good many trout, I have caught three trout which would answer fairly well to the description given in the quoted letter, and the three are all that I have ever seen, although I have heard of other similar fish. My fish were deep, short fish, with small pointed head like the fresh run sea salmon, and the flesh was of a richer salmon color than the ordinary run of lake trout from the same waters, but they lacked the mottlings of the average lake trout, or rather the mottlings appeared to be covered over by a thick coating of silver. All the same, they were lake trout, but of finer flavor with thicker cream curds between the flesh flakes than their fellows of the same species. As a matter of fact, in dire necessity on one occasion, I passed one of the three fish off as a salmon at a luncheon given by my mother. I was not afraid of the women, nor of some of the men, but I was afraid of two of the men. One of the men afterward asked me where I got that salmon, and I said I telegraphed to Blackford's in a hurry to get a fresh fish. That was absolutely true, but I did not tell him that Blackford replied that he had no green salmon, and so I had rung in a lake trout, cold boiled and covered with Mayonnaise, for the fish was a ringer sure enough.

Landlocked Salmon in Lake George.

Several queries have come to me this year about the landlocked salmon which have been planted in Lake George and Lake Champlain, and as to the probabilities of catching them. The first plant of these fish was made in the lake in 1894, consequently they are now five years old. About a dozen were caught last year, the largest weighing 6 lbs.

This year I have not been able to go to the lake, but I have heard that eleven fish have been taken and that the largest weighed 11 lbs., although I cannot confirm the weight. Of six that I know to have been caught, the largest weighed 7½ lbs., and the others 6, 6, 5½, 5 and 5 lbs. respectively. Another is reported to have been caught weighing 8 lbs., but I cannot confirm the weight any more than in the case of the alleged 11 lb. fish. Every man that has caught a salmon knows that he has been fishing, and Warren Harris, an old man and old professional fisherman, who caught the 7½ lb. fish, admits that he had a regular case of salmon fever, and his son says he was still shaking when he came ashore with the fish. The tactics of a hooked landlocked salmon puzzle the lake trout fishermen who have had no previous experience with his serene highness, the ouananiche, as he does more of his fighting out of the water than the black bass, the only leaping fish they are accustomed to. I cannot conscientiously advise any of the people who have written to me to come to Lake George solely for landlocked salmon fishing, as they are not yet taken in sufficient quantities to warrant an extended journey. Such of the fish as have been taken have been taken on the surface, chiefly by fishermen while trolling for lake trout, and the proportion of salmon taken to the men engaged in fishing is small, although more may have been taken than has come to my knowledge. That the water of the lake suits them, and that they find plenty of food, and are well distributed in the lake is an assured fact, and that they have gone into the streams to spawn is also known, so I think in time the landlocked salmon fishing may be very good in Lake George.

As to Lake Champlain, I have had no reports this year, but last year quite a number of salmon were caught in the lake, and I presume this year, when the facts are known, it will develop that more were caught than last year. I do not know but I have mentioned in these columns, that last fall after the ice formed in the bays of Lake Champlain, I was at Port Henry with a United States Fish Commission car planting fingerling landlocked salmon, and on the day of our visit a salmon of 5 lbs. was caught through the ice by a perch fisherman. I have since learned that the fish was caught opposite and quite near to a stream where the fingerling fish have been planted annually since 1894, and I now believe it to have been a fish that had spawned, as the time was late December.

A. N. CHENEY.

From the Fishing Waters.

FOND DU LAC, Wis., May 19.—While bass and perch have been taking the hook in Lake Winnebago, and many fine strings have been brought in.

METROPOLITAN, Mich., May 15.—Local anglers have taken many brook trout in the nearby waters.

IRON RIVER, Mich., May 16.—The fishermen have reported strings of from fifteen to forty trout from the Iron River, four miles from here.

ELMWOOD, Mich.—Our streams here for trout fishing are the Paint River, Bush River and Ontonagon River. Bush River is considered to be the best one, five miles east; Ontonagon River second, four miles west, and Paint River runs near by.

League of Salt-Water Fishermen.

NEW YORK, May 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We hear many complaints made by the net fishermen in opposition to our efforts to restrain them and keep them out from nearby waters. The objection they urge is that we are depriving them of a living. Well then, what shall we say about the tackle and bait dealers, boat builders and those who hire boats to fishermen? These men must make a living too.

We are not depriving anyone of anything, but just at present our only effort is to enforce the laws; and if these men who complain of us were not in the wrong they would not cry out. The shoe pinches.

If we are successful in our efforts, and fishermen may know that fish are to be caught in the rivers and bays, the men who are now netters we are sure would make a better living than they do now. As an example, consider Jamaica Bay and Long Island Sound and its bays, where net fishing has been stopped. The people there are building more boats for the accommodation of the fishermen, just because they see that there is a better fare for them. Those who now net fish in the Hudson I am sure would derive the same benefit as their brothers who formerly netted in the Long Island waters mentioned, if the law in the Hudson were enforced and similar conditions created. The Long Island netters at first cried that they would starve if the law was enforced; but now see the result. They are the very ones themselves to come into this league and help us. And why? The reason is clear. Of course there will always be a few grumblers, but in spite of them the world moves on just the same.

It is said by some of our critics that we do not know just what we want. We do know. We want them to confine themselves to their proper ground outside of Sandy Hook and give to the working class its rights. For it is the working class as a rule which includes those who suffer by the inroads of the netters, and not the rich; for the rich can go elsewhere to places that are well protected. But the salt-water fishermen of New York wish to enjoy the same privileges as the fresh-water fishermen do, and they may enjoy them too, if they insist upon their rights, and defend the waters from unlawful netting.

The contention of the net fishermen that if netting near New York shall be prohibited by an enforcement of the present laws, fish will be scarce in the market, we know, and everyone knows, is not sustained by the facts. The fish are very plentiful in the market, so much so that the market is often overstocked; and frequently in order that prices may not be lowered, cases of fish (and of the very best varieties) received by the market men are not opened but are sent down to Barren Island and are there destroyed. What do the fishermen get for them? No commission; that means no money. This condition has been investigated thoroughly, and we know it to be as here stated. It may be recalled that on one occasion of when two carloads of fish had been sent from Galilee, N. J., one carload was sold and the other was sent back to the shippers and dumped on the beach; a hole was dug in the sand and the fish were buried in it.

We salt water fishermen in general are a generous and well-meaning class of citizens. We aim to do justice to all; but we are determined to have justice done to us. We propose to maintain our rights in this the greatest State in the land. We have set out to protect the waters from illicit netting, and this is precisely what we shall accomplish. We ask the support of all right-minded citizens, interested directly or indirectly in salt-water fishing or not. The progress we have already made is an assurance of our ultimate success. We are engaged in a righteous cause, and it will triumph.

I shall from time to time announce in FOREST AND STREAM the public meetings of the League, and your readers are invited to be present and join with us in our work.

T. BIEDINGER, Pres.

New England Fishing.

BOSTON, May 20.—Fortunate is the fisherman who has a friend who owns a fine trout preserve, and still more fortunate is that man when the invitation comes for a fishing trip. Mr. George N. Talbot owns such a preserve at Windsor, Conn., and his friends know how to appreciate it. Messrs. John Fottler, Jr., A. N. Parlin and C. H. Olmstead, all of Boston, were invited down there last week, and it was a royal fishing trip. In the first place the trout fishing was all that heart could wish. Then the entertainment was such as a man of Mr. Talbot's means and generosity is able and glad to make. Some good successes are occasionally reported in Massachusetts brooks not yet under control. Mr. C. C. Merrill, of Boston, mentions a fishing excursion recently taken. A friend invited him to fish a stream not over twelve miles from the Massachusetts statehouse—the location is not given, for fear that the rabble will want to fish there. They drove to the stream. The friend showed Mr. Merrill a hole that he considered a good one, but went up further himself. Mr. Merrill began fishing. One, two, three, and up to half a dozen trout were taken. Finally three big ones came out, one after the other. Just then the man who "knew all about the stream" came back without a fish. To say that he was surprised at the catch Mr. Merrill had made does not overstate the case. Finally, he frankly confessed that he thought there might possibly be a trout or two in that hole, but considered his own chances much better further up.

Mr. W. S. Hinman has gone to Rangeley. Mr. Frank Magee, who has fished the Rangeley waters for many seasons, having been trained to the sport by his father, has started for the Rangeleys, accompanied by Mrs. Magee. Messrs. A. H. Proctor and A. F. Breed of Salem, have gone to Sebec Lake, Me., for salmon fishing. Then they go to Moosehead to try the trout, and later they will wind up the trip at the Rangeleys, where they have had good success in former seasons. Another of the leading Boston fishing parties is off for Col. E. B. Haskell's camps, Allerton Lodge, Mooselucmaguntic. In this party are an ex-Mayor and one or two military colonels, all noted fishermen. Their names are H. T. Rockwell, E. B. Haskell, Henry A. Priest, Edwin U. Curtis, John A. Lowell, D. F. Appel, G. W. Russell and Henry N. Sawyer. Mr. Rockwell has fished the same waters for nearly thirty seasons, and the party always

carries his name. Great success in large fish was put down to the score of this party last year.

Another party of leading Boston, Cambridge, Worcester and New York business men started for Moosehead Friday night. The party includes G. A. Fales, Boston; J. H. Davis, S. R. Ellis, Cambridge; Frank Holden, Frank Fitzpatrick, Boston; M. K. Green, Jamaica Plain; W. F. Perkins, Wakefield; C. W. Cheney, Boston; B. Heslor, Worcester; J. M. Deal, St. Albans, Vt.; M. Bullard, Cambridge; H. C. Dilworth and Mr. Ditmar, of New York. Mr. L. E. Pierce, of Boston, has been commodore of this party for many seasons, and under his management they usually have good success and a good deal of fun. He has a record of twenty-five trout, every one taken on the fly, on the 20th and 21st days of May last year, which is remarkably early for fly-fishing at Moosehead.

The report has just come to hand that Mr. M. P. Clough, of Lynn, has taken a salmon weighing 8½ lbs. in the waters fished by the Oquossoc Angling Association, head of Mooselucmaguntic Lake. The same report also states that Mrs. Henry Roeloffs, of Philadelphia, who has visited the Oquossoc Association camps for many seasons, has just taken a salmon of 10 lbs. J. S. Bartlett, B. N. Johnson and C. W. Fox are on a fishing trip to Rangeley waters. D. T. Dudley, C. W. Arnold and P. B. Heintz are on a fishing trip to the same waters. F. A. Kennedy and C. S. Denison, of the Dobsis Club, are at Grand Lake. C. Z. Bassett and E. E. Pecker are on a fishing trip to Billy Soule's Pleasant Island camps. They will doubtless visit other sections of the Rangeleys. Mr. John E. Deylin has gone to Sunapee Lake, N. H., for a fishing excursion.

Boston, May 22.—Interest in sport with rod and line was never greater. Fishing parties are numerous and of large size. But in truth it must be stated that up to date the fishing has not been great in the principal Maine and New Hampshire waters. The weather has been very cold for the past week, with disagreeable rains, and the water has continued especially high. Still, reports of success are beginning to come in. Better reports are being received from Bemis. Mr. J. Ross True and Mr. Herman Bickford, of Auburn, landed seven trout there on Thursday, the largest weighing 4¾ lbs. Mr. True's first strike was within ten minutes after he threw his line over and within ten rods of the shore. A letter from Haines Landing, Mooselucmaguntic, dated Friday, says that the fishing at that point is now at its best. Several large fish have just been taken. Mr. R. Babcock, of New York, has taken two salmon of 5¾ lbs. weight; two of 3 lbs. and two of 2½ lbs.; two trout of 4 lbs., and three of 3½ lbs. Mr. Walter G. Clark, of North Attleboro, Mass., has caught one salmon of 7 lbs., and one of 5½ lbs.; two of 3 lbs. and two of 2½ lbs., with several smaller ones. Ira Richards, also of North Attleboro, has made a record of one salmon of 6¾ lbs., one of 3½ lbs., and some good trout. Mr. William Reed, of Brockton, Mass., has taken a salmon of 8 lbs., and a trout of 4¾ lbs. Rather better success is being reported from Lake Auburn, Me. On Wednesday Mr. Frank Hamilton caught a salmon there weighing 9 lbs. He also secured a "red spot" of good size.

Sportsmen are unusually numerous at Moosehead. It is plain that business has been better, and that successful merchants are taking a much-needed rest. The list of anglers registered at the hotels has never been better. Mr. George F. Searls, of Bangor, has taken home fifteen trout, the string weighing 25 lbs.; the largest, 3½ lbs. Dr. W. S. Houston, of Greenville, has hooked and landed a trout of 3½ lbs. Thomas Walker, of Portland, has also taken a big one. Dr. Houston and G. W. Brown also report a catch of 63 lbs. in a few hours' fishing.

At the Mountain View House, Rangeley Lake, the first big fish to go on record this season was a trout of 5¾ lbs., taken by W. W. Thomas, of Portland. May 16, Mr. F. W. Smith secured a trout of 4½ lbs., and a salmon of 4 lbs. Mr. J. R. Marble, of Worcester, Mass., secured a trout of 4½ lbs., and Mr. L. H. Terry, a trout of 3½ lbs. Mr. F. V. Prentice, of Worcester, is at the Mountain View House, where he has been for a good many seasons. One day last week he took twenty trout, the largest weighing 6¾ lbs.

The last reports say that the smelt are fast disappearing, and there is little doubt but what the fishing will be better very soon. The smelt have been remarkably numerous in all the trout and salmon waters of Maine and New Hampshire, with more than the usual number of dead and dying on the surface. Later these little fish disappear—no one knows whither—and the trout and salmon that have been feasting on them are forced to seek other food.

Canadian Licenses.

QUEBEC, May 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Every non-resident of the Province of Quebec wishing to fish and hunt on our territory is obliged by the law to first take a license. In the interest of the Province, the Department of Lands, Forests and Fisheries has thought that so far it was better not to apply that law to clubs and individual lessees of hunting and fishing territory; nor to their invited guests and honorary members of clubs. So many abuses, however, have been the consequence of this toleration that it has become necessary to apply the law in certain cases. The Department has quite lately addressed to all the lessees and to all secretaries of clubs the following circular, which explains itself:

"Hitherto the law compelling all non-residents of the Province of Quebec to take out licenses for fishing and hunting, has not been applied to non-residents invited by lessees of hunting and fishing territories, or the honorary members of incorporated clubs.

"I have the honor to inform you that with the view of putting an end to numerous abuses, the Department has decided that in future the bona fide active members of an incorporated club and the lessees of hunting and fishing territories in the Province of Quebec, shall alone be exempt from obtaining an extra license to fish and hunt in this Province.

"Therefore, honorary members of a club and guests who are not residents of the Province must, in future, obtain a license, the fee for which shall be as follows: \$10 for a fishing license and \$25 for a hunting license, or \$1.50 per diem for the right to hunt and \$1 per diem for the right to fish when a license is required for three or four days only.

"Please take note of this decision and notify the mem-

bers of your club for you will be held responsible for all infringements of the law in this respect and any such infringement might entail the cancelling of your lease.

"To facilitate the obtaining of licenses, secretaries of clubs can, on application, have sent to them a certain number of blanks which they can fill up for the convenience of their members and remit the fees to the Department.

"I have the honor to be, sir, your obedient servant,
"S. N. PARENT,
"Commissioner of Lands, Forests and Fisheries."

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Wausaukee Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., May 20.—Wausaukee Club, of Chicago, one of the pleasantest fishing organizations in the city, will have quite an elaborate time on Decoration Day. There will be a special car, which will leave Chicago Saturday (night, and among others of the party will be the following: J. Allan Preisch and wife, C. H. N. Tobey and wife, C. D. Hoard and wife, George S. Thurber and wife, B. D. Campbell and wife, H. K. Allen and wife, Messrs. W. R. Root, F. K. Root, H. C. L. Goggett, F. G. Hoynes, W. R. Schutze, G. P. McWilliams, P. B. Gibbs, H. B. Cook, J. A. Bloomington, with others not yet heard from. Wausaukee Club is out of debt, and owns 4,000 acres of land. The grounds are near the Peshtigo River, and there are near by many small streams and lakes that offer fine sport at trout and bass. The club buildings have been much improved and are in fine shape. There is a piano for the use of the musical element in the club. The table at this club is uniformly good. The club numbers about 100 now, twelve new members having been added recently. Sixty thousand brook trout will be planted this season in the Wausaukee River alone, the club keeping up this policy of stocking the stream. The entering point for this club is Athelstane, on the Chicago, Milwaukee St. Paul Railway. This is in the center of a very good sporting region. It goes without saying that the Wausaukee Decoration Day gathering will be a distinguished and happy one.

Bad Season for Trout.

We have been having the worst sort of weather here for the past ten days, and our trout season is badly disfigured. Heavy rains have swollen the streams and the temperature in the pine woods has been sub-Arctic. Continued advices of this sort have held back most of the trout travel thus far. A few parties will go out at the end of this week, and so far as human judgment may predict, these should have good success, for the weather is now clearing and bids fair to give us sunshine enough to warm the streams. Among other Chicago gentlemen who will go north to-day is Mr. Frank B. Orr, of Orr & Lockett, this city, who goes to the Prairie River, via Merrill, Wis.

Methods in Fly-Casting and Fly-Tying.

I am in receipt of a letter from Mr. Jephtha G. Dunlap, who writes from San Jose, Cal., regarding some matters which may perhaps be of interest to readers of the FOREST AND STREAM. His letter is in substance as below:

"The fact that, so far, little interest has been manifested in what has been said on the Taylor method of fly-fishing need not be taken as evidence that the articles on that subject as presented by you and Mr. Taylor were not of great interest to at least some of the angling fraternity. As for myself, although I have not until this late day written you concerning the matter, I have not only been so deeply interested as to copy in my book of items relating to fishing and shooting the practical or salient features of the various papers referring to it, but to re-read them very carefully several times; something which in other cases I rarely take time to do. Anglers, like other people, are many of them wedded to their gods, and when a man spends years in worship at a special shrine which represents to him the highest and the best—when the long, light cast and the rod with its appurtenances which best accomplish this are the objects of his devotion, he will not turn aside from them except with reluctance. So an innovation, such as this new method at first sight seems to be, very naturally meets with his disapproval. To me, however, it is not abandoning the old, but simply adding to it a new interest. There is plenty of use for the old method in every day's fishing, and if I should find it desirable to employ the new under such conditions as make it admissible, I should certainly find the old necessary with sufficient frequency to add the zest of variety.

"In one or two respects there is an apparent discrepancy between you and Mr. Taylor. No doubt your explanation would not only be satisfactory, but additionally instructive; for in the absence of seeing Mr. Taylor fish there are still some things which it would be desirable to know. In your description which appeared in FOREST AND STREAM of May 28, 1898, you say: 'Instead of casting with lightness and delicacy, he was slashing away as hard as he could, cutting up the surface of the water into long ridges, the whole leader and part of the line landing on the water and causing the greatest confusion.' Further on, Mr. Taylor says to you: 'Don't try to cast easy. Make all the splash you can. Wake up your trout. That is what I do.' While in FOREST AND STREAM of Sept. 3, 1898, Mr. Taylor says: 'I generally fish with a short line, 5 ft. leader, and cast the fly over the pool several times in succession before allowing it to alight; then I allow my fly to touch the surface of the water lightly several times, always keeping the leader and line from striking the water. After repeating this performance a number of times, I allow my fly to alight on the water, always a few feet up stream from the point where my previous casts have been made (as described by Mr. E. Hough in the edition of May 28, of FOREST AND STREAM), and then allow the fly to drift slowly down stream; thus it passes over the previously agitated water, and this is the most killing way to fish for large trout.' This differs so much from what he said and did on the Prairie River that one might think he had afterward evolved a new and better way. In the former case the leader and line were cast upon the water with the intention of making a disturbance; in the latter the leader and

line are kept from striking the water. This point is further emphasized by Mr. Taylor where he meets with several anglers on the stream, illustrates to their skeptical minds the superiority of his method and then was amused at their efforts to imitate his new style of casting. He says 'they would slap line, leader and flies violently upon the surface of the water, which was a most comical and amusing sight.'

"Would you be kind enough to make a simple illustration of a fly which has been trimmed in accordance with Mr. Taylor's idea, showing the difference between the original fly and the fly after trimming. But if this seems an unnecessary trouble, be so good as to make it plain as possible in words. I would like to know just where he cuts the feathers, how much, and how the fly looks after the operation. As it is stated in one instance that the wing is trimmed and in another that more than two-thirds of the hackle is cut away, I am left somewhat in doubt as to whether both wing and hackle are reduced or whether it may be one or the other, according to circumstances.

"As Mr. Averill's paper on Japanese fly-fishing has been associated with Mr. Taylor's method. I am reminded to ask you how the hackle on the enclosed fly compares in respect to thinness with the Japanese article I have tied it on a sproat hook, not, of course, having one of the Japanese, and I regret having at present no finer gut. It will, however, answer my purpose in reference to the hackle, and will also, I feel certain, take you some good fish if you give it the opportunity. The only way I can devise to make the hackle thin enough without the too tedious process of cutting out the alternate barbs is to remove the web entirely from one side of the feather. If this does not give the desired result, I would like to know by what method the Jap has the advantage of me."

I have recently been so much besieged with inquiries about this sort of fly-casting that I am prompted to take up the above communication at some length. In the first place, the discrepancy in the descriptions of Mr. Taylor's style of fly-casting is not a discrepancy of actual facts. I described only what I actually saw in practice, and in very effective practice. Laying before Mr. Taylor these remarks of Mr. Dunlap, the former said to me that I was quite accurate in my description, but that very often when alone he practiced the semi-dry fly method which he had himself described. He said that this sort of casting was so tiring and so hard on a rod, as well as on the wrist, that he did not always use it, except when he was out gunning for big trout. He stated further that the principle was still the same; that is to say, of waking up the trout by repeated appearance of the fly. The last cast was not made with any attempt at lightness or delicacy. Mr. Taylor once more repeated to me that he had often walked down on a big trout in a quiet pool, by cutting up the surface of the water with repeated slashings of the line. Reading together of the English method of dry fly-fishing, he rather laughed at the latter, and said he felt confident that he could kill the shyest trout of the English meadow streams by this same slashing way of fishing, which he declares he has never found ineffective on any stream that he has ever fished.

I fished with this same angler on the Prairie River again one day this week, last Monday, and we tried the same method which I described last spring, and we found it effective. In one case Mr. Taylor was cutting away at the water on the side of a log, when he raised a big trout, which sprang at or over the fly. A few moments later he raised the same trout again in the same manner, but again failed to hook him. Stepping back to change his fly, he said to me: "Go ahead in there, Hough, and see if you can get him." We had now seen this trout twice, and he might well have seen us, for we stood in the stream less than 15 ft. from the stump where he lay. I began cutting the water along the side of the stump, intending to flick it with the fly, but sometimes allowing a foot or two of the leader to strike the water. I kept this up on the same bit of water for some moments, and then out came the trout again, springing clear over my fly. We all laughed at this, and my wife, who was standing in the water near us, said that was the last we would see of that trout. Yet I still kept up the slashing along the edge of the stump, and in a few moments out came the trout for the fourth time! This time he seized the fly fair and full. I had good water to play him, and we duly put him in the basket, his weight proving 11¾ oz. Now, this trout was clearly an angry trout, and not a shy or timid trout. We worked for him, I should say, about four minutes before he was hooked, and we got him by deliberately teasing him out. Had we gone along the stream and worked that stump with a long line and a light fly we might never have known there was any trout there at all, and we certainly never would have caught that trout. Mr. Taylor explained to me that sometimes in casting a part of the line would strike the water, since one does not always cast as well as he wishes. This was not a vital matter, the main thing being the emphatic presentation of the fly directly in front of the trout. I cannot offer a better instance of the use of this "system" than the above account of how we teased one big trout out again and again, and finally caught him apparently against his will from first to last.

Now, as to the trimming of the fly to which Mr. Dunlap alludes, I have no means of making this absolutely clear. In general, I would say that the wings of most of our flies are twice as large as they need be. For this casting with a short line, or with a long line either, for that matter, you do not want a big feather fluffing in the wind. The wing of a drowned insect does not look very large. I should say that we removed on the average from one-half to one-third of the wing of the fly such as one ordinarily buys. The wing was left slightly shorter than the hook. When the hackle was very heavy we trimmed it also. The whole idea is to cut the fly where it needs to be cut, whether in hackle or wing, and to fix it so that it will cast well and look more like a drowned insect than a furry, fuzzy object as big around as your finger. Usually the wing was trimmed along the top, and sometimes it was shortened very much. By comparison with "store" flies, ours looked pretty naked.

Mr. Dunlap sends me a fly of his own tying, with the hackle very thin, as thin, I should say, as that of the Japanese fly which Mr. Averill sent to the FOREST AND STREAM. I left this fly with Mr. Taylor and asked him to

try it. He thought that he would be able to kill some nice trout with it later on. I do not know how the Japanese workman handles his material, but should think Mr. Dunlap's way of removing half the feather would be practical.

A Trip to the Prairie.

I have referred incidentally above to my little trip to the Prairie River this week. I ran up for a hurried look at this beautiful little stream, which is a pet water of my own. We went in by way of Merrill, on the St. Paul road, and had an eighteen-mile ride through the pine country, with a hundred colors in the woods about us and a thousand tints in the sky above. The sun was shining only in name, for the day was cold and windy and unsuitable for trout. The river itself was rather bleak looking, and felt cold through one's waders. On the first evening the ingenué of the party, who had never before set foot in a trout stream, managed to extract one husky trout from his native element, much to her mental exaltation. That ended the first chapter so far as we were concerned, though later on Mr. Taylor came in with about a dozen and a half of fine trout, one weighing 1½ lbs. Mrs. Cone gave us baked trout for dinner, and they came in on a big platter, and they stuck out over the platter. I should say there were half a dozen fish which weighed over 1 lb each, proof enough that there are big trout in the Prairie if you know how to get them.

On the following day the weather was still more inclement, though not enough so to keep us indoors. Mr. Taylor went along as guide-in-chief, and we two spent most of the day in an argument with a third member of the party, trying to convince her that she was not going to be forthwith drowned, overwhelmed and instantaneously carried away by the stream. Really, the Prairie River is not a wicked water, but the sweetest wading stream on earth. On that day we fooled along comfortably until afternoon, and I think took less than a dozen trout all told. On the next day Mr. Taylor and I went out alone, and this was the last fishing I had, as rain came on and the water rose 1½ ft. The morning was of wintry cold, with a raw wind, which made it hard to keep a fly on the water. At noon the sun tried to shine, but gave it up. At 3 o'clock rain began to fall, and after that we had to give it up and go home. In spite of all this we killed nineteen fish between us, and with the exception of three, I think all of these fish would run above 9 in. in length. Had we had decent weather we must certainly have made nice baskets that day, and indeed had nothing to complain of as it was.

Fishing a deep bend of swift water together about noon, I said to Taylor that I surely ought to raise a trout at the cut bank under the alders across the stream. I slashed in here several times, allowing my fly to drift out with the current. This I repeated several times, the fly floating down close to Mr. Taylor, who stood in the stream below me. All at once there came a big boil out of the water not 10 ft. away from him, and a glorious, brilliantly colored trout flung himself upon my fly. "Pound and a half, sure!" shouted Taylor. "He's thick as your arm." And it did seem very likely that this broad tail betokened a goodly fight. The fish struck across the current, taking the line off the click reel, and it seemed to me that he was heading for the roots of the alders with a view to breaking away. Thinking it best to stop him if I could, I put on a gentle pressure, and to our intense disgust the hook came free. I presume the fish had been but very slightly hooked in the side of the jaw.

"You didn't work that fish right," said Taylor. "If you had turned your line entirely free he wouldn't have gone across stream, but would have gone straight to the bottom. This old talk about keeping a tight line on a brook trout is all nonsense. If you set the hook in you can let the line go all you want to on a brook trout, though you can't on a rainbow or a black bass. The bass or the rainbow trout will jump and shake its head, but if you strike a brook trout his first thought is to go to the bottom."

I have never had time to test this bit of angling lore, but will certify that in this instance my tactics lost me a fish, though I thought I handled him as gingerly as I dared. Mr. Taylor promised to go back and catch that trout later on, and I am sure I hope he will. Within the next five days he will have grand sport with the trout in this stream. He very often gets them up to 1½ lbs., and has taken them over 3 lbs., though of course these are not usual weights. For the part of the stream which we fished I must say that the trout averaged better than I ever have taken in a Wisconsin stream. Of course, we used only the artificial fly, which is the only fit way to fish this stream. Of late years the Prairie has been visited mainly by fly fishermen, though I regret to state that I heard of three members of a local family who last week caught 125 trout on bait and sold them at Merrill for 50 cents a pound.

The Dalles of the Prairie.

We found time in our brief visit to go up above Dudley's place for a look at the beautiful "dells" of the Prairie River, where the stream pitches and tumbles for a quarter of a mile through a rocky gorge that might have been transplanted from the Rocky Mountains themselves. This water is a hard one to fish, and constitutes a natural preserve. There are few more beautiful reaches along any trout stream that I have ever seen.

Trout, Arbutus and Deer

Of all wild things these three are the shyest, the wildest and most difficult of approach, and in their way are rare and beautiful. In this little journey to the Prairie I found the home of all three. In the hill country I discovered ancient runways worn by the feet of many deer, and much fresh sign, and we saw one deer. Trout, and very beautiful trout, we had. And lastly, almost best of all, I found store of that wild, timid, sweet, unspeakably beautiful little wood's plant, the trailing arbutus. This last by grace of a season unnaturally late. Far back in the hills along the Prairie dwelt the father of our landlady, Mrs. Cone, and to this place we went, hearing that arbutus might be found not far from there. We were told that it was quite too late, and that all the blossoms were gone, but a son of the family consented to go and show

me where the arbutus had been. We went back a mile in the woods, waded through a cranberry swamp, and came to a little, mossy island. Here by mere good fortune we found a patch of the pink-white blossoms, in space that might have been covered by a tablecloth, but in quantity all that we desired. Of two trout baskets, one filled with trout and one with arbutus, I wis not which may be more beautiful, but surely both are exceeding good. Mrs. Cone, who rode with me through the wintry air on this quest, pronounced in favor of the arbutus. I ought not to omit saying that we put up at the farm of Delos Cone, about a mile and a half from Dudley. At the latter place we saw Mr. and Mrs. Daniels, of Denver, whom I had sent there earlier. They were having fair luck and intended to stay until good weather came, in which case they are sure to have some heavy fishing. On our way out of the woods we met a couple of gentlemen whom I do not know, but who were going into Dudley. I should think the best date to strike this country would be from May 20 to June 1, this being in ordinary years about the earliest of the Wisconsin streams. My own trip, short and cold as it was, was a very great pleasure.

How to Keep Flies.

Lately I spoke of keeping flies in a glass jar, as suggested by Mr. Mather. A friend tells me that he keeps all his flies in a cigar box, and that the smell of the tobacco makes his receptacle absolutely moth proof.

Habits of Planted Trout.

The same friend calls my attention to a fact which I had never before heard mentioned. "This roily condition of the water," said he (the Prairie River), "will spoil our fun, for these are planted trout. No trout are native to any of the Wisconsin streams which flow to the Mississippi tributaries, though they are found native in most of the Lake Superior streams, the reverse of this situation being true in regard to the muscallunge. These Prairie River trout were planted by old man Dudley about twenty years ago. I have always noted that in a wild stream where trout are native the condition of the water and weather have little or nothing to do with their feeding. On the other hand, in a stream where the trout are not native, the changes of weather and water make much more difference. The fish will not do much for us here so long as the water stays muddy and high, and we might as well be resigned. If this were a Superior stream I should not so much mind, for I should feel sure we could take at least a few."

I give this information for what it is worth, considering it at least good for consideration and investigation, and fit to be included in the trout iconoclast with which I have recently had a bit to do, what with fly-cutting, fly-casting with a short line, and other heterodox things as earlier recorded.

E. HOUGH.

480 CANTON BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Fly-Fishing for Shad.

NEW YORK, May 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I dimly recall having seen an article a number of years ago on the taking of shad with the fly. My impression is that this article is in your paper, and that it was written by Dr. Wm. C. Prime, but of this I am not certain.

I write to ask if you can put me in way of getting definite information in regard to this matter, or give me such information yourself, as will enable a friend of mine, in whose interest I write, to make trial of this style of fishing.

I wish to know whether it has been or where it can be practiced, and what flies have been successfully used.

T. H. S.

[We have from time to time printed notes on fly-fishing for shad, at Washington, D. C., Holyoke, Mass., and elsewhere. The best flies are small and light colored patterns, like the white miller, or white and ibis, dressed on hooks corresponding in size with No. 6 or No. 7 sproat. The current number of the *Game Laws in Brief and Woodcraft Magazine* contains an enthusiastic paper on "Fly-Fishing for Shad," by S. T. Hammond.]

Salt-Water Fishing.

THE first weakfish of the season in Princess Bay, Staten Island, were taken on May 17, two fish, weighing 2 lbs. each, caught by Mr. Isaac Smith.

The Paris Exposition.

We have received from the Commissioner-General for the United States the following classification of Group IX. at the Paris Exposition of 1900. As already noted the conduct of the exhibition of this group has been intrusted to Dr. Tarleton H. Bean:

Group IX.—Forestry, Hunting, Fishing, Gathering Wild Crops.

CLASS 49.—APPLIANCES AND PROCESSES USED IN FORESTRY.

Collection of seeds. Specimens of indigenous or exotic forest products.

Special implements for gathering, preparing, testing and preserving seeds; drying houses. Implements for nurseries. Equipment for tree culture and forest industries.

Processes of culture in nurseries. Processes of culture and of the management of forests.

Forest topography.

Forest works: keeper's houses, sawmills, tracks for hauling timber, sanitation, re-stocking (with animals, etc.).

Terracing: re-planting, turfing, etc. Planting to hold the surface of dunes.

CLASS 50.—PRODUCTS OF THE CULTIVATION OF FORESTS AND OF FOREST INDUSTRIES.

Specimens of forest products.

Wood for cabinet work, for building, for fuel, wood that has been worked; lumber; staves. Dye woods.

Cork; textile barks. Tanning, fragrant, resinous substances, etc.

Products of foreign industries; cooper's stock, basket work, manufactures of esparto, wooden shoes, wood wool, corks, kiln-dried wood, charcoal, raw potash, etc.

CLASS 51.—HUNTING EQUIPMENTS.

(Manufacturing Appliances and Products.)

1. Special machinery and tools used in the manufacture of arms; machines for straightening barrels; special lathes for instantaneous reproductions; machines for finishing the interior boring of barrels, boring machines; machines for punching gun barrels; special machines for making wooden gun stocks; milling machines, ma-

chines for reproducing different parts of arms in steel; machines for polishing and finishing tempered pieces.

Material and tools for the manufacture of cartridges and ammunition.

2. Side arms.

Arms for trophies; copies of ancient weapons.

Missile weapons. Bows, cross bows, etc.

Fire arms, guns, rifles, pistols, etc.

Accessories for fire arms.

Bullets, solid or hollow, explosive. Percussion caps, primers, cartridges.

Hunting equipments, appliances for training dogs.

Apparatus used in fencing schools.

CLASS 52.—PRODUCTS OF HUNTING.

Collections and drawings of land and amphibious animals, birds and eggs.

Skins and furs in the rough. Skins prepared for the furrier. Taxidermist's work.

Hair, horse hair and bristles. Undressed feathers and bird skins.

Horn, ivory, bone and tortoise-shell.

Musk, castoreum, civet, etc.

CLASS 53.—FISHING EQUIPMENTS AND PRODUCTS—FISH CULTURE.

1. Floating appliances used in fishing. Nets, tackle and implements for sea fishing. Nets, weirs, traps and appliances for fresh water fishing.

2. Marine fish culture; fish, crustacea, molluscs, radiates, etc.

Fresh water fish culture; installation, equipment and processes used in pisciculture; fish ways; culture of leeches.

3. Aquariums.

4. Collections and drawings of fish, cetacea, crustacea, molluscs, etc.

Pearls, shells, mother of pearl. Coral. Sponges. Tortoise shell. Whalebone. Spermaceti. Ambergris. Fish oils and fats.

CLASS 54.—APPLIANCES FOR GATHERING WILD CROPS AND PRODUCTS OBTAINED.

1. Appliances and implements for gathering the products of the soil obtained without culture.

2. Mushrooms. Truffles. Edible wild fruits.

Plants, roots, barks, leaves, fruits obtained without cultivation and used by herbalists, in pharmacy, dyeing, the manufacture of paper, oils, or for other purposes.

India rubber; gutta percha. Gums and resins.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

Sept. 4-7.—Toronto, Can.—Toronto Industrial Exhibition Association's eleventh annual show.

Nov. 22-24.—New York.—American Pet Dog Club's show. S. C. Hodge, Supt.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 6.—Bicknell, Ind.—Indiana Field Trial Club's trials. S. H. Socwell, Sec'y.

Nov. 14.—Chatham, Ont.—International Field Trial Club's tenth annual trials. W. B. Wells, Hon. Sec'y.

Nov. 14.—Washington, C. H., O.—Ohio Field Trial Club's trials. C. E. Baughn, Sec'y.

Dec. 8.—Newton, N. C.—Continental Field Trial Club's trials. Thos. Sturges, Sec'y.

Manitoba Field Trials Club.

WINNIPEG.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At the twelfth annual meeting of the Manitoba Field Trials Club, there being quite a fair attendance of members, the secretary-treasurer's report showed the financial condition of the club to be most satisfactory. The election of officers for the ensuing year resulted in the following gentlemen being unanimously re-elected: Patron, His Honor, Lieut.-Gov. Patterson, of Manitoba; President, John Wootton; First Vice-President, Thos. McCaffry; Second Vice-President, N. G. Leslie; Honorary Secretary-Treasurer, William C. Lee; Managing Committee, W. F. Ellis, W. E. Macara and Jos. Lemon.

After considerable discussion, it was finally decided to hold the annual trials at Morris, on Wednesday, Sept. 6. A derby for setters and pointers will be the first stake, they to have been whelped on or after Jan. 1, 1898. Purse of \$225, divided into \$100 to first, \$75 to second and \$50 to third, entries closing July 1, 1899. This will be followed by an all-age stake for setters and pointers, with a purse of \$225, divided into \$100 to first, \$75 to second and \$50 to third, entries closing Aug. 1, 1899; forfeit \$5; starters \$10 in each stake.

Votes of thanks were passed to the management of the Manitoba and Clarendon hotels, to the press, to Mr. Frank Richards, who judged the trials of 1898 so satisfactorily, and to the officers of the past year. The old grounds at Morris will be again given a trial, but are to undergo a thorough inspection first.

WILLIAM C. LEE,
Honorary Secretary-Treasurer.

New England Fox Hunting.

BARRE, Vt.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On the fox hunt I attended, New England style, the dog drove the fox to earth; one of the hunters filled in the mouth of the hole with stones and earth, to prevent the escape of the animal. In the evening I was notified that the fox was in the ground and was told to be on the spot at an early hour the following morning. Four able bodied men (myself inclusive) with as many dogs and with ample excavating tools were there at the appointed time. It was an old fox burrow, with many entrances. The dogs soon located him, and he was unearthed and delivered over to the jaws of death. This was the only fox the writer ever assisted to dig out. I consider it brutal and unsportsmanlike, and I would like to know from your fox hunting readers what the common feeling is about digging out.

B.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, \$4 per year, \$2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iv.

Yachting.

ACCORDING to the latest announcements, the launch of Columbia will take place on June 8, and will be public, probably for the reason that the Herreshoff Works are divided by a public road, which cannot be fenced off or kept clear by means of watchmen. So far as secrecy is concerned, all is now known which is worth knowing short of the publication of the design itself, which, of course, is not to be expected. Thus far none of the designs of the Herreshoff boats, Navahoe, Vigilant, Colonia, or Defender, have found their way into print, but all have been kept successfully concealed; and there is no probability that the lines of Columbia will be made public for some years. This being the case, and the same applies to the British yachts as well, there is a comparatively safe field for the unscrupulous fakir who palms off the clumsy creation of his own imagination as the veritable similitude of the work of the great masters of designing, and proceeds to prove why one yacht must win from the other because of a difference of a few thousandths of a foot in some assumed element.

This sort of yellow journalism is but the natural result, and fitting accompaniment of the useless concealment and deception practiced by both designers and owners. It is not to be expected for a moment that the contesting parties in a great international match will at the outset reveal all of their plans to each other and the public; but on the other hand, by their absurd efforts at secrecy and deliberate attempts to mislead, they foster a competition in news-gathering which, as in the present case, brings to light all that they really need to conceal.

It is still possible to launch Columbia quietly and privately, as there would be little difficulty in merely lowering the cradle at midnight, with no special preparation; but it is probable that the announced programme will be followed and all will be welcome at Bristol, provided they pay their own way and stand in the public street.

On the other side it is now announced that a private view of Shamrock is to be accorded to royalty about June 7, but that the launching date will be kept secret, and that when the time comes but fifteen guests will be allowed to witness the momentous event. The yacht will have to be launched in the usual manner on sliding ways instead of a cradle on wheels, and with some time devoted to the matter of wedging up, etc., so that she cannot be slid off without previous preparation, but the Thorneycroft works are better protected from the public than those at Bristol, so that the view will be limited to a chosen few. If the report be true, and it is only in keeping with the general method throughout, that Shamrock is to be launched in petticoats, the spectators will have little to be thankful for after all, except the luncheon. It is said that the yacht will be shrouded in canvas so as to prevent any part of the underwater body from being visible.

At a moderate estimate, probably fifty per cent. of the alleged news published about Columbia, Shamrock, Fife, Herreshoff and Lipton is absolutely untrue, and another twenty-five per cent. is trivial, inconsequential and worthless. We have no desire to be unjust to Sir Thomas Lipton, and it may be that he is being misrepresented in the daily papers; but to all appearances he is bent on making a record as a letter-writer that is unique in the history of the America Cup challengers. The following is credited to him, as contained in a recent letter to an intimate friend in Omaha: "Perhaps you would like to have a look at the cup the Shamrock is going to win. Unless you see the cup before that boat gets out I am afraid you will need to come over here to have a look at it." Less ridiculous than this sort of boasting, but very, very funny, is the quotation from an earlier letter, in which Sir Thomas seriously states his doubt as to whether the Herreshoffs are really giving away any information concerning Columbia; as though the Herreshoffs ever gave away anything at all, even if of no commercial value. According to many alleged interviews, the skipper of Shamrock is little if any behind the owner in his confident statements concerning his coming success in American waters. The designer, Mr. Will Fife, it is needless to say, is yet to be heard from as to how easily his boat is going to win the America Cup, his time, at least, is probably better occupied with more serious matters.

ACCORDING to the report in the Yachting World, the work on Shamrock is much less advanced than it should be, and the yacht is likely to suffer in consequence from the lack of adequate preparation and trial. It now seems likely that by the time Shamrock is launched, and still a long way from completion, Columbia and Defender will be sailing against each other, with three full months for trial and alteration. Even when Shamrock is ready, there is nothing against which to try her, and she will need from six weeks to two months for the fitting out, crossing and refitting on this side. Such a handicap as this must prove a very serious matter, even though she may be quite as fast as Columbia under equally favorable conditions. If she is to be seen at her best on this side, she should be under way now, and racing with such yachts of her class, Meteor and Valkyrie III., as would really show her good and bad points.

Yacht Designing.—XXX.

BY W. P. STEPHENS.

(Continued from page 354, May 6.)

A THOROUGH familiarity with geometry, trigonometry and the kindred sciences on which his art is founded is always valuable to the draftsman, but it is by no means indispensable. There are, however, some of the more common terms connected with them which are in constant use, and must be perfectly understood; to which end the following definitions are given:

A *plane* or a *plane surface* is a surface such as that of a perfect drawing board, which is made up in all directions of straight lines. A *line*, so far as the draftsman is concerned, is a mark made by pencil, pen or other medium on a surface; it practically complies with the strict geometric condition, that it has length, but no other dimension. In direction it may be *straight*—the shortest

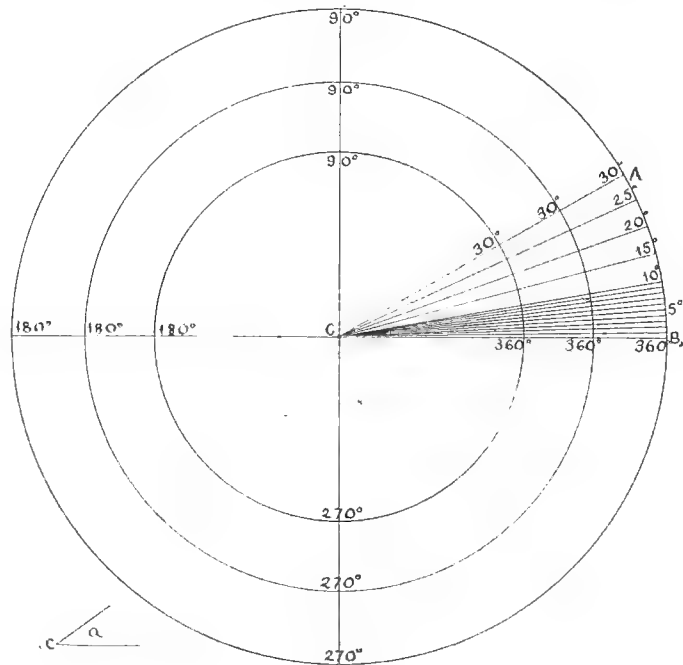


Fig. 69.

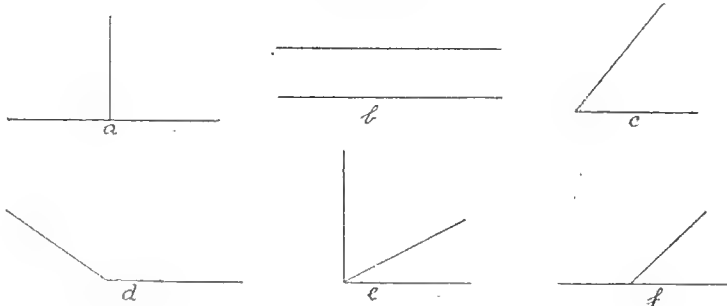


Fig. 70.

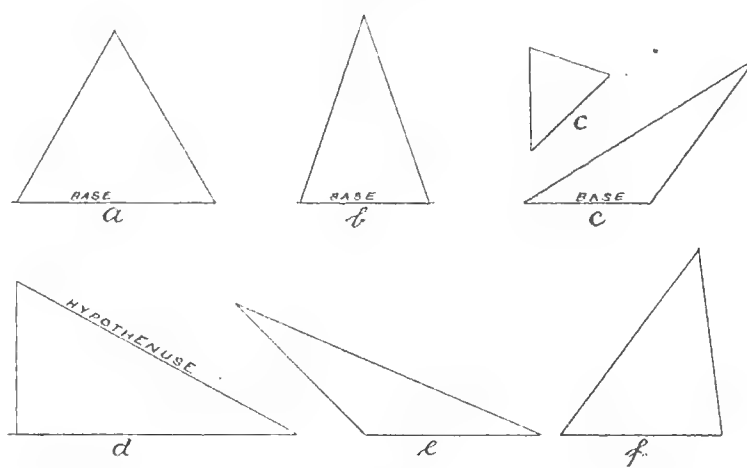


Fig. 71.

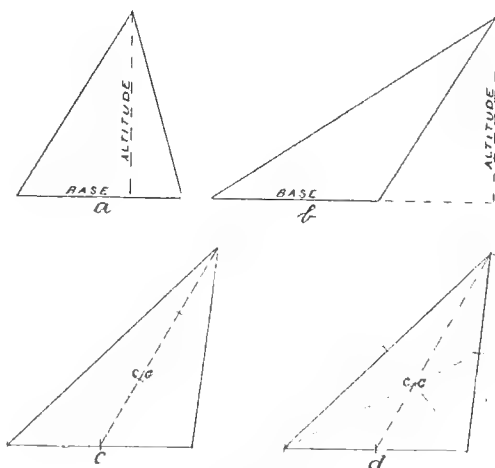


Fig. 72.

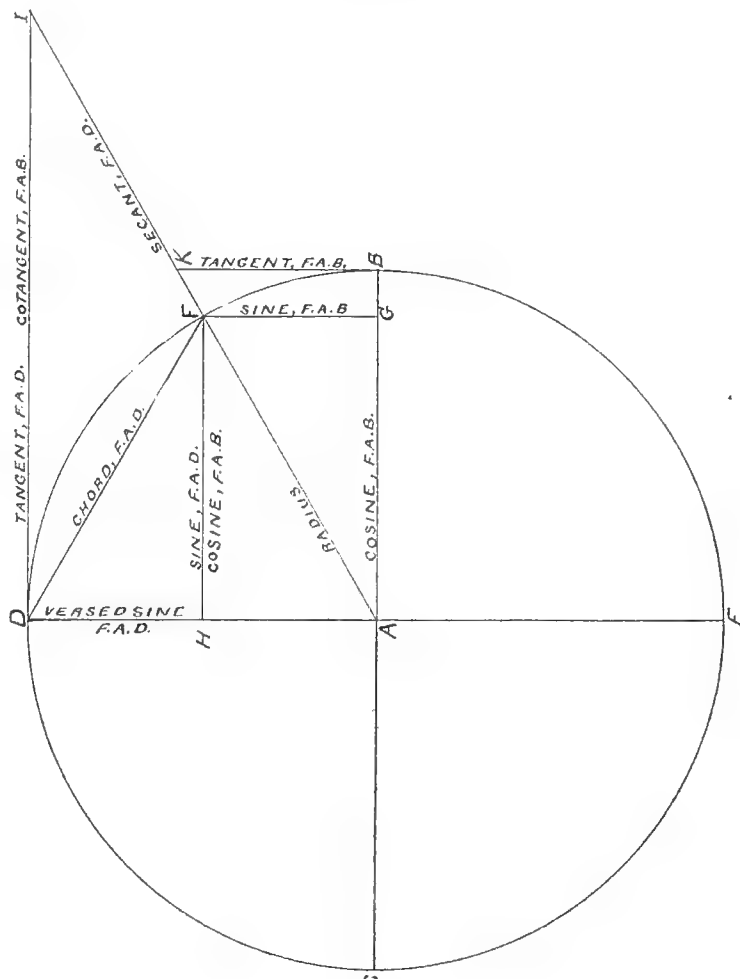


Fig. 73.

distance between two given points; *broken*—made up of a succession of straight lines; or *curved*, as in a circle. A *point* differs from a line in that it has position, but no dimensions, not even length.

An *angle* is the space, Fig. 69 (a), between two straight lines which meet at a point (c), called the *vertex* of the angle. The lengths of the lines have no relation whatever to the angle, which is measured by *degrees*.

The term *angle* refers strictly to the space or opening between two lines at the point where they meet without regard to the lengths of the lines or other limitations. In order to measure the angle, it is necessary to draw a *circle*, which may be of any *diameter* whatever. In Fig. 69 three circles are shown, either one of which may be used to measure the angle A. C. B. The circle chosen is supposed to be divided into 360 equal parts on its *circumference*, or 90 parts to each of the four right angles. The lines C. A., C. B., limiting the angle, cut from the outer circle an arc, A. B., which includes thirty of the parts into which the whole circumference is divided, or 30 degrees. The two smaller circles are also cut similarly at the 30 degree points. It will thus appear that the length of a degree as measured in linear measure on the circumference of the circle has no relation to the angular space included between the lines unless it is considered in connection with some definite diameter. It might be, for instance, 1 in. on the inner circle, 1½ in. on the middle one, and 2 in. on the outer one, and yet each arc would *subtend* the same angle, one degree.

The angle and the arc which subtends and measures it are commonly spoken of together as an *angle* of 30 degrees or an *arc* of 30 degrees.

A *right-angle* includes one-quarter of the space surrounding a point, hence it measures 90 degrees. If two lines be drawn so that the two angles formed by them are equal, Fig. 70 (a), each angle will be a right-angle, and the two lines will be *perpendicular* to each other. A line which is parallel to the lower edge of the drawing board is termed *horizontal*; and one at right-angles to it is termed *perpendicular*; or, "*a perpendicular*."

Two lines are *parallel* (b) when they lie in the same plane and are equally distant at all points, so that if prolonged to infinity they will never meet.

An *acute angle* (c) is one which is less than a right-angle; an *obtuse angle* (d) is one which is greater than a right-angle. Lines which intersect at other than right-angles are termed *oblique*; and obtuse and acute angles are also designated by the same term, *oblique*. If a right-angle (90 degrees), be divided into two acute angles, each is the *complement* of the other (e). If two right-angles (180 degrees) be divided into an acute and an obtuse angle, each is the *supplement* of the other (f).

A triangle is a plane figure bounded by three straight lines, which form three angles, Fig. 71 (a). The sum of these three angles must always equal 90 degrees or two right-angles. An *equilateral triangle* (a) has all of its sides (and angles) equal; an *isosceles triangle* (b) has two of its sides (and two angles) equal; a *scalene triangle* (c) has all its sides (and angles) unequal. A *right-angled triangle* (d) has one of its angles a right-angle. An *obtuse-angled triangle* (e) is one having an obtuse angle; an *acute-angled triangle* (f) is one having three acute angles.

The *base* of a triangle is that one of its three sides on which it is supposed to stand; if it be an *isosceles triangle*, the *base* is the side which is not equal to the other two. In any triangle the angle opposite to the base is called the *vertical angle*. In a right-angled triangle, the side opposite the right-angle is termed the *hypotenuse* (d). The area of a triangle is ascertained by multiplying any one side by the vertical distance to the opposite angle, and dividing the product by 2. Fig. 72. This is true even in the case of an obtuse-angled triangle (b), in which this perpendicular falls outside the triangle and on to the base produced. In a and b, the base and altitude being the same in each, the areas must necessarily be the same. The *center of gravity* of a triangle is found by drawing a line from the center of one side to the opposite angle and measuring off one-third of the length of this line from the side (c). It may also be found by drawing lines from the center of each side to the opposite angle, the three intersecting in one common point (d). As all plane figures bounded by straight lines may be readily divided into triangles, their *areas* and *centers* may be calculated by these two simple rules. The lines bounding a triangle, square or other plane figure included within straight lines are termed the *perimeter*.

The *circle*, Fig. 73, is a plane figure bounded by a continuous curved line, all points on which are equally distant from a point within called a *center*. (A) The bounding line is called the *circumference* of the circle. Any straight line drawn from the center to the circumference is called a *radius* (plural, *radii*) (A. F., A. C.), and any straight line drawn through the center across the entire figure forms a *diameter* (B.A.C.). An *arc* is a portion of the entire circumference. The *chord* of an arc is a straight line joining its two extremities; the *chord* is said to *subtend* the arc. The figure formed by two radii and their arc is called a *sector* (F.A.B.); the figure included between an arc and its chord is called a *segment*.

The circumference of a circle is equal to the diameter multiplied by 3.14159. This figure, 3.14159, is denoted by the Greek letter π and signifies the circumference of a circle whose diameter is 1. The *area* of a circle is determined by multiplying the square of the diameter by 0.7854.

The terms *sine*, *cosine*, *tangent*, *versed sine*, etc., are so frequently used in works on naval architecture that it is at least desirable that they should be fully understood, even though it is not proposed to apply the methods of calculation in which they are involved. In Fig. 73 is shown a circle, B.D.C.E., described about a center A.; and divided into four quadrants by the horizontal diameter B.C., and the vertical diameter D.E. The angle B.A.F. is the *complement* of the angle F.A.D., and *vice versa*; at the same time the angle B.A.F. is the *supplement* of the angle F.A.C. A.F. is a radius, prolonged indefinitely beyond the circumference. The line F.G., the perpendicular dropped from one extremity of an arc to the radius passing through the other extremity, is called the *sine* of the angle B.A.F. Similarly, the line F.H. perpendicular to A.D., is the *sine* of the arc F.A.D. The sine of an arc is also the cosine of the complement of the arc; thus F.G. is the cosine of F.A.D., and F.H. is the cosine of F.A.B. The straight line B.K., perpendicular to the radius A.B., and just touching the circumference at the point B., is the *tangent* of the arc F.A.B.; and the line A.K., drawn from the center, through one extremity of the arc, and intersecting the tangent through the other extremity, is the *secant* of the arc. The line D.I. is the tangent of the angle F.A.D., and A.I. is its secant; being at the same time the co-tangent and co-secant of the arc

F.A.B. The line G.B., that portion of the radius cut off from the sine, is the *versed sine* of the arc F.A.B.; and D.H. is the *versed sine* of the arc F.A.D., and the *co-versed sine* of F.A.B. The sine, tangent and secant of F.A.B. stand in the same relation to the obtuse angle F.A.C., the supplement of F.A.B.; as its sine, tangent and secant also.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.

ON BOARD FLAGSHIP SATANELLA, S. C. Y. C.
SEAWANHAKA HARBOR, MAY 20, 1899.

GENERAL ORDERS, NO. 1.

1. Yachts of the squadron will rendezvous in Seawanhaka Harbor, on the morning of Decoration Day, Tuesday, May 30, for the purpose of taking part in the eighth annual opening of the club house and station on Centre Island, Oyster Bay.

2. All yachts in the harbor will dress ship, on signal, at 12 M., and will be prepared to receive visitors from 3 to 6 P. M. There will be a meeting of captains on the flagship, on signal, during the forenoon.

By order of

COMMODORE ROUSE.

HERBERT L. SATTERLEE, Fleet Captain.

The club house at Oyster Bay will be opened informally for the reception of members and their guests, and the ferry service established on Friday afternoon, May 26, 1899.

On Tuesday, May 30 (Decoration Day), at 12 o'clock, noon, colors will be hoisted and saluted, and the club house placed formally in commission for the season. In the afternoon the first race of the season in the knockabout class will take place. On Tuesday evening, May 30, there will be a dance at the club house, beginning at 9 o'clock. For the accommodation of guests, a launch will leave the station float at 8:30 o'clock in the evening, returning as may be necessary. Members may obtain cards of invitation for their friends, extending the hospitalities of the club for the opening day, by addressing the chairman of the House Committee, at 19 East Twenty-second street. Dances will also be given at the club house on the evenings of June 17 and July 4. At all three occasions music will be furnished by Ossman.

Special Announcements.

(a) The ways for hauling small yachts proved a great convenience last year. They have been remodelled and placed in thorough condition, and are now available for use.

(b) A competent boat builder has been engaged for the fitting out, repairing and overhauling of boats and yachts, and the requisite facilities therefor have been established.

(c) Rope, paints, oils and varnish will be kept in store at the club boat house, and will be sold at regular prices. The club has also made arrangements with Messrs. Acker, Merrale & Condit, whereby, upon short notice, it will be able to furnish all necessary supplies for yachts at the same prices as in the city, with actual cost of delivery added.

(d) A supply of naphtha will be kept for sale on the club dock in a place convenient for launches. Water and ice for yachts will also be kept for sale.

(e) The club has purchased the 30ft. 10 H. P. naphtha launch Vixen, and she will be available for hire by members.

(f) The Post-Office Department of the United States has established a postal station at the club house, which will be known as "Seawanhaka, Nassau county, New York."

(g) The clay pigeon shooting grounds will be open for use, and guns may be hired and ammunition purchased at the club house.

By order of the Board of Trustees.

C. W. WETMORE, Sec'y,
30 Broad street, New York.

Programme of Races.

Season of 1899—No. 1.

Tuesday, May 30 (Decoration Day).—Races for 21 and 25ft. knockabout classes and club catboats.

Saturdays.—Series races for Seawanhaka knockabout class, and races for club catboats, on dates to be hereafter announced.

Saturday, June 24.—Annual race.

Monday, June 26, to Thursday, June 29.—Racing cruise to New London to attend Harvard-Yale regatta.

Monday, Wednesday and Thursday, July 3, 5 and 6.—Seawanhaka International Challenge cup trial races.

Saturday, July 15.—Roosevelt Memorial cup race.

Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Monday, July 26, 27, 28, 29 and 31.—Seawanhaka International Challenge cup match at Montreal, Canada.

Saturday, Aug. 26.—Race for Robert Center Memorial prizes.

Monday, Aug. 21 to Friday, Aug. 25.—Knockabout class match with Philadelphia Corinthian Y. C., at Oyster Bay.

Saturday, Sept. 9.—Autumn open race for selected classes.

Note.—Series races for the Seawanhaka knockabout class will be sailed under the same rules as during the season of 1898.

In view of the many changes of ownership which have taken place in this class, present owners are requested to advise the Race Committee at their earliest convenience, whether it is their intention to race regularly at Oyster Bay this season, and all yacht owners, intending to participate in the races on Decoration Day, are requested to send entries to the Secretary of the Committee, at the Oyster Bay club house, on or before Monday, May 29. The races will be called about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and instructions will be found at the club house in the morning.

CHARLES W. WETMORE, Chairman,
30 Broad street, New York.

WALTER C. KERR,
26 Cortlandt street, New York.

CLINTON H. CRANE,
52 Broadway, New York.

JOHNSTON DEFOREST,
7 North Washington sq., New York.

CHARLES A. SHERMAN, Sec'y,
64 Leonard street, New York.

Race Committee.

The Quincy Cup.

WITH good information at hand concerning the four challengers and the new defender for the Quincy cup, some interesting comparisons are possible. The boats show quite a wide range in design, and some of them are on the "freak" order, and no mistake. The "scow" and the "flatiron" are much in evidence. Builder Hanley is reported as saying that if any one would build a "boat" for the class he could win the cup, "hands down."

Nevertheless, the new 21-footers are in a racing class, pure and simple, where speed is the main thing, and where the owners care little how much of the "freak" there may be in their boats, so long as they are fast. A "boat" might beat them, but it is an open question.

The following table shows the principal points of the boats:

	Length over all, ft.	Beam, ft. in.	Draft, ft. in.	Sail area, sq. ft.
C. D. Mower, c.b.	38	10	9	1,000
W. E. C. Eustis, fin.	39	10.9	3.9	1,000
Walter Abbott, c.b.	37	8	9	850
W. B. Pigeon, et al., c.b.	39	9.6	9	900
H. M. Faxon, c.b.	39	10.6	9	1,000

The Mower boat, although somewhat on the "scow" type, is more normal than any of the others. She has the largest proportion of sail to beam, and should be fast in light airs, as intended by her owner. The Eustis boat is the most powerful of the lot, and should show the best performance in a breeze. The Abbott boat is of light power and small sail, a "scow," with "flatiron" tendencies, while the Faxon defender is an extreme "scow" and the most powerful of the centerboards. The Pigeon boat is a compromise between several of the others.

There will be fun when the boats meet, and the provision concerning breakdowns in the agreement for the conditions of the races may not come amiss in view of light construction.

A conference of the challengers for the Quincy cup with the cup committee was held last Thursday afternoon at the Trade Club on Bedford street, J. S. Whiting of the committee presiding. The conference was held primarily on the request of W. E. C. Eustis, of the Beverly Y. C., for a change in the dates of the races to a later one in order that he might sail in some very important races in Buzzard's Bay scheduled for the same dates, but as all parties interested were present, several details of the races were considered and agreed upon.

In view of the fact that the dates for the races were early agreed upon by the Quincy Y. C., and C. D. Mower of the Lynn Y. C. the first challenger, and that any change to a later date would cause conflict with other Massachusetts Bay races already fixed, the committee felt compelled to adhere to the original dates. The first race will therefore be sailed Monday, July 24, and the races will follow on succeeding days until the series is completed.

The courses will be the same as last year, alternately windward and leeward, nine miles in length, and triangular, 12 miles in length, and will be laid so as to give at least 5½ ft. of water all over the course. The races will be sailed on as nearly high water as is possible. The time limit in all races will be three and a half hours.

Barring postponement, the races will be started as follows: Monday, July 24, 10:15 A. M.; Tuesday, July 25, 11:15 A. M.; Wednesday, July 26, 12:15 P. M.; Thursday, July 27, 1:15 P. M.; Friday, July 28, 2:15 P. M.; Saturday, July 29, 2:15 P. M. In case the races are continued into the following week the starting times will be mutually agreed upon by the contestants.

In case of accident to any of the competitors the judges shall have power to postpone the succeeding race, but no postponement shall be made for more than one race day.

Three guns will be fired in starting each race. The first will be a warning signal fifteen minutes before the start. The second will be the preparatory signal ten minutes after the warning signal and five minutes before the start. The third will be the starting signal five minutes after the preparatory.

There will be three judges, the Lynn, Beverly and Quincy clubs each choosing one.—Boston Globe.

The Yankee—Dominion Match.

SCARCELY a slanting sail has gleamed on the surface of White Bear Lake this year. There is little to be seen that indicates that one of the most important and significant seasons in the club's history is at hand and will formally open on May 30, Decoration Day. But good work is being done in a quiet way, out of sight of the general on-looker, but well understood by the yachtsman, who appreciates full well the fact that the dull preliminary work is essential if he proposes to make any record whatever.

The one sail that has come slanting around the point of the island is the sail of the much-talked-of Yankee, whose picture has been displayed in the yachting papers of the East. Yankee is making hosts of new acquaintances and many warm friends, although it must be confessed that there are but a sparse group of prophets to foretell a possible victory for her over Dominion. And yet the student of history knows right well that these things are in the knees of the gods, and Yankee may demonstrate that Saul was also among the prophets.

Is asked again and again what changes have been made in Yankee to put her in shape for the international race of June 12. She is not changed at all, for the basis of the agreement was that each yacht, Yankee and Dominion, should sail in the same form in which she sailed last season. Neither boat then is at liberty to make any changes of any importance, either in hull or rig.

Capt. Ordway, asked who would make up his crew on the eventful week of the racing, could answer as he did before, that he should select his men from a number of the club members who are going along with him. This live ballast is limited to 600 lbs., and four men. He will select his four from Messrs. Griggs, Ramaley, Murray, Drake, Douglass and Wann, all of whom are intending to go to Montreal for the races.

Eugene Ramaley will take Yankee on June 1, and Capt. Ordway and party will go in a private car over the Soo road June 7. This car has been offered by Mr. Stohr, of the Chicago Great Western road, and will serve as a hotel during the stay of the men, should they so desire. At

any rate the offer of the car has been accepted, and is rather a princely bit of courtesy on the part of Mr. Stohr, who is a member of the club, and a handsome sailor when you catch him on the dock.

The coming international contest is arousing greater interest in the East than in the West, which is something of an anomaly, since Yankee has never been further east than Wildwood. "Yankee" is already a household word, and although the majority of the clubs are inclined to view the challenge of the White Bear Y. C. as an act of temerity, they all admire the display of Yankee enterprise and courage and wish the Westerners speed and success.

The White Bear yachtsmen are not referring to Dominion as a "freak." Having challenged Dominion they are sufficiently consistent to refer to her as a yacht. When the word "freak" is used it behooves yacht owners to remember that it can be passed around.—St. Paul Dispatch.

The Knickerbocker Y. C. Annual Regatta.

To be sailed on Saturday, June 3, under the rules of the Yacht Racing Association of Long Island Sound. Open to yachts enrolled in any recognized yacht club.

Classes: Schooners, 65ft. class; sloops, cutters and yawls, 52ft. class; sloops, cutters and yawls, 43ft. class; sloops, cutters and yawls, 36ft. class; sloops, cutters and yawls, 30ft. class; special Newport 30ft. l.w.l. class; cabin catboats, 30ft. class; cabin catboats, 25ft. class; knockabouts, 25ft. l.w.l. class; knockabouts, 21ft. l.w.l. class.

The course for all classes will be from starting line off club house to and around Gangway Buoy and return, leaving same on starboard hand in turning. Distance, 14.5 nautical miles.

Yachts in starting will cross line from west to east, and in finishing from east to west.

Yachts must leave all Government buoys on proper hand, and must pass to the northward and westward of Stepping Stones Lighthouse.

STARTING SIGNALS.

First Signal.—The blue peter hoisted as a preparatory signal.

Second Signal.—A red ball hoisted for the start of schooner class.

Third Signal.—A white ball hoisted for the start of the 52ft. class of sloops, cutters and yawls.

Fourth Signal.—A blue ball hoisted for the start of the 43ft., 36ft. and 30ft. classes of sloops, cutters and yawls.

Fifth Signal.—A blue ball and a red ball hoisted for the start of the special 30ft. l.w.l. class of sloops.

Sixth Signal.—Two white balls hoisted for the start of the 30ft. and 25ft. class of cabin catboats.

Seventh Signal.—A red ball and a white ball hoisted for the start of the 25ft. l.w.l. class of knockabouts.

Eighth Signal.—A white ball and a blue ball hoisted for the start of the 21ft. l.w.l. class of knockabouts.

There will be an interval of five minutes between signals. Attention will be called to these signals by gun, and the time of starting of the several classes will be taken at the setting of signals. Weather permitting, the preparatory signal will be hoisted at 11 o'clock, A. M.

Prizes will be awarded in all classes in which one or more yachts sail the course and a second prize in classes in which there are five or more starters; should a yacht sail alone in her class, she will be entitled to a "sail over" prize of one-half the value of the regular prize.

Measurement Rule No. 11 is hereby suspended in classes above 30ft. racing length, but the official measurement of winning yachts in the 36ft., 43ft. and 52ft. classes of sloops, cutters and yawls must be furnished to the regatta committee before the prizes are given in those classes.

A tug flying the club flag will on the morning of the race leave Larchmont at 7 o'clock and proceed to College Point by way of New Rochelle and City Island for the purpose of towing yachts to starting line, and if found necessary, will return to City Island at about 9:30 o'clock to tow other yachts not ready or in sight on the first trip.

Steamer Favorite will accompany the yachts over the course, leaving foot of East Thirty-first street at 9:30 A. M., College Point 10:45 A. M.

Entries will close with the chairman of the Regatta Committee, Room 140, No. 1 Broadway, New York City, on Thursday, June 1, at 11 A. M.

O. H. CHELLBORG, Chairman.

H. STEPHENSON,

C. W. SCHLESINGER,

RODMAN SANDS,

F. E. BARNES,

J. O. SINKINSON, Sec'y.

Regatta Committee.

The Canada Cup.

THE designs for the Payne boat were received at Toronto on Saturday, May 13, and on Monday they were sent to Oakville, where Capt. Andrews will build the boat alongside of the McLeod 35-footer. Up to May 21 the Hanley 35-footer Genesee, had not sailed from Quincy, her sails not being ready. Members of the Rochester Y. C. are awaiting her in New York.

The following news comes from Chicago:

"Very quietly the members of the Chicago Y. C. are working on a scheme to bring to Chicago one of the fastest boats in the 35ft. class. If the deal goes through there will be a fifth boat in the trial races on the Fourth of July, and the newcomer stands a good chance of winning out and going to Canada to compete for the Canada cup.

"The boat they are after is the former 32-footer Eva, who holds the championship of Lake Erie. Under the new rules she comes within the 35ft. class, a change which will enable her to carry about 200 more sq. ft. of canvas. This boat has a string of championship pennants, enough for a dozen racing yachts. She was designed by Geo. Webster, of Hamilton, Ont., and is owned in Sandusky.

"Negotiations are under foot looking toward the purchasing of the yacht by a Chicago man. The would-be owner of Eva is not affiliated with any club at present, but he is anxious to get into the racing game. He has been advised to buy Eva, and he is now trying to close the deal. If the purchase is made the vessel will be added to the Chicago Y. C. fleet and will be entered in the trial races."

Larchmont Y. C. Races.

THE Larchmont Y. C. has announced the following programme of races for the season:

Saturday, June 17.—Spring regatta, open to all classes.
Tuesday, July 4.—Eighteenth annual regatta, open to all classes; special race for 21 and 25ft. knockabouts. Steamer *Albertina* for members and guests.

Larchmont Race Week, Saturday, July 15.—Open regatta for all classes, special race for schooners in one class, race, special 30ft. class; race for 21 and 25ft. knockabouts.

Monday, July 17.—Race for schooners in racing trim in one class, race for classes D and F of schooners, race for Class K, 51ft. R. L.; race for 21 and 25ft. knockabouts.

Tuesday, July 18.—Four-oared gig race for "Hen and Chicken Colors," presented by ex-Commodore Gillig; two-oared gig race for "Dauntless Colors," presented by Mr. H. B. Seeley; dingy race for "Execution Colors," presented by Mr. H. B. Seeley; race for naphtha and alcohol vapor launches exceeding 21ft. l.w.l.; race for naphtha and alcohol vapor launches 21ft., l.w.l., and under; tub races and water sports.

Wednesday, July 19.—Open regatta for all classes, race for special 30ft. class, race for 21 and 25ft. knockabouts.

Thursday, July 20.—Race for Class K, 51ft. R. L.; race for Class M, 36ft. R. L.; race for 21 and 25ft. knockabouts, race for cabin cats all in one class, with time allowance.

Friday, July 21.—Race for Classes B, C, and D of schooners, one class; race for Class F of schooners, race for Class K, 51ft. R. L.; race for Class M, 36ft. R. L.; special race for yawls under 43ft. R. L., all in one class.

Saturday, July 22.—Open regatta for all classes, special race for schooners in one class, race for special 30ft. class, race for 21 and 25ft. knockabouts. During race week should the owners of two or more yachts in any one class not provided for, desire to race, the regatta committee will, upon application, provide for same, and suitable prizes will be awarded.

Saturday, Sept. 2.—Race for Class F of schooners, race for Class K, 51ft. R. L.; race for Class M, 36ft. R. L.; race for special 30ft. class, race for Class S, 20ft. R. L.; race for Class T, 25ft. R. L.; race for 21 and 25ft. knockabouts.

Monday, Sept. 4 (Labor Day).—Fall regatta open to all classes, race for special 30ft. class, race for 21 and 25ft. knockabouts.

Saturday, Sept. 9.—Race for Larchmont cup for schooners, race for Class F of schooners, race for Class K, 51ft. R. L.; race for Class M, 36ft. R. L.

Com. Postley has appointed Philip T. Dodge, schr. *Clorita*, as Vice-Com., the office being vacant since the last election.

Shamrock.

THE Yachting World of May 12 gives the following details of the new *Shamrock*:

We are informed that the following are the chief measurements of Sir Thomas Lipton's *Shamrock*: Length over all, 130ft.; L.W.L., 89ft.; beam, 24ft. As already intimated in the *Yachting World*, Messrs. Thorneycroft experienced great difficulty in the working of the manganese with which the challenger is to be plated. By degrees, as the men became accustomed to the nature of the metal, this difficulty was to a large extent overcome, and for some weeks now the work of shaping and fitting the plates has been going forward slowly, but in a fairly satisfactory manner. The whole plans of the boat have never been given out to the workmen in the Chiswick Yard, but the work has gone forward there in sections. Each section was shaped and fitted separately and bolted into position, being afterward taken down and sent to the building yard at Poplar to be finally put together and riveted there.

The keel was also cast there, and within the last week or two an unexpected difficulty has been encountered in the boring of holes for the keel bolts. The keel was cast solid in one block of lead, weighing 89 tons. This has to be bolted to the frames, and for this purpose it is necessary to drive some eight or nine holes right through the solid block of lead from top to bottom. The difficulty of this obstacle will be understood when it is stated that the keel tapers in depth from 2ft. 2in. to 4ft. 6in. The great weight of the mass makes it impossible to bring it to the proper boring machines, and another difficulty is created by the nature of the metal. Instead of coming clear out of the hole the lead has a tendency to break off and choke the bit, and this has already delayed the work much longer than was anticipated. A boring machine of novel design has recently been got to work, and better progress is now being made. It is, however, manifestly impossible that the yacht can now be launched this month, as was at first intended; and it is feared that June will be well advanced before she is ready for the water. This fact will cause a modification of the plans already made for her trials, and it is quite probable now that, once afloat, she will only be sailed sufficiently to give the skipper and crew some idea of what handling she needs, and will then proceed to the special fitting out required for her trip across the Atlantic.

Atlantic Y. C.

THE Atlantic Y. C., the first club to observe Decoration Day as the formal opening of the yachting season, is making special efforts this year to entertain its members and the racing men. The following official programme has been issued:

"The vice-commodore will be in charge of the anchorage at the club house on Decoration Day, May 30, 1899.

"A gun will be fired from the *Ramona* at half-past ten o'clock A. M., upon which signal the club burgee will be hoisted on the flagstaff at the club house and will then be saluted by all the yachts present."

The Regatta Committee of the club "requests the announcement that on Decoration Day a very limited number of tickets will be issued, permitting members and ladies in their company to be present on the Regatta Committee boat, so as to enable them to view the morning ceremonies at the club house and later to accompany the yachts over the course on the occasion of the regatta.

"The boat will start at 9 o'clock A. M. from a pier in New York, to be indicated on the ticket, and will stop at the club house at Sea Gate, both going and returning. On the return abundant time will be allowed for dinner at the club house, before returning to New York."

The race is open to all classes enrolled in the club. All yachts will be classified according to Rule 4 of the Racing Rules.

Cabin, schooner, sloop, cutter and yawl yachts will be rated for racing length under the girth measurement; mainsail yachts will be rated for time allowance by load waterline length; cabin and open mainsail yachts will sail in separate classes, as follows: Classes S and T, cabin, over 21ft., as one class; Classes V and W, cabin, 21ft. and under, as one class; Classes S and T, open, over 21ft., as one class, and Classes V and W, open, 21ft. and under, as one class.

A prize of \$25 in value or cash will be awarded to the winning yacht in each class over 36ft. racing length, and of \$20 to the winning yacht in each class 36ft. and under.

Entries must be made with Colonel David E. Austen, chairman of the Regatta Committee, No. 57 Chambers street, not later than 10 o'clock A. M., Saturday, May 27, or at the club house, Sea Gate, not later than noon Monday, May 29.

Commodore Frederick T. Adams, under general orders No. 1, has appointed Thomas L. Watson Fleet Captain and Wisner R. Townsend Fleet Surgeon.

Corinthian Y. C., of Philadelphia, Opening Race.

ESSINGTON—DELAWARE RIVER.

Saturday, May 20.

THE Corinthian Y. C. of Philadelphia opened the season on May 20 with due ceremony, a large fleet of yachts dressing ship on signal from the flagship *May*, Com. Van Rensselaer, anchored off the club station, Essington. Many members and guests were present, and a reception was held on board the flagship. During the afternoon a race was sailed by the one-design knockabouts, resulting as follows:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Kid	4 20 30	0 54 30
Grille	4 31 06	0 56 06
Fareeda	4 31 35	0 56 33
Fly	4 31 40	0 56 40

A fresh N.W. wind made a very exciting race.

The club has recently elected the following members: Active, Herbert Hart Boyd, Evans R. Dick, William J. Baird, Albert C. Wood and Kern Dodge; non-resident, H. Hugh Art Laughlin, of Pittsburg, and Meridith Bailey, Jr., of Ecuador, South America; naval member, Lieutenant Commander F. A. Miller, U. S. N.

The full racing programme for the season is as follows: May 20.—Opening day races for schooners, knockabouts and larks, for prizes offered by the commodore.

May 30.—Memorial Day special races.

June 3.—Annual races for all classes.

June 6 and Following Week.—Interclub races at Essington for knockabouts between Seawanhaka Corinthian Club of New York, and Corinthian Club of this city.

July 29 to Aug. 5.—Annual cruise to Long Island Sound.

Aug. 28 to Sept. 2.—Return races knockabout classes with Seawanhaka Corinthian Club at Oyster Bay, L. I.

Sept. 4.—Annual autumn races for all classes.

The first and second series of Saturday races for the knockabout and lark classes will be arranged by the committee as soon as the boats are named and the season opens.

Huguenot Y. C. Opening Race.

NEW ROCHELLE—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, May 20.

THE racing season of 1899 was opened in New York waters by the Huguenot Y. C. with a special race for sloops and yawls in the 30ft. class, the 21ft. knockabouts, the Seawanhaka one-design knockabouts, and the club dory class. The course was from off Whortleberry Island past the red buoy on Hen and Chickens, the red and black buoy off Execution, and home, two rounds making seven and three-quarter miles, naut. The day was cool and cloudy, with a fresh N.W. wind, making the last leg a beat. Possum had no competitor, and Midge split her mainsail at the start, so that she was compelled to withdraw. *Mongoose* was sailed by her new owner, Hazen Morse, while F. B. Jones sailed her sister boat, last year's *Indianola*, now renamed *Spindrift* by her new owner. *Spindrift* was well ahead at the end of the first round, but her skipper withdrew under the impression that but one round was to be sailed, the race going to *Mongoose*, who sailed the full course. The times were:

	Start, 3:15—Yawls, 30ft.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Possum, W. H. Bavier.....	3:15	4 30 00	1 15 00
Start, 3:15—Sloops, 30ft.			
Bingo, W. B. Greeley.....	3:15	4 46 26	1 31 26
Haydee, A. D. Morstadt.....	3:15	4 34 05	1 19 05
Start, 3:25—Knockabouts, 21ft.			
Mongoose, Simeon Ford.....	3:25	4 39 36	1 14 05
Spindrift, S. C. Pirie.....	3:25	Did not go course.	
Start, 3:25—One-Design Knockabouts.			
Thelga, A. P. Thayer.....	3:25	4 46 00	1 21 00
Midge, F. W. Boyer.....	3:25	Disabled.	

The winners were Possum, Haydee, *Mongoose* and Thelga.

None of the dories started, but toward the finish one went out, and in a gust was run ashore on the sandbag off Whortleberry Island, her crew getting a wetting. Before the start the club was formally declared in commission for the season.

Mayita II.

THE new steam yacht *Mayita II.*, designed and built by C. L. Seabury & Co., for Louis Bossert, of the Jamaica Bay Y. C., was launched at Morris Docks on May 16 in the afternoon. The yacht is 135ft. over all, 110 ft. l.w.l., 16ft. beam and 6ft. draft, of composite construction, with single skin below and double above water, and twin screws. Her engines are triple expansion, 8½, 14 and 23in. by 12, with Seabury safety watertube boilers. She is expected to make 16 miles. The entire work, hull, machinery, boats, etc., was done by the Gas Engine and Power Company, and C. L. Seabury & Co., the combined firm.

Columbia.

THE plating of *Columbia* was completed last week, and most of the riveting has been done. The deck planking was redressed last week and carried across the road to the building shops. It is 2½ by 3in., and 21ft. long. The work of polishing the plating by means of flexible shafts and brushes has begun, but it is not yet known whether the top sides will finally be painted. The new steel mast is nearly completed, but it will be shipped in *Defender* and not *Columbia*. The spars for the latter arrived from Boston last week.

The Boston Globe gives the following measurements of *Columbia*: Length over all, 131ft. 6in.; l.w.l., 89ft. 6in.; beam, 24ft.; draft, 20ft.; mast, 107ft. 6in.; deck to hounds, 77ft.; boom, 109ft. 8in.; gaff, 70ft.; bowsprit, 38ft.; top-mast, 64ft.; spinnaker boom, 73ft. These spars call for a measured area of about 13,800 sq. ft. A dozen of *Columbia's* crew have gone to New Rochelle to work on her steam tender, *St. Michaels*.

The Inland Route to Florida.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Is it possible to take a catboat to Indian River, Florida, without much outside sailing. I know the way through the canals and Chesapeake to Pamlico Sound, but don't know if the remainder of the distance is practicable. Is there any account of such a cruise to be purchased. Any information would be much appreciated by

CATBOAT.

[Very complete and accurate information concerning the inside route to Florida was published in the *FOREST AND STREAM* of Dec. 4 and Dec. 11, 1897.]

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The Regatta Committee of the Williamsburg Y. C. has issued the annual programme for the season, as follows: May 30, twenty-eighth annual regatta over the regular triangular course on the Sound off the club house, followed by a reception; June 11, class race for sloops for special prizes; June 16, class race for catboats; Aug. 13, class race for sloops for special prizes; Aug. 27, ladies' day regatta, all boats competing to carry at least one woman as steersman and crew, also tub races and swimming races for club prizes; Sept. 10, class races for catboats for club special prizes; Sept. 24, fall regatta; July 1 to 4, annual cruise to Cold Spring Harbor and return; Aug. 6, chowder and sail at Little Neck Point; Sept. 2 to 4, cruise and chowder.

The third regular meeting of the New York Y. C. was held on May 18, with Vice-Com. Ledyard in the chair. The following members were elected: William P. De Witt, Frank H. Partridge, Francis Skinner, Jr., Walter C. Hubbard, James W. Tappin, Alfred G. Vanderbilt, Lieutenant A. C. Dieffenbach, U. S. N.; Lieutenant Frank T. Evans, U. S. N.; James J. Higginson, Joseph B. Thomas, John D. Cheever, J. Boulton Simpson, Charles Warner Shope, G. B. Linderman, Walker Breese Smith, Charles W. Bowring, Edward J. Bergen, Henry A. Rogers, Lieutenant William Winder, U. S. N.; John Rutherford Buchan, Price Collier, Frank Bowne Jones, Ashbel P. Fitch, Lieutenant Leon S. Thompson, U. S. N.; Dr. Lloyd W. Curtis, U. S. N.; Lieutenant Commander L. L. Reamey, U. S. N.; General George B. Williams, R. H. Wilbur, Warren A. Wilbur, Lieutenant John F. Hubbard, U. S. N.; Henry W. Poor, Lieutenant Robert K. Crank, U. S. N.; Frank J. Dupignac, H. Durant Cheever, Dr. John Vanderpoel, Albert C. Bostwick, Frank Hubbard and George D. Morgan. Com. Morgan has reappointed J. Beaver Webb as Fleet Captain for 1899.

Mayita I., steam yacht, has been sold by Louis Bossert to Dr. W. Seward Webb, who will use her on Lake Champlain in place of *Elfrida*, sold last year to the Government.

Punjaub, steam yacht, has been sold through the G. E. & P. Co., by F. L. Masury to Messrs. E. C. Schaefer and F. Uhlman, of New York.

Triton, schr., has been sold by W. A. Wilkins, of Savannah, to J. W. Martin, Cor. Y. C., of Philadelphia.

Peroiti, sharpie, has been sold by F. W. Wilson to T. F. Day.

Capt. Hank Haff has been engaged for the season by Com. J. M. Forbes, as skipper of Volunteer, and is now at Wood Holl fitting her out.

Albatross, steam yacht, has been sold by Jacob Ruppert to J. H. Carstairs, of Philadelphia.

Rhouma, steam yacht, George Bullough, arrived at Key West on May 16 from Charlotte Harbor. She has been on a cruise, from the Clyde to the West Indies, during the winter.

F. B. Jones, of New York, has recently negotiated the following sales of yachts: Sloop *Irex*, sold by T. J. Preston to John N. Meyer and Cord A. Meyer; sloop *Whitby*, sold by H. H. Tyson to a member of the Bridgeport Y. C.; yawl *Sea Gull* (formerly *Gaviota*), sold by J. Fred Ackerman to H. N. Richards, of Boston; sloop *Vorant* L., sold by Charles A. Appleton to Dr. E. L. McGinnis; alco-vapor launch *Mareille*, sold by W. H. Burgess to Robert P. Doremus; racing catboat *Presto*, sold by H. R. Hatfield to E. Y. Nelson, of the Tappan Zee Y. C.; sloop *Tally Ho*, sold by M. S. Bentham to Edward J. Anderson, of Providence; Seawanhaka knockabout *Golightly*, sold by E. Hope Norton to A. P. Thayer, New York Athletic Club.

On May 12 a new yacht club, called the Arlington Y. C., was organized at Eddystone, Pa., on the Delaware River.

The Oconomowoc Y. C. and the Country Club of Oconomowoc have gone into a partnership this season for the purpose of conducting a carnival of sports at the summer resort. They have issued a programme of the sports which includes all the games usually in vogue at summer resorts, and from July 24 to 31 are to hold the largest affair of the kind given in the West. The yacht club being the senior organization, has chosen the first week of the programme. The club will hold over the course on Lake La Belle the series of races of the Inland Lakes Yachting Association for one-raters. Four prizes are to be sailed for in these races. The programme for the week of yachting is as follows:

First Day.—O. Y. C. challenge cup.

Second Day.—Green Lake Challenge cup.

Third Day.—Pabst challenge cup and the Dupee cup.

Fourth and Fifth Day.—Continuance of the races for the cups offered for the first three days.

Sixth Day.—Open for finals and races postponed for reasons such as lack of wind or bad weather.

On Monday the Country Club will take hold, the programme being as follows:

First Day.—Men's golf team match, open to teams from visiting clubs, 18 holes, followed by medal play, 9 holes.

Second Day.—Mixed foursomes, handicap, 18 holes; women's putting contest and men's approach and putting trials.

Third Day.—Men's handicap, medal play, 18 holes; women's handicap, medal play, 18 holes; followed by men's driving contest.

Fourth Day.—Gymkhana races, open to members and visitors; bicycle races, pony races, caddie races, and foot races.

Fifth Day.—Open air horse show, including the following classes: Pony carts, pairs to mail phaeton, spider, or pair break, tandems, four-in-hands to coaches or breaks.

Thomas Clapham, of Roslyn, has just completed a racing yacht for the 20ft. class for C. E. Silkworth, of Brooklyn, who will name her Spunk.

The Macatawa Bay Y. C., of Grand Rapids, Mich., will build a large club house at its station, on the south shore of Beach Lake. The club included members from Chicago and Grand Haven.

The Penataquit Y. C. has announced the following fixtures: May 30, spring club race; July 4, annual club regatta; July 15, snipe class race; July 22, race for half-raters; Aug. 5, annual open regatta; Aug. 19, race for half-raters; Sept. 2, race for half-raters; Sept. 4, fall club regatta. In the races of May 30, July 4, Aug. 5 and Sept. 4, there will be a special class for knockabouts. The regatta committee includes Messrs. H. C. Hepburn, John R. Suydam, Geo. B. Magoun, Alden S. Swan and Chester B. Lawrence.

We stated last week, under the head of "Yacht Intelligence," that Rainbow, schooner, was a probable starter for the Heligoland race, June 19. Her owner, however, has no idea of competing in that race. Rainbow will be raced on the Thames, and go on to the Clyde for the fortnight's racing there. It will be regretted that Gleniffer, the schooner building from Mr. G. L. Watson's design for Mr. James Coats, who raced Marjorie cutter with such success, is not likely to be raced. She is 14ft. on the load waterline and 26ft. 9in. beam. Her sail spread will be about 14,000 sq. ft., or about 500 sq. ft. more than Rainbow has, the latter being 11ft. on the load waterline, with a beam of 24ft.—The Field.

The Decoration Day race of the Indian Harbor Y. C. will be open to the 21ft. knockabout class and the one-design dory class, the preparatory being at 2 P. M., and the start at 2:05 for the knockabouts, and 2:10 for the dories. Entries must be made by May 29 to F. B. Jones, 29 Broadway, New York.

Mr. H. C. Roome, New York Y. C., accompanied by his wife, has arrived at Williamsport on their novel yachting trip through inland waterways to the Mississippi. They will proceed to Cumberland as soon as the break on the fourteen-mile level of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal is repaired. Mr. Roome sailed from Greenport, Long Island, on the yacht Waikiki on April 17, passing through the Raritan and Delaware rivers and canals to Chesapeake Bay and up the Potomac River to Washington, where the yacht was transferred to the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal. It is the intention on reaching Cumberland to load the yacht on flatcars and transport her by rail to the Ohio River, and continue the cruise down that river and up the Mississippi and other waterways into Manitoba. In making the cruise on a wager, which he fears he may lose, for the reason that the yacht is too large to pass through the tunnels on the railroad route to the Ohio. Waikiki is a 54ft. naphtha launch of 9ft. beam.—New York Tribune.

Enterprise, steam yacht, has been chartered by A. J. Cassatt to E. T. Hunt, of New York.

Noumahal, steam yacht, J. J. Astor, arrived at New York on May 21 from her Mediterranean cruise, after first calling at Newport. She has been absent since Feb. 4. Mr. Astor and his party left the yacht abroad and returned by steamer.

It has been announced that Mr. W. G. Jameson was the purchaser of the cutter Britannia by private treaty; she was consequently withdrawn from Marvin's auction sale at the Shipping Exchange, Billiter street. There have been many sales of yachts at this exchange, but prices favorable to the vendors have seldom been realized, and the sale of yachts on Wednesday last was no exception to the rule. The yacht which fetched the most satisfactory price was the Red Eagle (lately owned by a French nobleman under the name of L' Aigle). The yacht was built by Messrs. Ramage and Ferguson in 1888, and is still classed *100 A1 at Lloyd's. She is of 305 tons, and produced \$5,800, or about \$19 per ton. Formosa, cutter, 102 tons, built by Mr. Michael Ratsey in 1878 for Mr. Francis Sloane Stanley, fetched \$1,100—sums considerably under breaking up price. Feronia, schooner, 50 tons, built in 1872 by Messrs. Hansen for Mr. F. B. Winsor, went for \$420; Songstress, 15 tons, \$250, and Godiva, 10 tons, \$75; altogether the six yachts realized \$8,745.—The Field.

Valiant, centerboard cutter, designed by F. W. Martin in 1895, has been rebuilt into a keel boat of 7ft. 6in. draft with 2,250 sq. ft. of sail, her new measurement being just under 40ft. R. L. She is owned by W. A. Stickney, of St. Louis, who will sail her from Harbor Point, Mich. She is enrolled in the Chicago and Columbia yacht clubs.

Mystic, steam yacht, was driven ashore on April 6 off the Honduras coast, near Lagoon Ceiba in a northern of unusual severity. Her party included Augustus A. Yates and Thomas J. Allen, of Philadelphia; William Holk, of Michigan; Louis Freiburger, of Chicago, and Dr. and Mrs. F. T. B. Fest, of Detroit, with their two children, and the crew. All hands reached shore, but found it uninhabited. They walked many miles, suffering for want of food, until an Indian village was reached. On the way one of the children died from exhaustion. The party

procured canoes at the village and paddled to Port Burchard, whence they took the steamer Foxhall for New Orleans.

If You Want the Whitest and Best

WHITE LEAD use "ENGLISH B. B." Of all paint dealers and of J. Lee Smith & Co., 59 Frankfort street, and F. W. Devoe & C. T. Reynolds Co., 101 Fulton street, New York.—Adv

Canoeing.

The Passing of the Canoe.

It would perhaps be unjust to the poet, Mr. Albert Strange (Cherub), to say that there is more truth than poetry in the following lament, which we reprint from the Yachtsman. At the same time there is truth enough, sad to say, in that the canoe, as canoeists first knew it, has passed away, and apparently beyond recall. We have nothing to say against the craft which have superseded it, many of them are superior to the canoe for certain popular uses; but we do regret that the old "paddleable" or "paddling and sailing" canoe, and the pastime of canoe cruising as introduced by McGregor, are practically extinct in America and Great Britain.

Mr. Strange has sketched most cleverly, and but too truthfully, the course of evolution which has at last established the miniature yacht in place of the canoe.

(With an apology to the Shade of Longfellow.)

Sadly mused the old canoeist,
Sitting in his winter wigwam
(Wigwam built of bricks and mortar,
Highly rented, highly rated)—
Musing, as he read his Yachtsman,
On the changes time was making,
In himself—and in canoeing.
Gone—he mused—the days delightful,
When we sallied forth with paddle
(Tiny sail and trusty paddle),
Apron-mackintoshed and cosy,
In our dainty Rob Roy cruiser,
Bound for nowhere in partic'lar,
Down the rapid, down the river,
Out to sea—no matter whither:
When we couldn't sail, we paddled,
When we couldn't paddle, pushed her
Over bars, and over sandbanks,
From the river to the railway,
From the railway to the carrier,
Over mountains—over deserts;
Nature set no bounds to journeys
In the dainty Rob Roy cruiser.

Eastward—on the muddy Humber,
On the wild and rapid Humber,
Where the tide runs like a millrace,
And the wind blows like the devil—
Dwelt a man who loved canoeing
In the dainty Rob Roy cruiser.
Tried it oft, and found it dampish,
Found it moist and dem'd unpleasant
When the wind and tide together
Struggled, fought and made confusion.
So he built another cruiser,
Shorter, deeper, wider, stiffer,
Called her Cassy—but he guessed not
That this Cassy made commencement
Of the end of all canoeing
In the dainty Rob Roy cruiser.

On the Mersey, farther northward
(Mersey, wide, and deep and rapid),
Where the "Dicky Sams" did gather,
When from 'Change they were released,
Sailed from Eastham to New Brighton,
Round the Rock and into Hoylake,
Even unto Hilbre Island—
Unto far-off Hilbre Island,
In the dainty Rob Roy cruiser.
Here, as on the muddy Humber,
Where the winds and tides do wrestle,
Very lumpy is the water:
Very damp the Rob Roy cruiser.
Found the Dicky Sams with sorrow,
Until Sam, the Vital Sparker,
Built them something larger, deeper,
Drove a long nail in, and clench'd it
In the Rob Roy cruiser's coffin.

Yet the Thames remained quite faithful
To the dainty Rob Roy cruiser
(Altered in some minor details),
Faithful in the Putney district
Or on Hendon's raging waters.
Now and then they went "below bridge,"
Even went across the ocean,
To the land of Yankee Doodle
Went the heavy Rob Roy cruiser.

Full of centerplates and shot-bags,
Balance lugs with lots of halyards,
Stiff and slow and very stately,
Oh, so slow! The lively Yankee—
Standing-rigged and sliding-seated,
Sailed around the Rob Roy cruiser.
Round the stately Rob Roy cruiser.
Left her far away to leeward,
Left her, while her British owner
(Stiff and slow and very stately)
Gazed in wide-eyed consternation
As the Yankee flyers vanished,
In the dim and misty distance.
Still, in spite of demonstration
By the Cassy, by the Ethel,
Thirty inches was the limit
Of the breadth of beam for cruisers,
Sliding seats were vile contraptions
Nothing but machines would wear 'em,
And the honest Rob Roy cruiser
Only fit for British sailing.

Notwithstanding pleading, coaxing,
All the sailors left canoeing.
Nearly all the cruising sailors
Went a-yawling, went in "raters,"
And the dainty Rob Roy cruisers
Slumbered in the dusty boat-house
All forgotten—disremembered,
Lost, neglected, out of fashion.
While the waters teemed with Ethels,
Cassys, Vikings, Tavies, Spectres,
Devas, Cherubs, Daisies, Wa Was,
Yawls of various sorts and sizes,
Whilst the dainty Rob Roy cruisers
Slumbered in the dusty boat-house.
Only skipper Bartley faithful
Skipper B. and J. G. Porter,
Only they remained faithful,
Even Tredwen built a Bargeyot.
* * * * *

Then arose the mighty Baden—
Baden P. the special pleader,
Known wher-e'er was known canoeing
He, the author, he the parent
Of a hundred Nautiluses
(Gentle printer, mind the spelling,
Prithee, do not make it lasses),
Greatly honored by the nation,
Clothed in silk—the special pleader—
Counsel for the Gracious Lady
Who benignly ruleth o'er us,
Mighty man with Pen and Paddle.
Cocksure, like the great Macaulay,
Fathoms long his disquisitions
In the Field about canoeing.
Week by week all special pleading
For the bantlings of his bosom
For the many Nautiluses.
So he rose and took his battens,
Took his splines, and weights, and battens,
Drew him out a lifting bulb plate
Yellow metal—most alarming,
Like the very stiffest problem
In the Second book of Euclid.
Over this he drew a sheer plan
Most unusual in profile
(Profile made to match the author),
Threw away the thirty inches,
Thirty sacred to the Rob Roy.
Gave her three-foot six for stiffness
(Just about the width of Cassy).
Sixteen foot in length he gave her
With an under-body rudder.
Simply awful in its cunning,
Sort of thing that wizards play with:
Waggling fore and aft, and sideways.
Then he drew a silken sail plan,
Roller jib and furling topsails,
Solid silver cleats and fair leads,
Solid silver (plated) anchors,
Golden aneroids and watches,
Nothing less than these would serve him,
Nothing less than precious metals
Decked the darling of his fancy
(Men who can't afford to do it
In this very swagger fashion
Have no right to go canoeing).

When the R. C. C. were gathered
Round the glowing winter camp-fire,
In their wigwam new and spacious
Somewhere near to Putney Station:
Forth he drew his rolls of paper,
Showed the plans of this new cruiser,
Exercised his wit forensic,
Dazzling in its flowing beauty.
Told them she would lick creation—
Sail, when raters struggled vainly—
Struggled vainly 'gainst the tempest.
If they longed to go a-Waleing
In the far-off Bristol Channel,
Where the waves are tetrahedral
And of magnitudes appalling—
(If you don't believe this statement,
See the number of the Yachting
Monthly, where the author's picture
Shows it was on Easter Monday)—
They could do it in a cruiser
(Only in this kind of cruiser,
Not the dainty Rob Roy cruiser).

So convincing were his statements—
Statements crammed with special pleading—
That this gold and silver cruiser
Seemed to them a thing of beauty.
Even Linton Hope was captured,
Thought there might be something in it.
Linton—who designed the Kismet—
Who designed the flying Kismet—
Then De Quincey, then the others,
All were captured by the pleader.
All but Laws—the unbelieving
Laws—who didn't seem to see it.
Thought the Prucas vastly better
(Though he lost it on the voting).
Thus the dainty Rob Roy cruiser,
At this last and bitter ending,
Silently received her deathblow
From the authors of her being.
Vanished from all earthly waters
To the kingdom of the sunset—
To the kingdom of the shadows—
Went to join Rob Roy Macgregor
Sitting in his ghostly wigwam.

CHERUB.

The Forest and Stream Publishing Co. are the largest publishers and importers in America of Books on Outdoor Sports. Their illustrated descriptive catalogue will be sent free on request.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

June 6-9.—Sioux City, Ia.—Fifth annual amateur tournament of the Soo Gun Club. E. R. Chapman, Sec'y.

June 7-8.—Crawfordsville, Ind.—Indiana Trap-Shooters' League tournament, under auspices of Crawfordsville Gun Club.

June 10.—Princeton, N. J.—Yave vs. Princeton.

June 13-14.—Grand Forks, N. D.—Fifth annual shoot of the North Dakota Association.

June 14-15.—Bellows Falls, Vt.—Interstate Association's tournament, under auspices of Bellows Falls Gun Club. C. H. Gibson, Sec'y.

June 14-16.—Cleveland, O.—Cleveland Target Co.'s tournament.

June 14-15.—Lewiston, Ill.—Lewiston Gun Club's tournament.

June 15.—McMumber, Sec'y.

June 20.—Ogden, Ill.—Ogden Gun Club's annual tournament.

June 20-22.—Wheeling, W. Va.—Third annual tournament of the West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Wheeling Gun Club, Wheeling, W. Va. John B. Garden, Sec'y.

June 21-23.—Columbus, O.—Tournament of the Ohio Trap-Shooters' League, under the auspices of the Sherman Rod and Gun Club. J. C. Porterfield, Sec'y, O. T. S. L.

June 22.—Sherburne, N. Y.—Sherburne Gun Club tournament.

June 22.—Paddiford, Sec'y.

June 27-29.—Altoona, Pa.—Target tournament of the Altoona Rod and Gun Club, Wopsonnock Heights. G. G. Zeth, Sec'y.

July 1.—Sherbrooke, P. Q.—Annual tournament; targets; Dominion Day; open to all amateurs. Chas. H. Foss, Sec'y.

July 1-2.—Milwaukee, Wis.—Grand tournament of Milwaukee Gun Club, in Carnival Week. S. M. Du Val, Sec'y.

July 4.—Pawling, N. Y.—All-day tournament of the Pawling Rod and Gun Club; targets.

July 4.—Hastings, Neb.—Hastings Gun Club amateur shoot; \$150 added. W. S. Duer, Vice-President.

July 18-20.—Little Rock, Ark.—Arkansas State tournament.

July 19-20.—Providence, R. I.—Interstate Association's tournament, under auspices of the Providence Gun Club. R. C. Root, Sec'y.

Aug. 9-10.—Portland, Me.—Interstate Association's tournament, under auspices of the Portland Gun Club. S. B. Adams, Sec'y.

Sept. 6-7.—Portsmouth, Va.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Portsmouth Gun Club. W. N. White, Sec'y.

Oct. 6-7.—Pawling, N. Y.—Tournament of Pawling Rod and Gun Club; target and live birds.

First and third Fridays of each month.—Watson's Park, Burnside, Ill.—Semi-monthly contest for Montgomery Ward & Co.'s diamond badges.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The regular monthly shoot of the Pawling Rod and Gun Club will be held on Saturday of this week. The members' cup handicap (point system); 50 targets; 50 cents entrance; the handicaps will be shot up, and in event of tie for any of the 5 points—those having less than 6 handicap to shoot at 6 targets, those having 6 to 11 handicap to shoot at 8 targets—those having 11 to 15 handicap to shoot at 9 targets—those having over 15 handicap to shoot at 10 targets. The \$5 cash handicap is at 25 targets! 50 cents entrance; open to all; high man to win; handicap arranged before event is shot, but not given out until event is over. Ties decided at option of contestants. Sweepstakes to follow. H. Nelson, captain.

The Worcester Sportsmen's Club have arranged to hold a tournament at targets May 30, at their grounds, to reach which the shooters will take the Greenville electric cars and stop off at Huntington avenue. All sweeps optional. Shooting at 9:30; programme events begin at 11:30. There are eleven events on the programme, eight of which are at 10 targets, six of which are 70 cents entrance; the other two, \$1.20 entrance. There are two at 20 targets, \$1.40, and two at 15 targets, 80 cents entrance. The thirteenth is a miss-and-out for a purse of \$10, divided into five parts, \$3, \$2.50, \$2, \$1.50 and \$1. Dinner served on the grounds.

The programme of the City Park Gun Club, New Orleans, La., to be held on May 26 and 27, at the club grounds, City Park, has eight events, two each of 10, 15, 20 and 25 targets, respectively; 50 cents, 75 cents, \$1 and \$1.25 entrance. At 2:30 each day the Wilcox trophy cup will be shot for. No handicap; everybody invited. Target, 2 cents. Shooting begins at 9:30. Ten per cent. deducted from each event, which goes to the three high guns shooting through the entire programme.

The contest between the Princeton University Gun Club team and the New Brunswick team, held at Stockton Field, resulted in a victory for the former by the score of 101 to 94. The scores were: Princeton—Elbert 22, Chidester 16, Cannan 14, Jones 16, Layton 15, Young 18. New Brunswick—McDowell 18, Mundy 14, Burk 13, Oakley 18, Beloff 17, Voorhees 14.

On Wednesday of this week the contest for the championship of New Jersey takes place at Elkwood Park, Long Branch, N. J., between Messrs. Phil Daly, Jr., holder, and T. W. Morley, challenger. Same day and place also is a match at 50 live birds, \$100 a side, between Messrs. P. F. Woodard and Dr. J. G. Knowlton. There will be targets and sweepstake shooting all day.

The programme of the New York State shoot, a review of which is published elsewhere in our trap columns, provides an exceedingly attractive list of purses and prizes. Other programmes which also are reviewed have lists of good things to tempt the shooters and reward their skill, all of which will be plain to him who reads them.

On Decoration Day, May 30, there will be a 25 live bird handicap, \$10 entrance, birds extra, on the grounds of the Lyndhurst Shooting Association, Mr. T. W. Morley, manager. Other events will be arranged to suit the pleasure of the shooters.

Mr. W. R. Crosby, in the long competition at St. Louis, in the E. C. cup event, came out first, with a record of 265 targets out of 300 shot at. Full details will be found in our report of the St. Louis shoot, written by Mr. Litzke.

FOREST AND STREAM goes to press on Monday of next week instead of Tuesday, owing to the following day being a holiday; therefore we desire that our contributors favor us this week with their copy at their earliest convenience.

The communication from President Dressel elsewhere in our columns sets at rest some matters pertaining to the Grand American Handicap, concerning the place at which it next will be held.

The Elgin National Gun Club, Elgin, Ill., will hold a target tournament on June 3 and 4, which will be held in its new shooting park, recently completed.

The Du Pont trophy was won at St. Louis by A. B. Daniels, who in the shoot-off scored 20 straight, Riley scoring 19, with one dead out of bounds.

Several reports of club shoots are necessarily left over until next week, owing to the extra space required for the reports of tournaments.

The Brockton, Mass., Gun Club will hold an all-day invitation Memorial shoot on May 30. A. A. Barrett, Sec'y.

The Sherburne Gun Club will hold a tournament on June 22 at Sherburne, N. Y. J. F. Padiford, secretary.

The Hastings, Neb., Gun Club, will give an amateur shoot on July 4, \$150 added.

Mr. C. A. Young won the Republic cup in a most protracted shoot-off.

BERNARD WATERS.

Brockton Gun Club.

BROCKTON, Mass., May 13.—I append scores made to-day. The shooting was brisk; no waiting, and everyone was ready to shoot when his name was called. The medal event bids fair to be a hot one. Our next shoot will be an all-day invitation Memorial Day shoot, May 30. Nos. 10 and 11 were handicaps.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	10	11
Barrett	9	8	9	9	11	12	8	8	14	4
Worthing	9	10	9	13	14	4	3
Wm Woodard	8	12	12	..	15	..	9	..	5	..
Allen	8	9	13	10	11	9	5	14	5	4
Bishop	5	5	9	..	9	2
Leonard	3	7	6	6
Drew	2	7
Packard	1	6	7	4
Hood	11	12	13	9	8	6	10	6	6	6
Medal shoot, 30 birds and handicap:										
Wm Woodard	11	01	101	111	101	111	101	111	1001	5-29
Allen	101	101	101	101	101	111	111	111	1011	5-27
Worthing	111	111	1001	101	0001	001	111	101	1001	4-23
Barrett	111	1001	111	1001	101	101	111	1000	4-22	..
Leonard	01	1001	111	1000	001	1000	101	1000	6-19	..
Packard	001	0001	101	1001	101	1000	101	1001	4-17	..
Bishop	00	0000	1000	101	1001	101	101	101001	2-16	..
*Hood	11	01	101	101	101	101	111	101	1011	6-29

* Visitor.

A. A. BARRETT, Sec'y.

The Savagery of Trap-Shooting.

St. Louis, Mo.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Now and then a few real good people get after the blood-shedders, invoking humanity and decrying killing. The thirst for blood, they say, is left over from savagery. But somehow the fishers and hunters and shooters increase and multiply, and it is getting hard to find much of a man who does not do one or the other of these things. Why is this? Why does not the race progress? Why are men so perverse? Why is split-bamboo allowed? Where is the miscreant who makes all this powder that is being burned?

Having these questions solemnly in mind, the writer betook himself to the St. Louis tournament one day this week, carrying his old Parker along in case of attack by any of the aforementioned savages. And, truly, they are savages of the deepest dye. Tom Marshall wore a bright yellow hat that would make the Queen of Madagascar offer him half her kingdom for the privilege of wearing it, even if he did not otherwise capture her regal affections by some such savage device as he played on me the first dash out of the box. I was riding from the cars to the grounds in a hack along with him and his hat, together with a lady and gentleman, the former of whom I knew at a glance to be the best wing shot of her sex in the world. Any pigeon that would try to get away from her does not deserve to go to a tournament. But as to the savage device—I took out my slender purse to pay the hackman for my carriage, whereupon this utter stranger with the yellow hat waived me back, exclaiming, "Put that back, please; we are all shooters, and we are all paid for."

I began to suspect right away it must be Tom Marshall. Then, there was a whole tribe there with green hats. I think they were Apaches from Kansas City. A man was there from Iowa, wearing a red hat and a wide smile, called Gilbert. Another one, named Powers, from over around Peoria, had picked up one kid glove somewhere, or possibly he had taken it from the body of some missionary he has captured and boiled he looks as if he had lived off missionaries for some time. He was just as proud of that glove as if he had its mate on the other hand. I looked to see if he had a pair of link cuffs on his ankles, but I guess the missionary hadn't any cuffs on when caught. There was a big Medicine Man, however, from St. Louis, who had all the rest of them guessing. Put the Apollo Belvidere in golf stockings and green velvet knickerbockers and you have him. He had evidently been making medicine in his tent before he came, for he shot almost as well as if he had never killed that British tourist for his clothes. It seemed as if everything one of those creatures had managed to swipe he brought along and wore it, and if it could not be worn, he pasted it on his gun stock. One of them had found an empty flour sack and had cut out the round label and pasted it on his gun. I can't write it in a circle, the way it was printed, but it said, "Gold Dust XXX. Family Flour. The healthiest in the world."

It was a great sight. Mr. Graham, of the Republic, walked around amongst them without his gun and yet without being harmed in the least. Everywhere he went they gathered around him in little bands, shaking his hand with one hand, while feeling his clothes curiously with the other, as if to see if he had the cup in his pocket, but never offering to search him outright. He remarked afterward that he never before saw a body of men engaged in such a nerve-stretching contest where there was such complete absence of worry, vexation or complaint. I have read somewhere that the man who fights laughing is a hard one to whip.

To change the subject, somewhat, and by way of advice to the tyro who goes to a tournament, it may be well to say, in all kindness, that when a pigeon shoot is shot off in squads, and it is not possible to finish it before dark, do not allow the manager of the shoot to over-persuade you into shooting at sundown. He may be anxious to get the shoot along, but you just do like the sophisticated shooters do—put up your gun and leave the grounds when it begins to get too dark to shoot with precision. The writer was in one of those sundown squads, with the sun shining right across the traps, and nearly every one in it fell down, even the peerless Gay, the Eagle-eyed War Chief of Pine Grove. They must have fine spring water in Kentucky, or is it the grass? Anyway, he is about as fast as they come.

GEORGE KENNEDY.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Hudson Gun Club.

Newark, N. J., May 22.—The scores made to-day by the members of the Hudson County Gun Club are as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	15	15	15	15	25	25	25	25
Schorly	10	15	11	13	20	18	22	22
Van Dyne	11	8	11	12	17	..	15	..
Dudley	12	12	15	14	17	20	22	20
Kall	3	9	3	6	10
Gardiner	12	10	13	11	17	16	19	18
H. Pape	4	6	6	8	16	12
Banta	9	10	11	8	18	19
Bock	10	11	10	..	19
Pape, Jr.	5	11	6
Jones	6	..	8	12
Hansman	8	9	7	13	14	13	16	..
Altz	13	21
De Long	..	10	12	17	..	16
C von L.	..	12	13	20	17	16	17	..
Brewer	..	8
Difley	..	7	9	11	18	17
Boothroid	..	9	..	19
Schields	..	9	20	17
O'Brien	..	9
Whitley	..	10
Geotz	..	13

* Club event.

THOS. KELLY.

Passaic City Against Boiling Springs.

Passaic City, N. J., May 20.—There were rather unfavorable weather conditions for the fifth contest of the series between the Passaic City Gun Club and the Boiling Springs Gun Club, held at Passaic City to-day, the wind blowing strongly across the traps from left to right, and the light varying from time to time, cloudy in the early part of the shoot, then clear and bright. Passaic City came out victorious by a score of 152 to 150, a close race. There were ten men on each team, and each man shot at 25 targets, Sergeant system. This concluded the series:

Passaic City Gun Club—Kevitt 16, Hall 19, Platt 12, Palmer 16, Westbrook 15, Reid 20, Spiegel 12, Abbott 13, Jelleme 17, Coman 12-152.

Boiling Springs Gun Club—James 11, Paul 16, Boothark 18, Crosby 17, Lane 16, Pierson 10, Collins 13, Burgess 15, Matzen 12, Huck 22-150.

Sweepstakes:	10	11	Palmer	7	11	..	12	9
Jelleme	9	8	10	..	Bowes	6	7	9	..	7
Crosby	8	10	12	13	Pierson	4	7	..	5	..
Huck	8	10	11	7	Collins	9	..	7	9	..
Platt	5	7	Burgess	7
Kevitt	11	7	6	12	Reid	..	14	3	13	..
Paul	4	4	3	4	Van Noort	..	4
Schulting	8	8	8	13	Lane	..	7	..	5	..
Westbrook	6	..	4	5	Coman	..	6
Bowker	4	10	5	..	James	..	8
Abbott	6	8	8	..	Matson	..	8	7
Hall	7	..	10
Spiegel	7	..	10

Programme of New York State Shoot.

THE programme of the forty-first annual convention of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, June 5 to 9 inclusive, under the auspices of the Buffalo Audubon Club, is something far above the ordinary. It is open to all amateurs of the United States and Canada. It announces \$1,000 added money, \$1,000 guaranteed in two purses of \$500 each, \$3,000 in merchandise and all average moneys added. Targets, 2 cents.

On June 6, first day, there are nine events, four at 15 targets, four at 20 targets, with a uniform entrance of \$2 in these events, and \$25 added to each. No. 3, is at 25 targets, \$5 added, \$5 guaranteed purse and surplus added. This makes a total of 165 targets and \$21 entrance for the day. Five moneys in 15 and 20 target events; eight moneys in 25-target events. Fifty dollars added for amateur day's averages, ten high guns, \$5 each.

The second day's programme is like the foregoing, excepting event No. 7 is at 20 targets, instead of 15, and event No. 3 is the mammoth merchandise shoot at 25 targets, \$5 entrance, a list of the articles taking up four pages of the programme. There are eight classes of ties, No. 1 class having a Parker hammerless gun for first, No. 2, an L. C. Smith hammerless gun for first, No. 3 a Remington hammerless ejector gun for first, No.

1 a Lefever hammerless, No. 5 an Ithaca hammerless gun, No. 6, a Hollenback, Nos. 7 and 8 respectively, a sewing machine. Tons of coal, bicycles, trunks, cameras, cigars, subscriptions, clothing, railroad tickets, chairs, shoes, furniture, etc., form an interesting list of articles for competition. To each of the twenty-five high guns which fail to win a prize in this event will be given a 1lb. can of Gold Dust powder.

The third day is similar to the first in respect to programme.

The fourth day has three events on the programme. No. 1 is the Gold Dust powder event, at 25 targets, \$2.50 entrance, five moneys, 1lb. can of Gold Dust powder and powder measure.

No. 2 is the Buffalo Audubon Club event, 50 targets, \$5 entrance, handicap, open to all. The prizes are seven, as follows: First, one piano, \$350; second, one building lot, \$300; third, one bike wagon, \$150; fourth, sewing machine, \$65; fifth, undecided; sixth, round trip ticket to Duluth, \$30; seventh, suit of clothes, \$25.

No. 3 is the New York State event (Dean Richmond trophy) at live birds, \$20 entrance per team, birds extra; to first 60 per cent. of purse and trophy; 40 per cent. to second.

To the twenty amateurs making best averages in all events of the first three days of the programme, there are ten merchandise prizes for the ten highest, these being in value, \$40, \$30, \$30, \$20, \$10, \$10, \$12, \$12, \$11.50, \$12.50 and \$10 in cash for each of the next ten averages. Winners select the merchandise prizes in the order in which they finish.

To the ten experts making the best average in the first three days, \$10 will be given to each, and to the high gun will be given a gold watch chain. All residents of New York State, whether competing as experts or amateurs, may compete for the New York city cup, and the Audubon Club will present the winner with a gentleman's solid gold watch, and a lady's gold watch to second. All average prizes will be awarded on the full three days' programme.

Shooting commences at 9 o'clock. Targets thrown from magau-trap. No percentage is taken from any purse; the whole money, less price of targets, goes to the competitors. Targets, 2 cents. Professional experts and manufacturers' agents allowed to shoot for targets only, but will have special prizes provided. Expert amateurs will be handicapped as follows: Every man shooting 90 per cent. or better, will pay \$4 each day. Every man shooting 85 per cent. or better, but less than 90, will pay \$2 per day. These amounts will be set aside for a special purse, to be divided pro rata among amateurs shooting through the first three days of the programme, yet who fail to win one of the twenty special averages.

The New York city trophy is a solid silver cup, valued at \$200, donated by New York members, and is to be emblematic of the target championship of the State of New York. It goes to the shooter making the highest aggregate score in all the events of the first three days; competition open to all residents of New York State, be they professionals or amateurs. The winner holds the cup till the next State shoot, executing a bond in the sum of \$200 as a guarantee of its return.

The foregoing is a general review of the programme. It is worth investigation in its details. For it address C. H. Bamberg, secretary, Buffalo, N. Y.

Headquarters will be at the New Tift House, and the meeting on June 5 will be in German-American Hall, corner Main and High streets.

Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association.

The Programme.

Pittsburg, May 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The programme issued by the Reed Hurst Gun Club, covering the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association shoot at Erie, Pa., May 30 to June 2, inclusive, is so totally unsuited for the requirements of such an event, that upon receipt of a copy I at once made a special trip to Erie, Pa., to consult with the officers of the gun club in relation to the same. The result was the revision of the programme and the adoption of the following:

First Day, May 30.

State Events.—Nos. 1, 5, 2 and 4, 15 bluerocks; entrance, \$1.50; \$10 added. No. 3, 25 singles and 5 pair; Milt Lindsey trophy; entrance, \$0 per team; \$10 added. No. 5, 50 bluerocks; Wolsten-croft trophy; entrance, \$3; \$10 added. No. 6, 50 bluerocks; Parker Bros. Gun handicap; entrance, \$3; \$10 added.

Open Events.—Eight events of 20 bluerocks; entrance, \$2.50 per event, and \$10 added to each event.

Second Day, May 31.

State Events.—Nos. 1, 2 and 3, 15 bluerocks; entrance, \$1.50; \$10 added in Nos. 1 and 3; \$5 in No. 2. No. 4, Reading trophy; entrance, per team of five, \$10; with \$10 added. No. 5, Harrisburg trophy; entrance, per team of six, \$10; with \$10 added. No. 6, 50 bluerocks; Remington Gun Handicap; entrance, \$3; \$10 added.

Open Events.—Eight events of 20 bluerocks; entrance, \$2.50 per event; \$10 added to each event.

Third Day, June 1.

State Events—Live Birds.—No. 1, L. C. Smith trophy; teams of three men, at 15 birds per man; entrance, \$25 per team. No. 2, Williamsport trophy; 15 birds; entrance, \$10; birds extra. No. 3, Denny-Wilson cup; 15 birds; entrance, \$10.

Open Events.—No. 1, 10 sparrows; entrance, \$2.50; birds included. No. 2, 15 sparrows; entrance, \$4; birds included. No. 3, 20 sparrows; entrance, \$5; birds included. No. 4, 10 live birds; entrance, \$7; high guns. No. 5, 10 live birds; entrance, \$7; high guns.

Fourth Day, June 2.

Open to All.—No. 1, 20 sparrows; entrance, \$5; high guns. No. 2, 25 sparrows; entrance, \$7; high guns. No. 3, the Streuber special handicap; 25 live birds; entrance, \$25; high guns; handicaps, 25 to 31 yds.; \$200 silver cup and 40 per cent. of purse to winner of purse; cup the personal property of winner.

The revised edition will be mailed to all who have received a copy of the first issue.

From letter received by Secretary Frank W. Bacon and ammunition already forwarded to Erie, there is every reason to believe that the ninth annual tournament will be as successful as any of its predecessors.

WESTERN TRAPS.

Audubon of Chicago.

CHICAGO, Ill., May 20.—Four members of the Audubon Club met for the regular trophy contest on Wednesday of this week at Watson's. There was a stiffish wind and the birds proved strong. Col. C. E. Felton, with a handicap of 29yds. and 2 birds, won the trophy, shooting out in the tie Mr. J. H. Amberg, who has previously won the trophy three times. Score, at 20 live birds:

C E Felton, 29, 2.....*0*2211*02112*20221-14
H O Stone, 30, 1.....21*2*102*2222000022-12
J H Amberg, 29, 1.....001211112*020221*210-14
John Magill, 30, 0.....1100*0*122*10*22221-11

Shoot-off:
C E Felton.....110122212-9 J H Amberg.....121*110-6

Von Lengerke—Dupee.

The race which was to have been shot last Monday between Mr. O. von Lengerke and Mr. Walter Dupee has been postponed and will probably be shot next Monday, May 22. Mr. Von Lengerke was unable to get away from his business at the time originally appointed for the race.

Chicago Trophy.

Messrs. Silas Palmer and A. C. Paterson meet Tuesday afternoon, May 30, in their contest for the Chicago trophy. Both men stand at 3yds., and shoot at 25 birds. Mr. Palmer has won the trophy four times, and Mr. Paterson, challenger, has won it five times.

Marshalltown wins.

Marshalltown Gun Club, of Iowa, defeated Ottumwa Gun Club May 18 in the contest for the championship emblem of the Iowa State Sportsmen's Association, the race being at singles and doubles, and the score, Marshalltown 177, Ottumwa 163.

Montgomery Ward Diamond Badge.

The seventh contest for the Montgomery Ward & Co. diamond badge, held at Watson's yesterday afternoon, brought out twenty-two entries, with one visitor, who shot through the score. These contests continue with unabated interest, and are the success of the local shooting year. The weather was pleasant enough, and the sport was watched with interest by many until nearly dark. Toward evening the birds became more mixed, a sprinkling of slow starters, with occasional fast ones. The tie shooting ran on well into the evening. George Watson officiated as referee and handicapper, his father, John Watson, being absent at St. Louis in a similar capacity. The excellence of the handicapping brought ten men into the tie for first place, Messrs. Shaw, Felton, Searles, Boa, Smith, Sellers, Roll, Krueger, Amberg and Hollister. These shot at strings of 5, handicapped, and so even was the race that it was not until the fifth string that a winner could be announced. George Roll was the lucky man, and came in winner by a nose, since he missed his last bird and would have been retired had not his sole remaining competitor, Mr. Sellers, also missed his last bird, this making 2 straight misses for the latter, something which he had not done before during the whole shoot.

A glance at the scores will show that some long runs were made. Dr. Shaw missed his first bird and then killed 25 straight with the first barrel. To this he added 7 more straight, and then missed his 33d bird. George Roll had something of a similar record. He used up his handicap bird at the first shot, then killed 15 straight, and added 19 more straight in the ties, missing his 35th bird. Meantime the men who had been allowed something in handicap were pounding along in the ties, with Roll and Shaw, who were shot scratch in the ties. Felton, Boa and Hollister did not outlast the first string. Amberg, scratch, was a favorite, but could not finish the third string, which also ended Krueger. In the fourth frame Shaw, Searles, Smith, Sellers and Roll remained. Searles, who had been shooting well, missed 3 straight and sat down decisively. Dr. Shaw missed his third bird in this string, and there being three others still in the race, he concluded that he was out of it and packed his gun, going to the depot to catch a train. Smith now missed 3 straight and fell out. Sellers missed one besides his handicap. It was up to George Roll to kill his last bird and win alone. Roll, however, missed this bird, and having no handicap bird, was thus tied with Sellers on 4. As Dr. Shaw could tie this score by killing 2 more birds, he would have been eligible to shoot had he not left the grounds. Of course he forfeited his rights by leaving the grounds, and though he was by mistake sent for at the depot and returned to the grounds, he was not allowed to shoot. Sellers and Roll then continued, the former missing 3 out of his 6, and Roll winning as above described. Goodrich won the tie on 14 with 9 straight, and Palmer won the tie on 13 with 6 straight. Mr. Platt Adams, of New York, brother of Mr. A. W. Adams, president of the Eureka Gun Club, shot through the event, scoring 13. The following are the scores, at 15 live birds:

J L White, 30, 1.....1110101100111210-11
Dr Shaw, 30, 1.....0111111111111111-15
C E Felton, 28, 3.....222210201112211011-15
A E Searles, 30, 3.....20211212112211201-15
W B Leffingwell, 30, 1.....1012222101111221-14
J S Boa, 29, 2.....2222022222202222-15
J Foster, 28, 3.....201001022121022111-13
F M Smith, 28, 3.....210110012111212112-15
G A Thorne, 28, 2.....01121202211121022-14
J Sellers, 28, 3.....01111111002111212-15
L Goodrich, 29, 2.....0222222222222002-14
R Simonetti, 29, 3.....21211100100010200-10
Geo Roll, 30, 1.....022221211121222-15
R Krueger, 28, 3.....222020201122222-15
J Neubert, 28, 4.....00222020202012101w-14
A W Adams, 28, 3.....122001220211110111-14
*P Adams.....1210222121220211-13
J B Barto, 30, 1.....1021200122211112-13
S Palmer, 29, 1.....0022122011111221-13
Parker, 29, 1.....1220110221121212-14
E M Steck, 30, 1.....2202121021111221-14
J H Amberg, 30, 2.....21111222111112-15
F H Hollister, 30, 2.....2122212212201112-15
* Visitor.

Ties on 15:
Dr Shaw, 30, 0.....11111111112122210
C E Felton, 28, 1.....200w
O E Searles, 30, 1.....1222021221111220200
J S Boa, 29, 0.....0w
F M Smith, 28, 1.....10212221110121222000
J Sellers, 28, 1.....0122122212012110210222020
G Roll, 30, 0.....11222121111222122202220
R Krueger, 28, 1.....22222121110220
J H Amberg, 30, 0.....111212221210w
F H Hollister, 30, 0.....20w

Garfield Gun Club.

May 20.—In the regular weekly contest of the Garfield Gun Club to-day Messrs. R. Kuss and C. P. Richards tied for the Class A medal, Kuss winning the shoot-off. Dr. J. W. Meek, the able secretary of Garfield Gun Club, proved the best man in Class B, and Mr. Rohler in Class C. There was a very good attendance, as may be seen in the following recountal of the scores:

Kuss11111111110111101111-22
Dr Meek1101011111111101111111-22
Kehl00000101100000001000100-6
Workman0111110110101010101010-17
Pollard111111011011000101010100-15
Fehrman1111110011011111011111-21
Northcott100001000101101100010001-22
Richards1111111001110111111111-22
Brabrook0010100010000000100101-7
Dr Royce100010000101000010010010-7
Dr Shaw1101111111100111111111-22
Mrs Shaw10000011110101001000111-13
Nusley01101101111111110011011-19
Hellman1001111011000110100100-14
Rohder110101111011101000010-15
Dr Shaw00001011110001000101001-11
Trail011101010101110101010010-14
Smedes00110010111000010010101-12
G Riddeford010000000000000000000001-2
Smith100001000001111000011000-9
W H Riddeford00010001001000001000000-6
Pollard111001101101101100111111-18

Eureka Gun Club.

A nice little attendance turned out for the regular weekly con-

test of the Eureka Gun Club to-day. The main event was for the Mussey cup, at 15 singles and 5 pairs, the cup being won by Dr. Miller. The following were the scores: Morgan 18, Cunyng- ham 14, A. W. Adams 18, Cornwall 11, F. P. Stannard 15, W. D. Stannard 15, Dr. Miller 19.

In the club shoot, classified, for the target trophy, at 25 targets, W. D. Stannard showed the front in Class A, Dr. B. B. Miller in Class B, Dr. Morton in Class C. In Class D there were two entries, Mrs. C. W. Carson, wife of the honorable secretary, and Mr. Platt Adams, of New York city. Mr. Adams is a good live-bird shot, but in the targets either his inexperience or his gallantry put him in second place, Mrs. Carson beating him by 7 birds in the very creditable score of 18 birds. The following are the scores in the club event.

Class A.....1001100111110111111111-20
A W Adams.....111111011110101111011-20
W D Stannard.....111111101111110111100-21
F P Stannard.....1011111011101000111101-18

Class B.....111011011001111011111000-17
R B Miller.....111110111111011110111-22

Class C.....0010111101101001010000011-12
H Cornwell.....110001100101101010011110-14
J L Jones.....11110003011100010011010-14
Dr Morton.....011111101100111111111101-20

Class D.....110101111101111011001011-18
P Adams.....011101000010101101010000-11
Mrs C W Carson.....1101011110111011010101-18

E. Hough.

480 CANTON BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Brooklyn Gun Club.

May 17.—Delightfully fair weather favored the special invitation shoot of the Brooklyn Gun Club, held on its grounds to-day. There was a good attendance of congenial spirits, and the competition began and ended without an unpleasant hitch. John S. Wright was manager, and he had provided some sterling prizes for two events, Nos. 4 and 7, in which the competition was close and protracted, several ties being shot off before definite conclusions were determined. In No. 4 Schortemeier won first, a fine gun case; Remsen won second, some loaded shells; Watson won third, a sterling silver souvenir spoon.

The ties in the merchandise events were shot off in the regular events which followed. Banks shot for targets only. Lunch was served free of charge.

No. 4 event was at 30 targets, \$1.50 entrance, handicap. Mr. Edward Banks acted as handicapper. The scores:

Banks111111110111111111111111-29
Waters, 6.....111101000101101111110101-28
Remsen, 2.....011111101111111111110111-29
Scheubel, 6.....010110111111010101101001-27
Blauvelt, 7.....11011111110111111111110111-30
Dutcher, 7.....0111110111111001011101011-30
H Money, 1.....010101111111111111111111-28
Schortemeier, 5.....101011110111111110110111-30
Dudley, 2.....1111111111111111111011011-30
G Pierce, 5.....01111110011010100110101011-25
Dr Cramer, 10.....11010111111100011000010100-27
Dr Kemble, 5.....1101011111111111111011111-30
H Nelson, 7.....0001111110111111111111111-30
Martin, 6.....01101101010101110011011001-26
W Sanders, 6.....1101101111111001001111111-30

No. 7 was at 30 targets, handicap, \$1.50 entrance. The scores:
Banks110111111111111111111111-28
Waters, 4.....11111111110011111111001011-29
Remsen, 2.....10110110111010011010111100-22
Scheubel, 6.....11111111011111111111111110-30
Blauvelt, 7.....00010100010001010100010011-19
Dutcher, 7.....111111111010101111111101101-30
H Money, 1.....1111011011111011111111111-28
Schortemeier, 3.....1111111111111101101111111-30
Dudley, 1.....111111101111111111111111-30
Pierce, 6.....00110011101111111011011111-29
Dr Cramer, 12.....00110101000111010100010101-28
Bissett, 6.....011111111111010011110110110-29
B Amend, 4.....111111111111111111111111-30
Hagadorn, 7.....1101110001011111101010110110-28
Dr Kemble, 2.....111111111111101111111111-30
Smith, 11.....00010000101101100010001001-23
Nelson, 7.....110110111101010101011100101-27
C Brinton.....0001101111110111011010111111-22
Sanders, 4.....111111111111110110111111000-29
Hallock, 7.....1101110101111001010100001111-26

Extras.
Events: 1 2 3 5 6 8 9 10 11
Targets: 15 15 20 15 15 15 15 14 *
Banks15 11 17 14 15 14 14 13 9
Waters15 10 13 11 14 11 10 .. 7
Remsen12 13 18 12 12 13 14 ..
Scheubel13 12 15 13 15 13 14 13 5
Blauvelt8 8 9 12 9 9 ..
Dutcher8 10 15 8 11 13 14 10 6
H Money15 15 15 12 15 13 15 13 7
Schortemeier12 12 14 14 14 13 12 15 7
Dudley14 15 13 13 13 9 ..
Pierce12 13 11 10 11 5 ..
Dr Cramer10 8 10 11 12 10 11 12 ..
Bissett8 13 5 13 13 14 7 ..
B Amend11 13 14 12 13 7 ..
Dr Kemble11 12 19 14 11 11 13 14 3
Dr Little14 15 11 ..
Hallock12 12 13 12 13 2 ..
Hagadorn12 12 5 12 .. 14 7
Nelson11 11 15 10 9 9 .. 12 4
C Brinton13 12 11 .. 7 ..
Martin12 14
Sanders12 14

* Five pairs. Nos. 10 and 11 were extra events.

Brooklyn, L. I., May 20.—John Wright wore a smile of rare elasticity when the day of May 20 ended, for his shoot was a decided success, both in respect to its size and to the amiable spirit with which it was pervaded from start to finish. He launched the special prize over which his mind had given some moments of thought for several days, this prize being a Francotte gun. Manager Wright wished to have the conditions so as to encourage amateur interest, for he is a great believer in the sterling worth of that long aspiring individual, so he evolved the following conditions, which are a model of rules in their way:

BROOKLYN GUN CLUB.

Season 1899—1900.

The Brooklyn Gun Club offers a high-grade Francotte shotgun as a special prize, to be competed for under the following conditions:

1. The competition shall consist of twelve contests, one of which shall be held on the third Saturday of every consecutive month, commencing with Saturday, May 20, 1899.
2. Each contest shall be at 50 targets per man, unknown angles; the targets to be thrown from the magatrap.
3. The competition shall be a handicap with an allowance of misses as breaks. The club will appoint a committee, which will revise the handicaps for each contest.
4. The competition shall be decided by a point system, and the points are the number of targets each competitor breaks over 40. For example: A contestant breaks 41, and scores one point; 42, and scores 2 points; and so on up to 50, for which he scores 10 points; but no contestant can score more than 10 points in any one contest.
5. The winner of the prize shall be the contestant making the highest total of points in the competition. The winner of this prize shall be ineligible to win any other special prize offered by the club, unless otherwise specifically excepted.
6. A contestant unable to attend any one monthly contest in this competition will be permitted to shoot up that "back score" in the next monthly contest; and only one "back score" can be so shot up.
7. The entrance for each monthly contest shall be the price of the targets, viz., \$1.
8. Only members of the Brooklyn Gun Club are eligible to compete for this prize.

A few sweeps were shot as a preliminary canter, and then the main event was tackled, Messrs. Remsen, Banks, Kemble, Wright and Waters acting as handicappers. There was a very strong wind blowing from left to right across the traps in the earlier

part of this event, which played havoc with some of the scores. Each shot at 25 targets, then retired till the next round of 25. The scores:

E Banks, 2.....0101101111110101000110110
111011101111111111010100-35-2-37
B Waters, 8.....11001101010001000101010
1100111011011011111111-33-8-41
J S S Remsen, 4.....00011001111111111111011
1011111001011111111111-39-4-43
C W Dudley, 4.....00101111101111100111011
1111111101111111000011-35-4-39
C Brinton, 12.....10010100000100100100000
1101111110110111111111-27-12-39
C von Lengerke, 4.....11101111111001111101011
1111011110101111011101-40-4-44
Althouse, 12.....0100100110111111111111
19 17 19 19 17 19 19 17 19
01010111100001010011111-33-12-45
1101111111011110111011
0111111011100000110111-38-5-43
W L Gardiner, 3.....111110110111101101111
1111111110110011111111-42-3-45
G B Paterson, 18.....1011011000110000111101
10110000110100100010001-24-18-42
A Webber, 15.....100110000101011010111
0100011011011110110011-31-15-46
Dr Cramer, 20.....0000000111101011110101
010000001101001101100110-25-20-45
F A Thompson, 8.....1111111111111111111111
1100100110011110100110-39-8-47
*Doctor0000001001011101001110
11101000101000110110100-25
W Hopkins, 7.....1110111011101111111110
1111010111010111111100-40-7-47
N J Lane, 18.....0010010110001111100111
0111101010101011111111-33-18-50
J S Wright, 20.....10111000111010100101001
0111111110101000010111-30-20-50
Dr Smith, 10.....11010011011001100001111
1011111111011011011111-35-10-45
G Osterhout10000001000000000110011w
* Guest.

The extra sweeps were as follows:

Events: 1 2 3 Events: 1 2 3
Banks13 17 17 Dr Creamer.....11 12 ..
Waters18 14 19 F Thompson.....15 16 22
Remsen19 17 19 Scheubel19 9 ..
Dudley18 17 22 Webber14 10 ..
Doctor12 10 15 Lane11 ..
Gardner22 15 14 Hopkins16 21
C Von L.....19 13 21 Mrs Gardner.....10
Dr Kemble19 17 19 Smith10
Brinton20 .. Wright13
W H Thompson16 .. 16 Scheubel17

Cincinnati Gun Club.

MAY 16.—Live birds engaged the attention of the members who competed in the shoot of the Cincinnati Gun Club, held to-day.

At the annual meeting of the club, held on May 12, directors were appointed as follows: Messrs. J. B. Mosby, Max Fleischman, G. W. Schuler, A. C. Dick, W. Stevens, H. Robinson, W. Perin, F. Ahlers and G. McG. Morris. From their own list the directors elect the regular officers, which election takes place in the near future.

The match between Messrs. R. M. Burton and H. Burton on the one side, and Messrs. Fleischman and Settles on the other, fixed to take place to-day, was postponed on account of important business engagements of one of the Messrs. Burton.

The keenest interest is manifested in the medal shoot, which takes place on the 27th inst., and an earnest friendly contest from a good entry is anticipated. At the first contest out of the thirteen contestants seven tied with straight scores, namely: Penn, See, Maynard, Ackley, Ahlers, Squier and Kirsch, the latter being the holder at present.

Events 1 and 2 were at 15 live birds, \$5 entrance, birds extra, 60 and 40 per cent. division. The scores follow:

No. 1:
Robertson22222120121221-14 Gambell20121212121112-14
L Ahlers212021222020-11 Schuler21121112*2111-14
Ackley20100210111111-11
No. 2:
Gambell1122122122102-14 L Ahlers2121012122000-11
Robertson222222211*2-13 Ackley2111100101*220-10
Schuler1201101111121-12

Miss-and-outs:

No. 1. No. 2. No. 3. No. 4. No. 5. No. 6.
Robertson2222 1222222212222222 22 * 10 0
Schuler10 1211221111121120 0 0 20 ..
L Ahlers1220 0 0 12 20 212212
Gambell10 121122222220 20 10 120 0
Ackley11010111100101100001111-26 211 112110

Elgin National Gun Club.

ELGIN, Ill., May 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Elgin National Gun Club, having just completed their new shooting park, will open it with a grand target tournament on June 3 and 4.

The club is composed of sixty of the most prominent business men and citizens of this city, who are bound together by rules and constitution to protect and uphold the game laws of this State. They are men who never leave a leaf unturned to make it pleasant and satisfactory for all who attend their shoots.

The work of promoting and conducting this tournament is done by members of the club, men of wide experience in trap shooting and are always up with the times. The new park consists of six acres of natural field shooting grounds, so situated that we have a clear sky background for targets and live birds, and the shooting of both can be carried on at the same time without interference.

The club has adopted the Sergeant system for targets, and all shoots will be governed by the American Association rules. We have a large and warm club house, which will give protection to all during stormy and cold weather, and which is equally protected in summer. Surrounding the house, north, west and south, is an orchard of wide-spreading apple trees and an elegant grove of maples and evergreens, making it one of the most desirable shooting and picnic grounds in this vicinity; and now, with all these improvements, the boys are cleaning the rust off their guns and are marching to the firing line in company front, and declaring by Old Glory (which always floats from the club house flagstaff) that they have the finest shooting park in the State, and as soon as they get the guns unlimbered and new stock of smokeless powder they will be ready to go down the line with the rest. The officers are: W. K. Hawthorn, President; C. E. Middleton, Secretary, and Joe Reeh, Treasurer.

ELGIN NATIONAL GUN CLUB.

Emerald Gun Club.

Brooklyn, L. I., May 16.—The monthly club shoot of the Emerald Gun Club took place at Dexter Park to-day. There was a good attendance. Dr. O'Connell, Thos. Short and S. M. Van Allen killed straight. The scores:

E O Weiss, 25.....1*0220222-7 J Woelfel, 25.....2211000201-6
Wm Joerger, 28.....*12101111-8 H Goehel, 25.....200002220-4
G B Hillers, 28.....2222012200-7 J Gallin, 25.....2*0200000-2
Dr Hudson, 23.....01111111-8 S M Van Allen, 29.....222212222-10
C W Billings, 28.....2112222012-9 B F Amend, 28.....0222120222-8
J P Fessenden, 28.....22222*222-8 *A Scheubel, 28.....2101121210-5
Dr O'Connell, 29.....121222222-10 C Stuetzel, 25.....0210112*00-5
E J Clark, 29.....12112202-8 O Brown, 29.....0010020212-5
R Regan, 25.....0010010010-3 J Rathjen, 28.....0201110201-6
J J Pillion, 28.....112012222-9 Dr Stillman, 29.....1212021*10-7
Thos Short, 28.....2221221211-10 D Mohrman, 25.....0*1212201-7
J H Moore, 28.....22212*0211-8 *C Lincoln, 28.....2002012100-5
J S Remsen, 29.....1211022012-8 T Codey, 25.....0*1000*00-1

* Guests.

Sweepstakes: No. 1. No. 2.
O'Connell22221-5 22222-5
Van Allen21222-5 22222-5
Short22122-5 ..
Scheubel12122-5 11222-5
Hudson11021-4 ..
Remsen10210-3 22222-5
Amend20222-4 00202-2
Billings10111-4 ..

The East Side Gun Club, of Newark, N. J., holds its monthly live-bird shoot on Thursday of this week. It has arranged to hold a live-bird shoot on Decoration Day. The main event will probably be 25 live birds, \$10 entrance.

Missouri State Shoot.

ST. LOUIS, May 20.—The twenty-second annual tournament of the Missouri State Fish and Game Protective Association was brought to a close here to-night. While it was impossible to shoot out the programme, owing to bad weather and other contingencies, it has been decided to declare the unfinished events off. In many respects it was a most remarkable tournament, and in point of attendance it was the most successful one held in the West in recent years. The entries ran high throughout the entire shoot, and it was not until near the close that there was any perceptible falling. The St. Louis sportsmen will pride themselves on this gathering for it is seldom the initial effort in this direction is crowned with so much success. This of itself should greatly stimulate shooting interest in St. Louis, and it is to be hoped that this city will once more assume its former position as one of the best trap-shooting cities in the country.

Non-Resident Participants.

THIS is a lengthy list and but helps to demonstrate the magnitude of this tournament. The largest delegation came from Kansas City, and in number nearly exceeds the local contingent. Just what a factor this was in making the tournament a success is borne out by the following list: G. M. Walden, Lil. Scott, Dave Elliott, J. A. R. Elliott, J. M. Curtice, R. K. Campbell, J. B. Porter, E. F. Sweeney, J. E. Riley, R. P. Barse, W. V. Reiger, C. S. Gottlieb, James Sweet, T. M. Hearn, Ed. Hickman, A. H. Glasner, S. S. Millett, Frank J. Smith, Gus. Rickmers, Newton Beach, C. E. Wright, F. B. Dickinson, J. W. Bramhall, Joe Underwood, Richard Jarrett, F. M. Berkey, Wm. Hintsche, C. J. Mills, Jno. Evans, W. L. Moore, Walter Bruns, W. M. DeShong, Dr. E. Von Quast, C. V. Renick, James Whitfield, Tom Smith, Will Kline, Ralph Hamilton, Jno. W. Watkins, W. S. Halliwell, Dr. W. C. Tyree, C. B. Richards, J. S. Smith, L. D. Russell and Geo. Stockwell. F. N. Cockrill, Platt City, Mo.; W. S. Allen, Raymore, Mo.; W. N. Bates, J. L. Lemmon and Frank Diemer, Palmyra, Mo.; J. R. Wilmot, Lexington, Mo.; Harry Davis, Richmond, Mo.; W. C. Sergeant and Chester Dixon, Joplin, Mo.; W. A. Smith, Greenwood, Mo.; E. G. Cherbonnier, Ferguson, Mo.; J. H. Winscott, Sturgeon, Mo.; F. C. Reihl, A. J. Howell, F. Schiess, Gilbert Lane and J. W. Beall, Alton, Ill.; J. A. Jackson, Austin, Tex.; J. M. George and Dr. G. G. Clifford, San Antonio, Tex.; C. M. Powers, Decatur, Ill.; Tom A. Marshall, Keithsburg, Ill.; R. R. Kimball, Fremont, Neb.; C. L. Kimball (Grant), W. D. Burgess, F. S. Parmelee, H. S. McDonald, W. D. Townsend and C. H. Brucker, Omaha; A. B. Daniels and Capt. J. S. Sedam, Denver; A. C. Young, Springfield, O.; H. W. Cadwallader, Danville, Ill.; E. H. Tripp and Jno. M. Lilley, Indianapolis; E. E. Neal, Bloomfield, Ind.; J. L. Head, Peru, Ind.; C. A. Brown, Pittsburg, Kan.; Chris. Becker, Ogden, Utah; F. M. Stockton, Hannibal, Mo.; F. Moore and Tom Clyde, Lincoln, Neb.; Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Shattuck, Minneapolis, Minn.; Andrew Lookie, Manteno, Ill.; J. L. Winston, Washington, Ind.; W. A. Porter, Geo. Summerson and A. D. Sperry, Rock Island, Ill.; J. D. B. DeBow, W. R. Elliston, Andy Meaders and Frank Legler, Nashville, Tenn.; J. T. Lloyd, Pine Bluff, Ark.; W. A. Leach, Fort Smith, Ark.; C. Heiligenstein, Freeburg, Ill.; W. T. Craig, Woodson, Ill.; Dr. C. B. Clapp, Moberly, Mo.; G. W. Hayden, Paris, Mo.; J. M. Morgan, Columbus, Miss.; J. H. Scounce, Siddell, Ill.; A. C. Schwarz, Venice, Ill.; P. C. Ward, Hickman, Ky.; Ed. Voris, Crawfordville, Ind.; R. H. Dallmeyer, Jefferson City, Mo.; J. D. Gay, Pine Grove, Ky.; A. C. Connor, J. Hoff, W. Hoff, C. E. Lemm and A. Heilmann, Pekin, Ill.; C. B. Eaton, Fayette, Mo.; G. H. Post, Decatur, Ill.; W. O. page, Starkville, Miss.; R. M. Klein, Spirit Lake, Ia.; J. W. Booth and Lou. Painter, Osceola, Ia.; E. E. Hargroves, Sutton, Neb.; H. W. Koolher, Leavenworth, Kan.; Frank Hodges, Olathe, Kan.; Emile Work, Cincinnati; Jno. Watson, Chicago, Ill.

Of the Trade.

There were Capt. Money and Fred W. Quimby, New York, American E. C. & Schultze Powder Co.; Jno. J. Hollowell, Bridgeport, Conn., and R. O. Heikes, Dayton, O., of U. M. C. Co.; J. W. Mackie, Cincinnati, O., and Jack Parker, Detroit, Mich., of Peters Cartridge and Kings Powder Co.; A. S. Tucker, Meriden, Conn., Parker Gun; Harvey McMurchy, Syracuse, N. Y., L. C. Smith Gun; E. S. Rice, Chicago, Ill., Fred Gilbert, Spirit Lake, Ia., Herbert Taylor, St. Louis, Mo., of the Dupont Powder Co.; Chas. Budd, Des Moines, Ia., shooting Hazard powder and a Parker gun; Col. A. G. Courtney, Syracuse, N. Y., Remington Arms Co.; J. S. Fanning, San Francisco, Cal., Gold Dust Powder Co.; J. A. R. Elliott, Kansas City, Mo., Winchester Arms Co., also shooting Hazard powder; E. D. Fulford, Utica, N. Y., with the Remington Arms and U. M. C. Cos., ever now and then smiling over the success of his new live bird trap; Dan Lefever, Syracuse, N. Y., maker of the well-known hammerless gun; W. R. Crosby, O'Fallon, Ill., with the Baker Gun Co., Batavia, N. Y.

Business Transacted.

The annual meeting of the Association was held at the Lindell Hotel, Tuesday night, at 9 o'clock. In the absence of President P. M. King, Vice-President C. M. Walden called the meeting to order. Secretary Collins reported that inasmuch as the books containing the minutes of the previous meeting had been lost, he would be unable to present the minutes of the last meeting, and was also unable to make a report. At this juncture Dr. Starkloff interposed with the information that notwithstanding the loss of the books he was at least able to report all the clubs that were in good standing, as he had made a personal memorandum of all clubs which had paid their dues at the last annual meeting, including the following: O. K., Forester, Stock Yard, Washington Park, Belt Line, Pastimes, Veterans, Kansas City, St. Louis Trapshooters' League and Joplin clubs.

Secretary Collins also reported that an informal meeting of the officers of the Association had been held in St. Louis Feb. 15, at which time the following directors were appointed: John Cabanne, J. A. Corray, C. McL. Clark, A. E. Winklemeyer and Herbert Taylor, St. Louis; G. M. Walden, C. J. Schmelzer, Geo. Stockwell, J. B. Porter, J. W. McCurdy, J. Lee Porter, Dave Elliott, C. P. Baldwin and Dr. E. Von Quast, Kansas City.

Collection of dues was now in order, to which the following responded: Forester, O. K., Stock Yard, Washington Park, Belt Line, Veteran and Kansas City's, of Kansas City; Marions, Palmyra, Dupont Park, West Ends and St. Louis, of St. Louis. On behalf of the two other clubs from St. Louis who had participated in the team race this year, the officers of the Association stated that their dues would be forthcoming within the next few days, and gave their personal guarantee to that effect. The Pastime Gun Club, of Kansas City, failed to respond, but at the suggestion of Mr. Walden this club was granted a few more days' grace, as he thought it would most likely continue a member of the Association. The St. Louis Trapshooters' League was reported out of existence, while the Independence (Mo.) club failed to respond. When the name of the Joplin club was called, Mr. Sergeant, the only one present from that city, professed ignorance as to this club, and stated that he was unaware that this club had ever affiliated with the Association. The secretary reported that it had paid its dues for the ensuing year. Now followed the selection of a place for holding the next annual meeting and tournament. Dr. Starkloff, on behalf of St. Louis, pleaded that they be permitted to retain the same here, and thereby be given the opportunity to show that they were capable to conduct the tournament so that it would be a credit to the Association, and further that their next effort would far exceed the present one. He also begged the visitors to overlook any little shortcoming at this shoot, which, he said, was entirely due to lack of experience and workers, as all the labor had devolved almost entirely upon the shoulders of two members of the local contingent, Mr. H. B. Collins and Mr. Herbert Taylor, and to whom all the glory and success of the present shoot was due. The shooting interest had received a great stimulus in the city by holding the tournament here, and he felt certain that the number of co-laborers in the interest of the Association would be materially increased next year, which would insure additional success. On the subject of pigeons he begged to say that next year there would be no scarcity of birds, as the management would profit by their previous experience in this matter. He also desired to thank Messrs. Elliott Bros., Kansas City, on behalf of the St. Louis Shooting Association, for their kindness in furnishing pigeons in excess of their contract and thus enabling them to shoot the trophy events, as all other parties had failed to supply the birds they had agreed to.

Mr. Sweeney, on behalf of the Kansas City sportsmen, moved that the next tournament be held in St. Louis, which was carried unanimously.

The election of officers next took place and resulted in the selection of Dr. Max C. Starkloff for President; C. M. Walden, Vice-President; H. B. Collins, Secretary, and Herbert Taylor, Treasurer. All of these were chosen without opposition, though the name of Mr. Charles McL. Clark was placed in nomination for treasurer, but the latter declined, as he stated that he would most likely be away from the city next year. The Missouri State Amateur Association was next touched upon, and a motion was car-

ried that the members of that organization be extended an invitation to affiliate with this Association. Mr. Taylor, in behalf of this organization, requested, in order to give it some recognition, the name of the Missouri State Fish and Game Protective Association be changed to that of Missouri State Sportsmen's Association. Mr. James Whitfield seconded the motion for the reason that it would reduce the manual labor of the newspaper men, and further stated that it was very trying to write all of the above when one was in a hurry. This met with so much opposition from the older members of the Association that the motion was withdrawn, Messrs. Hickman, Riley, Bates, Field and Lemon all speaking in opposition to this. It was decided to extend the invitation to the Missouri Amateur Association, but that no further concession would be granted. Mr. Taylor, on behalf of this organization, expressed the belief that all its members would readily affiliate, so that it looks very much as if this organization will cease to exist. It was carried that the Association buy the book entitled "Twenty Years of Trapshooting in Missouri," inasmuch as this contained all the records of the organization, and also that a new set of books be purchased. On motion of Mr. Taylor letters of thanks were to be sent to all parties who had contributed trophies to be contested for at this tournament, the committee to take charge of this being Dr. Starkloff, H. B. Collins and Herbert Taylor.

The presentation of medals now took place, and Mr. Walden, on behalf of the Association prefaced the presentation of all of these with a few appropriate remarks.

Mr. Walden now called the attention of those present to the fact that there were a great many clubs in the State of Missouri which had as yet not affiliated with the Association, and in behalf of the latter begged the assistance and co-operation of all the members to put forth their best effort to induce these to join this organization, and he hoped that next year there would be thirty teams entered in place of thirteen, as had been the case on this occasion. Adjournment next followed.

First Day, Monday, May 15.

There were two events to be disposed of to-day, the State team championship of four men and the combination State and interstate championship. Only the former, though, was brought to an issue, it resulting in a victory for the Veteran Gun Club, of Kansas City, who came out of the fray with the superb score of 58 out of 60, duplicating to an iota the score of the St. Louis Club, who were the victors last year. The two losses were birds dead out of bounds, as was also the case with the former winners.

The Veteran Club was composed of some very excellent material, J. A. R. Elliott, Jim Riley and Geo. Stockwell being in reality seasoned veterans at the trap. James Sweet, the other one of this quartette is the only exception, as he is comparatively a colt, having broken into the fold about three years ago. He, however, has shown up to advantage in sweeps, though he has never been tried out in a team race of this kind, where a man's nerve is put to its actual test, and was therefore to some extent an unknown quantity. However, be this as it may, all apprehension if any existed in the minds of those who had the welfare of the team at heart was readily dispelled by the way this youngster performed at the trap. He was cool and collected at all stages of the race, and his time and precision were perfect, so that, with all these qualities, he naturally gave a good account of himself. He finished with a clean score, and thus shared with Jim Elliott the honor of being high man on the team. Where he was put to the actual test was in the finish, he being the last man on his team; so that when he was called to the score to shoot his final five birds he was confronted with the knowledge that only a straight would land his team a winner, thus it devolved entirely upon him to gain the place of honor. Jim Elliott was the other straight man of the team, which is nothing surprising, as he has frequently accomplished this feat. Jim has only recently returned from Hot Springs, and appears trained to the minute. He shot along in his usual dashing style, which means much when he is at his best, which seems to be the case just now. Jim Riley and Geo. Stockwell each finished with 14, their losses being designated by an asterisk, which was the only thing to mar their otherwise perfect shooting. While their totals are incomplete the score goes to demonstrate that their aim must have been true, but that Dame Fortune had lent her smiles elsewhere. Both these veterans have been making history in the shooting world for near on to a score of years, their names having often been associated with the triumphs of the Kansas City shooters.

Second honors went to the little town of Palmyra, which but for its shooting contingent would be known to few people.

J. R. Wilmot, who has a reputation of long standing as one of the nerviest shooters that ever faced a trap, acted as pace-maker for this bunch, and did what he has frequently done—gone down the line without making a skip. The other three—Bates, Nipper and Stockton—all rendered a good account of themselves, scoring 14, and the fact that they failed to imitate Wilmot's example was entirely due to hard luck, for their losses were due to dead birds out of bounds. The grand total of this team is 57.

For third honors we again find two Kansas City teams contending, as both the O. K. and the Washington Park clubs finished with 56. These teams are composed of shooters of the younger generation, and much friendly rivalry exists between them. However, in this instance neither has any glory over the other, as their scores are identically the same. On the O. K. team those two experienced pigeon shooters, Gottlieb and Hoffman, finished straight, while Dave Elliott and W. S. Allen did the same for the Washington Park team. Again for the former Cockrill scored 14, Beach doing likewise for the latter. Finally Bramhall and Wright, the two remaining ones, had a total of 12.

As this is a class event, the Stock Yard team, of Kansas City, are fourth with 54. On this team Campbell and Barse went straight, Mills got 13 and Walden 11.

Owing to the medal being all that the winning team gets, there are five places to contend for. Thus the Du Pont, of St. Louis, and the Forester, of Kansas City, get fourth money on 53. The high men on the former are J. H. Conrades, Jr., and Spencer with 14. J. A. Smith with a like total leads the Foresters. The disappointment of the shoot is the showing of the West End team, of St. Louis, who won the medal last year by the same score as that which landed the Veterans a winner on this occasion. This team is made up of three of the original winners, only one change having been made, that being the substitution of Sumpter for Kling, the latter being at present in Germany. However, this change should but have added strength to the team, and doubtless would but for the fact, unfortunately, that both Dr. Starkloff and Sumpter were on the sick list and shot under protest. That they were physically incapacitated is evidenced by the score, for both had prior to this been showing good form; the former shooting over 90 per cent. The latter had not lost as many birds in the last 100 as he did in this 15. Dr. Smith was the only one of the team who gave a good account of himself, he scoring 14.

Collectively, the shooting was much better than that of last year; for, while it took the same total to win, it also required better scores to get in the money. Last year the Washington Park and the Pastimes won second money on 53, a margin of 5 birds for the winners. In addition, the shooting, too, was of a higher quality, as the birds were far superior to those of a year ago, which, however, is mainly due to the traps employed here, which make sitters a rare exception even at this season of the year. But for these traps the competition would have surely proved a tedious, tiresome slaughter of the innocents, as the weather was decidedly against the birds, being excessively sultry, though a good wind helped matters out materially.

The conditions of the event are four men to a team, 15 birds per man, entrance \$20, per team. A hundred dollars goes to the team last holding the medal, and an additional 100 guaranteed to be divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. All teams must be members of bona fide gun clubs and said club must be a member of the State Association.

The individual State and interstate championships closed with 58 entries, and the following were straight as far as they had shot. Budd, Gilbert, Kimball, Fanning, Allen and Porter 20; Griesdieck, Chase and Mason 15, and Sumpter 10.

Veterans, Kansas City.

Sweet 12212222222222—15

J. Elliott..... 22222112212222—15

Riley 22222222222222—14

Stockwell..... 22222222222222—14-58

Marions, Palmyra.

Wilmot 2221211222112—15

Bates 21212222222222—14

Nipper 212121121122—14

Stockton 2222212221212—14-57

O. K., Kansas City.

Gottlieb 22222222222222—15

Hickman 22212221222222—15

Cockrill 22222222222222—14

Bramhall 20222222222202—12-56

Washington Park, Kansas City.

D Elliott..... 22222222222222—15

W S Allen..... 12212122222222—15

Beach 22122222222222—14

Wright 12222222222222—12-56

Foresters, Kansas City.

J. Smith..... 22221122222211*—14

Russell 121212222222—13

Tyrell 101112101221122—13

Richards..... 12212222221121—13-53

St. Louis.

Chase 12222122222222*—14

Collins 112121222222—14

Griesdieck..... 222122222222*—12

Peck 0212022222101212—11-51

O. K., St. Louis.

J. Cabanne..... 22121111111122—15

L. Cabanne..... 21222201210112—13

Scudder 22222222222222—12

Hamilton..... 12022111011220—11-51

Kansas City.

Curtice 22222222222222—14

Fletcher 212122222200222—13

J. Porter..... 211222222211110—12

Hollwell..... 021122122222021—11-50

Stock Yards, Kansas City.

Campbell..... 12222222122212—15

Barse 22121222122212—15

Mills 11222222122222—13

Walden 10010012112122—11-54

Dupton, St. Louis.

Conrades..... 12222122222222—14

Spencer 21222222222222—14

Taylor 21222222122221—13

Selzer 11211222112122—12-53

Belt Line, Kansas City.

Glasner 22222222222222—12

Jarrett 22222222222222—11

West End, St. Louis.

Dr Smith..... 22122212222222—14

Prendergast..... 22122222220222—12

Sumpter 22222222222222*—11

Starkloff 02001112222221—10-47

Lion, St. Louis.

E. Conrades..... 122122222122021—14

Busch 10102221212120—12

Dennig 20221222221021—12

Lingnibri..... 122222222222*10*02—8-46

Second Day, Tuesday, May 16, Targets.

With the vast host of entries in the target events it was next to impossible to finish the programme, which called for 215 shots. Nevertheless Manager Hallowell made a great effort at it, but only partially succeeded, as but twenty shot through before darkness put an end to the sport. However, the events were closed and those who did not get to shoot had their entrance refunded. Jim Elliott's name was first on the list, and after the day's averages had been computed he is still in that position, for his percentage of .944 tops them all, though his margin is but one over Parmelee, who is second with .939. Gilbert and Crosby are tied for third position. Taylor leads all those who missed but one event, and had he shot this and maintained his average he would be contesting with Parmelee for second honors.

(One remarkable feature of the day is that notwithstanding there were 100 entries in No. 2, a 15 target event, no one could make a straight. Nos. 9, 10 and 11 are the E. C. cup events, though on the programme they were Nos. 3, 5 and 9. These are grouped together so as to enable the readers to perceive at a glance what form the contestants showed therein. Only three times did straight scores appear on the score sheet in these events, Gay, Parmelee and Sergeant being the performers. These events are divided Rose system, six-money ratio, 7, 5, 4, 3, 2 and 1. Gay received the munificent remuneration of \$3.85 for the only straight in the second of these events. This shows what a misapplication of the system will do.

Altogether 116 participated in the target events, but the names of those who shot at less than 50 targets or who failed to make 60 per cent. are not shown in the table. Among these were Kess, Heilmann, J. Hoff, W. Hoff, Lemon, R. A. Jones, Post, Clyde, Renick, Bruns, Wright, De Shong, Dickinson, J. Cabanne, Starkloff, Simms, Woodcock, Selzer, Leathers, Jackish, Nipper, Mason, Dickson, Stenber, Been, Berkey, Mrs. Corry, J. S. Smith, Morrison, Greisdieck, H. J. Cummings, C. Cummings, Burr, West, Carpenter, Skinner and Richie.

The weather was hot and sultry, and a cross-wind made the targets very erratic.

Gay and Taylor are high men in the E. C. cup events with 72 out of 75.

Events: 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 Shot

Targets: 15 15 15 15 20 20 20 20 25 25 25 25

J. A. R. Elliott..... 15 12 15 15 19 19 19 19 23 23 23 23 215 203 .944

Parmelee 14 14 15 13 19 18 19 19 22 23 25 25 215 202 .939

Gilbert 15 14 13 12 20 17 19 17 22 24 24 24 215 197 .916

Crosby 11 14 13 13 18 18 18 20 23 23 24 24 215 197 .916

Budd 14 13 14 14 19 18 19 19 20 22 24 24 215 196 .911

Gottlieb 15 13 14 14 17 19 19 19 20 22 24 19 215 195 .906

Young 14 14 12 15 18 18 17 18 22 23 23 23 215 194 .902

Marshall 14 12 15 13 19 19 16 20 21 22 23 23 215 194 .902

Powers 13 13 13 12 19 17 19 18 22 23 21 21 215 190 .883

Heikes 14 12 11 13 18 19 18 18 17 24 23 21 215 187 .869

Daniels 15 11 13 9 17 19 18 18 17 20 24 21 215 182 .846

Kimball 15 8 11 10 17 18 17 18 20 22 23 21 215 179 .832

Fanning 12 12 13 14 19 15 18 20 21 23 21 21 215 176 .818

Grant 7 8 13 12 20 16 18 17 22 21 22 21 215 176 .818

Money 13 9 14 10 15 18 14 19 18 20 22 21 215 172 .800

George 13 13 13 11 18 13 16 16 23 20 15 21 215 171 .795

Howell 11 11 10 12 16 19 15 18 20 22 16 21 215 170 .795

Riehl 13 9 11 10 19 16 18 16 18 17 22 21 215 169 .786

Sedam 12 12 13 13 15 17 19 10 18 17 21 21 215 166 .772

J. A. Jackson..... 9 9 9 12 15 16 17 17 17 13 21 19 215 153 .711

Taylor 14 14 13 14 19 17 19 19 24 24 24 19 215 152 .933

Sweet 14 10 12 14 19 20 18 19 21 24 19 19 215 176 .902

Klein 13 13 14 14 19 15 18 19 20 17 23 19 215 166 .851

Dr. Smith 13 13 13 12 18 19 17 19 18 22 20 19 215 165 .846

Tripp 11 12 13 12 18 17 20 19 21 22 20 19 215 165 .846

Cadwallader..... 13 11 15 9 13 15 17 19 21 21 20 19 215 163 .835

C. A. Brown..... 12 12 13 11 16 15 18 19 20 20 22 19 215 159 .815

Neal 13 12 11 10 15 15 13 19 16 14 19 19 215 138 .707

Gay 12 14 1

Minneapolis Gun Club.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., May 18.—The Minneapolis Gun Club had a very pleasant afternoon's sport at the traps yesterday. The attendance was fair, considering that several of its members are absent from the city attending the different tournaments. The scores averaged good and some remarkable shooting was done. Six new members were elected and a team selected to attend the tournament of the Wadena Sportsmen's Association, to be held at Wadena, June 7 and 8. The following are the scores of the day:

Schlitz Diamond Badge.

The Schlitz diamond badge was contested at 25 targets; unknown angles:

Black	1111101111011111110101-20
Hays	1110111111111111110101-22
French	1011111111111111110101-19
Parker	1100101111001111111111-19
Dr. Bill	1100101011110111111110-18
Ensign	1100101111001111110111-19
Mrs. Parker	01001000011010111111000-13
Nelson	110111111111111111110101-22
Cat	1101001111111111111111-21
Biffon	1011111111111111111111-22
L. F. Kennedy	0110110001010001010101-13
Johnston	111111101101101111111101-20
Mrs. Johnston	111111101101111111111111-22
J. F. Moore	101111100100111111010000-14
Jones	110111101011011111110101-19
Neely	111111101101101111110101-21
Stone	111111101111101111111101-21
Goosman	11111110110110011000001-15
Ross	001000011001011001000110-16
Hoy	1001010011111111110111000-10
Donaldson	1110111111111111111111-24
Mrs. Johnston	01111 Nelson 10110

Mrs. Johnston won the badge.

Pargel Diamond Badge.

At 25 targets; unknown angles:

Black	10111110111111111101101-20
Hays	11111110111111111101101-21
French	0111111111111111111101-23
Parker	1101011111111111111111-23
Dr. Bill	01010001111100101110101-15
Ensign	10100001110111111101110-17
Mrs. Parker	11011110100110011000001-14
Nelson	111110111111011111110101-21
Cat	1110010000011111000011-14
Biffon	0111010111111111111111-20
L. F. Kennedy	111100101101101010101-17
Johnston	111001101011011111110101-16
Mrs. Johnston	1110011011011111111111-21
J. F. Moore	1w
Jones	11111011111100101110110-19
Neely	0110101111111111111110-20
Stone	01110001110001111100101-14
Ross	011000011101010000000001-8
Hoy	110111110110110110110110-18
Donaldson	0111111111110111111101-22
King	000110101001111011001111-15
Goosman	000011010101010101001111-13
O'Brien	1001010011110000111111-15
Hoffman	110111101111110110011011-19
Nelson	10 Hays 11

Tie for badge:

French	11110 Hays 11110
Parker	11111

Parker won badge.

Club Badge.

At 10 singles; unknown angles, and 5 pairs:

Black	1110111111	11 10 11 01 10-16
Hays	1111010101	11 10 10 11 11-16
French	0111000110	10 11 10 10 10-11
Parker	1111111111	10 11 10 00 10-15
Dr. Bill	0111100111	10 11 11 00 10-13
Ensign	0111111111	10 11 10 10 10-15
Mrs. Parker	1100001010	00 11 00 10 10-8
Nelson	1000111001	01 10 10 00 10-9
Cat	0101111110	01 11 11 10 10-14
Biffon	1011011111	10 10 10 11 10-11
L. F. Kennedy	0101010101	10 10 11 00 10-11
Johnston	1110101011	11 10 10 11 10-12
Mrs. Johnston	0101101010	10 10 11 11 10-15
Jones	1011111011	00 11 00 10 11-12
Neely	0111001111	11 00 11 11 10-15
O'Brien	1101011111	11 00 11 11 10-15
Hoy	1000011111	10 00 10 11 10-11
Brown	1001111111	10 00 10 10 11-12
Bell	1111111001	10 11 10 11 10-14
Brien	0111011111	11 11 11 00 10-15
Hoffman	0010111101	10 10 10 11 00-11
Dewey	0110110111	11 10 00 00 11-12

Hays won senior badge; Black won junior badge; O'Brien won amateur badge.

Val Blatz Diamond Badge.

At 15 targets; unknown angles:

Black	11101110011011-11	L. F. Kennedy	11011111111111-14
Hays	111011111101-13	Johnston	11111101111001-12
French	11111111110101-13	Mrs. Johnston	00010111100101-8
Parker	111111111111-15	J. F. Moore	1010000000000010-3
Dr. Bill	01111111110111-13	Jones	110110011111-11
Ensign	101111111101-12	Neely	11111101011010-11
Mrs. Parker	100100101101-9	Stone	01101110101001-9
Nelson	110111101111-13	L. F. Kennedy	1
Cat	1111110100100-10	Kennedy	01110
Biffon	1111110111110-13	Parker	111111

Parker won badge.

Interstate Shoot at Oil City.

THE first of the interstate shoots for 1899, held at Smithman's Park, Oil City, Pa., on May 17 and 18, was unfortunate in respect to weather, and consequently in respect to its best success, for the weather was about as bad as ever existed at a trap shoot.

The trade was represented by B. H. Norton, of the Hazard Powder Co.; W. L. Colville (Swiveller), of the Du Pont Powder Co. and Chas. Grubb, of the Kings Powder Co. and Peters Cart-ridge Co.

The visitors were H. P. Shaner and J. Atkinson, New Castle, Pa.; F. H. Snow, Brooklyn, O.; L. B. Fleming, Pittsburg, Pa.; J. Johnson, Dr. Lashells, H. Kridler and Col. Reisinger, Meadville, Pa.; H. R. Nye, Sharon, Pa.; C. A. Smith and A. P. Pope, Corry, Pa., and W. H. McCray, Emporium, Pa.

There was a heavy downpour of rain, and those who took part in the tournament were drenched to the skin by it. More than a dozen times during the day it was necessary to bail out the small house sheltering the trap power, although it is equipped with a drain. There was a part of the day where the lightning was so vivid and constant, and the thunder so terrifying that it shook the nerves of the shooters, and had considerable to do with the small scores made. Mr. E. E. Shaner, who is managing the shoot, declared that there are no grounds in the country where the background is so poor as at Oil City.

Ten events were scheduled for the first day. Nine of these were finished. The feature of the first day was the continuous score made by F. H. Snow, of Brooklyn, O., who scored 77 birds before making a miss. This breaks the previous record of these grounds, which was 50 until yesterday. Several of Meadville's shooters arrived on Wednesday evening, among them Mr. Johnston and Dr. Lashells. The score:

Wednesday, May 17, First Day.

Events:	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10
Targets:	15 15 20 15 15 20 15 20 15 20
L. B. Fleming	14 14 16 14 15 18 13 12 19 14
C. H. Lay	13 14 18 14 14 19 12 14 19
F. S. Bates	12 12 16 13 15 19 11 13 13 12
Swiveller	9 11 16 12 10 16 10 10 13
Smedley	14 10 17 13 11
Norton	13 8 15 14 11 17 13 12 11 8
Knox	11 10 16
Clickner	9 9 17 11 10 18 12 10 15
H. R. Nye	9 11 13 9 10 18 11 8 13 6
Snow	13 14 19 15 15 20 15 13 18 13

C. A. Smith	13 15 17 15 12 19 12 12 17 14
McSweeney	7 8 11 10 6 11 7 9 4 4
Kridler	12 13 17 14 14 20 14 12
Williams	11 9 14
Happer	11 14 19 13 13 18 15 13 17
J. D. Dinsmoor	8
A. P. Pope	16 10 10 19 12 12 11 11
Cartwright	10 11 12
Reisinger	12 9 11 7 9
Rebmik	11 10 13 9
R. C. Lay	13 14 16 12 12
Loomis	9 10 12 10 7 11
McCray	12
H. P. Shaner	18 11 8 17 12
Atkinson	16 11 11 15 10
Perkins	18 14 9 18 11
Crozier	16 9 9 16 10
Johnson	11
Lashells	11

Thursday, May 18, Second Day.

The visiting shotgun experts are especially enthusiastic in their comments upon the reception that has been given them by the members of the local association and the people of Oil City. Their welcome was most hospitable, and the visitors are properly appreciative.

Elmer E. Shaner, who managed the two days' tournament, states that the assistance given by the Gun Club to make the affair a success was perfect. He states that the men supplied by the club for keeping scores and officering the event were all that could be desired, and that at this shoot, as in the State shoot, held two years ago, this was remarked by all visitors. He attributes the perfect arrangements to the fact that all, or nearly all of the members of the local club are "office men," with a great deal of executive ability, and who are in the habit of making arrangements for carrying on any enterprise far ahead and providing for any unforeseen emergency that might arise.

Mr. Shaner, who has much experience with shotgun men, as well as a manager of shooting tournaments, declares that he and all visitors had been treated royally, and that the hotel accommodations were all that any person on earth could ask. The scores:

Events:	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10
Targets:	15 15 20 15 15 20 15 20 15
H. P. Shaner	13 8 15 13 11 13 13 12 17
Atkinson	12 12 19 11 13 16 14 12 18
Perkins	11 11 17 11 9 16 9 9
Snow	14 14 16 14 12 16 12 13 17 15
Fleming	14 13 18 10 11 16 13 12 16 14
Swiveller	11 14 12 8 10 16 10 7 11 11
Norton	9 9 12 8 8 15 6 10 15 10
Johnson	13 11 12
Glickner	8 9 10 6 12 12 8
Smedley	13 13
Nye	12 12 16 14 7 8 11
Kridler	13 11 20 11 10
Smith	10 13 14 10 14 17 11
Lashells	10 13 12 12 8
Pope	8 10 13 7 8 10 10 11 16 5
Reisinger	10 9
Crozier	12 10
McSweeney	7 8 5 5 5 7 7 5 9 9
Loomis	7 10
Fosket	9
Davis	8
Rebmik	9 9
Lay	12 16 10
Duncan	8 4
Cartwright	4 9
McCray	6 6
J. D. Dinsmoor	13 11 6

Fitchburg Rifle and Gun Club.

FITCHBURG, Mass., May 18.—The traps furnished sport for fourteen shooters at the grounds of the Fitchburg Rifle and Gun Club, May 17. The day was fine, with a good breeze from the west to help the right angles along, and make the lefts rise or fall as the wind happened to catch them. This no doubt is responsible for many of the poor scores, and adds much more credit to the good ones which were made. All considered, it was a perfect day for practice, which no doubt will show its good effects at some future time, when conditions are more favorable for high scores.

The feature of the shoot was a team race between team 1 and team 2, which consisted of four men each. Thirty birds were shot at, consisting of 10 known, 10 unknown and 10 reverse. Owing to the failure of some of the most reliable men in team No. 2 to get good scores, it resulted in their defeat by 5 birds, but as team No. 1 failed likewise it saved a walkover, and made low totals for both. There was so much interest shown and so much sport derived from the team race that it will be a regular thing hereafter.

Among the many spectators present were noticed a number of ladies, who are always welcome. Let more come and enjoy the sport, and we will try to make them feel at home. The scores in full:

Events:	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11
Targets:	10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10
Converse	6 8 6 7 7 5 6 6
Cutler	7 6 5
Hawkins	5 4 4 8 6 8 3 7
Taylor	7 6 6 3 6 3 1
Stickney	4 5 7 3 9 2 3 4 4 5
Dix	5 7 5 9 5 7 4
Gilson	4 6 3 2 3 4 8
Edwards	3 5 4 6 7 5 5 6 5 9 7
Russell	6 4 7 5 5 5 8 7 6 7
Graves	4 2 10 6 6 3
Dwight	4 2 5 5 5 4
Curly	2 4 1
Woodbury	5 3 3 6 5 3
Estabrook	5 3

Events 1, 4, 5, 9, 10, 11, regular angles; events 2, 6 and 8, unknown; events 3 and 7, reverse.

Team race:	Team No. 1	Team No. 2
Converse	10 known.	10 known.
Dix	01010111-7	110100010-5
Edwards	000010111-5	111101010-7
Gilson	0101110010-7	010001011-5
	0100100100-3	0010101001-4
	22	21
	22	23 66

Team No. 1	Team No. 2
Russell	10 known.
Cutler	10 known.
Taylor	10 known.
Woodbury	10 known.
	22
	19
	20 61

Centerdale Gun Club.

CENTERDALE, R. I., May 13.—The medal handicap shoot and other events of an interesting character took place at the Centerdale Gun Club yesterday afternoon. There was a good congregation of trap shots, and novelties were introduced in the way of shooting at known, unknown, expert and reverse angles. Of course the shooting heretofore has been at either known or unknown angles, but this was systematized in the shooting yesterday, and the shooting at reverse and expert angles was an innovation which pleased the cracks and caused some of the less expert to fall down before the difficulties of these methods of springing the birds. About 1,200 birds were thrown and the shooting was on the whole very good, that of Smith and A. Arnold being noticeably excellent. No. 7 was the medal handicap; Nos. 9 and 10 were miss-and-outs. The scores by events were as follows:

Events:	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11
Targets:	10 10 10 10 10 10 25 25
Bain	8 7 5 7 9 21
Reiner	8 7 7 8 9 23
Smith	7 7 5 7 7 5 24
Arnold	9
Greener	9 7 6 10 6 22 22 9 14
Francotte	4 5 5
Root	18 17 6 4 6
Sherman	14 11
F. Arnold	17 14
Remington	15 20

Boston Gun Club.

WELLINGTON, Mass., May 17.—Two squads and a few over used the afternoon of May 17 to good advantage, and before 5 o'clock the sixth shoot of Boston Gun Club prize series had seen its finish. Certainly the finest of weather is so far attending this series—in pleasant contrast to the rain and sleet of winter shoots. Today was bright, clear and altogether delightful, except for a cool wind that prevented sitting out of doors. This was a slight disappointment to some of the company, who well know that one of the delights of Wellington during warm weather is the occupancy of chairs tilted back on platform at an angle of 45 degrees, with either fragrant Havana or more plebeian pipe doing double duty, while the squad smashing targets is the cynosure of all eyes, and oftentimes targets themselves for the good-natured banter of the wall flowers.

A Hingham club member scored high in match to-day, followed closely by two B. G. C. representatives. Scores complete as follows:

Events:	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13
Targets:	10 10 5p 10 10 10 10 10 5p 10 15 15
Gordon	8 8 6 6 9 8 8 6 7 6 7 11 13
Miskay	9 7 9 8 9 8 8 7 10 4 8 13
Leroy	9 7 6 9 8 7 8
Woodruff	9 9 8 8 6 7 9 8 9 6
Allison	10 6 8 8 9 10 5 9 7 9
Howe	9 10 8 8 9 9 8 9 10 8
Leonard	4 3 6 4 7 4 6
Woodard	6 6 6 8 6 7 7
Nickols	7 5 6 7
Benton	7 8 4 7 5
Curtis	6 6 4 4 8
Hood	8 9 7
Bancroft	7 7 7 8 7 8 6 7 10 10
Spencer	7 7 7 8 7 8 6 7 10 10

All events over magautrap, unknown angles; Nos. 3 and 10 at pairs.

Sixth contest, prize series, 30 targets, unknown angles:	
Howe	111110111111111111111111-26
Gordon	110111111111111111111111-25
Miskay	101011111111111111111111-25
Allison	111011111111111111111111-24
Woodruff	101101001011101111111111-23
Hood	111111111111111111111111-23
Leroy	111011111111111111111111-22
Spencer	100011111111111111111111-22
Woodard	101110101010101010111101-20
Leonard	1111011000100011010100110101-17

St. Paul Rod and Gun Club.

ST. PAUL, Minn., May 13.—I add score of our badge shoot to-day. A strong wind made the shooting very hard, although Morrison made a splendid score of 23, and won the senior badge. Perry scored 18 in the junior class and won junior badge. Other good scores were: Morrison and Thompson each 12 out of 5 singles and 5 pairs. Perry and Wood II each. Two thousand and fifty targets were thrown. Sergeant system, unknown angles:

Dauz	110000111110001001100111-14
Thompson	111111111111111111111111-20
Well	111100000000001100100110-10
Carl	001001111100000000001111-11
H. Defiel	101000010110111111111110-17
French	010011101111111111111111-20
Parker	110111111111111111111111-20
Fischer	1110001001100110100010001-11
C. Kelsey	11011000101010101010010110-13
P. Hauser	111011111111111111111111-20
Perry	001101111100001111111111-18
Wood	110101001111111111111110-18
Gedney	11011111101011001111111110-19
Griffith	110101101010101000111110-15
Byer	001010111111111111

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO.

TERMS, \$4 A YEAR, 10 CTS. A COPY, }
SIX MONTHS, \$2. }

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 3, 1899.

VOL. LII.—No. 22.
No. 846 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, \$4 per year, \$2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iv.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

THE picture which forms our illustrated supplement this week is of an old-time scene in the Indian country. It complements the illustration in our issue of April 1 of the Indian women cutting up the meat after the hunt. The picture to-day tells its own story. It is the return to camp with the meat. It is a leaf out of the past; but there are still many who can summon for themselves just such scenes from their memory of old days in the West, and they will testify to Mr. Deming's happy reproduction of a typical incident of plains life.

In those days the hunt was arduous. The people who killed buffalo before the white man came did so exclusively for subsistence. It was hard work, and while they knew something of the excitement and stimulus the modern sportsman finds in the pleasure of the chase, the purpose then was purely utilitarian, to provide the family supplies. And as here shown, the women of the household had their part in the work as well as the men. To them fell the task of butchering and packing in; what our more modern civilization leaves for the men was in those days performed by the wives and mothers and sisters.

If we may believe the old accounts of buffalo hunting in the period before the advent of the horse, it was not only arduous, but hazardous. We have a picture of it in Pere Marquette's journal of his expedition to discover the Mississippi River. Like all the Jesuit missionaries who explored the continent in advance of other white men, Marquette gives familiar insight into savage life and ways, and takes pains to record not only his observations of the people, but of the fish and game as well. On his way down the Mississippi River he saw vast herds of pisikious or wild cattle "more corpulent" than the cattle of France, having great humps, and manes which falling over their faces gave them a hideous appearance and obscured their vision. They were scattered over the prairie like herds of cattle. Marquette counted one band of 400. "They are very fierce," he writes, "and not a year passes without their killing some Indian. When attacked they take a man with their horns if they can, lift him up and then dash him to the ground, trample on him and kill him. When you fire at them from a distance with gun or bow, you must throw yourself on the ground as soon as you fire and hide in the grass, for if they perceive the one who fired they rush on him and attack him."

This was in 1673, before the firearms brought into the country by the fur traders had become common, and when the usual weapon of the chase was still the bow. Under these conditions we may well understand how the buffalo was a formidable creature, and how the savage who hunted afoot verily took his life in his hands. When horses were acquired by the tribes, and feeble man became a centaur, the situation was changed. From this new apparition the buffalo fled in terror. When the white man appeared on the scene the fear of human kind grew with experience. From the undaunted creatures which, when attacked, "if they perceive the one who fired rush on him and attack him," the game stampeded at the sight of their pursuers; and the most vivid and most lasting picture of the American buffalo, as we recall it to-day, is of herds in retreat, a whole species "on the run," enveloped in the dust of the retreat, and vanishing into oblivion.

We could make no announcement which would give more genuine satisfaction than the promise of a new series of chapters from the pen of Rowland E. Robinson, descriptive of nature and human nature in Vermont. In this story Mr. Robinson goes back to "Pioneer Days," when Josiah Hill was, but Danvis was not. As a writer

who is ever felicitous, whether his theme be of the woods and the wild creatures that dwell in them, or of men and women with their mingled virtues and frailties, Mr. Robinson has won for himself an unique and secure place among the authors of his time; and in this new story will be found the qualities which have made the other Danvis series so popular. The first chapter is printed to-day; the second will follow next week.

A whole volume might be written on the relations, happy and unhappy, which exist between the visiting sportsman and those he visits, whether his host be an old friend, a chance acquaintance, or just a camp keeper or hotel man pure and simple. The letters which are published in our shooting and angling columns have in them from time to time many pretty illustrations of the added satisfaction one finds if his associations at his house of entertainment be of a pleasant nature. A fishing or shooting trip is all the more memorable, if it means the forming of new friendships or the strengthening of those already established. The pursuits of the field have in them, too, a broadening influence, the effect of which is more extensive than the limits of individual application. The sportsman as a traveler who gets out of the rut of home surroundings, and goes abroad into the world to study its people and their ways, must be liberalized by the experience. Thus travel in pursuit of sport is a foe to sectionalism. The man from the East who goes West for his shooting, the man of the West who comes East for his fishing, the Northerner who visits the Carolinas for quail, and the Southerner who seeks trout in Michigan, each and all return home with a better knowledge of the people they meet; and from the better understanding of one another comes, as of course, the closer sympathy. Your much-traveled sportsman, tourist is tolerant and cosmopolitan; no civil war growing out of sectionalism could ever disturb the serenity of a people devoted to the recreations of the field.

Dr. Tarlton H. Bean, who is in charge of the Forestry, Hunting and Fishing, Group 9, of the American exhibit at the Paris Exposition, tells us that there is every promise of an excellent representation by the United States in these special fields, particularly as to forests. America is so far in advance of Europe in the making of fine fishing tackle that a display of this industry in the United States, if fairly representative, would be certain to surpass that made by any other country; and we trust that Dr. Bean may be successful in securing the co-operation of our tackle makers and in gathering for Paris a creditable exhibit.

The Paris Exposition will open April 15 and close Nov. 5, 1900. The grounds are located in the center of Paris, on the banks of the River Seine, and include an area of 336 acres, or less than one-half of the extent of grounds occupied by the Columbian Exposition in Chicago, in 1893. The forestry exhibit of the United States will be located in the Palace of Forestry, Fishery and the Chase, near the junction of the Avenue de Suffren with the Seine, and in the annex to that building.

The amount of space available for forestry is small, and for that reason the exhibit must be chiefly collective; but individual space will be allotted to manufacturers, corporations or associations, local or State, so far as circumstances will permit. Every exhibitor in a collective exhibit will receive the same consideration from the jury of awards as if he were exhibiting in space allotted to him as an individual and covering a large area. Information may be obtained from the offices of the Commission, in the Auditorium Building, Chicago, or the Equitable Building, New York, by persons who desire to become exhibitors. This explains the relations of the exhibitors to the United States Commission and to the French authorities.

Those who remember Mr. Hofer's account of his capture of beaver in the Yellowstone Park for transferring to the National Zoological Park in Washington, will be interested to know that the beaver have established themselves in their new home. We give an illustration taken from the current report of the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution showing a beaver dam in the Park. Owing to the sequestered situation of the beaver colony, few who visit the Park have an opportunity of seeing the animals or their secluded retreat. It is certainly an

extremely interesting phase of wild life here exhibited, that close to a large city these retiring creatures should have settled down to build homes as in their original wilderness surroundings in the Rockies. Some of the beaver which escaped from the Park, we believe, were afterward discovered in a home which they had established for themselves on one of the neighboring streams near Washington.

Superintendent Baker's report shows that the National Zoo is in a promising condition. The collection of living animals used for purposes of exhibition during the year comprised 549 specimens, embracing 124 species, the value of the animals belonging to the Government being estimated at \$25,000. The magnificent possession which we have in this Zoological Park is not appreciated as it should be by the public. Those who are interested in our native American wild life should not fail when visiting Washington to make excursions to the Park. It is readily accessible by trolley lines, and in the magnitude of the area, the natural beauty of its contours, the number and variety of the specimens, and the admirable provision made for showing them, one will find entertainment for an hour, a day or a week.

Dr. Jos. Kalbfus, Secretary of the Pennsylvania Game Commission sends us the text of the new game warden law, which we publish in full, both for the benefit of Pennsylvania readers and of others who may see in this system something worthy of adoption elsewhere. There is no good reason why in every case the laws intended to protect the fish and the game should be set apart from other laws by taking their enforcement out of the hands of the regularly constituted executive agents. The plan adopted by Pennsylvania of making constables ex-officio game wardens, and not only this, but prescribing punishment for them if they do not perform their duty, is one which we shall watch with much interest, because it seems to us to offer a solution of what is often a perplexing problem.

What an extraordinary picture that is which is drawn by our correspondent, J. B. D., writing from Bingham, Mich., where he is encamped on the shore of Carp Lake, famous as an old-time resort of the Kingfishers. Carp Lake is the chosen nesting ground for wildfowl. Under ordinary conditions of savagery, let us say, the birds would find there an unmolested refuge for their nests and young. The same harbor would be accorded to them under any decent civilized system of shooting and regard for the game; but under the Michigan regime, which has just been put into operation by the enactment of a law permitting spring shooting, Carp Lake is now invaded early and late in the day by shooters who harry the fowl on their nesting ground and kill the ducks, which should be left to lay their eggs and rear their young. We cannot imagine any reasonable defense for this spring shooting under the conditions here described. It is wrong in its very essence, for it is a crime against nature. Our correspondent very pertinently puts the inquiry whether the spring shooter is the only one in the State whose interests are to be considered.

Mr. J. S. Hunter, writing from Nebraska, records that he has just obtained a natural history specimen rare in that country, being nothing less than a young python about three feet in length. The snake came in a bunch of bananas from some Central American port. Such accidental importations of exotic species are not infrequently chronicled; some of them are referred to in the paper given in another column by Mr. T. S. Palmer, of the Biological Survey. Mr. Palmer has collected and summarized information covering a very wide field, of the introduction and acclimatization of exotic species in various lands; and his paper is not only an interesting contribution to natural history, but a presentation of facts and principles which have economic value for the warning and instruction contained in them.

Owing to the observance of Decoration Day this issue goes to press a day earlier than usual; and much news matter which otherwise would have appeared has of necessity been put over.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Pioneer Days.

I.—At the Deer's Head.

ONE evening more than a century and a quarter ago there was a motley company gathered in the bar-room of the "Deer's Head Tavern," the house of entertainment for man and beast in one of the border towns of Connecticut. There were farmers of the neighborhood, the blacksmith, the shoemaker and the hatter, already proverbially drunk; and there were young men, who dropped in to gather news of the wild new lands to the northward from returning explorers and speculators.

Among these was an old hunter, a ranger of the old war, on his way to the rich trapping grounds that he had discovered and made note of, during his military service. He was a wiry little man, baked in the sun; past middle age, smoked by a thousand camp-fires, salted by the snows of many winters, until his hair and stubbly beard were as grizzled as a frosted hemlock, and his skin the color and toughness of jerked venison. His well-ripened nose went frequently into a mug of flip, which he was drinking at the expense of his most interested listener, a tall, muscular young man, with keen gray eyes, a prominent pointed nose, and a firm set mouth, all constantly turned upon the hunter to catch every word that dropped from his lips.

There was another listener, who was giving very close, though not so noticeable attention, while as yet taking no part in the conversation, but who silently sipped his rum and water as he cast furtive sidelong glances of his sharp, black eyes upon the old ranger and his young friend. He was clad from head to foot in a worn suit of rusty black which, with a sanctimonious cast of countenance, gave him the appearance of a clergyman.

"Yes, sir," the hunter said, withdrawing his nose from the mug after an exhaustive draught, and looking suggestively into the empty vessel, "if I was a young man, which I hain't, an' wanted to farm it for a livin', which I don't, bein' tew old a dog tu l'arn new tricks, I'd jest go up there int' the wilderness, 'way up, ye understan', where there hain't nob'dy, an' I'd make me a pitch nigh tu good trappin', an' I'd resk but what I'd git enough fur, in tew year, fall an' winter, tu pay for my land."

"Du you know any sech a place?" the young man asked. "Lord bless ye, dozens on 'em, on the Great Otter, an' the Little Otter, an' on the Lewis Creek, acres an' acres, flat as this 'ere floor, an' where you hafter hunt half a day tu find tew stuns tu crack a but'nut."

"It's a terrible ways off, hain't it?" the young man asked, his eyes wistfully following the trim figure of the landlord's daughter, who now entered the room and traversed the length of it in quest of her father, who was busy at the fireplace, heating the loggerhead for the concoction of two fresh mugs of flip. Her hair was red-gold, her cheeks red roses, and her eyes of violet blue, wherewith she cast a bewitching glance on the young man, as she passed, and bestowed a nod of her pretty head.

"Lord, she's a pooty one!" the hunter remarked in unfeigned admiration. "Naow, if you could get her tu jine ye, boy, in makin' a pitch up there, you'd be fixed complete."

He drained the stale remaining drops from his mug, and his companion, noting his unslaked thirst, ordered a replenishing of the mugs with a further purpose of covering his blushing confusion. "Why, yes," the ranger resumed, waiting thirstily with watery mouth, "the maouths of them streams is a good ways off, but the Great Otter head's nigher, not far from the West River, which, an' it, was a main part o' the ol' Injun Road. Look a' here," he drew from his pocket a flat powder horn engraved in black outlines with a rude map of Champlain and its tributaries, "it is daown in the flat country nigh the lake, but where you want to go is near the maouth of the Little Otter, or the Lewis, where the's better farm land and trappin' ground."

The clerical looking stranger pricked his ears at these names, and clearing his throat to call attention, said blandly, addressing the younger man: "My young friend, if you have an idea of going into the new country, as your friend so wisely advises, I think I can help you to the very place you want." Thereupon he drew a map from his pocket and spread it upon the table. It was a plotted map of a township in the New Hampshire Grants, showing every numbered lot and the course of the streams.

"There," said the stranger, laying his finger on a lot between the mouths of two small rivers where they entered the lake, "there's a lot 'at I've took on a debt an' can sell dog cheap for cash, an' it's exactly what you want for the purpose your friend here is a-speakin' of. Just look at it, a-layin' on two rivers, with a mill seat an' both of 'em, in it, an' trappin' an' fishin' right tu your door."

"It does look temptin'," said the old ranger, studying it attentively; "but I can't seem tu remember no falls so low down on the Little Otter or the Lewis, ary one. Was you ever there, stranger?"

The landlord now came with the foaming mugs diffusing a pungent fragrance of beer and spirit as he set them before his guests, and gave them a finishing touch of creaminess with a sizzling plunge of the jointed loggerhead.

"Buyin' of ye a right o' land up in the Hampshire Grants, Josier?" he asked, glancing down at the map.

"Wal, a-thinkin' on't some," the young man replied.

"A good idee, for a young feller," said the landlord encouragingly. "Jest what I'd du if I was your age, bein' the's no gre't chance here, in the old settlements. Mr. Capron, here 's jest come from up that way—he can tell ye all about it. Mr. Capron, this 'ere 's my young neighbor, Josier Hill, an' this is Kinelm Dalrymple, one o' Major Rogers' Rangers in the ol' war."

"Hope I see you, gentlemen, an' here's to our better acquaintance," he touched the glass to his lips and the others responded in the same manner.

"I've scaouted the country all over by land an' water an' I disremember falls on any stream wi'in three mild o' the lake. Hev you been there, Mr. Capron?"

"Candidly, I hain't, but a friend o' mine has, and I depend as much on his account as if I'd seen it."

"Wal, it don't make no diff'rence about the mill seats. Josier don't want none."

Capron resumed: "In a-trav'lin' through this vale o' tears if one can give a helpin' hand tu a feller mortal he helps hisself, sort o' boosts both, so to speak—which is what I want to do for our young friend and myself."

"Be you a minister, Mr. Capron?" Josiah asked, looking at him with the suspicion of an ungodly person.

"I am not, but I hope, a humble follower in the footsteps of the Master," said Mr. Capron, dropping his eyelids and looking meek.

"Hear the damned wolf in black sheep's clothing!" said a florid, fair-haired giant who was drinking all that was good for him at a neighboring table, with the drunken hatter and a handsome dark-haired young man for his companions. "If the Master caught him a-follerin' him, he'd kick him so high, he could hear the Apostles sneeze."

"That big feller over there," the landlord whispered, pointing to the trio, "is a takin' up lots o' land in the Grants, him an' his brothers. That han'some little chap 's one on 'em—Stub Allen, they call him. T'other one is ol' Ethan, a reg'lar ol' war-hoss, 'at fears neither God, man or devil."

"All 'raound my hat I wears the green willer," the hatter howled in a high falsetto, that cracked and fell in a ruin of rumbling bass.

"H-s-s-sh!" the handsome brother cautioned with a sideways toss of his curly pate toward the landlord.

"S my hat! I made it, 'n' I'll wear willer on er hat 'f I min' ter, 'n' I'll sing 'bout 'em 'f I min' ter!" the hatter hiccupped, glaring savagely into space.

"That damned fool of a hatter is drunk ag'in," the landlord remarked, sorrowfully. "I'll hafter send him hum tu rights. Say, Bellows," to the brawny blacksmith, "can't you coax Felt home? He's full enough."

"Oh, yes, I can coax him," the smith said, rising and going across to the little hatter. "Come, Felt, it's time you an' me was tu hum. Come!"

"Mr. Felt-hat is my guest, and he'll go home when he and I please," the flaxen-haired giant roared.

"But his wife's a-waitin' for him, Mr. Allen," the blacksmith urged, mildly, but with a dangerous glitter in his cavernous black eyes.

"Captain Allen, if you please," the giant amended his title.

"Beg pardon, Capt'in Allen. His wife 'll be oneasy about him."

"Oh well, that alters the case—the ladies must always be considered," said the placated giant. "Let me assist you, old Hammer-and-Anvil." So saying, he picked up the little hatter and flung him across the blacksmith's shoulder, where he hung limply, dangling arms and legs as the smith bore him away amid the cheers of the company.

The company now began to disperse, some perhaps hurried by the example of the poor hatter, others having no need of it. To whatever sort the fair giant belonged, he arose from his seat, towering above all others.

"Come, Stub, they've broke our trinity, so le's go tu bed—when I've pronounced the benediction." Then spreading out his brawny hands on a level with most heads, "The blessing of the Great Jehovah be upon this goodly company and upon this house—even unto that clerical gentleman over there, and especially upon all the Lord's anointed who intend going up into the wilderness to make it blossom like the rose."

"I'm no minister, Captain Allen, but a lawyer," said Capron.

"Ah, indeed, a scribe, not a Pharisee," said Allen. Good night, gentlemen. Come on, Stub," and with that took up a candle, and followed by his brother, strode away with a tread that made all the glasses ring.

"Now we're more by ourselves," said Capron, looking around the almost empty room with its clouds of wavering smoke and the unsnuffed candles gleaming dimly through them. "I'll make you an offer. I'll give you a deed o' this right o' land for ten pound, the balance of fifteen pounds to be paid in three notes on long time, to make it easy for you. If I wasn't in need of money, I wouldn't make sech a sacrifice. What do you say, Mr. Hill?"

"A pooty good chance," Dalrymple said, looking at Josiah, "n' if you're a mind' ter take it, I'll go 'long wi' ye, an' help ye build a log house, an' go snucks wi' ye on trappin', for the sake o' hev'in' company an' a place tu stay. Naow, what d'ye say?"

"I'll let ye know in ten minutes," said Josiah, after a few minutes pondering. "Is Mistress Chloe in the kitchen, Mr. Jarvis?" he asked the landlord, and upon an affirmative answer, arose and went out to the kitchen, where he found the buxom Chloe taking a final oversight of her finished labors.

"Why, Josier Hill!" she said, with an affectation of surprise, and a pout on her pretty lips that her smiling eyes belied, "I reckoned you wa'n't goin' tu gi' me a word this night, you was so took up wi' them hateful ol' men, an' your flip. That han'some Mr. Allen had more looks for me 'an what you had. My! hain't his eyes black, though!"

"Never you heed 'em, Chloe, they don't mean you no good," he said, taking both her hands in his and looking down at her with tender seriousness, "I hev got a word for ye, in sober airnest, an' I'll say it right naow wi'out no beatin' 'round the bush."

"Law, Josier, you 'most scare me, you look so solemn."

"It's solemn business. I'm thinkin' o' goin' up int' the New Hampshire Grants, an' makin' a pitch. If I du, an' git a home made ready for ye, snug an' comf'tble by a year from naow, will ye go an' share it wi' me? We've knowed each other since we was babies, an' hed ought tu know by naow whether we can stan' it together all aour lives. It won't be an easy life for a spell, but I'll du the best I can for ye, an' it'll go better arter a few years. It's a 'st'or'nary fine country up there, an' there's nothin' tu be feared on naow but natur' an' wild beasts, sence the war's over an' the Injuns quilled. Gi' me an answer, Chloe, an' if it's yes, I'll go, an' if it's no, I'll go, but I don't want tu make no pitch. For God's sake, say yes, if you can."

"Law, Josier, you're so sudden I hain't no breath tu answer you," she gasped, pale as a lily.

"You've knowed all along 'at I wanted ye, an' you'd ort tu know by naow whether you'll hev me or no."

"A year, you say?"

"Yes, in a year I'll come for ye."

"Well, then, yes. You knowed I couldn't say no when

you as 't. But it is an awful ways off to go, an' a lunsome life for a woman."

"It's lunsomer for a man all by hisself. I wouldn't never be lunsome wi' you."

"It's diff'nt wi' men. Well, it's a hull year fust, anyways!"

"Yes, an' I can du lots in a year, an' we'll be faithful an' true, Chloe."

"Faithful an' true, of course, we will, or least ways, I shall. There, you've taowsled my hair till it looks as if the witches hed been in it. Good night."

"Good night."

Josiah's companions exchanged significant glances when he returned to them within the appointed time, his face calmly radiant, and announced "It's a bargain, Mr. Capron, an' you may draw the writin's if you can show me a clear title."

Thereupon the lawyer produced a parchment duly conveying to him a certain right of land from one of the original grantees of the township of Lakefield on Lake Champlain in his Majesty's Province of New Hampshire. This being apparently correct, the lawyer proceeded to make another deed to Josiah Hill, which was signed by him, Anthony Capron, and witnessed by the landlord and Kenelm Dalrymple, to be acknowledged next day before a magistrate.

"I conclude you've found you a pardner, Mr. Hill," Capron said, slyly.

"Yes," Josiah answered, imperturbable, but for blushes. "Mr. Dalrymple here's a sort of a pardner."

Dalrymple took a final pull at his mug and then taking up the candle after snuffing it with his fingers, sucked the fluctuating flame into his black pipe until the heel was well ignited, and said:

"Wal, seein' aour business is all squared up, we might as well turn int'u aour blankets. Good night, gentlemen."

The hostler came in and blew out the candle in his tin lantern, and made up his bed in the bunk; the landlord carefully banked the coals in the fireplace; Josiah departed; the lawyer went to his room; the bar-room lapsed into silence and dim confusion of objects, as the flat cloud of tobacco smoke and the mixed fumes of the various liquors slowly drifted up the wide chimney.

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

With the Everglade Seminoles.

THE sportsman who wants adventure, game, glory and conquest may find all four in the Everglades of Florida; but the man who has hunted with the daring Seminole Indian will forever after feel the tameness of hunting under ordinary conditions. However fast the door of the swamp may be locked, it opens quickly enough to whomsoever carries the key. The Seminole is the true key-bearer, and with moccasined foot he enters when and where he will. The interior yet remains to the white man largely a terra incognita. The Everglades are simply immense streaks of long, low, level prairies covered for the most part with water, saw grass, dense vines, reeds and canes, and here and there dotted with little islands. This vast region comprises 4,000 square miles of tropical swamp. With an elevated position and a rare atmosphere the view that would meet the eye would differ from any other on the great globe. A thousand square miles of saw grass would be seen spreading out in the shape of an artist's palette. Toward the end would be seen a series of little inland lakes, fed by miniature rivers. Interblending with these lakes thousands of islands would be visible far beyond the saw grass sea. The flutter of bird life would be like the milky way at night, and the swarms of insects like a distant sandstorm in the desert. Bordering the sedgy lagoons are cabbage palms, India-rubber and mangroves, while tangled vegetation weaves itself in chaotic mass over underbrush and tree. These are the primeval woods of the United States. Like old sentinels, they stand, the deep roots seeming to hold the floating marsh in its place. The gloom and weirdness are enough to distract the strongest mind. Every tree is loaded down with the funeral moss, every log is moss-grown and decayed. The very cranes and herons, poised on one leg, look as mournful as the sprawling toad about to become their prey. Deer, bear and panther are plenty. The black fox skips nimbly from log to log and the gray wolf sneaks through the thickets, while the raccoon, the ne-groes' friend, creeps through the swamps and lives like an epicure on crabs and fish. The cry of the horn owl is heard and the far-reaching note of the curlew and flamingo. A mysterious smoke or mist hangs over the Everglades; as to its origin, all sorts of theories have been advanced, some going so far as to say that here is the crater of an old volcano that has in ages past been pushed up out of the sea just above its level and land formed around it. The Seminole Indians say it is the "smoke of the Great Spirit."

Some tourists hire the Indians who frequent civilization to guide them in hunts, but it is not poor Lo's idea to show the white man his hunting grounds; and he will take him around and around, always keeping out of sight of game with a cunning that would do credit to a Connecticut Yankee. Possessing that talisman, friendship and confidence of the Seminole chiefs, our hunter arranged for his first alligator hunt. To simplify the account of the tenderfoot's experience we will give it to the reader in his own words:

"Taking the little steamer Roseada at Kissimmee City, a two days' ride landed us at Bassinger, where I was met by an ox-cart, driven and owned by the Seminoles. A ride of forty miles, slow but sure, took us to the Indian village at Cow Creek. Here I was met by dogs, piccanninies, squaws and braves. The Seminole word of welcome was given, 'Ha-tu-eten-chu, hick-cha-hit-is chay' (glad to see you), and having survived it I commenced to unpack my provisions, causing the Indians to exclaim, 'White man eat plenty.' With time limited and eager for the hunt for big game, I rested but a few hours and then announced myself ready to 'hiepus' (go). In a cypress canoe, poled by Chief Tom Tiger Tail, with old Chief Tallahassee in the stern, we turned our boat toward the interior of the Everglades, and for three days traveled over as wild and weird a land as Stanley ever explored in Darkest Africa. Poling through water lilies, tall grass and overhanging branches, fre-

quently getting stuck in the shallow water and marsh, all gave more zest to the square mile than a hundred hunts in the North could do. The Indians have a keen sense of humor, and knowing I had never killed bear, deer or alligators, said: 'Indians have fun ojus, with white man,' and as they continued to laugh and talk together with significant looks, I took the spirit of the fun and asked the question, 'Nock-a-tel?' (what is it?) at every opportunity. As we poled along I enjoyed the sport with these childish friendly Indians and caught fish, too, as never before—till we were tired pulling them in. Coming upon an alligator asleep, Tallahassee said, 'Allapata, big sleep' (dead). I punched him and got dashed full of water as he disappeared under the surface of the water.

"One feature of the canoe trip worthy of note was the exhibition of Indian skill in throwing the spear and guiding the canoe at the same time. I could see no sign of life anywhere except the swaying of the large lily pods on top of the water. Whiz, went the spear with a long rope attached, and 30ft. away a great commotion was going on. Pulling in the rope, I saw a fine trout, which proved to weigh 12lbs. Time and again the Indian threw, always with the same success. Seeing is believing, otherwise it would not have been possible to have accredited the feat of Capt. Tom Tiger. Whiz, went the spear again, and drawing in the rope, no fish was attached. Laughingly I chided Tom for missing his mark. 'Me hit him—no kill—cut him.' I insisted not when an instant later the report of the rifle was heard and the daring chief had struck a large 'gator just between the eyes as he had seen him dart for the wounded fish speared but a moment before. With a dexterous pull of the pole we were soon alongside the alligator, and with a hook he was landed in the boat with the fish still clenched between his teeth. I could only exclaim, 'Glorious! wonderful!' The pride of the chief as he showed me the cut on the fish from his spear was greater than for all the trophies of the day, for he had silenced my contradictions and proved to me that 'Indians no lie.'

"Reaching the objective point of our trip, the Indians tied up the canoe and after a hearty repast we were ready for the alligator hunt. No game laws obstructed our progress, no signboards read, 'Penalty to trespassers,' and soon we were equipped for the night hunt. Leaving old Tallahassee to watch camp, with a bull's-eye lantern attached to my cap, I took my seat in the bow, while Tom Tiger, standing in the stern, propelled the canoe with long, dexterous strokes. Reaching a deep bayou, where the Seminoles kill hundreds of 'gators each year, I was directed to throw the light quietly over the water, and the presence of the saurian would be revealed by the reflection. Silently, slowly, our canoe cleaved the dark waters. Truly, the scene was worthy the pencil of a Doré. A moonless sky, a wild expanse of bleak water, a canoe propelled by a savage, splendid and careless in his unconscious grace, and as silent as the oarsman of the River Styx. Soon the dismal solitude was broken by our entrance into the alligator haunt. With stealthy glide through the still, dark water, we were soon aware of being near a very large 'gator, the two balls of fire shining in the darkness told the tale. Without a ripple the Indian glided his canoe within 10ft. of the monster, and a shot between the eyes from a .38 Winchester blew the top of its head into small pieces. Before the reptile could flounder out of reach the carcass was grabbed and pulled into the canoe by Tom Tiger, and the spinal cord was severed with an axe to prevent any future trouble.

At the first approach of our light the alligators gazed at it in the most fatuous manner, allowing the boat to approach within a very close position; but after one of their number had been slain they commenced a vibrating roaring, playing see-saw with their head and tail and slowly rolling forth their feelings in deep, thundering tones. To me, there seemed to be 500 alligators in that body of black water that night, and each and every one seemed to turn his burning eyes on my little searchlight—and they shone like stars. I could easily tell a big fellow by noticing if his glaring balls were close together or far apart. After killing four or five I called out 'Enough!' The picture was growing too gruesome. The quivering mass of reptiles in our canoe made me think longingly of home. 'Ungah' (all right), from the Indian reassured me, and the canoe was turned toward camp. During the evening the Indian chief had killed an 11ft. 'gator, and so lifeless did it seem when dragged into the canoe that it was not considered necessary to cut the neck and back. The extraordinary vitality of an alligator keeps it from dying for some time, the nerves often living for several hours after the head has been severed. Our canoe was loaded to the water's edge, with this large saurian in the bottom. Presently a low breathing greeted my ears; soon it grew louder, and a faint motion could be felt in the boat. Still I remained passive, the Indian poling through the deep, tortuous stream. I had instinctively drawn my feet up, when the great mouth, which was toward me, opened and began snapping angrily. His body began to writhe and twist and wriggle, which set all the other alligators in motion. The situation was growing critical and dangerous, when Capt. Tom, perceiving the trouble, came to the rescue with his axe, and none too soon, for the huge saurian began lashing his tail from side to side, and had the Indian been less skillful in handling the canoe we certainly would have been turned overboard. With the hideous cargo silenced, the Indian, always cool and nerveless, looked up, and with a humorous twinkle in his eye said, 'White man 'fraid ojus' (heap). Thus ended my first and last alligator hunt."

The fate of the alligator is already sealed. Thousands are killed every year for their hides and teeth, while other thousands are killed or wounded by the ambitious tourist. The alligators of Florida are a great attraction to visitors and should be protected just as the famous seals are at San Francisco. They are universal water scavengers, destroying snakes and rendering the coast countries safer to the hunter than the interior.

MINNIE MOORE-WILLSON.

KISSIMMEE, Fla.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Just About a Boy.—XXI.

"SAY, is all this country juss desert like it is here?" asked the boy, as he helped himself to his second cup of black coffee.

"Pretty much the same from here clear over to the Bighorn Mountains, then it changes to rough, mountain country, with plenty of good water, grass and timber in spots, until you get across into Idaho, then it is lava and sand with sage brush, and a little grass mixed in until the Cascade country begins, just across the Columbia River. Over on the Pacific side of that range it is hills and timber clear to the ocean."

"Gee! That's where I'd like to go! Seems s'ough this old desert is too much alike—all cactus 'n' horn toads 'n' things 'tull a feller gits plumb tired of 'em. Nen th' water up here's purt' near worsen whisky—guess that's why s' many fellers drinks whisky here too. Ain't no fishin' I reckon in a thousan' mild o' country like this nuther. What's suh use o' such country, anyhow?"

"Don't you see the cattle all around you? That's use, isn't it? The beef for half the country comes from these very hills, my boy, in spite of all this desert and desolation. There are men who live out their lives among these buttes and coulees, and fight the desert, the Indians, the varmints, water, rattlesnakes, heat and all—just to see that you have beei and plenty of it down in the States.

"There are thousands of wild things up here too; deer, antelope, bear, wolves and a host more than furnish meat, pelts or sport too—"

"We hain't seen but mighty few of 'em. Where do they range anyhow? Seem's like we'd dought to see somp'n moren kiotes in 'all the country we've been travelin', if they're so plenty."

"Well, in the first place, we are not hunting, for the season is not right, and in the next place, we have been following the trail. These wild things keep back in the hills and don't cross as plain a trail as we have been following unless they shift their feeding places. Do you see that blue line of hills off to the west, there? That is the divide between this river and the Powder, and it is a rough bit of country too—full of gulches and cedar patches, and with some pretty good springs scattered here and there through it, and it is a game country. Now, I'll tell you what I don't mind doing. We can drive up to Ward's ranch and visit with Ike and Phil this evening, and then if they happen to be out of meat we can all go hunting up Mt. Zahn way to-morrow, and get a blacktail buck for a change of grub. Mind you, no does, and not more than one buck, even if we see a dozen. Anything else besides deer and antelope you can call game unless we run into a bunch of elk or a stray buffalo or sheep—these we will let go, even if we get no deer—understand?"

"Uh-huh, I savie. Think we kin git a deer, do yeh? Gee, but I'd like to git a crack at a nold buck with a set o' horns like a plum thicket! Wouldn't I, though?"

"Well, you can have the chance, for I think I can just about put my finger on several unless the Indians have been raiding down through here or something else happened to drive the deer out. I know their runways up there all over that country, and I can find a buck without much trouble, I guess.

"Now, let's hook up and get to Ward's, for the sun is getting up, and it is a big twenty miles from here to that line of hills and Ward's cabin is in the flat just this side of the hills."

Soon our outfit wended its crooked way across the desolate landscape that basked in the first rays of the early sun.

It was still cool and delightful and the boy was all animation and chatter as we went along, following the gray thread of a trail that wandered up and down, twisting back against the bluffs to cross some little cañon, then curving back toward Donkey Creek again as though it was afraid to lose sight of that miserable little excuse for a water course.

There is always a companionship some way about a stream and a trail, and they keep close company wherever they can in the wilderness, be it desert, woods or mountains.

"What's all them rocks 'n a circle that way for?" suddenly asked the youngster, as he noted them beside the trail.

"Teepee rings," I answered. "What you see there is a sign, a record, of a past camp, where some Indians have pitched their teepee—probably for a few days, while hunting or just traveling. The rocks were piled around the lower edge of the teepee skins—the tent walls, you know—and when the teepee was taken down the rocks were simply rolled off of the edge of the skins, so they remained in a circle, just as the squaws left them when they folded up their house and vanished. See, there are more of them over there, too—there has been a hunting party here in all probability, but it was a year or over ago, for you see the grass has grown up against the rocks and browned there, and there is new grass growing around them again."

"That's th' way they do up here, huh? Don't use no tent pins—juss roll rocks onto th' bottom o' th' tent 'n' hole it down that way? Well, that ain't a bad idee nuther, 'n' a feller will find out things as he goes along, won't he?"

"What's them white spots 'way over 'n that flat crost th' creek?"

"Antelope. Take the glass and count them."

"Gee, they's a whole bunch of 'em, 'bout forty or fifty, I reckon—'n' they's a lot more 'way on up—'n' more on th' side o' th' hill! Gee! They's a whole herd of 'em! Lot o' big bucks 'mongst 'em, too—I kin see their hqorns—little black shiny ones that curl back 'n' end in a kind o' a hook, nen they's a little prong, looks like, juss above 'ur eye. Gee, they are purty, ain't they? Less git one o' them bucks."

"Do you want to shoot one of them or wait for a black-tail buck in the morning?"

The boy looked through the glass again; then heaved a big sigh. "Guess I'd druther wait—but they's a mighty big buck in that bunch," he said.

A few moments later we drove in between the hills and

lost sight of the bunch of antelope, so the boy had to hunt something else to interest him.

He asked about the big slag boulders that littered the country, and had to hear the whole geology of the edge of the bad lines before he was satisfied; then it was points on the poison of the centipede that interested him; then prairie dogs came in to the conversation, and he freely expressed his contempt for the theory that they did without water and lived pleasantly in company with owls and rattlesnakes.

"Ain't I killed more 'n one ole rattler with a belly full o' young prairie dogs? You bet, I have, 'n' nobody wants to tell me 'at dogs lives right 'long 'n th' same holes 'ith snakes—I know better. Th' rattler ain't doin' nothin' but huntin' pups when he calls on a fambly o' dogs, nen when he's et up all he kin swaller comf'table he crawls out 'n th' sun 'n' goes to sleep fer true, 'n' nen's when I git him."

While he was dilating on the subject of prairie dogs we drove out from the hills and began to cross the last flat before reaching Ward's place, and by 2 o'clock we had hailed those worthy brothers and introduced each other there on the hot desert.

Our team was soon taken care of, and we enjoyed our first meal that was cooked over a stove for many days when we sat down in the rough cabin so far from people and things.

After dinner our pipes were lit and we sprawled at length across some buffalo robes flung on the ground where the shadow fell north of the cabin, and there we talked the lore of the desert and planned to kill a big buck on the morrow, for we were a healthy company, with a longing for the juicy steaks of venison.

"Reckon we'd best go too-ward th' red buttes north o' hyer airly 'n th' mornin', C'manch," said big Ike Ward as he looked up into the sky from his point of vantage on the flat of his back across the big buffalo robe.

The blue smoke curled upward from his black pipe, his long hair curled about his square features, and one leg rocked up and down across the other bent knee, as Ike unfolded the plan for to-morrow, a plan that meant the ending of the days for one big buck, for Ike was a man who took one, or not more than two cartridges when he went after deer, and he always got meat, too.

I've seen him shoot, and it is a nice bit of action—just as cool and easy as though his target was as big as a house and standing still, instead of a blue buck no bigger than your hand, bouncing across a rough hillside 500yds. away—just bouncing like a blue rubber ball for a few moments, then when the gun spits its lead and the dust flew against the hillside, the buck fell headlong, and did not rise. Then Ike would wipe the smoke out of the barrel and take a fresh nip of tobacco and go to the buck. That was the man who outlined the way that the buck was to die to-morrow.

"Ef we don't ketch one clost to th' spring, we'll hunt into them cedar cañons where th' lion like to fetched Phil th' time he got th' bull elk up there; reckon we cain't miss a-gittin' one in thar shore—'n' git back 'fore it gits hot, too."

And so it was planned.

"How was it about Phil and the lion, Ike?" I asked.

"Ast Phil," chuckled big Ike. But that is another story.

EL COMANCHO.

Three Brief Notes.

IN regard to the former abundance of salmon in certain streams of our country, where they are now rare, several references to which have appeared of late in FOREST AND STREAM, the same conditions would seem to prevail in other quarters of the world. In reading again very recently Scott's "Old Mortality," my attention was called to the following in the description of the dinner at Milnwood, in the eighth chapter: "A large boiled salmon would nowadays have indicated more liberal house-keeping; but at that period salmon was caught in such plenty in the considerable rivers in Scotland, that instead of being accounted a delicacy, it was generally applied to feed the servants, who are said sometimes to have stipulated that they should not be required to eat a food so luscious and surfeiting in its quality above five times a week." The "period" referred to was the latter part of the seventeenth century; the "nowadays" was the early part of the nineteenth century, "Old Mortality" having been first published in the year 1816; so that in the course of a century the salmon in Scotland would appear to have been reduced in numbers from abundance to comparative scarcity.

I have no desire to take a hand in the scrap now going on among the brethren in reference to the intelligence of animals; but I don't see how a man that has ever seen a dog can doubt that creature's intelligence. His every act would indicate the possession of mental faculties—not perhaps the clear intellect of the cultivated man, though the same in kind; perhaps only the feeble, confused, half-sentient gropings of a little child. I not only believe that the dog possesses certain intellectual faculties—memory, reason, imagination, will, etc.—but to some extent a moral nature—the feelings of affection, of gratitude, of anger, of jealousy, of resentment, of modesty, of shame. I am not naming these things at random; I am guarding my words as I write. Even Dr. Thomas Reid, who wrote under the old dispensation, thinks that the desire of esteem, of power, and of knowledge, exists in "some degree in brute animals of the more sagacious kind." The very term "more sagacious" implies differences in mental acumen, in discernment and judgment, and hence an intellectual system. But, as Hamlet says, "Too much of this."

Emerson is so well known as a philosopher and essayist, that we seldom think of him as a poet, and still more rarely as a naturalist, yet in his degree he is as distinctively the poet of nature as is Wordsworth. His "Monadnock," "Musketaquid," and "Woodnotes" are full of the love of forest and stream. What can be more poetically beautiful than

"April's bird

Blue-coated, flying before from tree to tree"—

or,

"Yonder ragged cliff

Has thousand faces in a thousand hours?"

But I do not propose to compile the beauties of Emerson. I might as well republish the book at once. But I would call attention particularly to his sketch of his friend Thoreau, in "Woodnotes." A finer tribute was never made to a man:

"And such I knew, a forest seer,
A minstrel of the natural year,
Foreteller of the vernal ides,
Wise harbinger of spheres and tides,
A lover true, who knew by heart,
Each joy the mountain dales impart."

It is, of course, too long to quote in full. I only desire to direct the attention of the lover of nature and of poetry to this great man's tribute to one who was well worthy of it:

"In unploughed Maine he sought the lumberer's gang,
Where from a hundred lakes young rivers sprang;
He trod the unplanted forest floor, whereon
The all-seeing sun for ages hath not shone;
Through these green tents, by eldest Nature dressed,
He roamed, content, alike with man and beast—
Where darkness found him he lay glad at night;
There the red morning touched him with its light."

Such was Thoreau, the man who surveyed lands for a living and read the Iliad in the original for recreation; but above all, one who worshipped in nature's inner sanctuary, and who seemed to have entered into a league with the birds of the air, the creatures of the forest, and the denizens of the streams. The squirrels came down from the trees and climbed over his shoulders, and he could take up fish out of the water in his hands. See how he justified his employments: "Bending my steps again to the pond," he says, "my haste to catch pickerel, wading in retired meadows, in sloughs and bog holes, in forlorn and savage places, appeared for an instant trivial to me who had been sent to school and college; but as I ran down the hill toward the reddening west, with the rainbow over my shoulder, and some faint tinkling sounds borne to my ear through the cleansed air, from I know not what quarter, my good genius seemed to say, 'Go fish and hunt far and wide day by day—farther and wider—and rest thee by many brooks and hearth-sides without misgiving. Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth. Rise free from care before the dawn, and seek adventures. Let the noon find thee by other lakes, and the night overtake thee everywhere at home. There are no larger fields than these, no worthier games than may here be played. Grow wild according to thy nature, like these sedges and brakes, which will never become English hay. Let the thunder rumble; what if it threaten ruin to farmers' crops? That is not its errand to thee. Take shelter under the cloud, while they flee to carts and sheds. Let not to get a living be thy trade, but thy sport. Enjoy the land, but own it not."

Hawthorne was the intimate friend of Thoreau, and in more than one place in his "American Note Books" and "The Old Manse," he introduces him. "He is a keen and delicate observer of nature—a genuine observer—which, I suspect," says Hawthorne, "is almost as rare a character as even an original poet; and nature, in return for her love, seems to adopt him as her especial child, and shows him secrets which few others are allowed to witness. He is familiar with beast, fish, fowl and reptile, and has strange stories to tell of adventures and friendly passages with these lower brethren of mortality. Herb and flower, likewise, wherever they grow, whether in garden or wild-wood, are his familiar friends. He is also on intimate terms with the clouds, and can tell the portents of storms; and, strange to say, he seldom walks over a ploughed field without picking up an arrow point, spear head, or other relic of the red man, as if their spirit willed him to be the inheritor of their simple wealth. With all this he has more than a tincture of literature—a deep and true taste for poetry, especially for the elder poets, and he is a good writer. I find him a healthy and wholesome man to know." To hold intercourse with Thoreau, he says, "is like hearing the wind among the boughs of a forest tree."

Nessmuk should have known Thoreau.

T. J. CHAPMAN.

Natural History.

Pikas and Marmots.

For several years past I had a strong desire to invade the haunts of the pikas, to study their habits and collect specimens, but it was not until the close of July, 1898, that my brother and I found ourselves snugly camped in the Canadian National Park, Alberta, within a few miles of the beautiful Lake Minnewonka, or Devil's Lake, and within close proximity to the haunts of the little chief hare. The weather was extremely hot in the daytime, and made climbing hard work, but my intense interest to become acquainted with the pika was the foundation for the necessary energy, and early in the morning of Aug. 6 we started for the base of Mount Ingham, at the southeast corner of the lake.

The first few miles we had comfortable walking along a good road, but soon we found it necessary to strike eastward, and here our troubles began. In the course of fifteen or twenty minutes we were seemingly, hopelessly entangled in a swamp, surrounded by a small but very businesslike crowd of mosquitoes, and firmly convinced that we must retrace our steps and try some other way. A high dry ridge a little further to the south proved much better "navigation," and another hour found us at the base of the slope, my brother suggesting that a flying machine or a balloon would be very useful.

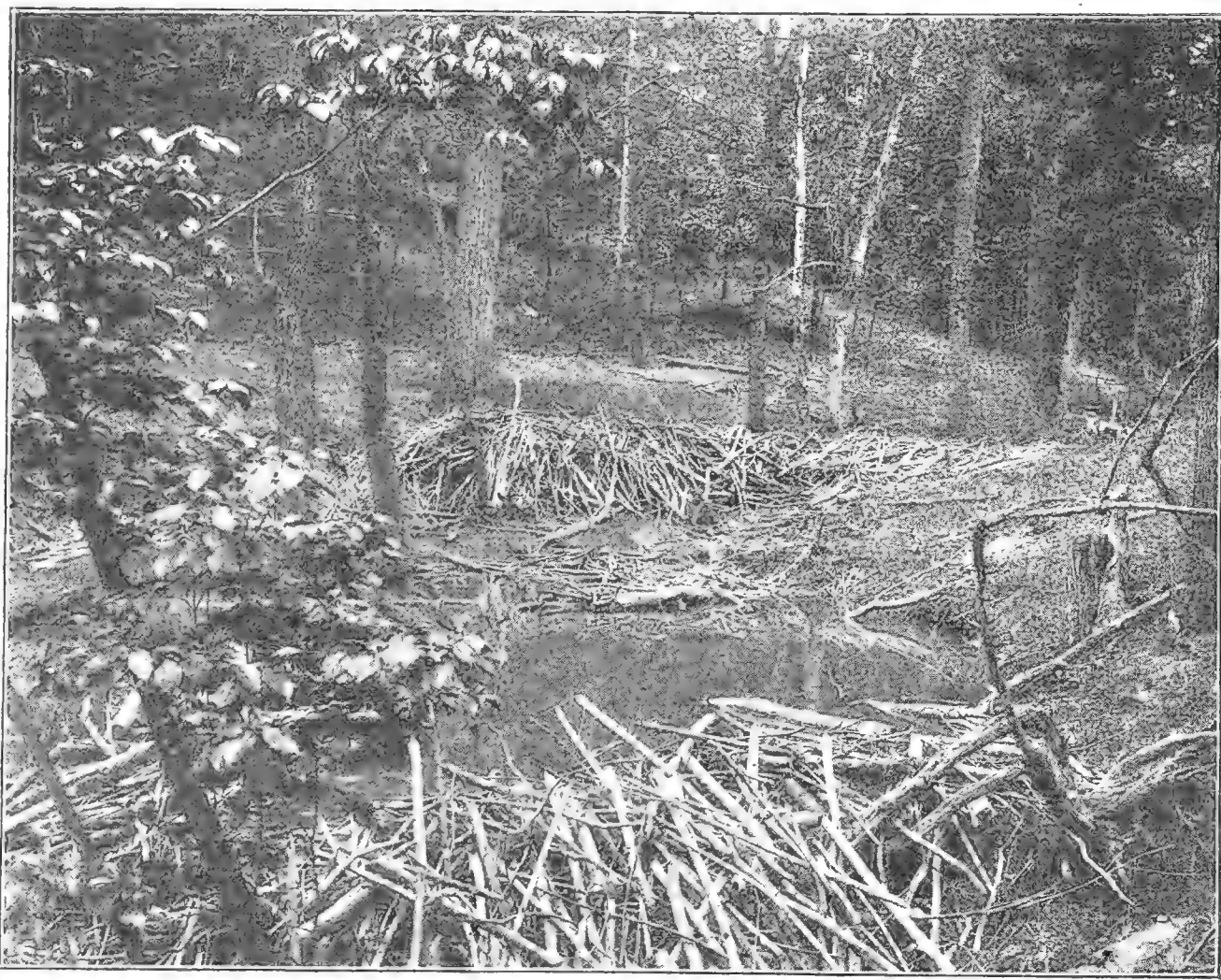
However, two and a half hours' hard climbing, with the sun's rays scorching our faces, and, incidentally, numerous halts to take breath and admire the vast panorama of mountains and valleys with streams like silver threads in the distance, and we near a large spur of volcanic rocky ground, with a thin growth of stunted pines, from whence loud and echoing whistles come, and instill more energy into us.

As I expected, the hoary marmots were the animals that made the sounds. I shortly caught sight of the first

one as he sat bolt upright upon the top of a rock, sending his shrill whistle echoing across the cañon, to be replied to by others scattered everywhere amongst the rocks. They were often seen by us progressing by a clumsy gallop from point to point. I found it extremely difficult to advance near enough to use a shotgun with effect. The animal generally plunges out of sight, just as you imagine he is close enough. They also seem to possess the knack of seeing you at the other side of the biggest rock you can skirmish behind.

This day not a specimen was obtained, but upon another occasion, I marked a fine grizzly old fellow as he disappeared into a burrow under a large rock, and ensconcing myself securely from view, behind a gnarled old pine tree, about 35 yds. from his doorstep, and lighting my pipe, I settled down for a siege. A Rocky Mountain jay found me out, and was very attentive for some time, viewing me from every point, and occasionally venturing within a very few yards. My thoughts were wandering from hoary marmots, and the hot sun making me drowsy, when a sudden subterranean whistle, and in an instant I was all eyes and ears. Another moment and the marmot's gray head protruded from his burrow as he surveyed the landscape with a keen eye, everything was silent and still. He presently walked to the top of his rock, sat up on his haunches and sent a shrill whistle vibrating through the air, blissfully ignorant of his fate, for my old 12-bore stretched him lifeless on the rock the next moment.

But to return to Aug. 6; as we advanced and the mar-



BEAVER DAM IN THE NATIONAL ZOOLOGICAL PARK IN WASHINGTON.

nots disappeared, our attention was drawn to another and more peculiar cry, somewhat like *ce-ce*, repeated quickly and at short intervals.

While gazing intently at the top of a rock a short distance away from where the sound was apparently issuing, I suddenly make out the form of a diminutive little animal, opening and shutting its mouth at short intervals and emitting this *e-e*. In my eagerness to get a closer view I made a stumble, and the little animal disappeared like a flash, and I found I had a shotgun in my hand. My brother, who had wandered away, appeared at this moment, with the first pika, and it was with great interest that I examined the specimen. Averaging from 6 to 7 in. in length, with short legs, the soles of the feet thickly furred, large round ears, and apparently no tail. The pika is a peculiar and interesting little mammal in the skeleton. The tail vertebrae measures less than half an inch. After this introduction, I found no difficulty in observing them and collecting what specimens I desired. The greatest difficulty experienced was that often when shot, they fall into the crevices of the rocks and considerable excavating is sometimes necessary before the specimen is secured.

While watching a rock slide, one little fellow suddenly appeared not more than 10 or 12 ft. away, and commenced eating a short moss that grows in patches on the rocks. I was watching it perfectly motionless, when it paused and seemed to reflect, the next moment starting away at a most astonishing speed, considering the nature of the ground, leaping from rock to rock with extraordinary agility, as if it had suddenly remembered some very important engagement.

Pikas are busy and industrious creatures, traveling here and there over the rock slides, feeding upon the arctic plants that grow in patches everywhere, and storing up quantities of food in the rocks, proving, no doubt, that they do not hibernate, but remain active all winter.

The altitude of the lowest colony we discovered was about 6,000 ft., amongst a growth of stunted pine trees, the marmots inhabiting the same ground. We climbed to an altitude of close upon 9,000 ft., and found them scattered everywhere, their cries being heard in every direction, and numerous stores of their "hay" were found in the spaces between the rocks.

After an equally tedious downward climb, we reached the road, and then our camp, most thoroughly tired and hungry, but a red-letter day added to the many others of my field collecting experiences in Northwest Canada.

G. F. DIPPIE.

TORONTO, Canada

John.

JOHN first saw the light in the heart of the Canadian forest. He had a mate of about the same age and of the other sex. Both were captured while very young, and, against their will taken to the main camp of the Laurentian Club on the shore of Lac la Pêche. They were given ample accommodations—a suitable house and spacious grounds, sheltered by trees and inclosed by a high stockade of logs; for John and his companion were caribous, and if unrestrained would have bounded away to their native haunts.

Here for three or four years they lived and grew and thrived, and were an interesting part of the camp life.

In summer they seemed to be best satisfied when browsing on the tender leaves of the trees, especially of the maple that grew luxuriantly all about in clumps. In the winter the guardian fed them with dried grass and cereals.

One spring morning John's mate, who apparently had not forgotten her early free life, forced a way through the stockade and escaped, and John was left alone, a deserted husband. Whether he forgave and forgot he never told, but he soon recovered his spirits and ate and flourished and frolicked. He became somewhat more docile, and when called by name, would cross the deep stream that flowed lazily through his park and come to take the clover and the boughs from the hands of his friends.

Each autumn when the leaves fell his antlers fell; and

each spring when the leaves unfolded a new soft pair sprang magically in velvet from his head. His coat became richer in color, the white on his chest whiter, and the gray on his sides more glossy.

Then happened the Sportsman's Show of the year 1899 in the far-away city of New York. What had John to do with that? What interest had he, a child of the Northern wilderness, a Canadian caribou, in Madison Square Garden, in its throngs of people, its babel of noises, its blazing electric lights, its restless comings and goings? What had he in common with the civilization of the city?

Surely nothing; but he was only John the caribou, a captive, and when the managing director spoke the word, John, with some physical protests and remnants of wild energy, stepped into the cage and was carried express to the Garden, stopping on the border line of his native land long enough to pay the duty of \$20, which the United States imposed upon him as a caribou who came without intent to return.

And now appears the interesting feature of John's character. Wilderness-born, wilderness-bred, half-wild, notwithstanding his period of captivity, yet when he entered the brilliantly lighted amphitheater and took possession of his inclosure, in the center of the building, surrounded by crowds of people, walking to and fro, impertinently staring at him, the air full of sounds of human voices, blare of trumpets, beating of drums, cries and turmoil, John was absolutely undisturbed. He betrayed neither fear nor curiosity. He walked about quietly as he did in his own forest close; ate, drank, laid himself down to rest, imperturbable and serene. What self-control and mastery he had! It was not that he was stupid or dull, for he was an alert animal, watchful, wakeful, full of life.

His days passed uneventfully at the Show. He was placarded as the "Bull caribou from the Laurentian Club," and was gazed at and admired, but except to his old friends of the club his history was unknown, and the throngs only saw an interesting specimen of wild life.

He was sold to a stranger. There is no record of his owner or of his new habitat, but he will always be remembered as one of "the wild animals I have known."

H.

The Forest and Stream Publishing Co. are the largest publishers and importers in America of Books on Outdoor Sports. Their illustrated descriptive catalogue will be sent free on request.

Death from Snake Bite.

YUMA, ARIZ., May 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* March 17 an Apache Indian was bitten by a rattlesnake. He was a convict, a twenty-five-year man, and was at work on the prison farm about two miles distant. So far as I can learn he was in the act of striking at a small mammal with a stick when the snake rattled and almost at the same instant struck him about the middle of the left forearm. The reptile was evidently a large one, as the fang punctures were nearly an inch and a quarter apart. Beyond placing his arm in a sling the wounded man did nothing till he reported at the prison hospital about half an hour later. The punctures were large and had, judging by the coagulated blood on the arm, bled rather freely. Pending the arrival of the prison physician a tourniquet was put on above the elbow and the wound washed with ammonia. The swelling had not at this time passed the elbow and the pain was less intense than it became afterward. On arrival of the doctor, a few minutes later, he ordered a solution of permanganate of potassium, and endeavored to renew the bleeding by cutting deep into the wounds. This was, of course largely prevented by the tourniquet, but he managed to press out a little black blood from the incisions. The solution was then hypodermically injected deep under each wound, the tourniquet taken off and the patient put to bed. A cloth saturated with the solution was kept to the arm throughout the afternoon and following night. It was about 2 P. M. when the man was put to bed, and he was then resting comparatively easy, but by 7 P. M. he was suffering intensely, and represented the action of his heart by violent opening and closing of his hand. The skin had sluffed from the wound, the arm was black and the swelling had extended well up into the shoulder. The doctor then decided to give him whisky, and nearly a quart was administered before any effect was observable. Finally he began to express gratitude for what was being done for him, and to talk of the days when he "was a good man and a scout." By 8 o'clock he was asleep, and we all thought the danger past. I did not see him again till 5 o'clock next morning. At that time he was still sleeping, but his breathing was short and jerky. Pulse he had none, although his flesh was moist and warm. The doctor was called and attempted to administer a small dose of ammonia, but the throat seemed paralyzed and refused to act. An effort to work it down with the fingers but partially succeeded. Ammonia was also held to the nostrils, but it produced no apparent change in his condition, and by 7 o'clock he was dead. The body did not, however, become rigid till some hours later.

His death was a surprise to me, for I shared the common belief that intoxication in such cases was a sure antidote, but in this it did not prove correct. At first the indications were that his stomach would refuse the whisky, but by administering small doses at intervals of three to five minutes the whole amount was retained, and in less than an hour he was asleep.

He was a San Carlos Apache, twenty-eight years old and weighed 150lbs. His health was fairly good, and there was every reason to suppose he would pull through all right. Indian-like, he made no complaint, and although the perspiration stood in large drops on his forehead, he did not move or twitch a muscle while the doctor was lancing and dressing the wounds, but later he asked that a couple of his Indian friends be allowed to sit with him. His mother was advised of his death, and also that he had one dollar to his credit on the prison books. Her reply was, "Sorry my boy dead. Suppose it couldn't be helped. Send me the dollar."

The prison physician, Dr. Moeller, stated that during his practice in Texas and Arizona he had attended eleven other such cases and had not lost any of them, although one suffered the loss of several fingers and the use of one arm.

H. B.

[Accounts of death from snake bite are not unusual, but each account giving accurate details like the above has a value, and is worth putting on record. The inefficacy of permanganate of potash as an antidote in this case is of interest.]

More about the Eagle.

CAPT. E. B. GALLUP, of Havre de Grace, Md., who sends us many quaint notes from that game abounding country, tells us that some of his friends have intimated that his recent reflections upon the American eagle must have come from the pen of one who was not a native-born American. The Captain is jealous of his Americanism, and sends us his pedigree, adding some interesting notes on the ways of birds. He writes:

I am a descendant of one of many very old families living in this country. The history of the Gallups records that two brothers of that name, John and Elisha, of French lineage, came to this country sometime before the death of Oliver Cromwell and the restoration of Charles II.; and in Cooper's naval history may be found an account of the first water battle ever fought in the waters of the northern part of the continent. This engagement was fought with the Indians in the Narragansett Bay about the year 1660, and old John Gallup was in command. He defeated the Indians and captured their vessel. I am the oldest sprout now living of the fourth generation of the seed of old John Gallup, the great Indian fighter. My father, Thomas Gallup, lived on the lonely Spesutia Island in the headwaters of the Chesapeake Bay, where I was born in the year 1820. I was on ducks and birds and fish of all kinds, and frogs, muskrats and snapping turtles. I have been a sport and pot-hunter for seventy years; for I commenced to shoot when I was only ten years old, and supplied all the family with game of all kinds. All that we could not consume we had to throw away, as there was no market for game nearer than Baltimore; and it was a day's journey with a good team to reach Baltimore; and ducks and birds of all kinds in those days were so numerous in Maryland that it would not pay to drive a team to Baltimore with game. After following the business of being a sport and pot-hunter for seventy years, I claim to know as much about the history and character of all kinds of birds found in this country as any man living; and I have no hesitation in saying to the gentleman that would like to bring a charge against me for speaking slightly

of Uncle Sam's pet bird, I believe in giving the devil his due. The eagle can fly higher and come down faster than all other birds to be found in the country. During my life I have seen more than fifty times an eagle chase a fishing hawk with a fish in his claws and make him drop the fish, when the eagle would get under the fish and turn his back down and open his large claws and grab the fish before it reached the water. This does not look reasonable, but it is true.

In calm weather it is no trouble for an eagle to capture a wounded duck. I have watched them many times chasing a wounded duck. When the duck would dive under the water the eagle would see in what direction his bill was pointed, and when the duck would come to the top of the water to get air the eagle would make a dart at him and would soon worry his victim out of breath and capture him. I was once hidden behind a blind and saw an eagle capture a wounded duck. He came near enough for me to tickle him with some small shot, and he dropped the duck. When I went and picked it up I found that he had bitten several big mouthfuls of flesh out of the duck while flying for the land, and the duck still had life in it when I picked it up.

During my long acquaintance with the eagles, I have never known them to associate with but two families of birds in this country, and those the ones considered the very lowest—turkey buzzards and crows. When the buzzards and crows find a dead carcass they send a special invitation to the eagle to come and dine with them; and not a buzzard nor crow is allowed to come to the first table, but must take a back seat until the eagle family gets enough. Many times have I seen the eagle feasting on a carcass and the buzzards and crows sitting a distance off waiting until the eagle gets enough.

CAPT. E. B. GALLUP.

The Danger of Introducing Noxious Animals and Birds.

BY T. S. PALMER, ASSISTANT CHIEF OF BIOLOGICAL SURVEY.
From the Yearbook of the Department of Agriculture.

ACCLIMATIZATION of plants and animals has attracted attention in all parts of the world. Useful or curious species have been introduced from one country to another with varying degrees of success; some have failed while others have become acclimated, and occasionally have increased to such an extent as to usurp the places of native species. In comparing the results of the introduction of plants and of animals, the important difference between these two classes of experiments should not be lost sight of. Plants, on the one hand, are introduced almost without exception for purposes of cultivation, and are therefore kept somewhat under control. Occasionally, under favorable conditions, they "escape" and increase so rapidly that they become troublesome weeds. Chicory and wild garlic of the Eastern States and the water hyacinth of Florida are familiar examples of weeds originally introduced as useful or ornamental plants. Animals, on the contrary, unless intended for pets or for exhibition in menageries or zoological gardens, are seldom kept in captivity, but are liberated and allowed to live as nearly as possible under natural conditions. Only the strongest and hardiest species survive, and in adapting themselves to new surroundings necessarily cause some change in the existing fauna. If prolific, they are likely to become abundant in a short time; if they crowd out indigenous species, they are regarded as nuisances. Hence, it is sometimes said that acclimatization of animals has produced far less satisfactory results than that of plants, but the comparison is made between the relatively small number of animals, birds, and insects purposely imported and allowed to run wild, and a long list of useful and ornamental plants carefully kept under cultivation.

Means of Dispersal.

Animals are transported from one country to another or to distant islands, either by accident or by the direct agency of man. Horses, cattle, sheep, goats, pigs, dogs and cats are now almost cosmopolitan, but they owe their wide distribution entirely to man, who has carried them with him to all parts of the earth. Accidental distribution is much less common in the case of mammals and birds than among the smaller plants and insects, and species which have gained a foothold in distant lands have almost always been intentionally introduced.

Certain small mammals have, however, accidentally found their way in vessels from one port to another. Two or three species of rats and the house mouse of Europe have thus become widely dispersed over the globe. Fruit vessels plying between ports of the United States and Central or South America occasionally bring snakes, small mammals, and insects in bunches of bananas. In November, 1895, a Central American mouse, of the genus *Oryzomys*, concealed in a bunch of bananas shipped from Puerto Limon, Costa Rica, was captured alive in a commission house in Washington, D. C. A young murine opossum from tropical America was discovered in a bunch of bananas at Ames, Iowa, during the summer of 1882, and was kept alive for some time. If such cases were frequent, it can be readily seen how a species gain a foothold in new regions, provided the conditions were favorable for its increase.

During the last fifteen or twenty years Bering Island, one of the Commander group in Bering Sea, has been overrun by the common Siberian red-backed mouse (*Eutamias rutilus*). This species was formerly unknown on the islands, but has been introduced since 1870, probably in firewood brought from Kamchatka. Within ten years it spread all over the island from the beaches to the mountains in the interior. It occurs both in the swamps and on the sand dunes, and has become a pest in the huts of the natives. In 1889 it was still confined to Bering Island, but will probably reach Copper Island in time.

Domesticated Species May Become Noxious.

Domesticated animals, like cultivated plants, may run wild and become so abundant as to be extremely injurious. Wild horses are said to have become so numerous in some parts of Australia that they consume the feed needed for sheep and other animals, and hunters are employed to

shoot them. In some of the Western States they have also become a nuisance, and in Nevada a law was passed in 1897 permitting wild horses to be shot. Recent reports from Washington indicate that cayuses are considered of so little value that they are killed and used for bait in poisoning wolves and coyotes.

Pigs have run wild in some of the Southern States and also on certain islands, where, as on the Galapagos, they were originally introduced to furnish food for crews of vessels in need of fresh meat. According to Dr. Finsch,¹ they were introduced into New Zealand by Captain Cook about 1770, and soon becoming wild, increased to a remarkable degree. A century later wild pigs were so abundant in the flax thickets of the Province of Taranaki, on the North Island that a hunter could shoot fifty in a single day. Dr. Finsch also cites a case mentioned by Hochstetter in which 25,000 wild pigs were said to have been killed by three hundreds in less than two years.

Sheep and goats when numerous are likely to cause widespread injury, particularly in forested regions. An instructive example of the damage done by goats is that on St. Helena, described by Wallace.² St. Helena is a mountainous island scarcely fifty square miles in extent, and its highest summits reach an elevation of 2,700ft. At the time of its discovery, about the beginning of the sixteenth century, it is said to have been covered by a dense forest; to-day it is described as a comparatively barren rocky desert. This change has been largely brought about by goats first introduced by the Portuguese in 1513, and which multiplied so fast that in seventy-five years they existed by thousands. Browsing on the young trees and shrubs, they rapidly brought about the destruction of the vegetation which protected the steep slopes. With the disappearance of the undergrowth, began the washing of the soil by tropical rains and the destruction of the forests. In 1709 the governor reported that the timber was rapidly disappearing, and that the goats should be destroyed if the forests were to be preserved. This advice was not heeded, and only a century later, in 1810, another governor reported the total destruction of the forests by the goats, and in consequence an expense of \$13,600 (£2,729) in one year for the importation of fuel for Government use.

The Santa Barbara Islands, off the coast of southern California, and the Island of Guadalupe, off the Lower California coast, are utilized as ranges for goats. All these islands are dry and more or less covered with brush, but arborescent vegetation is comparatively scarce. The goats practically run wild, and already exist in considerable numbers. On Santa Catalina, one of the Santa Barbara group, wild goat hunting is one of the diversions afforded tourists, and is considered one of the principal attractions of this popular summer resort. As yet the goats have not been on the islands long enough to cause any serious effects on the vegetation, and they may never bring about the ruin which has been wrought on St. Helena. But it is scarcely possible for the islands to be grazed by goats for an indefinite length of time without suffering serious damage.

House cats are often greater pests than commonly supposed. When numerous about the suburbs of cities and towns, they are apt to forage for a living either from necessity or choice, and their food is by no means confined to rats and mice. They are constantly on the watch for birds, but it is impossible even to estimate how many they destroy. It is certain, however, that in some places the decrease in native birds is largely due to their presence. Where cats have run wild on isolated islands, their work can be more readily appreciated. On Sable Island, off the coast of Nova Scotia, they were introduced about 1880 and rapidly exterminated the rabbits, which had been in possession of the island for half a century. In one of the harbors of Kerguelen Island, southeast of the Cape of Good Hope, cats were allowed to run wild upon a little islet known as Cat Island, which has been used as a wintering place for sealers for many years. Here they live in holes in the ground, preying upon sea birds and their young, and are said to have developed such extraordinary ferocity that it is almost impossible to tame them even when captured young. Dr. W. L. Abbott states that on Aldabra, about 200 miles northwest of Madagascar, cats are common on the main island, and have completely exterminated the flightless rail (*Rougetius aldarbranus*), an interesting bird, peculiar to this group of islands. They are also numerous on Glorioso Island, 120 miles to the southeast, and in consequence birds are less common even than on Aldabra.³

The Chatham Islands, 500 miles east of New Zealand, were colonized about fifty years ago; cats, dogs, and pigs were introduced, and the native birds, represented by fifty-five species, including thirteen not found elsewhere, have since greatly decreased in numbers. Two of the most interesting birds are land rails of the genus *Cabalus*. Dr. Dieffenbach, naturalist of the New Zealand Company, who visited the islands in 1840, states that one of these rails (*Cabalus dieffenbachii*), called by the natives "meriki," was formerly common, but since the introduction of cats and dogs it has become very scarce. It is now probably extinct, and the closely related species *C. modestus* will doubtless soon suffer a similar fate, since the islet of Mangare, to which it is confined, has recently been invaded by cats.⁴

Sources of Danger from Noxious Species.

The animals and birds which have thus far become most troublesome when introduced into foreign lands are nearly all natives of the Old World. The mammals belong to three orders: (1) Rodents, including rats of two or three species, the house mouse, and rabbit of western Asia or southern Europe; (2) Carnivores, represented by the stoat, weasel, and common house cat of Europe, and the mongoose of India; (3) Chiroptera, represented by large fruit-eating bats or flying foxes of Australia and the Malay Archipelago. Flying foxes have not yet been actually introduced, but are likely to be carried to different islands in the Pacific, and are dangerous because of their depredations on fruit. The birds comprise the house sparrow and starling of Europe, and the minn of India. Other species, usually regarded as beneficial in their native homes, such as the European skylark, green linnet,

¹ Globus, LXIX, 1896, Nr. 2.

² Island Life, 1880, pp. 283-286.

³ Proc. U. S. Nat. Mus., XVI, 1894, pp. 762, 764.

⁴ Forbes, Ibis, 6th ser., V., 1893, pp. 523, 531-533.

black thrush or blackbird, and the great titmouse or kohlmeise, are likely to prove injurious in new surroundings. Most of these species have extended their range from the east toward the west, although the minas have been carried in the opposite direction to New Zealand and the Hawaiian Islands, and flying foxes are likely to extend northward and eastward. The main danger for the United States lies in species native to central and southern Europe and western Asia, but tropical species, particularly of India, might become acclimated in the Southern States. In order to show how these animals and birds have already spread, and the damage they have done, it will be necessary to refer briefly to the history of each species.

Rats and Mice.

Rats and mice are among the greatest pests with which man has to contend, and the annoyance and damage which they occasion are beyond computation. They are ubiquitous, abundant alike in the largest cities and on the most distant islands of the sea. They have not been intentionally introduced anywhere, but have found their way by means of vessels to all parts of the earth. Small islands, populated with rats from wrecks, or otherwise, are occasionally overrun by these animals. On the island of Aldabra, already mentioned, rats fairly swarm, and are very destructive to the gigantic native land tortoise, eating the young as soon as they are hatched. Sable island, off the coast of Nova Scotia, has suffered from several plagues of rats, and it is said that the first superintendent of the light station and his men were at one time threatened with starvation owing to the inroads made on their stores by rats.

The Common Brown Rat.—The common brown rat, known also as the wharf rat and Norway rat (*Mus decumanus*), was originally a native of western China, and until 200 years ago was unknown in Europe or America. It is very prolific, producing from four to twelve young at a birth several times a year, and has spread so rapidly that at the present time it is nearly cosmopolitan. In the autumn of 1727 large numbers of brown rats entered Europe by swimming across the Volga, and, gaining a foothold in the Province of Astrakhan in eastern Russia, spread westward over central Europe. Five years later (1732) they reached England by vessels from western India. The brown rat appeared in east Prussia about 1750, and in Denmark and Switzerland in 1809. It reached the eastern coast of the United States about 1775, and in 1825, according to Sir John Richardson, had extended as far west in Canada as Kingston, Ontario. By 1855 it was abundant at several points on the Pacific Coast, including San Francisco, Cal.; Astoria, Ore., and Steilacoon, Wash., and its range on the west coast now extends as far north as Alaska, at Sitka, Kodiak and even Unalaska. At the present time it is probably abundant in all the larger cities of the United States except in the South, where it is replaced by another species.

The Black, or House, Rat.—The black rat, or house rat (*Mus rattus*), was in all probability originally a native of Asia. The time of its introduction into Europe is uncertain, but in the middle ages it was the common house rat of central Europe. The date of its introduction into the New World is placed as early as 1544, or more than 200 years previous to that of the brown rat. It evidently became very generally distributed along the coasts and in the principal seaports, and by the middle of the present century was known as far north as Halifax and Montreal, Canada, and on the Pacific Coast, at San Diego and Humboldt Bay, California. Since the introduction of the brown rat, the black rat has become comparatively rare in most places where the former is abundant. In the Laccadive Islands, in the Indian Ocean, the black rat seems to have modified its habits and become arboreal. It is said to live in the crowns of the cocoanut trees without descending to the ground, and to do great damage by biting off the nuts, upon which it feeds, before they are ripe.

The Roof, or White-Bellied, Rat.—The roof rat, or white-bellied rat (*Mus alexandrinus*), is a native of Egypt, Nubia and northern Africa, and evidently found its way to America by way of Italy and Spain at an early date. It probably reached this continent long before the brown rat, but the exact date of its arrival is uncertain. It is common in Brazil, in some parts of Mexico, and in the southern United States, and is known to occur at least as far north as the Dismal Swamp, in southern Virginia.

The House Mouse.—The well-known house mouse (*Mus musculus*) is readily distinguished from the native white-bellied mice of North America by its nearly uniform brownish color above and below. It is a native of Europe and central Asia, but now occurs all over the world. In the United States it is found from Florida to Maine, and from San Diego to the Pribilof Islands. It is not restricted to the seaports, as it made its way inland at an early date. Sir John Richardson, in 1829, mentions having seen a dead mouse in the storehouse of the Hudson Bay Company, at York Factory, among packages of goods brought over from England, and states that the house mouse was introduced at Engineer Cantonment, on the Missouri River, near Council Bluffs, Iowa, by Long's expedition in 1819-20. By 1855 it was found at many points in the interior, such as Prairie Mer Rouge, La.; Fort Riley, Kan.; Fort Pierre, S. Dak.; Fort Redding, Cal., and Parras, Coahuila, Mexico. It has even penetrated to such points as the Huachuca Mountains in Arizona, where it was introduced about 1891 in a wagon-load of seed grain. It reached Bering Island, one of the Commander group off Kamchatka, in 1870, in a cargo of flour shipped from San Francisco in the schooner Justus. In the southern hemisphere it occurs at Punta Arenas, Patagonia, and is common in such out-of-the-way places as Gough Island, in the middle of the South Atlantic and Kerguelen Island, southeast of the Cape of Good Hope. In short, its distribution is apparently limited only by the arctic and antarctic circles.

Rabbits.

The common rabbit of Europe (*Lepus cuniculus*) was

originally introduced into Australia for purposes of sport, and the results of the experiment are so well known that anything more than a brief reference to them is unnecessary. Suffice it to say that the rabbits were liberated near Melbourne about 1864, and by 1878 had extended westward over Victoria and beyond the Murray River. They were also introduced into Tasmania and New Zealand and spread over the country like a scourge. So rapidly did they multiply that in 1879 legislative action for their destruction was begun in South Australia, and the example was soon followed by New South Wales, New Zealand, Queensland and Tasmania. At the present time their range in Australia is equal in area to that of our three largest States—Texas, California and Montana. Millions of dollars have been spent for bounties, poisons and various other methods of destruction; thousands of miles of rabbit-proof fences have been built, and hundreds of schemes for destroying the animals have been suggested, but nothing has yet been found that will effectually exterminate the pest. Natural enemies, such as cats and other carnivorous animals, have been introduced, and in certain parts of New Zealand, at least, have become almost as much a pest as the rabbits they were intended to kill. In 1887 no less than 19,182,539 rabbits were destroyed in New South Wales alone, but despite the efforts of the Government and private land owners the rabbits seem to be still increasing. In the meantime, a great industry has grown up in the export of rabbit skins. For the last five years New Zealand has been shipping an average of about 15,000,000 per annum, and since 1873 has exported more than 200,000,000. Recently, canning rabbit meat for export to European markets is assuming larger proportions and gives promise of developing into an important industry.

The Mongoose.

The common mongoose of India (*Herpestes mungo* or *H. griseus*, Pl. VIII.) is a well-known destroyer of rats, lizards and snakes, and has been introduced into Jamaica and other tropical islands for the purpose of ridding cane fields of rats. The annual loss which the island of Jamaica formerly suffered on account of the ravages of the introduced black rats (*Mus rattus*) and brown rats (*M. decumanus*), and the so-called "cane-piece rat," including the expense of destroying these pests, was estimated at £100,000, or \$500,000. Various remedies were tried, but apparently with little success, until in February, 1872, Mr. W. Brancroft Espeut introduced nine individuals of the mongoose, four males and five females, from India. These animals increased with remarkable rapidity, and soon spread to all parts of the island, even to the tops of the highest mountains. A decrease in the number of rats was soon noticeable, and in 1882, ten years after the first introduction, the saving to the sugar planters was said to be £45,000, or \$225,000 per annum.

Still the mongoose increased, and its omnivorous habits became more and more apparent as the rats diminished. It destroyed young pigs, kids, lambs, kittens, puppies, the native "coney," or capromys, poultry, game, birds which nested on or near the ground, eggs, snakes, ground lizards, frogs, turtles' eggs and land crabs. It was also known to eat ripe bananas, pineapples, young corn, avocado pears, sweet potatoes, cocoanuts and other fruits. Toward the close of the second decade, the mongoose, originally considered very beneficial, came to be regarded as the greatest pest ever introduced into the island. Poultry and domesticated fowls suffered from its depredations, and the short-tailed capromys (*Capromys brachyurus*), which was formerly numerous, became almost extinct, except in some of the mountainous districts. The ground dove (*Columbigallina passerina*) and the quail dove (*Geotrygon montana*) became rare, and the introduced bobwhite, or quail, was almost exterminated. The peculiar Jamaica petrel (*Aestrelata caribbaea*), which nested in the mountains of the island, likewise became almost exterminated. Snakes, represented by at least five species, all harmless, and lizards, including about twenty species, were greatly diminished in numbers. The same thing was true of the land and fresh-water tortoises and the marine turtle (*Chelone viridis*), which formerly laid its eggs in abundance in the loose sand on the north coast. The destruction of insectivorous birds, snakes and lizards was followed by an increase in several injurious insects, particularly ticks, which became a serious pest, and a Coccid moth, the larvae of which bore into the pimento trees. In 1890 a commission was appointed by the Government to consider whether measures should be taken to reduce the number of the animals, and the evidence collected showed conclusively that the evil results of the introduction of the mongoose far outweighed the benefits rendered to the sugar and coffee plantations.

Recently there has been a change in the situation, and the mongoose is now reported as decreasing, while certain birds and reptiles, particularly the ground lizard, are increasing. Quail and pigeons are reported as more numerous, and there is less complaint concerning the destruction of poultry. Thus, Jamaica seems to have passed the high-water mark of loss occasioned by rats and by the mongoose, and while its fauna has been modified by the presence of the intruders, both native and introduced species are gradually accommodating themselves to the changed conditions, and a new balance of nature is being established.

According to Mr. Espeut,⁷ who originally introduced the mongoose into Jamaica, large numbers of the animals have been sent to Cuba, Puerto Rico, Grenada, Barbados, Santa Cruz and elsewhere, but the fate of these shipments, made at least sixteen years ago, is now unknown. It is now established on Haiti, as shown by the capture of a specimen at Santo Domingo City in the winter of 1895,⁸ and is generally distributed over the island of Puerto Rico. It is also present on the island of Vieques, east of Puerto Rico, and is abundant on St. Thomas. During a recent visit Mr. A. B. Baker found it along the coast of Puerto Rico at Arecibo, San Juan, Fajardo, Arroyo, Ponce and Mayaguez, and in the interior at Utuado and Adjuntas. It was introduced at San Juan about 1877-79, and although now becoming a nuisance, is considered beneficial by the sugar planters, who claim that the rats, which were formerly very destructive to cane,

now do little damage. These rats often live in the tops of the royal and cocoa palms and destroy cocoanuts as well as sugar cane.

The first efforts to introduce the mongoose into the Hawaiian Islands were made about 1881, when a few individuals of a large species were brought from the East Indies and liberated on a sugar plantation in the district of Hamakua, on Hawaii. These animals did not breed and soon disappeared. A few months later a few pairs of a smaller species were imported from Calcutta, but nearly all were accidentally drowned while being landed near Hilo. Soon afterwards seventy-five individuals were imported from Jamaica by the planters of Hilo, and later 215 more were imported for Hamakua. Here the mongoose is aiding in the rapid extermination of some of the native birds, particularly the Hawaiian goose (*Nesochen sandvicensis*), which is found only on those islands above an altitude of 4,000ft., and the Hawaiian duck (*Anas wyvilliana*), also a peculiar species. According to Mr. H. W. Henshaw this duck was common about Hilo four years ago, but in 1898 none were left anywhere in this region. As in Jamaica, the depredations of rats in the cane fields diminished with the increase of the mongoose, but the latter soon became so abundant that measures became necessary to keep it under control. In 1892 a law was passed forbidding the introduction, breeding, or keeping of the mongoose in the islands, and the sum of \$1,000 was appropriated for the payment of bounties on animals killed on the island of Oahu. These rewards, not to exceed 25 cents per head, were to be paid by the Minister of the Interior, but apparently no applications were made for them, the animals being regarded as a necessary evil in the sugar-cane districts.

Attempts at introduction in other countries have not succeeded so well. The mongoose was introduced into the Fiji Islands, probably about 1870, but apparently has not increased to the extent to which it has in Hawaii. Early in the eighties several experiments were made in Australia, which resulted in failure. More than a hundred individuals were liberated near the Murray River and others in New South Wales. An experiment was also made in New Zealand, but apparently without much success.⁹ In February, 1892, it was erroneously reported that the Department of Agriculture was about to introduce the mongoose into the United States for the purpose of destroying gophers in the West. Although founded on a mistake, and speedily corrected, the rumor was so well heralded by the press that it attracted widespread attention. Persons who were familiar with the situation in Jamaica and Hawaii protested vigorously against the supposed experiment. Others, ignorant of the animal's past record and anxious to try some new method of exterminating gophers, prepared to obtain specimens from Honolulu. By the most strenuous efforts these importations were prevented, and as yet the mongoose is not known to have gained a foothold on this continent.

Ferrets, Stoats and Weasels.

In the attempt to check the rabbit pest in New Zealand recourse has been had to the importation of natural enemies, such as ferrets, stoats (*Putorius ermineus*), and weasels (*P. nivalis*). In the Wairarapa district some 600 ferrets, 300 stoats and weasels, and 300 cats had been turned out previous to 1887. Between January, 1887, and June, 1888, contracts were made by the Government for nearly 22,000 ferrets, and several thousand had previously been liberated on Crown and private lands. Large numbers of stoats and weasels have also been liberated during the last fifteen years. This host of predatory animals speedily brought about a decrease in the number of rabbits, but its work was not confined to rabbits, and soon game birds and other species were found to be diminishing. The stoat and the weasel are much more blood-thirsty than the ferret, and the widespread destruction is attributed to them rather than to the latter animal. Now that some of the native birds are threatened with extermination, it has been suggested to set aside an island along the New Zealand coast where the more interesting indigenous species can be kept safe from their enemies and saved from complete extinction.

Flying Foxes or Fruit Rats.

On Aug. 4, 1893, the steamer Monowai, from Australia, arrived at San Francisco, having on board a fruit-eating bat, or flying fox. The animal had taken refuge on the steamer off the coast of Australia, and was captured and kept as a pet by one of the passengers. It was promptly killed by the quarantine officer at San Francisco, and four more, which arrived in captivity two months later from China, on the steamer Rio de Janeiro, met the same fate. Attention was called to the danger of the new pest, and one of the regulations adopted by the State Board of Horticulture in the following year prohibited the importation of these animals into California.

Flying foxes belong to the genus *Pteropus*, one of the best-known groups of fruit-eating bats. The genus includes some fifty species, which are found in the tropics of the Old World, from Madagascar and the Comoro Islands east to Australia, and the Samoan Islands, and north to India, Malay Archipelago, and southern Japan. Five species occur in Australia, two of them as far south as New South Wales (lat. 35 deg. S.), but none are found in New Zealand or in the Hawaiian Islands. The largest species is the Kalong or Malay fruit bat (*Pteropus edulis*), which measures more than 5ft. across the tips of the wings.

In Australia these bats are described as living in immense communities or "camps" in the most inaccessible parts of the dense scrub of gullies and swamps. Here they may be seen by thousands, frequently crowded so thickly on the trees that large branches are broken by their weight. They fly considerable distances in search of food, sallying forth in flocks about sunset and returning to their camps before dawn. In New South Wales, and more especially in Queensland, flying foxes are one of the worst pests of the fruit grower, and are described as a plague which threatens the fruit-growing industry in a large part of Australia. They are particularly injurious to figs, bananas, peaches and other soft fruit, and it is estimated that the damage done to orchards in the coast district of New South Wales amounts to many thousands of pounds annually. Various expedients have been

⁷ Blandford (Mammals of India, 1888-1891, p. 409), who gives Mongolia as its probable original habitat, states that it is not indigenous to India, and is unknown in Persia and Afghanistan, but suggests that it will probably be introduced into the two latter countries as soon as wheeled vehicles take the place of pack animals.

⁸ See Duerden, Journ. Inst. Jamaica, II., 1896, pp. 273-275.

⁹ Proc. Zool. Soc., London, 1882, p. 714.

⁹ Elliott, Field Columbian Mus., Zool. Ser., I., 1896, p. 82.

⁹ Final Rept. Royal Comm. Inquiry Exterm. Rabbits Australasia, 1890, p. 9.

suggested to protect orchards from their depredations. Rags dipped in melted sulphur and hung among the branches, netting placed over the trees and wires suspended around the trees, and even stretched close together from poles and covering the whole orchard have been tried, but apparently without much success. The most practical method is to destroy the bats in their camps. A few years ago the Minister for Mines and Agriculture for New South Wales supplied ammunition for this purpose, and after considerable expenditure of powder and shot about 100,000 foxes were destroyed at a cost of about 30 cents apiece. Wholesale destruction with dynamite was suggested and experiments with high explosives were made by the Department of Agriculture. Charges of roborite (1 to 4 lbs.) and gun cotton (2½ lbs.), connected with wires so that they could be fired by an electric current, were placed in the branches of trees where the bats were accustomed to roost. The bats carefully avoided the trees in which explosives were hung, and when the charges were fired none were killed, even among those roosting in neighboring trees.¹⁰

Since nearly all the species of flying foxes are natives of the tropics, it is hardly likely that they could gain a foothold in the United States, except in the South, but there is a serious danger of their introduction into the Hawaiian Islands by means of vessels plying between Honolulu and the Orient, the South Sea Islands and Australia.

¹⁰ Agr. Gazette, New South Wales, I., 1890, p. 105.

Game Bag and Gun.

In the Rockies.—III.

(Continued from page 406.)

Touchstone: "Ay, now I am in the forest of Arden: the more fool I; when I was at home, I was in a better place; but travelers must be content."—Much Ado about Nothing.

We got an early start the next morning for the first time on that trip. Up the cañons along the steep hill-sides, on game trails worn by the wild kine in their wanderings from range to range, through countless centuries, up and over the mountain passes, and at last our little pack train wound its way out upon a high mountain meadow, park-like with its patches of pine and aspen, and with its carpet of green bunch grass set with glittering gems—blue bells, white immortelles, and the blood-red Indian pinks. Far below, with its sapphire surface half in sun, half in shadow, lay, like molten glass, a lake locked in the mountains. This was our Mecca. I was glad our journey was over, but I fear Dan, in his desire to get away from the beaten haunts, would have pushed on clear through to civilization on the other side had he been left to himself.

For the first time some of the packs divulged their contents, and could our various appliances for making camp life comfortable have been seen by the hunter who prides himself upon his ability to rough it, we would doubtless have been scorned as duds. But it was not my first trip, and I had found out that the more comfortable a man is in camp the better hunting he can do out of it. The better he rests the better he can work. Not the least important part of our outfit was a Racine portable canoe, which Dan and I put together while our men were unpacking and making camp. I got out my fly rod, but Dan, doubtless mindful of his experience with the high-flying trout of the first day, declined to join me.

The silvery surface was spangled over with trout rising to the fly. Upon a rocky promontory stood a brood of young geese gazing curiously at the strange intruders. With much low-toned honking, in many keys, they pushed off upon the smooth surface, where they seemed to feel safer. Rounding a rocky headland, that jutted out into the lake, I came upon a flock of ducks. The young birds sat fearless within 20 ft. of me. But there was one old drake, upon whose head the verdure of many summers found a reflection of glossy green, who was wise in his day and generation. He promptly sprang into the air and labored upward with harsh, grating and insistent quacking, while the youngsters followed with simultaneous splash. It was their first acquaintance with their arch enemy, man.

The lake is simply a cañon which has been dammed up in some long past era by a volcanic upheaval, and is fed by the melting snows on the summits. The water is the clearest and coldest I ever saw, and it is absolutely alive with trout. In places the mountain wall rises a sheer 1,000 ft. from the water's edge, and it is doubtless as deep. Tying together 400 ft. of picket and pack ropes we were unable to fathom it a short distance off shore. It lies at an elevation of 8,000 or 10,000 ft., and so dry is the atmosphere that the cold was simply invigorating; and many a night we sat around the camp-fire in our shirt sleeves while the water froze in the buckets. But at that elevation water boils at such a low temperature that after a week's boiling beans were hardly soft enough to feed to a horse.

I enjoyed rare sport that evening, and rambled along the lake shore until the dusk grew dense and my flies slumbered on the dark water unmolested, when I returned to camp with a plethoric creel and a large, able-bodied appetite.

The lower slopes about the lake were clothed with a dense dark growth of spruce and balsam; higher up the aspens were kindled into flame by the first frosts, and higher still were the open parks, and mountain meadows of bunch grass upon which the declining sun lingered long and lovingly, and which could not fail to be pastured by the wild mountain kine. High above all, above the snow patches, jutted the gray rock peaks, too barren and windswept for the snow to find lodgment.

In the morning we started an hour before day, determined to reach these parks before the sun. The first rays of that luminary is the signal for the game to lie down. By the light of the waning moon we zigzagged upward through the pine-clad steeps, utterly regardless of the noise we were making. More than once while pausing for breath, we heard the thud of hoofs along the mountain side, where some startled deer fled away through the night. All too soon the darkness began to fade, the moonlit patches on the ground began to lose their rigor-

ousness of outline, and objects began to be dimly discernible under the gloomy pines. It was broad day before we reached the park-like terraces, and the game had quit moving. Fresh tracks of deer dotted the ground. Higher up we found the great spreading hoof-marks of the elk. The grass was still rising from where it had been crushed down by the feeding herd, but though we hunted hard we found nothing but tracks, and plenty of them. The game was lying down and our chances of finding it were reduced to the minimum. About noon we gave up the search and descended to camp. After a hearty meal I stretched out in the sun with my pipe in my mouth for a siesta. From beneath my shaded eyelids I saw, with some alarm, that Dan was actually busying himself about something, and in my drowsy condition it at last dawned upon me that he was preparing to leave us. When he stood at last with his blankets rolled up on his back, and his rifle in hand, I managed to arouse myself from the lethargy in which I was steeped, and inquire with difficulty:

"What's er matter?"

"Nothing's the matter," said Dan, "but it is just this way. We came out here for elk. There ain't but one way to get 'em, and that is to go up to 'em and stay all night, and then you can begin with them in the morning while they are moving. As long as this moon is full they run all night and lie down all day. It takes us just half a day to get out of this hole in the ground. Now, I've taken a room on the top floor to-night. Will you go?"

I told him not that night, some other night, and when I awoke about an hour later I went down to the lake and enjoyed the finest fishing I ever had in my life.

When night fell, and Chad, and Toad, and I sat beside the bright camp-fire, I felt sorry for Dan. For in the mountains the evening, and not the midnight, is the witching hour. When night comes up from out the cavernous cañons, when all warmth is blotted out of the Western skies, and the last gleam of color fades, then a deadly cold creeps down from the ice-capped summits, and with the night comes some vague, mysterious presentiment of that longer space of null and dark futurity.

At the same hour, high on the mountain side, almost at timber line, Dan unwrapped his blankets. The sun had sunk behind the Western range; night had already come to the cañons below, and adown the steep and savage slope on which he stood the shadows gloomed. The noisy whiskey-jacks and magpies had vanished. Silent was the dark flow of the stream in the gorge far below, silent and without a scintillation in that thin atmosphere were the stars scarcely more aloof, and silently the spectral vapors peered out from behind the rocks, and drew back again, aghast at sight of a human being in those pre-emptions of solitude. Suddenly the silence was broken by a sound with a trailing refrain of echoes, so far, so faint, so fine, that distant peaks were voiced with fugue-like feignings, mellow, flute-like notes that died away down the echo-making cañon in mellow fragmentary bugling. It was the challenge of the bull elk. The antlered monarch of the mountain had fared forth upon his midnight maraud.

As Dan knocked the ashes from his pipe, and arose from the log on which he was resting, he saw his shadow on the ground, and glancing over his shoulder beheld the full moon with its great disk resting on the mountain's misty rim. It was his left shoulder—good omen—and in answer to the challenge that came again wavering along the windless air, he muttered, "It's your night to howl old boy, but before another moon I'll have your head on a pack saddle."

Better than a century of sleep in beds, sweeter than Sybaritic slumber on couch of crumpled rose leaves, is it to lie out alone on the mountain top, with the world for a bed, and the heavens for a blanket, and sleep the sleep that only comes to the climber in that high, thin atmosphere.

An hour before day Dan awoke, and concentrating all his powers in the sense of hearing, strove to locate the bull who had been so vociferous the preceding evening; but that worthy, evidently recognizing the great general principle that there was a time for all things, remained mute.

With the first streak of daylight, Dan betook himself to the nearest snowfield. As the snow thaws during the day and freezes at night, it is easy to tell when any tracks have been made, and its surface denoted that a large bull had visited it since sunset. The spoor led quartering down the mountain side to timber line, and then in and out among the scattered clumps of pine and aspens, from which Dan judged that it had been but recently laid, and that the animal was returning from his nocturnal rambles to his daily retreat. He seemed to be moving steadily and leisurely in the same general direction. A stern chase is proverbially a long one. Having the direction the bull was traveling, Dan determined to intercept him, and keep above timber line, where the ground was less broken by lateral ravines, and where he could command a larger view. He had abandoned the trail, and cast along the mountain side for nearly a mile, when he heard a noise before and below him, and for the first time sighted the game. It was but a glimpse as he moved through the pines, but it showed a right royal head high above the stunted aspens as the mountain monarch moved leisurely along, recking little of the foe on his trail. Dan threw his rifle forward, and in the excitement of his surprise would have fired had the elk passed, although it was fully 400 yds. For an instant he stood to calm himself, and then ran swiftly along the mountain side for a short space. In the pause he heard a faint sound of snapping twigs. Forward for 100 yds. more, and yet again he spurted and stopped. The belt of pines below him broke about 100 yds. away, leaving an open space into which the elk would emerge if he continued on his way. The moments passed, and Dan stood straining for sight or sound of the quarry. Suddenly, at the upper edge of the copse, and facing him, the big bull strode into view and stopped. For an instant he stood at gaze, his great ears trimmed forward, his full nostrils titillating, and for that instant Dan's heart stood still. But only for an instant; the next he fired, as the bull wheeled, and he went down broadside; but as the lever clicked back in place the huge bulk heaved upward and stood once more erect, the shoulder a fair shot. As the rifle cracked again the elk wilted, and went down, never to rise again.

FRANCIS J. HAGAN.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Our Annual Hunt.

THE Colonel for several months had been recounting the many pleasures of our annual fall outings, and we had jointly anticipated what we would do "next October"; also, we had mapped out time after time—whenever we met—the territory we were to cover, the kind of hotel accommodation we might expect, the kind of team we desired, and not last nor least, we made considerable speculation in behalf of our wives, who accompany us to the country on these trips. Of all the previous trips there lives ever fresh in memory fond recollections of the many happy days we have spent together in the fields; and those jolly lunches our good wives served to us from the hamper stowed in our capacious country wagon, which we ever well provided for double the number of our little party with liberal provision for the dogs. What feast more enjoyable? When, with robes spread upon the ground under some shady tree the group assembled, the central figure was the big hamper; the party often numbering seven or eight, sitting or lounging around, and the dogs forming the outer and possibly the most expectant circle. The beauties of landscape, the scenery, the bright autumnal setting sun at eventide as seen by us when rattling over the high hills, and those little snatches of song on our homeward drive, each contributed until the close of day to those truly magnificent pleasures, to be followed with a good substantial supper and a night of rest. It is perfectly safe to conjecture that after a day of outing in October air with plenty of hill climbing and brush beating, we had just the appetite at night for both food and rest.

So the first of October found us on the way. From the stage we alighted in front of the village hotel, in presence of a full assembly of townspeople, for it was "town meeting day." There were present our old-time friends to welcome us; and after much handshaking we were engaged receiving "tips" on game, accompanied with invitations "to call around, and take time to stop at the house," and in most cases something was said about not having any new cider, but "guessed they could provide some of the old stock." Rain kept us in all that day. After a good night of rest we were early awake, anxious to behold the bright shining of a beautiful day; but it being wet again, we concluded to put in but a half-day to start with. At noon the team was brought out and our little party was soon rolling off for the fields, with faithful Dan and the guns stowed carefully away, bent on testing some of the tips of the previous day, and looking over several of our favorite spots where we had often brought to bag a fair number of birds.

This, the first time out, served to get the kinks out of our limbs, or to put more in, and to give Dan a good run, which he much needed. It also settled the point that the birds would be found on the edges of the swales and on high ground, owing to the great amount of water in the swamps, which were full to overflowing. It further proved for the ladies' benefit that a few more frosts were required to open the nuts. The leaves were quite green, and very thick everywhere we went, and of an unusual size, probably owing to a wet season; but a heavy frost at night and a bright day following gave us another full day of real enjoyment, and we brought to bag several birds. But on the following day there came a heavy rain, and for two weeks the time was about equally divided between the fields and indoors. But every day in the field showed that the woodcock were coming in more and more, and that a fair bag could be had with only usual perseverance. The leaves which at first troubled us were daily growing thinner, and the frost had been kind to the ladies in opening the chestnut burrs, coloring the maples, and bleaching the grasses. While our bags of game were not big to boast over, we had birds enough for several game dinners, with broils and stews enough for our own little party, and enough for friends, whom we several times invited to dine with us.

Woodcock we could get every day along the alder swales, and several partridges fell before our guns, with an occasional gray squirrel and a few quail. Rabbits, which on former hunts had troubled the dogs much, were entirely absent, not one being seen during two weeks. Quail were very scarce; we raised only three bevy, and of these only one seemed at all like those of former years either in point of numbers or size of birds.

One bevy we heard of, and had been invited to hunt, we found after a long and careful search, and only made four or five shots at them, as they were undersized. Another bevy the ladies passed on the road while out driving, which they located, and reported to be the "real old stock." After a good lunch we commenced the hunt for them, and after going over many acres of cover, some of which was a veritable jungle, we found them. They were fully grown Connecticut quail, and when they rose the Colonel brought down one with each barrel, while I scored a clean miss, being in a bad position to shoot, but able to mark down eight or nine as they dove into a thicket of briars and brush of acres in extent. The Colonel viewed the fallen with much pride, pronouncing them real old-timers, genuine beauties, while we hastened to those marked down. From these we succeeded in getting five singles, one of which we failed to find.

Another bevy of a full dozen I ran into while crossing a stubble to join the Colonel, who was running Dan over a bush pasture. As they went up I had shot one before discovering that they were too small to count, not being much larger than robins. After marking them down and regretting that they were not up to my standard of size, I turned my back on the last bevy of the hunt and joined the Colonel, whom I acquainted with the exact condition of affairs, and who acquiesced in the opinion that another season would be a profit both to the birds and ourselves, should fortune permit our meeting on that occasion.

Upon reaching the hotel and while talking over this day's hunt, a very responsible native of the village gave us a true statement "that he caught with his hands a full-grown partridge in his horse stable that afternoon while feeding his horse." The stable adjoins his house in the center of the village.

The last day remaining we proposed to make a grand "round up"; accordingly, the landlord, with two mutual friends, and a first-class Gordon setter—Glen—were to be of the party; and all were on hand early in the morn-

ing, and the party started for the fields, but all in strong doubt as to the weather, the sky frowning threateningly upon us when we made our first venture into the cover. The landlord, thinking his chance among so many guns but a slim one, concluded to stroll on ahead to some woods on our course, in hope that he might pick up a stray gray squirrel; as his claim for marksmanship on the wing he positively declared to be but second to his efforts at a "squirrel perched on a limb anywhere within 35yds.

The party had picked up some five or six woodcock, and were nearing the landlord's field, when the sound of his gun was heard to ring out but a little ahead; and the verdict of the party was unanimous that he had found his squirrel. In a short time we came upon him busy in the brush doing both the work of dog and hunter, with a partridge sticking out of his pocket, which was pronounced the largest ever seen by any one of the party. "Then, this is your trick!" says the Colonel. "You had an engagement with that bird," says another. But upon assurance that it had been entirely an accident, and he believed he had shot with both eyes shut, we willingly pardoned him and commenced a search for the other bird, which he assured us had risen at the same time. After spending much time going over all the grounds for acres around, we left for the road some eighth of a mile ahead, where, by appointment, we were to be met by the wagons for lunch. It was punctually on hand; lunch was served, the wagons were dispatched ahead to join us some three miles from there. Accordingly, we took to the woods and were profitably improving the afternoon when the rain began to come down, and we had to seek shelter under the trees. As soon as it let up a little we set out on our homeward tramp, occasionally diverging to an alder swale, and bagging a woodcock. We joined the ladies, who had been nicely sheltered in a farmhouse, and our outing was over. Nothing now remained but to pack up, go home, and live over its pleasures.

SID BROMLEY.

Among the Grays.

"DAY before yesterday went to Bee Hollow; killed nine. Yesterday went out on Buck Run; killed fourteen. All on the hickories. Good time to come now. Yours truly, —George H."

That is the way the card read, and it told the whole story. Monday morning early I caught the train, and at 9 o'clock was talking it all over with George. After a chat with all the family we went early to bed, for Bee Hollow was three miles away, and the gray squirrel is an early riser. After a nap of what I thought about three minutes, I heard a voice say, "I thought you were going with me this morning." Soon we were off. Swiftly we walk half an hour, when we stop at the foot of Locust Knob, a famous place for squirrels and the highest point anywhere around. George, a prince of good fellows, tells me, "Go up to the top of this knob and follow the ridge around. I will go up this other side and meet you at the head of the hollow." I obey and slowly start up the steep hillside. It is a long, hard, climb and I am about out of breath when I gain the top and sink down on a nearby log to rest and see what I can see. The early birds are just beginning to wake up; day is rapidly breaking; not a breath of air is stirring and silence is the order, save for the song of birds. Sitting there I watch the east grow red and light up with the rising sun. Suddenly the stillness is broken by the roar of George's Remington with 3½drs. of good old black powder. How it startled me and what a noise it did make in the oppressive stillness. I hear a slight sound off to my left and quickly turn, to see a gray seated on a limb about 25yds away, a nut in his mouth. He has been watching me all this time and is now ready to vanish at the least move. Slowly I raise the gun; it comes into line, there is a spiteful crack of the nitro and down he drops. Quickly I go to him and admire his sleek coat. I am sure I am even, unless George killed two at his shot, which is not likely. I sit on a root and watch when a sunbeam shoots by and lights up the whole knob and I see the shadows fall down the steep hillsides. O, what a picture nature paints for us out in the wood in the early morning, and in fact at all times of the day, if we are only there to see and enjoy them.

I am about to forget I am out squirrel hunting, when the rustle of a bough causes me to look quickly around and I spy one coming my way. He comes fast; now he is near enough and I put him in the pocket for company with the other one. George has fired three times and I feel that I am one behind; but I fail to get sight of any more, so start slowly along the ridge. Looking about 100yds. ahead, I see the top of a tree shaking, and know at once that I have a piece of stalking on hand. As easily as possible I go for 25yds. Here is a strip of corn. I step into it and on the plowed ground make no noise at all and easily get within 25yds. of the tree, when I see that it is a small hickory and that there are four squirrels on it, one near the base, one about half way up, the other two in the very top; and all cutting as hard as they can. I plan out how to get all of them. I watched them a moment, but the report of George's gun reminds me that I am surely behind. I take the one on the base and drop him dead; the one about half way up starts down, but my aim is good, and down he falls nearly on top of the other one. As quickly as I can I open the gun, slip in fresh shells and am just in time to catch the third one on the end of a limb ready to jump, and catch the fourth one in the air as he leaps out far down the hill. I get all four of them now quicker than I write this, and I hugged myself with joy at the neatness and dispatch with which the work was done. Then I sit down and enjoy the beautiful morning. I have six; that is enough. It is not all of hunting to kill; but we must be at least partially successful to enjoy anything. So far I am out six shots and have got six squirrels—a good deal better ratio than I am used to. Finally I take the path to the place of meeting. Going slowly and silently along I see one, and it takes two shots to put him with the others. I see another one on the root of a large tree, fire at it and never see hair nor hide of it again—a sudden and mysterious disappearance.

The hour is getting late; they have quit cutting. I hear George's "Whoo-e-e," and go to meet him. He has fired nine times, so I feel that he is ahead; but he did not have his shooting cap on to-day, for he only had four to show.

Taking it leisurely along, we get home at 10 o'clock. I am extremely well satisfied with my hunt. On stepping into the yard a good, motherly woman hands me a glass of buttermilk, and behind her stands a lovely young woman who asks, "How many did you get?" George lays out on the grass his four; I lay out alongside of them my seven, whereupon that maiden says, "O, I am so glad!" a blush mantling cheek and brow. "You got enough to make a good squirrel pie," and turning fled into the house to hide that blushing face. Afterwards she confided to me that she had started to say, "I am so glad you beat pa." I was glad, for I learned a thing that I was not so fully posted on as I wished to be.

I was so well acquainted with George that I did not boast of my success, a compliment he returned the next day, when he beat me two to one.

Ten years have gone since this day's hunt was enjoyed, yet the memories of that week, its successful squirrel shooting, the delicious watermelons we ate, the companionship of congenial spirits, all go to make it a red-letter week in my life.

OMO.

Game, Forests and Indians.

TORONTO, May 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* When near the close of the present century, it may not be out of place to take a retrospective view of what has been accomplished in game extermination in the United States and Canada during the last half of it. It may also be in order to allude to the unwise methods indulged in that have produced such undesirable results. Within the recollection of many of the readers of *FOREST AND STREAM* game and fish were abundant all over North America. The woods were full of ruffed grouse, the prairies teemed with untold numbers of prairie fowl, the cultivated lands with quail, the swamps with woodcock and snipe; in many parts of the country wild turkeys were found in abundance, our lakes and marshes contained millions of ducks and other waterfowl.

Referring to the game animals of the woods and prairies, we have an object lesson of what the greed and selfishness of men can accomplish in the extermination of the buffalo. This increasing greed and selfishness is having similar effects on the game and fur-bearing animals still remaining. This is also applicable to the fish with which nature has so abundantly supplied our beautiful lakes and rivers. Nature never intended this grand heritage of the woods and waters bequeathed to her children to be abused or even used for the exclusive benefit of combinations. Capital has its uses, but it should not be used for the purpose of enriching a few, resulting as in the case of the buffalo in the practical extinction of both game and fish. Recent events in which wise restrictive provisions have been repealed should not pass unnoticed by the genuine sportsmen, rich or poor, who delight in the pleasure derived from an outing in the woods and not from the amount of fish or game killed. They have the remedy in their own hands. County and State clubs should be formed and committees appointed for the purpose of watching legislation and checkmating the foul work of lobbyists in the interest of combines.

It is difficult to realize that there are men so short-sighted as to oppose forest reservations and subsequent reforestry. It is reasonable to suppose that with the immense increase in population and an increasing foreign demand for the products of American and Canadian forests, that fifty years hence a stick of timber will be almost as great a curiosity as a buffalo is at present. Forest reservation on a large scale and reforestry are the only remedy. The governments should set apart for reserves and reforestry large portions of the public domain from which the timber has been taken. Large tracts of these lands have already a vigorous growth of young trees on them and nature should receive all possible assistance in her efforts to assert her rights in the interest of her extensive family. The value of forests independent of money realized from the sale of timber is too well known to require further reference thereto. The Government of Ontario, at the request of the Honorable Commissioner of Crown Lands, has recently set apart a large portion of the eastern part of the Province for reforestry. I am informed that large tracts are to be set apart for this purpose from year to year. This wise policy will not only have the effect of preventing the rivers and streams from becoming mere rivulets, but will also provide food and cover for our valuable game and fur-bearing animals.

A radical change is required in the management of Indian affairs, both in the United States and Canada. If one-half the money had been spent in teaching the Indians how to farm and become independent and self-sustaining instead of herding them on reserves and making paupers of them, it would have been in the interests of all concerned. A late distinguished Canadian statesman is credited with saying that the only good Indian is a dead one. I am not prepared to accept that statement. The Indians of the present are to a large extent what we have made them, by taking every possible mean and dishonest advantage of them; nothing has ever been done to obtain their confidence and respect by dealing honestly with them. On the contrary, traders and companies have taken every opportunity of robbing them, resulting in demoralizing them to a disastrous extent.

Early writers state that previous to the Indians' contact with the whites they were moral, honest and truthful. As evidence of this we have only to refer to the works of many of those truly great and good men, the pioneer missionaries. The Indians as well as the game have been forced back from time to time by what we have been pleased to term the advancing tide of civilization. This process has in a large measure compelled the Indians to kill game and fur-bearing animals at all seasons to enable them to eke out a miserable existence. If this system is continued, it is only a question of a few years when the Indians and the game they depend on cannot be forced further back and both will forever disappear from the North American continent. Can such an undesirable result be prevented? I am sanguine enough to believe it can. It has been truly said that Great Britain is far more indebted to her honest and upright civil officials for her Eastern possessions than to the army or navy.

Indians are not all as represented to be. Many are intelligent, and some educated. These should be instructed by the powers that be to confer with their respective tribes and endeavor to convince their less favored brethren how

unwisely they are acting in the useless and often unnecessary slaughter of large game and fur-bearing animals. The Government should also have the Indians removed from the unproductive reserves and given the same facilities for making a living on productive lands awarded to natives inferior to them in many respects from other countries. This, with a systematic policy of forest reservation and reforestry will effectually prevent game extermination in North America, is the opinion of

RANGER.

Uncle Jimmy's Last Bear.

UNCLE JIMMY MOORE was one of the pioneers of Ohio, settling at Waynesville in 1802. He was my grand-mother's youngest brother, and came to see us every year. He was ninety years old when I first knew him; a man of square shoulders, well-built frame and massive head, covered with snow-white hair. The face was old and wrinkled, and the cheeks and lips sunk in about the toothless jaws, and a chronic disease of the eyes compelled the wearing of goggles. He wore the typical old-time Quaker hat, wide of brim and high of crown, gray in color and made of beaver fur. He was not well versed in the ways of urban society, but was one of nature's warm-hearted children, whose affections overflowed toward everyone around him. Once a year, in the month of August, he drove ninety miles to see our old grandmother, who was his only sister, and her children. To us, the grandchildren, he was a curiosity, a living being from that mysterious time when Indians and "painters" and bears possessed the land. Like all very old people his memory was full of reminiscences which a little invitation would induce him to relate, and many were the life stories he told while we children hung around him, full of breathless interest.

One pleasant August evening we were sitting on the porch, Uncle Jimmy with us. He sat with his chin resting on his big rough hands, which were crossed over the heavy buckhorn-handled cane that he always carried. He was saying nothing; I wondered what he was thinking about. I know now, that his mind was roaming among the years of his strong manhood when the days were not half long enough, and fatigue a thing he could not comprehend. The days when the deer came to eat his young wheat, and the bears tore down his corn when it was in "roastin'" ear, and the turkeys could be seen catching grasshoppers in the clearing.

Presently father said, "Uncle Jimmy, does thee remember the last bear thee killed?"

Raising his bowed head and looking out across the fields a moment, he said, "Yes, I remember it mighty well. It must 'a' been nigh fifty years ago. The country had got purty well settled up, and we had some neighbors within three miles of us. It was in the spring, and I'd got the corn planted, an' me an' S'lina had been a-visitin' to the neighbor's house, an' was comin' home 'bout an hour by sun. We had a little dog, a young feller, with us, and he was runnin' round in the woods, huntin'. Bime by he set up a great barkin' an' yelpin', an' seemed to be chasin' somethin'. Whatever it was, he was chasin' it towards us, an' I got up on a log to see what it was. Just then I seed it was a bear, an' the bear seen I was a man, and turned off with the dog still chasin' him an' snappin' at his heels, an' then the bear would stop an' turn round and strike at the dog, but the dog would be out of reach, so the bear couldn't hit him. I knowed the bear would tree 'fore long, if the dog kept pesterin' of him, an' there was no man in sight. We was purty nigh home, so I told S'lina to run to the cabin an' bring me the gun, while I staid and listened so the dog wouldn't get out of hearin' of me.

"By the time she got back, I knowed by the way the dog was barkin' that the bear had treed, an' I kalkilated by the sound that he must be purty nigh a mile away. It was then gittin' purty near sundown, an' I started on a run, an' was purty well blowed by the time I got to where the dog was barkin'. I knowed if the bear see me, he'd come right down an' run off, an' I'd get no shot, so I got down an' crawled through the brush till I got a glimpse of him in the fork of a white oak, over 200yds. away. They was a big poplar, 'bout 80yds. from the tree the bear was in, an' the poplar was purty nigh right between me an' the bear, so I got the poplar between me an' the bear, an' slipped up to it mighty easy; but I reckon I must a made a little noise, or mebbe the bear thought I was follerin' of him, 'cause when I peeped round the poplar he was lookin' right at me, and begun to back down the tree. I kip the gun p'inted at him as near as I could, hopin' he would stop long enough for me to shoot, but he didn't stop till he got about 12ft. from the ground. Then he stopped and looked down to see where he would land, an' I knowed in a second he would let go all holts an' hit the ground a-runnin', so I took a quick aim behind his shoulder an' pulled the trigger, but jist as I pulled, I seed him let go, an' he was fallin' before the old flint lock went off. The bullet just cut a big gash in the back of his neck, an' soon as he hit the ground he started right et me.

"I didn't have a knife, an' I knowed if I didn't get the gun loaded 'fore he got there, he would kill me, so I jerked the stopper out of the powder horn an' poured powder in the gun with one hand, and got a patchin' an' bullet out of the pouch with the other. I don't know how much powder I put in, but I noticed when I pushed the bullet down, that the ramrod stuck out 'bout 6in. further 'n common. All this time the bear was comin' for me, but the little dog was snappin' at his heels, an' the bear turned round at the dog three or four times, but he was within roft. of me when I got the bullet down, an' I had the primin' to put in yit. I seed I wasn't goin' to git the gun primed, so I drewed it back to club the bear, but jist then the little dog grabbed his heel an' held on. I reckon he must 'a' pinched his heel purty sharp, for the bear squalled, an' turnin' round on the dog, he picked him up with his forepaws an' stood on his hind feet, huggin' the dog so tight he didn't give but one yelp, an' it a mighty short one. Then I slapped some primin' in the pan, and pushed the muzzle of the gun hard against the bear, behind the shoulder an' pulled the trigger. The bear fell over an' let go of the dog. The little feller seemed to be dead, but bimeby he got his breath that the bear had squeezed out of him, an' didn't seem much the worse of

it. When I cleaned the bear, I found the bullet patchin' in his heart. There was seven small bullets in one of his shoulders. They were right against the shoulder blade, an' they must 'a' been there a good while, for there was a tough gristle grown around each one. I reckon some Indian must 'a' shot 'em there, for they used to have smooth-bore guns, an' load 'em with several small bullets, but the white men all used rifles."

O. H. HAMPTON.

INDIANA.

Iowa State Association.

ALGONA, Iowa, May 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The twenty-second annual meeting of the Iowa State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, was held here this week, President J. G. Smith in the chair. In his address to the delegates, Mr. Smith said:

President's Address.

Gentlemen of the State Association: At the twenty-second annual meeting of the State Association, now being held at Algona, in behalf of our citizens I extend to you a hearty welcome, and am glad to know that so much interest is taken in our work. In my remarks to the Association last October, at our meeting in the city of Des Moines, I called up the matter of the dam in the river at Bonaparte, Iowa, and I hope the Association will at the present meeting take some steps to present the matter of the removal of the dam to the next General Assembly. Every lover of fish and game in the State knows that that obstruction should be removed from the river, so that the fish could pass up and supply the streams of the Des Moines Valley, with all the fish needed. I hope every lover of fish and game will take pains to go to the polls next November and vote for men that will do justice to the people of the Des Moines Valley. We have the power, gentlemen, let us use it. Ten to twenty thousand votes will count, and many a man will be left at home who is not willing to attend to the wants of the people of the State; good men can be found in every legislative district. Make it your business to see that they are elected; see that those one-horse statesmen, who think there is nothing to do in the next General Assembly but to vote for a United States Senator, are left at home. We want business men in our Legislature, men who will look after the interest of our State.

Our Fish Commission should be placed on an equal footing with the Fish Commissions of other States. As it is at the present time, it practically amounts to nothing. Our lakes and streams are not stocked with fish, and the Iowa State Fish Hatchery is a disgrace to the State. The fish hatchery should be located in some place where the ponds can be kept open in the winter season; some place where there is some shelter from the cold north winds, and where plenty of running water can be had at all times. A State fish hatchery should not be a plaything to look at, it should be a place to breed fish to stock the lakes and streams of the State.

Iowa should have fifty times as many fish as she has at the present time.

A law should be passed in the State to protect the Chinese, the Mongolian and the English pheasant for the next five years. There is no reason why our State should not be well stocked with fine game; other States have met with great success in this work, and there is no reason why Iowa should be behind in the work.

The last national House of Representatives passed Mr. Lacey's bill in regard to stocking the States with different kinds of game birds, but selfishness in the Senate killed the bill, and one of the best bills was lost that was ever presented to Congress. Selfishness did the work. Many members of the United States Senate could be well spared, and it would be a great benefit to the nation if they were left at home. They seem to think that the United States Senate was created for them. They forget that they are servants of the people.

Our game and fish laws are good and fairly well enforced, and I think there is a general disposition in the State to comply with the laws. It is our duty to future generations to see that the fish and game are protected. Thirty years ago Iowa was well stocked with fish and game. Let it not be said that one generation destroyed it all.

Many of our sister States have passed laws to enforce a "license tax" upon citizens of other States, who shoot and fish within their borders. I hope the State of Iowa will never have any such law in her code. I believe that kind of a law would be unconstitutional. As the Constitution of the United States guarantees equal rights to all the people of the United States, such laws breed up a class of "pot-hunters," and are disgusting to sportsmen who enjoy being out with the rod and gun. When it comes to the point that my brother sportsmen, who live just around an imaginary line, cannot shoot a day with me without paying \$25, I want to quit shooting in the State.

More attention is being paid to the taking care of our forests than ever before. The people of the United States begin to realize that their timber will not last forever. Minnesota has taken steps to have some 2,500 square miles set apart for a sort of national park. The land they propose to set apart is one of the grandest game countries in the world. There are a large number of splendid lakes, full of fine fish, and one of the greatest breeding grounds for water fowl in the United States. Let us hope that Congress will not be backward in doing its part of the work. If we want to make a barren, desolate country of our fair land, we cannot do so any faster than to destroy our timber and kill all our game and fish.

The State of New York is alive to the fact that something must be done to preserve their timber, and if they do not many of their farm lands will soon have no value. Too much timber cannot be planted, and it is a duty we owe to future generations to increase rather than diminish our forests.

I hope the people of Iowa will soon be alive to the fact that our small birds are fast being destroyed and work together to prevent the destruction of our song and plumage birds. Thousands of them are destroyed every year, and unless something is done the song and plumage birds will soon be a thing of the past; many of our best men and women allow their boys to go into the woods

and kill the beautiful song birds, just for the sake of killing something. The poor innocent birds are left on the ground, maimed and wounded, to suffer and die. The red birds of the South will soon be heard no more. The wings of the beautiful heron and the "silver wing gull" will only be found on ladies' hats or in some millinery store. There has been a great awakening in the matter in many of our Eastern States. Ladies can always find flowers to adorn their hats and thus save our song and plumed birds. We have good laws for the protection of our birds, and I hope every member of our Association will do his part toward enforcing them.

It was voted that the next annual meeting of this Association be held in Marshalltown, Iowa.

On motion of Mr. Budd, Mr. Kibbey, of Marshalltown, was elected President of the Association for the ensuing year. Mr. Kibbey, on taking the chair, said: Gentlemen: I thank you very heartily for the honor you have conferred on me. I have been a member of this Association for the past eighteen years. I have not been able to meet with you very often, but I have taken a great interest in it, and have been heartily in sympathy with all its acts. I hope I will be able to fill the position creditably and be of benefit to the Association. I think we will be able to gather a good number of shots at our next meeting, and have every reason to believe it will be a success.

On motion of Mr. Abbott, Mr. Gilbert, of Spirit Lake, Iowa, was elected Vice-President.

On motion, Mr. Abbott, of Marshalltown, Iowa, was elected Secretary for the ensuing year.

On motion, Mr. Densel, of Marshalltown, was elected Treasurer for the ensuing year.

On motion, the following named members were elected to constitute the Board of Directors for the ensuing year: A. H. Sheldon, Mason City; Joseph Kirscher, Des Moines; F. R. Patch, Hartley; Chas. W. Budd, Des Moines, and Chas. Grim, Clear Lake.

Dr. Paul—Mr. President, I would like to ask Mr. Smith if he has any plan whereby the ideas set forth in his address might be carried out?

Mr. Smith—I have no plan outlined, but under the present law of the State of Iowa it makes our Fish Commissioner a Game Commissioner, with power to appoint wardens in every county in the State. I think he rather claims that the appropriations are too small to do much work. I have been before the Legislature several times trying to get this appropriation increased, and it seems to me it should be. Unless a fishway is well put in and looked after, it is of no benefit. It is called a fishway, but no fish will ever go over it. There has got to be a great deal of expense to get it in shape. I have already called the Commissioner's attention to the recent decisions, and said we expected to see that he did something of the kind, but it has heretofore been almost entirely left with the local clubs to do anything with the matter of fish and game. In our matter of Fish Commissioner we have never had a man in the office who cared a great deal about it. He has filled the office and drawn his pay, and that is all it amounted to in the State of Iowa. Minnesota has been very successful, also Wisconsin, Illinois and Michigan. I think there is no State that does not pay more attention to fish and game than the State of Iowa, and it seems to me that if the members of the different clubs would take a little pains to see the nominees in this State, that the Legislature would give more attention to it.

It was voted that the Secretary we instructed to send the Fish Commissioner an invitation to be present at the next annual meeting, and, if thought best, to send transportation with the invitation. Moved and carried that the Association extend a vote of thanks to Mr. Smith, the outgoing President, for his efficient service during the past year, and also to the citizens of Algona, who, by their presence and kindly feeling have contributed greatly to the pleasure of the occasion.

Notes from Gettysburg,

GETTYSBURG, Pa., May 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A well-known physician of Philadelphia, who spent last summer at a hotel in the mountains near here, became so much interested in snakes that he has decided to make a study of the habits of the rattler and copperhead. He has written a letter to a friend here, stating that he will pay \$1.50 each for good, healthy, live snakes of these species. Furthermore, the doctor says he is willing to buy a large number at that price, and offers an extra inducement of \$1 per foot for all snakes over 3ft. in length.

Upland plover seem very plentiful this spring, which is a rare thing for Adams county. They can be seen in pairs in all parts of the county. Very few are shot here, which accounts for the increased numbers.

Charles Fate, a local sportsman, has quite a menagerie. It consists of the following animals and birds: Four Shetland ponies, three great Dane dogs, one monkey, twenty guinea pigs, three red foxes, one bay or red lynx, one raccoon, nine German hares, two gray squirrels, one alligator, three crows, one ringnecked dove and two parrots.

Partridges escaped the severe winter better than was expected, and will be right plenty in some parts of the county.

Three wildcats were caught in traps during the month of February on what is known as the "Green Ridge," a spur of the South Mountains. They are of the bay or red lynx variety, which extends nearly over the United States.

An alligator about 4ft. long was caught in Bermudian Creek last week. It is supposed to have been put in the stream by some of the soldiers from Adams county who were in Florida during the war with Spain, and who have returned lately to their homes. F. M. B.

Take inventory of the good things in this issue of Forest and Stream. Recall what a fund was given last week. Count on what is to come next week. Was there ever in all the world a more abundant weekly store of sportsmen's reading?

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Pennsylvania Game and Fish Constables.

HARRISBURG, Pa., May 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A meeting of the Pennsylvania State Game Commission was held at their rooms in this city to-day, and was one of the most interesting meetings held by that body since its organization. Considerable effort was put forth by these gentlemen, to have the last Legislature perfect certain existing laws, and add new ones for the protection of game in Pennsylvania. The commission as individuals feel very much elated over the success of their efforts, especially in securing the passage of the act making a constable of the State a game, fish and forestry warden of the State, and imposing a penalty of \$50 or two months' imprisonment upon that official when he neglects or refuses to perform his duty; this act gives the help of a small army in enforcing the laws relative to their different interests, and must result in much good to game and fish protection in Pennsylvania.

When the attention of a constable is called to the violation of the game or fish laws, by the commission or an individual, he is placed in the peculiar position of reporting the case to the district attorney for prosecution, or paying the penalty. And the commission feel satisfied that when the citizens at large are acquainted with the conditions of this law, and know that the constable in their district must take notice of their protests or pay for his neglect, there will be a change in present existing conditions.

A resolution was adopted requiring the secretary to place a copy of this law in the hands of every constable in the State, with notice that the commission propose to see that its provisions are complied with; the commission desire it distinctly understood that they will at once proceed against any constable who refuses or neglects to enforce any of the laws pertaining to these commissions, more especially the game laws. And the fact that the commission has the united support of the State Sportsmen's Association, would seem to make the violations of these laws extremely dangerous.

All correspondence addressed to the Game Commission at Harrisburg, Pa., will receive prompt attention.

A general vote of thanks was given the Hon. Frank G. Harris, of Clearfield, for his interests and efforts in behalf of game protection during the session of the last Legislature, and a resolution relative to national and international game protection was adopted as follows:

"In view of the fact, that the provisions of our present laws, in the United States and Canada, permit the spring shooting of all aquatic fowl, and that song and insectivorous birds, justly protected by law in this, and many other States, are treated as game birds in some other States, thereby rapidly depleting their numbers; therefore be it resolved that the Game Commission of the State of Pennsylvania, in session at Harrisburg, Pa., on May 24, 1899, do condemn the spring shooting of all aquatic fowl, and the robbing of their nests within the United States and Canada, also the listing of certain song and insectivorous birds, which are justly protected by law in this and many other States, as game birds in certain other States in the Union. We invite the prompt and concerted support of all game commissions, associations and individuals, in the United States and Canada, to aid us in securing prompt national and Dominion laws, which will totally abolish this nefarious and inhuman practice.

"Be it further resolved that the secretary be directed to transcribe this resolution upon the minutes of the commission, and to give it as wide a publication as possible."

The next regular meeting of the commission will be held in Harrisburg, Pa., the first Thursday in July.

DR. JOSEPH KALBFUS,
Secretary Pennsylvania State Game Commission.

By special request of Dr. Kalbfus we give the full text of the law:

AN ACT.

Making constables of townships and boroughs ex-officio fire, game and fish wardens, prescribing their power and duties, fixing their fees as wardens, and prescribing their punishment for failure to perform their duties.

Section 1. Be it enacted, etc., That from and after the passage of the act the constables of the various wards, boroughs and townships of the Commonwealth shall be ex-officio fire, game and fish wardens.

Section 2. It shall be the duty of said fire, game and fish wardens to enforce all statutes of this State now in force, or that may hereafter be enacted, for the protection of forests and timber lands from fire, and for the protection and propagation of game, game birds, game mammals, song and insectivorous birds, and fish, and said constables or wardens shall have authority to arrest without warrant any person or persons caught by them in the act of violating any of the aforesaid laws for the protection of forests and timber lands, game, and food and game fish, and take such person or persons forthwith before a justice of the peace or other magistrate having jurisdiction, who shall proceed without delay to hear, try and determine the matter. Such arrests may be also made on Sunday, in which case the person or persons arrested shall be taken before the proper officer, and proceeded against as soon as may be on a week day following the arrest.

Section 3. Said constables or wardens shall have power without warrant to search and examine any boat, conveyance, vehicle, fish box, fish basket, game bag or game coat, or other receptacle for game or fish, when they have good reason to believe that any of the laws for the protection of forests and timber lands, game and fish, have been violated; and the said constables shall at any time seize and take possession of any and all birds, animals or fish, which have been caught, taken or killed at any time, in a manner or for a purpose, or had in possession or under control, have been shipped or are about to be shipped, contrary to any of the laws of this State. Any court having jurisdiction of the offense, upon receiving proof of probable cause for believing in the concealment of any bird, animal or fish, caught, taken, killed, had in possession, under control or shipped, or about to be shipped, contrary to law, shall issue a search warrant and cause a search to be made in any place, and to that end may, after demand and refusal, cause any building, enclosure or car to be entered, and any apartment, chest, box, locker, crate, basket or package, to be broken open and the con-

tents thereof examined by said constable. All birds, animals, or fish, or nets, or fishing appliance, or apparatus, seized by any constable or warden, shall be disposed of in such manner as may be directed by the court before whom the offense is tried, and such constable or warden shall not be liable for damages on account of any such search, examination or seizure, or the destruction of any nets or fishing apparatus of any kind in accordance with the provisions of this act.

Section 4. Any constable or warden, upon the arrest and prosecution of any offender to conviction under the provisions of this act, shall, in addition to the fees to which he may be entitled under existing laws, be paid for his services the sum of ten dollars on a warrant drawn by the county commissioners on the county treasurer, one-half of which shall be paid out of the treasury of the respective county, and the remaining half of said reward shall be paid by the State Treasurer into the treasury of said county, out of moneys not otherwise appropriated, upon warrant from the Auditor-General, but no such warrant shall be drawn until the respective county commissioners shall have first furnished, under oath, to the Auditor-General, a written itemized statement of such expense, and until the same is approved by the Auditor-General: Provided, That no county shall be liable to pay for this purpose in any one year an amount exceeding five hundred dollars.

Section 5. Each of said constables or wardens shall, for the purpose of this act, have concurrent jurisdiction throughout his own proper county; and they shall in the first week in each term of the court of quarter sessions of their respective counties make special returns to said court, under oath, of all violations occurring in their respective townships, or which may come or be brought to their notice, of any of the provisions of any law now in force, or that may hereafter be enacted, for the protection of forests and timber lands, game and fish; and it shall be the duty of the judge of said court to see that such returns are faithfully made, and any constable or warden wilfully neglecting or refusing to make such returns, or to prosecute any offense under said laws of which he shall have personal knowledge, or of which he shall have notice in writing by any citizen, giving the name of the offender together with the names of the witnesses, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction thereof be sentenced to pay a fine of fifty dollars, or to undergo an imprisonment in the county jail of two months, both or either, at the discretion of the court.

Section 6. All sections, provisos, acts or parts of acts inconsistent with this act, or any section of it, are hereby repealed.

Approved—The 22d day of March, A. D. 1899.

Some Gun Notions.

SOME gun barrels oxidize much more readily than others, even when the price of the barrels indicates the same grade of workmanship. I have a pair of barrels which cost £50 in England. The left barrel with the same care has spotted far more than the right, and both much more than the other pair, which have been shot ten times more frequently. My past experience has taught me that thorough cleaning, wrapping up closely and laying away was the best protection I could give.

For small game such as grouse, plover and even ducks when shot over decoys or flushed in creeks, a gun not larger than 14 is the proper size; and in my opinion the day is not far distant when the small bores will displace the heavier and larger guns. A man of ordinary physical vigor is unable without great personal discomfort to tramp all day with even 8lbs. of gun to carry in addition to his shells, his lunch and his game. A 14 or 16-bore weighing from 6 to 6½lbs. is a far more agreeable burden. These guns are effective if handled properly, and really afford more genuine sport because success with them indicates a higher degree of skill. The best shot within my knowledge uses a 16-bore, and slightly closed choke at that. I prefer a cylinder gun, and the best record I ever made was with a 14-bore cylinder weighing 6lbs.

Some people suggest that the American demand for crooked stocks is wrong. I do not agree with them. Much, of course, depends on habit. But I have tried all drops from 2½ to 3½ at the butt, and at last have found that 3¼ at the butt and 2 at the comb fit me much better than any other crook. There is also a contention for long stocks. In this respect I again differ. I know I can handle a gun with 13⅞ drop far better than I can one with 14¼. It must be recollected that except at the trap and in warm weather the sportsman wears thick clothes, and a large number of persons would find that if their guns were so long as 14¼ they would often find trouble in making it clear the arm. I have tried it and I know whereof I speak. In the winter few men need a longer stock than 14in., who could easily in the summer or early fall handle one 14½in. The advantage of a short stock is that when the necessity comes a pad can be put on the butt of the gun to make it fit the arms of the shooter.

Let no man who believes in the use of much iron in a gun barrel upbraid me for my preference for light and small bore guns. For certain game a heavy gun is very desirable, but for snipe, woodcock and Bob White 6½lbs. weight is far better. To my mind the use of a 10-bore on birds is as ridiculous as Wolcot described the style of Dr. Johnson to be—

I own I like not Johnson's turgid style,
That gives an inch the importance of a mile,
Sets wheels on wheels in motion, such a clatter,
To raise one poor nipperkin of water,
Uplifts the club of Hercules—for what?
To crush a butterfly or to brain a gnat.

PEE DEE.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

The Home of the Partridge.

IN the year 1670 Daniel Denton, of Hempstead, Long Island, described the fauna of the island in the following language: "For wild beasts there is deer, bear, wolves, foxes, raccoons, otters, musquashes and skunks. Wild fowl, there is great store of, as turkeys, heath-hens, quail, partridges, pigeons, cranes, geese of several sorts, brants, wigeons, teal and divers others."

Unfortunately for local sportsmen, the members of the gunning clubs and the pot-hunters of modern times, have nearly completed the work of destruction begun by the early settlers with flint locks and their snares and traps. The bears, wolves, raccoons, wild turkeys and heath-hens are extinct, and the deer and partridge are exceedingly scarce. Of the upland birds the partridge is certainly the gamiest bird left. They may still be found wherever there are timber lots of considerable size, bordering on the cultivated fields.

A favorite haunt of the partridge is in the vicinity of the clearly defined line running through the island, which divides the hardwood trees, the oaks, hickories and chestnuts on the north, from the pitch pines and shrub oaks on the south. The latter extend over a plain through the center of the island. Through these shrub oaks and pines are old wood roads, which are only used when pine or the hardwoods are large enough to cut off for timber or firewood. These wood roads are not used to any extent oftener than once in twenty or thirty years, but they make a clearly defined trail, and are much easier to get through than the adjacent shrub oaks woodland. The quail is domestic, and usually keeps pretty clear to the farmhouses and cultivated fields to the north of the pine

are especially interesting. The roadbeds in the fall are often brilliant with the golden rods and asters, while the young pitch pines have a healthy and invigorating fragrance. A person may travel for days through these old roads—not fifty miles from New York City, and within sound of the church bells of large towns, and never meet a living soul, unless it happens to be during the deer hunting or wood chopping season.

An occasional pitch pine stands solitary and alone like a grim sentinel keeping watch over the plains. The large trees have escaped both the forest fires which sweep over the plains every few years, and the woodman's axe. They are a striking feature of the landscape, and furnish an excellent landmark for travelers over the plains.

QUAHAUG.

Spring Shooting in Michigan.

BINGHAM, Mich.—At present I am in camp on Carp Lake, Leelanau county, Mich. I presume my cook outfit stands very near where Kingfisher used to depart for Mrs. Nolan's. I have been on this lake each spring since 1886—not for sporting purposes, however. Never have I known the shooting that is going on now. The Michigan spring shooting law is working all right. Guns in the morning and guns by moonlight in the evening. If the poor sawbills are able to lay an egg without getting it shot at, they will be lucky. The loons are fewer and more discreet.

Since I have known this lake, sawbills and loons have nested here and reared their young in safety till now. I have always taken it as among my pleasantest experiences, to meet a mother sheldrake and her brood taking a



THE HOME OF THE GROUSE.

lands; but the partridge, especially during the latter part of the open season, is often found in the pine groves and shrub oaks, bordering on these wood roads. In gunning in the shrub oaks one is often surprised to see a partridge flushed by his dog alight on the lower limb of a pine or oak and complacently watch the dog. A shot under such circumstances may be excused when the difficulty of getting at birds in the provoking tough shrub oaks is considered. In pines and shrub oaks a bird in hand is worth at least a dozen in the bush.

To the lover of nature who travels with a camera rather than with a gun, these wood roads and the tall pines, with their rugged and blackened trunks and straggling limbs,

sun bath on a fine morning. They made no advances towards intimacy, of course, but I never have failed to keenly enjoy meeting them. There was an old abandoned scow at one time floating in the lower lake, filled with water, decks too, and with just the right slant to the deck, which was awash on one side, for young sheldrakes. This scow grounded not 50ft. from my tent. Almost any bright morning my wife and I would look out and find one or another of the broods there "taking the sun"—not quite as a sailor does—but just as effectively. I think we once counted over twenty in one brood. I believe they would have made our acquaintance in due time, but the wind came off short and carried the scow away. "Our"

wild fox squirrels eat with us mornings in Ann Arbor, in our dining room. I guess the sawbills and we might have somehow managed to become "introduced." Now, if you see a sawbill at all you will do the searching, the fowl will not. I have once this week heard the loon's voice at evening—I have seen none yet. This is "spring" shooting. I am moved to further inquiry. Is there no one in the State but "spring shooters" that they must be so carefully provided for?

I have been reflecting on game laws and the Plank a little lately, and it appears to me in this shape. The wild creatures, by law I understand, belong to the Commonwealth. Then game law reduces to this: Let the person who wants game go and get it himself, or herself, and let that person take only what their needs require—no more. Their needs may include the sick, properly, I think. But no sale, no slaughter, no catching fish by the hundred-weight and burying them in the ground behind the house, as has been done on this lake, I am told. To the above add just provision for the non-resident and for big game, and quit. The real game law is like the Kingdom of Heaven—it is within. The statute must be otherwise, as that applies to the coercion of those who must be controlled.

P. S.—I have not "jumped" Kingfisher's "claim," and should he call, there will be a welcome and a cup o' tea for him.

J. B. D.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing and hunting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in *FOREST AND STREAM*.

Where to go.

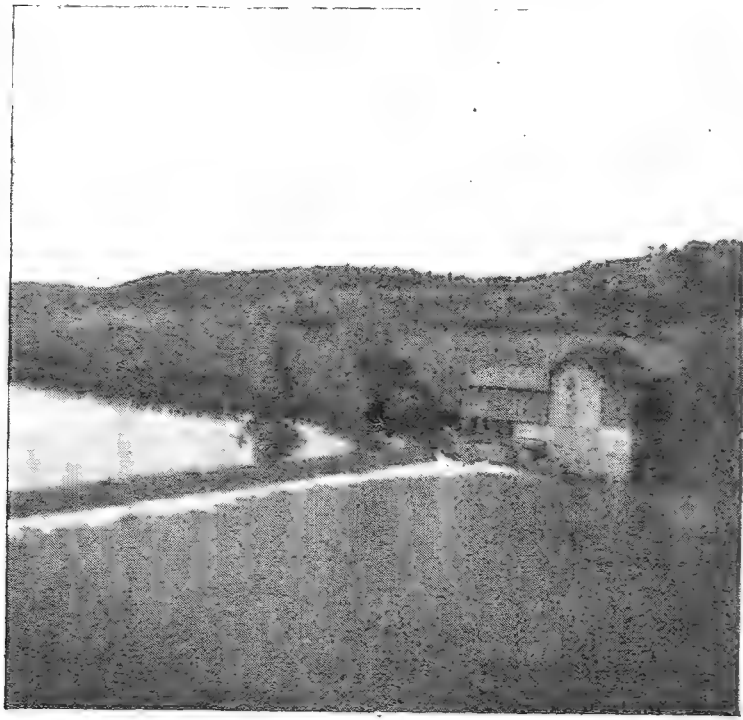
ONE important, useful and considerable part of the *FOREST AND STREAM*'s service to the sportsmen's community is the information given inquirers for shooting and fishing resorts. We make it our business to know where to send the sportsman for large or small game, or in quest of his favorite fish, and this knowledge is freely imparted on request.

On the other hand, we are constantly seeking information of this character for the benefit of our patrons, and we invite sportsmen, hotel proprietors and others to communicate to us whatever may be of advantage to the sportsman tourist.

On the Shenandoah.

WHEN reading the pages of *FOREST AND STREAM* (always interesting, by the way), one often sees the remark that it is seldom one writes of his trips when his kill or catch is not up to the usual standard—aye, beyond the usual; for it's one's successes that are usually given to the public, his failures are kept for his own silent meditation. But being one of those who believe it is not all fishing to catch fish; who, if his trip is otherwise satisfactory, is content that his catch is small (though hoping that the next time it will be larger), I want to tell you of an enjoyable trip I have just had to the Shenandoah, at Riverton, Va.

I am one of those who would be listed in your journal as "chained to business"; for that reason the more fully appreciate an outing, and when business, water and weather combine to make it possible to reach Riverton on the 15th of May, the opening of the bass season, I feel



Kenner Dam, North River.

that I am particularly fortunate, and, indeed, the engagement must be most pressing to keep me away.

Riverton, itself, is a pretty little town, about eighty miles from Washington, situated on both sides of the Shenandoah, but that portion mostly seen by the fisherman is built upon high ground just between the North and South Branches of the Shenandoah River, which join here and thus form one river. Two railroads, the Southern and the N. & W. pass the town, and within a stone's throw of the Southern depot is the Kenner House, a fisherman's haven, kept by a most genial host, Joe Kenner, ably assisted by that better half, a help-mate indeed. Here a fisherman has a hearty welcome. Good rooms, an excellent table, bait and boat (if notified in time), and what one appreciates much, an earnest effort to please. If Joe Kenner and that estimable wife of his do not make you soon feel at home, then you are hard indeed to satisfy.

About equi-distant from the hotel are two dams, the one across the North and the other across the South rivers. That on the North River is known as the Kenner dam; the other, the larger, is the dam to the Riverton Mills, a large flouring establishment, owned largely by Northern capitalists, and doing a most thriving business, as can be readily seen from the enlarged capacity and new buildings erected in recent years. Here also is the

Carson Lime Works, running night and day, "and Sunday for a variety," as one might say; and woe to the fisherman who is just opposite at noon or 6 P. M., when the blasting is done, for the rocks that then rain around are somewhat harder than hail—at least, they used to be.

Two rock-crushing establishments are also here in active operation, grinding rock for railroad ballast.

And one must not forget the Duck Farm. It will pay you to visit it. When I was there they had 4,000 ducks within the enclosure, and it was not a good day for ducks either, for I was informed that if the eggs, soon to hatch, turned out as was expected, 10,000 ducks would be on hand. Just think of it!

But what about your trip, I hear someone ask. In fact I had gotten off from that, hadn't I?

Shenandoah is supposed to be governed by a special law. I use the term "supposed" advisedly, for you hear some doubt expressed, and then again it would appear that whatever the law, it is not enforced as it ought to be. To my mind the special act clearly governs. Its open season commences the 15th of May, the date that the majority of the other streams in the State are closed



This is the picture which Mr. White sent us, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. It shows him on the abutment of the Kenner Mill.

to bass fishermen. That the date is a good one. I have serious doubts; that the fish had not then finished spawning was shown by those I caught and that they were then spawning. I attribute, in part, my small catch. My wife and the little girl had gone ahead of me. She had friends near by to visit, and was to join me at Riverton on Sunday, the 14th. This she did. My friend, T. C. Pilcher, farmer, legislator and good fellow generally, is wont to say, in speaking of a trip from home, "If you want to have a nice time take your wife with you, but if you want to have a good time, go by yourself." This time I not only took her, but had a good time also. Well, there are exceptions, you know, and doesn't it depend somewhat on the kind of wife she is?

My friend and fishing companion, M. B. Payne, as good a fellow as ever lived, had talked over this trip far more than once. But a few seasons before I had initiated him into the joy of feeling a bass at the end of your rod, and thenceforth he became an ardent disciple of Walton. There lives at Strasburg, not many miles above Riverton, a most successful bass fisherman. In fact, his reputation is widespread. I am informed that he is of the Baptist faith—of the old school or hardshell kind; that he himself sometimes preaches, as well as fishes, and I am informed that amongst his trueisms is the following. "That a man isn't worth a — till he catches a bass, and after that he isn't worth a — for anything else." Now, I never heard him say this, but it is nearer the mark than much that passes for truth, and in this I think Podgers, whose Commentaries so often appear in your columns and are as often enjoyed, will, judging by his commentary of May 3, agree with me. While the whole of the quotation above could not be applied to friend Markham, still that fish with a few others added to the string, was the prime cause of his expending some thirty-odd dollars of these worldly goods (and he gets his tackle at wholesale too) in the necessary equipments for a successful trip—if the fish had bitten. Was it the newness of all this tackle; the fear of this mighty angler that confined his catch to one and mine to ten on that trip? Who knows?

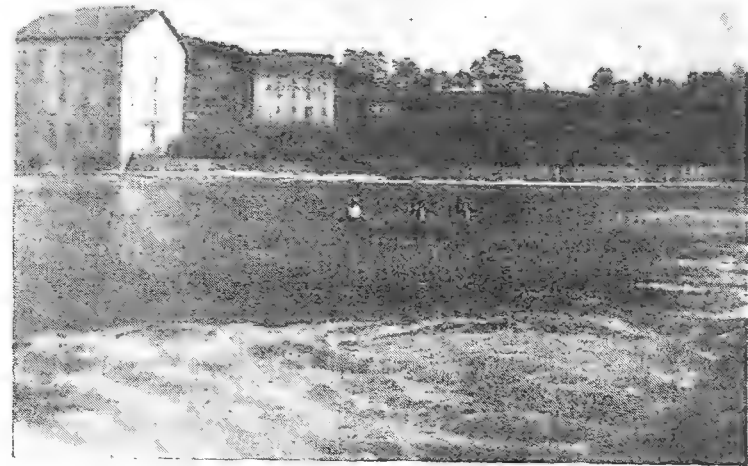
But this is digression. My wife and the little one had gone ahead; the oldest boy off at school, and only myself and the other boy at home. When Payne and I drove off Sunday morning to Marshall, twelve miles, to take the train for Riverton and thus save a much greater distance around by train, didn't the little fellow look on longingly for the trip, and the day before he had been disappointed on account of rain in taking a promised and much-talked of fish with some of his boy friends.

Riverton was reached in safety, and I was hardly out of the train before the arms of that little girl were around my neck, even if I did have to get on my knees for her to reach me. The day was an ideal one. How enticing the water looked! One could imagine that in yonder pool a bass was only waiting to be hooked, and one asked himself if under such circumstances one might be excused for breaking the Sabbath and the law as well by then and there trying his luck. The day was spent in viewing the beautiful scenery in and around Riverton. Some of the views are lovely; the mountains grand. The climb of the very high hill just across North River and opposite

the lime works will well repay the effort. During the trip the camera was brought into play and some beautiful views obtained.

The next morning we were up and out early, but our catch was only three before breakfast. After that we went across the North River—it was clearer than the other—and fished from the abutment of the Kenner Dam. It was not long before I had on my string a medium-sized bass. About that time my wife came where we were, and as she had not become an expert in this art, I wished to see her land a bass, though she would insist upon my first hooking the fish. Pretty soon I have a strike. At the proper time the hook is fastened where a fisherman likes to find it, and I was just turning the tackle over to her to land the catch, when, hold! no bass such as I had been catching could make that break; the strength of that fish is beyond those already caught; I had better land that fellow myself. The water was swift; there was a good bit of line out; the tackle was light, though strong, and the fish was game to the backbone. If you have been there you know how it is. Perhaps the sensation is not one to be remembered! Gradually I get him closer to the abutment on which I am standing. A sluiceway from the mill seems to offer him a place of safety, and it took some good steering to keep him away and save the line from fouling. At last Mark has him in the net, and a beauty he is. How much did he weigh, you ask? Only 2½ lbs. Can the scales be right? He looks larger, truly, but another pair give him the same weight. Not so large, for I have caught them in this same river double this weight, but when one whose landing I enjoyed more? There and then I said I had been paid for the trip, come what might thereafter. And so I was. Could I fish daily, as many do; could I often make record catches, as is sometimes written about, doubtless an instance like this would hardly be remarked. Is it the "unchaining" for a few days that, like sauce, gives relish to the sport? The camera was nearby, and it had been my intention to get a "snap" when landing the fish, but the fish had been landed and was on the string before the camera was again thought of. Other fish that morning of good size were caught, though few in number, and this, notwithstanding we both fished industriously. Poor Payne, never a murmur, or even a "cuss" word, but I did want to see him have better luck; indeed he deserved it! The next morning, still full of hope, we were up early, indeed earlier than the morning before, getting out near 4 A. M. When I got on the river I could but think of Mr. Mather, who doesn't believe in early rising to the end that the early riser will catch the fish, and wondered if we or the fish were to be fooled that morning. And I must confess that as I grow older I am more than ever inclined to the belief that such early fishing does no good. My theory seemed to be at fault, at least that morning, for ten minutes before 5 I had a fish; twenty minutes afterward another, and a third before 6; and though I fished almost continuously the rest of the day, and in different portions of the river, not another one could I get. That these were not all the fish in the river was shown by the fact that other fishermen were having fair luck, and particularly that veteran fisherman, P. B. Law, of Culpeper, who delights to spend a day to himself, with gun or rod, as the season allows, though an entertaining talker, and, like most true sportsmen, a thoroughly good fellow.

Wednesday morning was rainy, but one fish was caught before train time, and with no unpleasant incident to mar the pleasure of the trip, adieux were said, with



Riverton Dam, South River.

promises to come again, and as I write I have a longing wish to go again and try my luck in that most beautiful water.

C. M. WHITE.

WARRENTON, Va.

Cayuga Lake Fishing.

UNION SPRINGS, N. Y., May 24.—I believe, and other competent judges from Brooklyn and elsewhere, who have fished in the Adirondacks and on the St. Lawrence, maintain, that the fishing at this point on Cayuga Lake is unsurpassed anywhere in the State. We have perch, pickerel, muscallonge and black bass in abundance, but it is a little early yet for the best success. I send you herewith a photograph of the catch of one man, taken in less than three hours by trolling one afternoon last summer, the four largest being muscallonge and the others pickerel, the smallest weighing 2 lbs. and the largest 12½ lbs., and the total weight amounting to 46½ lbs. There are also salmon trout in our lake as well as blue pike and whitefish, but our local fishermen have had but little experience and poor success in catching these last.

F. D. P.

The *FOREST AND STREAM* is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST

Movements of Western Anglers.

CHICAGO, Ill., May 27.—One of our most widely experienced anglers is General McNulta, whose angling lore covers the territory from muscalunge to salmon, and from tarpon to trout. Gen. McNulta starts this week with his friend, Mr. Thomas A. Murdock, of Reid, Murdock & Co., for a salmon fishing sojourn on Mr. Murdock's preserve on the York River, Gaspé Basin. Mr. Murdock has fifty miles on the York, some of which he owns in fee. The prospects appear good for these two gentlemen.

Mr. E. F. Selz, of Selz, Schwab & Co., piloted by Mr. J. E. Strong, of the same house, start to-night for Dudley Post-Office, on the Prairie River, via Merrill, Wis. They should hit this lovely stream just about right now, and I predict for them a very pleasant outing indeed. I understand that Mr. Strong will spend a couple of weeks there.

Messrs. O. von Lengerke, C. H. Lester, Walter Dupee and their friends, Messrs. Cole and Tichenor, returned to-day from a very successful bass fishing trip at Oconomowoc Chain, Wis., where they averaged something like sixty bass a day to each boat, the party dividing up, two in each boat. I saw Mr. Von Lengerke this morning, and he seemed very brown and happy. He said the bass ran in weight from 1½ to 4½ lbs., and were taken by casting minnow. Some of the time they bit very fast, the best of the sport being for about an hour each day. The bass were all big-mouths.

Mr. W. P. Mussey and wife left last Sunday for Kabbekona Camp, Minn., and were met at Brainer by Mr. H. G. McCartney, owner of the camp, who was just coming out. It was then Tuesday afternoon, and neither Mr. Mussey nor Mr. McCartney was happy, for it seems there has been a change of time in the railroad north of St. Paul, by which the passenger train on this branch is laid off, necessitating a lay-over of twenty-four hours. This means serious inconvenience to those visiting this famous place, and Mr. McCartney was very much troubled, and is still seeking the remedy, in hope that the railroad will restore the original time table, which made it possible to leave here one night and reach the camp the following night. Still, if one is going into the wilderness, he ought not to expect to get there all at one jump. I imagine that the anglers will continue to go into the Woman Lake Chain in spite of the enforced lay-over.

Dr. McDonald and Mr. J. E. Callahan are still at Kabbekona Camp, and I presume by this time may be having sport. Mr. McCartney reports the water still very cold at the time he left, and the bass not biting very freely. He did not fish very much himself, and caught but one muscalunge, which weighed 20 lbs.

Regarding this fish, Mr. McCartney tells a singular story. It was a very thick, fat fish, and of extraordinary vitality. Having no better means of killing it, the boatman stuck the blade of his knife through its head. Instead of quieting the fish, the effect was quite the reverse, for after a time it began to thrash about in the boat, and seemed on the point of getting out. The guide again thrust his knife blade through the head of the fish, remarking that he supposed that would find it. They then piled clothing and packages on the fish to hold it from jumping out of the boat. An hour and a half later, when they took the fish out at the hotel veranda, it was my no means dead, but had strength to spring up and turn completely over from its position on the boards. I presume the cool weather had something to do with it, but I have never heard of a muscalunge living so long out of water.

Col. J. S. Cooper, of this city, has received from Grand Rapids, Minn., a tracing made upon a large piece of paper from a muscalunge, which is reported to have weighed 46 lbs. This is a very unusual weight for this region, and quite surpasses any I have seen reported for many years. The figures, however, are not supported, and no details are available concerning the matter.

Apropos of the matter of muscalunge weights, I must add the testimony of Mr. J. Garrard, of Frontenac, Minn., who writes me, "You should not call in question the weights reported of muscalunge, as you once did of a fish taken in the Mississippi River at the mouth of Crow River, of 65 lbs."

"That one taken near Pittsburg measured 5 ft. 6 in. The weight was not given, but could not have been less than 75 lbs."

"Reports of early settlers give weight of one taken in Lake Pepin at 90 lbs. With pole through the gills, resting on shoulders of two men, the tail dragged the ground."

"The hunters and lumbermen in the Wisconsin woods speak familiarly of their being as big as a man."

"The rough-backed sturgeon (lately written about by you), is a favorite article of food, and is largely used as a smoked fish. The weights go as high as 110 lbs. in Lake Pepin."

I am to-day in receipt of a letter from the redoubtable Fred Mather, who is adding to his varied experiences by acting as Superintendent of Mr. H. C. Pierce, Cedar Island Lodge, at Brule River, Wis. It would seem that Mr. Mather is getting around to the scenes of his earlier days, and I am rejoiced to discover that he has escaped from the enervating atmosphere of the East, and has come into a region where "the best is like the worst."

Messrs. Fred Peet, Harry Hascall and their friend, who, I understand, is sometimes called "Stonewall" Chadwick, will start within ten days for another trip to the trout waters north of Grand Rapids, chiefly the Pere Marquette. They ought to meet the sport just about right, as the season has been late in Michigan thus far, as indeed it has been all over this portion of the West.

Around Grand Rapids.

I passed a few days at Grand Rapids, Mich., this week, engaged in business only. Knowing what would be the result if I met John Waddell, Harry Widdicomb or any others of the fly-fishing contingent of that sportful city, I consistently dodged them all, for I did not have time to go fishing, and had hedged against my weakness by not even taking my fly-book or rod along with me. Yet, one day at lunch at the Peninsula Club, I fell into a perfect

nest of Anglers, including both the gentlemen above named, whom I had been dodging, with Mr. C. L. Lockwood, general passenger agent of the G. R. & I. Railroad (whose very fish plates smell of trout); Mr. W. R. Shelby of the same road, with Messrs. Maddox, Bundy and others there present, each of whom had a fish story as long as your arm, and each of whom also was ready to go fishing again.

"Come along with me," said Mr. Widdicomb, "I am just going up to the Boardman angler, and I want to show you what we can do up there." "Just you wait over until Saturday," said Mr. Waddell, "for I am going up again, and I want to show you the Pere Marquette. You don't need any rod, waders, flies or anything else; we've got them all waiting for you. You mustn't go away without a trout fish." It takes a good deal of nerve to break away from invitations like these, especially when a fellow is rather weak on the trout side anyhow, but I could not go, and so had to content myself listening to the reports of the good times all these other folk had had.

Messrs. Shelby, Barnhardt and Widdicomb were just back with well-developed cases of Boardman sunburn. They found the water pretty full in some sections of the river, but they got about 150 trout, some very nice ones indeed.

Mr. John Waddell, the rainbow fiend of the South Peninsula, reported good sport on his trip of a few days preceding on the Pere Marquette. Mr. Waddell's heaviest fish on this occasion was 1½ lbs. He bemoaned the cruel fate which called him away just as the rainbows were jumping in the evening. He tells me that the best time of day is just before dark. Mr. Waddell promises me a complete refutation of the entire Taylor system of casting. His own style of fishing is quite different, and he catches a great many trout yearly, and is convinced that he could not do this so regularly if his own system were not pretty near correct. Mr. Waddell is a great believer in the doctrine of persistence, and believes that a good many trout fishers fail because of fishing the water too fast. Mr. Bundy, who was of our circle, and who, by the way, tells me he was a college classmate of the Editor of FOREST AND STREAM in the days of auld lang syne at Amherst, reported that his trip on the Au Sable, with his friends, Messrs. McKay and White, was a complete success. They caught about 120 trout one day, and had all the sport they cared for. Mr. Bundy told me, what I had never known, that the Au Sable can be waded and fished for a great part of the way. I always thought it necessary to use boats on that stream, and indeed it is the custom to take boats at Grayling and run down some miles before fishing. There are a number of camps and club houses along the stream nowadays, so it is not necessary to take a tent. The Au Sable continues its grand record as a trout stream, and some fine rainbows are taken there. The warden work on the Au Sable is reported to be very efficient, and indeed it would seem to be highly desirable that something be done to preserve this splendid water. Mr. Bundy told us of one Detroit party who fished the Au Sable, who ate fish as they liked in camp, and who took home with them to Detroit, 1,800 trout. This would seem sufficiently horrible. Not quite so good was the record of a party who took out 1,100 trout from the same stream last year. Such fishing as this will ruin any trout stream that we have.

I learn that the Pere Marquette River is being fished very hard this spring, and is being robbed of hundreds of fingerling trout, which ought to be returned when caught. From all reports the Michigan streams are keeping up very well. The Boardman is as good this year as usual, though it has not been stocked for some time. This stream I should expect to be better later in the summer, more especially for big rainbows.

It takes big waters for big fish, as most fishers know, and as we discussed these matters in general conclave that day, it was determined that in some cases there can be too many trout in a stream to make the fishing good. The Rapid River of Michigan was cited as a stream where very few large trout are ever taken, though it is full of small-sized ones. It seems to be one of the necessities of nature sometimes that fish don't get half enough to eat, though they live along apparently not unhappily for years and years. Big feed means big fish, and a stream can be eaten out as well as fished out, though customarily in these days the latter situation is more apt to trouble us than the former.

The Grayling are Not Gone.

The common supposition is that the grayling is extinct, and this is perilously near the truth, though not absolutely true. It is a good fortnight which allows one to chronicle a flight of wild pigeons and a basket of grayling. Yet at Grand Rapids I learned that there had come to town from Luther, Mich., a nice take of trout, with which were included twelve grayling. All the fish were taken on the Pine River. It has been known for some time that one might once in a while take a grayling on this stream. It is a good trout stream, though very apt to get high and roily in case of rain. It is a trifle difficult to fish, and this fact perhaps has preserved the grayling. Mr. Bundy said he heard of grayling along the Au Sable, and thought one could be safe on a trip of a week or so to take several grayling in the tributaries of Au Sable.

The Maple River, once a magnificent grayling stream, has not reported any grayling for some time, so far as I know. The Maple River is reported prime just now for trout.

Col. E. Crofton Fox, one of the Grand Rapids fly-casting enthusiasts, is not doing any fishing this spring. Col. Fox has bought some zinc mines down in Missouri, and is chained to business. I regret to report this lapse on the part of so thorough a sportsman.

In the Grayling Days.

At Grand Rapids I had a short talk with Mr. J. H. P. Hughart, general manager of the G. R. & I. Railroad, who is an ardent and skillful angler, as well as a thorough-going railroad man. Mr. Hughart showed me four quarts of flies which he had just received from his favorite maker in Scotland, and which he purposed employing at an early date along the Michigan streams. Mr. Hughart may perhaps be called an old settler in Grand Rapids, as he came there along in 1874. Naturally, he soon became infatuated with the magnificent grayling fishing which prevailed in those days in most of the

Michigan streams, and he sent back to his old friend, Thad Norris, to come out and have a fish with him. They started in pretty well toward the head of the Manistee River, where they heard that a party of trappers had gone down with the boats before them. This last was true, but the trappers had gone during the high water of the spring, and the clearings they had made in "brushing out" was several feet above the heads of the party who tried later in the year. This was in the fall of 1876, and Mr. Hughart and his friend were nine days in getting down a paltry bit of the river. Then they hit upon such grayling fishing as will never be known upon earth again. They could anchor their boats in any pool and catch all they cared to, doubles and trebles more often than singles, until finally old Thad Norris quit in disgust, saying that a tenderfoot could catch more fish than an expert.

Official Trout Trip.

In the city they have theater parties, in the country trolley parties, and in Michigan they have trout parties, as witness the fly-casting tournament of last year at Grand Rapids, when the railroads took everybody out on a grand tour of the trout waters. This year it was the Detroit and Mackinac Railway which took a notion to celebrate by giving a trout party, and the function assumed something of an official nature. The personnel of the party was composed of Messrs. J. D. Hawks, president and general manager of the Detroit and Mackinac; C. W. Luce, general superintendent of the same road; T. G. Winnett, general freight and passenger agent, and D. J. Casey, chief engineer. These may be called the hosts of the occasion, the trip being into some of the trout country touched by the D. & M. Others of the party were Messrs. C. L. Lockwood, general passenger agent of the Grand Rapids and Indiana; H. F. Moeller, general passenger agent of the Flint and Pere Marquette Railway; E. H. Hughes, assistant general passenger agent of the Grand Trunk Railroad; these closing the list of the railroad men proper. Associated with them were Messrs. Clark and Yates, of Detroit, and State Warden Harry W. Loveday, of Chicago, who went along with Mr. Hughes, with one or two other friends, who joined the party at points up the road. There were three cars, each marked special and private, which carried this party, and the objective point was near Hale Creek and Smith Creek, two lovely meadow streams about fifty miles north of Bay City, and ten miles or so from Tawas City. Here the party remained three days, coming out early this week. They took about 500 trout, and a ripping good time in spite of the mosquitoes, which were new and hungry. I saw Mr. Hughes on his return, and his hands were badly swollen from the bites he had received, he having forgotten his bottle of fly dope. The trout of these two streams do not run so very large, but are very brilliantly marked. Every man in the party was satisfied with the sport he had, and willing to vote that an official trout trip can be made a distinguished success.

Mr. C. L. Lockwood, general passenger agent of the G. R. & I., who was with the above party, tells me regretfully that he fears it will be his last trip for some time, it being his fortune to be a lover of trout fishing, but obliged to take care of a business which in the spring and summer is much concerned with others who are lovers of trout fishing. I can see only one possible objection to living in Grand Rapids, which is a very delightful city of itself, and that is that I might have to get tangled up with some sort of work there, and be obliged to look on at the people who came through merrily bound for the trout country just beyond. To live in Grand Rapids and not go fishing would be to die unblest.

I wanted to see a business man in Grand Rapids, and called four times, but found his desk shut and finally learned from the office boy that he had gone fishing and left no word when he would come back. I called on another gentleman, Mr. D. H. Armstrong, and he explained to me that he must soon be going, as he had an engagement with a friend to go fishing that afternoon. The pickerel are now running in the Grand River, and I saw a number of fishermen along that stream who were casting and trolling. There is trout fishing too, within a dozen miles of Grand Rapids, but everybody goes further away from home than that for trout.

Lingering Touch.

Mr. H. English, of Von Lengerke & Antoine, of this city, came back from Long Lake, upper Illinois, one day this week with a fine lot of bass and a rolb. pickerel. Into the mouth of the latter he had carefully inserted his hand in order to get a good hold on the fish when landing it. His fingers look as though they had gone through a coffee mill, though it is only the lingering touch of the pickerel.

Drowned while Seining.

An odd bit of protective work comes to light near Waukegan, Ill. Nearly a month ago several men went out fishing, on Sunday, and one of them was drowned. It appeared later that the party were seining, which was illegal. President Nat H. Cohen, of the Fish Commission, got word of this, and sent a deputy, who arrested all the others who had been in the seining party. Surely these men ought to feel that they would not care to use a seine again.

E. HOUGH.
480 CAXTON BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

In Comment.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I must say something. Next after Fred Mather and Robinson and Hastings, the best thing I have seen is Mr. Rogers' story in your last issue. I have laughed until the water closed my eyes. Rogers with his pole and his "magenta sky-blue moth with a pink tail." Well, well, and a 2-pounder. No wonder he considers himself "a trout killer." But really such things as these make your paper, and I can appreciate all of his article. I know, and what old brook fisher does not, of the ten thousand limbs and leaves back of him on a trout brook. I would like to take Rogers by the hand, look into those eyes of his—they must be jolly ones—and say "Good for you."

I miss the Major (Fred Mather). I hope he is having good success in old Wisconsin. Many a good day I have put in there in that old Badger State. I trapped there two years, and then game was abundant, deer in plenty,

and the sloughs in the spring and fall overflowing with ducks; and ruffed grouse and pigeons everywhere. By the way, I see that these interesting birds are coming back to us again. They are not extinct by any means, but where in the land of the living have they been for the past years? JACOBSTAFF.

Capture of Young Atlantic Salmon.

ON May 10 the writer's attention was caught by two little salmon lying on a fish merchant's stand at No. 24 Dock Square, Boston. The two were not very unequal in size and weighed 8oz. The employee who showed them to me said they were "salmon trout," and had come from Connecticut in a box of brook trout.

The fish, of course, were easily recognized as young Atlantic salmon, and the red spots on their sides gave evidence that they had been taken in fresh water, for it is well known that young salmon acquire a silvery coat before entering the ocean, or, at least, lose the red spots soon after they go into salt water.

Mr. Eugene G. Blackford informed me, while in New York a few days earlier, that he had recently sent to the United States Fish Commission, Washington, D. C., a young Atlantic salmon weighing 3 or 4oz. that was received from Bayside, N. J., in a box of shad. Bayside, I am informed, is on the Delaware River.

It would be interesting to know the exact source of the salmon found in Marshall Johnson & Son's establishment in Boston. They may have been reared at some private fish hatchery and shipped with the brook trout inadvertently, but the probability is that they originated from artificial planting, or natural reproduction, in the Connecticut River, which was formerly a salmon stream. It is easy to account for the presence of young salmon in

cation. That is usually sufficient for the purpose intended; but sometimes the most important characters are overlooked and the sketch fails to accomplish its object. The specimen is the thing to send whenever this be possible. If there be no other means at hand common coarse salt water may be used successfully, always remembering that the belly must be filled or the viscera will be spoiled. Fish thus packed can be shipped by mail as merchandise or natural history specimens. TARLETON H. BEAN.

CHICAGO, Ill., May 20.

The Salt-Water League.

NEW YORK, May 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The New York Sun of this morning has an editorial on the league, of which I ask you to reprint these paragraphs:

"There has been a great deal of misunderstanding in regard to the dispute between the net men and the line men. The newly-formed anglers' league is not the creation of fools who would interfere with the reasonable and legitimate rights of the netters. Everybody knows that nets must be used to supply the markets; but few people believe that only a fourth of the choice game fish caught in nets should go to the market and the rest allowed to spoil, to be tossed overboard, or converted into material for manuring potato patches. It is against this shameful waste of food fishes that the anglers are now leagued. Of course, the spoiling of their sport has much to do with the position they have taken. This they admit frankly like honest men, and it is not at all improbable that a compromise may be made between them and the netters, by which the latter might endeavor to limit their operations to the necessary market supply. For instance, they might stop netting to some extent at least during the

unlawful netting; and where practicable to provide in place of unlawful netting the more profitable lines of industry of boating and providing for the wants of the anglers. He announced a list of committeemen, one each for the several assembly districts throughout the city.

New England Fishing.

BOSTON, May 27.—Returning fishermen still complain of poor luck. Such is especially the case on certain Maine waters, though one to read the papers running fishing departments would be led to believe directly the opposite. The Brackett and Clark party is back in Boston. Mr. Emery came out early, completely discouraged. He caught only four fish in a week's fishing. Mr. Brackett stayed longer, determined to take some fish. A few days ago some of the gates were closed at the Upper Dam, and there was then good fishing in the pool below. Mr. Brackett took nineteen trout in one day, some of good size. Much displeasure is expressed by the early fishermen in Rangeley waters concerning the smelt. They are inclined to believe that their lack of success is due to the fact of the trout being too well fed on these smelt. The last suggestion is that the smelt may destroy the minnows—generally dace—that have been the food of the trout from time immemorial, and that if the minnows disappear, what becomes of the trout? One cause of this suggestion is that the lakes and ponds that have abounded in smelt have not had minnows in abundance, while the Rangeley waters have always been noted for the great abundance of minnows, and hence the great size and abundance of the trout. There were never any smelt in the Rangeleys till put in a few years ago by the Maine Commissioners, for the purpose of food for the landlocked salmon.

Good catches of trout are reported from the Northeast Carry, Moosehead Lake. May 18 Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Foster, Reigold Foster and J. G. Wellman brought to the Winnegarnoc House one of the finest catches of the season, or of many seasons, for that matter. In six hours' fishing they took twenty-three trout, the total weight of which was 77lbs., an average of nearly 3½lbs. each.

Upper Dam, Me., May 29.—Fishing is much better here, and all through the Rangeleys. C. M. Parker, of Brockton, Mass., has caught a salmon of 7lbs. Mr. Coburn, of Lawrence, Mass., took a fine salmon in the pool below the dam here, Tuesday, which weighed well up to 6lbs. He is greatly pleased with this catch, though having done well with trout previously. He and Mrs. Coburn occupy one of the private cottages here. The Winney and Gormely party is smaller this year, but as successful as ever. These two gentlemen caught twelve trout one day last week, the string weighing over 20lbs.; largest 4½lbs. Mr. C. A. Stearns, of the Camp Stewart party, surprised the fishermen at the dam a little, Thursday, just at dusk. He had just got in, and cast his line over above the dam, where half a dozen others had been fishing betimes all day, without success. In a moment there was a swirl, and he soon had a trout of 4½lbs. H. S. Kempton, of the Boston Herald, took a fine trout of 2½lbs. before breakfast the same morning. He was scarcely gone from camp half an hour. J. D. Pickslar, of Orange, N. J., took six trout the other day, the largest weighing 4lbs., and two of these. The Birches is full of guests. The Mohawk Fishing Club is there. Other fishing guests are O. C. Davis and a friend, of Brockton, Mass., and W. Ellison, of Newton. Another party is composed of Police Inspector G. M. Robinson, Boston; A. M. Douglass, Boston; James F. Brennan, Peterboro, N. H.; T. F. Saff, Boston; Thos. F. Strange, Boston; John H. Kimball, Marlboro, N. H., and L. Wiswell, Marlboro, N. H.

SPECIAL.

Good Sport in Canada.

SOME exceptionally large catches of trout in the different club lakes north of Quebec, and unusually good sport with ouananiche, are the latest reports brought here by returning anglers. The boats on Lake St. John have now been running for nearly a fortnight, even before the whole of the ice had left the lake. This year the ice did not all sink as usual, but before it had time to rot and go down below the surface of the water, it was driven by the west winds to the head of the Grand Discharge, where it was taken in charge by the current and carried down the rapids, smashing up Price's booms above Chicoutimi. Unusually large numbers of ouananiche are being taken in Lake St. John itself off the Roverval shore by local fishermen, and anglers from the city have been making large catches at the mouths of both the Ouatchon and Metabetchon rivers. There has been such a remarkable dearth of rain in the Lake St. John country this spring that the water in the lake itself is falling very rapidly, and contrary to what was expected a month ago, the opening of the season in the Grand Discharge is expected to be as early as usual, notwithstanding the late breaking up of the ice. The middle of June ought to bring good sport in the rapids.

The trout lakes are already making full amends for the poor fishing that they yielded last year. All the anglers who have visited them during the last week or ten days report exceptionally good sport. Several members of the Triton Club were expected down by yesterday's train, but they sent word out that the sport was so good that they would stay with it a little longer. Some phenomenal catches are reported from the outlet of Lake Batiscan. A number of other American members of the club are in town, and leave for their preserve to-night.

Among those who returned here last night from the Lake St. John district on their way home, are Messrs. W. B. Hincks and E. G. Sperry, of Bridgeport, and Geo. A. Fay, of Meriden, who enjoyed fine fishing at Lake Kiskisink, on the Metabetchon Club's territory.

Mr. W. F. McCormick, of Florida, was in town this week from Lake Edward, and reports that he and his father have had some really good fly-fishing on the lakes and rivers back of Lake Edward, controlled by Mr. Robert Rowley. Mr. Follett has secured some very large speckled trout in Lake Edward itself.

Dr. Porter, of Bridgeport, is now fishing the Metabetchon Club waters, and Mr. Gregory, of Syracuse,



YOUNG SALMON DISCOVERED BY DR. BEAN IN BOSTON.

the Delaware, which has been the scene of numerous artificial deposits of fry and fingerling fish. It may be that salmon now spawn every year in the headwaters of the Delaware, and they may occasionally run into the Hudson and the Connecticut for the same purpose.

Perhaps if there were more Blackfords in the markets where fish are received in large quantities from nearly all parts of the coast and interior waters, we might learn a great deal more about our species than we know at present. Doubtless young Atlantic salmon are occasionally to be seen in various markets of the New England and Middle Atlantic States; but they are passed over as "salmon trout" or "hybrids" or almost anything but the right thing, and nothing is heard of them by interested parties.

FOREST AND STREAM publishes an illustration of the salmon secured in Boston in order that its readers may be able to recognize the fish, if they meet with it, and may report its occurrence for the information of the public, and especially that portion of the public that is trying to increase and spread a knowledge of the life history of our fishes.

Many anglers have inquired how to preserve specimens of fish which they know would prove interesting to museums or to special students. This can be accomplished in several ways: by packing them in crushed ice and sawdust (after wrapping them in paper), in acetate of soda, salt, or some similar preservative, or by placing them in a jar containing formaldehyd or alcohol and water. Formaldehyd (or formalin) costs about 30 cents per pound, and to one pound of the solution, commonly offered for sale, may be added nineteen pounds of water. Alcohol may be reduced by one-third of its bulk with water.

Whatever preservative be used it should be remembered that incisions must be made in the sides and belly of the fish, to allow the liquid to penetrate freely and preserve the viscera, always the most troublesome feature in preserving specimens. As the writer had no time to search for formalin, he bought a quart Mason jar, put into it a pint of alcohol and nearly one-half pint of water, then made a number of small openings in the salmon and placed them in the jar. The fish were sent to the FOREST AND STREAM office to be photographed, and will be permanently kept in a museum for study.

Commercial acetate of soda is said to be one of the very best preservatives for fish, especially in warm regions. It is cheap and effective. Dr. Vaillant, of the Museum of the Jardin des Plantes, Paris, informs me that his collectors use it with great success, and with very little trouble to themselves. Small specimens, under 6 or 8in. in length, are simply covered with the dry powder. Larger ones are opened on the belly and the cavity is filled with the soda. Before shipping to destination all the specimens are repacked in a fresh lot of the powder.

Anglers and other sportsmen and travelers in unfrequented regions (and, for that matter, in many well-known localities) often have it in their power to make contributions to science by means of the natural objects with which they meet. Many of them go to the trouble of making sketches and forward them to some specialist for identi-

spawning season, and raise their pounds and stop working the purses for one or two days every week during the summer months. That might benefit themselves in the long run and satisfy the anglers, the hotelkeepers and the shore railroad companies.

"The theory that the food supply of the sea can never be affected by any device of man is perfectly sound in regard to outside deep-sea fishing; but the notion that the inshore run of game fish cannot be turned back or affected by miles of pound nets stretching out in echelons along the coast is simply absurd. Evidently there is a little too much netting. It should be limited, and it would be better to have the change for the better made voluntarily by the dealers themselves than to have it forced upon them by a State Legislature."

This is just the support we have been looking for. The league seems to be progressing very nicely in its work, and I am very much delighted to see the papers giving us a lift in this matter. Our purpose surely is a good one, and we shall accomplish it.

J. BIEDINGER, Pres.

A meeting of the Protective League of Salt Water Fishermen was held at the Riverside Hotel in this city last Wednesday evening, Pres. Biedinger in the chair. About fifty members were in attendance, and the reports of President, Secretary Flidner and Treasurer Reilly showed progress. A number of stirring addresses were made. Mr. Edward Schott called special attention to the pollution of the waters by factory waste, and dwelt upon the necessity of increasing the membership of the League until it should become so powerful that it might be able to influence candidates for the Assembly and Senate, and oblige them to regard favorably and support the laws looking toward a more stringent system of preventing pollution.

Mr. Taxter said that while the bass fishermen who fish along the Hudson River were loud in their complaints of the very abuses which the League is striving to overcome, they did not join the League, and by their membership and personal participation give it aid. He urged that every fisherman interested in the Hudson River fishing should join the League.

Pres. Baywood, of the Baywood Fishing Club, an organization of the East Side, also dwelt upon the necessity of co-operation and united action by all concerned. The nets, he said, must go. He called particular attention to the bill now in the Governor's hands, relative to the Barren Island nuisance; and upon his motion the League adopted a resolution to petition the President to sign the bill. The address by Pres. Biedinger was of the most encouraging character. He said that he had had a conference with one high in authority as representing the netting interests, and had been warned that if any attempt to interfere with the netting industry were made, the League would find itself powerless, as the netters were banded together in a labor organization, which would not brook interference. But the purpose of the League, the President said, was not to injure any legitimate business, but was rather to put a stop to the

president of the Triton Club, is on the Triton tract with a party of friends.

The Lamentide and Stadacona Club limits are both yielding fine fly-fishing at present.

Colonel and Mrs. Collingwood, of England, have just arrived out from the Old Country for salmon fishing on the north shore of the Gulf. Mr. Plumb, of Detroit, who fished the Natashquan last year, will this year fish the Metapedia. Among those who will fish the Natashquan this year is Mr. Hodges, of Boston. Mr. Barney and other members of the St. Marguerite River Salmon Club are expected here shortly on their way down to their pools. Messrs. Edson Fitch and Veasey Boswell, of Quebec, and Mr. Allan and others of Montreal, have chartered a special steamer to take them down to their camp on the Moisie in about a week.

The annual meeting of the St. Bernard Club will be held at the club house at Lake Saccacoma on Monday, June 5, and the waters will get a good whipping that week from visiting anglers.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

QUEBEC, May 17.

Chicago Fly-Casting Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., May 27.—Following are the scores of the second fly-casting contest of the season:

	Long Fly, Feet.	Distance and Accuracy, Per Cent.	Accuracy and Delicacy, Per Cent.	Bait Casting, Per Cent.
J. D. Belasco...	90	77 2-3	79 1-3	78 2-15
I. H. Bellows...	120	86 2-3	92 5-6	95 2-15
C. F. Brown...	...	73	80 1-3	87 2-5
B. Goodsell...	112	84	90 1-3	91 4-5
H. Greenwood...	...	72	82 1-3	86 4-15
H. G. Hascal...	115	63	91 1-3	96 4-5
N. C. Heston...	81 1-2	96 4-5
C. G. Ludlow...	111	93	93 5-6	85 11-15
H. Newkirk...	...	72	88 1-2	93 8-15
F. N. Peet...	115	85 2-3	94 1-3	91 4-15
H. W. Perce...	...	66 2-3	78 1-6	87 2-5

Holder of Medals.—Long distance fly, I. H. Bellows; distance and accuracy, C. G. Ludlow; accuracy and delicacy, F. N. Peet; bait casting, N. C. Heston.

Quick Returns.

MESSRS. B. F. MEEK & SONS, Louisville, Ky., write, after advertising three weeks: "We may say that we are well pleased with several responses we have already had, and feel that we have done well in accepting your columns as a medium through which to reach anglers."

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

Sept. 47.—Toronto, Can.—Toronto Industrial Exhibition Association's eleventh annual show.
Nov. 22-24.—New York.—American Pet Dog Club's show. S. C. Hodge, Supt.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 6.—Bicknell, Ind.—Indiana Field Trial Club's trials. S. H. Socwell, Sec'y.
Nov. 14.—Chatham, Ont.—International Field Trial Club's tenth annual trials. W. B. Wells, Hon. Sec'y.
Nov. 14.—Washington, C. H., O.—Ohio Field Trial Club's trials. C. E. Baughin, Sec'y.
Dec. 8.—Newton, N. C.—Continental Field Trial Club's trials. Thos. Sturges, Sec'y.

Gordon—Irish.

DOYLESTOWN, Pa., May 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* "For Sale—Thoroughbred Gordon-Irish setter puppies. Write for particulars." The above "ad." is clipped from a local paper and has aroused some discussion. The impression which we suppose is intended to be conveyed is that the pups are a cross between a Gordon setter (in this case the dam) and an Irish setter (the sire). Could such a cross properly be described as "thoroughbred."

I do not wish to impeach the advertiser's veracity, but I have it from one who claims to know all about the case that the sire was not the Irish setter the Doctor claims, but a cross either between a St. Bernard and a mastiff, or a shepherd and a mastiff. What would the pups properly be called if this is true? Is there such a breed of dogs as Gordon-Irish setters?

[The cross between Gordon and Irish would produce cross-bred setters, not thoroughbred. The latter term is a misnomer when applied to the dog in any case. In respect to mastiff or St. Bernard cross, the progeny would be mongrel.]

Points and Flushes.

The E. F. T. Club has issued an elegant brochure, which announces its trials for 1899, contains a list of its officers, purposes and programme. On application it can be obtained of the Secretary, Mr. S. C. Bradley, Greenfield Hill, Conn.

Canoeing.

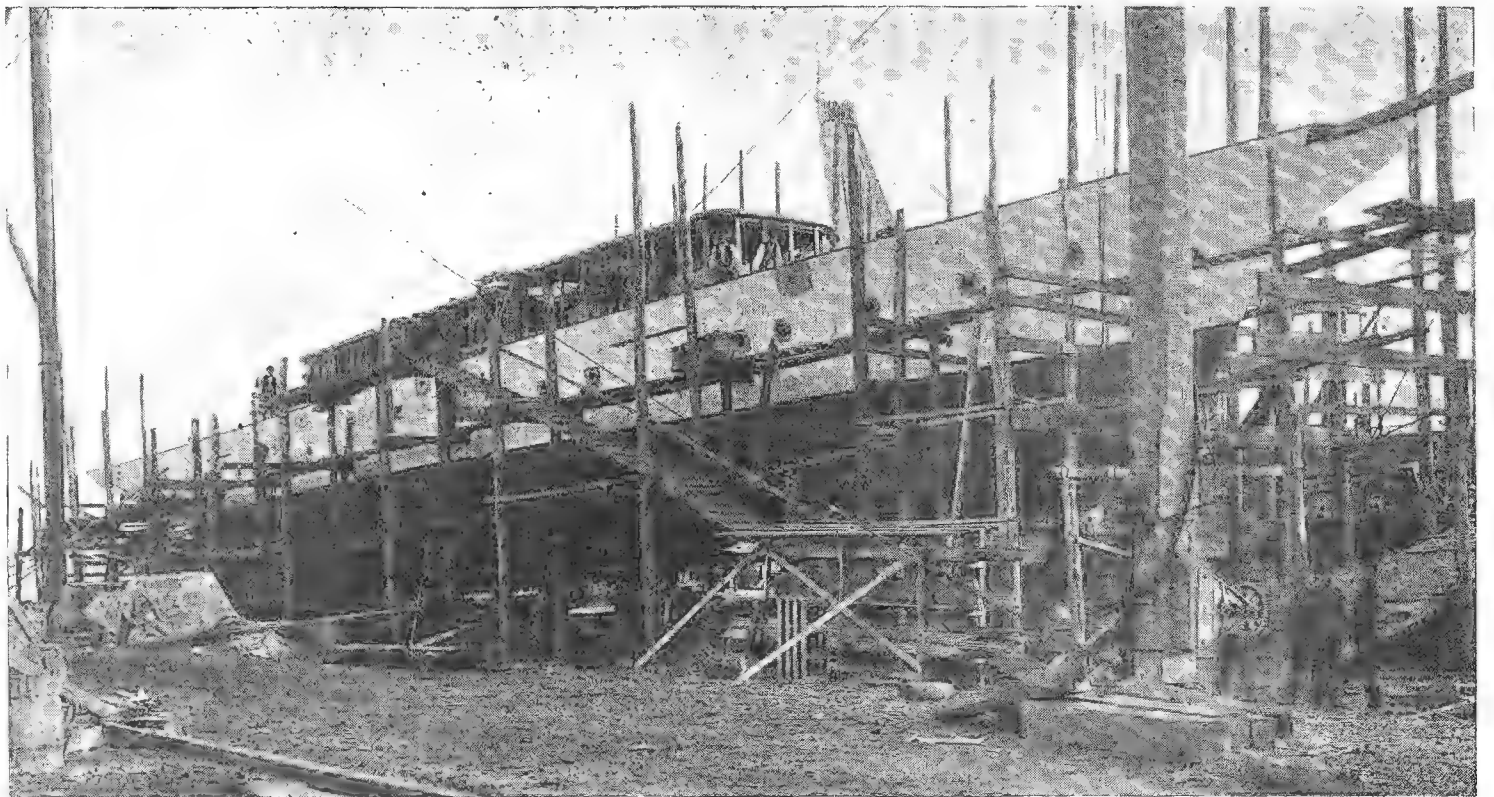
CANOEING NEWS NOTES.

The New York C. C. will hold its spring regatta on Saturday, June 10, at the club station, Bensonhurst, starting at 2:30 P. M. The programme is as follows:

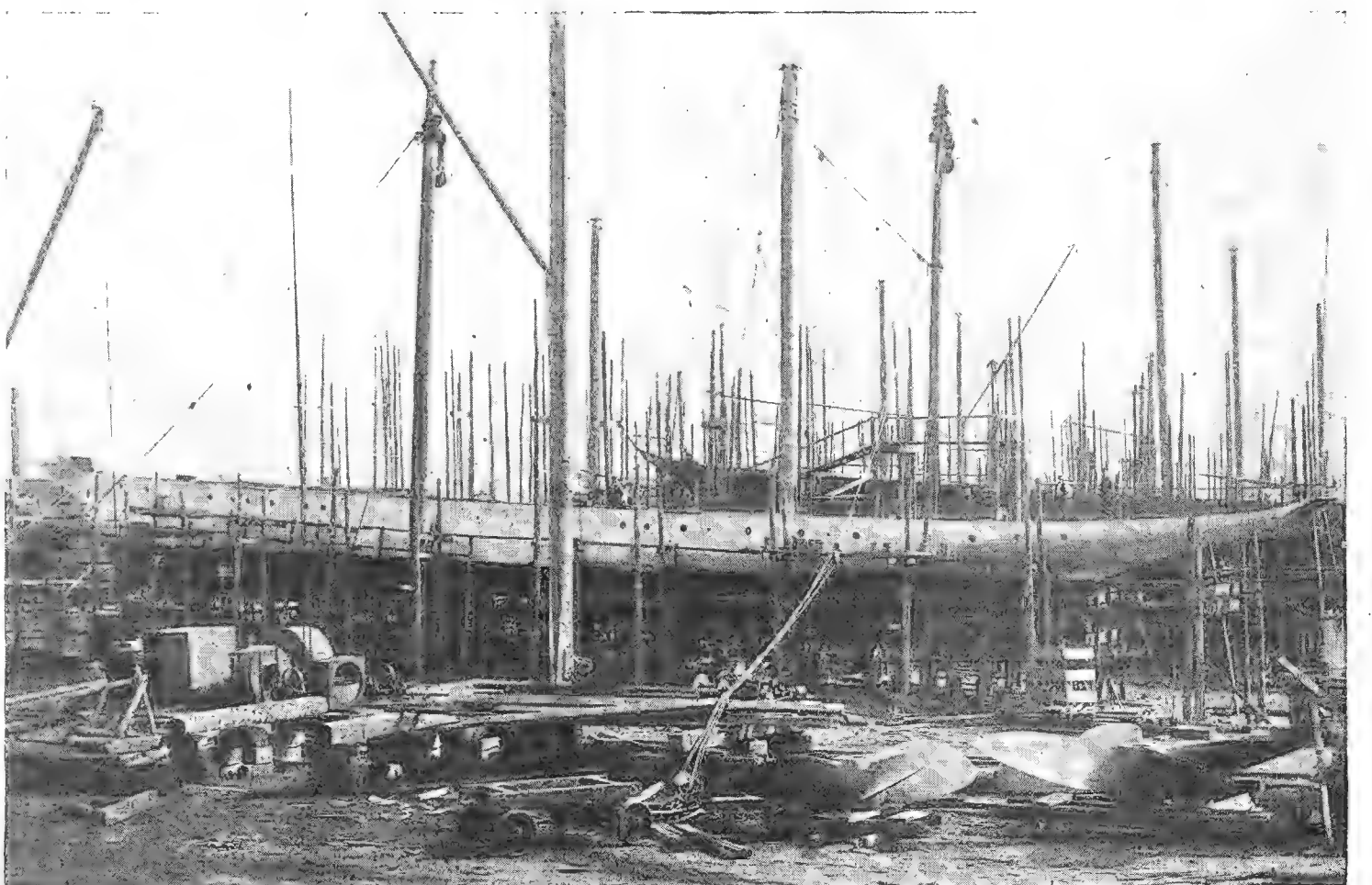
1. Sailing, six miles, record event.
2. Paddling decked canoes, one-half mile with turn.
3. Tandem paddling, open canoes, single blades, one-half mile with turn.
4. Club fours, open canoes, single blades, one-half mile with turn.

In this event, for the first time in the history of the world, a crew of four real live savage Filipino chiefs will be pitted against a crew of four real live New York C. C. savages.

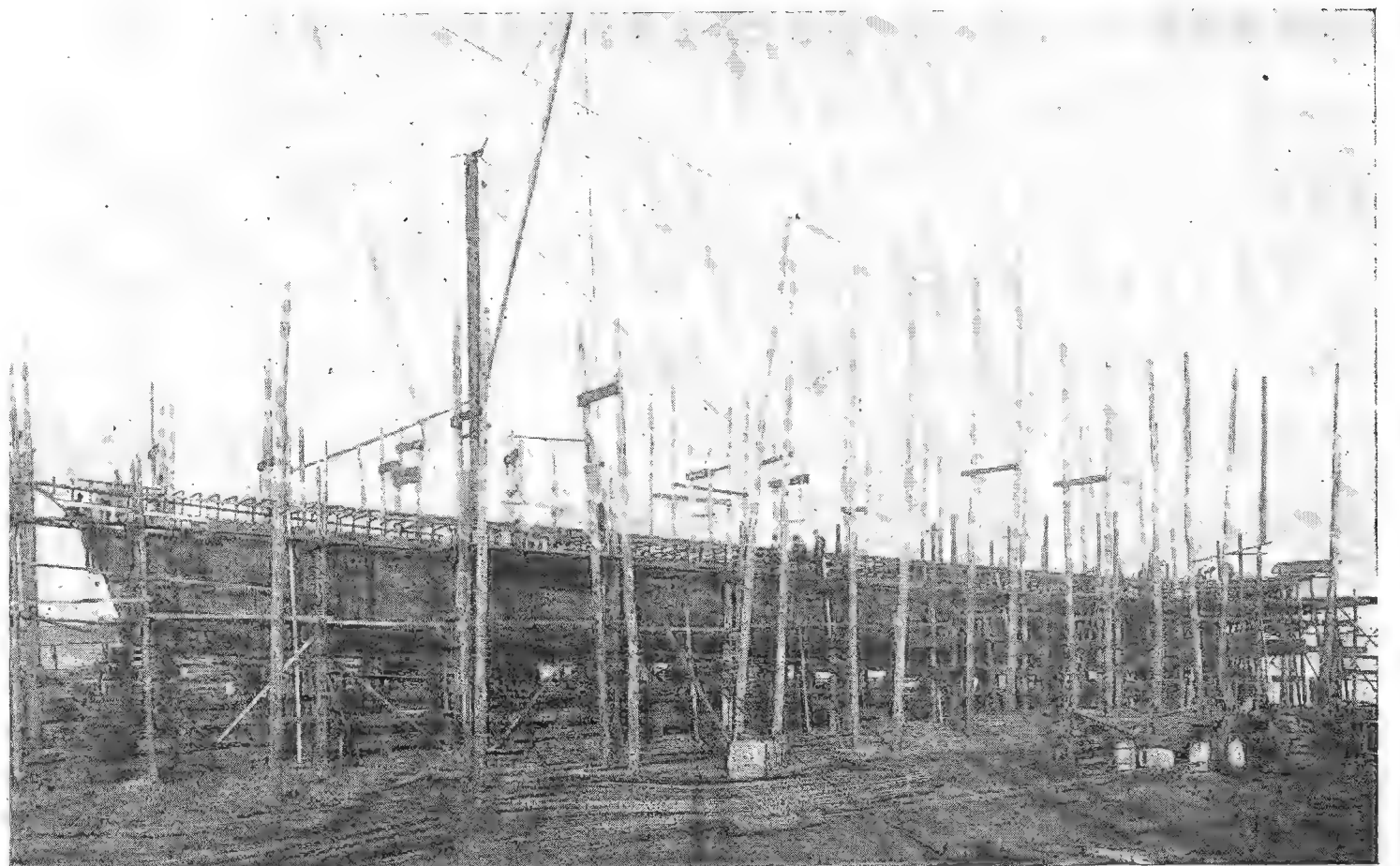
5. Tournament. Grand naval combat between Filipino chiefs and New York C. C. savages. Hospital ship will be in attendance.



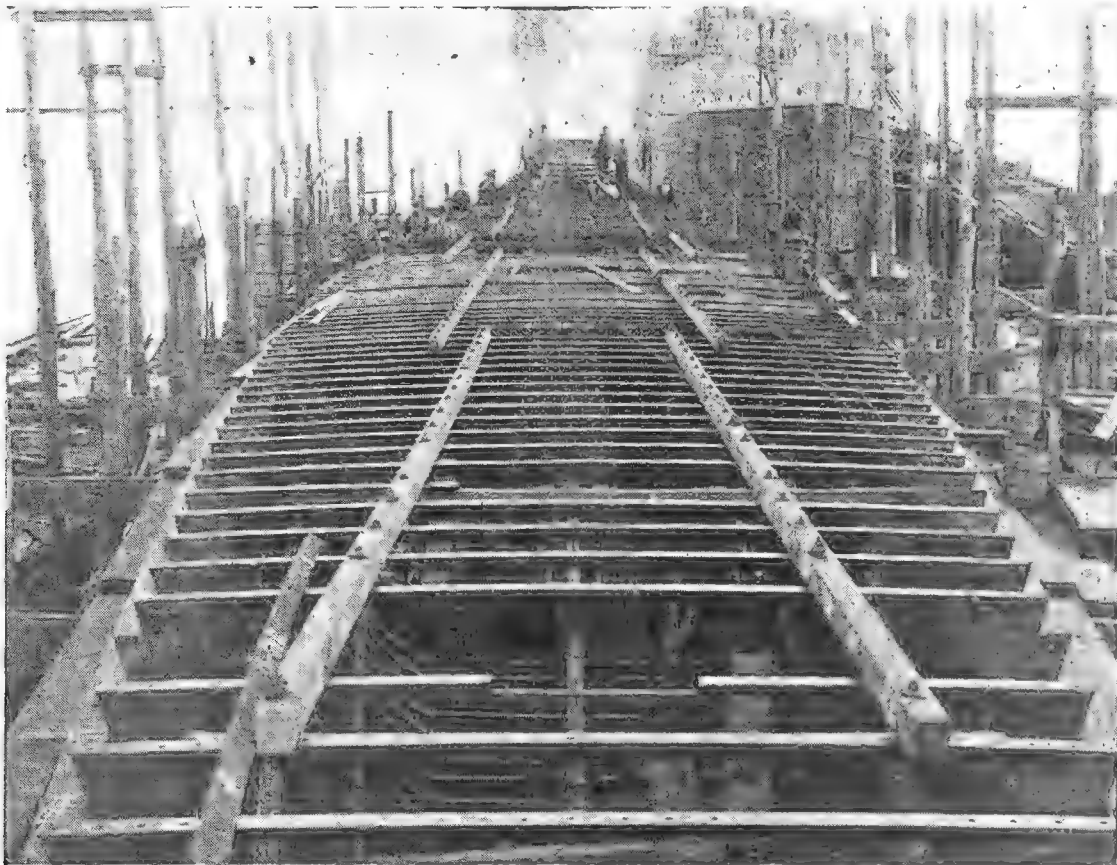
AILEEN—NEARLY READY FOR LAUNCHING.



IDALIA ON THE STOCKS.



ALBERTA ON THE STOCKS—PARTLY PLATED.



EUGENIA—DECK, LOOKING AFT.

6. Submerged breathing contest between South Sea Islanders and any one else who cares to enter.

Note.—Any contestant remaining under water less than five minutes will be promptly tomahawked by the clerk of the course on arriving at the surface.

Members of all canoe clubs near New York are cordially invited to be present and take part in any or all of the events. In order to interest the ladies, a number of extra events have been arranged to take place during the sailing race, and between the regular events, so that the interest will never flag during the entire afternoon. The usual club dinner will be served at 7 P. M.

Regatta Committee—Barron Fredricks, chairman; R. S. Foster, Louis B. Jennings.

Yachting.

Fixtures.

JUNE.

3. Knickerbocker, annual, open, College Point, L. I. Sound.
3. Manhasset, opening day, Port Washington, Manhasset Bay.
3. Winthrop, hand-sweeps, Great Head, Boston Harbor.
10. Manhasset, annual, open, Port Washington, L. I. Sound.
10. Winthrop, hand-sweeps, Great Head, Boston Harbor.
10. Burgess, 1st cham., Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
11. Williamsburgh, sloop class, Long Island Sound.
12. Royal St. Lawrence, Yankee-Dominion match, Dorval, Lake St. Louis.
14. Brooklyn, annual, open, Bath Beach, New York Bay.
17. Larchmont, spring open, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
17. Morris Yachtsmen, spring open, City Island, Pelham Bay.
17. Winthrop, squadron cruise to Nahant, Massachusetts Bay.
17. Taunton, club, Taunton.
17. Gravesend Bay, annual, Bath Beach, New York Bay.
18. Gloucester, spring, Delaware River.
18. Old Mill, club, Jamaica Bay.
20. Atlantic, annual, open, Sea Gate, New York Harbor.
22. New York, annual, open, New York, New York Harbor.
24. Seawanhaka Cor., annual, open, Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound.
24. Winthrop, club, Great Head, Boston Harbor.
24. Morris Yachtsmen, special, City Island, Long Island Sound.
24. Burgess, 2d cham., Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
- 26-29. Sea. Cor., cruise to New London and return, L. I. Sound.

The New Royal Yacht.

THE accompanying illustration shows the new royal yacht Victoria and Albert, launched on May 9. In addition to the description published in the FOREST AND STREAM of May 20, the following particulars are given by the Daily Graphic:

The length between perpendiculars is 380ft., length over all 439ft., breadth 50ft., mean draft of water (under normal conditions of loading 18ft., displacement 4,700 tons, maximum indicated horse-power 11,000. The vessel will be propelled by twin screws, driven by two inverted vertical cylinder engines, each engine having four cylinders, and being placed in a separate water-tight compartment. Steam will be provided by eighteen water-tube boilers of the most improved Belleville type. There are two separate boiler-room compartments, each containing nine boilers. Two funnels will be fitted. The electric installation will be of a special character. It will provide not only for electric lighting of the interior, but for other applications of electrical power, including the working of lifts, pumps, hoists for boats, ventilating fans, the after capstan and heating the principal apartments. By using electricity instead of steam for these auxiliary services, it is anticipated that comfort and efficiency will be increased. As compared with the present Victoria and Albert, the new yacht has an additional deck, which may, for purposes of description, be regarded as built above the upper deck of the present royal yacht. This increase of the freeboard—from about 11ft. 6in. to 19ft.—was absolutely necessary to provide the desired accommodation as well as to meet the requirements for more powerful machinery and enlarged coal supply.

The state deck of the new yacht is about 10ft. 6in. above water. Between it and the upper deck are situated the Queen's apartments and those of the royal family, the cabins assigned to their suites, and those appropriated to the commanding officer and the principal naval officers attached to the vessel. The apartments of her Majesty resemble in their general arrangement those in the present Victoria and Albert, but they are more spacious, and a private dining room has been added. These rooms occupy the central portion of the state deck, where the minimum of motion in a seaway should occur. The apartments of the members of the royal family

are placed abaft those of the Queen, extending over a considerable length of the state deck. These are succeeded by the apartments of the royal suite. Rather more than half the length of the vessel is occupied by these three series of apartments, and a wide corridor extends from end to end, with convenient staircases leading to the upper deck. Above the upper deck, toward the after part, is built a large pavilion or saloon, which contains the state dining room, which will accommodate fifty persons, besides the reception and smoking rooms. The top of this pavilion forms a promenade. The grand staircase leads down from the reception room to the principal corridor on the state deck. Access from the upper to the state deck within the royal apartments will be obtained by a lift as well as by this staircase. Arrangements have also been made for entering the vessel at the level of the state deck, should that prove more convenient, either when she lies alongside piers or when passengers embark from boats and ascend accommodation ladders.

The cabins for the royal servants and for the servants of the suite are placed on the lower deck, occupying about half the length from the stern. On this deck also are placed the royal kitchen, pantries, sculleries, hot cupboards, etc., and all the service will proceed at this level to the lifts leading to the royal dining rooms and the dining room of the suite. Arrangements will be made for economizing labor as far as possible by means of lifts or other appliances. The officers of the ship have their cabins immediately forward of the middle of the ship, part on the state deck and part on the lower deck. At the higher level a large messroom is built, with all necessary pantries and fittings adjoining. The crew spaces are at the fore end of the vessel, where there are three decks, all with natural light and ventilation. Adequate provision has been made for messing and sleeping, for bathrooms and all other requirements. All living spaces on the lower decks have special ventilating side scuttles, giving light and air under all circumstances, even in bad weather at sea. In addition electrical ventilating appliances will be provided. Great attention has been given to the sanitary arrangements. Hot and cold water supply will be arranged to bathrooms and to the principal sleeping cabins. Electrical heating will be adopted in the state apartments, and steam heating elsewhere. In order to insure the greatest possible safety against fire the wood used in the bulkheads, fittings, and furniture of the new yacht has been subjected to a chemical treatment which makes it practically non-flammable. An efficient fire service of the usual kind has also been arranged for delivering water at any point where a fire may take place.

Probably by the early summer of next year the new yacht will be ready for service. Her general appearance

will somewhat resemble that of the present Victoria and Albert, but her greater size and higher freeboard necessarily involve departures from the earlier vessel. She will have three tall raking masts, two funnels, a clipper bow and an elliptical stern.

The new vessel was actually commenced on Oct. 25, 1897, though her keel was not laid until the 12th of the following December. She has, therefore, been under construction one year and six and a half months. The total cost of the vessel will be about £360,000.

New American Steam Yachts.

THE war of last year has given a stimulus to at least one industry, that of steam yacht building, as evidenced by the fleet of yachts now under construction to replace some of the twenty-seven craft purchased by the Government just a year ago. In most cases, we are glad to say, the yacht designer has profited as well as the builder, the majority of the new yachts being designed, though a few of them have been built haphazard, after the method which has produced so many serious failures in the past. The firm of Gardner & Cox, the well-known yacht designers, have had in hand during the winter four of the new steam fleet, the building being done by the Delaware River Iron Ship Building and Engine Co., "Roach's Yard," Chester, Pa., of which Mr. Irving Cox is manager. Two of these yachts, Aileen II., Richard Stevens, and Eugenia II., J. G. Cassatt, bear the names of their predecessors; the first Aileen, now used by the Brooklyn battalion of the Naval Reserves, and Eugenia, now Siren, of the U. S. Navy. The third, Idalia, replaces Illawarra, sold by Eugene Tompkins to the Government. The fourth and largest, Alberta, replaces the Watson boat, Zara, sold by A. E. Tower to private ownership last winter. The accompanying illustrations show the four under construction. Aileen, launched on May 13, is shown on the stocks, nearly ready for launching. She is similar to Malay and Sylph, built last year at Chester from designs by Gardner & Cox, the latter being now the "President's yacht." Aileen is 152ft. over all, 125ft. l.w.l., 20ft. beam and 9ft. draft, with 12ft. depth of hold.

Eugenia is considerably larger, being intended for ocean cruising, 176ft. over all, 144ft. l.w.l., 21ft. beam and 11ft. draft. The view shows the deck, with beams in place and fastened to the gussets, the steel plates joining them to the heads of the frames. The lower part of the frames and the floors crossed by the reverse frames are also visible. The timbers bolted to the deck beams are for the purpose of keeping them in fair line until the deck planking is laid.

A similar view, but looking forward instead of aft, is shown of the deck of Alberta; but in this case the stringer plate, lying on the top of the beams and next to the edge, is in place, also the steel angles on top of the plate, to which the bulwarks are riveted. The hatchways and the tieplates in the center of the deck are also shown.

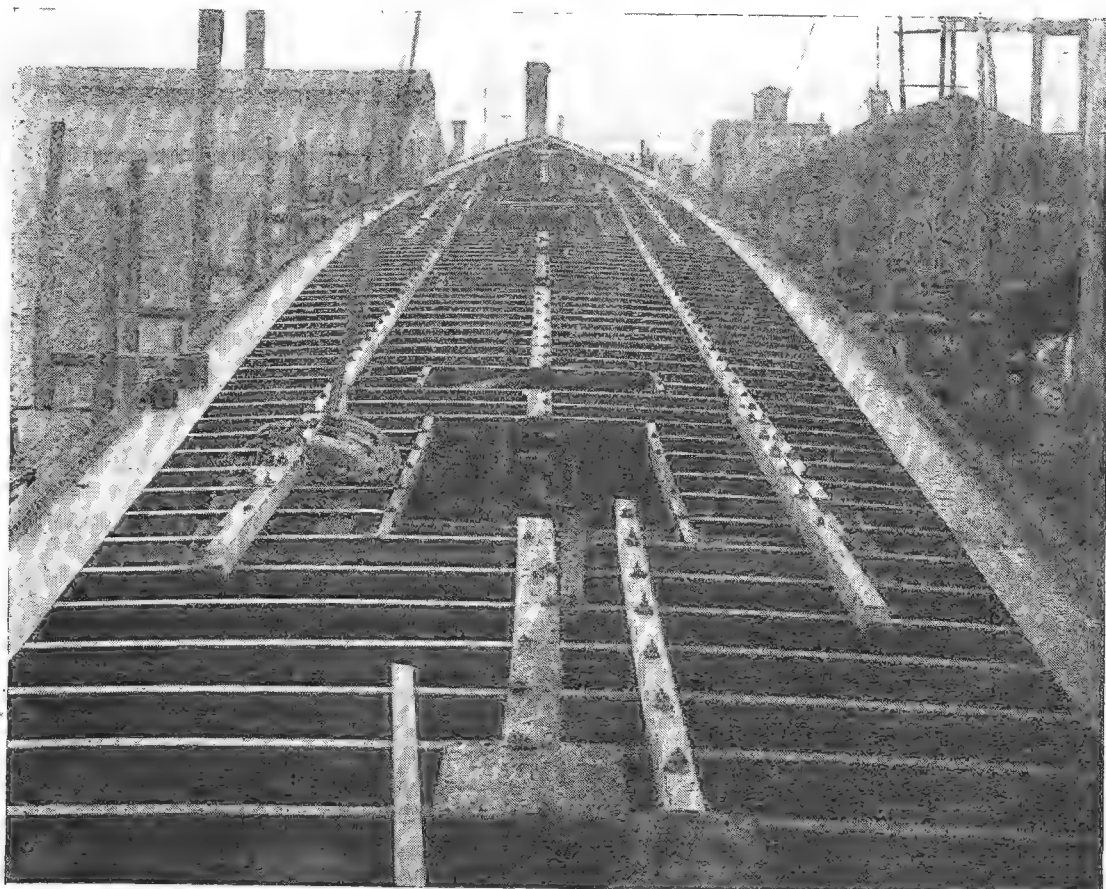
The other view of the yacht shows her on the stocks, partly plated and surrounded by the numerous scaffold poles supporting the scaffolds from which the work on the exterior of the hull is done. The upper strakes of plating, up to the deck, and the bulwarks, are not yet in place, the deck beams being still visible. The height of the main deck is indicated, the archboard showing above it at the stern. Alberta is 189ft. over all, 158ft. l.w.l., 22ft. beam and 10ft. draft, and is designed for a high speed for her type.

The fourth yacht, Idalia, is 172ft. over all, 140ft. l.w.l., 20ft. beam, and 9ft. draft. She is shown on the stocks, the hull entirely plated, but the bulwarks not yet in place, the main deck is indicated, while the height of the rail is indicated by the stem and archboard. The four are of steel throughout, and schooner-rigged.

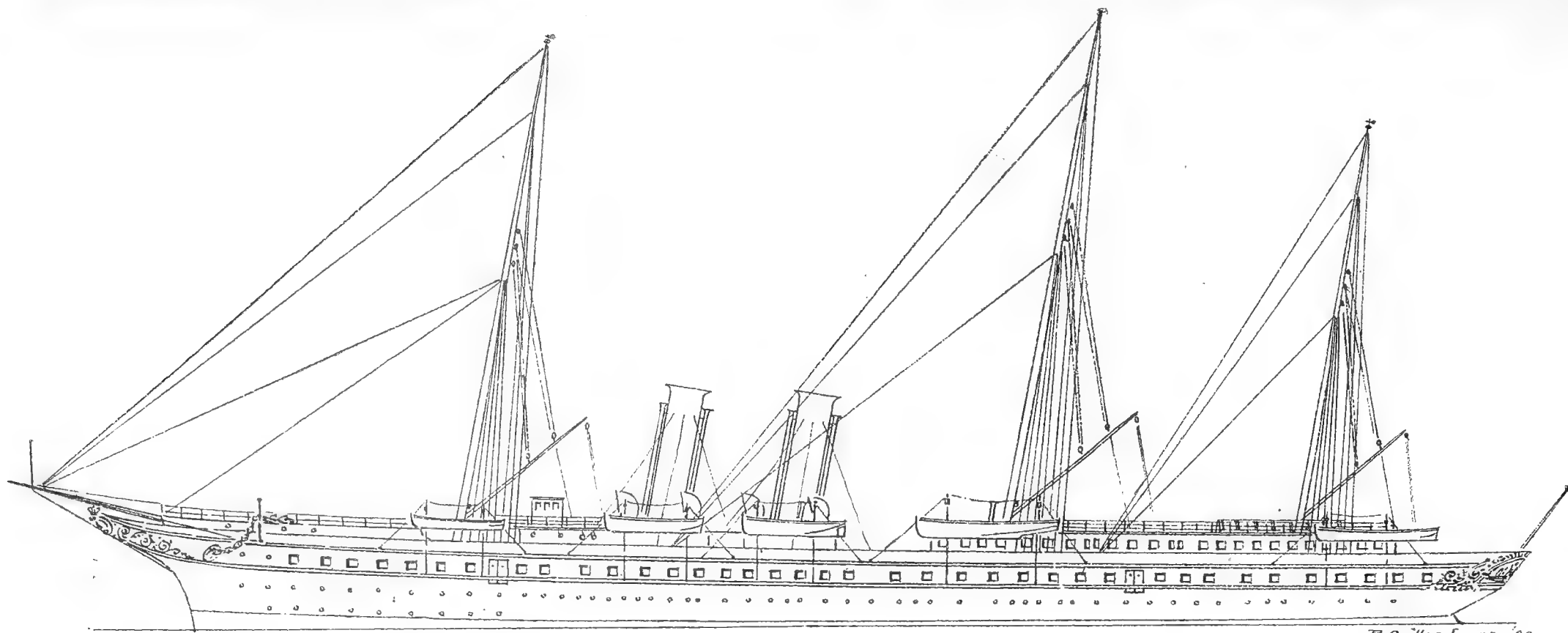
Douglaston Y. C.

THE new house of the Douglaston Y. C., at Port Washington, will be formally placed in commission on Saturday, June 3. An unusually large attendance of members and their friends is expected, due to the club location on Manhasset Bay, which has been long known to the yachting fleet as one of the best harbors on the Sound.

The house, which is situated directly on the shore, fronts the entrance to the bay and was originally a private residence, but has been rebuilt to suit the requirements of the club. On the first floor is a café and dining room, with a locker room and a bicycle room in the



ALBERTA—DECK, LOOKING FORWARD.



VICTORIA AND ALBERT—THE NEW BRITISH ROYAL YACHT.

rear. The kitchen and steward's quarters are in a separate building, connected with the main house by a covered gangway. On the second floor is a large model or reception room and two ladies' rooms, the latter being entirely separated from the rest of the house. The third floor contains seven bedrooms. A long-distance telephone has been installed for the convenience of the members.

Directly in front of the house is a large timber basin, 200ft. square, in which the float stage is located and which will also be used as an anchorage for the smaller boats. On the piers forming the basin a pavilion 24x50ft. has been erected, the entire bay frontage of which is glass, arranged to open in fine weather and from which a view may be had of the entire bay. This pavilion will undoubtedly be found to be one of the best shore features of the club.

The North Shore Division of the Long Island Railroad, on which the club is situated, gives the best service on Long Island, which will be augmented by the addition of the new club Saturday express train, making its initial trip on the club's opening day. By this train it will be possible to reach Port Washington from foot of Chambers street, in one hour, while the club property is only a few minutes from the depot, stages meeting all trains. Ample stable accommodation is provided for members driving to the club.

The necessary legal arrangements required for change of name to Manhasset Bay Y. C. are now under way, but as this will require about two months to consummate, the club will remain as of old, until the application for change of name is granted by the court.

Quite a fleet of sailing dories has been purchased by the members, and races for this class will be held every Saturday during the season, with interclub matches with the Huguenot and other Sound clubs.

The officers of the club are: Com., Clay M. Green; Vice-Com., Hazen L. Hoyt; Rear-Com., W. G. Newman; Sec'y, E. M. MacLellan; Treas., Geo. A. Corry; Chairman Regatta Committee, Chas. P. Tower; Chairman of the House Committee, E. M. MacLellan.

New Rochelle Y. C. Special Race.

NEW ROCHELLE—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, May 27.

THE New Rochelle Y. C. opened the season with a special race for yawls, knockabouts and catboats on May 27, the course being from off Premium Point around the buoy off Hen and Chickens Reef, around the middle ground buoy, off the end of Execution Reef, and to the line two rounds making eight and a half miles.

With a fresh S.W. breeze one and even two reefs were in order. The new Herreshoff "knockabout" Oiseau, owned by J. R. Maxwell, Jr., sailed her first race, being steered by J. Roger Maxwell, Sr. The times were:

Yawls—Start, 2:35 P. M.			
	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Veery, H. S. Gibson.....	36.00	1 19 28	1 19 28
Possum, W. N. Bavier.....	33.11	1 24 16	1 22 05
Twilight, E. Lambden.....	30.98	Not timed.	
Addie, W. L. Diaz.....	27.40	1 49 00	1 42 33
Cabin Cats—Start, 2:40 P. M.			
Osage, O. H. Chellborg.....	23.50	Withdraw.	
Win or Lose, J. S. Appleby.....	23.40	4 23 39	1 43 39
Twenty-five-foot Class, Knockabouts—Start, 2:45 P. M.			
Oiseau, J. R. Maxwell.....	25.00	4 06 26	1 21 22
Alyce, W. Hennen.....	25.00	4 20 50	1 35 50
Knockabouts—21ft. Class, Start, 2:50.			
Mongoose II., Simeon Ford.....	21.00	4 18 35	1 28 35
Kantaka, G. J. Bradish.....	21.00	4 21 59	1 31 59
Spindrift, S. C. Pirie.....	21.00	4 18 09	1 28 09
Seawanhaka—21ft. Racing Length.			
Thelga, A. P. Thayer.....	21.00	4 32 35	1 42 35

The winners were Veery, Win or Lose, Oiseau, Spindrift and Thelga.

Columbia and Defender.

THE new steel mast of Defender was stepped on May 24, being taken from the shops by the steam lighter Archer and carried to the yacht as she lay at anchor off the works. As soon as it was in place, the shrouds were set up, and the work of rigging and fitting out has gone on steadily ever since. Before leaving the shop, the mast was weighted, with the standing rigging on; the weight being 6,229lbs. It is painted to represent wood, and might easily pass for wood now that it is in place.

Though the date of the launch of Columbia has been given positively as June 8, there is no proof that this is authentic or that the progress of the work may not necessitate a change. Many workmen are now busy on the yacht, finishing the work of riveting and caulking, lay-

ing the deck, polishing the bottom, and sheathing the lead keel with bronze plates, about $\frac{1}{8}$ in. thick, as in Defender. The rudder is not yet shipped, but the bobstay plate is in place, about the fore end of the waterline. While the yacht is very nearly ready for launching, none but her builders know of the exact date, though the tide tables indicate about June 8.

There has been some uncertainty as to Mr. Iselin's position in relation to Columbia, it is known that he is to all intent her owner during the races, and will have entire control of her as such, but it has been understood that Com. Morgan is the sole legal owner. Within the past week it has become known that Mr. Iselin is associated with Com. Morgan in the ownership of Columbia, his interest being stated at some \$20,000.

Royal Canadian Y. C. Skiff Races.

TORONTO—TORONTO BAY.

Wednesday, May 24.

THE Royal Canadian Y. C. celebrated the Queen's Birthday, May 24, with a race for the 18, 16 and 15ft. classes of skiffs, sailed in a light S.E. breeze. The times were:

15ft. Class—Start, 2:20.		
	Finish.	Elapsed.
Sigma, R. T. Cuff.....	4 21 30	2 01 30
Tortoise, H. W. Parsons.....	4 27 35	2 07 35
Aro, H. L. Strange.....	4 32 09	2 12 09
Hilaria, C. W. Wilson.....	4 33 00	2 13 00
May Fly, R. L. Lessel.....	4 43 00	2 23 00
Marie, W. J. Griffiths.....	4 45 55	2 25 55
16ft. Class—Start, 2:10.		
Unknown, R. Osborne.....	4 11 45	2 01 45
Unnamed, Wedd & Darrell.....	4 15 00	2 05 00
Caprice, R. Slee.....	4 16 45	2 03 45
Roxane, F. Childs.....	4 19 39	2 09 39
Spray, Hales & Underwood.....	4 21 54	2 11 54
18ft. Class—Start, 2:00.		
Nereid, Craig & Greig.....	Did not finish.	

Caprice protested Unknown for an alleged fouling.

Inter-Lake Regatta.

PITTSBURG, Pa., May 23.—A meeting of the Inter-Lake Yachting Association was held at the headquarters of the Cleveland Y. C. Saturday evening, May 20. It was determined to hold the annual regatta at Put-in-Bay, Aug. 7 to 11, inclusive, this change being made to permit the Lake Michigan yachtsmen to join.

This meet promises to be the largest yet held by the Inter-Lake Yachting Association. The entertainment committee are making special efforts to make it a memorable one, and promise some unique features, and a better time than ever before.

The race committee will have their report ready at an early day. The programme will be a large and attractive one, a large amount being put up in purses and prizes than usual.

LEONARD D. DAVIS, Sec'y.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

THE year book of the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts, just published under the editorship of Sec'y A. T. Bliss, is one of the most artistic books of the class we have yet met with, including many good photos of yachts and bound in an attractive blue cloth cover. The book contains all of the new rules of the Association, with list of officers, etc. The Association now includes thirty-two clubs from the vicinity of Boston, with twenty-four open races scheduled. The prospects for the fourth season are most encouraging.

The racing rules of the Yacht Racing Association of Long Island Sound have just been published, uniform with the books of previous years, but considerably larger by virtue of the additions made last winter. The Association now numbers twenty-one clubs, covering the west end of Long Island Sound from Sachem's Head to Hell Gate, with twenty-eight races scheduled. Copies of the book may be had of the printers, Thompson & Co., No. 9 Murray street, New York. Price, 25 cents.

Manning's Yacht Register for 1899, the twenty-fifth year of publication, has appeared within the past week, in time for Decoration Day. The book is in two large volumes, one containing the yacht register and the other the record of races for 1898 in the United States, Canada and Nova Scotia. The list includes 2,041 sailing and 444 steam yachts. The list of yacht clubs reaches a total of 155.

Bonnie Bairn, naphtha auxiliary, designed by C. G. Davis and built by Samuel Ayres & Son at Nyack for Malcolm Graham, Jr., was launched on May 22.

Jule, steam yacht, designed and built by the Fall River Iron Works, for B. P. Cheney, the husband of Julia Arthur, was launched at East Braintree, Mass., on May 24. She is 57ft. over all, 12ft. 6in. beam, and is expected to make 11 knots.

When work was first begun on the new house of the New York Y. C. on Forty-fourth street, it was expected that it would be completed before the America's Cup races in October. This has been found to be impossible, and the present house will be used for the balance of the year.

Aphrodite, steam yacht, Col. O. H. Payne, is still at South Brooklyn, the interior furnishings being put in. Last week the work was stopped by a strike of the members of the Amalgamated Society of Painters and Decorators of New York, twenty of whom were employed.

Nahma, steam yacht, arrived at Newport on May 25 from Naples, via Genoa, with the body of her late owner, Robert Goelet, on board. The yacht proceeded to New York, where the funeral took place on May 27, at Woodlawn Cemetery.

The new steam yacht Kananha II., designed and built by C. L. Seabury & Co., for John P. Duncan, was launched on May 27 at the works of the Gas Engine & Power Co. and C. L. Seabury & Co., Morris Docks, New York. The yacht is of steel and schooner-rigged, her dimensions being: Length over all, 227ft.; l.w.l., 192ft.; beam, 24ft.; draft, 10ft., and depth, 15ft.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Sept. 4.—Sea Girt, N. J.—Meeting of the New Jersey State Rifle Association. De Lancy G. Walker, Sec'y.

Sport in ye Olden Time.

GETTYSBURG, Pa.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: Inclosed you will find a notice to marksmen for a shooting match held April 17, 1829. First prize, a bear and second prize a deer.

This tavern was about seven miles northwest of Gettysburg, Pa., on the old Mummasburg Pike, and about one mile from the mountains. At that time bear were plenty in the South mountains, but have been extinct for a quarter of a century. Deer were also very plenty, but at this writing have nearly all disappeared. I spent one week this last winter hunting, and did not get a glimpse of one. Rifle shooting has always been a practice for the winter months in the vicinity of Casletown, Pa., Every Saturday afternoon they will gather at some house for a match, the prizes being hogs or turkeys, and the old muzzle-loading rifle is still used.

F. MARK BREAM.

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

Fixtures.

June 3.—New Haven, Conn.—Yale vs. Princeton.
June 3-4.—Sheboygan, Wis.—Sheboygan Rod and Gun Club's tournament.
June 3-4.—Elgin, Ill.—Target tournament of the Elgin National Gun Club. C. E. Middleton, Sec'y.
June 5-10.—Buffalo, N. Y.—New York State shoot, under the auspices of the Buffalo Audubon Gun Club; \$1,000 guaranteed; over \$2,000 in merchandise, and \$1,000 added money in open events. Chas. Bamberg, Sec'y, 51 Edna Place.
June 6-9.—Sioux City, Ia.—Fifth annual amateur tournament of the Soo Gun Club. E. R. Chapman, Sec'y.
June 7-8.—Crawfordsville, Ind.—Indiana Trap-Shooters' League tournament, under auspices of Crawfordsville Gun Club.
June 10.—Princeton, N. J.—Yale vs. Princeton.
June 13-14.—Grand Forks, N. D.—Fifth annual shoot of the North Dakota Association.
June 14-15.—Bellows Falls, Vt.—Interstate Association's tournament, under auspices of Bellows Falls Gun Club. C. H. Gibson, Sec'y.
June 14-16.—Cleveland, O.—Cleveland Target Co.'s tournament.
June 14-15.—Lewiston, Ill.—Lewiston Gun Club tournament. H. H. McCumber, Sec'y.
June 17.—Hackensack, N. J.—All-day amateur target tournament by Bergen County Gun Club. C. O. Gardner, Sec'y.
June 20.—Ogden, Ill.—Ogden Gun Club's annual tournament.
June 20-22.—Wheeling, W. Va.—Third annual tournament of the West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association, under auspices of the Wheeling Gun Club, Wheeling, W. Va. John B. Garden, Sec'y.
June 21-23.—Columbus, O.—Tournament of the Ohio Trap-Shooters' League, under auspices of the Sherman Rod and Gun Club. J. C. Porterfield, Sec'y, O. T. S. L.
June 22.—Sherburne, N. Y.—Sherburne Gun Club tournament. J. L. Paddiford, Sec'y.
June 27-29.—Altoona, Pa.—Target tournament of the Altoona Rod and Gun Club, Wopsononock Heights. G. G. Zeth, Sec'y.
June .—Lyndhurst, N. J.—E. C. cup contest for championship of New Jersey, between T. W. Morfey, holder, and W. H. Huck, challenger.

Notre Marksman.

There is a premium to Be Shot for the
house of Baniel Buttinger half mile
west of Hasecks Tavern on the 17 Day
of April the premium is a Bare the
first and a Deer the Second and all
moos that are fond of Sport are invited
to the match
April 17, 1899

Money

July 1.—Sherbrooke, P. Q.—Annual tournament; targets; Domin-
ion Day; open to all amateurs. Chas. H. Foss, Sec'y.
July 1-2.—Milwaukee, Wis.—Grand tournament of Milwaukee
Gun Club, in Carnival Week. S. M. Du Val, Sec'y.
July 4.—Pawling, N. Y.—All-day tournament of the Pawling
Rod and Gun Club; targets.
July 4.—Hastings, Neb.—Hastings Gun Club amateur shoot; \$150
added. W. S. Duer, Vice-President.
July 18-20.—Little Rock, Ark.—Arkansas State tournament.
July 19-20.—Providence, R. I.—Interstate Association's tourna-
ment, under auspices of the Providence Gun Club. R. C. Root,
Sec'y.
Aug. 9-10.—Portland, Me.—Interstate Association's tournament,
under auspices of the Portland Gun Club. S. B. Adams, Sec'y.
Sept. 6-7.—Portsmouth, Va.—Tournament of the Interstate As-
sociation, under auspices of the Portsmouth Gun Club. W. N.
White, Sec'y.
Oct. 6-7.—Pawling, N. Y.—Tournament of Pawling Rod and Gun
Club; targets and live birds.
First and third Fridays of each month.—Watson's Park, Burn-
side, Ill.—Semi-monthly contest for Montgomery Ward & Co.'s
diamond badges.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in
these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties
on all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail
all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broad-
way, New York.

On May 22, at Watson's Park, Burnside Crossing, Ill., Messrs.
O Von Lengerke and W. H. Dupee shot two matches at 100
birds. In the first, Von Lengerke made the excellent score of
93; Dupee, 77, with 4 birds allowed and added, 81. In the second
match Dupee was allowed 8 birds added to his score, but he did
not need them, as this time he beat his man out by the score of
88 to 85. With his added birds he scored 96. The birds were a
strong lot, and there was a high right-quartering wind.

Mr. Edward Banks and wife left New York last week, Thursday,
for Buffalo, to meet his sister and brother-in-law, who are leis-
urely en route from India to England. It is many years since
they have seen each other. The party will return to New York
some day this week, and two or three days will be devoted to
sight-seeing before the journey is resumed.

Mahanoy City, Pa., was fixed upon by the County League of
Game and Fish Protective Associations for its fall shoot. The
Pine Grove Game and Fish Protective Association and the Hegins
Shooting and Fishing Association were admitted to membership
at the League meeting on May 24, at Llewellyn. The Tremont
team captured the Peters trophy in the contest for it.

In respect to transportation, arrangements have been made in
favor of those attending the New York State Shoot, whereby all
roads entering Buffalo have conceded a special rate of one and
one-third fare on the certificate plan. Tickets can be purchased
at full fare going and one-third fare returning. Be sure to ask
for certificate when purchasing tickets.

On Wednesday of last week Mr. T. W. Morfe again got pos-
session of the E. C. cup, emblematic of the championship of
New Jersey, defeating Phil Daly, Jr., by a score of 43 to 36. The
winner was challenged by Mr. W. H. Huck, of Rutherford, N. J.,
and the contest will be in June, at a date to be fixed upon soon.

Mr. John Wright, manager of the Brooklyn Gun Club, con-
templates giving a weekly trophy of some kind, to be contested for
during the season. Thus he will have a special weekly induc-
ement for the shooters as well as the Francotte gun prize, the lat-
ter a monthly contest.

The Bergen County Gun Club will hold an all-day target tour-
nament on June 17, for amateur contestants, on its grounds at Hack-
ensack, N. J. Programmes will be ready for distribution in a
few days. C. O. Gardner, secretary.

The Oceanic Gun Club trapped about 14,000 targets during its
season, just closed, of which C. F. Dudley purchased 1,125, of
which he broke 844, and D. L. H. Bill (Schortemeier) purchased
1,440 and broke 1,053.

Mr. C. C. Chase, of Oshkosh, Wis., informs us that the Winne-
bago Gun Club will hold a shoot on July 8 and 9. Programmes
will be ready for distribution after June 15. Oscar D. Cray, Jr.,
is secretary.

Owing to the observance of Decoration Day, this issue goes
to press a day earlier than usual, and much new matter which
otherwise would have appeared, has of necessity been put over.

Mr. Paul North will be in charge of the grounds at the New
York State Shoot, which takes place at Buffalo next week.

Motto for the shooters who may be en route anywhere next
week—"Let me off at Buffalo."

BERNARD WATERS.

WESTERN TRAPS.

Eureka Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., May 27.—The country about Eureka Gun Club
grounds, at Seventy-ninth street and Vincennes avenue, looked
very sweet and fresh and green this afternoon, and a good number
of the club members gathered to take advantage of the pleasant
weather. There were three squads, with something to spare most
of the time, and the sport was kept up until after 5 o'clock. The
Class A trophy was won by W. D. Stannard, 25 straight. Dr. Mil-
ler won Class B trophy on 19, J. L. Jones Class C trophy with
16, and Mrs. Dr. Carson the Class D trophy with 17, the latter

shooting also with equal success in some of the sweeps which
followed the regular events.

Among others present were Mr. E. H. Ford, of the new Velox
smokeless powder, the latest nitro to claim the attention of the
trap shooters. Jack Fanning, of the Gold Dust, was also on hand
on his way East from the Iowa shoot. The afternoon shoot was
pleasant in every particular. The following are the scores:

Shoot No. 1, 15 targets; 10 targets.	
F P Stannard.....	11011111111111
H B Morgan.....	00001110111111
Mrs. Carson.....	01011000100101
Lovell.....	110100111000011
F M Smith.....	100000011001100
J Fanning.....	11111111110111
J Paterson.....	11011001111110
Ford.....	111101000001100
P Adams.....	01100001100001
A W Adams.....	11110110111111
W D Stannard.....	11111111001110
J L Jones.....	01100011101111
Boyle.....	11100100101110
Boa.....	11101101011011
Dr Miller.....	10011011011011
A C Boroff.....	11111111111111
F Antoine.....	11111111111111
V L Cunningham.....	11111111111111
R B Mack.....	11111000111111
F M Smith.....	11001101101111

Event No. 2, 25 targets.	
J G Lovell.....	1011001010010000100011110-11
F M Smith.....	100110010100001010100101-11
J Fanning.....	111111101111111111111011-23
E H Ford.....	101010111111101010101011-17
P Adams.....	000100101010101010110001-12
J F Boyle.....	1010111101010110111101-18
J S Boa.....	1011111111111111111111-24
Dr Norton.....	1111111100101-11
Cornwell.....	010101011011011001011010-15

Class A.	
F P Stannard.....	1111110111111111111111-24
A C Paterson.....	1110110111111111111111-21
A W Adams.....	0111100010111111111111-19
Chas Antoine.....	11101010111111111111101-20
V L Cunningham.....	0111110111111111111111-22

Class B.	
H B Morgan.....	000110010111111101101111-17
Dr Miller.....	0101011001110111111111-19
A C Boroff.....	011110010100111001101110-15

Class C.	
J L Jones.....	111100001111011110000111-16
W D Stannard.....	1111111111111111111111-25
R B Mack.....	111010001010101000111001-14

Class D.	
Mrs Carson.....	101100011111101110010111-17

Event No. 3, 25 targets; 25 cents entrance; one money; handi- cap rules:	
F P Stannard.....	1111111111111111111111-24
H B Morgan.....	0100111111111111111110110-22
Mrs Carson.....	11110111111010010010110101-20
J G Lovell.....	011100010000111110101011100-19
F M Smith.....	111010110111011011011111010-22
J Fanning.....	1111111111111111111111-24
A C Paterson.....	1010111111011011011111111-22
E H Ford.....	0010110110110001011111101-14
P Adams.....	011001000011100000011100-9
A W Adams.....	101110110011110100111011-17
Dr Miller.....	11110111010010111001111-18
J L Jones.....	011101011011100101011101010-19
W D Stannard.....	1111111111111111111111-24
J Boyle.....	11001101000011011011101-15
J Boa.....	1111111101111111111111-23
A C Boroff.....	0010101111111000110110001101-17
C Antoine.....	01110100011110011010111-16
V L Cunningham.....	101111111111111111111011011-24
Dr Morton.....	0101110110011111110101111-18
Cornwell.....	000110000010111000101100010000-10
F P Stannard.....	1110111111-9
W D Stannard.....	1000111111-7
Cunningham.....	0111111101-8

Von Lengerke-Dupee.

On last Monday Messrs. Oswald von Lengerke and Walter
Dupee met to settle their postponed race at 100 live birds at
Watson's and before they got done they had shot two races, one
in the morning and one in the afternoon, and honors remained
easy for the day, although Mr. Von Lengerke won the race at
the earlier contest between these two gentlemen. Mr. Von Lon-
gerke gave Mr. Dupee a mark of 27yds. and 4 birds added to
his score, he himself standing at 30yds. In the first race, in the
morning, there was strong wind to the right quarter, and the
birds were prompt; only 2 were flagged. Both men shot along
in good shape indeed, Mr. Von Lengerke making the fine score
of 93, easily distancing his competitor, who retired with 81.

Mr. Dupee shot a plucky race, although his gun was pound-
ing his cheek badly. Young, and of very slight physique, Mr.
Dupee none the less does a great deal of shooting, and can
stand a long race far better than one would suppose. He seemed
at least to have confidence in his own ability to repeat, and he
challenged Mr. Von Lengerke to shoot the race over again, this
time to give him 8 birds added to his score. This looked easy
enough on the basis of the earlier race, but did not prove so
in the event, Mr. Dupee beating his man even without the
handicap. Mr. Von Lengerke was troubled with a bad headache
and appeared more tired than his youthful rival. He saved him-
self all he could by the use of the first barrel, but did not finish
quite as strong as Mr. Dupee, who was fresh as paint. The latter
shot his Purdy gun with 24in. trap, 3/4 Schultz powder. Mr.
Von Lengerke used his Francotte gun, the same powder in trap
and leader shell, both shooting No. 7 shot. In the second race
both used smokeless cases, and Mr. Von Lengerke, having a gun
with a long chamber, could not find at the grounds just the load

he wished, neither man having come prepared for the second
race. The following are the scores:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1899, by Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

4325534525215515554442515	
2202120210210012222210122-19	Dupee.....
1235344522535444332114245	
220121211122211221222222-24	
2241333412542225532213212	
2000201120122202112211200-17	
434324554281222523232324	
120212022221200021222100*-17-91	
5445534383143844311322315	
222222122222222222*112211-24	Von Lengerke..
8123456432141552234453225	
2222222222222222222222*222-24	
4241521458555544282344321	
222222222221222122202222-24	
2824545424333242221324332	
222202221022222222220022-93	
5345442545841243154155514	
11201111220211212111122*-21	W Dupee.....
342331152522353514235342	
212121021112022211111122-23	
4418251848441425414323115	
22*222120122122011202122-21	
2351244522411135241444558	
2212111220122122011222122-88	
4544314554325223352334431	
21111*011212111111122012-22	O Von Lengerke..
25422452325242522131135	
1011*1011201121011111111*-19	
334324543212124224134434	
0112110121111111*22111222-22	
12545114441444523154112144	
201221012111111*22111222-22-85	

480 CAXTON BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

E. HOUGH.

Eureka Gun Club.

Chicago, Ill., May 20.—The day was anything but favorable for
target shooting, it being dark and the wind blew very hard. It
was cold enough for winter clothes, but with a good fire in the
club house and plenty of shooting at the traps the Eureka Gun
Club members enjoyed a pleasant afternoon. Some very good
scores were made considering the weather. All of the events were
shot over the magautrap, excepting the Mussey cup event, which
was shot over five traps, one man up.

In the preliminary event at 25 targets, the scores were: Mack
18, Morgan 20, Mrs. Carson 11, Cunningham 23, Matthews 20,
A. W. Adams 17, Lovell 16, Cornwall 16, P. Adams 11, Dr. Miller
17, E. Adams 17, F. P. Stannard 19, J. L. Jones 15, W. D. Stan-
nard 19.

The trophy event was at 25 targets, and resulted as follows:	
R B Mack.....	0010111010011001000011-12
H B Morgan.....	1110110011001101111000-17
Mrs Carson.....	1101011101101101010101-18
Cunningham.....	1001100111111111111111-20
S C Matthews.....	000001011000010011001101-10
A W Adams.....	1111101111101101111011-20
Lovell.....	1101000111011001000011-11
Cornwell.....	11000110010101010101110-14
J L Jones.....	11110001011100010011010-14
W D Stannard.....	11111111011111111111100-21
P Adams.....	01110100001010101010000-12
Dr Miller.....	1111101111111111111111-22
F E Adams.....	1111000010111111111111-19
F P Stannard.....	1011111101011101111111-18
Dr Morton.....	0111111011001111111101-20

The handicap event was won by Mr. A. W. Adams in the shoot-off. The scores:	
R B Mack, 5.....	010111010111000101011011-19
H B Morgan, 4.....	111011011101110111011100101-21
V L Cunningham, 2.....	1110111111101010110110111-22
S C Matthews, 6.....	11101100010100111111110111-23
Mrs Carson, 5.....	0010010010010101000010101101-15
A W Adams, 1.....	1011111111111101101101111-23
Cornwell, 6.....	1110100010010000010100111011-14
J L Jones, 5.....	111110110101011001101101101-22
W D Stannard, 0.....	110111111111111111111111-23
Dr Miller, 0.....	111111111110101111111111-23
Dr Morton, 5.....	01110001110100111111111110-19
P Adams.....	0111001000100010001001010-10
F E Adams.....	111111111101011111111111-22
J G Lovell.....	00100000100101110010111-11

The Mussey cup, at 15 singles and 10 pairs, handicap, resulted
as follows:

H B Morgan, 4.....	01011111101100	10 11 10 10 10	Hdcg.	1001	-16
Cunningham, 2.....	11010101101100	01 10 10 01 00	01		-14
A W Adams, 1.....	11101111101101	10 00 01 11 00	1		-18
Cornwell, 6.....	00000100001101	10 14 11 10 10	000000-11		
W D Stannard, 0.....	10110000100111	11 10 11 10 11			-15
Dr Miller, 0.....	11111110110111	11 10 00 11 11			-19
F P Stannard, 0.....	00111101001101	11 00 10 11 10			-15

NOTICE.

THE New York Clearing House has adopted new regulations
governing the collection of checks and drafts on banks outside of
the city. This entails a collection expense on those who receive
such checks. Our patrons are requested, therefore, in making
their remittances to send postal or express money order, postage
stamps, or check or draft on a New York city bank, or other New
York current funds.

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertain-
ment, instruction and information between American sportsmen.
The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its
pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be re-
garded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion
of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of
correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single
copies, \$4 per year, \$2 for six months. For club rates and full
particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iv.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday.
Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the
latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Jeannette Gun Club.

New York, May 19.—The Jeannette Gun Club held their monthly shoot on the grounds of J. H. Outwater's Riverside Hotel, Hackensack Plank road, N. J. The first squad was greeted by a heavy shower. It lasted only a short time.

L. H. Schortemeier again won the Class A medal for the third time from the 33yd. mark, and it now becomes his personal property, shooting U. M. C. Co. factory-loaded ammunition, E. C. & Schultze powder, 1 1/2 oz. No. 7, Trap cases.

J. Bohling, Jr., won the Class B medal for the second time and the gold medal offered by Mr. F. Ehlen for the most number of kills in the last six months for good. H. P. Fessenden, referee; A. Schubel, trap puller; J. Jones, scorer.

F Ehlen, 25.....12*0110211-7	C Heilshorn, 25.....000021121-6
W P Rottman, 28.....021222222-9	H Lohden, 25.....12110111*-8
H Otton, 28.....1020110221-7	Kroeger, 28.....0200112210-6
J Lott, 33.....222222222-10	C F Karstens, 28.....2212000010-5
J Bohling, 25.....1121212100-8	J Meyer, 25.....1002011222-7
J Hainhorst, 28.....22121202*-7	C Meyer, 28.....1121222202-9
J Mohrman, 25.....1121212100-8	J Vagts, 28.....2001011011-6
H Pape, 28.....010020122-6	Wm Ralphs, 28.....0122012012-7
N Brunie, 28.....111021210-8	C Steffens, 32.....2212*22122-9
G E Leoble, 28.....0012022020-5	Wm Rinchoff, 28.....1211102121-9
F Fohrenback, 25.....000121012-5	F Hall, 28.....2122202120-8
J D Wilkens, 25.....2121120212-9	
Meyer2211-4	Lott222-3
Steffens1221-4	Hall1222-4
Ottom0001-1	Brunie1222-4
Hainhorst2201-3	Bohling2222-4
Karstens2222-4	Leoble0212-3
Mohrman0010-1	Rottman20*2-2
Rinchoff2211-4	Pape0020-1
Ehlen2221-4	Vagts2002-2
Ralphs0200-1	Wilkens2000-1
Fohrenback1222-4	Lohden1201-3
Kroeger1222-4-34	J Meyer0201-2-29

JOHNNY JONES.

Championship of New Jersey—E. C. Cup Contest.

May 24.—The contest for the championship of New Jersey and the E. C. cup, which represents it, took place at Elkwood Park to-day between Mr. Philip Daly, Jr., the holder, and Mr. T. W. Morley, the challenger. The weather was clear and pleasant. A stiff wind blowing straight in the faces of the shooters, as they stood at the score made very difficult shooting. Morley was shooting in fine form, while Daly was shooting much below his ordinary ability. Many of the targets were "dusted." Morley shot in much the quicker time, which was an advantage under the existing condition of wind, flights, etc. The scores were: Morley 43, Daly 36.

Mr. Al Ivans was referee. Messrs. Hobart and Waters were judges.

P Daly, Jr.....110011011111011101001-17	
T W Morley.....110101101111110110101-19-36	
T W Morley.....11110111101101111111-22	
T W Morley.....111111111110100110111-21-43	

Some sweepstakes were shot as follows:	
Events: 1 2 3 4 5 6	Events: 1 2 3 4 5 6
Targets: 25 25 25 25 25 25	Targets: 25 25 25 25 25 25
T W Morley.....22 22 22 22 21 Hesse16 20	
H Money.....19 22 21 22 .. 24 Wood17	
Dr Bill.....17 22 21 21 .. 20 Ivans22	
P Daly.....19 .. 21 23 19 Waters16	
D Bradley.....18 20	

In Nos. 2 and 3 Money won the shoot-off.	
Morley, 30.....220122222	No. 1, \$5.
Money, 29.....21101122110	No. 2, \$1.
Wood, 27.....2221220220	
Bradley, 30.....2222220020	
Bender, 29.....0222222220	
Daly, 30.....2212222202	
Bell, 28.....2120212012	
Green, 28.....211220102	

Five-dollar miss-and-outs:	
Morley, 30.....222220	No. 1, 12222
Money, 29.....1112122	No. 2, 11120
Wood, 27.....20	No. 3, 02220
Bradley, 30.....0	No. 4, 12220
Bender, 29.....20	No. 5, 22220
Daly, 30.....2122121	No. 6, 1102
Morley, 30.....0	
Bradley, 30.....222	
Daly, 30.....1202	
Money, 29.....1202	
Greene, 29.....22210	

East Side Gun Club.

Newark, N. J., May 25.—The wind blew stiffly from right to left across the traps at the East Side Gun Club's live-bird shoot to-day. No. 1 was at 7 birds, \$3, three moneys, Rose system; No. 2 was the club shoot, and the points precede the scores.

Afterward three miss-and-outs were shot, \$1 entrance, starting at 28yds. and one yard back to 33. There were seven competitors, Koegel winning in the fourth round in No. 1; Schortemeier and Moffett in the sixth round in No. 2, and Koegel and Percy in the sixth round in No. 3.

Koegel22112*-6	No. 1, 7. 222120122-9
Moffett2211022-6	No. 2, 7. 222122222-10
Lenthauer1102012-5	No. 3, 7. 2220111*-8
Ottens1221221-7	No. 4, 7. 112121122-10
Ferguson221121-7	
Reiboldt0212002-4	No. 5, 6. 0222*2012-6
Casey*121121-6	No. 6, *0220*1021-6
Hiller0012111-5	No. 7, *22121021-9
Geoffroy1221212-7	No. 8, 7. 222112112-10
Woodruff1222112-7	
Bender2*20222-5	No. 9, 7. 022222220-8
Schortemeier122222*-6	No. 10, 7. 11*211111-9
Percy2202122-6	No. 11, 7. 2121202212-9
Clinchard5. 11021*222-7	No. 12, 5. 1211121121-10
Perment6. 1211121121-10	No. 13, 6. 1211121222-10
Ferguson7. 1221121221-10	
Hassinger7. 1221121221-10	

* Guests.

Central New Jersey League.

New Brunswick, N. J., May 27.—There was a strong wind and the targets were far from easy. The conditions were five-men teams, each man to shoot at 25 targets. There were three teams, a fourth and fifth contesting on a prospective membership, but as they were not elected till after the shoot on account of the late arrival of other members, their scores did not count. Their scores were: Columbia Gun Club, of Perth Amboy—De Worth 11, T. Bloodgood 12, Disbrow 15, H. B. Bloodgood 12, Little Jim 13—63.

Brunswick, of New Brunswick—Capt. Bunk 19, Voorhies 14, Erwin 14, Sperling 15, Oakley 18—80.

The regular team contests were between the Reservoir Gun Club, of New Brunswick; the Dunellen Gun Club, the Climax Gun Club, of Plainfield, and the Brunswick, of New Brunswick.

Reservoir Gun Club—McDowell 20, Strong 15, L. Belloff 18, Carpenter 9, J. Belloff 17—79.

Climax, of Plainfield—Goodman 18, Hobart 16, Keller, Jr. 13, Arthur 12, Allen 19—78.

Dunellen Gun Club—Vandermer 19, Runyon 15, Giles 17, Fletcher 17, Hoey 14—82.

A few sweepstakes were also shot. The background was not favorable to good scores.

Buffalo Audubon Club.

BUFFALO, N. Y., May 27.—Since the programme for the New York State Shoot went to press the Buffalo Audubon Club has secured a fine horse valued at \$200 and a harness valued at \$50, which will be added to third prize in the Buffalo Audubon Club event (open handicap) on the fourth day.

Just think of it. Every trap shooter in America has a chance of competing on an equal footing in this event for prizes as follows: Horse, harness and bike wagon, value \$400; upright Shoninger piano, \$350; building lot, \$300; Domestic sewing machine, \$65; round-trip ticket to Duluth, \$30; suit of clothes to order, \$25.

BUFFALO AUDUBON CLUB.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Hell Gate Gun Club.

Brooklyn, L. I., May 24.—Eugene Doeinck, James Quinn, Emil Steffens and Emil Marquardt, in a field of thirty-six shooters, killed 9 each at the monthly live-bird shoot of the Hell Gate Gun Club, at Dexter Park to-day. Doeinck and Quinn did kill all their birds, but each lost one dead out of bounds. Scores:

Thirty yards rise, 7 points, handicap:	
E Doeinck.....2222122*21-9	J H Voss.....121011*202-7
F Trostel.....0112212011-8	C Webber.....0101101120-6
H Forster.....220201222-8	

Twenty-eight yards, 6 points:	
J Schlicht.....0122020212-7	

Twenty-eight yards, 5 1/2 points:	
E Steffens.....1211102122-9	F Wheeler.....2000021101-5

Twenty-eight yards, 5 points:	
G K Dodd.....1212220120-8	J Kreeb.....0120022010-5

Twenty-eight yards, 4 1/2 points:	
W A Noe.....0211011202-7	H Carroll.....102101000? -5

W A Dietzel.....*120010111-6	C Schaeffer.....0120220312-6
H Haften.....0222002*21-6	

Twenty-eight yards, 7 points:	
J Mimmelsbach.....102121120-8	C Lang.....2111220011-8

P Woelfel.....2021212210-8	J Wellbrock.....201101111-8
----------------------------	-----------------------------

Twenty-eight yards, 6 1/2 points:	
J Quinn.....12211*1211-9	S M Van Allen.....2222012020-7

P Carms.....1010211122-8	E Marquardt.....2201222112-9
J A Belden.....*011221112-8	A Knodel.....2010210102-6

J P Dannefer.....2002112222-8	F Guy.....0111010020-5
A Schmitt.....0222021022-7	T McPartland.....0220021000-4

C Rabenstein.....0111122001-7	
Twenty-eight yards, 4 points:	
C Wigger.....02202021*2-6	C Schaeffer.....022000000? -3

John Dade.....120200*002-4	D J Deady.....0022002000-3
Twenty-eight yards, 5 points:	
H Kohla.....20*110*212-6	

Brooklyn Gun Club.

Brooklyn, L. I., May 27.—There was a good attendance of shooters at John Wright's weekly shoot to-day. He had several desirable prizes, one of which was a gun case, contested for in No. 5 event; the other a box of cigars, and was the feature of No. 7. No. 8 was the shoot-off of the latter. Each event was a handicap. The scores and handicaps in No. 5 were: F. A. Thompson, 4, 22; Waters, 6, 19; Brinton, 7, 21; Wright, 9, 10; Bramwell, 7, 18; Rensen, 2, 21; Hagedorn, 5, 14; Hopkins, 4, 23; Kemble, 4, 19; Bennett, 7, 15. In the shoot-off of No. 5 the handicaps were changed somewhat; handicaps and scores in the shoot-off were: Hopkins, 4, 18; F. A. Thompson, 4, 20; Waters, 4, 21; Brinton, 7, 14; Paterson, 9, 12.

Events:	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
Targets:	25 15 15 15 15 15 15 15
David21	
Remsen, 2.....18	13 12 14 12 13 14 18
Hagedorn21	
Wright7	
Bennett12	11 11 13
F A Thompson, 4.....11	11 10 10 14 15 23
Hagedorn, 5.....11	10 11 13 10 15 17
Brinton11	6 13
Waters, 3.....8	11 8 10 .. 18
Lincoln6	8 3
Lane11	
Hopkins, 4.....13	10 14 15 ..
Kemble, 4.....11	11 13 22
Bramwell, 3.....13	11 13 17

Pawtuxet Gun Club.

PAWTUXET, R. I., May 20.—The scores of the challenge match for cast-iron trophy were:

W Thoen.....111111011111010111-17	
A Hawkins.....000110110101110111-13	

Quite a number of the lovers of the shotgun gathered at the regular fortnightly shoot of the Pawtuxet Gun Club, among the visitors being Mr. North, of the Cleveland Target Co., who happened to be in Providence on a business trip, and it was perhaps fortunate for us that he was, as we had the first little hitch with the magatrap that we have had in two years. He straightened it out all right in a jiffy. Mr. North also had a chance to try the tautog fishing in the bay, which he improved by catching not only the largest, but also the smallest fish in the party. The trip was organized by Treasurer Root, and the secretary also had a chance to go. Perhaps Mr. North can explain why he didn't.

We also had quite a delegation present from the Centerdale Club, Secretary Reiner, Harry Swindell, Sweet and Naylor being present. All of the events were optional sweeps except the sixth, which was also the regular club badge shoot. Hugh Bain won first class badge with the score of 23, and Mooney the second class with 19. The cast-iron trophy shoot was won by W. Thoen, who has been challenged by Repeater, the shoot taking place next Saturday. This is shot for from one bluerock trap, trap and handle for each other. All the other shooting was from the magatrap, which worked finely as usual.

Events:	1 2 3 4 5 6	Events:	1 2 3 4 5 6
Birds:	15 15 15 15 15 15	Birds:	15 15 15 15 15 15
Arnold12	9 21	Reiner11	9 10 8 7 18
Armstrong12	9 10 14	Repeater11	7 7 15
Bain12	9 10 14	Sheldon12	13 13 13 13 13 13
Francotte12	13 .. 5 16	Sweet13	8 ..
Greene11	13 .. 5 22	Stillman13	5 ..
George11	13 .. 5 22	Smith12	11 ..
M Nicols10	13 .. 5 19	Thorne18	
Mooney10	13 .. 5 19	Powell5	7 8 13
North10	13 .. 5 19	White6	8 13
Root10	12 13 13 .. 18	Hawkins18	
Richards10	12 12 10 .. 18		

W. H. SHELTON, Sec'y.

Garfield Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., May 27.—The fourth trophy event of the Garfield Gun Club resulted as follows in to-day's contest:

Class A.	
Gardner101100001001001011101000-10	
T W Eaton.....1010111010011011101100-16	
Northcott.....000011111111000100100000-12	
E W Eaton.....10101110101110101110110-17	
Dr Meek00000001000110000010011-9	
Dr Shaw0111101111111111111111-23	
Class B.	
Kehl000000001100000000000001-3	
Kuss11111110110111111110111-20	
Fehrman01011101100100101111111-17	
Brabrook0100110011000011000001100-9	
Dr Royce110000000000010110011000-8	
Hellman011110010100111111001111-17	
Class C.	
Young110111001101011110001110-16	
Jones1010011000011000101101010-11	
Neal11001111011011111010100110-17	
Adams000111001101011000111110-14	
Smith110000000110000100110110-9	
Eckball010000000000101000100110-6	

Trap around Reading.

READING, Pa., May 20.—The third of these series of the Mt. Penn Gun Club's shoot was shot to-day on their grounds, near this city. Yeager, Hunsberger and Rhodes tied for first with 24 out of 25. The scores of the shoot for the gun, and sweeps follow:

Events:	1 2 3 4 5	Events:	1 2 3 4 5
Targets:	20 10 25 10 10	Targets:	20 10 25 10 10
Yeager9	9 24 7 ..	Shaaber9	
Capt Ball.....9	20 .. 9	Saylor20	8 ..
Shultz9	9 19 7 ..	Hunsberger24	6 ..
Bowman8	7 .. 5	Strohecker13	0 8
Rhodes7	7 24 .. 9	Boyle16	
Laird3	7 14 ..		

DUSTER.

White Plains Shoot.

WHITE PLAINS, N. Y., May 25.—The two days' tournament of the White Plains Gun Club, under management of Geo. Molenaar, drew all that could be desired in fair skies and gentle zephyrs, but few shooters turned out on the first day. Although advertised to begin at 10 A. M. sharp, the first event started at 2:30 P. M., with seven entries. The new grounds are a decided improvement on those formerly used by Molenaar, and were in good order. One of the pleasant features of the day was the shooting of Miss M. E. Hyland, of Tarrytown. She shot in quick form, centering her targets beautifully and grinding them to dust. Her position at the score is perfect. This young lady should soon be in the first rank of target breakers, and I regard her as a strong opponent in her present form. Mr. W. Verplank filled the office of cashier and entry clerk very satisfactorily.

Events:	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11
Targets:	10 10 10 15 15 10 10 15 10 10
Entrance:	\$1 \$1 \$1 \$50
John Hyland4	8 6 12 5 14 9 8 7 8
Bradshaw3	3 9 5 6 6
Chas Blandford3	6 7 12 5 5 9 7 5
Eug Halpin6	7 8 9 8 8 7 7 5 8
F E Wood.....8	7 8 6 10 6 8 9 9 8
Miss Hyland6	7 4 10 7 7 7 6 5 8
Sutton9	5 13 7 10 6 7 6 7 8
Miller5	8
Carpenter3	6 6 7
E G Horton.....7	6 4 10 8 7 8
Molenaar6	4 4

The scores of the second day were as follows:

Events:	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11
Targets:	10 10 15 10 10 10 10 10 15 10
Entrance:	\$1
Platt7	7 3 10 5 17 7 7 9 9 13
Gorham7	7 7 8 8 7 8 8 5 8 6 8
Betti5	8 4 4 7 11 6 5
Ward7	7 6 10 6 7 6 7 3 11
Wood6	6 8 3 16 6 6 7 8 9
G Sutton7	4 9 6 14 8 8 6 10
Miller3	4 6
Molenaar4	2
Quinby7	4 5

E. G. HORTON.

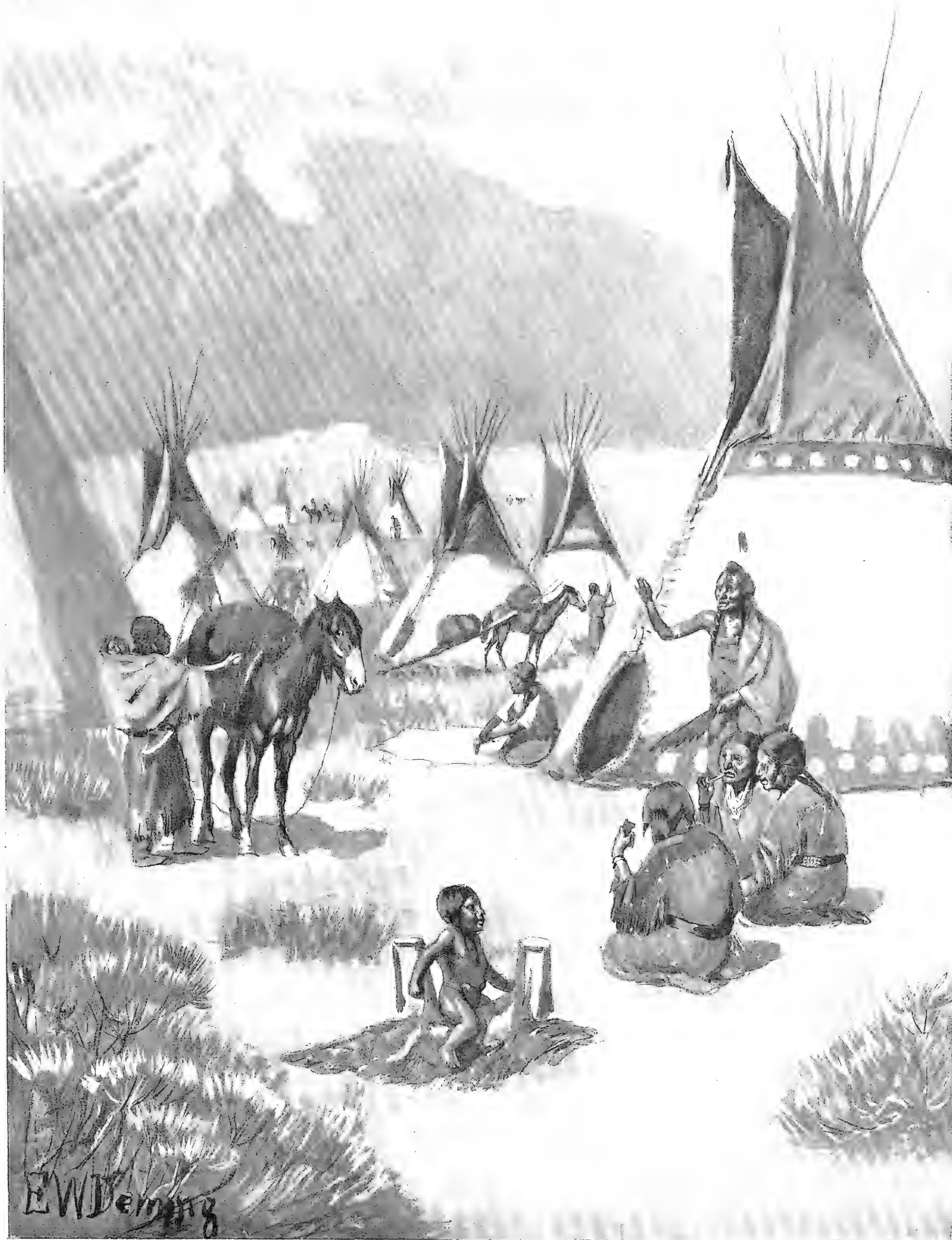
Sioux City Programme.

The programme that the Soo Gun Club has arranged for its fifth annual tournament, June 6 to 9, is just such that should please the average amateur, consisting chiefly of short events. The programme is precisely the same for the first three days, on which there will be 15-target events, \$1.50 entrance, or \$15 per day. The fourth and final day there will be but seven events. Nos. 1, 3 and 5 will be 15 targets; Nos. 2, 4 and 6, 20 targets. Though No. 4 is a two-men team race, teams can comprise any two men on the grounds. No. 7, the last event of the day and shoot, will be 50 targets. The purse in this is divided into five equal moneys.

On the first three days there will be \$100 average money each day, divided into ten averages of \$10 each. This will go to the ten high averages. Then there are also five special merchandise prizes, which go to the five low averages on each of these days. The purse in all events, unless otherwise stated, will be divided four moneys, 35, 30, 20 and 15. On the last day the club will add 10 per cent. of the net purse to each. This I infer to mean target money. Event No. 7 on the second day will be the cup event. This cup will go to the high gun, and winner may hold the cup until the next annual tournament, when the club will redeem the same at \$50. Ten dollars each will be paid to the next three high guns, who remain longest in the shoot-off.

Fred Gilbert very generously permitted Sheldon to take the Smith

A Trout Preserve offering many attractions is advertised in our list of properties for sale. This opportunity for a club here offered is of unusual character.



FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO.

TERMS, \$4 A YEAR, 10 CTS. A COPY.
SIX MONTHS, \$2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 10, 1899.

VOL. LII.—No. 28.
No. 246 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, \$4 per year, \$2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iv.

"Pack and be out of this forthwith!
D'you know you have no business here?"
"No; we haint got," said Samuel Smith,
"No business to be anywhere."
So wearily they went away;
Yet soon were camped in t'other lane;
And soon they laughed as wild and gay,
And soon the kettle boiled again.
Rhymes of the Gypsies.

EXTERMINATORY PEREGRINATORS.

WHATEVER may be thought of non-resident shooting restrictions, we must all rejoice at the adoption of repressive laws designed to reach individuals of the type described by our Florida correspondent, Didymus, in his comments upon what he aptly terms the "exterminatory peregrinations" of one class of traveling game destroyers. It is manifest, however, that to effect a cure of this "thirst for 'gator blood," this mania for inhuman butchery of living creatures whether game or not, we must have recourse to something more reaching than non-resident legislation. Enjoyment of indiscriminate torture of animal life finds its instigation in a depraved nature. The real cure for it is to be found in humane education, not in game laws. We must begin with the training of the child, not wait for the reform of the man. It is a question of the heart, not of the trigger finger.

There is nothing antagonistic between humanity and sport, between humane instincts with their promptings and the impulses and practices of field sports. While in specific cases it may not always be practicable to draw the precise line where humanity leaves off and cruelty begins, the distinction is one which is real, and is readily recognized in the consciousness of every right-minded person of mature years. One may be a humane man and yet a sportsman; nay, the sportsman is a humane man. What is a sportsman, the "true" sportsman? That is a question we have been threshing over for these many years. May we not say at least, as for our ideal type, that he must possess with other attributes of manhood the quality of mercy which "is not strain'd"; that he must have an ear and an eye for

All sweet sounds and all sweet things,
Whatever shines, whatever sings;

that in short he must see in the wild creatures which are put on this earth to inhabit it with him something more than mere bundles of flesh and bone and muscles and nerves, to writhe and squirm and twist when wounded by his ammunition?

Our correspondent does well to disclaim any purpose of confounding the average sportsman who visits Florida with the mere game butcher. It would be a gross wrong put upon hundreds and thousands of sportsmen who have found their way to that State, to charge them with the spirit of cruelty and its practice as illustrated in certain isolated individual cases. The great majority of us who take our guns and rods to Florida or Michigan or elsewhere feel the same indignation as that expressed by Didymus whenever we discover that the excesses committed by the few are mistakenly accepted as characteristic of the many; that the game butchers are looked upon as in any degree representative of the great guild of sportsmen. There could not be a grosser error. As we have pointed out before, the difference between the moderate shooter and the exterminatory peregrinator—if Didymus will permit us—who is consumed with an inordinate thirst for blood and impelled by a mad craze to pile up the count of fish and game, and of creatures not game, slain by him, is the difference between the rational and the insane. The typical sportsman of this country is not a peripatetic bloody-bones crazed by lust of blood.

THE PASSING OF SPRING.

It is only a little while since all the grass we saw was the dead, dun herbage of last year, and all the leafage the dark verdure of the evergreens looking as old as the trees themselves, and the nearest semblance to a bird song that greeted our ears was the drumming of the woodpecker. Now meadows and pastures unfold their living green far around us, and woods are full clad in fresh, new leafage, and many spring flowers are bygone, and the air is vibrant with the songs of summer residents and the notes of many migrants have drifted past to be heard no more for months. It is all more like the dim memory of those unhappened things which we call dreams than a recorded reality. Yet so it is and has been.

Under the green grass the last year's aftermath is barely hidden. The misty globes of the dandelion are like bubbles on the rippled green; the withered blossoms of elm and maple clog the rivulets the passing shower makes; dots of tenderest green show on the tips of evergreens; children gather the first buttercups and grope for the earliest strawberry; the songs of the robins are changed to notes of anxiety over their callow broods; the hammock of the oriole is swung on the elm branch; in the wide ramage of the butternut the cuckoo blows his flute to tell that all the summer birds have come, and as he skulks in the thickening copses the catbird mocks them all.

It is but a little while since the angler was weary with waiting for iceless streams, yet even now he counts many a goodly catch, and his nerves tingle yet with recent victories. As he steals upon the pools of the embowered brook he is startled by a fluttering grouse and her vanishing brood of downy chicks. Perhaps it seems long to wait until these mites that a wild ginger leaf now will cover, shall be fair prey to the gun, where only the quickest eye shall follow their hurtling flight and the readiest hand serve to stop it. But he will not have to wait longer than he has for the bass, for as swiftly as the spring has gone, so the summer will go, marking its passage with earliest fruitage and latest bloom, linking its last days to glorious autumn with blossoms of golden-rod and aster and gentian.

Why not enjoy the present that so swiftly passes? Why long for the future that so swiftly comes?

SNAP SHOTS.

The fishing letters which are printed from week to week in our angling columns show that the season of 1899 is to be counted, as Mr. Chambers puts it, a banner year for fish. The good word comes not from any one section alone, but from many; even Fred Mather out in Wisconsin is so busy fishing that he cannot make time to write about it. For everyone but the unfortunate who is "chained to business," with the padlock key thrown down the well, these rosy reports of trout galore make the most acceptable kind of reading. The opportunity should be improved by those who can get away, and here is a wish of good luck to every happy angler.

That is a very interesting case which is reported this week from Pennsylvania, as having to do with the right of fishing in posted streams. As a matter of fact, the principle enunciated by the court is so well established and so familiar that the finding of the jury was precisely what would have been expected. This principle is in effect that a stream is the exclusive privilege of the owner or owners, or those who lease it, whether the control be in the hands of a single individual, of a number of owners of adjoining lands or of a corporation owning or leasing the stream; and that the exclusive privilege extends throughout the entire course of the stream which is thus controlled, whether it be for a hundred feet or for miles. This is, as we have said, a familiar principle, but the peculiar circumstance of the case determined in Pennsylvania was that there exists there a prevailing popular sentiment questioning the right of stream owners to forbid outsiders from trespassing for fishing. The feeling was so strong that certain of the defendants, as they testified, had been advised by lawyers that they might fish in the posted streams with impunity. The ground for the opinion appears to have been the fact that the waters had been stocked by the State. In some States provision is made in the statutes that waters so stocked at the public expense must be kept open for public use.

This problem of protected streams is one of growing magnitude in Pennsylvania, where each year sees a decrease in the number of waters open to the public. The expedient of leasing and protecting and shutting out others from the fishing is continually resorted to by those who seek in this way to insure good fishing for themselves, until it has become a puzzling question in Pennsylvania where one may go without being confronted by a trespass notice. Many thoughtful anglers, who cannot be accused of harboring any disregard for the law or the legal rights of their fellows, declare that such posting of streams has gone to an extent beyond public interest. They ask with alarm what is to become of the unattached angler, the town dweller who must depend for his fishing on open streams. The problem is one which is likely to find its own solution. We can hardly hope for a change of public sentiment which will make those who are not directly concerned with fishing sensitive as to the preservation of fish; and under these conditions it will be left for the fisherman himself to restock, preserve and defend his fishing right. In Pennsylvania as elsewhere the fishing of the future will be done for the most part in streams which are maintained and controlled by private enterprise.

We again invite attention to Mr. T. S. Palmer's paper on the introduction of exotic species of animal life. Mr. Palmer has brought together a vast collection of facts which are instructive and full of warning. The conclusions drawn by him from the evidence here produced will form the subject of the concluding portion of his paper to be given in our next issue. In collecting this material and putting it into shape for such clear presentation to the public, Mr. Palmer has done a valuable service.

The New York Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission has performed a useful work by supplying for distribution cloth posters calling attention to the penalty for killing song birds or injuring their nests. The posters will be sent on application. They should be tacked up in the village post-office and at the cross-roads and four-corners. The Commission may be addressed at Albany.

The biggest thing yet in the way of game and fish preserve projects is the one reported in our angling columns to fence in the Lake St. John district and adjoining territory in the Province of Quebec for a private preserve of thousands of square miles. The scheme at first sight appears a bit top-heavy, but the fence will stand up if the posts are set closely enough together and the trees don't fall on them.

As a pleasing supplement to the story of the expedition among the Florida Seminoles told last week by Mrs. J. M. Willson, Jr., we find in the Valley Gazette of Kissimmee note of a visit paid by the Chiefs Tallahassee and Billy Bowlegs to the Willsons there. Mr. Willson is secretary of the Friends of the Florida Seminoles, an association of those who are interested in securing to the Indians a reservation in the Everglades, of which they shall enjoy permanent tenure, and in advancing the social condition of the tribe. Tallahassee is now eighty years old, and he came up from Indian Town costumed in the full regalia of his rank. It is interesting to note how these Florida Indians have preserved in a wonderful degree the manners and customs of the Southern tribes as first known to the discoverers. Old Tallahassee's turban, for instance, might have been one of those shown in the delineations of Florida life in 1563 by the French artist Le Moyne.

More suggestive than this is a fact which is recorded by Mrs. Willson in the "Indian Friend." At a Fourth of July celebration at Im-mo-kah-lee, on the western edge of the Everglades, when Rt. Rev. Wm. Crane Gray was present, he recognized, as the Indians chanted a hymn in their native tongue, in the Seminole word Yah-vet the Hebrew Jehovah or Jehovah. From the use of this word in the depths of the Everglades, as Mrs. Willson suggests, one may work back to the prehistoric ruined temples of Mexico and Yucatan, so similar to those of Egypt; and thus may find in Seminole speech a language link to connect the new word with the old.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Pioneer Days.—II.

BY ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

JOSIAH HILL was up betimes next morning and presently engaged in preparations for his suddenly conceived plan of departure. The £10 were paid down, the deed acknowledged and in his possession, and Anthony Capron mounted his horse and rode away southward with a self-satisfied smile on his sanctimonious face. The Allen brothers rode northward on the way to their extensive purchases in the Grants, with which their fortunes were henceforth to be so intimately connected.

Josiah owned a yoke of oxen and a new cart, with which the journey was to be made, and it was now loaded with a barrel of pork and another of corn meal, blankets and bed quilts, his own and the hunter's guns and traps, axes, a kettle and frying-pan, and such indispensable articles of backwoods life. There was also a bountiful supply of cooked provisions for the long journey—loaves of rye and Indian bread, baked pork and beans and a bag of New England's staple luncheon, the well-beloved doughnut, whereof they were to see no more for many a month.

By the middle of the forenoon they were ready to set forth, good-byes were said, and with an interested audience of the greater part of the hamlet's population, they began the long, slow journey. The oxen swayed along the rough road; the cart creaked with jolting over it, and the two adventurers, seated on a board laid across the cart body, turned their backs on homes and friends. From the last hilltop of the valley they looked back on the smooth green fields, the snug homesteads, the winding river and its mills, the maple woodlands kindling with the first blaze of autumnal tints, and heaved a sigh of regret for all they were leaving behind.

Thus they passed out of Connecticut and into Massachusetts and across it, along traveled highways, through improved lands and by established homesteads, where shade trees of second growth shaded door-yard and well and roadside, and brooks babbled through broad meadows in unbroken sunshine, and cattle grazed in grassy pastures—so old that the stumps and debris of the former forest were no longer seen. Every few miles they came to some village on a stream, with its saw mill and grist mill, its store and blacksmith's and cooper's shops, its tavern, with its hospitable sign and inviting roadside nearness. There was the meeting house standing beside its increasing encampment of the dead—the green tents where the pioneers of the wilderness, the old Indian fighters and advance guard of the peaceful army of invasion slept the long, dreamless sleep, with many of the generation that came after them to reap where they had sown. Sometimes the travelers stopped for the night at a hospitable farm house, sometimes at a wayside inn—always welcome at either, with their budget of news from the lower country, which became fresher and rarer the further carried.

Gradually the oxen crept toward the verge of the forest and dragged the red cart into the broad belt of scattered new farms, separated by increasing miles of forests and stretches of road, always growing worse with deep ruts, quagmires and ruinous bridges. So they came to a fortified blockhouse, an outpost of the old frontier, and rude memorial of the days of constant peril and frequent alarm. They came to poorer nightly quarters in one-roomed log houses, and at last to camping in or under the body of the cart by outdoor fires, and so by degrees passed out of civilization into the wild, rude life of the pioneer.

Once in the dusk of nightfall they reached a straggling hamlet and were searching for its inn when the tired oxen started at some object near a house. Looking for the cause, the travelers saw a great panther standing on a cross piece at the top of a post and knew that this was the famous Catamount Tavern of Landlord Fay, at Bennington, the headquarters of the Green Mountain Boys, whose fame was already extending beyond the borders of the infant commonwealth. Great beams of light stretched out from the windows of the cheerful barroom athwart the road and faded out in the gloom of the opposite field, save where one maple's scarlet and yellow foliage caught the full glare and glowed like a tower of fire. A company of a dozen stalwart men were gathered, smoking, drinking and chatting, desisting a moment to regard the two travelers as they entered. Conspicuous among the company was the burly figure of Ethan Allen, standing with his back to the fireplace and discoursing loudly upon whatever topic came uppermost.

"Ah!" he cried, glaring at the newcomers as they conferred with Landlord Fay concerning the disposal of their team, "two more recruits for the army of the Lord. And where might you be bound, my friends?"

"As far as the Little Otter, nigh the lake," Dalrymple answered, setting his rifle with Josiah's in a corner, where they underwent inspection by many lovers of guns.

"That's right," said Allen. "Settle on the streams; they're the first paths of the wilderness, an open way summer and winter, and we want to head off the Yorkers on all of them. Stub and I and One-Eyed Tom, here," indicating a sedate gentleman, with a defective eye, who sat near him, "have kept that in mind, and we've made pitches twenty mile beyond you, on the Onion River. Perhaps we'll call some day as we are passing."

"You'll be welcome," said Kinelm and Josiah, in the same breath.

"You've taken your right under New Hampshire?" Allen asked, with a sudden searching look.

"In course I have," said Josiah. "I guess ev'rybody aour way does that."

"Mostly," said the other: "but there be some that prays to the good Lord and the good devil, not knowing which hands they'll fall into; but you stick to the Lord's side, my friend, an' you'll come out top. If the Yorkers trouble you, let us know. Give me your names, please."

He wrote them down, with the name and number of his location in a memorandum book, and turned away to confer with two men of very noticeable yet very different appearance—one of commanding mien and sta-

ture, a calm, thoughtful, resolute face, deliberate of movement; the other of medium height, but muscular mould, and firm-set features almost fierce in expression. The first was Seth Warner, the other Remember Baker, both kinsmen of the Allens and leaders in the opposition to New York claimants.

"Well, gentlemen," said Allen, taking up a candle and leading the way, "let us go and sit in the judgment seat." And therewith he and his colleagues left the barroom and could be heard tramping up the stairs and into the afterward famous council chamber, while Kinelm and Josiah were left to eat their "tuckernuck" supper, with only the hostler and a couple of mugs of flip for their company.

In those primitive times it was no offense to the innholder nor shame to the traveler to carry his own provisions and eat them by the barroom fire, and this was called "traveling tuckernuck," a name that smacks of Indian origin, as the custom does of the practice of the red wayfarer, whose sole dependence was on his bag of no-cake, a parched, pounded corn, and his hunk of dried venison, eked out by such game as he chanced to kill. Our travelers also adopted this plan a little later, when the old ranger would strike into the woods skirting the road and pick up a partridge or a wild pigeon.

Chat.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I don't remember how long ago it was, but so long that the thought of it makes me feel old, that I found myself in the company of a lot of old railroad conductors in a favorite resort where conviviality, congeniality and shop talk were the principal features of the meeting. In the company was a retired veteran from the Erie Railroad, an inimitable story teller with an inexhaustible fund of anecdotes, wit, and a habit of winding up his stories with the query, "What was it Susan B. Anthony said?" and whether it was Susan B. or Mark Antony, the invariable answer was, "It's a long time between drinks." Whereupon the party called for their favorite lemonade. All of which is a round-about way of saying that it's a long time since any screed of mine has occupied the valuable space of FOREST AND STREAM.

When congenial companions converse, time and words flow so smoothly that one is little apt to take heed of either, and the "wee sma' hours" sometimes finds tongues still wagging, and, if they are smokers, clouds still rolling, but when it comes to writing and one has to do all the talking, time and words must be considered, and the one who does it is puzzled for choice of subject that may be agreeable to the reader.

After reading the many good things in FOREST AND STREAM to-night, I feel like one who has shared, without contributing, the pleasures of congenial company, and the spirit moves me to say something. Whether my talk may have interest or not, it is an overflow of the feelings and must come forth.

Now, as to the word "sportsman," I don't know what we might substitute for one who loves to hunt or fish, but the word seems too broad. Nowadays anyone who carries a gun is called a sportsman. He may be anything else. I have seen men, and unfortunately been with some who carried the finest accoutrements, commanded the best dogs, and talked enthusiastically of game protection, whose whole ambition in the field seemed to be to carry home a full bag, and to accomplish that end they labored harder and showed more discontent over failure than they would in any day of successful or unsuccessful business at home. The ethics of the chase and the surroundings of nature had no interest for them whatever. At home these men were called sportsmen because they hunted. But I am glad to say that I know many more men whose dispositions are quite the reverse, and they are called sportsmen, too.

My hunting instinct was encouraged by a man who loved his gun and dog more than the game they brought him. It was his greatest pleasure to roam the woods, and I have seen him sit on a log watching a grouse scratching for its dinner, or a squirrel chattering its saucy defiance, while his eyes twinkled with the enjoyment of the scene and his gun lay across his knee without a thought of using it. I was a boy then, and the days were halcyon when my "Sam Lovel" permitted me to accompany him. What he did not know about the woods and the habits of his quarry was hardly worth knowing, and what enjoyment he did not get out of them was worth less. Why, he didn't care whether he came home with a backload of game or nothing at all. Frequently it was nothing, but I knew that if he wanted the backload he could get it.

He believed that a good man's reward is to return to earth and participate in all the enjoyments of life and wanted nothing better than he had here.

I am much interested in the recollections of other's good times afield or afloat. What a world of fun some of us have in our travels. May be not all fun, either. There are some disagreeable incidents that were better forgotten, but they all go to make up the pleasures, and, after all, one sometimes thinks of them in the light that they intensify the pleasures.

Once, while trout fishing on a favorite stream, I approached the head of a large, deep pool in which I knew there were some lordly fellows. A large tree lay across the stream, and as I lifted my foot to step over it I was greeted by the clatter of a rattler on the other side. While studying how I should get around, r-r-r-rattle on my right made me jump back, when r-r-r-rattle in the rear hurried me into the middle of the stream. I crawled under the log and got a ducking. When I arose I had the extreme pleasure of seeing the first rattler glide away into the bushes. That was one of the disagreeable incidents of trout fishing, but I look back to it with pleasure, for after my scare was over I hauled two fine trout out of the pool.

On another occasion, while sneaking along the bank of a trout stream in order to reach a favorite pool without jarring the bank, I was startled by a terrific snort and the crash of dry brush not more than 10ft. ahead of me. When I collected my senses the big buck that had been lying in the shade, was bounding a hundred yards away. How he came to let me get so close to him I am unable to understand, unless he was asleep. The scare was disagreeable, but the sight of the big chap as he

bounded so gracefully away, comes back to me as a beautiful picture.

I tracked a deer once so far, expecting to see him any moment, as I came upon his droppings still smoking, and an occasional form where he had lain down, that it became dark, and I was lost, and had to spend the night in the woods. But I had matches, and built a fire, and after a hearty supper from my haversack, with my pipe for company, I got along pretty well until morning, when I took the back track for home.

I was too green then to know that the buck was aware of my presence all the time, and was leading me a hard chase, while he was saving his energy for time of need. I say the buck, for the tracks were so big that I thought it could be nothing else, and a more fortunate hunter shot a large buck the next morning on the same line that I had been following. That was a disagreeable night's camp, because I was tired, and a misty rain set in to soften the snow and dampen my ardor. Yet I think I should like to try it again, for the remembrance of the comfortable smoke and the flickering camp-fire comes back to me with less unpleasantness than it seemed then. Still I should prefer a companion to talk to and smoke with, if he is the right kind.

Speaking of reason vs. instinct in dogs, I once owned a black setter that in leisure moments was my almost constant companion. I frequently took him to the office with me, where he would lie by my chair until I returned home. But as there were two railroad tracks to cross and constant traffic, I was fearful that he might be killed, and decided to leave him at home. One day after I had left the house, my wife's attention was attracted to the door by vigorous scratching and barking, and upon opening it was greeted by a tug at her dress and a streak of vanishing dog toward the gate. Going to see what was the matter, she opened the gate to look out, when Dot pushed through, and in five minutes was at the office, displaying as well as a dog can his pleasure over his cleverness. Was that reason or instinct? To me it looks like reason.

With a hearty invitation to spend a week in a good game country next fall, I am already anticipating. My guns and paraphernalia are in splendid condition, and the time seems long, but anticipation is a mighty good substitute for the real thing in close season. But I shall miss my best companion, the old dog who died last winter, and it will be hard to get another.

J. H. B.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Things of Night.

BONAVENTURE PILON, somewhat disgruntled, put back the rifle in the old torn canvas cover.

"Pourquoi pas?" he asked.

"I want to see them, that is all, Bonaventure. Just to paddle around."

The half-breed grunted. There was no understanding the man from the city. Last winter they had tramped together, and with an infinity of hard work had secured some good heads. In the fall they had successfully guiled a couple of moose with the birch bark horn, after several days of useless endeavor, but now that a fat deer could be got with no trouble, the eager pale man told him to leave the rifle in the tent.

The canoe seemed to drift away from the shore, and to make its way over the waters in a ghostly fashion. Not even a dripping from the paddle could be heard. The lighted jack at the bow turned into myriad gems the ripples raised by the soft night breeze, and all else around seemed a solid blackness, permeated by the harmonies of woodland night. From ever so far away came the sorrowing plaint of the loon, as of some eldritch thing hopelessly calling for a lost vision of happiness. The waving leaves upon the shores seemed attuned to a low grave chant, in which constantly recurred the same motive, as in some ancient rune sung low in olden times, in unknown tongues, to the melody of the harps of hidden minstrelsy. Strident cries of night-hawks overhead, sometimes near, then far, and further still, and the iterating sadness of the whippoorwill's cry, and the spooky voice of a great-horned owl perched high upon a blasted pine, all joined the mighty sound of the unfettered world at night, and blended with its great voice, and kept time to its strain, and lulled the slumbering earth with the marvelous strong harmony which some, hearing not, term the silence of the night.

So we floated on, and into the mouth of the stream, and the murmuring water rippled softly over the gravelly bar, with a little lullaby of its own, as if to keep good heart against the perils of its long journey into unknown worlds. Further on it seemed awed with its own daring, and stopped in a deep pool for a while. Here, on one edge of the tiny mere, near reeds that whispered soft things to some shade of night, the brilliant light fell upon a few ducks that, awakening, arose with much splashing and disappeared in the surrounding gloom. As the light fell upon a clump of alders by the water's edge a blue heron awoke suddenly, and in an ecstasy of fear he arose with a hoarse cry, with loudly flapping wings, bewildered and knowing not which way to go. As the canoe glided on, the stream narrowed once more, and again the water rippled over the shoals, and became deeper in turn, and then little black forms in the water came near, and with a tiny splash dived down, or left a silvery streak in the path of light ahead, and wondered why this strange phenomenon should disturb honest muskrats. The canoe glided on softly, and presently came to a place where a little island stands in the tiny river, and is surrounded by reeds, and the canoe thrilled and shook gently, for Bonaventure could not forbear to give the signal, though the rifle had been left home, and in the circle of light ahead shone two luminous points. Faintly we could see the head, and branching antlers, and the lithe graceful body, ghost-like and uncertain. The buck gave his blowing hiss, and slowly moved, still wondering at the light that streamed from out of the blackness of the night. And as he quietly stepped away it followed him like some uncanny thing, and of a sudden he was stricken with the terror of the unknown, and dashed crazily away, and the sound of his fleeing footsteps was lost on the wooded island.

So the canoe turned, and we retraced the same way, and came out upon the lake again, where the night wind

was blowing harder, and the melody of the silence of the night sounded in my ears with a charm unknown to those not born with that love of the woodland that passeth understanding.

We landed at the camp, and Bonaventure lighted his pipe, and like old friends we were long without speaking, for the spell was upon us, and finally, quoth he:

"He look awful pretty in the reeds. I never look at one so long at night before. It is very lovely hunting without a gun, but next fall we call the original, the moose, again."

So may it be!

G. G. V. S.

Cuban Quail Fields After the War.

HAVANA, Cuba, May 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Please to accept my best thanks for the copy of the *Game Laws in Brief*, which you sent me, and for the promptness of your response to my request for same.

You have rightly surmised my object in asking for it. I have recommended to the civil governor some needed modifications of our game laws, and he has referred the matter to the "Sociedad Economica" and to the "Academia de Ciencias Medicas, Fisicas y Naturales," and the commission named by these corporations has consulted with me in regard to it and I have handed in to it the copy sent with paragraphs marked ad hoc.

The most difficult task will be to secure respect for the game laws, either as modified or otherwise, in this island, where the habit has not been established in the customs of our people. Under the old regime those who took out and paid for a license to carry a shotgun and also another license to shoot with it (both for one season only) have been accustomed to use those privileges according to their own sweet will in every month in the year, regardless of the law that established a closed season prohibiting shooting between March 1 and Oct. 1 of each year.

In this island many coveys of quail come out of their shells in the last weeks of September, and consequently need the mother's care during all of the month of October, and the maternal solicitude refuses to abandon the young brood when pointed by the dog, thus falling easy victims to any pot hunter who may choose to sacrifice them.

For this reason I have recommended that the close season be extended to cover all of the month of October, and as a compensation liberate the month of March, as the quail here do not pair until April.

I have also asked to make the possession of game, alive or dead, during the closed season punishable by fine, and the hiding of it to be a higher grade of misdemeanor, and I have suggested some other modifications.

I have now some hope that with the aid of the police of the new regime we may establish here a faithful observance of the game laws in the customs of our population, which thus far has had a bad education in this regard. After this is obtained we may then establish different closed seasons for different species, as in other countries. This will not be practicable here until after several seasons of disciplinary education, because many, if allowed to take their guns into the fields, will shoot everything that comes in sight, and try to dissimulate by saying that they shoot only male birds, which they allege are of no further use after the females are served, and by other sophisms.

One would suppose that during three years of war, during which all shooting was limited to larger game, the quail would have greatly multiplied here. But this does not appear to be the case. On account of the very general destruction of the houses and cattle of the farmers, their fields have been turned into a wilderness of high grass and bushes, among which there remains no cultivated nor well-browsed fields, in which the mother birds and their tiny chicks delight to dwell and take their daily dose of health-giving morning sunlight, the absence of which at bottom of the tall, wet grass chills the tender brood to rapid extinction.

I took several outings during the season last past over fields where I had formerly gathered large bags of quail and snipe, but the grass was much too rank to get through without great difficulty and the loved ones were looked for in vain, or nearly so. Moreover, the favorite sloughs where the *Galinaga wilsonii* were wont to congregate I found quite monopolized by tall members of the vegetable kingdom, and no cattle had been there to curtail the growths and to trample the soil into the soft consistency required as feeding grounds for this lively immigrant.

The Field Sport Club, of which you inquire, passed into history some four years ago and exists now only as a pleasant reminiscence of the past. Of the twenty-five cattle farms which constituted its reserved territory, guarded by its two game constables, scarcely a house or outbuilding now remains, and no cattle are to be seen where then there were large herds bred and fattened.

Three years of most singular warfare has done its work of annihilation pretty thoroughly. Singular, because I know of no other in which both combatants vied with each other in the destruction of properties so that the other might not collect taxes upon it with which to continue the war. Both sides have been quite successful in gaining the end desired. Only the timely intervention of Uncle Samuel has limited the work of extermination of properties, although not strictly so, because many thousands of our population have actually died of starvation, reducing our population, according to my best judgment, to less than one million souls to the entire island.

These impracticable children of the ancient pseudo-ecclesiastical system of civilization (if civilization it may be called), if left to their own resources would undoubtedly follow the ideals under which they have been educated, and now they are resentful of the suggestion of Anglo-Saxon models; but as all their material interests are from geographical position indissolubly linked to that race on the neighboring continent, and Uncle Samuel has severed the political chain that bound the "Ever Faithful" to the antique system, time, the great physician to all human ills, must do the rest. There is nothing for it but to take his medicine.

The defunct regime has left us here a population that is morally sick and weak in many ways. If you Yan-

kees desire to contribute effectively to our regeneration you must begin with our material interests and send us less of embalmed beef and hard tack and more plows and work cattle, which you should widely distribute as a loan at low interest, to be paid from the products of the crops in small yearly instalments during the two or three following years.

The generous distribution of rations to the starving population has undoubtedly saved many lives, but is also raising a crop of vagrants.

Small detachments of cavalry as rural guards distributed to the country towns, each detachment accompanied by a practical and scientific farmer to teach the best use of American agricultural implements, would soon substitute the American plows for the crooked stick which we have inherited and which is still in general use stirring the soil only to the depth of about 3 in. of its surface.

We have no quail-destroying winters here, and for this reason the establishment of law-abiding customs by the strict enforcement of game laws during two or three years would populate our fields with such numbers of quail as to make of this island a sportsman's paradise.

ERASTUS WILSON.

In the Yellowstone Park.

MAMMOTH HOT SPRINGS, Y. N. P., May 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I suppose we shall have to say it's spring here at last. The snow is off between here and Gardiner, and there is considerable green grass, and now and then you can see a wild flower or two along the road. I saw a few Johnny-jump-ups and the buds of some buttercups.

I see no game along the road, as most of it is working back. Antelope have gotten as far as Yancey's, although there are a few close to the town of Gardiner and on the flat across Gardiner River. Blacktail and elk have gone back too. The whitetails are not to be seen just now along the road, because there are crews of men putting the road in condition for the season's travel. It is possible to ride a horse to Norris Basin by going through Snow Gate, the old road. Golden Gate is impassable. Scouts and soldiers have been to Riverside Station and the Lower Geyser Basin this spring with horses, and to Yancey's and Soda Butte. The two troops of cavalry here now are to go to Manila; they will start soon after being relieved by M Troop of the First Cavalry. It is thought that it will be about July 1 before they can get away, as there are men at the outer stations that cannot be gotten in much before that date.

The spring is more than a month behind that of last year. Where the snow is off, the grass has not started, or is only very short. Toward Gardiner, the lowest and warmest section of the Park, the country looks a bit green.

The order I mentioned in my last, limiting licensed drivers to only one team, has been revoked. Now, five wagons for passengers, and all the baggage teams necessary for a party, are permitted with each license, only requiring the holder to accompany the party personally.

The Yellowstone Park Association are not going to have their lunch stations this year, but only the hotels. The transportation company or some other parties will run the lunch business at Norris, Upper Geyser Basin and the Yellowstone Lake (West Arm). I understand that no coupon tickets will be sold this year by the railroads including the Park trip. It will be a sort of free-for-all, and parties who are prepared for transporting tourists expect to do a large business.

Capt. Erwin has, during the past winter, added to the animals in the enclosure in front of the Mammoth Hotel two cow elk, four blacktail (mule) deer and four whitetail deer. They are looking very well, and it is expected that there will be some increase by births.

Scout Morrison, who has traveled many hundred miles this winter through the Park on snowshoes, tells me that there are over 200 dead elk between the mouth of Blacktail Creek and Hellroaring, a distance of about five miles along the Yellowstone River. These are mostly calves, with a few old bulls. There are about 300 dead elk along Soda Butte Creek and slopes toward Cache Creek, mostly again young elk, showing what a very hard winter it has been. On Falls River, during one of his snowshoe trips on March 1, he saw twelve moose, one herd of two bulls and three cows, and the others, three, two and a lone one. He saw two moose in the Madison Basin. These are more moose than ever before reported. Morrison found three dead mountain sheep along the Yellowstone River that had died of starvation. He saw twenty-six live ones that were very thin and starved looking.

After I wrote my last letter, while the ground was yet covered with snow, an order came from Washington to expend \$200 for hay for the antelope, deer and elk in the Park. Hay was scattered out where it was thought best, and as far as teams could get with it. I think it did considerable toward saving some of the smaller animals; but so few elk could be reached that only antelope and deer got much benefit.

The first young elk seen last year was May 21. This year I have not seen any, as I have not been out among them. I was out a few times after pictures, and got some of sheep, deer and elk. Some very good photos of elk and other game were secured by Scout Morrison and one of the soldiers.

The bears are out now at the Fountain Hotel. Six were seen one day last week, all black. If the bears in the Park are as troublesome as last season, some of them will have to be killed to give others a lesson in good manners, as it's not thought polite for them to climb into wagons and eat up all the provisions belonging to camping parties.

E. HOFER.

Where to go.

ONE important, useful and considerable part of the FOREST AND STREAM's service to the sportsmen's community is the information given inquirers for shooting and fishing resorts. We make it our business to know where to send the sportsman for large or small game, or in quest of his favorite fish, and this knowledge is freely imparted on request.

On the other hand, we are constantly seeking information of this character for the benefit of our patrons, and we invite sportsmen, hotel proprietors and others to communicate to us whatever may be of advantage to the sportsman tourist.

Natural History.

The Danger of Introducing Noxious Animals and Birds.

BY T. S. PALMER, ASSISTANT CHIEF OF BIOLOGICAL SURVEY.

From the Yearbook of the Department of Agriculture.

(Continued from page 427.)

The English Sparrow.

THE house sparrow, better known in America as the English sparrow (*Passer domesticus*), is a common bird of north central Eurasia. It is said to range as far north as latitude 67 degrees in Europe and to latitude 61 degrees in Asia. The damage which it does in destroying fruit and grain, in disfiguring buildings in cities and towns, and in driving away other birds, makes it one of the worst of feathered pests. The rapidity with which it increases in a new locality is scarcely more remarkable than the persistency and care which have been displayed in introducing it into foreign lands, in spite of the warnings of persons familiar with its habits. It has gained a foothold on all of the continents, and has been transported to some of the most distant islands in the Indian and Pacific oceans. In North America it has not increased very rapidly north of the Transition zone nor in the Lower Austral, but wherever it has become at all abundant efforts to exterminate it have been practically futile.

The English sparrow was first introduced into the United States by a gentleman of Brooklyn, N. Y., who brought over eight pairs from Europe in the fall of 1850 and liberated them in the following spring. These birds did not thrive, and in 1852 a second importation was made. In 1854 and 1858 the sparrow was introduced at Portland, Me., and in the latter year at Peacedale, R. I., and a few birds escaped at Boston, Mass. During the next decade it was imported direct from Europe to eight other cities, and in one case 1,000 birds were sent to Philadelphia in a single lot; birds were also distributed from the colonies already started in this country. By 1870 it had become established as far south as Columbia, S. C., Louisville, Ky., and Galveston, Tex.; as far west as St. Louis, Mo., and Davenport, Ia., and as far north as Montreal, Canada, thus gaining a foothold in twenty States, the District of Columbia, and two Provinces in Canada.

Between 1870 and 1880 it was estimated that its range had been extended by nearly 16,000 square miles, and isolated colonies were established at San Francisco (1871-72) and Salt Lake, Utah (1873). During the next five years it spread over more than 500,000 square miles, and in 1886 had become established in thirty-five States and five Territories, occupying practically all of the region east of the Mississippi River (except portions of Florida, Alabama and Mississippi), as well as parts of eight States in the West. Its range was estimated to cover 1,033,000 square miles, including 148,000 square miles in Canada.

At the present time (1898) only three States (Montana, Nevada and Wyoming), and three Territories (Alaska, Arizona and New Mexico), are apparently free from the sparrow. Its range extends westward to the Great Plains and in Colorado to the Rocky Mountains, and also occupies considerable areas in Utah and central California.

The true character of the bird is now so well known that it is unnecessary to dwell on its injuries to fruit and grain, the nuisance it has become in large cities, and the extent to which it has replaced native birds. The ill-directed care and energy expended on introducing and fostering it thirty years ago are largely responsible for the marvelous rapidity of its distribution. Now, when too late, efforts at extermination have been begun, and four States (Illinois, Michigan, Ohio and Utah) have offered bounties for its destruction, the expenditures in Illinois (1891-1895) and Michigan (1887-1895) amounting to about \$117,500.

Besides the United States, New Zealand and Australia have suffered considerably from the English sparrow, and in some of the colonies of Australia it is considered second only to the rabbit as a pest. It seems to have been introduced on the North Island of New Zealand in 1866, by the Wanganui Acclimatization Society.¹ By 1870 it began to be numerous, and twelve years later threatened to spread over the whole island, becoming established in the most inaccessible regions, in spite of its usual partiality for cities and towns. In Victoria the sparrow was introduced about 1865, and probably appeared soon after in Queensland, New South Wales, South Australia and Tasmania, but data are lacking as to the date of its first appearance in these colonies. It has increased so rapidly that, in order to hold it in check, "sparrow destruction" bills have been passed in several of the colonies during the last ten years.

Thus far the sparrow has not gained a foothold in Western Australia, and radical measures have been adopted to prevent its introduction. Its importation was prohibited by the "Destructive birds and animals act," passed in 1893, and when a few birds were discovered in Perth in January, 1898, prompt measures for their extermination were taken by the bureau of agriculture. All that could be found were shot, and attention was called to the necessity of stamping out the pest before it spread beyond control.

The English sparrow has also found its way into many other distant corners of the earth. It is gaining a foothold in Argentina, and has been carried to remote islands. In the Indian Ocean it is present on Mauritius, about 400 miles east of Madagascar, and on the Comoro Islands, off the southeast coast of Africa and 350 miles northwest of Madagascar. It was first reported from Grand Comoro in 1879. In the Pacific Ocean it has been introduced on the Chatham Islands, some 500 miles east of New Zealand,² probably on New Caledonia, and on the Hawaiian Islands. In the latter group it is reasonable to suppose that it was introduced by way of San Francisco in the early seventies, since it was reported to be numerous at Honolulu in 1879. In the At-

¹ Rept. New Zealand Dept. Agriculture, 1897, Div. Biology, p. 8.

² Ibis, 1893, p. 543.

lantic Ocean it is present on Bermuda, the Bahamas and Cuba. It was sent to Bermuda from New York about 1874, and two years later was given the same protection accorded to other birds, its destruction being punished by a fine of 5 to 20 shillings. Ten years after its introduction it had increased so enormously that a bounty was offered for its destruction, and between 1884 and 1886 about £530 (\$2,650) were expended, without causing any appreciable decrease in its numbers, notwithstanding the short time the bird had been present and the fact that the islands have an area of less than twenty square miles. It is said to have been imported into Cuba, and in 1877 was reported to have been introduced on New Providence, Bahamas, "within the last few years." It has not, however, increased rapidly on either island, for in 1891 it was reported as still not abundant, and apparently had not extended its range to any of the neighboring islands.

The Starling.

The starling (*Sturnus vulgaris*) of Europe and western Asia is one of the best known birds of the Old World, and during late years has been increasing in numbers in the British Isles. It is sometimes accused of stealing fruit and destroying nests and eggs of other birds, but in its native home it seems to be beneficial rather than otherwise. Comparatively little accurate information concerning its food habits is available, except the results of an examination of 175 stomachs recently made in Scotland by Mr. John Gilmour.³ According to this examination the food consists of 75 per cent. insects, 20 per cent. grain (mainly waste grain), and 5 per cent. miscellaneous substances. Some useful insects were eaten, but the greater proportion were classed as injurious. The charge of destroying eggs of larks and occasionally young nestlings was not substantiated, as no eggshells were found in these stomachs. Mr. Gilmour calls attention to the rapid increase of starlings in Fife-shire, thousands now existing where fifty or sixty years ago they were considered rare, and mentions the serious damage sometimes done to shrubs and young plantations when occupied as roosting places, but concludes that on the whole the bird is beneficial and worthy of protection.

Several attempts have been made to introduce this species into the United States, but as yet it has hardly obtained a foothold. One of the first importations was made by the Acclimatization Society of Cincinnati, O., in the winter of 1872-73. About 1877 a number of starlings were liberated in Central Park, New York, by the American Acclimatization Society, and several similar experiments have since been made, but only the last seems to have met with success. About sixty birds were released in 1890. Some of them have bred for several years, and, leaving the park, have established themselves in favorable places in the neighborhood. In 1893 and 1894 flocks of as many as fifty individuals were reported to have been seen in the suburbs about the northern end of the city, and late in 1898 a flock of about thirty took up residence at Sing Sing. During the last two or three years a few have been seen on Long Island, about Brooklyn. Thirty-five pairs were liberated at Portland, Ore., in 1889 and 1892, where they are said to have done remarkably well, and as recently as June, 1898, a few were seen about the suburbs. In the autumn of 1897 it was reported that starlings were to be imported for the city park at Allegheny, Pa., but as yet only a dozen or fifteen seem to have been introduced, and these have been carefully kept in captivity for breeding, with the intention of ultimately stocking the park.

Much has been said concerning the advantages of introducing the starling into this country, but in spite of the many arguments brought forward, the bird's character is not above suspicion, and its usefulness is still open to question. The fact seems to have been overlooked that in other countries the starling has signally failed to fulfill the expectations concerning its usefulness. Certainly the experience of Australia and New Zealand offers little encouragement. It was introduced in New Zealand in 1867, and as early as 1870 was reported as "becoming very numerous." It seems to have increased very rapidly, and in spite of its natural preference for insects, in its new home it has adopted a fruit diet to such an extent as to become a great pest.⁴ In South Australia it was reported to be common in certain localities in 1894, and measures for its extermination were considered. In Victoria, on the other hand, steps were taken in 1895 to promote its increase in fruit and grain growing districts, and this fact was used as an argument in its favor by persons who were endeavoring to introduce it into some of the other colonies. Western Australia has taken a firm stand on the question, and Mr. R. Helms, biologist of the Bureau of Agriculture of that colony, who opposed the proposed importation, gives his reasons as follows:

"Had I been asked fifteen or twenty years ago what I had to say, I would probably have recommended their introduction. But not so now. My experience has taught me better. The birds were introduced more than fifteen years ago into New Zealand, and now, like the thrushes, they have become a pest to fruit growers. They have changed their habit from being principally insectivorous to having become omnivorous."⁵

After due deliberation, the Government issued a proclamation on Jan. 22, 1896, declaring the starling a destructive bird and absolutely prohibiting its importation into Western Australia. Still more recently it has been condemned in Tasmania, where it is charged with committing depredations on small fruits, cherries and wheat. Its further distribution has been discouraged, and when the question of introducing several species of birds was under discussion at an agricultural conference at Scotsdale, on Dec. 6, 1897, the starling was promptly rejected.⁶

The Mina.

The mina, or mynah (*Acridotheres tristis*), is common throughout most of India, except Kashmir and Tenas-

serim. In its habits it is somewhat like our native grackles or crow blackbirds, but seems to resemble the sparrow in its familiarity and partiality for human habitations. It was introduced more than thirty-five years ago into Mauritius to destroy grasshoppers, and is said to have become perfectly naturalized there.⁷ It has also been introduced into the Andaman Islands (some time prior to 1873), the Hawaiian Islands, New Zealand, and possibly Australia.

It is said to have reached the Hawaiian Islands by way of China. Dr. Finsch, an eminent ornithologist, who visited Honolulu in 1879, found it very abundant, and describes its habits as follows:

"The mainas are a great nuisance to the inhabitants, as they drive away the pigeons and fowls, and are said to destroy the nests and eggs of the domestic birds. That they do drive out the pigeons from their houses, I observed many times myself. * * * In Mr. Barn- ing's garden, where the finest trees, chiefly palm, abound, hundreds and thousands come to roost, and their inhar- monious concert lasts from 6 in the evening for an hour or more. The same is the case at daybreak, a little after 5 o'clock."⁸

The Kohlmeise, or Great Titmouse.

"Kohlmeise" is the German name of the great titmouse of Europe (*Parus major*), and this designation is used to some extent in the United States. The kohlmeise is com- mon over the whole of Europe as far north as the arctic circle and also in Siberia. It is a handsome species, about the size of the common eastern chickadee (*Parus atrica- pillus*), but may be readily distinguished from any Amer- ican titmouse by the dull yellow on the sides of the body and the broad black stripe extending down the center of its breast. Like other species of the genus, it is mainly insectivorous, but in winter is said to eat nuts and hard seeds. The kohlmeise has recently attracted attention on account of its alleged value as a destroyer of the codling moth (*Carpocapsa pomonella*), particularly in Germany, where it is reported to protect apple trees in large measure from the attacks of this destructive in- sect. But although several German authors regard it as a most useful species, there seems to be no satisfactory evidence that it is partial to the codling moth, or in fact that it ever feeds on the moth to any great extent. In Great Britain where the kohlmeise is also a resident and generally distributed, its presence has not been sufficient to exterminate the codling moth or even to hold this pest in check. On the other hand, it is said to attack small and weakly birds, splitting open their skulls with its beak to get at the brains, and doing more or less damage to fruit, particularly pears. One English observer re- ported that all the pears in his garden had to be inclosed in muslin bags to protect them from the birds, which would otherwise eat a considerable part of the fruit before it was ripe. Another reported that the great titmouse spoiled most of a limited crop of apples, and then began on the pears, boring a small hole near the stem, and pass- ing from one pear to another until every one of forty or fifty trees had been damaged. It also attacked figs, scoop- ing them out before they were ripe.

In the autumn of 1897 an article appeared in a paper in Idaho setting forth the great value of the bird to the fruit grower, and strongly advocating its importation into this country. The article attracted the attention of horticul- turists throughout the Northwest, and gave rise to con- siderable discussion concerning the merits of the bird and the desirability of its introduction. While the kohl- meise might not develop its fruit-eating propensities in America, it should not be introduced until more definite information is available concerning its habits and until it has been shown beyond question that it will do no serious harm. Moreover, since there are already several titmice of the same genus in the United States, it seems entirely unnecessary to add another to the list, for it is hardly probable that the European bird would confine itself to the codling moth or be of more value to the horticul- turist than the native species. It may be added that re- cent investigations seem to show that the common east- ern chickadee feeds to some extent on the codling moth, as a few larvae, believed to be those of this insect, have been found in chickadee stomachs collected in New Hamp- shire during February and March.⁹ It may be of interest also to recall the fact that the kohlmeise was actually in- troduced in 1874 at Cincinnati, Ohio, but the experiment failed, as neither this nor any of the other exotic species imported at the same time became naturalized.

The Skylark, Green Linnet, and Black Thrush.

The skylark (*Alauda arvensis*), the green linnet (*Ligustrum chloris*), and black thrush, or black bird (*Tur- dus merula*), are all natives of Europe. They are chiefly of interest in this connection, because in their native home they are almost universally considered beneficial, but in New Zealand they have developed traits which render them far from desirable additions to the fauna of that is- land. They were introduced into New Zealand in 1867; in 1870 they had begun to breed in a wild state in the Province of Auckland on the North Island, and the green linnet was reported as already becoming common.¹⁰ At the present time they are common all over the colony, and troublesome in certain districts. The skylark confines its injuries mainly to turnips, eating the seed soon after it is planted, and thus causing no small damage to the future crop. The green linnet is similarly injurious to grain, while the black thrush is accused of taking straw- berries, currants, raspberries, and other small fruits. As a fruit destroyer the black thrush is said to be worse than the English sparrow, and the proposal to introduce it into Western Australia elicited a strenuous protest.

The skylark has been introduced several times into the United States, especially in the vicinity of New York, and recently all three birds have been liberated in Oregon, but as yet they have not increased to any extent. Both the skylark and the black thrush are noted singers, but the charms of their song hardly compensate for damage to crops.

³ Jerdon, Birds of India, II., 1863, p. 326.

⁴ Ibid., 1880, pp. 77, 78.

⁵ Weed, Bul. 54, N. H. Coll. Agr. Expt. Station, 1898, pp. 87, 94.

¹⁰ The green linnet has found its way to the Kermadec Islands, 600 miles to the northeast, and all three species are said to be now present on the Chatham Islands, nearly 500 miles east of the South Island of New Zealand.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Wild Pigeon.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Wild pigeons seem to be the all absorbing topic now, and although the light that I can throw on it is only the light of a tallow candle, FOREST AND STREAM can have it for what it's worth.

Something like forty or fifty years ago I was visiting a friend on the then open grounds of Euclid avenue, in Cleveland, and pigeons were flying over in such vast num- bers that people got so tired of them that it was difficult to give them away, so my friend and I stopped shooting them. They flew very low, and on the glorious Fourth we thought we'd make our powder do double duty, so we took our chairs out under a tree in the yard and shot single ones out of the flocks as they passed over. By noon we had dropped about 100, and as we found it difficult to give them away we quit the business. It was in June and July, and they were feeding on the cherries in the yard from morning till night. They were so tame that they were not in the least disturbed by our walking under the trees, and as I was sitting at the window one day a flock of them walked along the path not roft, from me. They seemed to be swarming everywhere, and the air was about black with them for about two months, all going one way, and if they did not go to some feeding ground and re- turn by another route there must have been such countless millions of them that all the market shooters—otherwise loafers—could never have exterminated them. My theory in regard to their mysterious disappearance is that being heartily tired of ceaseless persecution they held a conven- tion to devise ways and means of preserving their health and decided to move to Central America, where people are too ignorant to know they are good to eat.

Dr. Blaisdell says he has written to all parts of South and Central America, but can find no trace of them. I know Central America well enough to know that he might write till doomsday without learning anything from them, for I never met a man down there who knew a pigeon from a porcupine.

I tried on one occasion to tempt my host with as nice a string of yellowlegs as I ever saw, but he hooted at the idea of eating such things, and I was forced to make a fire outside and roast them on the end of a stick. They have but one cooking utensil—a pot—into which every- thing goes, from a lizard to a monkey.

While stopping at Santa Marta on the Carribean coast I took a mule ride across to Cieriega, about twenty or thirty miles, and found the scenery commonplace and rough, with poor, hard soil, and plenty of cactus trees, on the fruit of which wild pigeons were feeding by wholesale with none to molest or make them afraid.

When I reached my destination I took a stroll in the woods close by the town, and as a pigeon flew across I shot it to see what it was like. I could see no difference between that and our own, though an ornithologist might, and had I known what a fuss their migration was going to make in the world, I certainly would have skinned one and brought the skin along.

They were flying about in all directions, usually singly, and I could have stood in the road and shot them as fast as I could load my gun. My individual belief is that our pigeon and that are one and the same, but that doesn't settle it.

ST. AUGUSTINE, Fla., May 20.

Wild Pigeons in Connecticut.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., May 29.—Editor Forest and Stream: Such an interest seems to exist about the wild pigeon as to cause me to keep a sharp lookout for the birds. One year ago last fall I saw eight or ten in a flock; then again I saw one last summer, and I reported both cases to FOREST AND STREAM. Now I am pleased to say that about 4 o'clock last Friday afternoon I saw two more, probably mates. I came across them while driving home, and they were about in the same place where I saw the flock. This is in the town of Hamden, and five miles from New Haven. The birds were in a tree by the roadside, and I had a good look at them before they flew and after.

H. H. AVIS.

Weights of Raccoons.

LOON LAKE, N. Y.—In a recent issue of your paper S. asks for data regarding the weight of raccoons. I have hunted them in this section and in northern New Eng- land for many years, and have seen some large ones, but none so large as the one whose weight he records. The largest I ever secured was a fine old male that tipped the scales at just 25½ lbs. The coon will average, I think, about 17 or 18 lbs., one of 20 lbs. being considered an un- usually large animal. I once heard of one being killed that weighed 40 lbs., but, as I did not see the animal, could not vouch for it. A short time ago a man near here, in St. Lawrence county, killed two that weighed 28 lbs. each. Late in the autumn the coons are in the finest condition, and consequently reach their greatest weight. In the spring, after their winter's hibernation, they are often only skin and bone. Deer wintered well in this section and are very plentiful, and everything points to a fine time for the sportsman this autumn when the season opens.

KENEWAH.

The Jumping Deer.

THE Indian name for the jumping deer quoted in Mr. Hallock's paper in May 27 issue, should have been printed "Wa-wash-ka-she."

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertain- ment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be re- garded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, \$4 per year, \$2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iv.

³ Trans. Highland and Agr. Soc., Scotland, 1896.

⁴ It is also interesting to note that nearly twenty years ago an eminent English ornithologist predicted that in foreign countries the starling would undoubtedly aid in destroying native birds. (Newton in Yarell's British Birds, 4th ed., II., 1876-1882.)

⁵ Producers' Gazette, Western Australia, V., January, 1898, p. 29.

⁶ Agr. Gazette, Tasmania, V., November, 1897, p. 65; January, 1898, p. 103.

Game Bag and Gun.

Exterminatory Peregrinations.

ST. AUGUSTINE, Fla., May 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I observe what you have to say in your issue of May 27 in comment upon the new Florida game law, which restricts the amount of game a person may kill in a year and imposes a license fee of \$10 on the non-resident shooter. You may perhaps be sustained in your somewhat cynical suggestion that we have "locked the stable door after the horse has been stolen;" but I think you will grant that at least we deserve credit for having waked up finally to the situation. We should surely have your sympathy, too, and the sympathy of all right-minded sportsmen in the North, if they could realize a tenth of the obstacles we who are enlightened in the matter have had to contend against, and still are opposed by, in the ignorance, indifference, obstinacy and animosity of our opponents. In this new law we have at least something to build upon, a foundation upon which in the future may be established legislation which shall be in every respect sound and efficient to accomplish the purpose we are fighting for. Visiting sportsmen may resent the discrimination made against them. They should understand, however, that, as you suggest, we need money to enforce the law, and they should be willing to contribute to this end. The revenue derived from licenses is to be expended exclusively for the purpose of game protection through enforcement of the law. This means that the stock is to be preserved in so far as obedience to the law will insure that end. Certainly if the limit prescribed by the statute shall be observed by all shooters, both native and foreign, the fecundity of the birds may be depended upon to restock the covers, and we may expect a sufficient supply for years to come.

Moreover, while I am not prepared to say that any spirit of hostility to the non-resident shooter had influence in framing the law just as it is, there is a growing impatience at the wanton character of many of the shooters who invade the State from the North. Indeed, when one considers the abominable atrocities which have been perpetrated in Florida by game slaughterers of what I may call the "Coquina" type, one marvels at the indifference, not to say complacency, with which their bloody exploits have been permitted to go unpunished. I have used the expression "of the Coquina type" because the practices of game butchers of this sort have been so well set forth by Mr. Geo. O. Shields (Coquina) in his narrative of his personal exploits in Florida. I have just been looking over the story of his doings here as told by himself, and it is worth while to recur to it, because it is typical of one kind of "sportsmen" we have had to deal with.

Mr. Shields made a trip up the St. John's River and to the Gulf Coast. The story of the expedition is told in a volume which now lies before me, entitled "Hunting in the Great West (Rustlings in the Rockies)." While the bulk of the volume is given up to the record of slaughter of big game in the West, some chapters of it are devoted to an account of his Florida expedition. From Jacksonville Mr. Shields took passage up the St. John's River on the steamboat Georgea. Game, he tells us, was then abundant in all that vicinity—deer, turkeys, quail and alligators.

"On the morning of the 17th," he relates, "at 7 o'clock A. M. we were under way. Capt. Schoonmaker, master of the Georgea, informed us that we would find plenty of game from this point up, so we brought out our guns—Dr. W. got his shotgun and I my rifle. We took up our positions on the quarterdeck ready for business."

And he was not long in getting to "business," for he relates:

"We had gone but a few miles when the ladies, who occupied seats in the pilot-house, shouted, 'There's an alligator!' We looked in the direction indicated, and there, sure enough, was one of the gigantic saurians lazily swimming across the river, some 200yds. ahead of the boat. The captain said they were wild, and that he would not let us come much closer, so I opened fire on him, and in quick succession landed three bullets in such close proximity to his eyes that he at once sank out of sight."

When the next alligator was seen, after carefully adjusting his sights our sportsman put a ball "through him just behind the shoulder. Then there was sport! He gave us such a gymnastic exhibition as only a wounded 'gator can give. He first tried to stand on his head, then he tried to stand on his tail. Then apparently tried to turn himself wrong side out. Finally, recovering temporarily from the shock, he reached the water, and was lost to our sight forever."

The satisfaction manifested here appears to have been based on witnessing the contortions of the wounded and dying creature. This gleeful enjoyment of the death throes of his victims is manifested on other pages of the volume. To witness the convulsions of pain and the death agonies appears to have been so pleasurable as to afford an adequate reward for the long journey from the North to Florida. Alligators, however, were not the only objects of this slaughter waged from the deck of the passing steamer. The beautiful plume birds we are now lamenting were conspicuous in those days and offered marks which received unremitting attention. Mr. Shields records:

"During the remainder of the day we had fine sport shooting blue herons, white egrets, blue and white ibises, ducks, cormorants, coot, etc., but owing to the motion of the boat (she made about fifteen miles an hour) I made rather a poor score with the rifle. The Doctor with his shotgun did much better. Game is very abundant all along the river."

It is not so abundant now.

The pictures painted of these practices of Coquina and his fellow sportsmen are very vivid, and if anyone wonders at the present condition of our Florida rivers compared with what then existed of the wild life peopling them, he may find his perplexity fully satisfied in such paragraphs as this:

"A brisk 'norther' was blowing this morning, accom-

panied by a cold, driving rain that rendered the cabin far more comfortable than the open deck, so we oiled our guns and laid them away. But time did not drag, for the captain entertained us with many interesting stories of life on the St. John's. He says he frequently has as many as twenty-five sportsmen on board at once, armed with shotguns, rifles, revolvers, etc., and that they make sad havoc among the waterfowls, 'gators, etc. That if a birds escapes the fusillade that is opened on him the moment he appears within range, it can be regarded as only a miracle. The 'gators, he told me, fare no better, and hundreds of each are killed every winter, and still there is no perceptible decrease in their number. Many of the latter are wounded who speedily recover. He thinks there is not an alligator on the river five years old but carries 20 to 30lbs. of lead in his carcass, and he notices that it is very difficult for some of them to swim with even their noses above water, on account of the extra ballast they carry."

When Mr. Shields got to the Gulf Coast he found the wild birds there in a condition of blissful ignorance and unsuspecting security, which made easy the sport of doing them to death. Going through the pine woods out from Manatee, Mr. Shields came to some ponds. Of one, he records:

"We saw in it a dozen or more of the large water birds which are so numerous in this State. I brought out my rifle and bagged a beautiful white ibis. A mile further on we came to another pond. A large white egret sat near the center of it, about 250yds away. I drew a bead on him, let go, and he immediately sat down."

"We passed a dozen or more of these ponds during the day, and at each of them I got a shot, making a very handsome bag, considering that I was 'going somewhere' and not on a regular hunt."

Again, in a series of ponds in the open pine woods, he tells us, "We found plenty of the large water birds so numerous in this State. We took an occasional shot at them when one offered a tempting mark and bagged a large number during the day."

So much for the Florida plume birds, whose destruction we have all of us been making so much ado over and blaming the millinery hunters for exterminating.

There were alligators on the coast, too, and our sportsman reaps new honors in his warfare waged upon them. He appears to have come to Florida as a modern St. George, imbued with a ferocious determination to find here the Dragon worthy of his lead. "I was thirsting for the blood of a 'gator," he tells us. But he was not so thirsty for 'gator blood as to disdain a "fine young doe," upon which he drew a bead and "she doubled up." Nor were the garfish swimming in the creek beneath his attention. He tells us, "We saw large numbers of garfish sporting in the sunlight. We shot a few of them merely for pastime." You see, he had come to Florida for pastime, and Florida, in its humble way, was trying to afford pastime.

But the alligators were the real "game" the expedition was after, and the saurians were found in the creek which was the destination of our hunting party.

"One of them stuck his head out of the water, whereupon Capt. S. gave him a charge of buckshot in the vicinity of the eye and ear. He lashed the water into a foam in his gyrations, and sank out of sight, probably mortally wounded. Presently another one puts his eye out of water to look at us. He was near the opposite shore, perhaps 50yds from where we sat. I let go at him, and although I scored a palpable hit, did not kill him."

The actions of a wounded alligator are described vividly, and with gusto. Mr. Shields gives us this lesson in the torture of reptiles:

"A 'gator always tells you, unerringly, whether you have killed or only wounded him. If wounded, he plunges and thrashes around at a lively rate for a few seconds, and sinks out of sight; but if killed dead he performs about the same series of evolutions, turns on his back and dies, remaining on top of the water."

And he goes on to tell about what happened when he got himself fairly in action:

"The smoke had scarcely cleared away after my last shot, when a third 'gator looked up near us, and instantly caught a right fielder in his left eye, that turned him over. We then supposed we had made it so warm for them that no others would show themselves for a while, so we started down the stream. The Captain and I had gone a little ahead, when Jack, who had not yet started, called to us, and said: 'Here's another 'gator.' I went back, and there, sure enough, was an old fellow swimming along down the creek as unconcernedly as though he had never heard the report of a gun in his life. I waited until he came within about 50ft. of me, and then gave him one in the leeward optic. He turned two or three somersaults, and stopped on his back with one forefoot sticking out of the water. We left him there as a warning to his kind."

"As we were now thoroughly sated with this class of sport," he concludes this interesting episode, "we returned home."

We Floridians are frequently accused of being indolent and lazy; and when your true sportsman from the North came among us in those days he set us an example of energy and assiduity and industry which should have put us to shame. There are only twenty-four hours in a day here in Florida, as further North, and the short twilight gives quick place to a rapidly falling night. The days are not long enough for the activities of sportsmen of the Coquina stripe. Mr. Shields' book tells us that his nights were well employed. One night would be spent in fishing for sharks by means of set lines, hauling them in to butcher in the morning; another night in fire-lighting for deer with buckshot; another night in spearing fish by firelight.

But the main purpose of this expedition, if we may judge from the amount of space given to it, was the alligator. I quote again:

"Presently I saw two lying on a low grassy bank away up the creek, sunning themselves and looking like great black logs. I drew back again and proceeded as quietly as possible to a bend in the creek that would bring me

within range of them. They heard me before I reached the point, however, and plunged into the water. I stepped behind a neighboring pine tree and waited a few minutes for them to come up. I did not have to wait long. One of them arose to the surface 100yds. below me. I did not molest him, for I thought I could do better. In a few minutes the other put his eyes out of the water near the opposite bank, not more than 50yds away. I looked through my globe sight, saw his great black eye glisten in the sunlight, and pulled. He doubled up, and his back came out of the water until he formed a great half circle. Then he went down, and next his head and tail came out approaching each other until they almost met. Then he disappeared again, and at once reappeared, doubled and twisted into an almost indistinguishable mass. When he unfolded himself this time he remained on top of the water, lying on his back, and then I knew that he was dead."

Our admiration is compelled by the thoroughness with which Mr. Shields quartered his ground. Our admiration or disgust; it depends upon how we look at such things.

All was game that had life and lacked sense to know he "was loaded" and to keep out of range of him. Going through a tract of pine woods, he tells us, the "monotony was relieved by ponds scattered along the entire distance, at each of which we got a shot or two at the large water birds which always hover around them"; (parenthetically, they don't hover so much as they did before Coquina passed that way). "This is indeed the happy hunting ground—the sportsman's paradise," he tells us as he found it. There is not much paradise about it now except for an occasional turkey buzzard.

And even those nocturnal creatures which hide in caverns and hollows were not permitted to escape his keen scent for game. The party was camped one evening, when:

"Jack started to the river to get water for our coffee, and as he passed the end of a large hollow log that lay a few feet from the fire, he heard a slight noise in it. We cut a stick and passed it in, when we found there was 'something alive in it,' as Dundreary says of his hat. We put a bunch of dry moss in the opening and set fire to it. In a few minutes a 'possum came tumbling out through the fire, and old Rover, who stood there waiting for him, made short work of him."

I shall always regard that picture of a burned 'possum tumbling out through the flames into the jaws of the dog as one of the finest things in the literature of true sport as it is here literated by Mr. Shields.

That same night a great owl, all unsuspecting the explosive character of the strangers who had invaded his wilderness haunt, ventured to perch on a limb above the camp. It was his last perch. The owl went the way of the plume birds, alligators and 'possums. The next day "while we were at supper, a large 'gator raised his head in the middle of the river opposite our tent. I sent a message from 'old reliable,' and in an instant more he was lashing the water into a foam, minus an eye."

Judging from his own record, as given by himself in this account, Mr. Shields counted the success of a shooting trip by the amount of torture he was able to inflict upon his victims, and the success of a fire-fishing trip by the number of fish taken or the pounds they weighed. One night when he was fire-fishing with a party sticking fish with spears, he records with exultation, "We killed over 100lbs. of fish during the two or three hours we were out." Again, "We returned to the house about 9 o'clock, having taken over 60lbs. of fish." This Florida fishing, however, really did not amount to much, compared with the scores made by Mr. Shields, which Mr. Shields here records with exclamation marks, as having been made by himself and friends in Michigan, among them an "afternoon's catch 180lbs. of fish!" Again, "Total catch for the day weighed 210lbs." Again, "They also brought in a fine string of bass, making the day's catch weight in all 240lbs., and the grand total for the three days 620lbs."

While we are in Michigan I may be permitted to quote an illuminating paragraph from his account of a little excursion in that State, as given in this same book. After having formed the night before one of a party which had headed off a deer, driven into the water by hounds, and killed it by a ball in the head as it was swimming for the shore, in the morning he went on board the little steamer Northern Belle to go to Cheboygan.

"The captain informed us," he writes, "that we would probably see plenty of ducks, loons, etc., on the trip, so we brought out the 'hunter's pet' rifle and enjoyed some very fine sport, shooting from the bow of the vessel. Several ducks were taught the folly of exposing themselves to the unerring aim of some of our crack shots. A small diver was killed by an unusually long shot, several on board pronouncing the distance at least 200yds. A woodduck was cut down on the wing as he crossed the channel about 40yds. away. Several others were killed as they sat in the water, and all while the boat was in motion, making, altogether, a rather remarkable score for a morning's shooting with the rifle."

But to come back to our own Florida. I have not pretended to give all of the game slaughtering exploits here recounted, for I hesitate to trespass upon your space. It is evident from the widespread death and destruction which followed in his wake, and from the prodigious rain of ammunition erupted by him, so to speak, as he passed through our pine barren and hammocks, and along our water courses, that Mr. Shields must have been heavily loaded with powder and ball and buckshot. He does not give us the details of his armament, but we may get some hint of it from this advice he gives intending Florida tourists as to how they should fit themselves out before invading our devoted land:

"A shotgun and rifle will both be needed, though a cylinder-bore shotgun and supply of buckshot cartridges in addition to the supply of small shot may answer all purposes. The greater need of the rifle is for the larger game, which frequently offers long-range shots where a shotgun is entirely useless, and if the sportsman be a clever rifle shot he should always provide himself with both."

"A large supply of ammunition should be provided for

each, for there is such a great variety and such countless numbers of birds and animals constantly presenting themselves, that although many of them be not game, still the temptation to shoot them is so strong that few resist it. For instance, there are cranes, pelicans, cormorants, water turkeys, alligators, etc., offering shots at all ranges, and affording such fine opportunities for practice that anyone is justifiable in improving these opportunities when not in localities where game is to be found. I estimate, from experience and observation, that an enthusiastic sportsman will shoot away 300 shells in each week that he may spend in Florida, and if he be provided with rifle and shotgun both, perhaps an equal division of this number between the two would not be far from the proper figure."

Heaven defend us!

Verily, if his name were not on the title page, I would hesitate to believe that the Mr. Shields whose personal doings in Florida and advice to other visitors are contained in this volume is that very same Mr. Shields whose persistent and iterated hue and cry of "game hog" is dealt out as generously to his fellow human beings as here in Florida he distributed his bullets and buckshot among the unwary brute creation. Methinks that if that alligator which Mr. Shields "gave one in the leeward optic" could come to life again he would "wink the other eye."

Now, I need not say that I am very far from having any intention of classifying all the Northern sportsmen who have visited our land as being driven about by a restless spirit of destruction as was I by the gadfly. It would be a scandalous libel upon the craft of sportsmanship to picture it as made up of such lust for blood, such devilish cruelty, such fiendish enjoyment of the death agonies of inoffensive creatures as pervades the pages of these Florida "rustlings." But you must remember that such accounts as this given by Mr. Shields of his doings in Florida are those which make the strongest impression and go furthest in forming public opinion about sportsmen and their character. This is very unfortunate, but it is true. The guild of sportsmen has often suffered obliquely which was altogether unmerited because an ignoble part was thought to stand for the whole; and as I have said, the astonishing thing is that in spite of the boasts in print of men who have waged a war upon animate nature in our woods and along our water courses, we have been so long in taking any measures to put a stop to the killing. As you suggest, the horse is stolen. All we can do now, however, is to make the best of it, and trust that with a better administration of our native resources the waste places may once more be made vocal with the songs of birds, the wilderness may be brightened with the brilliant colors of our native plume birds, and even the ugly and unamiable alligator may greet the eye of the traveler on our rivers and our fresh-water lakes.

The non-resident tax will help to accomplish this end. If in addition to exacting a license fee we had the game-tag coupon system to restrict the amount killed by an individual, that would be better still. This Mr. Shields, I hear, is the president of a league of American sportsmen. If there are any members of the league who are ambitious in their humble way to emulate the exterminatory peregrinations of their president, we would do well to charge them double price or shut them out altogether.

DIDYMUS.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Ate Quail in May.

CHICAGO, Ill., May 27.—The annual banquet of the St. Louis County Medical Society was held at Duluth, Minn., a week or so ago, and the management intending it to be a rather swell affair, offered as one item that of "larded quail." Among those present was one Dr. T. D. Titcomb, who said that he did not think it was right to serve game in that way out of season. He did not eat his quail, but wrapped it up and took it away with him, declaring that he would have suit brought against the house. He was dissuaded later from taking this course, but made request through the city attorney to the hotel, asking them to serve no more game out of season. Now, the odd part of this whole thing is that other members of the Medical Association are very much scandalized by Dr. Titcomb's action, and say that he was very wrong to make a row over such a little thing as Bob White quail served in the month of May. The Association intends to pass a vote of censure for the man who seems to have been about the most decent of those present. It would appear that the lawyers of St. Louis county ought now to hold a banquet and pass a vote of advice for the use of the doctors.

Deer in May.

I am in receipt to-day of a letter from Brule, Wis., which would indicate that human taste in the cold Northwest now and then hankers after deer as well as quail, and is not particular about the season. My informant says, "The game laws in Douglas county, Wis., are as nil. Deer are killed at all seasons if a settler wants meat, or a sportsman thinks he needs venison. A buck was killed near Lake Nebagamon last week, and two sportsmen went up to Brule last Sunday night with rifles and jack lights."

Hunting Knives.

Mr. J. S. Jouett, of Washington, D. C., writes me on the always entertaining topic of hunting knives, going on to say: "The blade of your knife is right, at least that is my opinion. I send tracing of my knife blade, which I had made and used for five years in New Mexico, and it is the finest steel and most perfect temper I ever saw, and I have been a big game hunter since 1875 in Texas, Arizona and New Mexico."

The outline of the blade sent by Mr. Jouett shows what seems to me a very serviceable and stout looking point. So far as skinning is concerned, it is all in the point, of course. I don't know when the knife will see daylight which my friend and myself figured out, but I should think the knife might be a useful one, though very unpretty. As to the temper of knife blades, I feel

obliged to state that the temper of the blade of the hunting knife sent to me by Mr. Philpot, of South Hanover, Mass., is the finest that I ever saw in any piece of steel. I like to wear a belt knife when I am out in the woods even on a trouting trip, and I think I shall wear this beautiful one whenever I go trouting hereafter. It will cut a feather or a tree, just as you like. When I was fishing the Prairie River this spring my companion pointed out a little tree which hung out over a pool. He said, "I have been wanting to cut that thing away for a long time, but I never have an axe along. It always spoils the fishing of that hole under the bank." I gave him my knife, and he waded over and cut off the big stem, which was over 3 in. through, with perfect ease. "Where on earth did you get that knife?" he asked me when he came back. "It certainly is a cutter."

I notice that the maker of my knife states that he doubts whether any knife will cut open a can of beans, and still remain keen enough for skinning game. This is, of course, true, though his own knife goes far toward refuting the statement. The big Hudson Bay knife will chop a can of beans in two, but its edge is thick and cleaver like, and the weapon is too heavy for use in skinning anything but very large game, and even at that work a smaller blade would far surpass it. The temper of a knife is the same as the disposition of a man. I have some knives which are tempered so hard that they are almost useless, whereas the ordinary butcher knife is so soft that it is good for very little but skinning purposes.

Personal.

I have located Noel Money at last, but he will not hold still very long. He is now in Montana, but is going to visit Colorado, Utah, Idaho and the Yellowstone Park; was thinking of going back to England by way of Siberia, but admitting that it might be a little cold next winter, thinks he may come back East during the fall. There have never been any who might justly accuse Mr. Money of cold feet.

Major Dabney, of Clarksdale, Miss., otherwise Coahoma, of FOREST AND STREAM, paid this city a visit all too brief one day early this week. So far as I can discover, Coahoma remains unregenerate in the matter of his fondness for snakes. I hope he will spend more time in Chicago the next time he comes here. I want to ask him about a few things which I forgot. I had a dog once which was bitten by a snake, and his face swelled up. Now, was the pup merely letting on that the snake-bite hurt him, and was it all in his mind? Answer me this, oh, Coahoma!

Mr. Platt Adams, of New York City, leaves to-night for his home in the East, after a stay of about a month in Chicago with his brother, Mr. A. W. Adams. Both are gentlemen very fond of the gun, and no novices in its use.

E. HOUGH.

480 CAXTON BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Digging out Foxes.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In FOREST AND STREAM of May 27 B asks about who is thought of digging out a fox after being holed by a dog. My advice to all who wish to get a fox in this manner is, don't. Let him alone for another run. In the years in which I have been hunting foxes in our New England manner, I have holed a great many. Now and then I have dug one out, but not during the past winter, when my dog holed ten. One fox we did try to dig out. A friend was visiting me who had never shot a fox, and I think I can safely say he never will under ordinary conditions. My dog holed one quite near my house, and we planned to dig him out and let my friend shoot him; but although such was our intention, we failed to reach the fox after some hard work. I think I know just how to get a fox out of any ordinary hole without much digging, but I do not intend to tell how it is done, as I do not believe in getting a fox in that way.

While on a trip after moose in Nova Scotia I was told by one of the men in our employ of how they snared foxes in the Province, using three strands of fine copper wire. I tried this on two foxes my dog holed one day. The foxes did their part; that is, they both poked their heads through the noose; but when they found they were fast they bit the wire off and got free.

Trapping wild animals of any sort when using steel traps, unless traps are so set as to drown whatever is caught, is the most cruel manner of killing anything. I know one man in this locality who wants any and every fox he can possibly get. When he holes one he puts in a number of steel traps and fastens the entrances to the hole, and I have known of his keeping a fox shut up in this way for three weeks, and when it was finally caught it would be nearly dead from starvation.

A few years since we had a sort of half-way law passed to prohibit the trapping of foxes. Like all such measures, it has proved a failure. Last winter I met a man, a stranger to me, in a gun store in Boston, and as something was said about foxes, he said he had just sold quite a number of skins and that he did not fool away his time hunting them, as he could get more of them and much easier by trapping. This man said he came from New Hampshire and that he lived in the same town as one of our State Fish and Game Commissioners.

Protection of all kinds of birds and animals in New Hampshire is not what it should be. The prohibition of the sale of game at all times and in all places, according to the doctrine of the platform plank of the FOREST AND STREAM, failed to pass the Senate in our last Legislature, because the manager of a certain hotel, who either was in or had influence in the Senate thought it would interfere with his serving game now and then to his guests. I tried to interest our game associations in the necessity of adopting the plank, but although at their meetings they voted to adopt the same, they apparently did nothing more and the market hunter still has his way. During the past winter I saw in a Boston daily paper a rather sarcastic allusion to the game laws. It was then considered advisable by many to exterminate the English sparrow, and the article in question said that the best way would be to make the sparrow a game bird and pass game laws for his protection, and that by so doing his extermination was assured. Verily, under the

present outlook we might as well adopt a measure which was proposed in our last Legislature to the effect that all game laws be abolished, the Fish and Game Commission be ended, and everyone kill everything they could at all times and in all places.

C. M. STARK.

DUNBARTON, N. H., May 26.

"Types of Sportsmen."

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 29.—Editor Forest and Stream: As a constant reader of your paper, permit me to say a word regarding the stories of Mr. W. W. Hastings. He beautifully portrays the true "Types of Sportsmen," and anyone, after reading his No. 3, would not belong to the true class if they "ridiculed" him for so appealingly portraying his great affliction. While I sat reading it, the wings on memory carried me back to my old Virginia home, where I spent the happiest and saddest days of my life. Returning home from a grand fox hunt on my faithful old friend Rod, I was met at the gate by my sister, who whispered to me, "Madge is dying." I could not understand what she meant, for I had left her in the morning bright and happy, and singing my old favorite, "'Twas twenty years ago." During my absence she had met with an accident, and she now sleeps beneath a beautiful willow in front of my old home. Every year I make a trip, just to be near her. I shall ever be faithful to the one who once welcomed me, and give her often a place in my thoughts, as I know I was ever in hers. It is so rare to meet noble hearts and true friendship that sympathy, from no matter what source, is a treasure; it is the purest pleasure I have. I have come to look upon death as a temporary separation, after which the reunion will be happier. I hope Mr. Hastings agrees with me.

RODERICK.

Mr. Harry E. Lee in Alaska.

We were much pleased to meet Mr. Harry E. Lee and wife, of Chicago, Ill., who spent several days in our city recently. Mr. Lee is one of the most noted crack shots and sportsmen of the United States, and has a large and valuable collection of specimens brought down by his own gun. Last year he spent several months on the Kean Peninsula, and secured some valuable specimens. Mr. Lee is not alone this year, but just before leaving Seattle took unto himself a very charming wife, and they will spend their honeymoon in the wilds of Alaska. They have the best wishes of the Alaskan for their future happiness.—The Alaskan, Sitka, May 13.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

THE Indians of Mexico know nothing of the laws of contagion. They display an apathy toward certain loathsome diseases which surprises a foreigner.

In a recent hunting trip in the Sierra of Puebla, our party of eight was descending toward Zacapoaxtla. We rode leisurely, for the trail was narrow and hemmed in by Indian huts. At the door of one of these stood a woman and a little girl. We stopped to inquire the way, when the following conversation took place:

"Good morning, Señora."

"A very good morning, at your orders, Señor."

"This is the road to Zacapoaxtla, is it not?"

"You are quite right, Señor."

"And is it very far?"

"On the contrary, it is but a very little ways."

"A thousand thanks for your kindness, Señora."

"There is nothing for which to offer them, Señor."

"Is the little girl sick, Señora?"

"She is a little sick, Señor."

"What is the matter with her?"

"She has the smallpox, Señor."

"Ah, good-day, Señora."

WM. S. SPENCER.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing and hunting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

Chat of Boston Sportsmen.

BOSTON.—Office of Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association, May 29.—Editor Forest and Stream: I will jot down a few happenings hereabout that will, I think, be of interest to many of the live sportsmen who read your valuable paper. One of the jolliest parties that seeks recreation outside the limits of our own State is known as the Hopewell Club, named for Mr. Frank Hopewell, who has been for many years an earnest member of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association. The Hopewell cottage is located on Great East Lake, which is partly in New Hampshire and partly in Maine.

Members of the club returned a few days since, bringing a hundred pounds or more of black bass. Besides Mr. Hopewell, there were in the party Dr. E. W. Bränigan, A. J. Selfridge, Dr. M. A. Morris, Messrs. W. B. Hastings, Thomas H. Hall, W. L. Henry, C. S. Clarke, R. V. Joyce, A. A. Glasier, E. L. Pillsbury and Mr. Mertz, all of Boston, and Messrs. Dexter and Haskell, of New York, and others.

They report excellent success in taking bass from 3 to 6 lbs. in weight, and as many as they cared to catch. The members who went from Boston were joined by the Goodall brothers, the well-known plush manufacturers of Sanford, Me. My classmate, Col. Ezra B. Parker, of Boston, has just returned from West Waterford, Vt., where he succeeded in capturing a fine string of trout, and met an adventure which he had not expected. While fishing from a bridge, the plank on which he was standing gave way, precipitating him head foremost into the pond below, where the water was several feet over his head. The Colonel says as he found himself drifting down toward

the dam below, he realized that it was work or drown, and he "thought he better not drown then."

Three Boston devotees of the rod and reel—Dr. J. T. Stetson, Dr. Heber Bishop and Mr. W. S. Hinman—all loyal members and officers of the old Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association, started for Rangeley last Saturday morning for a three weeks' outing. They will go in by way of Kennebago Lake to Ed. Grant's camp at Beaver Pond, and other portions of the Megantic preserve, and spend some time at Dr. Bishop's cottage in the Kibby Valley.

As regards legislation in our State, the marketmen failed to secure an open year-round season for the sale of quail at the present session, although they made a vigorous effort to secure it. No very important changes in game laws have been made. The Committee on Fisheries and Game was composed chiefly of new members, and of the most conservative sort.

This committee reported against the Talman bill for reorganizing the State Board of Commissioners, and the establishment of a board of six members to serve without compensation, and to employ an executive officer on a salary. Some amendments were made to the original bill in the House, and the amended bill was passed by the House, but was defeated by a small majority in the Senate. The terms of Chairman Brackett and Commissioner Young will expire next October. Whether Governor Wolcott will reappoint them or not will be known before many weeks.

The affairs of the Association are in a flourishing condition, and its work in providing members with quail to be liberated, has attracted considerable attention. At the meeting on May 19 at the Copley Square Hotel, reports were received from about a dozen of those who had received the birds, most of which were very satisfactory, indicating that only a small percentage of them were lost.

Some of these reports were of great interest and importance, as they gave details as to the methods of handling, and caring for the quail.

A letter received from Mr. A. B. F. Kinney, President of the Worcester County Game Protective Association, states that that organization "has liberated seventy-five dozen Kansas quail without the loss of a bird, and Mr. Kinney says "we get word from some of them every day or two, are lively and doing well—all liberated last month." Mr. Kinney has become a member of the State Association, and has been elected a Vice-President. The President of the Fitchburg Rifle and Gun Club, Mr. H. A. Estabrook, has also been elected a Vice-President of the State Association.

There are quite a number of active protective organizations in Massachusetts, and we hope before long they will all become vitally connected with the parent Association.

I believe, Mr. Editor, that your paper can serve the cause of game protection in no better way than by demonstrating to the sportsmen and all lovers of birds and animals the importance of combined action. Let there be formed fish and game leagues or societies in every important town and city. Let those who are interested get together and have an interchange of ideas on the many subjects connected with sportsmen's interests. Let these local associations look after the interests of their immediate neighborhood and at the same time place themselves in touch with sportsmen in other sections. One such organization is located in East Weymouth, Mass., where the smelt fishing is the paramount interest. Within a very few years the society has grown to a membership of 175, and it is widening the scope of its work all the time. Others might be named, not only in our own State but elsewhere, that are not only improving the care of game, but are exercising a great educational force in their communities. Let the good work go on until every public official who is called upon to make or administer laws shall feel the influence of a constituency of intelligent sportsmen.

HENRY H. KIMBALL.

A Tame Seal.

MANY years ago, before the great River Moisie was resorted to by cod fishermen and others, the harbor seals used to come up the stream in great numbers for the purpose of bringing forth their young in its quiet upper pools. After staying with their young for a couple of weeks, the mother seals would return down the river, and a few days later the little baby seals would drift down with the current and be carried out to sea, there to hunt and grow big, and in their turn become father and mother seals and visit their native river.

Many a calm evening I have stood on the gallery outside the house and listened to the infant-like cry of the poor little seals as they drifted on the river past the post. One evening, toward the end of "the run" we heard one crying in a most pitiful and heart-rending way. Every now and then we could see the snow-white little mite as he floated on the surface near midstream.

I got a large salmon scoop and joined the man on the beach. We waited till the seal had floated past us, then quietly pushed out the boat. The man headed obliquely down stream to come up with the baby from behind, while I took a position in the bow, ready to land it in the boat. In a few minutes we were up to him. The poor little deserted fellow was pawing about in the water much after the manner of a blind puppy and uttering plaintive cries, startlingly like a real baby. I slipped the scoop well under him, and in a moment he was safely landed in the bottom of the boat.

I fixed up an extemporaneous feeding bottle, made of a piece of rubber tubing, a cork and an empty soda water bottle, which we filled with some nice warm milk. We got him comfortable on a sheepskin alongside the kitchen stove, and with a little instruction he very soon knew how to work his end of the tube. The warmth from the stove and the bottle of milk very quickly sent him into sweet forgetfulness.

My first intention was to keep him only a few days, until he got a little larger and stronger, and then let him continue his journey to the sea. But the little fellow became such a pet and evidently liked his surroundings so well that it would have been heartless in the extreme to send him away; so Jack, as the cook christened him, became one of the family, and grew and waxed strong, and followed me about between the buildings with his flopping gait in a most ridiculous manner.

In September, numbers of fine sea trout used to come in the river each tide and go out with the ebb. We placed a stand of old useless salmon nets near the last sand point to create a back-water, from which to fly-fish. Jack used to accompany me on these fishing tours, and he very soon came to understand what my whipping the water was for.

One day he wobbled down to the very edge of the river, gazed up and down and across the water, and the next instant dived in, with a greasy, sliding motion. The waters closed over him, and I paused in my pastime to see what would happen next. I looked about in all directions for Jack, but not a ripple disturbed the placid waters. He could not have been meshed in the folds of the net, because I would have seen the floats vibrate. So I stood there pondering, my thoughts partly perplexed and partly sorrowful for the possible loss of our pet.

All at once I heard heavy breathing almost at my feet, and looking down, there was Jack with a fine 3½lb. sea trout crossways in his mouth, which, on my calling his name, he deposited at my feet. Then you may be sure I petted the dear young fellow, and he seemed to understand that what he had done was appreciated by his master, for after rolling himself for a few moments on the sand he made another dive, and another, and another, always with the same successful results, and the best part of his fishing was that he only selected the largest and fattest fish. We went home, both very proud in our own way—Jack for having been made so much of, and I because of the useful accomplishment of my pet.

As long as the run of fish continued, Jack and I used to resort each day to the eddy. He brought the fish ashore and I put them in the basket. What we could not consume at the house the cook salted for winter use. Yes, the winter was coming on, and the thought occurred to me several times what we would do with Jack. Jack, however, made no attempt to take his freedom and forsake us. On the contrary, he manifested greater affection for us all, and, as the days became shorter and the nights colder and longer in that northern latitude, he used to sleep for many hours on a stretch, huddled up with the dogs in the kitchen, only going out of doors for an occasional slide in the snow once or twice during the course of each day.

Even the long winter of the North comes to an end in time, and once again we had open water; the fast-bound river was again free from ice, and Jack used to take long swims, but he always came back. Finally the run of salmon struck the river, and I took Jack down to the bight of the sandbars to fly him at bigger game than the trout. He made one or two dives and came ashore empty-mouthed. He saw there were no caresses for Jack, so he tried again.

This time his efforts were crowned with success, for he landed with a 12lb. salmon struggling in his strong jaws. He received my patting and expressions of satisfaction with unbounded joy and seemed to know he had done something to be proud of, for he ambled up the sandbank and slid down to the water several times in rapid succession.

Soon it was the season for the seals to enter the river as in past years, and the Indians were shooting them from their canoes whenever they had a chance. Jack used to go so far afield now, probably trying to find the mother that had so shamefully deserted him last year, that we feared he might be shot by the Indians by mistake; so we tied a piece of blue worsted gartering about his neck to distinguish him from the other seals. But alas for the poor Knight of the Garter. One day Jack was out among the other seals off the mouth of the river, and in some way the blue garter must have been detached from his neck, for an Indian shot him.

The man brought him ashore and told us of the mishap. As soon as he handled him to put him in the canoe, he knew at once from the roughness of his coat it was poor Jack. And thus ended our intelligent and useful pet.

We buried him near the flagstaff and put up a board bearing the inscription "Jack." MARTIN HUNTER.

ANGLING NOTES.

Truth Stranger than Fiction.

A SHORT time ago, in a moment of weakness, I consented to prepare and read a paper upon the history of artificial fish propagation before a natural history society in the city of Albany. I say moment of weakness, because at that time the date fixed upon for the meeting of the society seemed so far away I thought I could easily find the time to prepare the paper; but as it drew near and the paper was unwritten, I realized how rash I had been in making the promise, and I determined that never again would I allow myself to make such a promise unless the paper was written in advance.

My promise was kept, however, and on the evening in question as the people were gathering in the audience room and I was talking with members of the reception committee in an adjoining room, one of them, a very charming woman, well-known in the educational world, said: "I hope you have some fish stories in your paper for the entertainment of this large audience, for many of them are not members of the society."

In reply, I said: "Madame, I do not know any fish stories, if by that term you mean the exaggerated tales of fish, fishing and fishermen, told in some of the newspapers by people who know nothing apparently about the subject, and whose chief aim seems to be to make the tale as improbable as a fertile imagination can conceive of, but I will tell you now of the experience of a gentleman that I knew. Dr. W. W. Aldrich, a practicing physician residing in Weverton, Warren county, N. Y., was fishing in the Kungamuck stream in the Adirondacks for trout, and caught a fish with something sticking to its body near its tail, which proved to be a one-cent United States postage stamp. Mr. Gilbert Sheffield, who was fishing with Dr. Aldrich, saw the trout taken from the water with the stamp adhering to it. The captor of the fish made no attempt to explain why or how the trout had picked up that stamp in the water of a wild Adirondack stream where postage stamps are extremely rare, even in the few cabins or log shanties found in that region, or why the stamp had not washed off in the water after the trout

had annexed it and before he caught it. He simply, when he told me of the occurrence, could not explain it." The lady said: "That is a most delightful fish story."

"No, madame, that is not a fish story in the sense you understand the expression; it is a plain fact which happened in connection with fishing, and if such facts as have actually occurred in connection with fish and fishing could be gathered together in a book, it would make a collection of true stories stranger than all the fictitious fish stories that have been printed since the landing of the Pilgrims."

"But do you believe that story about the postage stamp being found on the trout?" "Certainly I do. Both the gentlemen I have named are perfectly reliable, and would not make a false statement concerning the matter when telling it for an absolute fact."

"Well, how do you account for it?" "I do not pretend to account for it, and yet it might have been possible for some sportsman to have thrown an envelope or newspaper wrapper, on which there was a penny stamp, into the water, and the stamp might have washed off of the paper (for it was a stamp that had been cancelled) and come in contact with the fish and adhered to it because of the slime on its body. Had it occurred in the wilds of Canada there might have been another explanation, for a gentleman told me that he once fished for trout in Canada with postage stamps on his hook. In his case, however, they were red stamps, and he put the hook through the stamp and tied it down to the shank of the hook with the red outward to cover the shank and give the appearance of an artificial red ibis fly, and he said the trout took the postage stamp fly as readily as though the hook had been covered with red feathers instead of red paper; but it took a postage stamp for each fish, and the supply of stamps were limited." "I am inclined to think that after all you may know a very few fish stories, for certainly what you have told me are as interesting as any fish stories I have ever heard."

"Let me add, madame, that they have the merit of being true. Call them what you may."

Later in the evening, after I had read the paper, another lady remarked to me: "Some of the things you said to-night are most surprising, for instance, that shad have teeth until they are about a year old, and thereafter have none; but the most astonishing thing to me is that flat fishes should first swim in a vertical position and have an eye on each side of the head, and then swim flatwise and the under eye should travel around the head until both are on top of the head." "You accept both as statements of facts, do you?" "Most certainly, for you have simply declared what has been observed as perhaps a strange possession of nature, and while new to me, and so astonishing to me, it is not at all improbable, for nature is mysterious in her ways."

Then I again told of the fish with the postage stamp attachment, and asked if it seemed to her improbable or impossible. She said not impossible, for it had happened; but in her mind it would come under the head of "queer," and when we were joined by the lady to whom I had first told about Dr. Aldrich's fish, I said I had a story for her. That a fish had been imbedded in a ball of clay, and clay and fish had been sent 12,425 miles and then the clay was moistened and the fish was found to be alive. There was a raising of eyebrows which I ascribed to astonishment rather than doubt, and I explained that the fish was a lung fish, and was sent from Calcutta to New York, and that Dr. Bashford Dean had softened the clay at Columbia University and released the fish, and when I saw it it had been alive in an aquarium in the university for a year.

The lung fish looks not unlike an eel, and is said to be very good eating. In fact, Dr. Dean advised that they be cultivated in this country. I have reached that point where I never doubt anything that may be said of fish that is curious or out of the way, because I have known of so many curious things concerning them that could not be doubted, that I prefer to be on the safe side and accept everything until a statement is proven to be inaccurate, for truth is often stranger than fiction artistically colored.

Fish Notes from Abroad.

At the meeting of the American Fisheries Society at the New York Aquarium in 1896 one of the most interesting papers presented, and one that caused considerable discussion, was read by Dr. Tarleton H. Bean, entitled "New Method of Pond Culture," it being a translation of an account published in France of a lecture by Dr. Jousset de Bellesme, relating to his experiments in rearing certain fishes confined in fresh water ponds, notably the California salmon, the rainbow trout and our native brook trout (*fontinalis*). The proceedings of the American Fisheries Society for 1896 may possibly be obtained from the Secretary, Hon. Herschel Whitaker, of Detroit, by any one interested in the subject of pond culture, as in it the lecture by Dr. Bellesme, as translated by Dr. Bean, is printed. Mr. S. Jaffé, of Osnabruck, Germany, has written me a letter which is in the nature of a postscript to the lecture referred to, and should be read in connection with it. Mr. Jaffé is one of the best known and experienced fish breeders in Germany, and his letter is in part as follows:

"I was in Paris last week consulting about the 1900 Exposition, and I took occasion to talk with Dr. Bellesme about his quinnat salmon. You know about his report on pond culture, for you mentioned it in the 1895 report of the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission of the State of New York."

The fish (breeders three and four years old, 1 to 3lb. fish; two-year-olds, ½lb., yearlings, eight to the pound) in the Trocadéro Aquarium are very good and healthy, and curiously enough quite free from fungus, which had badly attacked some rainbows and *fontinalis* they had in the same water. The particular water (rather hard from the Paris limestone) seems to suit the quinnat, but I think much of the success is due to the great size and depth (fully 12ft. in depth) of the tanks. Dr. Bellesme assures me that he knows that the quinnat now breeds (going down to sea and coming back for spawning) in at least one river in Normandy. The quinnats we have here do well, the males (two years old) had plenty of milt, and the females are now forming eggs toward the third year, but the great drawback to the fish is the facility with which it loses its scales in handling, and altogether it seems to have less power of resistance in transportation than any Salmonidae I know of. Dr. Bellesme admits as much, and

I am afraid this will prove a serious drawback over here; however, we will see.

Rainbows still do wonderfully well; we now get nearly perfect impregnation by letting the water which envelopes the ova drop and remain in the spawning dish before milting, this water, of course, is not the water which is avoided in dry spawning, but the watery fluid which sustains the ova inside of the female.

The steelhead ova forwarded by Captain Dougherty, and sent over via Cape Vincent Station in Mr. Stone's care, arrived beautifully about fourteen days ago. Loss in hatching and transit under 720 out of 10,000 eggs, and I hope the fry, which are vigorous, will give a good account of themselves. The ova arrived packed on trays bottomed with strong bleached swansdown (canton flannel) and on which swansdown moss was packed. The ova were placed on the moss in single layers, and covered over with the usual coarse mosquito netting. Plenty of air space was provided between every tray by driving small nails, with about $\frac{1}{4}$ in. of their length sticking out, into each tray corner. I think this would be the correct way of transporting the *mykiss* ova too, and in view of this I have had the following equipment made here, as the *mykiss* ova develops so quickly, and your plan of hatching en route is still rather dangerous.

I have put freshly spawned and freshly impregnated rainbow ova, immediately after the washing and after the first white ova were picked out, on similar moss trays very thinly, omitting, however, the top mosquito netting and leaving the ova loose on the moss with $\frac{1}{8}$ in. air space next to the swansdown. The moss pads were well soaked before putting on the ova and the woodwork and swansdown was soaked for forty-eight hours before putting on the moss (I found this necessary as the woodwork absorbed too much moisture afterward if not so treated); the six frames were put on top of one another and a moss box (moss $\frac{3}{4}$ in. thick) added at top and bottom, moss well soaked. No ice was applied, and the ova was packed in an outer case with moss lining (not hay nor chaff, which would heat) 8 in. all around.

The ova were left undisturbed except for the closed box being sent by rail around about here and back several times, and then opened after twenty-four days, and the ova were found to be doing remarkably well toward eyeing, the loss in dead and fungused ova being small comparatively.

I understrapped (cotton ribbons nailed tightly across below the swansdown, crosswise), some of the frames to obviate the puddling of the moss, and these frames did best. Could you have a similar experiment made with some *mykiss* ova?

German fishculturists are very thorough with all these experiments, and this letter from Mr. Jaffé contains valuable information. Very recently I have learned that the Pennsylvania Fish Commission will not cultivate the rainbow or brown trout in the future. Our breeders have had much trouble in impregnating and rearing the fry of the rainbow, as compared with the ease that the eggs and fry of the native Eastern trout may be impregnated and reared, and the fish find greater favor abroad than it does in eastern Nova Scotia waters when brought from the Pacific slope. The *mykiss* (Rocky Mountain or black spotted trout) mentioned by Mr. Jaffé have been hatched in the East only in New York State, so far as I know, and they are a spring spawning trout like the rainbow. The Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission find no difficulty in getting an impregnation of from 90 to 95 per cent., but the embryo is apt to burst the egg just before hatching, and there is loss between the times of hatching, and the times of feeding, so there is a loss of 40 per cent. on such a matter.

From the Salmon Rivers.

If any one of the many vexing things in this life is more vexing than another, it is, in my estimation, to have two invitations to fish two of the best salmon rivers in Canada, and think about it during the winter, and when the season for salmon fishing comes, to be kept at home by "official duties." My physician (he is an angler, and an angler makes the best kind of a physician—for an angler) says that I am suffering for the benefits to be derived from a vacation on a salmon river, and I feel that he is right about it; but I have a conscience (what an entirely unnecessary thing a conscience is at times, when it rears up on its hinder legs and pricks your entire system so that no argument can knock it out), and that conscience has been wrestling with me for several weeks. Twice I have had it down, so that I thought I might get the decision, but it rose again, smiling, and as busy as a boy digging angle worms. Last year I knocked it out in one round when a telegram came to me saying the salmon were coming into the Ristigouche, and it did not recover until I was across the border in Canada, where I had it at a disadvantage, for my conscience does not understand Indian or habitant French. It has been a little weak this morning, since I received a letter from my friend Mr. Archibald Mitchell, dated at Runnymede, P. Q., on the Ristigouche River, May 30, which reads: "My son and I arrived here Friday last. The Matapedia bridge is half gone, not on account of a freshet, though the ice got jammed on one side, which made the current so strong on the other side that the water undermined the piers and carried part of the bridge down. We fished Friday afternoon, Saturday afternoon and all day yesterday (Monday), and have had all the fun we want beaching kelts and letting them go. I beached eight yesterday, all large and mended kelts, nearly if not quite as bright as fresh sunfish. I hooked one on one of his fins just above the vent, and he made lots of sport and crossed and recrossed the river, and we all thought it was a fresh-run fish for some time. They are not getting many salmon in the nets below yet, and there appear to be very few in the river although Mr. Falls killed a 28-pounder on the Goelet water yesterday morning, and a 40-pounder is also being reported as taken on the club water above Matapedia Saturday. On account of salmon being so scarce, we are going down to Tide Head to-day to try and get some trout fishing. We are the first fishing party on the river this year. You make a mistake not to see your way clear to have some salmon fishing this season. You will accomplish more in the long run by breaking away from your desk for a while and killing some salmon than by grinding at it all the time."

That sounds like advice that should be followed, and I know Mr. Mitchell is a man of good judgment and something of a doctor, for he can mend a reel or a rod and splice a fractured line and even make salmon flies. Since I have read his letter I have smoked several pipes over it and must confess that my thoughts have been less on "official duties" than on the last salmon I killed at Runnymede last year, a fish of 26 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs., gaffed from the canoe, which gave me a fight so interesting that while it lasted if my conscience had roared at me through a megaphone I would not have known that I had it in the canoe with me. I am not sure, but this day seems to be not a good one for a conscience that cannot talk Kanuck to be prowling around.

A. N. CHENEY.

Fishing on Posted Streams.

POTTSVILLE, Pa., May 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* For many years it has been a disputed question whether it was possible to prevent fishing in private or preserved streams in this State, and it may interest you to read the result of a case just tried in Monroe county. I inclose you Judge Albright's charge to the jury, and the circumstances of the case as reported by the Monroe Democrat. The case was tried at a special term of the Civil Court, Judge Edwin Albright presiding. W. D. S.

For several years there have been in existence in this county a number of fish and game associations, which have purchased or leased many miles of streams and many acres of land for the purpose of the preservation and propagation of fish and game. Their right to forbid hunting or fishing on their respective preserves has been questioned, and especially so with respect to the right of all persons to fish for trout in the streams in which the State had placed trout fry. Articles have been published in some newspapers to the effect that the Supreme Court had decided that this right could not be abridged, and the various fish associations could not prevent fishing in their streams if fish from the State hatcheries had been placed in them. Everywhere throughout the county the subject has been discussed and many people are honest in their conviction that they have the right to fish in any stream for which fish commissioners have furnished fish.

Consequently the several cases for trial in court this week were of more than usual interest. These suits were actions in trespass against John Ely, William Seiple and Joseph Delp, all of Northampton county, for fishing and taking trout in the McMichaels Creek in Chestnuthill Township in April, 1898. The actions were brought by the Pohoqualine Fish Association, the owner of about six miles of this stream, and upon which the fishing was done. The court, Judge Albright presiding, began consideration of the three cases, which were tried together, on Monday noon.

The Fish Association was represented by Messrs. Storm and Palmer, while Messrs. Staples and Erdman represented the several defendants.

The several witnesses for the plaintiff showed that each of the defendants had been fishing in the stream, and had taken fish therefrom. They also testified that sixty-three printed notices were posted along the streams showing them to be private, that the fish warden told the defendants the stream was private and fishing was forbidden and Wardens Haney and Siglin threw stones in the stream to prevent any further catching. It was also testified to that the defendants left the stream at about noon, but in the afternoon again returned and resumed fishing and endeavored to bribe the wardens who were persistent in their efforts to prevent their fishing. The Association further showed that it had expended large sums of money in the propagation of trout.

The plaintiffs completed their case on Tuesday forenoon, when the defendants' counsel moved a compulsory non suit, which was refused by the court. Mr. Erdman then opened for the defense. The position taken by the defendants was that the plaintiffs were entitled to nominal damages. The ownership of several miles of the stream by the Pohoqualine Fish Association was admitted as well as the fact that they, the defendants, had been guilty of trespass. They also admitted that in the event of the defendants having gone on the stream wilfully and maliciously then the plaintiffs were entitled not only to nominal, but also to punitive or vindictive damages. They, however, maintained that such was not the case. They offered to show, in order to avoid punitive damages and show their innocence of wilful entering and trespass upon the lands and streams of the Association that for some time the rights of fishermen had been agitated and somewhat in doubt, that they had seen an article in the Times which led them to believe that they had a perfect right to fish in any stream which had been stocked by the State with trout, that they had consulted two attorneys of Northampton county, who had advised them that they had a perfect right to fish the stream provided they waded the creek, that fully relying on this advice they actually believed they had a right to fish, and on that account persisted in fishing even after they had been warned off by the warden. A portion of the above evidence, the Times article, was not admitted by the court, the court not being of the opinion that newspapers were safe advisers in legal matters.

The several defendants were then sworn and testified virtually to the above facts, and denied having gone into the stream to make a test case.

An attempt made to show that Justice of the Peace D. M. Haney had informed the defendants that according to law they had a right to fish in that stream was ruled out.

Hon. Nathan M. Lesh and others testified that they had placed trout fry in the stream about three-quarters of a mile from where the defendants fished. The defense closed at about 3 o'clock.

In his charge to the jury, Judge Albright called their attention to the several kinds of damages from trespass, and fully defined the rights of property owners. As there are a number of facts of interest in his charge, and permission has been given us to print it, we give the main points below.

The jury found the defendants guilty of trespass, and nominal damages of one dollar each was placed on the defendants, and also one dollar each vindictive damages.

In regard to the costs, it is very probable that they will be placed upon the Wind Gap men, although the matter

will be determined at an argument court. The law is that where the court will certify that the trespass is wilful and malicious, the defendants must pay the costs. In this case the judge charged the jury that if it found the defendants guilty of wilful and malicious trespass they must find the damage more than one dollar, which was done.

The Pohoqualine attorneys asked the court to make the certificate that the trespass was wilful and malicious. The defendants' attorneys moved against it and an argument will follow.

The amount of the costs will be in the neighborhood of \$150.

Judge Albright's charge to the jury covered the following points of law:

In each of these three cases the plaintiff seeks to recover damages from the defendants for the alleged trespass on the plaintiff's property. It appears that the Pohoqualine Fish Association is a corporation enacted under the laws of Pennsylvania in the year 1894, and it appears that shortly after that they acquired by purchase, and by lease a right to the stream known as McMichaels Creek in this county, and an ownership of a strip of land on each side of the stream for some four or five miles.

Both this corporation and other persons put in trout that were hatched artificially. It appears that above the holding of this corporation the stream extends a number of miles, and it extends for miles below their holdings, and the fish were not confined on the company's property. They could go up beyond it and down below it. It is not a case of fish confined in a stream which belongs to a single owner, nor is it a case of fish in a pond. The fish themselves under the conditions we have to do with here are not the subject of property; they are considered to be wild creatures like bees in an undomesticated state, rabbits and other wild creatures.

The defendants in April, 1898, fished in this stream where the company owns it. Each of these three defendants has testified that on a certain day in April they went together and intended to go to this stream and fish and did go there. They entered the stream and each caught some fish. They fished in the forenoon and afternoon of that day. The wardens employed by the company say they told them they had no right to fish there, but that the defendants continued to fish, saying they had a right to fish, and then the wardens, in order to prevent them from taking any or many fish, threw stones and sticks in. The result was that each of the defendants caught, took and carried away several fish, and for that alleged unlawful act the company has brought these three actions. This is not an action or prosecution brought for a violation of the fish laws. It is simply an action of common law trespass brought by one man against another, who it is alleged unlawfully entered upon his land.

At this point the Judge gave some general directions as to the duties and powers of juries.

These defendants admitted that they waded the stream belonging to the plaintiff, and they fished. That constituted a trespass. One who intentionally enters upon the lands of another, when there can be no pretense that it was accidental or unintentional or necessary, commits a trespass; and when a party goes upon your lands or any other person's land, insisting that he has a right to go there, and particularly when he persists in remaining when he is warned off by you or your servants, he commits a trespass; and when he is such an intruder he becomes a trespasser, and it is the right of a citizen to have that declared. It is all the same when in passing from the land of another you walk upon the land or in the stream, it is a trespass, and the excuse set up by the trespasser, that they thought they had a right to fish there does not affect the question of right. It does not affect the question as to whether they were trespassers or not. If you have a stream flowing through your land with fish in it, or if you have a flock of chickens, and some one comes and insists upon fishing in your stream, or taking your chickens, it is no defense when you sue him for trespass, if he says he thought he had a right to fish in your stream, or take your chickens, inasmuch as some lawyer told him that. So in each of these cases the plaintiff is entitled to recover.

In every action of trespass where it is found that the defendant is in the wrong and the plaintiff is in the right then the plaintiff must be awarded at least nominal damages; that is, some small sum to indicate that the plaintiff was adjudged to be in the right and the defendant in the wrong. Such nominal sum is some small sum. We say to you that you can treat \$1 in each case as nominal damages, to which the plaintiff is entitled, and that in each of these cases you are to return a verdict for plaintiff for at least \$1.

In addition to such nominal sum, in actions of trespass, where the plaintiff prevails, he may be entitled to further sum as compensation for what he lost or for the injury that he sustained. In this case there was no damage done, as it is not said they spoiled anything of plaintiff's property, and consequently we say to you that as compensation the plaintiff is entitled to nothing, beyond the \$1, so far as we have presented the matter to you. They took fish which were of value, no doubt, but inasmuch as there was an open stream these fish were wild creatures, which one person had as much right to as another. Therefore, we say to you that you cannot give plaintiff any sum as the value of the fish as compensatory damages.

The question remains, gentlemen, as to whether you shall add to the \$1 nominal damages in each case a further sum in the nature of vindictive or punitive damages. In an action of trespass where the charge is some wrong and it appears that the wrongdoer acted oppressively or outrageously, and with a high hand, or recklessly disregarded the rights of another, or that he warily disregarded another's rights, then a jury, after awarding nominal damages, may add punitive damage as a proper punishment of the defendant, and in such a case, when the plaintiff prevails, and such ground for further vindictive or punitive damages is not shown, then no such damages shall be given.

Defendants' counsel here has not taken the ground that you shall find a verdict in favor of the defendant. He had too much regard for you to mislead you, if he could into the disregard of your duty and to find a verdict against the law and against the right, but insists that you ought to stop at nominal damages, \$1 in each case. The plaintiff insists that under the circumstances

as they are apparent here, there ought to be a sum beyond the \$1 awarded as punitive damages.

We say to you, gentlemen, that if you find that the acts of these defendants, or either of them, were high handed, and that knowing they had no right there, and after they knew they had no right there, if they defiantly, knowing they were in the wrong, persisted in fishing and intended to brave the thing out, or if knowing the rights of the plaintiff knew they had no right there, they wantonly commenced to fish or persisted in fishing, then there is such a case presented to you which will warrant you in adding to the \$1 such further sum as in your opinion would be just punishment for them.

When it comes to a question with a jury as to whether a person did what he knew was wrong, then his opinion and intention may be considered, and when it is a question of law and he in good faith goes to a lawyer, and fully and fairly states the whole case to the lawyer and the lawyer advises him, then it is taken that he may follow the advice of the lawyer, even if the lawyer should be in the wrong, and it is not to be imported to him that he did what was intentionally wrong. The lawyer's advice may be considered when the jury, after awarding nominal damages, come to consider whether a further sum shall be given against the defendants for punishment. Then, as to what the defendants believed what they were told, may be considered by you and you may also consider the matter as to what they were told when they came on the ground, whether they were not then given to understand and did understand that they had no right there, as to whether they persisted right or no right. All these things you will consider when you come to pass upon the question whether you shall award a further sum beyond the \$1 in each case as damages, and if to be awarded, then how much. If you award punitive damages you will fix such sum as you deem to be just, regarding the rights of plaintiffs and also of the defendants.

If a corporation owns a stream its rights are the same as if a dozen farmers owned that same stream; and if the corporation forbids fishing, its right to do so is the same as if a dozen farmers owning the stream should say there should be no fishing, and if people persist in fishing on our private property we will sue them for trespass. And the situation of this corporation is the same as the different individuals who are owners of the stream several miles above and below their holdings.

A man who owns land through which a stream flows for a mile has the same rights as another through which the stream flows for 100 yds. or 100 ft. You could not say that the man who owns the stream for 100 yds. may recover damages for fishing against his will in his stream, and the man who owns the stream for a mile should have no damages.

And so, gentlemen, we instruct you that under the facts in this case as it is conceded and admitted by the defendants in each case the plaintiff is entitled to at least nominal damages, which we say shall be taken at \$1. We fix that sum in order that if you go beyond that sum in your verdict it may be known whether you inflict punitive damages, and if it is not shown that the defendants acted in wanton disregard of the plaintiff's rights defiantly, and against their knowledge of their rights did what was wrong, then you will stop at nominal damages. If it is true that they thus defiantly and wantonly acted, then you may add such sum as may seem just to give in each case.

Banner Year for Trout.

If the season of 1898 was one of the most disappointing that the trout fisher has ever experienced hereabouts, he may obtain ample compensation this year for the lack of sport in the past. To say that the fly-fishing in northern Quebec has opened auspiciously only half expresses the truth. From all parts of the Lake St. John country come reports of magnificent and in some cases unprecedented success in fighting the fontinalis of these far northern waters. The usual large trout from Lake Edward are now coming in every day. Messrs. J. T. Lavallee and J. A. Delisle, of this city, arrived here a few days since with forty-seven of these trout taken by them, and weighing 125 lbs. Of the six best of this catch, the heaviest turned the scales at 5½ lbs., and the smallest registered 4½ lbs. Other corresponding catches are reported from the same vicinity. Mr. D. S. Rickaby, at the Iroquois Club, captured with the fly in two hours eleven trout ranging from 1 to 2½ lbs.

Thursday night's train brought here a number of very successful anglers, who have been fishing on their waters at Lake Kiskisink. Some of the more successful of these gentlemen are Messrs. William D. Bishop and K. S. Hincks, of Bridgeport, and Mr. Geo. H. Wilcox, of Meriden. They are enthusiastic about the splendid sport enjoyed by them. They report fish large and plentiful and rising ravenously to the fly. Another large party of members of the Metabetchouan Club have also returned home with big catches. It included F. N. Benham and J. P. Warner, of Bridgeport; Samuel Dodd, A. Chamberlain, William B. Ives, C. P. Bradley, Jno. W. Coe and W. R. Hall, of Meriden; J. Bury Peets, of New Haven, and William P. Morgan, of San Francisco.

Quite a lot of lively sport with 1 to 2 lb. trout in the present cold waters of this club's territory is also reported by Major Bailey, of Washington; Marcellus H. W. Page, of Newark, N. J., and Geo. Wilcox and F. Stevenson, of Meriden. Dr. Porter, of Bridgeport, and a friend have been enjoying some of the brook trout's lively struggles, on his new territory west of the Metabetchouan Club's limits, and several members of the Triton Club are prolonging their stay on their limits beyond what they had intended, in consequence of their unusually good success with their finny foes.

A number of members of the Laurentian Club are now up on their waters in the St. Maurice district, including Dr. W. H. Drummond, of Montreal, who has for his guest Major Drummond, of Ottawa, Military Secretary to Lord Minto, Governor-General of Canada. American members of this club are now able to take advantage of the new railway line to the St. Maurice from the Lake St. John country, and so cross over into this territory and fish for trout and quananiche on the same trip.

Quananiche are at present very plentiful in Lake St.

John. Several good catches have already been made at the mouth of the Metabetchouan, and in one day at the mouth of the Ouiaichouan, Mr. Frank Ross, Jr., of Quebec, took no less than sixty. The fish so far are not large, but there is, of course, the prospect that the usual heavy weight ones will make their appearance in the Grande Décharge when the fishing opens there, which from present appearances, will be about the end of next week.

Salmon fishermen are flocking down to their respective rivers. I. H. Stearns, of Montreal, passed here on Wednesday, going to his preserve at Chamberlain Shoals on the Restigouche. Messrs. Toland, of Philadelphia, and Edson Fitch and Veasey Boswell, of Quebec, left here yesterday on the specially chartered steamship Lord Stanley, for the Moisie. Surgeon-Major Nicholson, of India, is on his way here from England for salmon fishing, and Lieut.-Col. Andrew Haggard, D. S. O., is expected back from Japan very shortly to measure his strength and agility again with Canadian trout and ouananiche.

Some little excitement has been created here by the announcement of an opinion from the law officers of the Crown, to the effect that supposed owners of riparian rights possess no fishing rights whatever, except in cases where such rights were specially conceded by the Crown with the land itself. The matter will probably be tested before the courts.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

QUEBEC, June 2.

The Maine Waters.

Boston, June 3.—The interest of Boston sportsmen in fishing in Maine waters does not flag in the least. They go by nearly every train. Frequently every passenger over the Rumford Falls & Rangeley Lakes road, from Rumford Falls to Bemis, is interested in fishing, and the same is true of the Phillips & Rangeley road from Phillips to Rangeley. Such was the case one night last week on the former line, when there was a good car full of passengers. Interest in fishing is greatly on the increase, and the railroads and transportation lines are reaping the benefits. They may thank the newspapers and periodicals that have devoted a lifetime to spreading the delights of angling. Without the papers and periodicals the interest in fishing would die, from sheer want of being told about. Fishermen and novices are inspired by reading of the exploits—the successes—of those who do go, and they go themselves.

Some good catches are reported from Lake Auburn, Me. Mr. L. F. Chase, of that town, has taken a salmon of 9 lbs. M. L. Thayer has caught one of 8 lbs. weight; James Daws one of 8 lbs. 2 oz.; H. Richardson one of 8 lbs. Later Mr. D. C. Paine, of Lewiston, caught a salmon of 8½ lbs. from the same lake. Mr. P. O. Vickery, a gentleman much interested in fish and game, has lately returned from Great Pond, Belyrude, Me., with thirteen trout of from 2 to 5 lbs. weight. Mr. Jerome Marble, of Worcester, has made a record of a salmon of 13 lbs., taken near Senator Frye's camp, Mooselucmaguntic Lake. Mr. H. S. Kempton, of the Boston Herald, has broken his own record and that of some others. He caught a brook trout from Richardson Lake last Friday that weighed 8 lbs. He has fished those waters for many seasons. The same evening, Mr. E. S. Coburn, of Lawrence, Mass., caught a trout of a little over 7 lbs. weight. Mr. Coburn is naturally much pleased with his success this spring, since he caught a fine salmon a day or two before from the pool below the dam. The Robinson party made a fine catch of trout last Friday. Mr. Thomas F. Strange, of Boston, caught a trout of 3 lbs. 2 oz.; Mr. T. F. Saff, same city, two trout of 3½ lbs. each; Mr. G. M. Robinson, Boston, a trout of 3½ lbs.; James F. Brennan, Peterboro, N. H., a trout of 5½ lbs. The total catch of the party for that day was 40 lbs. That was a great day for fishing, and one of the best for the season thus far. Mrs. W. K. Moody, of the Camp Stewart party, caught several fine trout that day, including one of 4 lbs. The next day she made a record of six trout of good size. Mr. C. A. Stearns, of the same party, caught one of 3 lbs. the same day, in addition to one of 5 lbs. a day or two before.

Somehow the new hand—the greenhorn, if you please—always takes the best fish and the most of them. Mr. Fred Lambert, of Denver, Colo., assistant principal of the Edward Little High School, Auburn, Me., on his first morning out from Camp Stewart, Richardson Lake, became harnessed to a trout that gave him all the fun he desired. He was captured after a fight of some twenty minutes, and weighed over 4 lbs. Mr. Lambert took several fine trout afterward, but continues to delight in his first experience. Prof. J. P. Moody, of the same institution, caught a number of fine trout from Friday to Wednesday, when school duties called the gentleman home. Mr. Henry Porter, of Andover, Me., has taken a salmon of 5 lbs. from the same lake. Mr. N. G. Manson is at Camp Leatherstocking, on the same lake. He hooked a salmon the other day, but the rigging parted at the wrong moment. He did not regret the accident much, however, since he is to be in camp nearly all summer.

June 5.—Rod and reel sportsmen are coming and going, with more or less of success reported—more, if one reads the newspapers, and less, if one listens to the anglers who have returned. The H. T. Rockwell party is back in Boston, from Allerton Lodge. Fair success was with them, though sickness destroyed the pleasure of one of the number. The railway general passenger agents of several noted lines, to the number of nearly a dozen, have just been on a fishing and camping trip, over the Bangor & Aroostook. The party went by invitation of General Agent G. M. Houghton, of that line. From Norcross Station they were conveyed by steamer to Ambajelus Lake, and thence by canoes to the West Branch of the Penobscot. Eight guides accompanied the party, the small streams and waterways being fished. A record of nearly 500 trout was reported, the most of which were returned to the waters uninjured. The guides say that such fly-fishing they have never witnessed. Good reports come from the Northeast Carry, Moosehead region. The Tisdale party this spring comprised the following gentlemen: A. A. Tisdale, Leon A. Tisdale, Eddie R. Tisdale, E. H. Bates, F. W. Gray, G. R. Porter, H. P. Bassett, and Perry Stuart, all of Leominster, Mass. This club has for over a dozen years fished Moosehead waters; and last spring they built a permanent camp at the Northeast Carry. The best

day's catch reported by the party was made on the 28th, when Mr. E. H. Bates and Mr. A. A. Tisdale took forty trout—twenty-nine square tails and eleven lakies—in five hours' trolling. The brook trout averaged 2½ lbs. each, the largest weighing a little over 4 lbs. The day before breaking camp a handsome catch was made at the mouth of Norcross Brook, the trout rising to the fly in a manner which indicates grand sport in these waters during the month of June.

The Sperry party, of New Haven, Conn., came out from the Rangeleys, via Bemis, on Wednesday. Mr. Sperry has fished those waters for many seasons. He was accompanied this time by two daughters and a friend. They had good success, taking home a fine string of trout. Mr. C. A. Manson and son, of Boston, are beginners at angling in Maine. They took in one day's fishing, from Cupsuptic Lake, 50 lbs. of trout and salmon. They secured fish weighing 5½, 4½ and 3½ lbs. Mr. and Mrs. John S. Doane, of Boston, are at the Upper Dam. They have already secured several trout and salmon. Mr. H. W. Clark, of Boston, is at the Mountain View House, Rangeley Lake. This is Mr. Clark's thirty-fifth season at the Rangeleys, and he may well be termed a veteran angler. He has taken one of the largest fish yet secured from Rangeley Lake this year, a salmon of 8 lbs. Dr. Heber Bishop, Dr. John Stetson and W. S. Hinman, all of Boston, have gone to the Seven Pond region, where the fly-fishing season will open early in June.

From Moosehead come reports of early fly-fishing. The Linder party, composed of G. H. Linder, Charles H. Maynard and Garrett Schenck, all of Boston, are at the Linder cottage on Green Point. This is one of the oldest fly-fishing parties to the Moosehead waters; never fishing otherwise than with the fly. Good records are always in order with them. Nearly thirty members of the Night Hawk Club are at their cottages at the "Thoroughfare." They were joined Thursday by C. W. Diffin and E. J. Murch, of Boston. Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Gelleson, of Boston, are at the Lake House, and are making good catches, bringing in as many as 30 lbs. of trout one day. Dr. W. E. Baxter and E. S. Beck, of Boston, have been making trips over the lake, and have had good success fishing. J. H. Connor, of Boston, with Charles Bennier, of Leicester, Eng., have been enjoying the fishing at Moosehead. To say that the Englishman is pleased with Maine waters only partly expresses his delight. Fish and Game Commissioner L. T. Carleton, of Maine, in company with G. G. Downing and W. E. Parsons, have had good success at Silver Lake, making a catch of seven trout one day that weighed about 30 lbs.

Good reports come from Haine's Landing, Mooselucmaguntic Lake, with almost everybody catching trout and salmon. Senator W. P. Frye, stopping at his cottage at the Narrows, has caught a large number of trout on the fly. Mr. Pickard and daughter, of Auburn, Mass., and Mr. and Mrs. Roelofs, of Philadelphia, have been having their usual excellent success. They have been quartered at the Oquossoc Angling Association's camps. Geo. R. Moosler, of New York, at the same camps, took six good trout in one day last week with the fly at Stony Batter. Mr. John Woodbury, of Boston, has also had good success.

At Billy Soule's Pleasant Island camps, Cupsuptic Lake, the fishing has been good all along. The Stanley party there caught about 100 trout in three days, the largest weighing 5 lbs. Mr. Harry Dutton, of Boston, has secured the largest this season, a trout of 6½ lbs. Mr. Geo. R. Remington, of Philadelphia, has taken one of 5 lbs.

A newspaper report of Saturday says that ex-President Cleveland has again arrived at Gray Gables, Buzzard's Bay, on his yacht Oneida. He was so much pleased with his early fishing trip that he has decided to try the trout streams of that section again. These streams are leased by himself and the veteran actor, Joseph Jefferson. Saturday afternoon they captured good strings of trout from their Sagamore and Spring Hill streams. SPECIAL.

The Place where Salmon Taste Good

I KNOW a place where salmon tastes good. It is not at the restaurant on the dusty street, where hurrying men who have stopped taking advantage of each other long enough to get something to eat order salmon cut from a dull-eyed, cold-storage corpse, whose flabby gills and sodden flesh make pitiful suggestion of the beautiful thing that was. The flies trail their troublesome legs along the edge of the restaurant platter, seeking what should be theirs by right. The hum of the patent ventilator in major key is fit music to go with its bogus breeze.

I know a place where salmon tastes good. It is where clean cinders lightly drop upon the spluttering chunk of silver and pink that is fast turning to a rich brown, while the fat juice adds its aroma to the fragrance of the spread boughs overhead. The sociable jays have arrived from the depths of the pointed firs. A little bit of a brook trickles through the moss at my feet, and the water of it will make a man stop and drink when he is not dry. The little brook sings in happiness as it runs because it has done good deeds for the pitcher plants and the sun dews and the ladies' tresses along the way. The hermit thrush cleared his throat at the brook and then filled the forest with spiritual notes. Little red-spotted trout keep flip-flip-flipping out after ephemeras that swing around in the eddy where my pretty brook pours into the big sweeping river 5 ft. away. The foam-covered river whirls its current past in ceaseless dignity, and the thunder of the booming falls keeps the air a-tremble. The breeze that bloweth just when it listeth wafts fine spray into our faces betimes. A mighty salmon hurls himself out of the flood in exuberance of vigor and splashes shimmering drops of water over my canoe that is drawn up upon the sand. Another salmon will splurge out at the same place in a minute or two. There's a bear track and a caribou track in the sand by the canoe. Let's sit upon this dead birch trunk that was polished by drifting ice and splintered by a plunge through the rapids before it stranded at the right place for camp. Let's hold a tin platter on our knees and poke a lot of tender, juicy, hot salmon out of the fry-pan, shake over it a little pepper and salt, shoo away a mosquito that hovers in the air. Ah! There's the place where salmon tastes good.

ROBERT T. MOORE.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST

Chicago Fly Casting Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., June 3.—There is in progress to-day at Bass Lake, Ind., a little outing party of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club, who are this time out after bass. At this writing returns are, of course, not available, but the prospects may perhaps be determined from the following letter of invitation:

"At the contest held May 27 it was decided to have a fishing excursion to Bass Lake, Ind., Saturday, June 3. We leave Dearborn Station, Erie Railroad, 3 P. M., arriving at lake 5:16. Boats and guides will be in attendance and the evening can be devoted to fishing. We can return Sunday evening, or, by taking 5 o'clock train, arrive in Chicago Monday morning at 7. Railroad fare, round trip, \$2.25. Brother Braybrook has offered a hotel rate of \$1 per day for this occasion. He will also furnish guides for Saturday afternoon and Sunday all day at \$2. Bass Lake is two and a half miles wide by five and a half miles long, and conceded to be one of the best lakes within that distance of Chicago. To the occupants of the boat (two fishermen) catching the greatest number or pounds (to be decided by the vote of those in attendance) have been donated, and will be given, two silver flasks, also a handsome sterling match case has been donated as the booby prize. Please notify secretary by Friday noon if you will join us. Be sure to come and invite your friends.

"Fraternally yours,

"ITHA H. BELLOWES, Pres.

"GEO. A. MURRELL, Sec'y-Treas."

Western Waters.

Our Western trout season is now on in full swing, and those parties who have gone out to-day either to Wisconsin or Michigan ought to have the best of success. June is the month of mosquitoes and fish. We go out fishing a great deal in May, but the weather is so variable that a good many trips are water hauls. June is the anglers' month.

It is now permissible to catch bass in Wisconsin, and I should think that the present warm weather would set the bass moving in great shape. Indeed, numbers of good catches have been made, mostly of big-mouth bass, in the Fox Lake chain and the lakes of lower Wisconsin.

I have word that the Grand River and the Kalamazoo River of Michigan are now getting about prime for bass. Do not forget the Thornapple River of Michigan, also, which has bass and also trout, a combination which is not often found.

Mr. W. P. Nelson, of the American Wall Paper Company, Chicago, is a gentleman who has been chained to business too much and too long. Finding himself breaking down from the strain, he resorted to travel, and has spent much time abroad. Recently no less a specialist than Dr. S. Weir Mitchell told him that he was making too hard work out of traveling, and would not be benefited by it. "Go to some far-off country, where you will have to wear a flannel shirt," said Dr. Mitchell, "and just loaf and take it easy. You'll get all right then." Mr. Nelson having consulted one great specialist, concluded he would try another, so he came in to see me the other day. I have sent him to a place in Wisconsin where the foot of man never trod, and where he will probably get lost and not be heard of for six months or so. If he ever comes back I may report on his case further. What difference does it make how much wall paper you have, if you do not have your health?

'Lunge Country.

Messrs. H. L. Stanton and Frank Willard, with their wives, will leave next Friday for their annual muscullunge trip to Squirrel Lake, Wis. Col. J. S. Cooper is now, or should be, in the wilds of Minnesota pursuing his favorite sport. Mr. Oswald von Lengerke visits Kabbekona Camp country, Minnesota, within the fortnight. The muscullunge season should be at its height within the next ten days. This has been a very late season for all sorts of fish.

Wanderers.

Mr. R. B. Organ, of this city, who is connected with the freight department of the Nickel Plate road, is at large somewhere in the West, among the big wool ranches. He visits Colorado, Utah, Wyoming, Montana, Oregon and Washington, and will not be back to Chicago until about the first of July. If he has any time free from business he ought to have some sport of some sort or another in the country which he touches.

Mr. T. A. Divine, of Memphis, Tenn., paid a flying visit to this city last week, and called upon a few of his numerous friends here.

Mr. Charles Cristadoro, of St. Paul, Minn., paid the FOREST AND STREAM office a call during a hurried stay in this city June 1. Mr. Cristadoro continues his interest in the National Park proposition, to which attention has been called earlier in these columns.

The "Saginaw Crowd," including Mr. W. B. Mershon and a lot of his near angling friends, left Saginaw, Mich., yesterday for a trouting trip. It would have been a liberal education to join the party had that been possible in accordance with the kind invitation.

Dangers to Michigan Trout.

There is a dangerous measure up in the Michigan Legislature, which takes up the very old and dangerous question of the marketing of trout caught in private ponds. No thinking man needs to have it explained to him just why this is a dangerous measure. We have the same thing here in Chicago when we allow grouse from one State to be marketed while our own grouse cannot be sold. How can you tell them apart? The answer is, You can't. These are the good words which a Saginaw newspaper has to say about this pernicious trout bill:

"Senate bill 371, A. G. Smith, allowing the sale of trout caught in private ponds, which has just been passed by the Senate and has gone to the House, ought to be killed. The measure will act simply as a loophole whereby the effect of the present fish law will be completely counteracted. It will give the opportunity to hundreds of dishonest people, who await eagerly every possible opportunity to escape the action of the law, in order to fill their purses by dealing in fish protected so as to make it in

great demand. Should this bill be passed it would simply result in the "wild trout" being seined, dynamited or speared in such quantities that, within five years, there would not be a stream in Michigan where a trout could be found. Upon reliable information, the News has learned that not long ago the game warden suspected that a regular shipment of frogs to the Chicago market was not entirely right. As a result he opened one of the boxes and found it filled with trout which had been illegally killed by dynamite, spear or seine. If this bill is passed it will not only mean the complete annihilation of the trout in private ponds, but the throwing down of all barriers in trout streams by making detection and conviction of a violation of the fish law simply out of the question. All methods known would be used to secure the fish, and shipment after shipment of trout would be made to the markets; but the shippers would lay claim to having caught the fish in private ponds, and the game warden would be powerless to act. There are now enough pirates continually violating the game and fish laws who escape detection, but with such a provision as this, which they could use as a cloak to their methods, the streams of the State would be thrown open to such a rapacious onslaught, by those having only a pecuniary interest in the fish, that absolute devastation of the trout streams would result in a very short time. If there is any virtue whatever in the laws protecting fish and game, and it is admittedly a fact that the measures have provided most efficacious, this bill should be killed."

Chiefly by Hunting and Fishing.

On the lake front of Chicago, there is a long pier known as the Twelfth Street Pier, which runs out into the lake nearly a mile, which is sometimes visited by fishermen who angle for perch, but which is a little frequented sort of place, and sometimes is not entirely safe during a heavy storm. Far out at the end of this pier, with a dry goods box for a house, two ten-year-old boys, Dan Stewart and Albert Whitney, have been living for a week. They ran away from home, and have been, I presume, for the past few days, about the happiest boys in the world in this reversion to savagery. They had nothing to eat but fish, but when taken away by force from their singular camp declared that they had caught all the fish they wanted, were fond of the diet, and did not want to go home. It seems too bad to try to civilize these little heathen near at home, who are only doing what a good many of us would like to do one way or another; which is to say, to live chiefly by hunting and fishing, as the geography used to say when we were boys and read about the Indians.

E. HOUGH.

480 CANTON BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

The First Tuna.

SANTA CATALINA ISLAND, Avalon, Cal., May 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The first tuna of the season, weighing 96lbs., was caught to-day by Prof. C. F. Holder, of Pasadena (who has also caught the heaviest tuna on record). This of to-day was taken on rod and reel with 21-thread cuttyhunk line.

KELPIE.

AVALON, May 28.—The enclosed clipping is from the Los Angeles Times of May 27.

KELPIE.

Leaping tunas have towed boats twenty miles and worn strong men out, jumped over boats and performed all kinds of tricks, but it remained for one to tip over a boat to-day and involve two members of the Tuna Club, C. F. Holder, president of the club, and Mr. Townsend, of Philadelphia, and Jim Gardner, boatman, in what might have been a tragedy. Mr. Townsend and Mr. Holder went out in Gardner's boat towed by his new launch, the Minnehaha, in charge of Mr. Bassett and son, of Pasadena, and Mrs. Gardner as spectator. They went early and were trying for the prizes of the Tuna Club, which are two handsome silver-mounted rods for the first fish of the season. They found the fish at Long Point. Mr. Townsend got the first strike and lost his fish. A few seconds later a tuna went into the air and was hooked by Mr. Holder, who brought it to gaff in a little over half an hour, after a hard fight, in which the boat was towed stern first about two miles, the launch standing by or following when the fish was gaffed and hauled into the boat, and just as the anglers were raising a cheer it made a tremendous leap and tipped the boat over. Gardner hung onto the fish, that was struggling violently, and they hailed the launch, which was some way off, all being a mile or more from shore. The boat sank at once under them, the stern, on which Mr. Holder sat, going down first and completely leaving him afloat; Gardner, the struggling tuna, Mr. Townsend, oars and gaffs sliding down toward him, the boat now standing on end. It was evident the skiff would not hold them all, so Mr. Holder, to lighten it, started to swim to the launch and finally reached it, but was so weighted down by a heavy fishing suit that for some time Mr. Bassett could not haul him in. By this time Gardner had found that the sunken boat would not support even two, and to give Mr. Townsend a better chance, who did not care to undertake the swim, and who, it was afterward found, was wound up in the wire leader, started for the launch, swimming with one hand and holding onto the struggling tuna with the other, the gaff still holding. A more plucky swim was never made anywhere. Jim was bound to save the tuna if he died for it, and despite the screams of Mrs. Jim to let the fish go he swam on, the tuna carrying him completely under water three times, but every time Jim came up with the fish, and finally he caught a rope and reached the propeller. Mr. Holder and Mr. Bassett got a hold on the fish and hauled it in, and finally got Jim in. All this time Mr. Townsend was lying coolly on the bottom of the overturned boat, watching the proceedings and refusing to allow them to help him until they had landed the fish. Finally the launch was run near the boat and a rope was thrown him and he was hauled in. When Mr. Gardner was hauled in, Mr. Holder's hook was in his leg, and the rod and reel 600ft. down at the bottom of the bay, but it was saved by hauling in the line. The launch came in amid great excitement, and every boat is out tuna fishing to-day, the fish never biting so readily.

Fred Scott Gerrish successfully landed the second tuna of the season last night, after a most exciting battle. It tipped the scales at 97lbs.

Stanley Bates played a monster for an hour and forty minutes, being towed twelve miles to sea, but unfortunately losing the fish, the hook tearing out part of its jaw.

In Long Island Waters.

A Night with the Turtles.

EAST ROCKAWAY, L. I., June 5.—A party of men in rough fishing clothes got off the Long Beach train the other night and were at once recognized as the turtle catchers who make an annual visit to the ponds and creeks in this vicinity. They went to the East Rockaway House, and under the guidance of Lockwood Pearsall got boats and proceeded to set their lines for the night's work. The hooks were attached by snells or short lines to larger lines or small ropes, and the hooks were baited and placed in position. The lines were tended during the night and examined at intervals. In the morning, before the arrival of the early train for the city, the lines were hauled ashore and the night's catch placed in heavy bags provided for the purpose. The total result of the night's work was six turtles, ranging from 18 to 30lbs. in weight. It was estimated that the total catch exceeded 150lbs.

Weakfish Running.

INNER BEACH, L. I., June 5.—Fishermen have had rather hard luck. During the early spring fish have not been as plentiful as usual, owing doubtless to the cold weather. During the last few days, however, weakfish have arrived in large numbers, and are now caught by the dozens. One party took fifty-three in less than an hour. B. Moldor has built an addition to his place, and has increased the attractions of Queens Water and Inner Beach by new board walks, new rowboats and a large auxiliary yacht, sloop rigged, with steam power if required. Queens Water may now be reached by bicycle within a couple of hours' run from the city, or frequent trains are run on the Long Beach branch of the L. I. Railroad. From Wreck Lead or Queens Water Station yachts may be had to go outside the Inlet to the fishing banks, wreck of the Iberia or other famous ocean resorts, or small boats for channel and bay fishing. The latter seems to be the favorite method of fishing, probably because it is less expensive; but the large catches of fish are usually made from the yachts in the ocean.

Scarcity of Blackfish.

WRECK LEAD, L. I., June 5.—Yesterday was a great day for fishing. The air was perfectly clear, and there was just wind enough to agitate the surface of the water without kicking up sea enough to be unpleasant—just a nice full sail breeze. A large number of fishermen came down; some went outside to the fishing banks, wreck of the Iberia, etc., while others took small boats and went for weakfish in the bay. Returning parties reported a good day's fishing, although flounders in many cases made up the bulk of the catch. A peculiar feature of this year's fishing is the absence of blackfish—the tautog of New England. Even around the wreck of the Iberia, one of the most famous fishing spots on the coast for blackfish, scarcely any have been caught this year. Weakfish are very plentiful; one party caught sixty-five fish in fifty minutes. One of the bluefishing parties caught 104 fish in one forenoon.

Newfound Lake.

NEWFOUND LAKE, Bristol, N. H.—The fishing here has not held out so well as the opening of the season seemed to indicate. But few trout have been taken lately. It seems as if the trout fishing gets poorer each year. Salmon have been taken out in fair numbers; one hooked and netted by one of our local fishermen—estimated weight 12lbs.—gleefully slipped back into the lake from the hands of the astonished fisherman, on account of his using a defective net.

About four years ago a screen was placed at the outlet of this lake to prevent salmon and other fish passing down the river and thus being lost to the lake. The screen also is a direct stop to dead or maimed fish that float down the lake, as in the fall, after the trout and salmon have been artificially stripped of their spawn, they are frequently found there and taken out. This has now been stopped by the Fish Commissioners, who prohibit the taking out of dead or maimed fish, or live fish of any kind, minnows, perch, etc. The other day a man saw a maimed salmon lying lengthwise against the screen, and instead of hooking it out with single hook and line he inadvertently used a line with three hooks on it. The Commissioners heard of it, asked him about it, and he said he hooked out a disabled fish. They charged him \$10 for his rôle of public health benefactor. They then posted a notice prohibiting for three years fishing of about an acre or more near the screen. Why? That is what the men and women of that locality are asking of the Commissioners. Why try to punish a number if one man did commit the offense of using two hooks more on a disabled salmon than the law allows? As the Governor of this State in his Fast Day proclamation deplored the drifting into spiritual darkness of the inhabitants of the rural districts, the inhabitants of one rural district deeply deplore the drifting into worldly darkness of the Governor's Fish Commissioners, and hope more light be given them.

LANDLOCKED SALMON HOUSE.

Grand Lake Stream.

GRAND LAKE STREAM, Me., May 24.—Salmon fishing is not as good as usual, small fish, 3½lbs., being the largest so far. It is thought the stripping of fish for breeding is the cause. Plenty of small ones. Weather fine. No flies.

PINK EDGE.

Lake Geneva.

LAKE GENEVA, Wis.—A report comes dated June 1: The cisco flies have put in an appearance at Lake Geneva. It will be all right to tell the fishermen that the cisco fishing at Lake Geneva will be excellent for next ten days.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

A Big Canadian Park Scheme.

A MONTREAL dispatch to the New York Evening Post, under date of June 5, says: "The Limited Privilege Fish and Game Club of Roberval and the Island House" is the name of an organization that promises to dwarf all other clubs of the kind in existence in size as well as in the extent and value of the territory that will be at the disposal of its members. It is understood that among those who will be first enrolled in its membership are Gov. Roosevelt, of New York; Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Frank Ross, Quebec's millionaire; C. M. Hays, general manager of the Grand Trunk Railway; T. G. Shaughnessy, vice-president of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and others. The headquarters of the club will be the Hotel Roberval, at Lake St. John, and it will benefit by an expenditure of \$400,000, in the construction of buildings and steamboats, the purchase of canoes and camp equipment, and the securing of hunting and fishing privileges in some 30,000 square miles of territory.

Mr. H. J. Beemer, who is the principal promoter of the new organization, estimates the total cost of the project at from \$1,000,000 to \$1,200,000 before this territory is made what the club intends to make it. Two game parks of about a thousand square miles each are to be established and inclosed by heavy wire fencing, and stocked with moose, cariboo, elk, red deer, black bear, etc., as well as with other animals and birds from lands subject to the same conditions and climatic influences of the Province of Quebec. The angling privileges include almost all the waters in the Lake St. John district, in which one may hope to find an ouananiche, namely, the whole of Lake St. John and all its islands, the Grande Décharge, and the best of the Saguenay fishing, the Mistassini, and the Peribonca, and all their tributaries. The Peribonca alone may be followed for 300 miles before reaching its source. Salmon are to be introduced into all the club waters, and hatchments and breeding ponds maintained for trout and ouananiche as well. The membership fee of the club has been fixed at \$500.

New Jersey Coast Fishing.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., June 3.—Surf fishing has dwindled to a minimum during the past week. Nothing of interest is to be gained from any of the prominent points. Bass are rare, and kingfish are equally so, just why is hard to account for. Weather and water conditions are favorable, but all efforts are of but small avail. Our inland waters are, however, more productive. Plaice fishing has never been better. Particularly is this true of Shark River; the new dyke which extends out to the sea has given us an inlet with about 10ft. of water, and the river fairly teems with plaice. Weakfish too are in the waters, but as yet none have been taken on the hook. To take thirty to forty plaice to a boat in a few hours' fishing is a common experience. In the absence of better things they are very welcome, and receive most assiduous attention. They really afford good sport when taken on light tackle, using a float. The common green minnow or killy (Mr. Mather says none but Jerseymen use the latter word, and I guess he is correct) is by all odds the most killing bait.

Barnegat Bay is holding out some inducements in the way of weakfish and bluefish, but not sufficiently so to induce our local anglers to make a trial as yet. All varieties seem to be fairly abundant outside the bar in the ocean, but as that isn't within the anglers' pale, to wait seems the only alternative.

LEONARD HULIT.

Trout Streams in Michigan.

NEW YORK, June 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In last week's columns of your Chicago correspondent, Mr. Hough, there was a query from a gentleman in relation to trout fishing in Michigan.

As I've just returned from a business trip through that State, and enjoyed some excellent fishing on the opening of the season on the Pere Marquette and the Au Sable rivers, perhaps I can give a few pointers that may be of use to him or those going into that State for trout fishing.

From my own experience and what I have learned from others, the Pere Marquette and Au Sable are the trout rivers of Michigan. They both are splendid streams to fish, being free from underbrush and logs, and can either be waded or fished from boat, and the trout, particularly the rainbow, run large, and there are a great many of them.

To one going into that country I would advise taking a particularly large assortment of flies, as, from my own experience, should say that from hour to hour, as the conditions of the water and light change, one cannot tell with any degree of certainty what they will rise to.

For particulars as to the Pere Marquette, write Mr. Wm. Trott, Big Rapids, Mich. As to the Au Sable, communicate with F. L. Mickelson or E. Hanson, Grayling, Mich.

H. S. WELLS.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The address label on the wrapper shows the date of the close of the term for which the subscription is paid. The receipt of the paper with such dated address label constitutes the subscriber's receipt for money sent to us.

Subscribers are asked to note on the wrapper the date of expiration of subscription; and to remit promptly for renewal, that delays may be avoided.

For prospectus and advertising rates see page iii.

NOTICE.

THE New York Clearing House has adopted new regulations governing the collection of checks and drafts on banks outside of the city. This entails a collection expense on those who receive such checks. Our patrons are requested, therefore, in making their remittances to send postal or express money order, postage stamps, or check or draft on a New York city bank, or other New York current funds.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

Sept. 4-7.—Toronto, Can.—Toronto Industrial Exhibition Association's eleventh annual show.
Nov. 22-24.—New York.—American Pet Dog Club's show. S. C. Hodge, Supt.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 6.—Bicknell, Ind.—Indiana Field Trial Club's trials. S. H. Socwell, Sec'y.
Nov. 14.—Chatham, Ont.—International Field Trial Club's tenth annual trials. W. B. Wells, Hon. Sec'y.
Nov. 14.—Washington, C. II., O.—Ohio Field Trial Club's trials. C. E. Baughn, Sec'y.
Dec. 8.—Newton, N. C.—Continental Field Trial Club's trials. Thos. Sturges, Sec'y.

Manitoba Field Club Trials.

WINNIPEG, Man., June 1.—The entry blanks are now ready for the thirteenth annual trials of this club, to be held at Morris, Manitoba, commencing Sept. 6, the stakes to be two in number, namely, Derby and All-Age.

The club enters on this, its thirteenth season, with more promising prospects of successful trials than for a number of years past, recent reports from the club's grounds being that chickens are very plentiful this spring, and with even a fair rearing season the supply of birds by September should be abundant.

Morris, Manitoba, is a thriving town, with ample hotel and livery accommodation, charges for both being very moderate, while the adjoining prairies are of the best for field trial purposes, spectators being able to drive anywhere. The town also being connected with daily train and mail service.

As judge of the trials the club has been successful in securing the services of Mr. W. W. Titus, of West Point, Miss., one of the most prominent and experienced field trial men of this continent.

Handlers desirous of training in Manitoba, can obtain good quarters in the best of game localities at very moderate charges.

Arrangements have been made in order to prevent expense, trouble or delay at any of the customs ports of entry—viz., Neche, Pembina and Gretna. All dogs that have been duly entered in any of the Manitoba Field Trials Club events are allowed to enter Manitoba, and remain for ninety days, free of all duty.

In order to benefit by this arrangement, an accurate description of each dog is absolutely necessary, giving name, breed, sex, color, event entered in, owner's name, name of person having charge, and line of railway traveling by, must be mailed to the undersigned one week previous to date of arrival at port of entry.

WILLIAM C. LEE,

Hon. Sec'y-Treas. M. F. T. C., Winnipeg, Man.

Dog Sense.

My neighbor over the way has two dogs. One full of years and discretion, the other, a puppy, full of the devil and destruction.

After my ride the other day I could not find the leather calking boot that my horse always wears in the stable, and which I had thrown on the floor upon going out. As I came from the stable another neighbor, whose piazza faces it, informed me that he had seen the puppy carrying the boot across an adjoining field.

I looked around for the culprit, but he was missing. His mate, the old pointer Pete, was there, however. Calling the pointer, I started across the field and said to the dog: "Pete, come help me find that boot." Pete was willing and hunted for it faithfully, quartering back and forth, covering the whole field thoroughly. Finally he gave it up and came and "held up" in front of me. "Pete," I said, "you are no good. Why don't you find that boot?" He looked me steadily in the eye for a few seconds, and I could see that a gleam of reason or instinct was being telegraphed from his brain to his eyes. Of a sudden he jumped up and ran rapidly away in another direction, returning after a few minutes with a man's boot in his mouth. Now, I claim that he knew what the word boot stood for, that he remembered where he had seen a boot, and reasoned that as I wanted a boot he would fetch the one he knew of. Perhaps this was instinct, handed down by some ancestor who had off been booted; but it looked to me like a case of pretty sound reasoning.

C. E. C.

Sporting Spaniels on Canvas.

PICTON, Ont.—Canadian fanciers are beginning to recognize the advisability of having an organization to properly look after the interests of the sporting breeds of spaniels. At a meet held in Toronto, the Canadian Sporting Spaniel Club organized. Mr. H. Parker Thomas, of Belleville, was elected President. Mr. Thomas is a capable judge, as well as an enthusiastic fancier, and no better choice could possibly have been made. Mr. Geo. Douglas, Vice-President, of Woodstock, needs no introduction. His success as a breeder and exhibitor is well known. Mr. R. Jeffs, Toronto, is the Secretary-Treasurer. With such men as these at the helm, if the proper support of the breeders and fanciers is accorded, we can confidently expect this club to be a success.

Points and Flushes.

We have received inquiries of late concerning breeders of bloodhounds and breeders of French poodles, but regret we have no exact knowledge concerning them in the absence of definite information, as is found in an advertisement.

Our advertising columns offer the best medium for promoting business between the owner who wishes to sell a dog and the man who is minded to become an owner.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Yachting.

Fixtures.

JUNE.

10. Manhansett, annual, open, Port Washington, L. I. Sound.
10. Winthrop, hand-sweeps, Great Head, Boston Harbor.
10. Burgess, 1st cham., Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
11. Williamsburgh, sloop class, Long Island Sound.
12. Royal St. Lawrence, Yankee-Dominion match, Dorval, Lake St. Louis.
14. Brooklyn, annual, open, Bath Beach, New York Bay.
17. Larchmont, spring open, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
17. Morris Yachtsmen, spring open, City Island, Pelham Bay.
17. Winthrop, squadron cruise to Nahant, Massachusetts Bay.
17. Taunton, club, Taunton.
17. Gravesend Bay, annual, Bath Beach, New York Bay.
18. Gloucester, spring, Delaware River.
18. Old Mill, club, Jamaica Bay.
20. Atlantic, annual, open, Sea Gate, New York Harbor.
22. New York, annual, open, New York, New York Harbor.
24. Scawanihaka Cor., annual, open, Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound.
24. Winthrop, club, Great Head, Boston Harbor.
24. Morris Yachtsmen, special, City Island, Long Island Sound.
24. Burgess, 2d cham., Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
26-29. Sea. Cor., cruise to New London and return, L. I. Sound.

Decoration Day, 1899.

THE holiday that is now universally observed by American yacht clubs as the formal opening of the season was marked this year by exceptionally fine weather in many localities. About New York the day was bright and warm, with a fresh S.W. wind that made good racing. While some of the clubs, like the Harlem and the South Boston, made racing the feature of the day, in most cases the ceremonies included only the putting of the clubs in commission with a review of the fleet and a general reunion at the club house.

Atlantic Y. C.

SEA GATE—NEW YORK BAY.

The Atlantic Y. C. began the day with a gun at 10:30 from Ramona, schr., Vice-Com. Whitlock, answered by a salute from the fleet. At 11:20 a special race was started from off Craven Shoal Buoy, the 36ft. and larger classes sailing by the Swash Channel Bell Buoy, around the Old Orchard Shoal Buoy by the bell buoy off the Hook and home by the Swash buoy, 19½ miles; the smaller classes sailing the same outward course, but coming home from Old Orchard by way of the S.W. Spit Buoy, 16½ miles. The one schooner entered sailed alone over the Scotland Lightship course, 21½ miles.

After being changed from cutter to yawl, Katrina is out this year under schooner rig; she had no competitor. Acushla II. is a new yacht, for the 5ft. class, a center-board boat designed and built by C. C. Hanley late last year, and sailing her first race.

There was a fresh S.W. breeze at the start, making a reach down the Lower Bay, Acushla leading. The Old Orchard mark was turned: Acushla II., Uvira, Memory, Oiseau, Eidolon, Chispa. The times were:

Schooners—Start, 11:20.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Katrina, Robert E. Tod.....	2 51 52	3 31 52
Cutters and Sloops—Class K, 52ft.—Start, 11:25.		
Acushla II., Wilmer Hanan.....	2 27 53	3 02 53
Uvira, R. P. Doremus.....	2 41 42	3 16 42
Chispa, C. W. Nason.....	3 01 31	3 36 31
Cutters—Class L, 43ft.—Start, 11:25.		
Eidolon, James Weir, Jr.....	2 55 28	3 30 28
Sloops—Class M, 36ft.—Start, 11:25.		
Zenobia, J. C. Swan.....	3 07 40	3 42 40
Memory, E. Hope Norton.....	2 55 42	3 29 42
Sloops—Class N, 30ft.—Start, 11:30.		
Oiseau, J. R. Maxwell.....	2 35 48	3 05 48
Newasi, A. H. W. Johnson.....	2 51 32	3 26 32
Mainsail Cabin Yachts—Start, 11:30.		
Qui Vive, George Freeth.....	3 00 50	3 30 50

The winners were Katrina, Acushla II., Eidolon, Memory, Oiseau and Qui Vive.

Harlem Y. C.

CITY ISLAND—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

The first open regatta of the Y. R. A. of Long Island Sound, that of the Harlem Y. C., was a success in point of starters, and also in the matter of weather. Out of the fifty-four yachts which crossed the starting line, all but twelve finished; and in most of the classes there were from four to nine competitors. The start was made off Belden's Point, the courses being around Matinnicock and Parsonage Points, 20 miles, naut.; around Matinnicock and Delany Points, 18 miles, and around Old Hen Buoy and Delany Point Buoy, 13 miles. In addition to the regular prizes, the Williams cup was offered in the 43ft. class, open to club yachts only, and to be won three times before becoming the property of the winner. The start was made at 1 P. M., with wind enough to call for a reef in some of the smaller boats, while Nimrod lost her topmast after passing Parsonage Point. The times were:

Cabin Sloops—43ft. Class.				
	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Pontiac	1 11 04	4 39 30	3 28 25	3 27 44
Euybia	1 07 35	4 55 43	3 48 08	3 46 26
Mary B.	1 11 05	4 54 50	3 43 45	3 38 14
Nimrod	1 15 00	5 48 48	4 33 48	4 28 05
Hussar	1 06 55	4 21 54	3 14 29	...
Cabin Sloops—36ft. Class.				
Reliance	1 10 40	5 11 42	4 01 02	4 01 02
Anoatok	1 10 27	4 37 48	3 27 21	3 26 06
Jeannette	1 10 00	Did not finish.		
Piute	1 13 20	5 05 25	3 52 05	...
Cabin Sloops—30ft. Class.				
Isabel	1 11 37	5 47 50	4 36 13	4 36 13
Water Lily.....	1 06 20	5 25 50	4 19 30	4 19 30
Ruth	1 12 37	Did not finish.		
Petrel	1 11 49	6 01 43	4 49 54	4 48 18
Una	1 13 40	5 51 30	4 37 50	4 34 46
Adelaide	1 10 00	Did not finish.		
Albatross	1 11 23	6 12 55	5 01 32	4 57 47
Wanderer	1 11 22	Did not finish.		
Haydee	1 13 40	5 42 11	4 28 31	4 20 51
Cabin Sloops—25ft. Class—Special.				
Rough Rider.....	1 02 20	4 44 34	3 42 14	3 42 14
Emyzol	1 01 20	5 12 25	4 11 05	4 09 31
Romance	1 02 08	5 03 57	4 01 49	3 57 11
Skimmaug	1 03 08	4 59 22	3 56 14	...
Cabin Sloops—25ft. Class.				
Coquette	1 02 53	5 13 45	4 10 52	4 10 37
Naiaid	1 02 28	5 29 10	4 26 42	4 25 40
Tessie B.	1 03 40	5 50 30	4 46 50	4 44 10
Wenona	1 02 40	6 32 05	5 29 25	5 24 12
Bee	1 01 45	Did not finish.		
Cabin Sloops—21ft. Class.				
Florence May.....	1 03 05	6 54 18	4 51 08	4 51 08

Cabin Catboats—30ft. Class.				
Dot	1 10 00	4 51 04	3 41 04	3 41 04
Lou	1 08 20	5 43 15	4 34 55	4 33 06
Open Catboats—30ft. Class.				
Mystic	1 00 05	5 03 20	3 58 20	3 58 20
Open Jib and Mainsail—30ft. Class.				
Delphine	1 11 20	Did not finish.		
Cabin Catboats—25ft. Class.				
Lauretta	1 03 50	5 03 55	4 00 05	4 00 05
Marguerite	1 04 58	5 17 24	4 12 26	4 11 07
Falka	1 01 25	Did not finish.		
Win or Lose	1 03 03	4 57 04	3 54 01	...
Open Catboats—25ft. Class.				
E. Z. Sloat	1 02 42	4 36 55	3 34 13	3 33 22
Emma S.	1 01 45	4 57 35	3 55 50	3 54 42
Jennie C.	1 05 00	5 18 06	4 13 06	4 09 54
Jennie D.	1 05 00	4 56 57	3 51 57	3 46 55
Open Jib and Mainsail—25ft. Class.				
Americus	1 04 55	4 54 19	3 49 24	3 49 24
Zetes	1 02 07	4 45 57	3 43 50	3 42 30
Ariel	1 03 02	5 54 58	4 51 46	4 49 54
Open Catboats—21ft. Class.				
Ox	1 15 50	Did not finish.		
Gull	1 17 35	4 34 22	3 16 47	3 13 53
Mynah	1 16 14	4 01 00	2 44 46	2 41 52
Vera	1 16 40	Did not finish.		
Venus	1 17 00	4 13 00	2 56 00	2 46 54
Open Catboats—18ft. Class.				
Bubble	1 16 06	Did not finish.		
Captain	1 20 00	Did not finish.		
Lobster	1 15 32	4 39 05	3 23 33	3 10 41
Maine, Jr.	1 19 46	4 14 00	3 20 14	3 20 14
Hornet	1 17 56	4 40 30	3 22 34	...
Special Class—"Lark" Design.				
Skylark	1 20 43	Did not finish.		

The winners were Hussar, Anotok, Water Lily, Rough Rider, Coquette, Florence May, Dot, Mystic, Win or Lose, E. Z. Sloat, Zetes, Mynah and Lobster. Pontiac wins a leg on the Williams cup.

Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C.

OYSTER BAY—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

The Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. celebrated the day by the usual ceremonies, the fleet dressing ship at noon on signal from the flagship, Satanella, Com. Rouse. In the afternoon three of the knockabouts sailed a special race, the times being:

Start, 2:25.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Wyntje, F. S. Hastings	3 57 49	1 32 49
Tosto, L. M. Scott	4 02 14	1 37 14
Bee, N. B. Burr	4 03 15	1 38 15

Hudson River Y. C.

NEW YORK—HUDSON RIVER.

The Hudson River Y. C. sailed its annual regatta over the regular club course, the times being:

Class A—Cabin Sloops.				
Length.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	
Undine	27.00	12 16 00	Did not finish.	
Irene G.	25.00	12 10 00	4 37 00	4 27 00
Eureka	29.06	12 13 30	Did not finish.	
Class B—Open Sloops.				
Drusilla	21.00	12 20 00	3 35 00	3 15 00
John E. Drew	21.07	12 20 00	Did not finish.	
Class C—Cabin Cats.				
Answer	19.03½	12 12 00	Did not finish.	
Sybil	21.03	12 20 00	4 21 00	4 01 00
Waves	22.04	12 20 00	Did not finish.	
Nettie Thorpe	24.08	12 13 00	Did not finish.	
Rough Rider	15.03½	12 20 00	Did not finish.	
Maud S.	22.00	12 19 00	Did not finish.	
W. H. Gill	23.07½	12 22 00	3 47 00	3 25 00
Class D—Open Cats.				
Harry C. Miner	19.11	12 22 00	Did not finish.	
Paul W.	18.10	12 22 00	3 07 00	2 45 00
Adele Rae	16.07	12 26 00	3 22 00	2 56 30
Class E—Launches.				
Cleopatra	40.00	12 56 00	2 19 00	1 23 00
Janette	31.00	12 56 30	2 37 00	1 40 00
Mabel S.	28.00	1 00 00	2 33 00	1 33 00
Beacon	25.00	12 56 30	2 42 00	1 45 30

The winners were: Irene, Drusilla, W. H. Gill, Paul W., Cleopatra.

Indian Harbor Y. C.

GREENWICH—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

The Indian Harbor Y. C. opened the season with a salute to the flagship, Acushla I., Com. Wills, from the fleet in the harbor, followed by dressing ship. A special race for the knockabouts and dories was sailed in the afternoon, starting at 2:15. The times were:

Knockabouts—Start, 2:20.		
	Finish.	Elapsed.
Spindrift, S. C. Pirie	4 19 16	1 59 16
Mongoose, Simeon Ford	4 21 34	2 01 34
Kantaka, W. A. Kissam	Did not finish.	
Dories—Start, 2:25.		
Prize, H. H. Van Rensselaer	3 07 44	0 42 44
No Name, H. E. Doremus	3 08 58	0 43 58

South Boston Y. C.

SOUTH BOSTON—BOSTON HARBOR.

The South Boston Y. C. was specially favored in its first race from its new station, where the new club house was crowded through the day and evening by members and guests. There was a good fleet of yachts and plenty of wind to try them, a reefing sou'wester with hard spots that brought sorrow to masts and gear, but made a lively and exciting race. In the regular Y. R. A. classes there were fifteen starters, with eighteen in the different special classes, under the old rules. Ashmet and Elfreda started in a way that promised a fine race, but within a quarter of an hour the mast of the latter was over the side. In the 25ft. class the new yawl Jeanette was over the line before the gun, and in returning made some trouble for the other boats. She too lost her mast, while Eleanor lost her bowsprit and Mindora carried away a throat halyard block.

The knockabout Hazard, with no competitor, went into the 21ft. class with the schooner Bud and the new Heiress. She led from the start and beat the schooner easily. The new boat was disabled and withdrew. The times were:

30ft. Cabin Class.		Elapsed.
Ashmet, W. F. Bache	1 29 00	
Elfreda, Hall and Johnson	Did not finish.	
25ft. Cabin Class.		
Thordis, T. B. Wales	1 34 05	
Little Peter, H. Moebis	1 40 24	
Hermes, A. W. Chesterton	1 41 40	
Eleanor, D. B. Clapp	Disabled.	
Windora, W. L. Ward	Disabled.	
Jeanette, Walter Burgess	Disabled.	
21ft. Open Class.		
Hazard, C. E. Hodges	1 52 30	
Bud, S. N. Small	2 02 28	
Heiress, C. D. Mower	Disabled.	
21ft. Cabin Class.		
Spartan, W. C. Lewis	1 50 30	

Privateer, A. H. Doble.....2 06 05
Harriet, L. T. Harrington.....2 08 00
Arab IV., W. F. Scott.....Disabled.

Special Club Classes.
Length. Elapsed. Corrected.
Emma C. P. A. Coupal.....27.06 1 45 30 1 44 10
Empire, F. Cobb.....26.10 1 51 35 1 49 35
Naiaid Queen, Hudson.....26.06 3 05 00 3 02 25

Cabin—25ft.
Helene, W. S. Burgess.....24.00 2 04 30 2 03 27
Falka, W. Cashman.....23.08 2 09 30 2 08 04
Gypsy, E. H. Rich.....22.06 2 11 35 2 08 50
Carrie M. N. C. Robinson.....22.00 2 13 00 2 09 30
Raccoon, F. Cluvers.....21.06 Did not finish.
Bessie.....Did not finish.

18ft.
Alpine, S. B. Howe.....17.10 1 38 40 1 37 04
*Lobster, C. C. Clapp.....17.11 1 37 15 1 37 15
Butterfly, G. D. Silsbee.....16.00 1 48 00 1 46 31
Hemli, F. Roswell.....17.11 1 56 25 1 56 25
Fantasy, W. Allerton.....16.11 1 58 30 1 57 16
Tiot, J. Cobb.....15.06 2 01 00 1 58 11
Circe, F. L. Pigeon.....Disabled.

15ft.
Bed Bug, F. D. Lawley.....13.06 1 21 50 1 20 11
Noko, B. G. Hammond.....13.06 1 30 10 1 28 31
*Not measured.

The regatta committee included Com. Lansing, Vice-Com. Sawyer and John T. Hurley, E. B. Walbridge, V. B. Johnson, W. Wallace Kee and T. O. Nicholson. The judges were Arthur Fuller, W. H. Godfrey, John F. Berri-gan, D. F. Carew, J. H. Corrigan, V. B. Johnson, Thomas Christian and Frank Williams. The house committee, J. T. Ball, H. Brown, Morris Lee, P. H. Dacey and Henry Schreiner, were fully occupied all day. Good music was provided during the afternoon, with a dance in the evening.

Burgess Y. C.

MARBLEHEAD—MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

The Burgess Y. C., of Marblehead, sailed a race in a good S.W. breeze, the times being:

Raceabout Class.	
Typhoon, R. Boardman	1 21 12
Tunipoh, E. A. Boardman, Jr.	1 22 07
Handicap Knockabout Class.	
Opitzah, S. Foster	1 25 34
Spry, W. M. Cropley	1 29 22

16ft. Class.
Cyclone, F. G. Macomber.....0 36 37
Chip, L. F. Percival.....Disabled.

Gunning Boats.
Woodcock, F. Dupar.....0 36 16
Yvonne, R. W. Strout.....0 39 37
Ha Ha, A. F. Whitmore.....0 40 02

Wollaston Y. C.

WOLLASTON, MASS.

A race was sailed in a variable and puffy S.W. wind, the times being:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Thelura, E. A. Merrill	1 37 00	1 43 01
Beatrice, W. D. Gwin	1 42 03	1 43 09
Muriel, J. L. Smith	1 44 40	1 46 16
Gwendoline, E. A. Snow	1 44 52	1 53 15
Ziska, A. L. Baker	1 37 00	Not meas.
West Wind, W. M. Chase	Did not finish.	
L. J. F. Burgess	Disabled.	
Premier, Hayden, Bros.	Disabled.	

The judges were Com. A. C. Gardner, H. E. Nelson, Geo. A. Dickey and A. T. Barstow.

Plymouth Y. C.

PLYMOUTH, MASS.

The Plymouth Y. C. opened the season with a race in a reefing breeze from S.W., the times being:

First Special Class.		
Grace, M. S. Weston, Jr.	1 49 27	
Amie, Bittenger Bros.	1 57 42	
Dolphin, N. Morgan	1 58 59	
Seaweed, P. S. Bailey	2 03 57	
Ideal, Winslow Whitman	Withdrew.	
Second Special Class.		
Veritas, Alex. Holmes	1 23 21	
Kittewake, H. M. Jones	1 24 28	
Scrap, Arthur B. Holmes	1 26 14	

Fall River Y. C.

FALL RIVER—MOUNT HOPE BAY.

The usual Decoration Day regatta was sailed by the Fall River Y. C. in a fresh S.W. wind, the times being:

First Class.		
	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Nellie, J. Oates	3 00 26	...
Adelia, F. Laboutie	3 01 13	...
Emeline, F. White	Did not finish.	
Second Class.		
Patience, J. Millward	3 05 41	3 05 41
Marguerite, M. Peck	3 08 50	3 06 50
Third Class.		
Colleen, M. Considine	1 54 21	1 54 21
Ida A., J. Harris Foster	1 58 33	1 57 31
Rival, I. N. Arnold	2 01 46	2 00 44
Inez L., W. Whittaker	Did not finish.	
Fourth Class.		
Alice W., Ed Morse	2 10 02	2 08 47
Fedora, Hinkley & Copping	2 09 16	2 08 48
Dora, J. Conboy	2 11 42	2 10 46
Laloo, J. Whitehead	2 20 46	2 20 46
Fifth Class.		
Columbia, Wood Bros.	2 04 42	2 04 43
Curio, Borden Bros.	2 07 03	2 05 40

The race committee included R. D. Briggs, T. D. W. Wood, William J. Wiley, Fred A. Gee and Fred B. Durfee.

Corinthian Y. C. of Philadelphia.

ESSINGTON—DELAWARE RIVER.

The Corinthian Y. C. of Philadelphia celebrated the day very pleasantly by a racing cruise to Claymont, eight miles distant, where time was taken for dinner, the fleet afterward racing home. The times were, morning race:

Schooners—Start 10:59.		
	Finish.	Elapsed.
Lesbia, E. W. Clark, Jr.	12 09 25	1 10 25
Vigil, A. N. Chandler	12 09 43	1 10 43
Atalanta, C. H. Brock	12 34 29	1 35 29
Sloops.		
Zealand, H. F. Smith	11 59 01	1 00 01
Surprise, J. J. DeKinder	12 00 51	1 01 57
Narounya, R. P. White	12 04 10	1 05 10
Knockabouts.		
Grilse, Mrs. M. D. Geary	12 10 04	1 06 04
Fareeda, Robert Toland	12 10 05	1 06 05
Kid, Alex. Van Rensselaer	12 10 30	1 06 30
Fly, Mrs. Edith S. Crozer	12 13 07	1 09 07
Yawls.		
Rosalind, H. F. Smith	12 08 58	1 09 58
Keven, C. Barton Keen	12 21 26	1 22 26

Afternoon Races—Start 3:39.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Vigil	4 37 00	0 58 00
Lesbia	4 38 14	0 59 14
Atalanta	4 48 58	1 09 58
Narounya	4 37 01	0 58 01
Zealand	4 41 43	1 02 43
Surprise	4 42 04	1 03 04
Fly	4 43 09	0 59 09
Kid	4 43 12	0 59 12
Grilse	4 43 51	0 59 51
Fareeda	4 45 40	1 01 40
Rosalind	4 48 26	1 07 26
Keren	Not timed.	

Penataquit Corinthian Y. C. Spring Regatta

BAY SHORE—GREAT SOUTH BAY.

The Penataquit Corinthian Y. C. sailed a good race, the wind being fresh S.W.; the times were:

First Class—Sloops—Start 1:05.		
	Finish.	Elapsed.
Lydia	3 16 00	2 11 40
Squaw	3 32 53	2 27 53
Muriel	Disabled.	
Second Class—Cats—Start 1:15.		
Wanda	3 48 27	2 33 27
Beulah	Did not finish.	
Knockabouts—Start 1:10.		
Adaline	3 43 22	2 33 22
Ref	3 55 40	2 45 40

New Bedford Y. C.

NEW BEDFORD—BUZZARD'S BAY.

The New Bedford Y. C. held its annual review of the fleet, followed by a race, the course being 10¼ miles. The wind was fresh S.W., and the times were:

Third Class—Schooners.	
Mizpah, H. M. Plummer	1 35 25
Betty, R. A. Terry	1 40 25
Second Class—Sloops.	
Nerine, Dr. E. M. Whitney	1 24 57
Fantasy, E. B. Hammond	1 27 00
Oneida, W. F. Williams	1 33 41
Third Class—Sloops.	
Byndheld, J. C. Nowell	1 31 42
Sweep, Wm. Knowles	1 36 26
Thyra, Horace Wood	1 38 20
Madeline, C. H. Allen	1 41 11
Fourth Class—Sloops.	
Wavelet, F. B. Sistare	1 47 28
Medea, F. H. Macy	1 50 24

Williamsburgh Y. C. Annual Regatta.

NEW YORK—BOWERY BAY.

The Williamsburgh Y. C. sailed its annual regatta over a triangular course

Yacht Designing.—XXXI.

BY W. P. STEPHENS.

(Continued from page 411, May 27.)

THE term *mechanical drawing* is often understood in a double sense, as applying to a certain method of drawing by means of instruments; and also to the representation of machines, buildings and other structures. The first sense is the true one, a method of drawing an object in its true size or proportions as determined by actual measurements, and by means of various instruments. It is the reverse of *freehand drawing*, in which an object is depicted as it appears to the eye, the only instruments used being the pencil, pen or brush held freely in the fingers. From the nature of the case it follows that the former method is better adapted to purely mechanical structures and to the purposes of the designer builder.

Mechanical drawing is itself subdivided into two distinct methods of working; one termed *mechanical construction* and the other *geometrical construction*. In the former method points are located and lines are drawn by means of the scales, T-square, triangles, parallel ruler and similar instruments. In the latter, the various points are located and the lines drawn according to the principles of geometry, the only instruments necessary being the straight-edge, dividers and compasses.

In theory at least, a greater degree of accuracy can be attained by the *geometrical construction*; but it is by no means as expeditious as the *mechanical construction*. The draftsman must use his judgment continually as to the method better adapted to the special work in hand, to give sufficiently accurate results in the least possible time. With instruments of good quality and carefully preserved, all necessary accuracy for most purposes of machine and architectural drafting can be had by simple *mechanical construction*, and at a great saving of time; and even in marine drafting there is much of the work that can best be done in this way.

In drawing the actual lines, however, especially if on a large scale, it is absolutely necessary—if a design is to be faired up accurately in all of its numerous intersections, and in a reasonable time—that all the foundation lines of the drawing shall be truly spaced and parallel or perpendicular as the case may be. For this class of work it is best to use the geometrical construction unless one can be sure of absolute accuracy in the tools; for instance, in using the T square for drawing the level lines and base line of the sheer plan, a very slight error in the working edge of the drawing board, where the head of the T square is in contact, will cause these long lines to diverge or converge materially at the bow, making it very difficult to fair in the bow-buttock lines. In this work the geometrical method saves more time in the end than is lost in the beginning, though it takes longer to lay off the lines than by the T square and triangle. The following simple problems not only serve to illustrate the use of the instruments, but they occur constantly in the course of ordinary drafting work. Most of them are geometrical, but in several cases, as in Problems I. and II., they are *mechanical*.

Problem I.—To draw a straight line through given points: The two points are first located and marked by a very fine dot with a hard pencil or by a slight prick in the paper from the point of the dividers. In order to make them easily visible, a small circle is drawn, *freehand*, around each. The straight edge is then adjusted at a small distance, 1-32 in. or even less, from the two points and exactly the same from each, the pencil or pen is poised over the left-hand point, dropped to touch the paper, and drawn steadily onward to the right until it stops on the right-hand point; unless the line is to be continued beyond the point.

Problem II.—To lay off distances along a given line: Select the required scale, lay it on the paper close to the line with the zero mark of the scale coinciding with the starting point. Proceed along the scale, counting the required distances and marking each with a hard sharp pencil with conical point, held nearly square to the paper, or with a fine steel point. The scale must be held so firmly that it cannot move during the operation. If the scale is not long enough to cover the entire length of the line, lay off a portion the full length of the scale, shift the latter ahead and renew the operation until the total length is accurately laid off; then begin again and lay off the intermediate distances. All distances should be measured continuously from the starting point at one setting of the scale; instead of setting off each from the last marked. By the latter plan any errors are cumulative, and affect the truth of the whole work instead of a small portion.

Problem III.—To divide a line into two equal parts: Open the dividers to a distance a little greater than half of the given line, place one point on one end of the line, drop the other point on the line and close slightly until the point appears to be midway between the two spots. Now swing the first point over to the other end of the line, which it will probably not quite touch. Correct the dividers by just one-half the extent of the error, if they are too long by $\frac{1}{8}$ in., close them 1-16 in., and try again. After a little practice very few trials will be needed to give the exact center.

This method may be repeated to subdivide one-half the line, and thus in turn until it is subdivided into any even number of equal parts. It is but little more difficult to divide a line into three equal parts in the same manner, as is required in finding the center of a triangle, such as a jib.

Second method. Let AB, Fig. 74, be the two points, from each in turn, with the dividers set to a radius a little greater than half of the distance, describe two arcs above and below the line. The intersection of each pair of arcs, at C and D, when joined, will give a line perpendicular to AB, and dividing it in the center.

Problem IV.—To divide a line into any given number of equal parts: **First method (mechanical).** Measure the length of the line accurately with a scale, divide the distance by the required number of parts, the quotient being the length of one part. Take this measurement from the scale with the hairspring or the spring bow dividers, start at one end, and space off the parts, swinging the dividers as shown in Fig. 68. When the end of the line is

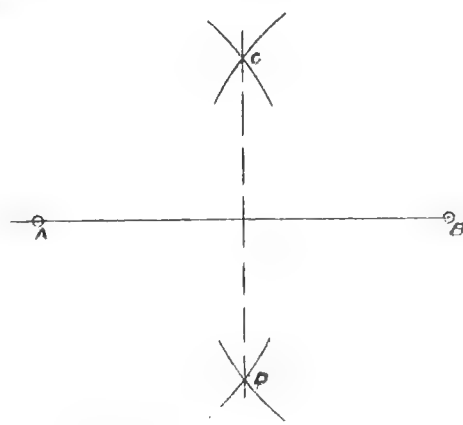


FIG. 74

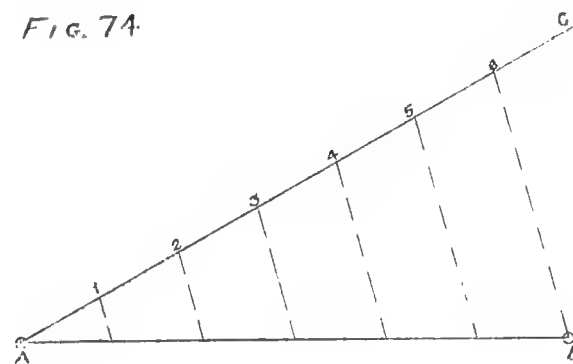


FIG. 75

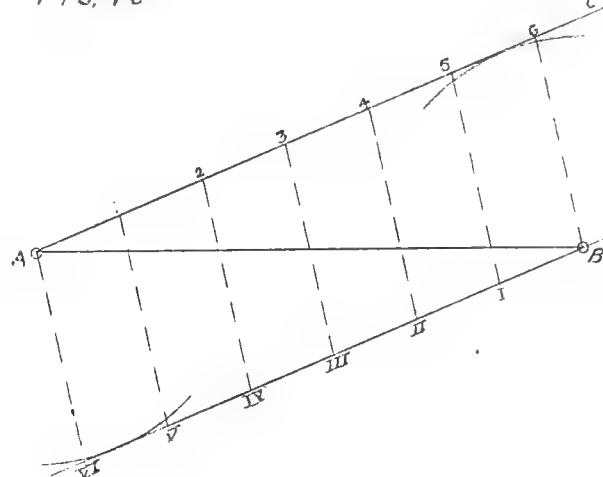


FIG. 76



FIG. 77

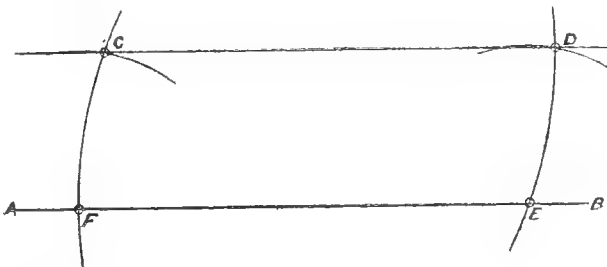


FIG. 78

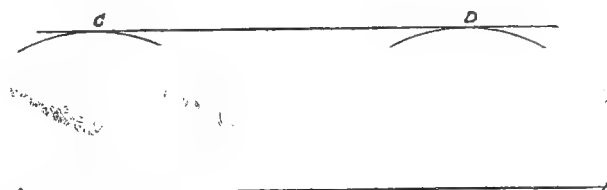


FIG. 79

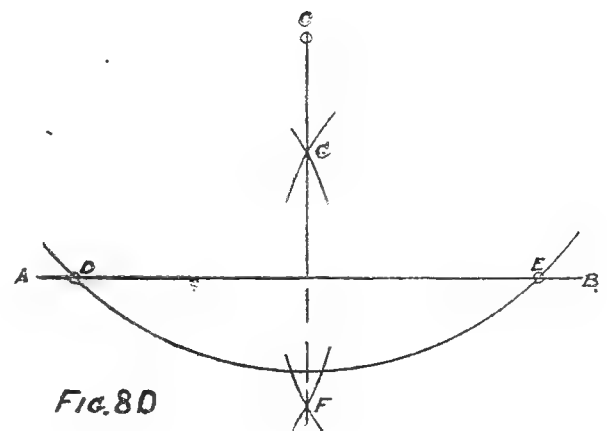


FIG. 80

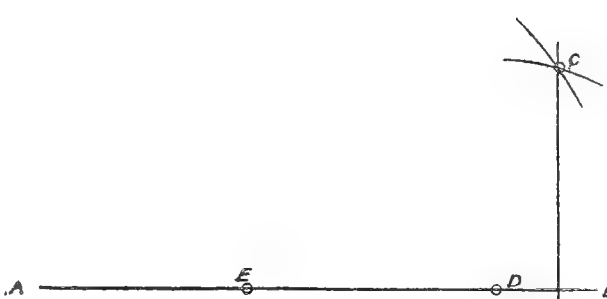


FIG. 81

reached, the point of the dividers will probably fail to cut the exact point, overrunning or falling short a little. The reason for this is that the measurement, as taken from the scale, was not quite accurate; and the error, though very slight, has been multiplied by the total number of divisions. If it is required to divide the line into twelve parts, the original error will be multiplied twelve times, and though it may have been no more than the breadth of the black line on the scale, it will now be quite apparent at the end. The necessary correction will be very slight, in this case but 1-12 the amount of the final difference. The line will then be stepped over a second time, making the lightest possible mark in the paper, and if necessary another correction and trial made. The terms "accurate" or "exact," as used in connection with this work, imply that in dividing a waterline 2 or 3 ft. long into twelve equal parts, the point of the dividers, as sharp as a fine needle, should drop into the fine hole pricked with a needle point in the paper when the length of the waterline was first laid off. Such accurate work as this is not always necessary, but the draftsman should practice it in order to be proficient when the occasion arises, and also because the habit of doing rough and inaccurate work is a bad one to encourage.

Second method (geometrical). Let AB, Fig. 75, be the line, which it is required to divide into any given number of parts, as for instance, six. From A, at any convenient angle, as 20 to 30 degrees, draw AC, of indefinite length. Now set the dividers to a suitable distance and space off from A on AC six equal spaces, A1, 1-2, 2-3, 3-4, etc. Draw a line through B and the sixth point of division, and then draw lines parallel to B6, through each of the other points, 5, 4, etc.; where these lines intersect, AB will be the points of division.

The same method may be applied in a slightly different form, as in Fig. 76. Draw the inclined line AC and through B draw BD parallel to AC. Lay off the number of spaces from A on AC, and from B on BD; join B-6 and A-VI, also 1-V, 2-IV, etc., and the intersections of these new lines with AB will give the required points of division. This construction is strictly geometrical, with the compasses set to any convenient distance, an arc of a circle is described from A below the line and from B above it. The lines drawn from A and B tangent to these arcs are of necessity parallel.

The mechanical method, by the scale, is used when a line several feet in length is to be divided, as for instance in laying off the stations for a new design. The geometrical methods are the better for the division of short lines, as in laying off a special scale of feet and inches.

Problem V.—To draw through a given point a line parallel to a given line: Let AB, Fig. 77, be the line and C the point. Set the dividers or compasses with the point on C, and adjust the other point to touch the line AB. Set the point of the compasses on the line near B and describe an arc EF. Through C draw a line tangent to the arc EF at the point D, it will be parallel to AB.

A second method is shown in Fig. 78. Set the compasses on C and adjust to cut AB at E. Transfer the point of the compasses to E, and with the same radius describe the arc CF. Measure the distance CF with the dividers and set it off from E on the arc D; the line drawn through CD will be parallel to AB.

Problem VI.—To draw a straight line parallel to a given line and at a given distance from it: Let AB, Fig. 79, be the given line; set the dividers to the given distance, by the scale, and describe from A and B in succession the arc C, D. The line CD, tangent to the two arcs, will be the required line.

Problem VII.—To draw a line through a point perpendicular to a given straight line: **First method.** Let AB, Fig. 80, be the line and C the point. Set the compasses on C and describe the arc DE, with any convenient radius. From D and E in succession with a radius somewhat greater than half the distance between the two points, describe the arcs which intersect in F. A line drawn from C through F will be perpendicular to AB.

It may happen that there is no space below AB, in which case the intersecting arcs may be drawn above the line, at G.

Second method: Let AB, Fig. 81, be the line, and C the given point, in this case near to the end of the line. Place one leg of the dividers at a convenient point, as D, and set to cut the point C; then describe with the same radius an arc below the line. Now place the dividers on E, set to touch C, and describe another arc below the line, intersecting the first arc in F. A straight line through C and F will be the required perpendicular.

Columbia and Defender.

THE date of the launching of Columbia is officially announced as Saturday, June 10, on the night tide, about 7 P. M. The launching will be public, and the high road in front of the shops, as well as the waters of the bay in front, will be free to all spectators. The work of finishing is being hurried in all departments. The bottom is being polished by buffing wheels, followed by the crew with cloths and pumice stone. The topsides are as yet unpainted. The deck joinerwork is being finished, to go in place as soon as the last deck planks are laid. On June 3 the large sheer legs at the works, after being used to lower the 30-footer Musmé into the water, were guyed back too far and fell over, fortunately doing little damage. Defender left Bristol on Saturday and anchored in Brenton's Cove, Newport, the same evening. Columbia and Defender will sail a preliminary race outside Sandy Hook on July 1, but it is very unlikely that either will race in Long Island Sound at any time.

The Queen City Y. C. sailed a cruising race from Toronto to Port Credit on May 27 in a strong and squally westerly wind. Only four yachts finished out of eleven starters, two having capsized and one losing her mast. The times were, start 2:30:

	Finished.	Elapsed.
Petrel	5 15 00	2 45 00
Faneta	6 03 00	3 33 00
Widgeon	6 15 00	3 45 00
Turtle	6 57 00	4 27 00

Petrel, W. R. McGill, is a new yacht.

Columbia's Crew.

THE Rockland correspondent of the Boston Globe gives the following particulars of Columbia's crew:

Twenty-nine members of the Columbia's crew arrived here from Deer Isle this afternoon (May 30) and left on the 1:30 train for Bristol, R. I. The party was made up as follows: Willard Haskell, Samuel Bray, F. McCauley, John T. Marshal, Charles Barter, John E. Billing, Geo. Stinson, F. C. Haskell, Charles Bray, Augustus Thompson, Nelson Thompson, Theodore Thompson, Edw. Carmin, Alvah Conary, Jason Gross, Alfred Pettee, John E. Gross, Everett Thompson, Philip Haskell, William Ellis, William Eaton, Charles Gray, Herbert Bray, Warren Bray, Daniel Hall, Arthur Young, William Young and J. F. Eaton. Quartermaster Haskell will have charge of the detail until its arrival in Bristol. The crew will at once go aboard the tender.

The St. Michael was taken to Bristol by members of Columbia's crew, who preceded the main body.

Capt. F. P. Weed, who has a second time been entrusted with the important duty of selecting a cup defender crew, came as far as Rockland and expressed the highest opinion of the men selected to sail Columbia. There are six more men in this crew than there were in Defender's, but in place of a few hours in which to select his crew, he has had ever since last September, and it is the flower of Deer Isle's famous yachtsmen who left for Bristol this afternoon. Every man is a resident of Deer Isle, Stonington, or some of the numerous villages which go to make up the island's population.

Another fact on which Capt. Weed lays great stress is that every man is American-born and bred. All told, there are thirty-nine of them, including thirty-four sailors, four quartermasters and a second mate. Fourteen men who were members of the Defender crew will sail on the Columbia. They are: William Scott, Ross Piffeld, Charles Scott, Rollins Staples, Willard Haskell, Samuel Bray, F. McCauley, John T. Marshal, Charles Barbour, John Billings, George Stinson, Ernest Haskell, Warren Bray and Herbert Bray.

Columbia's crew has been on pay since April 15. The men have all had experience as yachtsmen, but during the winter most of them have been at sea. Quartermaster Haskell has been mate of the schooner Hugh Kelley, 1,400 tons, in the West Indies trade.

The sailors are to receive \$45 a month and \$4 for each race in which Columbia participates, trial races and all. The quartermasters receive \$60 a month, with race money. The crew of Defender netted \$56.50 apiece and the quartermasters rising \$70, but Capt. Weed figures that their receipts will be even larger on Columbia.

The men arrived here in citizens' clothes and were as brown as exposure to the hot sun could make them, but they are stalwart, lithe and well-formed, and attracted much attention on the streets. There were a large number at the train to witness their departure.

Capt. Weed probably is the only man in Maine and one of the favored few in existence who have seen the plans of the new cup defender. He says that the new craft is an improvement in every way over Defender, and will beat her in the trial races as badly as Defender beat Vigilant.

"Up to the time Defender was built," said Capt. Weed, "everything was an experiment. Defender showed herself to be nearly perfect, and taking advantage of her defects, Mr. Herreshoff has constructed in Columbia a yacht which is an improvement from keel to truck over Defender. This improvement will be shown in every department of her construction, sails, rigging and spars alike.

"Shamrock I judge to be equally an improvement over Valkyrie, but we will give them a big surprise party just the same. Of course, we've all got to admit that Mr. Herreshoff knows more about yacht building, whether steam or sail, than any man living, and what Mr. Iselin doesn't know about racing and managing a race isn't worth knowing.

"Capt. Barr, First Mate Allen and Second Mate Scott are past masters in the art of racing, while we have given them a crew which completes all to be desired. It will be the grandest race ever seen on the water, and the American yacht, with her all-American crew, will win."

Capt. Weed has an urgent invitation to be aboard Columbia during the trial races, but probably will content himself with attending the international races.

The Yankee—Dominion Match.

THE first of the many important international and inter-club matches of 1899 will be started on Monday, June 12, on Lake St. Louis, the scene of so many interesting matches of late years. The following particulars of the challenging party are from the St. Paul Dispatch:

"All aboard for Montreal—and victory."

Montreal certainly—victory, perhaps.

The Yankee, champion of the White Bear Y. C., was shipped Monday night (on May 29) over the Soo line on a special car, and will arrive in Montreal in about a week. The packing of a boat for so long a journey is an important work, and Yankee was braced and fended in every possible way, so that she might make the trip in safety.

Eugene Ramaley, of White Bear, will leave for Montreal Sunday to be on hand to superintend the launching of Yankee in Canadian water and see to her being rigged and put in shape.

Capt. Ordway and his party will take their departure in the special Soo line car Tuesday evening and arrive at their destination Thursday morning.

The captain and his men will make their home in the car, and at the club house of the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., the Montreal men having invited the Yankee crew to be their guests during the week of the races.

The men who are going in the special car are Capt. Ordway, ex-Com. H. T. Drake, in charge of the car; W. S. Morton, sec'y of the club; F. M. Douglass, Oscar T. Taylor, W. J. Murray, C. M. Griggs, T. L. Wann and P. C. Stohr.

This makes a party of nine, one for each berth in the car, which has its complement already.

Capt. Ordway may, under the regulations, have a crew

of four men, and, as at present arranged, this crew will consist of the following men:

F. M. Douglass on the jib; Eugene Ramalay on the main sheet; H. T. Drake at centerboard and stays; Capt. Ordway at the helm.

C. M. Griggs is the alternate skipper, and will come forward in case the fortunes of war demand.

Capt. Ordway and his crew will have from Thursday morning to Monday to study the course on Lake St. Louis, and do some preliminary practice sailing.

The White Bear Y. C. committee on the race is composed of Messrs. Drake, Ordway and MacLaren.

Marcus D. Munn, part owner of Yankee, is planning another expedition which may leave for Montreal on Saturday evening, June 10, going over the Soo road. It is understood that this second party is not made up entirely, but those who are booked for it are Mr. and Mrs. Munn, Mrs. C. M. Griggs, Mrs. Wann and Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Patterson.

Still a third expedition is proposed, to stop at Toronto first, and then proceed to Montreal by boat. Those who are already down for this trip are Com. and Mrs. Skinner, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Driscoll, Mrs. H. T. Drake, Mrs. P. C. Stohr and Mr. and Mrs. Cass Gilbert.

Yankee will fly the new White Bear Y. C. flag, blue field with a red circle in the center, within which circle is a white bear.

The crew of Yankee will also be dressed in the new club uniform, a white cap with the club flag on the front, gold braid and gold buttons; white sweaters, white trousers, white shoes.

The Canada Cup.

THE 35-footer designed and built by Wm. Burnside, of Hamilton, was launched on May 22, being christened Myrtle. Her dimensions are said to be 44ft. 4in. over all, 25ft. l.w.l., 10ft. 10in. beam. The hull is of the ordinary centerboard type, with long overhangs, and carries the usual long and high cabin house. The fin is of oak, about 6in. thick, with a lead bulb of 4,250lbs. The extreme draft is about 6ft. 6in. The yacht is owned by a syndicate of which Com. Walker is the head.

THE Rochester 35-footer, Genesee, did not reach Charlotte until June 1, having been driven out of her course from Oswego by a violent storm of cyclonic nature. She had a very tedious trip up the Hudson and through the Erie and Oswego canals, but reached Oswego safely and sailed west Monday night with the expectation of joining the club fleet at Sodus next morning. The storm came from the westward, striking Buffalo, Tonawanda, Rochester and other places, destroying buildings and doing much damage. The yacht, with a small naphtha launch in tow, was compelled to run, and when off Point Peter, on the Canadian shore, the launch filled and broke away. The yacht made Kingston, Canada, on Tuesday morning, having come through the storm safely; but no trace of the launch was found. The party made a new start for Charlotte, and arrived on Thursday morning. Sec'y J. E. Burroughs, of the Y. R. A. of the Great Lakes, will sail Genesee in the races.

The "Peare Syndicate" yacht, designed and built by A. G. Cuthbert, was launched at South Chicago on May 30, being christened Veva by Miss Margaret Otis. The yacht has been built under lock and key, and great secrecy has been observed concerning her. She is described now as a freak, with excessively short waterline and large sail area. A great deal of nonsense has been published about this boat as being almost a duplicate of Defender.

The new Duggan 35-footer was launched at Hodgson's yard, Toronto, on June 1, and will soon be ready for trial. Mr. J. Wilton Morse, who will sail her, has been confined to the house for the past two weeks, a serious drawback just at this time.

Knickerbocker Y. C. Annual Regatta.

COLLEGE POINT—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, June 3.

THE Knickerbocker Y. C. made every preparation for a good race on June 3, the date of its annual regatta; but the weather proved contrary, and after a long tedious drift the race finished without conclusive results. The day was fair and bright, with a hot sun, and but a breath of air from N.E., which failed after a time. The first class was started at 12:10, the course being from off the club house around the Gangway Buoy, 14½ miles, naut., but it was nearly 3 o'clock before the leaders had covered the seven miles to the outer mark, a light southerly air helping them on after lying becalmed. The times at the Gangway Buoy were:

Anoatok	2 50 45	Hussar	3 16 05
Carolina	2 51 30	Win or Lose	3 22 04
Hera	2 51 40	Whiteaway	3 24 00
Esperanza	2 51 45	Narika	3 24 55
Alyce	3 05 25	Spindrift	3 25 40
Dot	3 10 43	Ouananiche	3 26 05
Liris	3 12 20	Nautilus	3 26 10
Moccasin	3 14 10		

The light breeze was S.W. now, making a beat home; soon it fell, and the fleet drifted until sunset, when it came in from the south'ard, and with sufficient force to take all home. The times were:

Cutters and Sloops—65ft. Class—Start, 12:10.			
	Length.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Whiteaway, F. H. Boyton	60.19	2 53 48	7 48 48
Cutters and Sloops—52ft. Class—Start, 12:10.			
Moccasin, S. H. Mason, Jr.		7 43 06	7 33 06
Liris, T. J. McCahill		7 50 24	7 40 24
Cutters and Sloops—43ft. Class—Start, 12:15.			
Nautilus, John J. McCue	36.67	8 00 47	7 45 47
White Wing, W. L. Hall		7 49 11	7 34 11
Hussar, J. D. Baird	39.05	7 54 02	7 39 02
Cutters and Sloops—36ft. Class—Start, 12:15.			
Anoatok, Oswald Sanderson	34.00	7 42 41	7 27 41
Memory, E. Hope Norton		7 50 51	7 35 51
Paute, H. C. and W. B. Beam		8 02 01	7 47 01
Sloops—30ft. Class—Start, 12:15.			
Ouananiche, R. Sands	26.60	Not timed.	
Narika, F. T. Cornell		8 10 13	7 55 13
Water Lily, T. Kiernan, Jr.		8 06 11	8 01 11
Sloops—20ft. Class—Special—Start, 12:20.			
Hera, R. N. Ellis	30.00	7 24 30	7 04 30
Carolina, Pembroke Jones	30.00	7 21 18	7 01 18
Esperanza, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr.	30.00	7 51 06	7 31 06
Cabin Cats—30ft. Class—Start, 12:25.			
Dot, C. T. Pierce	23.55	7 49 47	7 24 47
Bogata, C. C. Beard		8 14 48	7 49 48
Leisure, F. T. Myrick	27.98	8 07 50	7 42 50

Cabin Cats—25ft. Class—Start, 12:25.			
Dolphin, Geo. H. Montrose	24.15	8 14 45	7 49 45
Osage, A. E. Nickerson	23.50	8 03 42	7 38 42
Kite, R. M. and S. H. Goddard	23.50	Not timed.	
Thistle, W. D. Reed		Not timed.	
Win or Lose, J. S. Appleby	23.40	7 59 06	7 34 06
Knockabouts—25ft. Class—Start, 12:30.			
Alyce, W. D. Henan	25.00	Did not finish.	
Knockabouts—21ft. Class—Start, 12:30.			
Spindrift, S. C. Pirie	21.00	8 04 51	7 29 51
Open Cats—21ft. Class—Start, 12:10.			
Constance, C. H. P. Corry		5 54 17	5 14 17
Spunk, C. E. Silkworth		5 54 30	5 14 30
Open Cats—18ft. Class—Start, 12:40.			
Lobster, T. J. S. Flint	14.98	Did not finish.	
Kazaza, T. J. McCahill	14.00	5 46 49	5 06 49

The winners were Whiteaway, Moccasin, White Wing, Anoatok, Narita, Carolina, Dot, Win or Lose, Spindrift, Constance and Kazaza.

The race committee included Messrs. O. H. Chelborg, H. Stephenson, C. W. Schlesinger, Rodman Sands, F. E. Barnes and J. O. Sinkinson. The steamer Favorite carried the members and guests over the course.

Largest Sailing Yacht Afloat.

Description of the New Schooner Gleniffer.

DETAILS which we have already been able to publish regarding the schooner Gleniffer, which is being built by Messrs. Henderson at Meadowside for Mr. James Coats, have indicated that she is a vessel worthy of more than passing notice; the fuller particulars which we give below prove that she is in many respects one of the most notable vessels ever built in connection with the sport. She is without exception the largest and finest sailing yacht yet built, and curiously enough she secured this distinction more by accident than design. Her owner, Mr. James Coats, did not plan her with any idea of possessing a record-breaking vessel. Mr. Coats has long been one of the staunchest supporters of yachting in the Kingdom, and he has very generous ideas of the amount of accommodation which may be expected on board ship. Even his grand old cutter Marjorie seemed to him to be somewhat cramped in this respect, and in giving to Mr. George L. Watson the commission to design for him a new sailing yacht he specified only the accommodation which he required below. This was drafted on such a generous scale that Mr. Watson found that to get it inside a modern shapely hull the outside dimensions would require to be on a scale which has never before been touched in the building of a sailing yacht. Mr. Coats gave him, however, absolutely a free hand in the matter, and when the draft plans of the new schooner were submitted he approved of them at once and ordered the building of the boat. Such was the origin of the Gleniffer, which is now rapidly nearing completion in Messrs. Henderson's yard, and which in these days of steam cruising is likely to remain for a long time an unique product of yachting architecture. Work upon her was started early last winter, and she is now so far forward that a good idea of her imposing proportions can be obtained. Figures alone give but a slight idea of her size, but for the information of the curious it may be stated that she measures 188ft. from figurehead to taffrail, 26ft. 6in. beam, and draws over 17ft. of water, while her measurement, by the Thames rule, works out at about 450 tons. Compared with the German Emperor's cutter Meteor, therefore, she is some 60ft. longer, carries nearly 2ft. more beam, and is about the same depth. In displacement, however, her great bulk is even more striking, for while the Meteor, like other racing boats of recent years, was excessively undercut and hollowed in the garboards to something like a fin formation, the Gleniffer is long-keeled and comparatively deep-bodied—the very beau ideal of a cruising boat. Owing to her great size it was determined to build her throughout of steel, and this has accordingly been done, the timbering being of special steel angles and the plates of mild steel of the same composition as is used in the construction of torpedo boats. In general outline and in section the yacht bears a striking resemblance to the Thistle, which was sent across the Atlantic in 1887 to race for the America's Cup. The profile forward is almost identical, for in designing her Mr. Watson has abandoned the modern spoon bow and gone back to the more graceful clipper or swan neck bow of ten or a dozen years ago. Above water the stem shows decidedly hollow, but about the waterline it sweeps into a convex curve, which is carried without hollowing again down to the lower keel plates. From the end of this curve the keel runs with little or no increase of depth back to the heel of the sternpost. The sternpost is less raked than we have been accustomed to see in recent productions, and it cuts at top through a fairly long and very graceful counter, which rises with a good deal of spring, and gives an overhang of about 50ft., while the overhang forward measures about 40. The ballast to steady her against the enormous sail spread, which she will set, is carried inside—150 tons of lead, most of which is cast in one solid ingot, supported by the timbering and the inch-thick keel plates. Compared to the shallow hulls of recent racing yachts, she looks to have somewhat high topsides, and this is accounted for by the fact that instead of the apology for a rail, which is now so often seen, the deck is set round, with a serviceable protection in the shape of a gunwale 2ft. 6in. high. The deck has been kept as clear of obstructions as possible, and being broken only by a small smoking lounge at the companion and galley, which is situated amidships, it offers a fine clear space for promenading and for working the vessel.

In the construction of the yacht nothing whatever has been sacrificed for lightness or speed. While the materials throughout are the best which could possibly be procured the scantlings are all in excess of what is demanded for the highest class at Lloyd's, and every detail has been finished with the utmost care. Under water the plates are overlapped and riveted in the usual way with a double row of rivets, but in the topsides the plates are butted and strapped on the inside, leaving a beautifully smooth surface for the painters. The elaborate scale upon which the fittings below are carried out gives the best possible proof that the yacht has been designed primarily for convenience and comfort in cruising, and one advantage of the sailing type is shown by the fact that the Gleniffer has more spacious cabins and better accommodation than many steam yachts of two or three times her size. A passage some 3ft. 6in. wide leads from the companion to the main saloon, a large and airy apartment which extends the whole breadth of the yacht amidships, and so planned that it may be divided by curtains into drawing and dining cabins or used as one big saloon. The fittings of this cabin are not yet finished, but sufficient has been done to show that they will be in keeping with the other appointments of the yacht. Aft of this, on the starboard side, are the owner's private apartments, consisting of library and sitting room, sleeping cabin and bath room, all of these being airy, well-lit cabins of about 10ft. square, and with 7ft. of head room throughout. Opposite these, on the port side, are the guests' cabins, planned in somewhat similar style, and consisting of four cabins, with bath rooms, cloak rooms and smoke room adjoining. Aft of this again are two ladies' cabins, handsomely fitted and provided with everything necessary for the comfort of the lady guests. Forward of the main saloon are the officers' quarters—a snug little cabin for the skipper, and three others, which will accommodate the half-dozen officers who will assist in the command. Alongside these are the steward's pantry and store rooms, which communicate by means of a small hoist with the galley on deck.

Thirty-four men will be required for the handling of the boat, and these find accommodation in a large and airy forecabin, fitted with a special cooking range and all appliances necessary for their health and comfort. From this floor a couple of stairs lead to a lower deck running the whole length of the vessel, with a head room of about 5ft. Sails and all the lighter stores of the ship will be carried here, and below this again is another space about equally commodious, in which the water and oil tanks, cables and heavier stores will be carried. As might be expected, the sail plan and spars present many points of interest, but the masts are not stepped, and none of the gear is as yet in position.—The Yachting World.

Niagara, Howard Gould, arrived at Queenstown, Ireland, on May 30. It is stated that Mr. Gould will probably buy the Lakes of Killarney, after which he will proceed to Norway in his yacht.

The yacht designed by G. L. Watson for A. J. Drexel, now building at Scott & Co.'s yard, Greenock, will be 272ft. over all, 36ft. 6in. beam and will cost at least \$500,000. She is to be completed in a year.

The programme of the Lewiston Gun Club's shoot, fixed to take place on June 14 and 15, can be obtained of the club secretary, Mr. H. H. McComber, Lewiston, Ill. The first shoot is amateur in its purpose. A magatrap will be used to throw the targets. There are 20 events for each day, at 10, 15, and 20 targets, \$1, \$1.50 and \$2 respectively. On the second day there will be a contest at 25 targets for the county championship. Entrance, \$2.50. Open to Fulton county shooters only. Winner of medal is subject to challenge at any time after 30 days. Shooting begins at 9 o'clock. Shells shipped to H. H. McComber will be delivered on the grounds free of charge.

Capt. E. B. Puck, of Boston, writes us that he regrets exceedingly his inability to attend the Buffalo shoot, June 5-9, on account of a severe attack of la grippe. He continues: "I had made every arrangement to be with the boys and take a hand in the great amount of prizes offered by the Audubon Gun Club. Go in, boys, and do your best, and may success attend your efforts!"

Messrs. J. H. Outwater and Hofflich have arranged to shoot a match and we are informed that the conditions are 50 live birds, \$100 a side, the contest to take place on Outwater's grounds, Paterson Plank Road, N. J., commencing at 2 o'clock. Sweep-stake shooting will take place before and after the match. About 400 birds will be provided for that purpose.

In the contest for the Streuber trophy, at Erie last week, Crosby, Heikes and Cooper tied on 25. In the shoot-off at 5 birds, all killed straight to the 11th, when Crosby missed. Heikes missed his 20th, and Cooper won on a total of 45 kills in the main event and the tie.

The donors of the St. Louis Republican Wing-shot cup are contemplating a change of title to it. It was recently presented to the Missouri Association and won by Mr. Charles Young. The title of it conflicts with one already in competition.

At the meeting of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, held on May 31, Chambersburg was fixed upon as the place for the meeting of 1900.

The live bird contest inaugurated for the cup by the Cincinnati Gun Club is fixed to take place on Wednesday of this week.

BERNARD WATERS.

The Tyrone Tournament.

ALTOONA, Pa.—Tyrone, known as the Central City, on the main line of the Pennsylvania Railroad, fifteen miles east of Altoona and at the junction of the Tyrone division of the P. R. R., is one of the prettiest among the many pretty spots in the Keystone State. It is situated on either side of the Juniata River, surrounded on all sides by jutting mountains, has wide, shady avenues and is enlivened by a number of busy factories.

District Attorney William Hicks, P. J. Trego, D. D. Stine, L. B. Blair and a number of other scatter-gun enthusiasts recently organized the Tyrone Gun Club, now one of the liveliest little organizations in Central Pennsylvania, and fixed the dates of May 26 and 27 for their initial tournament. They had fitted up a beautiful grassy plot just west of the city on the north bank of the river. A magatrap had been placed, their large outing tent pitched, and every other desired convenience was in readiness for the enthusiasts.

It was a bright sunny day that greeted the jolly crowd of sportsmen on the morning of the first day, and that condition lasted till the close of the meeting. One of the first to greet you from a distance was Neaf Appgar, of Gun Bore Treatment Co. and the Du Pont Powder Company; then came F. P. O'Leary, of Buffalo, N. Y.; Howard Sergeant, of Lafin & Rand Powder Co.; Chas. Wagner, of Hammondsport, N. Y.; Tom Keller, of Peters Cartridge Co., Cincinnati; and Charles North, of the Cleveland Target Co. Among those from nearby places could be seen W. B. Sands, Dr. F. M. Christy, U. S. Houck, Ed Kottmann, J. F. Killitts, H. F. Forney, E. H. Murray, Charles E. Rhoades, G. T. Bell, John Schenk, and G. G. Zeth, Altoona; J. B. Highberger, C. Wendroth, A. B. Earhart, S. R. Kellerman, E. D. Melley and G. A. Freeman, Cresson; L. R. Leister, Chas. Kline, B. M. Kline, H. W. Corbin and Geo. Coolidge, Huntingdon; Warren Smith, Osterberg; J. A. Holderbaum, Cessna; R. S. Denniker, Ruffsdales; H. E. Hummelbaugh, L. A. Gearhart and F. Plympton, Clearfield; and J. R. Rhoades and Frank Nisley, Johnstown.

The shoot was quite successful, and the Tyrone boys are to be congratulated. Charles North acted in the capacity of squad hustler, and kept everyone moving. The equitable system was used in dividing purses, and gave splendid satisfaction.

The scores follow:

First Day, May 26.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
Targets:	10	10	15	20	15	10	10	15	10	10	15	20	15	10	10	10
Quirk	7	7	14	16	15	10	7	11	6	9	7	11	13	13	5	10
Bookwalter	9	9	13	14	13	9	5	13	7	6	8	14	16	13	8	5
Blair	8	7	11	17	12	8	7	13	7	8	10	13	17	12	9	8
Appgar	9	9	13	19	15	9	8	13	9	10	6	15	20	14	10	8
333	4	7	11	15	11	7	9	8	8	9	8	12	18	13	9	6
Wagner	9	6	14	19	15	9	10	12	10	6	10	14	18	14	7	10
Trego	7	10	11	17	15	7	9	12	9	9	9	14	19	14	10	7
Hicks	7	8	13	15	10	6	6	13	9	6	10	15	13	15	7	7
Wilson	4	5	9	9	9	6	6	8	8	7	4	9	7	7	8	8
Gipple	4	6	8	9	9	6	6	6	5	9	6	5	9	6	4	6
Stine	9	6	11	15	11	9	10	14	9	7	8	12	16	14	8	10
Evans	6	7	5	9	8	6	6	9	7	8	9	13	12	12	12	12
Harris	12	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8
Grazier	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
Murray	8	10	9	8	4	11	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12
Smith	7	7	9	7	7	7	11	14	9	6	4	9	15	14	5	8
Keller	7	8	6	7	9	9	9	15	14	5	8	14	9	8	13	13
Black Cloud	8	14	9	8	8	8	13	13	13	9	9	4	9	6	7	10
C E Rhoades	6	9	3	6	7	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Leister	6	9	3	6	7	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Coolidge	4	9	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6
Corbin	5	4	5	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6
Oster	10	12	10	9	10	14	15	13	10	7	6	6	6	6	6	6
Holderbaum	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
Bell	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
Piper	8	3	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4
Lincoln	4	5	9	7	11	8	7	11	8	7	11	8	7	11	8	7
Sure Shot	9	6	11	15	11	9	10	14	9	7	8	12	16	14	8	10
Sergeant	12	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8
North	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2

Second Day, May 27.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
Targets:	10	10	15	20	15	10	10	15	10	10	15	20	15	10	10	10
Quirk	9	7	12	9	20	6	13	16	13	7	7	6	9	9	9	9
Appgar	10	9	12	9	25	10	13	20	10	13	10	9	14	10	10	10
333	5	9	13	8	20	8	12	15	6	8	9	10	9	9	9	9
Wagner	7	6	14	9	20	5	12	16	2	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Bookwalter	5	8	12	7	16	6	10	10	7	12	8	6	10	10	10	10
Kottly	10	7	14	8	16	10	12	15	7	10	8	10	10	10	10	10
Frego	8	9	13	9	24	9	11	19	7	13	9	10	12	10	10	10
Stine	9	9	11	9	22	10	11	16	9	14	8	9	13	8	8	8
Black Cloud	10	7	15	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8
Blair	8	7	11	9	21	8	9	13	7	10	8	8	8	8	8	8
Hicks	9	9	11	7	17	8	12	10	6	13	8	7	12	9	9	9
Gipple	5	7	7	2	13	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6
Gearhart	5	6	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4
Keller	9	8	12	9	21	8	13	14	7	9	7	6	10	10	10	10
Evans	10	9	9	7	14	9	15	15	8	9	10	10	10	10	10	10
Jack	4	6	7	8	16	9	12	9	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
J K	7	6	8	16	8	7	16	4	8	9	3	10	10	10	10	10
Oster	9	10	15	20	24	7	12	15	9	13	8	10	10	10	10	10
North	5	3	8	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
Lincoln	11	7	14	5	7	13	6	11	5	5	10	4	4	4	4	4
Harris	9	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2
Corbin	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
Grazier	8	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6
Holderbaum	9	10	15	7	12	6	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Clover	7	9	11	8	10	6	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Houck	7	9	11	8	10	6	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Forney	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
Hummelbaugh	8	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7
Kellerman	2	9	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3
Wendroth	13	14	7	10	7	10	7	10	7	10	7	10	7	10	7	10
Freeman	10	11	6	10	6	10	6	10	6	10	6	10	6	10	6	10
Highberger	6	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2
Abe	7	14	9	20	5	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Leister	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Kline	4	12	8	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6
Plympton	7	10	6	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7
Piper	7	6	10	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6

The Altoona Shoot.

On Decoration Day the Altoona Rod and Gun Club held a target shoot, in which twenty-three contestants participated. It was not an advertised affair, on account of the State shoot falling on the same date, but a number of the boys from Tyrone and Hollidaysburg participated, among whom were D. D. Stine, P. J. Trego and Mr. Brindle, of the former place, and Thos. Dipner, Alex. McNaught and Duncan, of the latter. Mr. William F. Parker, of Duncansville, also renewed old acquaintances and incidentally tried the new magatrap.

The scores follow:

The scores follow.												
Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	10	10	15	10	10	15	10	10	15	10	10	10
Murray	8	6	13	8	7	10	7	14	5	7	7	7
Trego	7	6	13	10	9	14	9	10	15	6	6	6
Stine	10	8	12	5	5	11	8	9	13	4	8	9
Killitts	7	10	13	7	8	11	9	6	11	7	7	10
Dipner	7	5	7	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4
Mike	9	6	6	3	9	6	6	6	6	6	6	6
Sands	9	9	14	10	10	13	9	9	12	6	8	8
Alex	7	7	11	8	7	9	9	9	9	7	6	6
Duncan	6	6	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4
Taylor	9	10	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7
Parker	4	9	8	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
House	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6
Fay	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9
Clover	10	8	9	13	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8
Homan	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
Jersey	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4
Bell	8	13	4	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7
Morlock	8	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Katty	7	13	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6
Brindle	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6
Weil	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2
Ham	8	8	8							8		
C. Murray											0	

IN NEW JERSEY.

Freehold Gun Club.

Freehold, N. J., May 27.—Our last club shoot at targets was on May 28, and was lightly attended, owing to a "busy season" with most of our members. The high wind made high scores out of the question. In making up our record for winners at the end of the year, a shooter gets credit for every winning score, regardless of the shoot-off. Our next shoot will be at live birds.

Hance	110110010111111101110110-22
Snyder	1101111011111111011110011-22
R A Ellis	01111100001001011111100111-19
Ed Vanderveer	001110100101011111110001000-16
Campbell	011011110000101111110001111-20
Wm Buck	001101011101110110101010101-19
Jas Laird	000101001101010100110110110-15
Jos T Laird	01101111101001110101111110-22

Shoot-off of ties for first and second:

Tie for first:	
Hance	110111111-9
Snyder	110101011-7
Laird	111111101-9

Tie for second:	
Ellis	11011000111-5
Buck	101111011-8

C. C. SNYDER.

Greenville Rifle Club.

Kell's Point, Jersey City, N. J., May 27.—The weather was delightful. The events were all at 10 targets. The club will shoot every Saturday till further notice:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Boch	5	8	7	8	7	10	5	7
Steurer	8	5	4	6	9	5	4	7
Lembeck	8	7	7	8	6	4	7	
Greiff	8	8	8	9	7	10	9	
De Long	8	7	9	6	6	6	8	
Sealey	6	6	4	5	6	6		
Pearsall	4	4	5	6	6	3		
Collins						6		
Braley						5		

W. C. COLLINS, Sec'y.

Boiling Springs Gun Club

Rutherford, N. J., May 30.—The Decoration Day shoot of the Boiling Springs Gun Club brought together a good company of shooters. There was a stiff wind, which made the targets difficult, though the latter were not thrown so hard as is usual at this club's shoots.

Some prizes left over and shot for were a set of table knives, won by Hexamer; a silver-mounted whisk brush, Dr. Adams; a gold-decorated vase, won by Stador, Jr. There were twenty-one prizes in all.

In the main event there was a list of sterling good merchandise prizes in the prize shoot. First prize was a silk umbrella, won by Hexamer on a score of 45; second prize was a set of tea spoons, won by James; third, silver and glass tankard, Dr. Adams. The other winners in regular order were Vanderveer, Pierso, Platt Adams, Huck, Everett, A. R. Strader, Taylor, Lane, Paul, Frank, Coe Strader, Jr., and Lawrenson. Ties slipped a coin for choice.

Coe, 12	001000001010100000100010-6
Lawrenson, 15	00000100100101010011110-28
Paul, 8	101011110000100001001100-12
Taylor, 3	11101110100101000100100-13-33
Vanderveer, 3	0110111010111110101111-18
Lane, 10	11111111001000000001011-14-35
James, 10	10011111010101010101010-16
Hexamer, 8	1111011101001011111111-20-39
Huck, 3	1000011101010001010001-13
P Adams, 8	0110011000100101010100-11-34
A R Strader, 12	11110110111010111101-20
Frank, 3	00010101001010110100-13-43
Everett, 5	1111011011101010010111-13-32
Dr Adams, 10	1100111101010101010101-14
A R Strader, Jr, 8	00101110100100110001011-13-35

For balance of prizes, 25 targets, handicaps:	
P Adams, 4	001101100010100100010111-12-16
Huck, 1	1011101110101011111011-20-1-21
Mills, 4	1010001010101000101101-13-4-17
Hexamer, 4	1111111111111110101111-24-4-25
Dr Adams, 5	0011010101111111111010-18-5-23
Lane, 5	1111001010011011110000-15-5-20
Strader, Jr, 6	11010100111001101010011-16-6-22
Frank, 2	110110100110100001001110-14-2-16
Paul, 4	10000110101001000010101-11-4-15
Taylor, 3	00010111000101000101100-12-3-15
Vanderveer, 2	1101111101010100001100-16-2-18

Sweepstakes:	1	2	3	4	5
Black	11	9	10	10	12
Ed Taylor	8	9	10	10	10
Pierson	4	7	9	7	10
Vanderveer	12	13	9	12	10
Huck	12	12	12	10	10
Strader, Jr	12	14	11	10	10
Hexamer	12	14	11	10	10
Dr Adams	8	13	7		

June 3.—Club shoot:	
James, 10	01011011100111111111101-19
Matzen, 10	111111110111111110011-22-50
C Collons, 10	1111110100100001111110-17
F Hall, 3	0101010101010101010101-14-38
Huck, 3	10111111111111110110100-19
Frank, 3	0011111110110111111010-19-41
Ed Taylor, 3	11111010001011111110011-17
Parmer, 6	1111001010011000101010-19-41
	1100011011111110111111-20-46

East Side Gun Club.

Newark, N. J., May 30.—The holiday live-bird shoot of the East Side Gun Club was a most pleasant affair, though the shooters present were not large as to number. The birds were good. A stiff wind blew almost straightaway, which helped the flight of the birds materially. No. 1 was at 7 birds, 28yds. rise, 87; Nos. 2, 3 and 4 were at 7 birds, 28yds., 84:

No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
Otten	*110000	*1110*-4	121222-7
Matzen	12102010*2011-10	212122-7	212122-7
Ferguson	12101021011111-12	0111020-4	
Steffens	12222212222211-15	010211-5	010212-5
McDowell	12212010210200-10	2222001-5	212*221-6
Dr Mulvaney	21102211101221-13	011121-6	0122221-6
Schmitt	021*11*12221010-10	012*00-3	
Dr Hudson	21101212210*1-11	*211*-4	
Fessenden	202202*022		

Trap at Lyndhurst.

Lyndhurst, N. J., May 30.—There was a gathering of quite noted pigeon shots at the live-bird prepared by Mr. T. W. Morley, on the grounds of the Lyndhurst Shooting Association to-day. The main event was at 20 live birds, \$10 entrance, birds extra. The names of the competitors, handicaps and scores follow:

Harrison, 29	12112022212*21121220-17
Capt Money, 30	202212222120222212-18
H Money, 30	221221222111222110-19

Fairmount, 29	121122222022222222-19
Cannon, 27	1011001221122*12w
Feigenspan, 28	010012211210211*2w
Moffett, 29	212002112121111111-18
Timmons, 29	2000222220212120w
Wright, 29	222202102212222022-17
A Doty, 29	0222020222222*22.w
J Doty, 27	012222222021210102-16
Morley, 30	22002211021220220w
Hood, 29	*22021222221021212-16
Geoffroy, 29	*2222122222*222221-18

In the following events, No. 1 was 5 birds, \$5; No. 2 was miss-and-out, \$2; Nos. 3 and 4, 5 and 6 miss-and-outs, \$3; No. 5 had \$10 added.

No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.	No. 6.
Piercy	11202-4	20	2221	22112	1212
Sealey	11100-3	0	0		
H Money	02222-4	222222	2210	21120	12211
Morley	22222-5	222220	1222		220
Harrison		2111	2210		20
Timmons		0			20
Geoffroy			0		
Doctor			220		
Hood			110		
Cannon			12111	11121	2211
Wright				20	1110
Feigenspan				20	0
Moffett				221220	120
Capt Money				22212	1220

Lyndhurst, June 3.—The match between Feigenspan and Moffett resulted in a win for the former by a score of 21 to 19 out of 25 shot at. The birds were a good lot. Miss-and-out shooting was also a feature of the sport. The scores:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1899, by Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

C W Feigenspan	2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 21
F W Moffett	0 2 2 0 2 1 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 2 2 1 2 0 *2 0-19

No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.
Feigenspan	0	22*	1122	222221
Morley	1	122212	2222	122220
H Money	0	222222	110	0
Canon	2	222110	22*	0
Moffett		2210	210	120
Capt Money				1122

Miss-and-outs:

Jeannette Gun Club.

New York, June 2.—Several matches, arranged between members of the Jeannette Gun Club, were shot yesterday, at J. H. Outwater's Riverside Park, Paterson Plank road, N. J. The birds were a good lot, but there was no wind of any account to help them. Mr. H. P. Fessenden acted as referee.

Trap score type—Copyright, 1899, by Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

Hainborst against Pape.	4 8 1 5 3 1 2 1 4 2 1 3 5 3 4 8 3 2 8 2 2 3 4 8
J Hamborst, 28	2 2 2 1 0 1 1 * 2 0 2 2 1 2 1 2 * 1 2 2 2 2 1 2-20
H Pape, 28	4 3 5 3 2 4 1 2 2 4 8 4 4 2 4 4 4 8 2 5 3 5 2 2
	2 2 * 0 1 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 0 2 2 2 1 1 1 2 0 2 2 2-21

Myer against Ehlen.	5 2 1 2 4 1 4 8 3 2 1 2 3 5 3
J Myer, 25	2 1 1 0 2 1 1 1 1 1 1 2 1 2 1-14
F Ehlen, 25	2 1 3 2 2 4 3 3 4 4 2 8 1 2 5
	2 2 2 0 2 1 1 2 1 1 2 1 2 1 0-18

Hainborst against Karstens.	2 4 4 1 3 1 3 5 4 2 3 3 3 4 2 3 3 2 5 3 3 2 5 4 5 0 8
J Hainborst, 28	2 2 1 2 1 1 1 2 * 2 1 2 2 2 0 0 1 1 2 1 2 0 2 2 2-21
Karstens, 28	3 5 2 5 3 4 1 4 8 5 2 1 2 5 8 4 5 1 3 1 3 3 5 3 3 1 3
	2 0 0 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 0 2 2 1 1 1 1 2 1 1 * 1-21

Rottman against Lohden.	1 3 4 4 4 2 2 5 3 5 3 5 4 4 4
W Lohden, 25	0 0 2 2 0 0 0 1 2 0 2 2 0 2-7
W P Rottman, 28	5 1 1 2 5 5 5 5 2 2 1 1 5 2 5
	2 0 1 0 1 0 1 2 2 0 2 1 1 2 1-11

Bohling against Nobel.	2 4 4 2 2 3 2 1 2 2
C Bohling, 25	0 0 0 1 1 0 0 1 1 0-4
F Nobel, 27	2 4 2 3 3 1 2 4 4
	0 0 0 1 2 1 1 0 1 0-5

Steffens against Meyer.	1 1 3 5 1 5 3 4 5 3 5 2 1 3 3 4 5 4 1 5 3 1 2 2
C Steffens, 30	2 2 2 1 1 2 1 2 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 2 1 2 1 2-24
C Meyer, 30	2 4 5 2 4 5 2 3 3 4 4 2 3 3 3 1 4 3 1 3 4 2 3
	2 2 * 1 1 1 0 2 2 1 1 2 2 2 1 1 2 0 2 2 2 1-22

Team race:	
Lott	2222-4
C Meyer	1120-3
J Bohling	0220-2
Hainborst	1211-4
Peter	210*-2
Rottman	2022-3
Karstens	2201-3
Nobel	2000-1-22
Steffens	0122-3
Otten	1111-4
Capt Meyer	1021-3
Ehlen	0221-3
J Mohrman	1102-3
Pape	1120-3
C Bohling	2001-2
Henrie	2202-3-24

JOHNNIE JONES.

Rahway Gun Club.

Rahway, N. J., May 30.—The team race was at 25 targets, known angles. The old club has been reorganized, and this was the first shoot under the new conditions. The club grounds on the line of trolley to Boynton Beach, about a mile out, have a back-ground which is all that could be desired. The regular team shoot is fixed for each Saturday. The scores:

Capt G Clark	010000000111000100111000-9
S Potter	11100001101010010010110-15
G Wilson	0111111111010101111010-20
A Gowans	01101011101010100001011-15
F Acken	000001011110101000101001-12
F Abbott	01011010101000101000010-10
G Vett	0000000000000000000000-2
G Cashner	000000000100010001000000-3
M Acken	1000010100101001011010-12
C Lambert	01100000101011001100100-11-109
Capt L Crane	010111111010111011010101-18
H Blore	01001001001001001001001-10
W Browne	0101101000100011111101-15
A Connelly	00001000100001011111000-9
Housman	01000010011010000100011-8
H Lamphire	000010000000000w
J Armstrong	0000100000010010010101-8
M Humes	000101001w
J Meade	001000010101010100101000-8-90

Guelph Trap and Game Club.

GUELPH, Can., May 24.—The club's first shoot, over the magau-trap, was a most pleasing success. Shooting commenced at 10 and ended at 5. The club contemplates holding a tournament on July 1. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	20	10	10	10	10
A R Stell	13	10	7	8	7
J Wayper	20	8			
A Arthurs	16	8			
L Singular	14	8	7	6	5
C Quinn	20	10	9	8	
C Fligg	14	7			
W G Mitchell	19				
L Rowen	4				
Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	20	10	10	10	10
R S Cull	15	8	10	7	8
J Thatching	15	8	7	10	
R Cunningham	15				8
H H Cull	13				7
J Johnson	10	6	6	5	
C Hillen					5
E Charles					6
R Readwin					6

Sheffield Gun Club.

LORAIN, O., May 30.—The Sheffield Gun Club held a very successful shoot at their new trap grounds, at South Lorain, on Decoration Day, over 150 sportsmen being present. Shooting commenced at 2 P. M. and was continued till 7:15.

The weather conditions were perfect, and a very good afternoon's sport was enjoyed. By the wish of the participants the trap was run at a comparatively high speed and somewhat irregularly, causing a very difficult lot for birds to be thrown.

The tie between G. Freeland C. W. Hart in No. 4 for first place was shot off by agreement at 10 birds, Hart scoring 9, and Freeland 8.

Sheriff Warden took second money and W. Freeland third. The handicaps in No. 5 were by agreement taken from the previous scores, and W. Freeland took first money, Dr. Trombley and Kemery tied for second, and Felix third. The tie was shot off at 10 birds, and resulted in a second tie, with 6 birds each. A second 10 gave Kemery 4 and Dr. Twombly 2. Total 20 birds: Memory 10, Twombly 8.

Events:	1	2	3
---------	---	---	---

Boston Gun Club.

Courtney, 28 212201200102111202221111-20
Kirkover, 30 222222222222*22222221222-24

Nye, 26	221022202202112212212201-22
Clover, 28	111212122211222121212-24
Ties on 25:	
Crosby	112111112*1121w
Heikes	222222221222122212*-19
Cooper	11112122212221221121-20
Cooper won.	

Montana State Sportsman's Association.

The sixth annual tournament of the State Association commenced on May 19. It was held at Butte, under the auspices of the Butte Rod and Gun Club. The officers of the Butte Club, with their customary energy and a foresight born of experience, had prepared a thoroughly enjoyable shoot. The inclement weather interfered somewhat with the attendance, as well as with the scores. However, Montana has a set of shooters who can pile up straight scores under any kind of conditions. Incidentally, some new State records were established in the team contests.

First Day, May 19.

Event No. 4 was for the three-men team championship cup, at 25 bluebirds per man. In this shoot a new State record was made by the Anaconda team by the good score of 70 out of 75 shot at:

Twohy 25, Tuttle 23, Rockefeller 22; total, 70.	
Trudgeon 24, Jones 22, Nicols 22; total, 68.	
Smith 25, Cowan 21, Shultz 20; total, 66.	
Christianson 22, Jeager 21, McGowan 21; total, 64.	
Spargo 22, De Haas 21, Walker 20; total, 63.	
Mahan 22, Lewis 18, Dennison 13; total, 53.	
Nell 21, Bartlett 13, Brownlee 13; total, 51.	
Event No. 6, two-men team shoot, at 20 bluebirds per man:	
Rueger 20, Twohy 16	
Walker 19-39, Tuttle 16-32	
Shultz 20, Jeager 17	
Smith 18-38, McGowan 15-32	
De Haas 20, Jones 16	
Spargo 15-34, Hillis 14-30	
Brownlee 17, Trudgeon 15	
Nell 16-33, Nichols 14-29	
Cowan 17, Bartlett 15	
Christianson 16-33, Rockefeller 11-26	

Event 7 was for the bluebird championship of the State, at 25 bluebirds per man. The cup, emblematic of this event, was won by Mr. McGowan with the score of 46:

Events:	1	2	3	5	7	8	9	20
Targets:	15	20	20	20	50	20	20	
Cowan	14	15	16	18	16	18		
Rockefeller	14	16	16	16	36	15		
Tuttle	13	17	17	18	39	16		
Christenson	13	19	17	17	45	18		
Smith	13	20	15	17	41	18		
Shultz	13	18	13	16	15	16		
Hillis	13	17	17	19	42	18		
Nichols	13	17	17	17	43	16		
Jones 0	13	18	18	14	18	17		
Spargo	13	15	12	12	36	13		
Rueger	12	16	16	17	41	17		
Trudgeon	12	15	17	17	43	15		
Jeager	11	14	16	17	43	17		
De Haas	11	14	17	16	38	14		
Nell	11	17	15	16	14	14		
Bartlett	11	16	14	14	34	13		
McGowan	10	17	19	16	46	18		
Walker	10	18	10	17	42	19		
Mahan	10	13	14	12	17	16		
Twohy	9	18	18	17	45	16		
Lewis	9	12	14	13	10	10		
Dennison	8	12	15	11	12	12		
Brownlee	6	13	11	14	29	13		
Morse	11	14	11	14	19	15		

Second Day, May 20.

No. 11 was at 25 bluebirds per man, for the Brownlee challenge medal, donated to the Association by Mr. M. B. Brownlee.

Event 14, at 10 rocks, known angles; 10 rocks, unknown angles; 10 rocks, reversed angles, and 5 pairs, for State medal, the medal being won after an exciting shoot-off by Tuttle.

Events:	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	
Targets:	20	25	20	20	40	20	20	
Smith	20	22	19	16	30	18	19	
Hillis	19	22	16	16	31	17	18	
Schultz	19	19	16	17	33	17	19	
Christianson	19	21	19	16	31	19	14	
Jeager	19	25	18	19	30	18	18	
McGowan	19	21	18	20	27	17	16	
Rueger	17	17	15	19	15	15		
Jones	17	22	18	18	17	16		
Nell	17	20	18	14	25	17		
Rockefeller	16	20	17	17	26	13	14	

The general averages for the bluebird shooting in events 2, 3, 5, 8, 9, 10, 12, 13, 15 and 16 were:

Shot at. Broke.		Shot at. Broke.	
C H Smith.....200	181	Tuttle.....200	164
P J McGowan.....200	180	Twohy.....200	162
Christenson.....200	175	Cowan.....200	159
Hillis.....200	172	Nichols.....200	157
Jeager.....200	172	Trudgeon.....200	157
Rockefeller.....200	166	Walker.....200	155
Jones.....200	166	Bartlett.....200	144
Shultz.....200	166	Spargo.....200	125
Nell.....200	162		

Third Day, May 21.

Event 18, at 5 live birds: Twohy 5, Spargo 5, Tuttle 4, Rockefeller 4, Christenson 4, Cowan 4, Hillis 4, Smith 4, Walker 4, Jas. Trudgeon 4, Wm. Trudgeon 3.

Event 19, at 15 live birds: This, the most important event of the tournament in the eyes of the Montana shooters, was for the live-bird championship medal. After an exciting contest, Messrs. Jeager and James Trudgeon landed in the lead with a straight score each. The tie was shot off at 9 birds each, which each of the contestants neatly killed. At this point we ran out of pigeons, and by agreement of the interested parties, a coin was tossed up to decide the winner. The fickle goddess of fortune favored Mr. Jeager. The scores in detail were as follows:

Jeager.....212112111111-15	W Trudgeon.....11110011112212-13
J Trudgeon.....11221212122121-15	Bachelor.....01112121202211-13
Rockefeller.....212212221221202-14	McGowan.....122220102101201-11
Hillis.....222222212222022-14	Christenson.....212202002111201-11
Bartlett.....12102221222122-14	Spargo.....001201222202212-11
Knight.....221212222011222-14	Smith.....002112001112221-11
Tuttle.....10122110121122-13	Brownlee.....222000202121020-9
Walker.....0222101221222-13	Jones.....110012010201010-8

The bluebirds were thrown from five expert traps, 5yds. apart, in a straight line, unknown angles.

Woonsocket Gun Club.

WOONSOCKET, R. I., May 27.—The following scores were made at the grounds of the Woonsocket Gun Club, May 27. H. Eugene Getchell broke the amateur record for 50 birds by scoring 48, 96 per cent.

Event No. 5 was a team race, which was very close, and was not decided until the last man shot his 5.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	
Targets:	10	15	25	5p	25	25	
H E Getchell.....9	10	21	6	24	A Seagrave.....6	17	7
F H Mills.....7	13	21	7	16	L W Ballou.....5	12	4
L W Campbell.....9	12	21	6	19	Chas E Ballou.....5	11	3
E B Arnold.....7	10	12	15	11	J Ellis.....3	11	3
L R Darling.....6	11	18	7	18	C Richardson.....4	11	3

The score of the team race, the fifth event, in full was as follows:

Getchell's Team.	
Getchell.....11010111111111111111-24	
Mills.....110011011111110100011101-16	
Seagrave.....0110110001111111010111-19	
Balcom.....001010000111001011011111-14-73	

Campbell's Team.	
Campbell.....101101111111110001110111-19	
Darling.....01101111111111011001001-18	
Ballou.....0111010101011111011001101-17	
Arnold.....000101110011000001111111-15-69	

ARNOLD SEAGRAVE, Sec'y.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

CINCINNATI, O., May 27.—Our shoot to-day was well attended, as the scores below will show.

There are two shoots each month. The first is on the first Thursday after the first Friday; the second is on the fourth Saturday. The "second chance" is explained as follows: Shooters who score 50 straight, or the highest score in the first shoot, and who tie in the highest score in the second shoot, have chances in the shoot-off; that is, if they are shot out in the first shoot-off, they have a second chance. A set of the Fulford automatic traps has been installed. The single lever opens, closes, changes traps and flushes the birds. It seems to work perfectly.

Mrs. Lindsley has returned from her Eastern visit, looking the picture of good health.

The club grounds in a few days will be inclosed completely with a fine 8ft. board fence, which already is well advanced toward completion.

Kirsch, 6	1111110110111111111111-20
Maynard, 8	1111111111111111111111-23
Waddell, 10	1101110111111111111111-22
Stephens, 5	1001011010001011101011-15
Jack	1111011011111111111111-21
Kirsch, 6	1011111111110101110000-17
Maynard, 8	1111111111111111111111-22
Waddell, 10	1000101111101001111001-16
Stephens, 5	0110110011001011111111-17
Jack, 10	1011101011110101111001-17
Gambell, 6	1111111111111111111111-24
Squires, 4	111111111111001111011010-20
Trimble	1111110111111111111111-23
Mackie, 6	1111110111111111111111-24
L Ahlers, 6	11111111111101111101110-22
Gambell	1110111101111111111111-22
Squires	1111011111010111111111-22
Trimble	1101101111111111111111-22
Mackie	0111011110010101111111-18
L Ahlers	1110011111111111111111-22
Ackley, 10	0010111000111111111111-19
Small, 8	0111111111110101111111-22
Hill, 8	0100001111011011010111-16
Jay Bee, 10	01011111000011111010101-17
Wanda, 12	1111111101111110101110-20
F See, 4	1110111111111111111111-23
Ackley	111111111101011111101-22
Small	1111101111111111111011-23
Hill	0110011110111111111011-20
Jay Bee	1111001011000110111111-18
Wanda	00111001100000111011110-14
F See	1100111111111111111111-22

Ties on 25:

Kirsch, 5	1111101111010111111111-22
Maynard, 4	1101111111011111111111-22
Ahlers, 3	0101011111011111111111-19
Squires, 2	1101101111011111011011-19
F See, 2	01111110111111111100110-20
Ackley, 5	0110011011011011011011-17
Gambell, 3	1111011101111101011111-21
Small, 4	1111011111111111111111-23

Second chance:

L Ahlers, 3	1111110101111111110111-22
Ackley, 5	101111111100110100011010-16

Second ties:

Kirsch, 5	1111110111010111111111-22
Maynard, 4	1111111111110011011011-21
Small, 4	01111011101111111111010-20
Ahlers, 3	1110111111111111111111-24

Third tie:

Kirsch, 5	01111100010011010010111-15
Maynard, 4	11111101110111111010110-20
Ahlers, 3	10111111111111110100111-21

Second chance:

Maynard, 4	1101111111111111110101-21
------------	---------------------------

Cincinnati, May 30.—The next shoot for the cup takes place on June 7. Two hours of rain, which began to fall about 12:30, delayed the shooting to-day. The scores of targets and live birds follow:

Events:	1	2	5	6	7	8	
Targets:	10	15	15	15	15	15	
Willie	3	9	8	7	6	5	
See	9	13	11	11	11	11	
Ahlers	7	15	12	14	13	13	
Stew	9	10	10	13	12	12	
Maynard	9	14	12	13	12	12	
Small	9	10	11	11	11	11	
Jay Bee	8	8	10	11	11	11	
Goodman	10	14	13	13	12	13	
Dick	6	13	14	10	13	13	

No. 3 was at 15 live birds, \$5; No. 4, 7 birds, \$3.50; both events 50, 30 and 20 per cent. in the division of the purses:

Schuler	102121222201*12-12	No. 3.	1120221-6
Dick	212211122211212-15	No. 4.	2121221-7
Morris	*22022222222*12-12		2202222-6
Stephens	211100220*10100-8		2202202-5
Goodman	11212110211111-14		2121212-7
Ahlers	1*21122121*121-12		1122120-6
Ackley	022010121*00210-8		1*21122-6
Oskamp	0101*0000122121-8		2012211-6
Jones	0*2022221221*21-11		1*12210-6
See	2121222222*2221-14		1222122-7
Stew	2222222112212-15		2121111-7
Small	1121012*101111-12		1122111-7
Maynard			22011*2-5
Bauer			0021112-5
Gambell			2212212-7
Wanda			2*2222-5

Fort Smith Gun Club.

FORT SMITH, Ark., May 27.—The regular weekly shoot of the Fort Smith Gun Club took place at the Fair grounds, Saturday afternoon. It is a little early in the season for a good attendance, as everyone is pretty busy. Later in the summer the attendance will no doubt be much better.

Messrs. Knott and Parker, from Jenny Lind, were inattendance, the former taking part in the shooting, and the latter seeming quite interested in looking on.

Miss Agnes Oglesby favored the club with her presence, and fired a few shots to get her hand in. She expects to shoot regularly with the club hereafter. Her position at the trap is excellent, resembling very much that of Mrs. Shattuck, of Minneapolis, the famous woman champion, who made such phenomenal scores at the recent St. Louis tournament.

A 25-live-bird race is talked of for next Saturday, in addition to which the regular target events will be run off. There will be shooting each Saturday afternoon at the Fair Grounds, weather permitting, for the balance of the season. Following are the scores:

Shot			Shot				
	at.	Broke.		at.	Broke.		
Leach	50	44	.880	Baptiste	50	30	.600
Matthews	50	31	.620	Bemis	50	16	.320
Knott	50	30	.600				SECRETARY.

Kingsbridge Gun Club.

KINGSBRIDGE, N. Y., May 30.—The Decoration Day shoot of the Kingsbridge Gun Club, at live birds, was favored with clear, but windy, weather. The scores were:

T Brandt	12112-5	00122-3-8
C Goodwin	10001-2	02121-4-6
O Brandt	20120-3	02020-2-5
M Freightman	12202-3	21022-4-7
R Godwin	12222-5	12112-5-10
MacLaughlin	02022-3	02121-0-6
C Freese	10220-3	02122-4-7
RAY GODWIN. Capt.		

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO.

TERMS, \$4 A YEAR, 10 CTS. A COPY, {
SIX MONTHS, \$2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 17, 1899.

{ VOL. LII.—No. 24.
No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

COLUMBIA AND DEFENDER.

THE successful launch of the new Columbia nearly four months before the date of the Cup races marks another step in what promises to be the most systematic and scientific defense of the trophy that has ever been made. In designing Defender, Mr. Herreshoff made wide departures from his previous yachts, Navahoe, Colonia and Vigilant, and under the influence of his visit abroad with the last, and of his experiments with small yachts, has produced a new type. The design and construction of Defender were radical experiments in their way, though very successful ones.

In the new boat there has been comparatively small need of experiment, but the designer has been able to work with comparative ease and certainty in changing one detail and another of the form and construction of Defender. All that is known about Columbia—and in spite of the strenuous efforts at utter secrecy almost everything of value is known—goes to show that she will be a marked improvement on the Defender of 1895.

If this were all it would give a promising assurance of the successful defense of the Cup, but in addition Defender herself is likely to prove much faster than in her first season. During the winter she has been thoroughly overhauled, all weak places strengthened, and her sail plan increased, until to-day she is probably much faster than in 1895. While Columbia will be manned by a Maine crew, Defender will be manned by Scandinavians, a bit of international rivalry that tends to make the racing of the two of greater interest and practical value.

If all goes well, the end of this month at the latest will see these two sister yachts, each in the best possible condition, racing against each other day by day with an improvement in the speed of each which it is impossible to estimate.

It is doubtful whether the average fast racing yacht in the large classes, with her very limited opportunities for racing with her equals, realizes her greatest possible speed by a very large margin; at least in her first season or two, after which she is probably outbuilt. In the present case, however, it seems probable that by the end of September both Columbia and Defender will be as near to perfection as is possible in yacht racing.

SNAP SHOTS.

THE milldam in Iowa is just what the milldam is anywhere else, an obstruction to fish. But in Iowa it is more than this, for the law declares it to be a nuisance, subject to be abated if the owner makes no provision for the passage of fish by providing suitable fishways. The statute has been vigorously resisted, as so many others are which prevent a man from overriding and destroying the interests of other people, on the ground of constitutionality. A Mr. Wm. Beardsley, in Mahaska county, dammed the Skunk River in a way to obstruct the passage of fish, and held out for his right to do so, through the lower courts, until the case at length came up in the Supreme Court, where it has just been decided. The decision was against him. The Court sustains the fishway law in these words: "Were we to hold the present law unconstitutional, so as to open the way for a riparian owner, whose land is on both sides of a stream, or two abutting owners, to, by a dam or other obstruction, prevent the passage of fish up the stream, and thus deprive riparian owners and the public of privileges as ancient as civilized history, the way would be well opened for innovations and surprises as to rights long enjoyed and of untold security. The streams and lakes are the natural abiding places for the fish. In them they cast their spawn and multiply their species. They constitute an important and valuable article of diet for the rich and the poor, and, with the ways open that nature has provided, they are accessible to both. If the lowest riparian owner of a stream may legally block the way of their migration, the consequences to result to the thousands are readily imaginable. The law that would permit it would be the entering wedge by which the few would profit at the expense of the many. Before we sanction such a rule its existence should clearly appear. The Legislature has kept itself within the settled rule, for that the act of obstructing the passage of fish against individual and public interests would raise a legal presumption of damage is too clear a proposition to be debatable."

This might almost be called an Adirondack number, since the North Woods furnish for it so prolific a theme. Mr. Hastings writes of a trouting trip into the wilderness, and between the lines of his story we may read what the North Woods, with their opportunities for recreation and their speedy approach, mean to a New York business man. Mr. McHarg gives a gratifying report of the fishing conditions, with a picture of an Adirondack trout catch, notable for the size of the fish. Mr. Spears writes of the influences and agencies which are menacing the woods and the public interest in them. There is also a report of the decision of the Court of Appeals holding invalid the statute making the Moose River a highway, the Court having based its opinion on the ground that the opening of the stream for the floating of logs was essentially for private advantage and not for the public good. Taken all in all, these several Adirondack papers have in them much suggestion of the condition of the North Woods as they are to-day, and as they will be in the near future. Whether or no Mr. Spears is pessimistic in his review of the situation, we do not share his apprehension respecting the danger of the woods being fired by men who feel themselves aggrieved because shut out from hunting or fishing districts. There are things which the average man may not demean himself to, no matter how urgently he may be spurred by revenge; and we refuse to believe that the Adirondacks have nurtured a breed of men who would fire the woods to "get even."

If there is any one privilege a human being might claim as an inalienable right, although not guaranteed to him by the Constitution of the United States, it is to enjoy the breathing of pure fresh air when he goes fishing. In fact, fresh air is one of the good things we are constantly talking about as among the advantages of our angling excursions; and it would seem as if there could be no excuse nor warrant for institutions which constitute themselves nuisances and poison the atmosphere for miles around, in those particular spots made by nature for a fisherman's outing. The salt water fishermen of New York city who resort to Jamaica Bay and adjacent waters on the Long Island shore have for many years been subjected to the outrage of a most unbearable stench from Barren Island. This is a bit of land near Rockaway which is devoted to the rendering of carcasses of horses, dogs, cats, goats and other animals from New York city, so that the fisherman in search of balmy breezes and exhilarating airs is often overcome by the abominable odors, and his fishing excursion is wrecked. A measure was introduced into the last Legislature providing for the abolition for this Barren Island nuisance. It passed both Houses and went to Gov. Roosevelt, who disapproved it because he thought the time allowed for the measure going into effect would not suffice for the municipal authorities to provide other means of disposing of the city waste. Although thus temporarily defeated, the endeavor to rid the Jamaica Bay district of this nuisance should not be abandoned.

Mr. Andrew J. Price wrote for the FOREST AND STREAM not long ago an entertaining paper about the custom which prevails in some districts of the South of cutting off the shirt of the hunter who misses his deer; and among other incidents narrated was one of a moot-court where the culprit was duly tried before receiving the penalty. In his notes to-day on mountain trout Mr. Price tells of a West Virginia fisherman who, when he saw a mother raccoon feeding trout to her little ones, constituted himself prosecutor, judge, jury and executioner, and incontinently slew her for what he was pleased to construe as theft of trout. Now if we had our way we would convene a moot-court to hear the cause of Raccoon vs. Man, and to determine righteousness in the case, whether the action of the raccoon in seeking sustenance for its young from the fish specially claimed for his own use by the creature who was given dominion over all living things was an offense which warranted an infliction of the death penalty. As Mr. Price shows approval of the action of the executioner, we should appoint him to defend the man; and the cause of the coon we should give into the keeping of Mr. Lewis Hopkins, while for judge we should nominate our Mississippi correspondent, Coahoma, unless it could be shown that his judicial poise had been marred by the coons which whicker in his cornfield of nights.

When is a trout caught? When you have him safely in your creel, of course, and the lid fastened down securely on top of him. A simple question and readily answered. But not so simple after all; for in one of the Pennsylvania courts they are in a judicial snarl over it. The Pennsylvania law says that "no person shall at any time catch or kill any speckled trout with any device save only with rod, hook and line, except for the purpose of propagation, under a penalty of \$25 for each offense." It appears that two Philadelphia anglers, Mr. J. Price Wetherill and Mr. W. T. Elliott, were recently fishing near Stroudsburg, when one of them was seen to land a trout with a landing net, whereupon information was laid against him for having violated the statute quoted, and trial was had before the local justice. Two witnesses swore that it would be impossible to land an average trout without the use of the net; and the angler's counsel argued that the hooking of the trout was "catching" within the meaning of the law, and that a landing net was "of the same class of fishing apparatus as a reel on a rod." The prosecution, however, contended that the mere hooking, or having a fish on a hook, was not catching within the meaning of the law; but the use of the landing net as acknowledged by the defendant was an employment of it for "catching" the fish, and that therefore the statute had been violated. The case went against the fisherman, and it is reported that it will be appealed to a higher court.

Until this case was brought to our notice it had never occurred to us that a Pennsylvania trout fisherman, who pretended to fine art in the game, would attempt to fish without a landing net. In fact we do not profess to understand how a fly-fisherman could get along without the net, that is to say, if he were using light tackle and the fish were sizeable. There are two classes of trout fishing with a rod. One is to use a pole and strong tackle with which the trout may be derricked from the water over the head into the brush behind. This is a method which does not involve the use of a landing net. The other is to use a light rod and light tackle, and to match one's skill of handling against the strength of the fish, and to save the trout by maneuvering and strategy, rather than by brute main force; and in this practice, as has been said, if the fish is a large one a landing net is absolutely essential. We are curious to know whether the landing net is not a recognized article in the equipment of the trout fisherman everywhere, the Keystone State included.

Mr. Hofer's report of the Montana winter lingering in the lap of spring recalls a National Park story told to illustrate the amenities of the Yellowstone climate. In a Livingstone court a woman witness deposed that she had been living in the county "most of the winter," and pressed further replied that she had "been here a little over eleven months." It has been a hard winter on the game, as Mr. Hofer's notes have shown. Yet severe climatic rigors the elk and antelope and sheep have always had to contend with. No matter how severe this natural tax on the vitality of native species, the game will take care of itself. For mild winters alternate with severe ones; nature preserves the equilibrium.

What the game of the Rocky Mountains cannot stand is such a drain as is made upon it by lumber companies who find elk meat cheaper than beef for their lumbering crews; and by communities which systematically and continuously violate the protective statutes. If the reports which come to us from Jackson county, Wyoming, are well established on fact, as they appear to be, there is gross dereliction on the part of the authorities there. We invite the attention of the warden of Uinta county to the communication in our game columns to-day.

The Ontario authorities have promulgated an order prohibiting net fishing in the waters of Georgian Bay from Saw Log Point to Bustard Islands, the line running on an average from two to three miles from shore. As is well-known to those familiar with the district, the protected waters are the spawning grounds of fish, and the temporary privations complained of by the net fishermen will certainly be more than compensated for by the increased supply of fish the new regulation will insure.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Pioneer Days.—III.

Progress Through the Wilderness.

BY ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

WHEN they set forth in the gray of the frosty morning there was no one else astir in the inn, but as they looked back the breeze moved the long tail of the panther on the sign post and gave the tawny monster a semblance of vigilant life as his white fangs gleamed out in the direction of the land of the enemy. The patient oxen swayed along their leisurely way, the men sometimes in the cart, sometimes plodding beside the team, or Kenelm flanked it in the wayside woods, with rifle ready for a shot at partridge or pigeon.

Now the road, seamed with ruts and laced with a network of gnarled roots, scarred and worn bare by hoofs, wheels and rain, ran through a forest that looked as ancient as the world, its hoary moss-clad pillars rearing their branches above the decay and ruin of innumerable predecessors—life perpetuating itself by death, as nature ever does and as eternity makes itself unending. The clatter and rumble of the cart and the shouts of the driver echoed far along the palisaded thoroughfare with rebounding crash of reverberation, that overbore the tinkle of sylvan streams and rustle of wind-swept leaves and scared the timid wood folk with unnatural noises.

Now there was a clatter of hoofs behind, and the two Allens came up, gave a word of cheer as they passed the crawling oxen and went clattering and splashing out of sight and hearing with their lesser echoes. At noon our travelers came to a small clearing, crude and uncouth with the newness of its hewing from the wilderness, log heaps and stumps dotting the stubble of the recent crop and sharing the ground with the shocked corn. The bark-roofed log house had its primitive plumping mill; a hol- lowed stump, spring pole and pestle. Its out-door oven, like a mud beehive, gave them hospitable welcome through its open door to the wide fireplace to cook themselves a dinner, which was, in fact, shared by their entertainers, while the oxen were made free to a full feed of un-threshed oats. Such was the hospitality of the olden time, sharing the little it had with every comer, and asking as freely as it gave.

Coming to no such friendly shelter at nightfall, Kenelm and Josiah made camp beside a brook, supplying themselves with a goodly store of firewood, for it was a dismal camp ground. The wolves began a hideous concert all around them as the shadows of night descended upon the wilderness, and then behind the black curtain the wail of a panther rang stealthily, circling about the fire-lit center wherein the frightened oxen trembled and the sleepless travelers watched and fed their comforting companion, the fire.

So passed their days and nights, barren of incident almost to monotony, except for such slight mishaps as were common to pioneer travelers.

One day a bear, shaggy, black and shining in autumnal pelage, slouched into the road before them, and itself in a flurry of alarm at the unexpected encounter, frightened the oxen almost to an overturn. While Josiah held the team steadfast, Kenelm ran forward and killed the brute with a well-aimed rifle shot behind the shoulder, and then getting the oxen past it with some ado, they loaded it upon the cart and journeyed on with their trophy to the next frontier hamlet, where it was readily exchanged for some needed additions to their stores.

Anon, they heard the mellow baying of deep-mouthed hounds drawing near and nearer from the hills, and halting where a pond broke the many-colored expanse of forest on the left, when the hounds were closer than the melodious echoes of their voices, and standing alert with ready rifles, an antlered buck bounded into the space before them, and at the double report of the guns plunged headlong into the painted thicket, dying the crimson leaves redder with its blood. Then the gaunt blue-mottled hounds came up and guarded the quarry so fiercely that the slayers were forced to stand off until the panting hunter came upon the scene, a sturdy man of the woods, who made fair division of the spoil, and added something for the unstinted praise of his hounds, which he assured them:

"They'll foller anything from a painter down to a Yorker and a skunk, which be the meanest things in all my knowlege o' man an' natur'." This was Peleg Sunderland and his hounds, which afterward became so famous in the hunting of Tories.

Toward the close of a somber, half-rainy day, when there were no shadows in the woods but a universal gloom, and the only light seemed to come from the yellow and crimson poplars and maples and fiery pepperidges, and when the dusk of evening descended and they had not found a suitable camp, a pack of wolves began trailing them, howling hungrily and calling reinforcements, until the road behind was dusky with the gathering throng. Josiah kept beside the oxen quieting and encouraging them, while Dalrymple sat in the car facing backward, with one rifle across his knees and the other in hand to keep the pack at bay should they become too threatening.

At the first slight opening where a brook babbled along its pebbly bed and spilled itself into pools over obstructing logs, Josiah stopped the team and plied his axe lustily to get firewood from a fallen tree. Then firing some punk with sparks from flint and steel, he soon had a cheerful blaze of splinters, and then a roaring fire that licked and tossed the overhanging boughs and drove darkness and shadow into the circling gloom. Kenelm, firing his rifles in quick succession into the thick of the pack where glaring eyeballs shone and white fangs gleamed hungrily, sent the gaunt brutes snarling and whining into the cover of darkness, all but three that were found lying stiff and stark in the road next morning, and added to the trophies already in the cart.

Another evening, when similarly delayed in finding a camp, a panther prowled beside, sometimes seen in tawny glimpses or glare of baleful eyes, now the stealthy footsteps stirring the fallen leaves, now leaping a prostrate log, or unheard as its soft pads touched softer moss-

clad trunks. Kenelm kept vigilant guard, afraid to shoot for fear of wounding, until a camping place and fuel were reached, and the unwelcome attendant slunk away, spitting angrily and then catterwauling afar off.

"If we had that feller's pelt for a sign, we'd get us a keg o' rum an' go tu keepin' tavern on aour pitch," said Kenelm.

"You'd sell tu me one day, an' me tu you the next," Josiah responded. "But I'd rather not keep tavern if I'd got tu git the sign."

"You'll git used tu all these 'ere varmints afore your year 's up, boy, an' thank your stars they haint Injuns, which is the b'iled daown black salts o' hell itself."

One day as they were traveling along the forest-bordered road they saw a man moving slowly at some distance before them, carefully feeling his way with a staff. As they drew nearer he got cautiously out of the road and awaited their approach with closed eyes turned toward them. "Good folks, be you goin' so far as Manchester?" he whined dolorously.

"Yes, and beyond," Kenelm answered.

"Wal, then, wouldn't ye jest as lives let a poor blind man keep along wi' ye fer company, an' guidin'. If ye will, I'll ask the Lord tu bless ye, an' I know He will."

"Sartinly, an' you can ride in the cart if you're a min' tu," said Kenelm, and helped him to mount, and in doing so noticed the butt of a pistol sticking from his pocket. "But what be you a-doin' wi' a pistil? I never heerd o' blind folks shootin'."

"Wal, I didn't know but what I might, at clust quarters if any varmint tackled me, an' it's sort o' comp'ny. I could fire it if I got lost, an' mebbly fetch somebody 'fore I perished."

"That is a good idee," said Kenelm. "An' haow come ye tu be on sech good terms wi' the Lord 'at He hes ye sarve aout His blessin's?"

"It's turrrible lunsome in the dark, an' I commune with Him in spirit for company."

"That's another good idee, tu," the old ranger said.

"Where be you cal'latin' tu stay tu-night?" the blind man asked, after a little feeling of the things in the cart.

"It depends on where we git tu. Properly we shall camp somewheres."

A gleam of satisfaction passed over the man's face. "I'm glad on 't. I lufter camp aout. The sight—I mean the feelin' an' smell an' noise of a camp-fire doos me good. An' you got pork in this 'ere barril?"

"Yess."

"An' Injun meal in that 'ere?"

"Yess."

"Gosh! Provisions enough tu keep a fam'ly all winter. An' them wolf-pelts wi' the baounty 'll fetch ye thirty Spanish dollars tu Manchester. Be they expectin' of ye there, any o' your folks?"

"No, we do' know a soul there," said Kenelm, who, happening suddenly to turn his averted face upon their new acquaintance, caught him regarding him with open eyes and a hungry, crafty expression upon his countenance, but feigned to take no notice of it.

They made camp early in the first suitable place they came to, and as they were preparing it Kenelm found an opportunity to whisper to Josiah: "We want tu keep a sharp eye on that feller; he haint no more blind 'an we be!"

Having got a roaring fire started, they cooked and ate their supper, then spread blankets and quilts underneath the tilted cart and crept into their beds. Kenelm Dalrymple and Josiah feigned sleep, as did their companion, who, after being assured that their slumber was sound, began cautiously creeping from his bed and went out to the fire, where, watching through half-closed lids, they saw him examining the priming of his pistol, then get the axe within reach, casting frequent stealthy, backward glances at the supposed sleepers, whose snores still increased in volume. Now, as the scamp crouched again to make sure of flint and priming, Kenelm cautiously laid off the blankets and crouching like a lynx for a leap, sprang at one bound upon the shoulders of the plotting thief, and bore him face down upon the earth.

In the sudden onset the pistol was fired, the harmless bullet scattering abroad a shower of ashes and embers. Kenelm wrenched it away, and tossed it over to Josiah, who now came forth wondering at all the sudden commotion.

"Fetch a rope an' tie the devil's hands," Kenelm panted, sitting on his adversary to regain breath.

This done they bound him to a cartwheel, threw a blanket over him and resumed their own, and slept soundly till morning. In the morning they dragged the shivering wretch to the fire, warmed him, fed him and turned him out upon the road with a parting admonition from Josiah: "Now, you skunk, go your ways, an' remember us for hevin' wrought a meracle on ye, in restorin' your sight. Don't seek us no more, for if you run acrost us ag'in, it's more'n likely we'd turn ye deaf an' dumb, as well as blind."

Then they went their way, coming to Manchester, and to Socialborough and Fort Ranger, where they bade farewell to their kind and entered upon the long, lonely journey to the Little Otter.

Their route now lay for the most part along the banks of the Great Otter, now skirting long, silent flowing reaches, now noisy rapids and booming cataracts, here the gorgeous forest reflected branch for branch and leaf for leaf in the glossy water, except as otter or wildfowl broke it with an arrowy wake, there shattered into a thousand flecks of every color where the torn current reached down the long incline of rapids, or leaped in a white tumult of foam down a wall of rock, and sent far down the watery lane and far into the hushed forest the tremendous thunder of its plunge.

So without further adventure with beasts or men, they came to the Lower Falls of the Otter, called by the Wau-banakees, Ne-tah-me-puntook-Peconktook, and here crossed on the gathered driftwood to the right bank, where they found one Pangburn established and preparing to build a sawmill, yet in constant fear of the Yorkers, who held a claim here under a New York charter. He was to be their nearest neighbor, and they bade him good-by with a promise on the part of each to visit each other soon.

Next day they came to the Little Otter, and crossed it

on a rude bridge at the chasm of the Lower Falls, where they found a Quaker surveyor, Timothy Rogers by name, who directed them to their pitch, though he doubted the validity of the title, he being proprietor's clerk, and having no record of its sale to Anthony Capron.

"I'm afeared somebody 'n other 's b'en a-playin' of thee a trick, young man," the old surveyor said, consulting a map which he spread upon a stump. "Thy lot, seventy-four, was drawn tu the right of Nicholas Delaplane, an' I don't find 'at he's sol' it tu anybody. Haowsomedever, thee can go on an' make betterments, an' I think Nicholas 'll allow thee what's right for 'em. He's a member 'mong Friends."

"This 'ere 's one o' your man's mill-seats, Josier," said Kenelm, pointing to the white cataract roaring through the narrow gorge, "an' it haint wi'in three mild o' your pitch, an' the one on Lewis haint no nigher. That shows the critter's a liar, tu begin with." With some misgivings they turned their backs upon the surveyor and the forest-muffled thunder of the falls, and made tedious progress over an abominable road toward their destination.

After a long search they found the corner tree marked on four sides with the numbers of the lots, among which was lot seventy-four, a low-lying parcel of land bordered by the marshes of two streams on two sides, and heavily timbered with pine, hemlock and many kinds of deciduous trees—all giants of the ancient days. They made a shelter for the night, turned the oxen loose to feed along the edge of the marsh, and then slept the heavy sleep of weariness after an accomplished labor.

"What Luck?"

If you wish to listen I am willing to tell you why and when and where we spent a few May days. As to the why of it, speaking of myself, I would tell you that my visage was distorted with neuralgia pains caused by strained eyesight in looking for business profits, but when you are telling others of your pains they have a far distant look, and break in upon your tale of suffering and inform you about pains of their own. Let that part go. When friends talk of the woods and streams it is to me like shaking scarlet at a male bovine, and yearnings that are latent are aroused, and forgetting all else I am off.

We took the Hudson River steamer Adirondack, or rather it took us, and New York backed away as the sun went down behind the Jersey Palisades. To our discredit, we allow the Palisades to be destroyed. The general ticket agent, Genial Jack Allaire, advised Capt. Roe to go past Sing Sing under forced draft and "let no guilty man escape." This steamer Adirondack is a great boat and grand withal. It has a length of half a mile, including the wake, and an enormous beam; then there is the beam of the searchlight, and often we are a beam of the shore and canal boats; the moon beams o'er the waters, there is a beam in the eyes of friend Crippen and a mote in mine. A puffing tug snorts off out port quarter and the three vertical stern lights tell us there is a tow behind. There are four decks, and Trimpi has a poker deck to swell the total and his purse. The dining room is on the street floor, and the kitchen is in the basement: way up in the back garret is a roof tank where they keep all kinds of water, Saratoga, Poland, Apollinaris and fire. Ever been there? The water and the price are high, and if there is any balance the waiters are willing to keep it. The dude walks the carpeted decks looking for friends, and the bellboys see that no harm befalls him. The saloon is open all night, and if any one is sleeping in the chairs after 12 he is not disturbed. There is a tie-up at Albany in the morning. There Col. and Gov. Roosevelt has taken another hill, where a few years ago one disappeared. The silk-hatted jehus importuned us, and for a slight consideration we were transported across the city. The cars have a pull, and we bowl along the banks of the North River mile after mile. Many logs float down stream, others are jammed in the current for a while, only to be jammed later in the pulp mills below. The meadows are dotted with the yellow blossoms of dandelions, buttercups and cowslips. The hills show all shades of green from that of the pale poplars, tamaracks and birches to the dark of the hemlock, balsam and spruce. The bossie calves butt each other about the barns as we speed by, and apparently the fussy mother hen from her barrel-staked prison warns her puffy yellow offspring to keep out from under the wheels of the modern juggernaut. Where the mouth of the North Creek is lost in the bosom of the North River, the railroad ends, and if the cars did not stop there "the devil would be to pay."

We take a stage for the next stage of the journey, and anon the loquacious driver tells us as we come to a bridge that last week a team and six people drove off the bridge. With a look of horror Mr. Burnham asks how it happened. The chuckling hayseed said, "They drove on and they had to drive off." Mr. Close said, "A close call," and Chicken Legs said, "Chestnut." For lunch we stopped at a wayside hostelry, and when I entered the office the same old sights and remembrances were before me as are seen in hundreds of such haunts of the sportsman. There was the air-tight stove, the agreeable smell of the burning birch, blended with the disagreeable of the stale tobacco. There was a picture on the wall of the city sport standing proudly beside the suspended deer which the guide had shot; a wood-cut of the stallion and words below telling where he was sired and dammed. Discolorations above the chairtops are seen on the wall where the bear-oil anointed heads of the rural experts rested. The whole recalled to my mind a winter evening after a day of fox hunting that I was forced to spend in just such a place. A rural nimrod (he was slim enough for a ramrod) told how he cut loose with the right, "Bang she went," and then with the left, "Bang." To make it more vivid, he stood up and gesticulated the synonymous motions. A jealous rival called him a liar, a fight ensued and peace came with an all-round drink, and the winter evening ended as they went to their respective homes in the snowy paths.

We have digressed a little, and to go back I would tell you that lunch is ready. We filed into the dining room looking intently for country produce, and we found it, but like Mr. Dooley's fruits of victory, it was all canned. Oh, yes, they still "carry coals to Newcastle." Some-

one called for a pint of claret, and the bulging blue eyes of our German friend, Trimpi, bespoke astonishment. "You call for wine and expect the rest to pay for it," he said. "You have been drinking rainwater at home all winter, and glad to get it, and now you call for wine—wine—wine. This is no junketing trip of aldermen; you go without." Trimpi is an odd genius and very serious in some things, and several times he hurt my feelings.

We resumed the stage ride, and the sixteen-mile drive brought us well up into the Adirondacks. Just over the iron bridge at Indian River two double buckboards were waiting, as previously arranged. Now about buckboards. They look as innocent and as calm as an army mule, and like the mule, they act like the mischief in a tight place. I have ridden buckboards and bucking broncos, and don't know which was named for the other, but do know that one will throw you as far as the other in their gayest moments. We followed the course of the Indian River as near as the rough country would allow for four miles, and if we had moved directly in its channel we could not be more wet or muddy, inasmuch as it was raining heavily. The off hind wheel had a scoop like a steam dredge, and I was the scow that received the contents when that scoop came up. Trimpi was beside me, and beside himself with delight when a mud plaster hit me in the neck, but his joy was brief, for I was quietly transferring the deposit to his pockets, and had them nearly full when "Hi, there!" my wheel went into an abyss and his climbed a ledge with a suddenness that left no time to catch at straws. As he went past and over me he grasped me lovingly around the neck with both arms and we went on our way down that soily hillside and into the brush in fond embrace as though nothing but death could part us, and that seemed possible. A valise sailed by, then a bundle of fishing rods and umbrellas, and Trimpi's hair trunk hovered in the rear as though to telescope us. We brought up against a rocky stump, and when still in deadly embrace, Crippen yelled, "Hoch der Kaiser." My little knowledge of German came to my aid, and understanding that "Hoch" meant elevating or high up or something of the kind, I rolled my Teutonic antagonist on top. I was "the under-dog in the fight," yet there was a "method in my madness," for the hind wheels of the buckboard were playing teeter above as though undecided whether to drop back into the ruts or to crush the remaining life out of us. In the latter case I needed protection more than a Republican. Referee Crippen said "break away," and we did it. We got up and eyed each other like a pair of game cocks; I called him a gray-haired old blunderer, and he called me a bald-headed pile driver, and we were ready to clinch again, when Crippen stepped in and parted us. Trimpi said, "Blessed are the peacemakers," and I thought of the other blessed ones who shall inherit the earth and wished they might call for that portion that I had accumulated in my peregrinations down the muddy hillside with that flying Dutchman. Easy now, Mr. Trimpi, don't get angry; you know that you were to blame.

We righted things and resumed our way, and when again bad places appeared ahead Trimpi would dismount and command me to lie down. We changed from the course of Indian River to that of the Cedar, and at the base of Dun Mountain decided to climb over rather than go around with the teams. Trimpi was in the van, and with a German's love of music his rich tenor voice cheered us on as he sang "Onward, Christian Soldier." Then he would whistle or chaff back at the hoot owls. "There's a pleasure in the pathless woods" (in the day time). What poetic natures call the gloaming had merged into one of Egypt's plagues, and we slid, stumbled and blundered down the slope until at last the surface of the Third Lake of the Seven Chain Lakes and the lights of Landlord Hutchins' log cottages were "forninst" us. The bright fire cheered and dried us, and our pelts were stretched around the festive board. After supper we unpacked and spread our canvas, corduroys, rubber coats and boots about. If creased trousers indicate style and taste, and patches mean poverty or penury, you could take your choice. The creases ran in all directions, and patches were where most needed. To-morrow will be rag time, and we will have a rag-time dance on the waves or a May-pole dance on spongy green moss and around some towering spruce. The beds yawned and the contagion spread to six fishermen. Taps are sounded and we dream of trout and trailing arbutus till reveille. I often have to "take water," but prefer the land, so while the others fished I hunted among the trees and hillsides for wild flowers, and found them too: cowslips, the magenta and white blossoms of the birthroot, dutchmen's breeches, violets, wintergreen berries, arbutus, mountain laurel and scores of others with names unknown to me were in the bunch, and as I sat on the lake shore admiring them and wishing that others could enjoy them also, the clear notes of a bobolink burst out from the blossoms of the swamp maple at my side, "Bobolink, bobolink, spink, spink." Many years had elapsed since I last heard one sing, and often had I hoped my defective ears could once more register that song. It carried me back to the days when, as a little freckle-faced, pug-nosed, bare-footed country lad, with one gallus, a battered straw hat, the hives and a stone bruise, a peeled alder fish pole and a mustard box full of fish worms in my pocket, together with marbles, jackknives, nails and twine, I wandered down the brookside after pickerel. Those were days when they cut my hair with sheep shears around the rim of an inverted tin pail, as it rested upon my ears; days when Rube Hendley drove me from his land and said to me, "Ef I ever ketch yer here ag'in I will shake yer till the taller flies all around taown." In those days we boys made black finger rings from gutta-percha buttons, baskets from peach stones, and kept our extensive library of Beadle's and Monroe's dime novels up on the beams of the Baptist horse sheds. In the winter we rode on the ox sleds where the side-hill plows were fastened when the roads were broken out. We jammed each other in the snowdrifts and pelted the schoolmaster with snowballs. When the skating was good we stuffed the schoolhouse stovepipe with paper and smoke closed the school, and Jim Clare, the tinman, never went back on us—but "that is my private business."

Next day I fished, and Kit Clarke isn't the only one who knows "where the trout hide." Most anyone can tell big fish lies, so I will only take a little space and that

is shadowed in the valley where the Second Lake water seeks the first. It tumbles and filters down through the wind-fallen tree trunks, over stones and into swirling pools beneath the overhanging brush. There is not room enough to cast, and whether the trout would rise to a fly or tumble to a worm, I did not know, but they were there, and the rod with only 4ft. of leader and snell was poked under branches, and as soon as the lure touched the ripples I felt a tug, and then snapped the hook well in. The trout tried to dart under the log, but was led away and down the stream, and eventually into the net. If you were told the same thing sixteen times in less than an hour, you know it all, and if you could see where the loop of the net rested, just enough above the water to keep the trout in and alive, and then should you expect, as I did, to hear some oracle say "enough," and with a sense of fairness help me to restore the smaller ones to the stream and still have 10lbs. left, you would know what joy is. Oh, climb up the bank with me, breathe in the balsam-laden air, bite at it, get all you can, for it is rare.

Out there on First Lake where the stake stands up from the surface, we tied the boat. The spot was baited with chopped chubs, and with a live one on a double snelled No. 1 sprout I soon hooked a heavy "laker." He made the steel rod form parabolas, and as he darted hither and yon his own kind around him must have thought him erratic. I think most of us mistake in peering into the water for a hooked fish. Just watch the spring of the rod and direction of the exposed line and study the science of it all.

Mr. Crippen is a fine gentleman and angler, and one of those open-hearted men who enjoy the success of others fully as much as his own, and it pleased him greatly to think that we could so enjoy ourselves in accepting his invitation to the trip. I had not met Mr. Trimpi before, and may not meet him again, but I place him in memory as the jolliest type of sportsman I ever met—one that can give and take a joke, and to even up with him I want to say that as he sat in his boat off shore in the evening and lit his pipe with "vind" matches, and as the flames lit up the scene, the outfit looked like a German tramp steamer in distress and burning Coston lights.

Fishing parties divide usually, and the others were away on Cedar River most of the time. They propose to erect a grand stand there another season and charge for tickets to the exhibit of skill. The landlord's daughter landed a 4¾lb. brook trout, and practically whipped us all when she whipped that stream.

There is too much that is grand in that wild country to stay in one place long, and to improve the chance to see more I left the others with regret and started on a long jaunt through to the western exit of the region. They call it going in and coming out, and it reminds you of the words in Sol Smith Russell's song, "And the worms crawl in and the worms crawl out."

A buckboard ride of twelve miles to Indian Lake, lunch, twelve miles more on a good road with a light team, and I was at Blue Mountain Lake at 3 P. M. Often on the drive I stopped at some cabin or farmhouse to obtain a glass of milk, and invariably the good woman who answered the driver's knock hid behind the door as she readily complied with his request and handed out the best pitcher in the house. Coin would be left with her and a message of thanks, and as we drove off I would turn around and see the kindly face peering at us from behind window shades. Others have noticed this. Why do they do so? They need not fear the sportsman. These good country women are the salt of the earth, and their mothers, grandmothers and great grandmothers have furnished the backbone of this blessed country of ours. The little tots hanging timidly to their skirts are the stuff that Lincolns, Grants, Deweys and Roosevelts are made of. Come out and see the sportsmen. We do not expect to see the latest styles or to see artificial formations. What we admire is the plain, simple life—the manners free from artifice or affectation of any kind, and the faithfulness to home duties.

Fortunately one of the best Adirondack guides, Will Kelly, was at leisure, and entering into the spirit of the idea and his canoe we started off to bring up where night and conditions might allow. It was a May day, sunshiny and warm. Not a ripple on the lake other than those caused by skimming swallows or leaping fish. The gigantic upheaval of rock and earth on the right called Blue Mountain conveyed no impression of the blues. The trees on the shores are reflected in the water and seem to be growing downward from their real stateliness. I was thankful to the "powers that be" that I was alive and endowed with at least a partial sense of appreciation of nature undisturbed by man's meddling. Man's work does not always deface, however, and in proof thereof we passed under the bridge spanning the connecting link between Blue Mountain and Eagle lakes. Costly granite abutments support a rustic bridge, and underneath on the facade of masonry rests a bronze tablet fittingly commemorating the efforts of Durant in projecting the first transcontinental railway. As we glide through Eagle Lake the beauty does not fade; it improves rather, and thoughts come to me of the feelings of one born and reared among the city confines and suddenly dropped upon yonder peak without having previous knowledge of these surroundings. When he first looks upon the wonders of nature his untaught imagination gives birth to weird fancies. The living things peopling the air, the streams, the forests and the mountain chasm are to him unknown, and he shrinks from them in timidity. Just awakened, as it were, and feeling his helplessness, he is ready to cry out for succor. As his gaze falls upon the clear surface of the lake and he sees his own kind upon its face, he borrows calmness from it. Gazing above him into the blue expanse, he sees an arch that to his heretofore limited vision seems endless. As the bright clouds flit along the skies and the pure air kisses his face, he, if his soul is in it all, exclaims, "God is good."

In thinking of others, I forgot myself, and the sight of two lads fishing from off a shore boulder cautioned me to look about. With a whoop like that of a dismissed schoolboy, one of them with a pole fit for log driving, yanks a splendid trout into the air over his head and into the forest behind him. How I longed to get at those boys and initiate them into the mysteries of a 50z. rod. But they might resent it all and call me names.

From the western portal of Eagle Lake we enter Uto-

wana and find it the equal of any. The guide hears deer passing on shore and recounts to me tales of many seasons of his vocation, and as he talks vividly, I understand that his pursuits are not all mercenary. Such men are the best of guides. At the end of the lake there is a half-mile carry. I bear the canvas pack and grips; the guide bears the yoke and his canoe, weighing 75lbs. With a heave and a swing we start off on a pilgrimage to a shrine of golden sunset somewhere beyond the Marion River. On the path and in the shade of oaks rested a cow and young calf, and probably they belonged to the owner of a lovely hillside house on the left. I was struck with the appearance of the calf, and nearly struck by its mother. The little fellow was whiter than "beautiful snow," excepting on each end, and I walked carefully up to him to extend a caress and look into the soft eyes. I did not get close. Something in the eye of the watchful mother, such as you have seen in the look of a prospective mother-in-law before you had declared your intentions, admonished me to retreat, and I did so, but not in good order. Let me tell you that it is no cakewalk when you flee from a maddened cow, when you hear the prods of cloven hoofs behind you, and see lowered horns and erect tail over your shoulder. But the good guide saved me, and I believe the sight of a native, or perhaps the boat in midair, soothed the beast, and then I panted in peace. Will Kelly said, "You seemed interested a moment ago. What was the trouble?" "Mr. Kelly, I was admiring that white calf. You don't see them in white often nowadays. They are mostly multi-colored or in black, fast black, too, and warranted not to crock. Mr. Kelly, 'twas ever thus from childhood's hour; I've seen my fondest hopes decay; I never loved a young gazelle—oh, I am away off; this was a calf."

From the dock where the little steamer leaves, we entered the Marion River—a river that for sinuosity beats a snarled fish line, or for crookedness the machinations of Mephistopheles. Twisting in and out, running north, east, south and west, and with imaginable shores, it is the home of millions of bullfrogs, and they keep up a perpetual carillon of croaking, as if in greeting to the first city swell (?) to pass into the hands of preparing hotel-keepers. Muskrats, blackbirds and otter abide there, and for jacklight cruelty it is an ideal place.

Across the lower part of Racquette Lake we saw the Antlers, and I wondered if Landlord Bennett would take me in. I was in rough dress, sunburned and unshaven, and I pictured myself as old Hoss Hoey in "A Parlor Match." On the landing there were boatmen and boats. In one boat, half filled with water, there were scores of fish that to me were unplaced in name. They had a different appearance from any heretofore seen. If you wish for information and care to disclose ignorance, ask questions relating to other matters, and you will be told what you really wish to know. They were suckers, and I learned that they were chopped up and used to bait the buoys for lake trout fishing. At Racquette Lake they use suckers for bait; in New York City they use bait for suckers, and the racket is different, but they bate the boys just the same, and inasmuch as we are told that a sucker is born every minute, the process will probably go on until the "game laws" intercede.

I approached the office of the Antlers, and as I stood before the Boniface with uncovered head, he scanned me and consented to keep me. I believe my expanse of brow, or reach of forehead, saved me, and I ate at as clean a table (and I cleaned it more) and slept in as nice a bed as can be found anywhere. This is an elegant spot for good Americans to pass the summer months. Bennett could earn a big salary as a landscape gardener. The cottages are little castles. Someway I like the man: he is a sportsman too, I think, if trophies, guns and ears that have been frozen mean anything. It was grand to hear him speak in praise of Fred Mather—some kindness of the Colonel's in years past, I think. Did your ears tingle out there in Winsconsin, Colonel, about the middle of May? We were talking about you then. I also met a young Government surveyor, Mr. Bumstead, whose work is around and about this locality, and enthusiasm and correctness were plainly disclosed as he described his labor to me.

We went away the next day and passed the hut of old Trapper Dunning. Eighty-six years old, and as lively as a cricket; he pulled a 17lb. "laker" from Eighth Lake of the Fulton Chain the week before; he shot the last moose in the State, and believes that he has trapped the last beaver. Through the labyrinths of Brown Tract Inlet for four miles we passed, and then carried one and one-half miles from there to Eighth Lake, and I approached my old deer hunting haunts. A drive of seven miles to Eagle Bay on Fourth Lake and a telephone message around to Hess Camp brought a boat to take me over, and I knew "where I was at." If you wish to go where I did and in an opposite direction, take the Adirondack Railroad to Fulton Chain, change cars and a few minutes' ride lands you at Old Forge. In season steamboats will carry you through a paradise to the head of Fourth Lake. If you wish to drive over the new road to Eighth Lake, stop at Eagle Bay; but if you prefer to pass Fifth, Sixth and then Seventh lakes, stop at Hess Camp.

My good friend and guide, Delmarsh, met me, and we planned for October hunting days. He is to build a new camp away out in the forest for me, and says that I may have a box stall. I will be wid ye, Archie, in October—Divine Providence and cash permitting.

A little mite of a woman caught a 6¾lb. lake trout, while my largest catch at Fourth Lake was less than 1lb., and I quit fishing. Everywhere I went I ate trout; I had to. They did not ask what you desired. I simply had them thrust upon and into me till I wanted to swim all the time and my sides began to be speckled. The scales showed a gain of 10lbs. in ten days, and I took the back trail for home and codfish.

After a few days spent in gathering neglected ends, I was on the firing line once more, and had time to read. In perusing late editions of FOREST AND STREAM I noticed that some of its readers commented most kindly regarding the little brochure in reference to the schoolboy. I did not expect that what I wrote in an unstudied way would move anyone to the extent of carrying them back to earlier days. It seems that some were so moved, and I think no harm was done. When we reach a certain age

we seem to know more about the past than about the future, and we look back for something lost—boyhood days, the old home, father and mother, brothers and sisters, friends and incidents are recalled.

It may be sentiment to reconsider the past, but to the country-bred boy that sentiment is sacred. There is no home like the boy's home. There is no spot like the spot on which the man is born. There it is that every scene is imperishably fixed on his memory. There were his playground and his school, there the little church to which he went, there the paths his father and his mother trod. Nowhere else will he ever know who lives under every roof, nowhere else will linger so familiarly the names of the neighbors. Though years and oceans separate him from it, always in his heart is the thought that he will some day return to it. When he revisits it there are more familiar names on the gravestones than familiar faces in the street, but the roadways and the lilacs, and the sweet-brier and the wild rose, the grass of the fields, the kiss of the west wind, the shadows of the clouds upon the meadows, the cool fragrance of the woods—all these are the same; they have not changed, and the soul of the old playmates and schoolmates is still in them. Though their outstretched hands have crumbled into dust, the neighborly sympathy is in the very air and cannot be lost so long as that breathes. The longer he lives, the closer is the tug upon his heartstrings to lavish on the old home some expressions of his love. And that is what I'm thinking of at this moment.

W. W. HASTINGS.

Adirondack Ruin.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I returned the other day from a trip to the northern part of Herkimer county, N. Y. I did a little fishing, tramped through the woods and saw nearly all of my friends in the vicinity of Northwood. The boys all had something to tell, chiefly about deer hunting and other exclusively forest topics. What they said was not altogether pleasing, nor was all that I could see inspiring of hope for the preserving of the game and the game covers. I got a letter from my father, who is at Northwood, on June 3, after my return. He said that the woodsmen in Wilmurt are talking of setting fire to the woods this summer and burning as much of the country as possible. I heard considerable of this talk myself, and there was nerve behind the talk to apply a match to a brush heap or two at the foot of some hill. The men who talk this way are not guides, but woodsmen. They have been insulted by men who seek to keep them from following the public highways of the country, and from hunting on the State lands where game is to be found in any considerable quantity.

The woods are in very bad shape. I saw a mile of spruce pulp logs boomed in the West Canada Creek at Hinckley. The logs were from 1 ft. in diameter at the butts down to 3 or 4 in. During the half-dozen years just passed the same boom has been jammed yearly with logs. At first it was spruce saw logs culled from the woods in scientific style. The butts were alleged to be a foot or more in diameter. The supply of spruce was going to yield a perennial harvest, it was stated, and the woods would last forever under judicial harvesting. I suppose the pulp logs are taken out on the same principle.

"Culling" the woods is getting to be a regular mania. Actually the only woods thing not worth culling seems to be the blackberry briars. It is said the ferns are better for a little trimming, the partridges thicker because of a little killing of the old birds, the deer better off if the big bucks are killed, and the trees better for a little culling.

The "scientific" culling of the spruce forest, as carried on in all the western part of the Adirondacks, is something to wonder at. This is the first result I have noticed. In dry time there is only about two-thirds as much water now in the West Canada Creek as there was ten years ago. In high water there is more.

All the softwood saw logs in the West Canada Creek watershed have been cut out. That left big gaps on the hardwood ridges. The sun reached the ground in places and there the springs dried up. The dead tops are as tinder. Is there any wonder that the streams are withering?

But pulp wood is soft wood only. The problem how to do some more culling was ever present. What could be done with the great beech and maple trees which cover a large part of the rocky Adirondack hills? The idea of transporting them by railroad naturally came. The mills which cut up all the spruce were handy to the railroad. But the railroad wasn't always handy to the hardwood. The woods are cut through along the western side now by a railroad, and so the hardwood is easily transported. The big birch trees are going first. Birch is very ornamental, especially for ceilings and doors. So the birch goes now as fast as the saws will take it.

It appears that with just the birch being "culled" the woods were still able to hold their own, or else they didn't go fast enough; the trees still crowded each other with natural barbarism. Such wilderness is now being done away with by civilizing processes.

The woods five miles above Northwood are nearly all hardwood. A hundred years ago a fire swept over that district. A part of the burning still remains open. The charred logs lie where they fell. Briars and ferns cover most of the open, but poplars, wild cherries and other trees are taking root in all parts of the clearing, and woods bid fair to grow where the burning was not already redeemed. On all sides of the burning open there is a dense second growth of tall slender birches and maples. It is so close in places that one can travel through it only with difficulty. Around this second growth is a fine forest of hardwood, with hardly a trace of the old burning in it. Here and there are rocks scaled by the heat, little bunches of second growth and occasional patches of briars as bad as barbed wire. It is a fine cover for game.

The eye of an excelsior-making man caught sight of some of the trees while he was partridge shooting. In second growth the trees are apt to have a pretty straight grain. The trees were just right as to size. As a result a camp was completed in the center of the finest of the second growth on May 25, and a gang of men put to work. Twenty-five thousand cords of wood are to be taken out "as a starter." Everything goes—birch, beech or spruce, hemlock or balsam. A gasoline engine is being put up right in the edge of the woods to split the blocks. Should it

blow up there would be a pretty mess, and if the weather is dry enough there would be another burning.

The whole western border of the Adirondacks is a mass of woods, with dead, dry underbrush. The underbrush is being added to along every stream which will float a log. Of the streams, Black River is most important. On it there are several saw mills and pulp and paper mills. The largest pulp mill in the world is to be erected on it, it is said, very soon. Moose River and Little Black Creek, both of which reach into Herkimer county, are tributaries. The woods counties affected by the pulp industry are Hamilton, Lewis, Herkimer and St. Lawrence. The parts of the woods which the rivers do not reach are cut by railroads. The railroads carry everything—hard and soft wood both. The spectacle of the wealthiest State in the Union allowing a few companies to clear away the forest which covers the sources of most of the State's rivers is one to think about. After the timber is all gone the land will, of course, be sold to the State at about six times its original cost.

I have heard that there are preserves in the woods from which the timber is not taken in up-to-date scientific style. These preserves offer shelter to the game which still remains. Where only real sportsmen hunt over them, the overflow of animals from the preserves will supply adjoining territory. Consequently, when the State does as it ought to and buys up the land in that region, and properly patrols it with gamekeepers—makes a State club of it—the game will increase everywhere. The deer will become especially numerous. But if certain styles of clubs prevail, then there will be trouble for everything from the chipmunks to the hunters.

The efforts made to protect the game are interesting. Deer are around Northwood every summer. They are seen in the pastures, in the little wood lots near by, and berry pickers scare them out of the bushes. Partridges flock in every woods patch, and every man and boy has a gun, some two or three. All sorts of woods stories are heard there. The residents are all woodsmen. The terror of the game law is on no one. So far as I know there hasn't been a prosecution for violating the game law at Northwood in ten years, and I have been in constant touch with the woodsmen all that time. The other day, when I was in Northwood, a man told me that he had heard of twenty-two deer being killed by crusters last winter. One party on two trips killed thirteen. There ought to be lots more deer in the neighborhood. There is no better region for wintering deer than that from the Twin Lakes to the South Branch of Little Black Creek. The deer are there every winter. Before spring they are dead—their throats cut or their heads chopped off. One wants deer meat. But he wouldn't go if his neighbor wouldn't. The neighbor will go anyhow. So both go together.

At Wilmurt, ten miles away, there were, I believe, five men fined \$100 each for hounding deer. Around Wilmurt the deer are not plentiful enough to still-hunt. Twelve miles north and beyond is good still-hunting ground. The Adirondack League owns a lot of land up there somewhere, and claims the right to stop people from going up the Creek to the hunting grounds. The League is believed to be back of the prosecution of the hounders.

The trail up the West Canada is forty years old. The law says (laws of 1890, Chapter 568, Section 100) that twenty years' travel makes a trail a public highway. Apparently the League don't think all laws are equally important. The woodsmen don't pretend to be lawyers. They are afraid of the League's power. One can talk morality to them by the rod, and they look sullen and go crusting and talk about a dry spell and what wonders a single match will do.

The woodsmen believe the game is to be preserved. They see that men have been fined, and that it is dangerous to let dogs run free. But they persist in calling it "Canachagala cold storage preservation." A friend of mine, Byron E. Cool, at North Lake, was at Canachagala Lake early last summer. When he came back he wrote a story of the trip for the Boonville Herald. He told of finding three deer sunk with rocks to the bottom of the lake on the floating ground. He added that "everybody knows none but League members or guests are allowed to hunt on Canachagala Lake." It stirred the woodsmen quite a good deal. Canachagala Lake is a State reservoir, a feeder of the Black River and Erie canals, but the League claims it. One's sympathies can't always run to upholding game laws.

As the editor sees, I spent most of my time gadding around. I did catch a few fish, but mostly I was seeing the woods and talking to my friends.

The season was very late, but now is in full speed. The leaves are fully out, and fishing worth having begun.

Mr. Haskins and Did Thomas were at Will Light's. They were fishing every day and all day long. Haskins has been coming to the West Canada for thirty-four years. He stays a month or two each year, and sees the finish of many a big trout every year. He and Did are inseparable. Each one says that the other never says things except when a rock rolls from under his feet and causes him to settle down waist, breast and whisker deep in the water. Then even the bubbles coming up are full of sound. They were the first men I ever saw who could cast a fly and make it settle on the water like a cherry blossom. When I used to say "fish pole," Mr. Haskins taught me better. When I insinuated, this year, that I was going to use worms as well as artificial flies, he remonstrated with me, and I used them only once. The pair got plenty of fish, as did all the fishermen who knew how to handle their rods. I saw Will Lovel land a 1½ lb. trout. It was a picnic. Will is the best fisherman in the country. He said afterward that the fish fought harder than any one he ever saw. The trout cavorted among the boulders and from the surface to the bottom, working all the while, but finally came to net still flapping.

Will Light and George Squires put 30,000 trout into the creek this spring. There ought to be better fishing in a few years, but cold bed atrocieties will have to be stopped.

If it wasn't for the men who are cutting away the forest the prospect for the future of the Adirondacks would be good. I don't blame the men who make money from their own land, but it does seem as if the State ought to see the sense of buying up the endangered territory, and all the rest, at once. RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

NEW YORK CITY.

Adirondack Rivers and Lumbermen.

From the Albany Journal, June 7.

THE decision of the Court of Appeals in what is known as the Moose River case is a very important one in the effect which it will have upon the preservation of the forests and the protection of trout in the Adirondack streams. It places the pulp manufacturers and the lumber companies at a serious disadvantage, as it declares unconstitutional every law making Adirondack streams public highways for the floating of logs.

The ground taken by the court is that these laws are not passed for the benefit of the general public, but are mere subterfuges to get around legislation so that private individuals may enjoy special rights in the use of the specified waterways. This view of the court is strictly in accordance with the facts in every case where the Legislature has passed a bill for the benefit of the lumbermen, who drive their logs through the Adirondack streams, and often kill large tracts of timber by building dams to provide sufficient water for their purpose.

This practice kills the trout, and has been so destructive, especially in the Ausable River, that once excellent fishing grounds are no longer available. Trout not killed by the logging are destroyed by the sawdust that is boldly emptied into the streams by the mills in defiance of the law.

The law just declared unconstitutional was passed in 1894 for the benefit of the lumber firm of Thomson & Co., in which Lemon Thomson, John A. Dix and Senator Curtis N. Douglas, of this city, are interested. This firm had legal trouble with W. S. DeCamps, who objected to the lumbermen going over his property. They then got the bill through the Legislature, but were enjoined, and the case was stubbornly fought until the present decision was reached.

The DeCamps brought suit for damages for crossing their land and were awarded \$1,805. The defendant lumbermen fell back upon the Legislature and got a bill passed declaring Moose River a public highway for floating logs. The DeCamps got an injunction and questioned the constitutionality of the law. The court holds that the declaring of Moose River to be a highway was not for public but for private purposes, since it was merely to assist lumber interests, and was therefore unconstitutional.

It is understood that the lumbermen have cut \$19,000,000 of lumber and that the decision prevents taking it out. Dr. Seward Webb may become involved in the matter, as the Thomson Company purchased its land from him for the purpose of taking out the timber by water.

Under the decision no logs can be floated down a stream without the consent of the owners of the riparian rights, which means that these owners can charge such tolls as they see fit for the use of the streams for the floating of logs. This will increase materially the cost of getting lumber out of the woods, and in some cases practically will put a stop to lumbering, on account of this increased cost. In the case of Thomson & Co., the firm can get its logs out by rail from its lumber tract to its mills at McKeever on the Adirondack & St. Lawrence Railroad, by hauling the logs a short distance.

The pulp mill men claim that it is unwise for the State to ignore such large business interests simply to benefit a few sportsmen; that the value of all the trout in the Adirondack streams is infinitesimal in comparison with the value of the pulp mill interest. This State's pulp industry is three times as large as that of any other State in the country. There are ninety mills, representing an investment of over \$25,000,000, and a very large number of men are dependent upon pulp manufacture for a livelihood. The claim that they were denuding the watersheds of the rivers that take their rise in the Adirondacks the pulp men deny, and say that they are exercising great care in the cutting of trees for the protecting of their future supply.

This claim is not admitted by those who have been working to secure better protection for the Adirondack forests.

Fall of the Giants.

WHAT is believed to be the finest lot of walnut timber in the United States is now being cut out on the woodlands in the heart of the Miami Indian Reserve, in the southern part of Wabash county, Ind. On these seventy-five acres of land are sixty-five massive walnuts, none of which is less than 4 ft. in diameter, and ranging up to 9 ft. 6 in.

The monarch of the lot is perfectly straight. Its trunk is not broken by a limb for 66 ft. One of its forks was 33 ft. long and 3 ft. through. Two trees, standing together, denominated "the twins," are each 5 ft. through and 6 ft. to the first branches. At one place eighteen walnut trees from 2 to 3 ft. in diameter had to be felled in order that a 7 ft. tree, around which they were thickly clustered, might be felled without splitting its trunk.

Besides the splendid walnut, there are mammoth oaks from 6 to 8 ft. in diameter, without limbs for a distance of from 60 to 70 ft., and there are shellbark hickories from 3 to 4 ft. through, with no branches up to 75 ft.

The "Jerusalem Cricket."

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., June 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In the issue of FOREST AND STREAM, May 20, page 385, Mr. E. Hough gives a rather good description of the well-known Western sand cricket. It is a common insect in many localities, and was first described by Dr. Cyrus Thomas in "Hayden's Geological Surveys," 1871. Its scientific name is *Stenopelmatus fasciatus*. As Professors Comstock and Smith in their works on insects have already given it the common name of sand cricket, this name must stand, while Mr. Hough's inappropriate name "Jerusalem cricket," must be rejected.

C. FEW SEISS.

Take inventory of the good things in this issue of Forest and Stream. Recall what a fund was given last week. Count on what is to come next week. Was there ever in all the world a more abundant weekly store of sportsmen's reading?

Natural History.

The Winter of 1898-9.

THE winter of 1898-9 was memorable to people in general throughout most portions of the United States, but there are two classes in particular who will not forget, for it left a rich legacy of disappointment and grief, equally sure in both cases, though the bird lover's portion is not like the fruit-grower's—susceptible of tabulation. However, an approximate figure could be reached if those who can would supply data, and it becomes their duty to do so, in order that greater vigilance along protective lines should be manifest to all who would keep the world beautiful.

While the conditions in Arkansas were peculiarly trying for man, all through the season, too frequent rains being succeeded by severe winter weather, the birds had no grounds for complaint before the last days of January, but from that time until well past the middle of February, how to preserve life was a problem too involved to be happily solved save by the most hardy species.

During this period thermometers registered 12 below zero, and the ground was frozen something over 13 in. below the surface. A snowstorm the 29th was disastrous enough, but when it was followed by one which covered trees, shrubs and ground with an impenetrable coating of ice times were indeed perilous for all birds, whether residents or transients.

My experiences at so stressful an epoch may not have been phenomenal, but they are at least too interesting to remain all my own if a lame description can make them the property of others. They began with the snowstorm referred to, as robins wintering in the surrounding country came flocking about the city to be slaughtered by thousands before hunters could be made to understand they were protected by the song bird law, passed two years ago.

Sitting the first bitter cold night, grieving over this massacre of the innocents and the alarming situation of those still left, an imperative tapping was heard at a glass door, from which the light from within sent welcoming beams, and upon opening it in fluttered a half-frozen robin.

Showered with love phrases and tempted with the choicest of food, he yet remained so unappreciative of both that at last, understanding his mission as one of solicitation, we gave him his freedom, and from that moment until the sun had unlocked nature's stores we supplied all birds that would come, with abundance to eat.

At the end of the garden, away from the house, wheat and corn were put out many times a day, while the ground under a south window—called "the head of the board"—was liberally sprinkled with rice, cracked pecans and bird seed. It would be impossible to say how many were thus cared for, but that does not matter, since the interest lies in the species represented more than in numbers.

A few cardinal grosbeaks and brilliantly beautiful blue-jays made spots of vivid color now and then in the somber landscape, selecting with great care uncracked corn for the foot of the table, while a half-dozen fox sparrows never ate below the salt or accepted less than the best.

Juncos came to feed upon seeds for the most part, but only when things were at the worst, and even then seemed often on the point of bursting into song, although never getting beyond a cheery clearing of the throat.

White-throat sparrows were by far the most numerous and faithful of our guests, with here and there one who sang over and over a refrain as exasperatingly incomplete as the one Sandy Faulkner finally finished for his world-famous entertainer.

The white crowns, unlike their cousins, had only two or three representatives, and these refused us so much as a broken measure of their cunning little polka-time song, but we forgave, for it is an event even to see them in this region.

At different times hairy and red-bellied woodpeckers were seen trying to peck through the ice on the trunks of the trees, but the attempt was as fruitless as that of a poor mourning dove to warm her pink feet on the frozen ground, as she pecked daintily at the food spread before her.

One morning a queer song came from the top of a little arbor, and there sat a shrike greedily eyeing a group of small birds; but, like the hawk, which had hung suspended a few moments before over the same spot, he did nothing but look.

A small party of meadowlarks stopped for a few grains of wheat, but they must have known of stores more to their liking, for they remained only a short time, and made but the one visit. Of grackles there were never more than five, and these were as quiet as the most reticent of their kind, save once or twice, when a wandering sunbeam was answered by a cherry scrape of their fiddles.

Many times during the most severe weather a few of the most forlorn looking robins it was ever my fortune to see would come to the garden and sit perfectly still for moments, making no attempt to eat grain or seeds. This troubled me greatly, even when I knew they were cloyed by feasting on the berries still hanging on the China trees. For they would eat until stupid and drop upon the ground an easy prey to any one who chose to pick them up, or to the cold, which was intense when night fell. That many lost their lives in these ways is certain, though of the actual number no one can even guess.

Now, while the pleasure of providing for these birds was unspeakable, and all were held in high esteem, there were about two dozen purple finches who made the week of their stay such a continuous delight that it went far toward giving them first place in our favor. At first, when not hanging head down from the little fuzzy sycamore balls, they would eat on the ground with the others, but very soon a crowd of them would drop like so many leaves upon the window sill almost before the sash could be lowered after scattering their rations.

Encouraged by such boldness, we began holding the nuts in our hands and were amazed to find the little creatures would sit upon them as trustingly as though reared in the house. This was followed in a day by their flying in through the open window to the table, where plates of cracked nuts were kept, and at last by alighting upon us, clamoring in the prettiest way for more food, whenever we appeared outside near this window.

It could not be called ingratitude—rather commendable independence—when their whole conduct changed with the rising temperature, but it was a little mortifying to find even "one-eyed Dick," an especial pet, as shy as the wildest of birds on his last visit.

The crowds of white-throat sparrows and all other species had gone a few days earlier, some to the vine-covered trees and shrubs in the ravines, which are winter quarters for many residents as well as winter sojourners, and others, another stage on their journey toward summer nesting grounds. Before their departure, however, as I was anxious to learn what the casualties had been, people were asked to say what dead birds they had found, and although their record is not clear as to kind or precise as to numbers, it will be noticed that it contains only the most hardy species. This is a pertinent fact of itself, but taken in connection with those drawn from my observation during the spring migration, it forms a secure basis for the proposition at the beginning of this article, unless—as is not at all probable—the conditions here were and are still exceptional.

Dead Birds.

Twenty people found from one to three dead robins, some very poor, others plump and uninjured. Two citizens gathered "a half-bushel" of robins from under China and evergreen trees.

A countryman gave this account: "Lots of dead birds, redbirds, robins, woodpeckers, flickers, mockers and some little sparrow birds. These last died on their nests."

On a sandbar in the river the bodies of meadowlarks, robins, yellow-hammers and numbers of small birds were found, while people in the city added to that list jays and purple grackles. As in 1895, great numbers were found crowded together in the hollow trees in the woods, but the witnesses could not specify what kinds were there.

A few myrtle warblers were found, and alas! several bluebirds. These beautiful creatures were only just beginning to be seen here again after the terrible experience in 1895, and now not a note has been heard from them all through the spring.

The non-appearance of some regular transient visitors doubtless has nothing whatever to do with the severe cold of the winter, but the diminution in number of certain other transients and residents unquestionably does. At any rate the names of those less abundant, or missed altogether, make a formidable list.

Bluebirds.—Not seen, although fairly plentiful during fall migration, and a few groups about just before the cold weather set in.

Myrtle Warblers.—Not seen, although the most regular of all the small birds, at least, to appear in the spring.

No Wilson's, magnolia or cerulean warblers have been seen, but they are not regular in their appearance.

No Louisiana water thrushes at their former nesting grounds, though one single transient passed on quite early in the season.

Mockingbirds, redstarts, Maryland yellow-throats, cardinals, purple martins, orioles, chipping sparrows, hooded and parula warblers notably less, and wood peewees, great-crested fly-catchers considerably reduced.

MRS. LOUISE MCG. STEPHENSON.

HELENA, Arkansas.

The Danger of Introducing Noxious Animals and Birds.

BY T. S. PALMER, ASSISTANT CHIEF OF BIOLOGICAL SURVEY.

From the Yearbook of the Department of Agriculture.

(Continued from page 444.)

Need of Legislation.

The examples already cited show the danger of introducing exotic species on large islands, particularly on those far distant from continents, where the fauna is necessarily limited and predatory species practically absent. In such places introduced species are almost sure to increase very rapidly. The experience of New Zealand indicates the necessity of exercising unusual care in introducing birds and mammals into the islands recently acquired by the United States. Much remains to be learned about the fauna of these new possessions. Puerto Rico is less known than any of the larger islands of the West Indies, but it probably has no indigenous mammals except bats. About 150 species of birds have been recorded from the island,¹¹ of which twenty are not found elsewhere. The fauna of the Hawaiian Islands is still more limited; indigenous mammals, except one bat (*Lasius*), are entirely wanting, but many of the birds are of great interest. Although no complete list of them has yet been published, about 100 species are known to occur on the islands. The fauna of the Philippines is much richer. The mammals are comparatively unknown, and until recently were supposed to be poorly represented, but at present the list includes some fifty species, of which about half are bats. The birds have received much more attention, and nearly 600 species have been recorded from the archipelago,¹² 286 occurring on Luzon alone.

All of the islands have probably suffered more or less from the introduction of noxious species, especially rats and mice. In Hawaii rats have done so much damage that the sugar planters have imported the mongoose to destroy them, and this animal is now becoming a pest. The mink of India is also present in considerable numbers, and the house finch (*Carpodacus mexicanus* from-

¹¹ Gundlach, J. F. O., XXVI., 1879, p. 163.

¹² This number includes the species found on Palawan. Worcester and Burns class Palawan with Borneo on zoological grounds, giving for the Philippines proper 526 species; of these, 323 are confined to the group. (Proc. U. S. Nat. Museum, XX., 1898, pp. 564, 575.)

talus) has been introduced, notwithstanding the fact that it is usually considered a great pest by fruit growers in California.

During the last fifty years a number of acclimatization societies have been organized for the purpose of introducing animals and plants from foreign countries. Private individuals, too, have devoted both time and money to importing birds or mammals which they consider necessary or desirable additions to the native fauna. Four or five societies exist in New Zealand, and several have been formed in the United States. During the years 1872-1874 the Acclimatization Society of Cincinnati, O., expended \$9,000 in the purchase and importation of European birds, and introduced some 4,000, belonging to about twenty species, at an average cost of about \$4.50 a pair. These included several birds of doubtful value, such as the starling, skylark, and great titmouse or kohlmeise.¹³ This experiment proved a failure.

In 1888 the Society for the Introduction of European Song Birds was organized at Portland, Oregon, and imported two lots of birds in 1889 and 1892, at a cost of about \$2,000. Among the numbers were fifty pairs of skylarks, thirty-five pairs of black thrushes, thirty-five pairs of starlings, fifteen pairs of green linnets, and a number of others, representing in all some twenty species. Recently the introduction of the kohlmeise into the Northwest has been seriously considered, and the spasmodic attempts to acclimatize the skylark and starling have been renewed.

Whatever may be the difference of opinion concerning the desirability of introducing exotic species, it will be generally admitted that some restriction should be placed on the importation of birds and mammals which may become injurious. Since it has been found necessary to restrict immigration and to have laws preventing the introduction of diseases dangerous to man or domesticated animals, is it not also important to prevent the introduction of any species which may cause incalculable harm. Experience with the English sparrow, the work of rabbits in Australia and of the mongoose in Jamaica, all these have abundantly shown the necessity of preventing the repetition of similar costly blunders in the future.

Twelve years ago Dr. C. Hart Merriam, Chief of the Biological Survey, urged the necessity of restricting the importation of exotic species, as follows:¹⁴

"It seems desirable that a law be enacted conferring upon the Commissioner (Secretary) of Agriculture the power of granting or withholding permits for the importation of birds and mammals, except in the case of domesticated species, certain song and cage birds (to be specifically enumerated), and species intended for exhibition in zoological gardens, menageries and museums, which may be brought in without special permits. The question of the desirability of importing species of known beneficial qualities in other lands is one which sooner or later must force itself upon our notice; and it is highly important that when such experiments are made they should be conducted by or under the control of the Department of Agriculture."

Ten years later Mr. Alexander Craw, quarantine officer of the California State Board of Horticulture, again called attention to the need of legislation, and in his annual report of 1896 recommended the passage by Congress of a stringent law preventing the introduction of noxious animals.

At present there is no Federal statute on the subject, and apparently California is the only State which has given the matter serious attention or has taken steps to prevent thoughtless or intentional importation of injurious species. In the act creating the State Board of Horticulture, approved March 13, 1883, and amended March 8, 1889, authority was conferred on the board to make regulations for the purpose of preventing the spread of fruit pests. In accordance with this act, certain quarantine regulations were adopted on Aug. 15, 1894, one of which, Rule XII., provides that "animals known as flying fox, Australian or English wild rabbit, or other animals or birds detrimental to fruit or fruit trees, plants, etc., are prohibited from being brought or landed in this State, and if brought, they shall be destroyed."¹⁵ This law has resulted in the destruction of several flying foxes, and, so far as known, every mongoose thus far brought to the port of San Francisco. It is, perhaps, not too much to say that to this regulation and to the vigilance of the quarantine officer at San Francisco the State owes its present freedom from the mongoose.

The action of Cape Colony and Western Australia on this question stands out in marked contrast to the apathy of other countries. Cape Colony, in 1890, made it unlawful to introduce rabbits, either by land or sea, or to turn them loose within the colony;¹⁶ required the rabbits already in the colony to be confined in hutches or boxes constructed according to certain prescribed regulations, and authorized anyone to destroy rabbits found on his premises, Crown lands, or along public roads. Western Australia, profiting by the experience of her sister colonies on the eastern side of the continent, has taken measures to secure protection from the evils of indiscriminate and ill-advised acclimatization by the passage of the so-called "Destructive birds and animals act" (57 Vic., No. 22). This law, passed in 1893, prohibits the introduction of all birds or animals which, in the opinion of the governor-in-council, are destructive to vineyards, orchards, fruit trees, or any agricultural produce. The act prohibits the keeping of such birds or animals on private premises, authorizes the destruction of those already in the colony, prohibits the liberation of any destructive bird or animal, and permits duly authorized officers to enter premises for the purpose of seizing or destroying such birds or animals. The term "destructive" is interpreted to mean any species to which the governor-in-council may from time to time extend the provisions of the act by proclamation, and the selection of species is based mainly upon the recommendations of the bureau of agriculture.¹⁷ The law is therefore elastic and may be easily modified when necessary. Sparrows and rabbits were originally included in 1893, flying foxes were added in December, 1895, and starlings, blackbirds, and thrushes in January, 1896.

¹³ Journ. Cincinnati Soc. Nat. Hist., IV., 1881, p. 342.

¹⁴ Annual Report Department of Agriculture for 1886, p. 258.

¹⁵ Fifth Biennial Report State Board of Horticulture, 1896, p. 8.

¹⁶ Under a penalty not exceeding £5 for first offense or £10 for second offense. (See Agr. Journ., Cape Town, III., Jan. 8, 1891, p. 119.)

¹⁷ See Journ. Bureau Agr. Western Australia, II., Dec. 10, 1895, pp. 630-631; III., 1896, p. 676.

Summary.

(1) Acclimatization of plants differs from that of animals since plants are introduced for cultivation and thus kept to a certain extent within control, while animals are liberated and controlled only by natural enemies or unfavorable conditions.

(2) Animals and birds are distributed from one continent to another, and to islands, either by accidental means or by the direct agency of man. Most animals are intentionally introduced into new regions, cases of accidental dispersion being comparatively rare except among rats and mice.

(3) Domesticated animals, like plants, may run wild and become injurious, especially in regions where food is abundant and natural enemies are absent. Goats and cats on isolated islands are well-known examples.

(4) The animals and birds which have thus far proved most injurious are the rabbit, mongoose, stoat, weasel, flying fox, English sparrow, starling and mina. The skylark, green linnet, black thrush, and great titmouse, or kohlmeise, are of doubtful value and likely to prove injurious. These species are all natives of the Old World, and with the exception of the mongoose, mina and flying foxes, are inhabitants of the temperate regions of Europe and western Asia.

(5) Notwithstanding the object lessons afforded by the English sparrow in our own country, the rabbit in Australia, and the mongoose in Jamaica, no steps have been taken to prevent the repetition of similar costly mistakes in the future, and at present no restriction is placed on the indiscriminate importation of exotic species into the United States.

(6) Recent events have given new importance to this subject. The gradual increase of the starling and the efforts to introduce the kohlmeise require prompt measures to prevent species of such doubtful value from gaining a foothold in this country. The acquisition of new territory has also brought us face to face with new problems. Not only should the mongoose be prevented from reaching the United States from Hawaii and Puerto Rico, but the native fauna of these islands should be preserved and all our island possessions protected from ill-advised acclimatization, which has caused so much loss in Australia and New Zealand.

(7) The introduction of exotic birds and mammals should be restricted by law and should be under the control of the United States Department of Agriculture. Western Australia has already adopted this course, and under the "Destructive birds and animals act" of 1893, prohibits the importation, liberation, or keeping of animals and birds which the colonial bureau of agriculture considers injurious to vineyards, orchards, or crops.

Game Bag and Gun.

The Wyoming Game Situation.

JACKSON, Wyo., May 31.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The letter of friend Wells, in a late number of FOREST AND STREAM, relating to the Indians hunting and the possible trouble with them in the game country this spring sounds a note of warning to the people of the outlying districts that it is intended that trouble shall result from any infraction of the law by the Indians off their reservations.

To one familiar with game conditions in this country it seems somewhat strange that any class of people are denied the right to hunt and kill to their hearts' content, that the Indians, the original holders of inalienable rights, should be disturbed in their enjoyment, when from every nook and corner of this country comes the startling intelligence that the game laws now in force are being daily violated.

It is a well-known fact that in the Jackson Valley country two-thirds of the settlers have violated in some way the game and fish law of the State since its enactment by the Legislature, that at the same moment these same people are ready to go forward and fight Indians, for the same offenses they have themselves committed.

In and around Jackson and Elk, Wyo., and in the outlying districts of the community, numerous persons engaged in the killing of elk for bear bait have in no way been interfered with; while on the other hand, persons not exactly standing in with the combination have been threatened with summary punishment if they so much as looked at a piece of meat. Is this consistent?

Yesterday, at Jackson, in the county of Uinta, in the State of Wyoming, S. L. Adams sold fifty pairs of bull-elk teeth. Adams is a trapper by instinct and occupation. He is also a member of considerable influence in the Jackson Hole Gun Club, an organization at one time, it is said, potent in the protection of game in the Jackson Valley country. Adams' partner, H. F. Davis, although not a trapper in that sense of the word, is a member of the same organization. When it is understood that no elk, especially bulls, have died in the entire county in the last two years, it seems conclusive that something is wrong and radically so. It is the passing of the elk into the hands of the persons who engage in hand to kill and destroy for pecuniary benefit and advantage. No evidence can remove the belief that the greater portion of this game was killed expressly to obtain for sale these fifty pairs of elk teeth. The evidence in my possession, taken verbatim from reliable parties, is conclusive as to facts.

When it is taken into consideration that on the Green River, and adjacent country, great corporations engaged in the logging business have numbers of employees and hunters engaged in killing elk to feed them, as is reported, and which personally I know to be true, then again it is evidence that there is dereliction upon the part of the officers appointed to protect the game.

I do not believe in the sincerity of the officers to enforce the game law in Uinta county, Wyo., for the following reasons:

First. The parties in charge of the game protection in the Jackson Valley country are a small majority in favor of the annexation of the Teton Timber Reserve to the National Park.

Second. That if it can be reported and shown that the people will not respect the law, some Federal action will be taken to make the annexation.

Third. That to enforce the law against residents will

not coincide with political promises made, and as yet unfulfilled.

It is appreciated upon the part of the writer that the officers of the law and some other individuals will come to the defense of themselves, and thus it will be in the province of this writer to go into details, and make some of the exposures, backed by the evidence, to meet the requirements of the cases in view.

Public opinion is in favor of a strict enforcement of the law in the Jackson Valley country, and when no discrimination is made as to person, then that law can be enforced and the officers will hereafter be unable to hold individuals responsible for placing alleged stumbling blocks in their way.

In the Adams-Davis elk teeth cases, evidence can be had, upon inquiry. R. M. W.

In the Mud.

NORTH JUDSON, Ind., June 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A new neck of the woods this time. Right down among the Kankakee swamps that you have heard about, and perhaps been in and were glad to get out of again. I never was in them to hunt or camp, or play golf, but there are a lot of as fine fellows here as you ever saw who get to go and shoot a few ducks and other game there each fall or spring. I am told that there are some who went hunting in the swamps and did not return, and more than one faithful dog has sunk in the treacherous sand and mud peculiar to this swamp. One man who told me of his experience knows what it is to get into it, and it might be worth repeating.

"I had my dog, Don, with me," he said, "and we were out in the high grass watching some fine ducks that were swimming along just out of range, and after lying there for an hour we both started to crawl up to them. But in order to do this it was necessary to make a wide circle behind some clumps of grass, and in passing across some soft ground a lot of shells fell from my pocket, and in gathering them up I got the mud worked up, and when I tried to go on, found I was fast. The dog knew something was wrong and began to jump around near me, making it worse. I tried to make him be still, but my scolding only made him worse. After a few minutes of the hardest kind of work, by which I was nearly exhausted, I found I was in a pretty bad fix, and didn't know how I was going to get out of it. I looked at my gun, and seeing it just being covered with the mud, I thought it would be a very tough thing for me to have to go down into it the same way and be suffocated by inches. Then I grasped the gun in both hands and slammed it in the mud as deep as I could and pulled myself out a few inches, then repeated the operation till I was out of the mud and on to some grass that held the mud together solid enough for me to rest on. The dog came up to me and acted like he was mad. He just 'caved' around, barked, licked my feet and hands, lay down, rolled over, and tried to show in every way possible that he knew I was out of the danger that threatened me a most horrible death. We got up after a half-hour's rest, and wasted no time looking for ducks, but went home as fast as we could. I have hunted in the swamps for ten years, and have laughed at the stories of men getting caught in them, but when I see a lot of sportsmen going there to hunt I always feel it my duty to tell them the story of my narrow escape, and caution them to be careful. I get laughed at, seldom thanked, and sometimes told to mind my own business, but I feel it my duty, and I always try to do it."

Such is the story of a man who loves the rod and gun and won't shoot a bird on the ground, nor one out of season.

There are a fine lot of quail here; I hear them every evening as I am at my work. There are some snipe, and in the woods a few miles away are squirrels. Bass Lake, ten miles east, has good fishing, boating and camping. English Lake, four miles—everybody knows that place. Pretty good place for a sportsman to come to in any season of the year that game or fish may be taken. There are three railroads here—the P., C. & St. L., Erie and I., I. & I. All lead to and from some of the finest forest and stream sport to be had in the State. J. B. H.

The Yellowstone Park.

MAMMOTH HOT SPRINGS, Wyo., June 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I said in my last letter that spring was here. I thought I was sure of it, but those coming here lately think I am wrong. Monday the troop of cavalry that is to take the place of those about to start for San Francisco arrived in a snowstorm. Tuesday morning the whole Park was white with new snow. We had had before this a few warm days that raised most of the streams, leading us to think that spring and the season of high water had come; but the change to cold weather and frost checked the melting snow until the streams are as low as usual. Now the Yellowstone and Madison are running quite clear.

Crews with teams have been out, and by shoveling snow have gotten through to the Grand Cañon. Upper Geyser Basin and Yellowstone Lake. Soldiers from M Troop are being sent out to relieve those at winter stations. The men from these stations and all the two troops of the Fourth Cavalry now here will be on their road to San Francisco by July 1. It will be a great change for them to be sent to Manila from the land of ice and snow.

On the morning of the 7th inst. a calf elk was born at the Mammoth Hot Springs; the mother was one of the cows captured last winter. The five bulls are looking rather ragged, as they have just commenced to shed their long hair. Their horns are growing nicely, giving promise of fine sets of antlers. They are now from 15 to 18 in. long. When I saw them last they were lying down in a bunch, as close together as possible. They are friendly and kind enough to each other now that their horns are in velvet. Riding over Mt. Everts yesterday, horsemen looking for stock saw over fifty elk calves. Antelope are having their young, and mule deer will again soon.

During the past winter—1898-9—155 in. of snow fell at Mammoth Hot Springs. That is not counting any that fell in June of this year.

This spring is something like that of 1880, when we did not have high water until in July, when the Yellowstone

Lake was half-covered with ice on June 21. Three parties of trappers had been trying to get to the lake for a month. The first to reach the lake were my cousin and myself; we reached there over the snow on July 7, and at the same time the first elk came through from their winter range. I don't think this will be as late a season as that. Even now, if the roads had not been cut out wide through the timber so that the wind and sun should get at the snow, it would have been almost impossible to have gotten teams through to the cañon and lake.

The hotels will not be open until the 15th of this month—early enough, and too early for many not used to a cold country.

The roads where the snow is off are being put in good condition for the summer travel. As scouting parties get about, the loss of game last winter by starvation becomes better known, and I'm sorry to say most of the loss appears to be among the young animals. E. HOFER.

Albert G. Mann.

PROMINENT in the necrological list of sportsmen for the year 1899 will be the name of Albert G. Mann, of Worcester, Mass.

More than seventy-one years had been counted upon his rosary of life before he answered the final summons at his extensive and refined home in this city in the early morning hours of June 9.

He was born upon a farm in Orford, N. H., July 19, 1827, where he passed his childhood and youth until eighteen years old, when he came to Worcester, where he ever after made his home. He entered with enthusiasm upon his life work of quarryman, stone-cutter and contractor, and by good judgment, enterprise and unquestioned integrity he achieved distinguished business and financial success.

But it is of Mr. Mann as a shinnig light in the guild of sportsmen that I would say a word of appreciation and praise. Born in the early days of our country his early education was but of the most rudimentary character, but being studious and observing, and possessed of a very receptive mind and retentive memory, he became a lifelong student and attained to great proficiency in many things besides those pertaining more directly to his business.

He was an authority on explosives, their constituent elements and their varied combinations for different purposes and how to use them most effectually. This led him naturally to the question of gunnery—the proper proportion and weight of different calibers of rifles—the proper shape, size, weight and density of bullets for different charges and different kinds of powder, the many and difficult problems in the science of ballistics, which he mastered and gave the results to the world in the columns of various publications.

In the days of long range rifle shooting, a generation of years ago, he was a frequent visitor at the butts, and his uniformly steady shooting and good scores gave him high place in the ranks of the best rifle shooters of our country. His favorite rifles for sporting as well as for target practice were double-barreled, and were made for him according to his own plans and specifications by the celebrated British rifle maker, Alexander Henry.

He had hunted all the large game in all parts of this country, having camped and hunted from the wilderness of Maine in the East to the Rocky Mountains in the West. It was but a few short years ago that he killed his last moose at Reed's Machias Lake Camp in northern Aroostook county, Maine, where he was planning to go again the coming season.

He was a man who enjoyed his own society, a man who loved the solitudes for their quiet, healthful, restful pleasure; he loved nature for her variety and beauty; he loved the companionship of the judicious and thoughtful; he courted not the society of the game hog or gambler at the traps. He lived a useful life and died lamented. The world is the better for his having lived therein, and it is a sad satisfaction for an old friend of many years to lay this humble tribute upon his new-made grave.

GEO. McALEER.

Game Protection Past and Present.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As the readers of FOREST AND STREAM would be apt to derive some very erroneous conclusions from the article entitled, "Exterminatory Peregrinations," and signed Didymus, in your last issue, I beg to reply to the same.

In the first place, the writer fails to state that the books from which he quotes were written by Coquina many years ago when both the conditions and the sentiment regarding the killing of game were entirely different from those obtaining to-day. From the article referred to one might infer that the things Didymus reports occurred last year instead of twenty years ago, and this manifest unfairness leads me to think that Didymus has some ulterior motive in his attack on Mr. Shields. It is easy to take isolated sentences from the several books he has written and make out a plausible case against Mr. Shields; but when it is remembered that he made trips through the South and West years ago in the interest of sportsmen's papers and collectors of specimens, and that many of the birds and animals he shot were mounted and placed in various museums, it puts a different complexion on the experiences he chronicles. Then, too, in quoting the total catch of fish or the amount of game killed, it might be proper for Didymus to have learned how much of the total should be charged up to Mr. Shields. Moreover, if hounding deer and spearing fish and killing 'possums, and even shooting alligators were at that time illegitimate features of sport, I fear many of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM must also count themselves guilty.

I have no doubt—in fact I know—that, if given the opportunity now, Mr. Shields would shoot very little game, for he has been for several years a most ardent advocate of game protection and reasonable bags. It is said that the difference between a man and a mule is that the man can change his mind but the mule can't, and if years ago, when the game supply seemed inexhaustible, Mr. Shields killed more than his share because of his opportunities and skill, that is not a reason for robbing him of the credit due him for the work he has done and is now doing on the other side of the proposition. "Remem-

ber not against me the sins of my youth," said King David; and so say most of us who have long hunted and fished.

I believe there is no man in New York to-day who spends more time and thought, and money, too, in the interest of game protection than George O. Shields, and most of the enemies he has made are those whom he has correctly branded as game hogs. Whether Didymus is one of these, I know not, but it is evident that he has some time stacked up against him, directly or indirectly, and gotten the worst of it.

Didymus is correct in saying that Mr. Shields is the president of the League of American Sportsmen, and those who have worked with him since the organization of the League know full well the amount of arduous, effective and unrequited work he has done in that connection. I know whereof I speak, and if Didymus, or any other man hiding under a *nom de plume*, will take the trouble to learn and state the facts, he will discover in Mr. Shields a man who is giving a considerable portion of his time and substance in the effort to bring about the state of affairs which Didymus professes to desire.

"There is no defense against reproach but obscurity," and as Mr. Shields has come out into the open in respect to game protection and game hogs, it is to be expected that he will be subject to attack, even if his enemies have to go back a score of years to dig up an excuse for making it.

ARTHUR F. RICE.

PASSAIC, N. J., June 11.

New Brunswick Notes.

PRESENT indications point to a somewhat larger influx of sportsmen next fall than in any previous season. There is reason to believe that our American friends will meet with good success, for all reports agree as to moose and caribou being very plentiful. In many localities, especially on the South West Miramichi, the moose yarded in large numbers within a few miles of the settlements, where they had never been known to take up their winter quarters before. It is estimated that in the Cains River region alone several hundred caribou spent the winter, the herds starting north in May in excellent condition. The killing of big game in the deep snow, though not entirely stamped out, was very much less extensive last winter than formerly.

The well-known Scotch Lake guide, Adam Moore, writes to a friend here that on a certain evening lately there were visible on one of the Tobique lakes from his camp at one time eight moose and two deer. The next morning he visited another lake, where four moose and three caribou showed up. Adam has been trapping bears this spring, and though this is his first season at the business, has secured up to date fourteen specimens.

Some American sportsmen appear to be under the impression that the New Brunswick game laws have been amended by the Legislature. Practically no change has been made. A bill embodying some important changes, such as abolishing the \$100 bond provision, shortening the open season, prohibiting the sale of partridge, etc., was prepared by the Surveyor-General, and submitted to the House, but was, for reasons unexplained, allowed to lapse until the dying hours of the session. It was then adopted *en bloc*, subject to being brought in force by proclamation of the Lieutenant-Governor-in-Council. Premier Emmerson is my authority for the statement that it will not be proclaimed this year, so the law stands just where it did last season. Some of the changes in the new bill were very desirable, and it is, to say the least, regrettable that so important a subject as the game laws of the Province should not have been given adequate attention. So far as I can gather, the discourteous treatment received by the new bill was due to two causes: First, the Government had never, as a body, considered the bill, and were not a unit as to all its provisions; second, it was in the codified form used in the Ontario act and elsewhere, and the different sections required more time and attention than the members of the House, at the close of the session, felt like giving to the subject. Had the old law been retained, subject only to a few important amendments, which it was admitted by all were needed, there is no doubt that these latter would have readily passed the House.

The Canadian Pacific Railway authorities have been bringing pressure to bear at Ottawa to induce the Dominion Government to allow all game carcasses or trophies legally killed by sportsmen to be exported when accompanied by the owners. My information is that this very desirable concession has been secured, and will take effect this season.

FRANK H. RISTEEN.

FREDERICTON, June 8.

Partridges Near Ticonderoga.

NEW YORK, June 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* While the farmer is praying for the much needed fall of rain to start his spring crops, the optimistic sportsman almost sees the hand of Providence in this very dry spell. Up in Ticonderoga, where there has hardly been a drop of rain in six weeks, I am told on good authority that there were never seen larger broods of partridges than this spring. The little fellows generally begin to run around for forage about Decoration Day, and as the weather has been warm, not to say hot, since then, with no heavy dews and no showers, the danger of the usual cold week or fortnight in June is over, as far as that part of the hunting grounds is concerned. I have often seen the woods alive with the chicks along Buck Mountain about the last of May, but after the long cold rains but few could be found with the old birds. Last season, however, there was little shooting, as the birds were very wild. There were lots of them and they wintered well, notwithstanding the cold, which offered no special hardships to our little dreadsnaughts, secure in their warm hollows thickly grown with pines and hemlocks. As a result, there will be first-rate shooting at the Vineyard Farm, and we shall be glad to see any gentle sportsmen who may want a turn at the grouse, grays and woodcock.

PETER FLINT.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Massachusetts Game.

DANVERS, Mass., June 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have just returned from an outing about Falmouth, Cape Cod. I went back five miles into the country, and never heard a Bob White. I didn't learn anything favorable from the natives as to the prospect for the quail crop. I heard quite a number whistling in Carver, Plymouth county; in fact, first I have heard this year. Around here, in Essex county, I learn of only a very few; heard of a bunch of five being found dead after the snow melted. Without a doubt our quail in Massachusetts suffered badly from the February blizzard. Partridges stood it all right, and have nested well; been a dry, favorable season for the young bird. There seemed to be as many woodcock and snipe along as ever. Large flight of yellow-legs passed about May 1 on the shore marshes. I hear many were killed for market by an Ipswich shooter, who was allowed to shoot out of season by a local game warden, who claimed there was "nothing in it for him" by prosecuting him. That's a fine "warden."

JOHN W. BARRITT.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing and hunting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

Mountain Trout.

THE trout in the streams of this part of West Virginia, where the waters head, appear more numerous than usual this year, and it has caused me to do some thinking. I have come to believe that incessant fishing is not the sole cause of the decline in the number of trout that this country has seen, for the fishing has been kept up and there is no question but that the trout have been increasing during the past few years. I believe the "game hog" has been blamed with what the droughts of some years ago caused. The past two seasons have been wet, and the trout have thrived. I do not like the term "game hog." It is more easy to tell who is not a "game hog." For instance, my confessedly impatient but really unskillful friend, who has no luck, is no "game hog," but he blames unnumbered generations with depleting the waters; for, having caught no fish, he takes it there are no fish. Men used to go into the mountain here and stop fishing when they had all they could carry out. But it is not for me to say, "Thou game hog!" They only helped themselves to what nature provided so bountifully. It is the men who cut the trees who destroy the trout. When waters get low trout do not thrive. They are at the mercy of all their enemies. Hear an incident of the dry summer of '88:

A fisherman on Tea Creek was sitting on a fallen tree, when he saw an old mother raccoon and a lot of cubs come into the bed of the stream. The old one took to turning up rocks and catching little trout, some of which she ate, giving the rest to her family. The fisherman observed her a long time, and being a very zealous defender of the trout at all times unslung his rifle and shot her. As an example of maternal care, it was a very affecting sight, but when a coon turns from its legitimate pursuits to take advantage of a drought to fish how can it hope to escape the wrath of the fishermen?

The writer tries not to mind what others do to fish, for it only makes him pessimistic. The outrages are just as real and as hard to get at as those of the body politic. We will be content if we can act well our part and trust to others not to abuse the bounties of nature. But there is a custom here that should be broken up, and that is quite an extensive practice of trading a pound of bass or trout for a pound of bacon. There is rarely any other traffic in fish here. The improvident mountaineer who has eaten up his scanty store of bacon will appear at some comfortable farmhouse with his string of trout, where he knows that they will pass current for bacon at the fixed and unchanging ratio of 1 to 1. A week or so ago a man who was hungry for hog meat fished down Beechy for a few miles, and turned up at a lumber camp with 108 trout, where he cashed them in for 12 lbs. of bacon, standard weight and fineness. We do not object to the traffic so much as we do to the standard of value.

But we have been fishing for meat. Four of us said that clients could wait while we went to the Meadows one whole day sucker fishing. Our party accounted for about all the local bar at home that day, and therefore a legal holiday was declared. Reports came in that the William's River red-horse suckers were swarming on the riffles by the thousand from out of the Deadwater, and the *hoi polloi* were taking them by the wagon-load. This sucker is a most edible fish, and it is a sight to see them running the riffles when they come up to spawn. We have been there for several years to meet them, and we were telling a very pretty story of how it took just the same number of warm days the last of April to make us go camping that brought the fish forth from the deep water to spawn. But this year we were not there to greet them with spears and horse-hair dills. Our scheme was to get up before daylight, ride the twelve miles, take a hundred-weight or so each and go home loaded. We actually got away before daylight, and after a very pleasant ride through pine woods reached the Meadows about breakfast time. There we found no outside suckers. It was easy to see why. The banks were torn and trampled and the offal of fish was scattered around. The suckers had been so harried that they had been driven back to the security of the deep water. Then we tore our hair and rended our clothes because we had not brought our trout tackle. It was a warm cloudy morning, when the trout are supposed to bite. One had a fish basket, which I immediately borrowed, for I had found two leaders in an old pocketbook I had my sucker fixings in. I had to be content with a green beech pole, and after a lot of hard work I had a fine lot of fishing worms. By 10 o'clock I was established on the ruins of a disastrous enterprise, full of hope of making the day a success. It was an ideal trout day—seem-

ingly ready to rain any minute, but the rain never coming. The first pool was where the water swirled against the bank, and moved the submerged boughs of willow unceasingly. Here a big trout took the bait, and after quite a lot of argument the beech pole, encouraged by me, flung it high in the air, and on the bank. It's the fool behind the rod that does the work. One cast, and one trout is all the best of tackle could have done.

It was a great day. I think I must have taken a hundred, for when the time for taking stock came there were sixty-six trout in the creel, and their weight was making the strap cut into the shoulder. I had to overcome another difficulty. When I had caught about half the lot I was standing kneep-deep in the stream, where the current swirled around me. My bait was in an old oyster tin. In returning it to my pocket it fell in the water, and all my precious bait was swept away. It was just above a fine pool, and though it was expensive it set the big trout to biting, and I took out four fine fish before the remnant of bait was exhausted. I have seen many a fisherman give up all hope of catching a fish and throw away his bait as he turned from the water. If he had thrown in the greater part of the bait and continued fishing the chances are that he would have made a glorious finish.

But my bait gone, I was again a ruined man. In that old pocketbook was a solitary trout fly of the coachman variety, and I turned to fish down stream with it. The beech did not do so bad, but it was wearying. It hurt me between the shoulders. But how the trout did swarm around it and dive out of sight again! I was sorry they were dissatisfied, but I had nothing else to set before them. But about every tenth fish would take it and be caught, and I made better speed than ever.

About 4 o'clock I started home, and came on a hilarious crowd of my neighbors, who, having come for suckers, had stayed to have a good time. With them was the town preacher, who had ill-advisedly accepted an invitation to go fishing with that crowd. They had placed the preacher's name in an empty bottle, which had been recently emptied, and set it afloat, and had otherwise outraged the cloth. My own crowd, seeing the game was up, had trailed off home earlier in the day. Taking the preacher with me, for I thought he looked uneasy, we rode home, discussing theological questions, for I soon found that on nothing else would the worthy man talk with animation. He tried to talk on my hobby—fish—and speak of a startling discovery he had that day made, which was that "trout have teeth," but when I showed him that forefinger of mine roughened with the taking of a lot of trout from the hook he let the talk languish.

My youngest brother has had an experience the thought of which takes me back to my first attempts at camping. He and another youngster have just returned from a trouting expedition nearly dead from loss of sleep. Briefly related, this is what they did: Up at 2 o'clock, walked fifteen miles and fished till dark. Set to making camp in the heart of the wilderness. Fire would not burn with soggy wood, and nobody could eat the cooking save only the dog. Could not sleep and had no watch to tell how the night was passing. Sat at foot of a big tree and heard the owls hoot all night. Dawn came after a week or so, and they made a breakfast of corn pone. Just as they started away the log heap they had labored over the whole night broke into a cheerful blaze, and they turned back and warmed the very marrow in their bones. Fished until noon and walked about eighteen miles home. They caught 140 trout, and are anxious to try it again. They believe they know how to occupy a department in the woods gracefully and have several pointers on making themselves comfortable. They say they had over 20 lbs. of grub to throw away, mostly bread, for which they had placed a large order with their mothers.

I had fixed last Saturday to go a-fishing, but the date conflicted with a cold wave, and Friday evening there arose live issue as to whether the garden should be protected from the frost. I was for risking it, but the mistress of the household was willing to take no chances, and the garden was draped with all the spare "kivers" on the place. As we sat around a fire that evening which would have warmed a room in midwinter the prospect looked blue, for cold waves and fishing do not go well together. Clouds came, and no frost, but while I was trying to make myself believe the air was soft an old darky came by and remarked, "'Pears like it was too col' to fros'." The inexperienced might think I had scored a point when I had my prediction verified as to the safety of the garden, but I was informed that what we had done to keep off the frost was right. I have tried in my time to impress a quotation from Hans Christian Andersen on a certain lady's mind, "Whatever the old man does is always right," with very poor success, and the frosts that never come are the bane of this fisherman's life in more ways than one.

The only comfort I could take was that signs amount to nothing if the fish only bite. I reached the stream about 9 o'clock, and by that time I had arranged to have the fish bite, because the air was too cold for insects to be flying about, and therefore fish would be hungry. A fisherman who is not sanguine is a rare bird. I fished down Laurel Creek three miles or so to its mouth. It was through a dense spruce forest. The way was rough and the water cold, but the trout did bite, and in a most peculiar manner. There is little individuality in the trout, and this day each took the bait and nibbled at it for several minutes. All a man could do was to wait until the bait was absorbed, and if the fish had swallowed the hook all was well. If not given enough time, it would be lifted from the water and fall back. Nearly every fish had swallowed the hook which was taken. When I arrived at the mouth of the stream I had thirty-four trout, and had done far better than I had expected. In a deep pool in the river I tried an experiment, which resulted in some big fish to finish with. It was getting late, and I threw nearly all my bait in the head of the pool. The fish began to bite in earnest, and I soon caught eight, ranging from 9 to 13 in. The sport was more than satisfying on that day, when a wise man would not have gone forth. Two hooks were lost on those monsters which always get away. I marveled at their size, and thought of the immensity of the tale I should tell. My honest intentions were nipped in the bud by finding one of the hooks in the stomach of a gin. trout, th

smallest of the catch in that pool. A four-mile walk with a heavy creel of fish was the next incident of a good day's work, and an eight-mile horseback ride completed it.

MARLINTON, W. Va.

ANDREW PRICE.

The Aureolus in Vermont.

COLD SPRING HOUSE, Averill, Vt., June 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A few days ago I read an article in your paper, from the pen of Mr. A. N. Cheney, on the subject of the aureolus or golden trout, in which the writer stated that they were only to be found as inhabiting Sunapee Lake, and one pond in New Hampshire, and one pond in Maine. When I read that article I fully believed it to be true.

In this township in the northern county of Vermont, lying about six miles from the Connecticut River, or boundary line between New Hampshire and Vermont, and about five miles from the line between Canada and Vermont, are three ponds in a chain, and only about one-half mile distant from each other. On the shore of the most easterly, or Leach Pond, is the Cold Spring House. This pond is inhabited by spotted or brook trout exclusively, and is one of the finest of the kind, and contains by actual measurement 114 acres. About one-half mile west of this is Great Averill Pond, containing 1,300 acres, and about three miles long, and one of the most beautiful sheets of water in New England. Southwest from Great Averill about one-half mile is Little Averill Pond (so called), which contains 800 acres, and is also a very beautiful sheet of water. Both of the so-called Averill ponds are very deep, soundings having been made showing over 200ft. of water. They have both been in the past for many years very prolific of large speckled trout. I have taken trout in the larger pond weighing 5lbs., and I know of one being taken in Little Averill which tipped the beam at a trifle over 11lbs.

I never knew of any other variety of fish being taken in any of these three ponds except speckled trout, until perhaps seven or eight years ago some of the natives of Averill (of whom there are few) and of Canaan, east of Averill, and Norton, on the west, began to tell of taking salmon from the two (so called) Averill ponds. I never believed that there were salmon in the ponds, and supposed that the large fish taken by the natives, and by them supposed to be salmon, were only very large trout. Mr. Noyes came here to take charge of this sportsman's camp two years ago, and very soon after taking possession began to tell me of the fine salmon that were being brought into camp from these waters. From the best description I could get from him, I at once came to two conclusions—first, that the fish was not a salmon, neither was it a speckled trout. I requested him to send me a specimen. On May 25 last, he sent me a fine male specimen weighing, "dressed weight," 6½lbs. At once on taking the cover from the box containing it, I exclaimed "Aureolus." After showing the fish to friends I sent it away. Two or three days after, I saw my colleague on the commission, Hon. N. Wentworth, and told him I had received a fine specimen of aureolus taken from the Averill, Vt., waters, and sent me by Mr. Noyes. He asked me for a description, and when I told him of the coloring of this fish he told me I was mistaken, it was not an aureolus.

Mr. Wentworth having seen hundreds of these golden beauties to my having seen one, of course I was not too positive, but urged him to come here with me and look the matter up. We arrived here this afternoon, and immediately on our arrival Mr. Noyes, at our request, produced from his cold storage a number of fish, among which were several specimens of the natives' salmon. Mr. Wentworth at once and without any hesitation pronounced them aureolus.

In less than an hour after our arrival, while we were sitting on the veranda discussing the question of how and when these fish could have got into or have been put into these waters, a man and his wife came, bringing in somewhere about a dozen of these fish, weighing from 1 to 4lbs., and one which weighed, dressed, 3lbs. This fish was caught to-day by the lady in the Little Averill, and was taken trolling with minnow. We are wholly unable to account for the presence of this variety of fish in these waters. There is no record of any being taken prior to eight to ten years ago. Certainly they were never put there by the Vermont Fish and Game Commission, for they obtained from us the past winter 10,000 eggs for the purpose of introducing them into Vermont waters.

WM. H. SHURTLEFF.

COLD SPRING HOUSE, Averill, Vt., June 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* My reason for doubting Mr. Shurtleff's statement that he received an aureolus from Vermont, was by the way he described the coloring of the fish. The fish, weighing 8lbs., was 25in. in length. It was not nearly so stocky a fish as those found in Sunapee Lake, for the reason that there are no smelt in these waters. In fact, all the specimens we examined showed plainly that they were ill-fed. Their coloring is beautiful, very nearly as brilliant as those taken from the spawning beds of Sunapee Lake in the fall. There is no question that these waters are teeming with them. Mr. Noyes tells me of one party that took 200lbs. of these beautiful fish in one day. It is something wonderful that the fish have not been identified before. I have seen thousands of these fish taken from New Hampshire waters within the last few years, and there is no question that the specimens we have seen to-day are the aureolus, Sunapee saibling or golden trout. I inclose you paper pattern of the large one taken here to-day.

NATHANIEL WENTWORTH.

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, \$4 per year, \$2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iv.

On Trout Lake.

"In the spring a young man's fancy
Lightly turns to thoughts of love."

THAT may have been true in the olden times, but now the young man's fancy turns to crystal lakes and babbling brooks, and the gamy muscalonge, bass and trout that lurk therein and whose pursuit and capture afford many a pleasant hour's anticipation and discussion before the winter fire.

A few springs ago this fancy turned the eyes of the writer, his brother Tod and a small mutual friend, an M. D., toward Trout Lake, Vilas county, Wisconsin, the most beautiful lake on the Chicago & Northwestern system. We shipped our tents, provisions and canoes a week ahead. Our guides portaged them over from Woodruff to the lake and prepared our camp. A wagon road had just been opened to the lake, a typical piny woods road. When half-way across it began to rain; later it turned cold, and we got to the lake more dead than alive. We



SQUAW AND PAPPOOSE.

found a nice camp, warm fire, splendid supper and most comfortable balsam beds awaiting us. We thawed out and then we ate, and then how we did sleep!

Next morning bright and early we started, and each came in happy with a fine lot of trout. They were all a fisherman could ask for either game qualities on the hook or flavor on the table. It turned quite cold—the water froze in our buckets, but the colder it got the better the trout bit and fought. Tod had never caught a muscalonge, so the third day we portaged to Muscalonge Lake and he caught his first one—an 8-pounder. How his eyes



RUNNING THE RAPIDS.

popped out when it struck and left the water. He fought it well and soon brought it to gaff. Two others followed, and we returned to camp happy and satisfied.

The next day while trolling for trout in the Upper Lake, Tod got one of those quiet gentle strikes in which a muscalonge sometimes indulges. We had seen no one who caught a 'lunge in Trout Lake, so of course, not dreaming of such luck, he snubbed it as if it were a small trout. But he was deceived. While it fought deep and would not come to the surface, it pulled, as he expressed it, "like a yoke of oxen," and kept him very busy for fifteen minutes. We were all speculative—a giant trout we declared. Finally it broke water and came out fully 2ft., and soon the handsomest 'lunge I ever saw was his. It weighed 18lbs. Continuing round the lake off the big bar we struck quite a school of trout, and trolling with a small spoon on the end of the leader and two bass flies above it, on two occasions we landed three trout at once, and thrice we landed doubles, and on our return to camp we forwarded a barrel of these delicious fish to our good friends at home.

The next day was Sunday. No fishing was agreed. A party of Indians having camped on the old Indian clearing near us, we visited them and secured good pictures of the buck, squaw and pappoose who comprised our interesting neighbors. They were shy at first, but our small friend, the physician, has a way about him that neither man, woman nor child was ever known to resist, and they soon became quite friendly. We went over in our boat.

On our way back Tod began skylarking, when our small friend proposed we tip the boat over. No sooner said than done—over I turned it in about 3ft. of water. The Doctor was half-way round and struck the water head foremost. His feet may have escaped wetting the first plunge, but I'm sure no other part of him did. Tod and the guide Hank were wrestling in the bottom of the boat, and I saw the water close over their heads as they went in clasped in each other's arms. Holding the camera above water, I made for camp on the double quick. My gun alone, I think, saved me from something awful. It was cold—so, so cold! They had to change their clothes. They have not forgiven me yet, but a cup of coffee and some lunch partially reconciled them, and we discussed our plans for the morrow.

The 18lb. 'lunge had fired Tod's ambition. The guide's reports of great catches in Boulder and Crooked lakes fanned it to a fever heat. Dock concluded that his state of health would not permit him to make the four-mile carry between Trout and Boulder lakes, so Tod and I, with Hank and two other guides, started at daybreak on Monday. We reached Boulder by 1 o'clock, and fished it and Crooked until dusk, and the next morning until 12 o'clock, when we turned homeward. I had caught thirteen 'lunge; Tod seven, but his were the largest. I wanted a 20lb. 'lunge, and kept my spoon in the water up to the last moment. Just as we entered the Manitowish River something took my spoon with such force as to nearly upset me. The channel was contracted here by bullrushes to a width of 12 to 15ft. Out of the water he came, and I saw I had hooked the fish I wanted. All the guide could do was to pull our Peterboro into the bullrushes and hold us there by grasping them in his hands. I stood up and made the fight, and it was the grandest I ever saw. Six times he left the water, and the narrow channel seemed a mass of foam to my excited imagination. Finally good tackle and perseverance conquered, and we brought to gaff a 'lunge rising 19lbs. in weight, and home I started in that good humor which none but the successful fisherman can know.

After a hard pull and hard work, we made the carry and intervening lakes and reached our camp about 9 o'clock, tired, cold and hungry. Approaching our sleeping tent we heard the most unaccountable exclamations from our small friend—the mildest of which was, "darn the infernal thing." Hurrying in we took one look and then threw ourselves on the ground and laughed till the tears came. "Oh, now, boys, come help me," finally brought us to his assistance and relief. The Doctor, though called our small friend, is 6ft. 2in. tall, and weighs over 300lbs. I alone of the party possessed a sleeping bag. The devil tempted the Doctor to try it. He got half in, then stuck, and there he was unable to extricate himself. He was pretty sore over the matter, but his unflinching good nature soon set him to laughing with the rest of us. The expression on his face when we entered the tent has brought many a laugh to my lips in the years that have passed.

Next day we shipped out fish, and two days later a business engagement of the writer's compelled us to break camp and terminate one of the most pleasant and successful outings of my life.

BOB RIDLEY.

An Adirondack Trout Record.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I returned last evening from a short trip through the Adirondacks, which were never more beautiful than now, the dark evergreens standing out in bold relief against the light green of the deciduous trees. To the lover of flowers the purple azaleas, moccasin flowers, laurel and trilliums are a continual source of delight. The carriage road north of the Fulton Chain of Lakes, extending east from Old Forge and connecting with the Durant road and other highways, is now in excellent condition for both carriage and wheel. I am told that the old road from Boonville to Old Forge via Moose River has been improved so that a wheel ride over that route is feasible, most of the road being good, and but two miles so poor as to make pushing the wheel preferable. This makes possible a delightful trip from civilization to Racquette Lake and beyond.

The lakes and streams in this section are yet high, and the fishing will be better a little later, although good catches are already reported. That genial angler of Fourth Lake, Robert Perrie, gave me an interesting bit of information in regard to the rainbow trout, which were planted at the foot of Fourth Lake by the Caledonia Hatchery, March 10, 1899. They were 3in. in length when placed in the water, and now take the fly readily. Last week Mr. C. L. Chapman, of Clayville, caught and returned two of them which measured 5in. They are evidently growing rapidly, and their early activity and gaminess promise well for the sportsmen of the future who shall angle on the Chain. Several large catches have been made on Seventh Lake and vicinity. Four trout weighing 13lbs. is the record so far. Less building is in evidence this year, but the many hotels and camps are ready for the season at hand.

Fewer deer are found in this locality than usual. The winter was severe, but the reason is largely local perhaps. Very heavy blasting has been done in connection with the road building, and this has doubtless driven the deer away. The Pneumatic Railroad from Lake Clear, the first station north of Fulton Chain to a point near Sam Dunnigan's camp on Fourth Lake of the Fulton Chain, is well under way, and will be in operation the present season. This will make still easier the journey to Racquette and Blue Mountain lakes from the west side of the woods. A carriage road from Fourth Lake to Big Moose is also nearing completion. These highways will not tend to increase the number of deer and game generally, but the pleasure which they afford in delightful drives and rides makes for them a welcome even with the most conservative.

The fishing about Tupper Lake is also reported excellent, and many good catches have been made. The large mill there is not in operation, which does not conduce to the business prosperity of Tupper Lake village, but gives the inhabitants a chance to fish, which they are improving.

Mr. F. W. Loomis, of Saranac Lake village, who knows everything about fish and how to catch them, gave me the

photograph which I inclose. It shows five trout caught by F. C. Lamy and John Marquay in Ampersand Pond, twelve miles from Saranac Lake. The fish weighed 6½, 5½, 5½, 4½ and 3¾ lbs., total 25¾ lbs. The fish were exhibited at Saranac, and astonished everyone who saw them, as a catch of five brook trout averaging over 5 lbs. each is almost unheard of in this State. There is no question as to the authenticity of this catch. Mr. Lamy told me that the largest fish was taken on a No. 5 kidney spoon. Other large catches have been made about Saranac, but nothing to compare with this record breaker.

Throughout the woods the feeling seems to be general that the best season yet, in every particular, is at hand. Surely the pleasures of the woods are becoming more diversified, and while the game may be decreasing in parts, this year will probably find more people enjoying the Adirondacks than ever before. Just now the flies are rather troublesome, but if you follow Mr. Chamber's advice in his "Guide to Canadian Fishing," and put a small phial of oil of Lemon Verbena in your vest pocket, you may enjoy the beauties of forest and stream unmolested.

JOHN B. McHARG, JR.

ROME, N. Y., May 31.

New England Fishing.

BOSTON, June 10.—Fishing trips continue to be in order, and a good deal of enjoyment seems to come from these trips, even to the just-initiated. H. C. Williams and C. T. Turner, neither of whom had ever fished before, came home from Newfound Lake, N. H., the other day. They had fished for three days with the result of two or three big trout and a salmon for Mr. Williams of 6 lbs., and one for Mr. Turner of 4½ lbs. Both are converts to angling, and will go again. Herbert D. Turner, of Arlington, and J. W. Fellows, of Boston, are back from a fishing trip to Newfound Lake, N. H. They had good luck, Mr. Turner catching two salmon—one of 8 and one of 4½ lbs. Mr. Fellows landed a lake trout of 7½ lbs. They were there

camp, Lake Mooselucmaguntic, came out on Monday, and immediately started for the Restigouche for a few weeks' salmon fishing. Mr. D. H. Blanchard, of Boston, will start for his river, the Northeast Branch of the St. Marguerite, as soon as he gets word that the salmon are rising, which good news he is expecting daily. The fishing tackle people say that an unusually large number of salmon fishermen are fitting out.

Better success with landlocked salmon is reported on Lake Auburn, Me. Mr. B. A. Dresser took a salmon of 10 lbs. there on Saturday. Mr. Henry Wetmore has landed one of 4 lbs. and one of 5½ lbs. Mr. J. E. Coombs has landed a good one, and hooked another which he believes to have weighed at least 10 lbs., but the monster got away.

BOSTON, June 12.—There is no doubt that Canadian waters are yet to afford sportsmen from the States the delights of angling which the too-severely-fished waters nearer home will ere long fail to give. It is a feature of the times that sporting clubs are forming and the control of Canadian waters being obtained. The Laurentian Club is one of these. A membership of fifty-three, with a limit of sixty, I understand, is made up of thorough sportsmen. The club has obtained control of 400 square miles of territory above Quebec, on the Batis-can River, and on the line of the railway from Quebec to Lake St. John. The territory is well wooded and has many lakes and watercourses, all abounding in trout. Mr. Tausig, of Boston, an enthusiastic angler, and an influential member of the club, is just back from his spring fishing trip, and his description of the fly-fishing would charm the angler who has to cast for hours to get a rise in Maine waters. This trip he fished two or three new lakes and ponds, and there are many others to cut port-ages to and fish. No very large trout have yet been taken, Mr. Tausig's largest this spring being about 3 lbs., but the supply is most abundant. This supply the club proposes to preserve. No trolling or bait fishing is allowed—only fly-fishing. Mr. Tausig found the Parmacheene-belle to be just as good as in Maine waters, and this, with a silver doctor or Montreal and brown hackel, made the

ANGLING NOTES.

Kipling Kills Pacific Salmon with the Fly.

LAST season while fishing for salmon in the Restigouche, the conversation turned one evening to the Pacific salmon, and a gentleman present made the statement that he would wager \$10,000 that he could go to a Pacific Coast stream and kill Pacific salmon in the same manner that he had that day killed Atlantic salmon with the fly in the Restigouche, and I thought when he made the statement that he could do exactly as he said. The wager was not for the purpose of making money, as he explained, but he wished to be assured if he succeeded of sufficient return to pay the expenses of the trip, for he would go simply to decide the matter, for it was generally understood that Pacific salmon would not take the fly. One of the first stories I ever heard in relation to Alaska after the purchase was made by this country, was of the old Scotch Admiral who said, "Let the Yankees have the blank country; the salmon will not rise to the fly." From that time until this I have not heard of Pacific salmon being taken with the fly (except that possibly Admiral Beardslee did write me that he killed a fish or so when he was in Alaska with the Jamestown, but of this I am not sure now), although I know of a number of efforts in this direction—one by a well-known Eastern salmon fisherman—until a few days ago someone left on my desk a copy of Kipling's "American Notes," and I opened the book to find that Kipling has been successful in killing Pacific salmon with the fly. Twice I read the chapter to make sure that my eyes had not deceived me, but he states clearly and positively that his salmon were killed on the fly. There is no mistaking that Kipling is a fisherman. The chapter to which I refer begins: "I have lived! The American Continent may now sink under the sea, for I have taken the best that it yields, and the best was neither dollars nor real estate." The "best that it yields" was a Chinook salmon, or several of them, and how the salmon were killed is told as perhaps only Kipling can tell it. First his companion "California let the gaudy fly drop in the tail of a rifle. I was getting my rod together, when I heard the joyous shriek of the reel and the yells of California, and then 3 ft. of living silver leaped into the air far across the water."

There is no mistake about the fly in this case, nor in the next. Kipling's own: "I went into that ice-cold river and made my cast just above the weir. * * * The next cast—oh, the pride of it, the regal splendor of it! The thrill that ran down from fingertip to toe! Then the water boiled. He broke for the fly and got it. There remained enough sense in me to give him all he wanted when he jumped not once, but twenty times, before the up-stream flight that ran my line out to the last half-dozen turns, and I saw the nickled reel-bar glitter under the thinning green coils. My thumb was burned deep when I strove to stopper the line. I did not feel it till later, for my soul was out in the dancing weir, praying for him to turn ere he took my tackle away. And my prayer was heard. As I bowed back, the butt of the rod on my left hip bone and the top joint dipping like unto a weeping willow, he turned and accepted each inch of slack that I could by any means get in as a favor from on high. There lie several sorts of successes in this world that taste well in the moment of enjoyment, but I question whether the stealthy theft of line from an able-bodied salmon who knows exactly what you are doing and why you are doing it, is not sweeter than any other victory within human scope."

There is much more of this told in inimitable style before the salmon is finally landed by being thrown on the banks by the hands of the fisherman, for Kipling would not have the fish gaffed, but finally the fish is killed and Kipling sings praises to him: "The beauty, the darling, the daisy, my salmon Bahadur weighing 12 lbs., and I have been seven and thirty minutes bringing him to bank! He had been lightly hooked on the angle of the right jaw, and the hook had not wearied him. That hour I sat among princes and crowned heads greater than them all."

It is all well worth reading, and even re-reading; but a little further along there is a very suspicious admission for a man who has been killing salmon with the fly, and here it is: "Then Portland took my rod and caught some 10-pounders, and my spoon was carried away by an unknown leviathan."

This may be a pirated edition of Kipling's book; the spoon may not be in an authorized edition, but in the volume before me the spoon is as much in evidence as the fly, except that the spoon is mentioned but once and the fly twice. Now, what I would really like to know is this: Were the salmon killed on a fly or on a spoon? If I can find out I will, in return for the information, give Mr. Kipling what I believe to be sound advice—to keep his hand off his line and not try to stopper it when his fish is running, if he wishes to contemplate his serene highness dead on the bank as a daisy and a darling.

Aquaria for Schools.

During the past winter I one day received a letter asking about fish and plants for an aquarium, and how to care for the fish and plants. Up to this time I have received over fifty letters upon this subject, all asking for about the same kind of information, and what the future will bring me no man can tell. It was some weeks before I found out how the school teachers of the country happened to be writing to me for aquarium fish and plants, but the following letter is a fair sample of all, and contains the why of it: "I saw in the Teachers' Leaflet from Cornell University that those who wished to obtain fish to study should write to you, and that you would tell what species are suited to life in still water, and how to get what you do not furnish, and how to take care of them. I would like to make an aquarium for school use, and I would like information as to how to stock it, what plants to use and what fish to keep."

Thus far I have faithfully replied to all questions, but to-day the stenographer asked if I expected to keep up the burden through the summer, and therefore I hope that the school teachers who have not written and have a desire to write are readers of FOREST AND STREAM, for I would like to say to them that the State of New York does not rear aquarium fish of the kind they would ask



FIVE ADIRONDACK TROUT AVERAGING OVER 5 LBS. EACH.

only two days, and are much pleased with their success in so short a time.

Trips for fishing in Maine waters are growing in popularity each season. Almost every day one meets with a merchant who is respectably browned and looks hale and hearty. Inquiry elicits the fact that he has been to Maine fishing, and an account of his trip is given with delight to a listener who has been there. Mr. C. T. Williams, of Boston, is home from the Rangeleys, where he is very fond of going. He visited the Birches, Mooselucmaguntic, and had good success, taking several fine trout. Mr. W. J. Leckie, of Boston, has returned from his annual trouting trip to the Northwest Branch of the Penobscot. With Mr. G. W. Brown and others he is interested in a camp on a pond that they do not like to name, because "the fishing is too good to give away." This time the party consisted of James L. Richards, W. J. Follett, Charles H. Hall and John Touleman, with Mr. Leckie and Mr. Brown. They had excellent fly-fishing, taking all the trout they desired. This party never fishes with bait of any sort—only with the fly. Such is the rule of the camp, and the gentlemen, all prominent merchants or bankers, are justly proud of their achievements. Large trout are not taken, because not in the pond, but always a plenty of them. One of the earliest of Boston fly-fishermen is Mr. Frank F. Dodge, who owns a camp on a lake in Nova Scotia. With his wife and son and a friend they visited this lake early in May and found excellent fly-fishing, the party taking several "good ones" and all they wanted of fair size. Mr. Dodge grows more enthusiastic over his location every year. The fly-fishing is early. The guides are trustworthy and have not yet been spoiled by sportsmen with longer purses than good sense. Mr. Frank Wise, of Boston, and Mr. Charle Boss, of Meriden, Conn., have recently returned from their second or third annual trout-fishing trip to Tuskent River, Nova Scotia. They go first to Yarmouth, thence to Brazil Lake, thence to Tuskent River. Here they had good sport fly-fishing, with some trout of very good size for that country. They are fond of camping out there, though they can stop at farmhouses at very reasonable prices, and everything possible is done for their comfort. They have no trouble with the customs officials, who seem willing to do all in their power for sportsmen from the States.

The salmon fishermen are fitting out for their rivers, and some of them have already gone. Senator Frye, with Senator Chandler, who has been a guest at Mr. Frye's

ideal cast. Mr. Tausig fished Lake Alex and Lake Eau Claire, the later, as its name indicates, noted for its clear water. It has been considered heretofore almost too clear for good trout fishing, but Mr. Tausig was able to take some most beautiful trout there of good size.

Considerable catches continue to be reported from the Rangeleys. Mr. C. T. Dunklee, of Boston, has been there, fishing at Bemis and other points. He took over thirty fish, one a trout of 5 lbs. C. E. Barker, of Lynn, took a salmon the other day while fishing from the Upper Dam wharf, Richardson Lake. It weighed over 7 lbs. Dr. M. F. Galvin and J. J. McNulty, of Boston, have had good success at the Birches. They have also visited Seven Ponds, where, in a half-hour's fishing, Mr. McNulty landed twenty trout. Mr. and Mrs. N. N. Thayer, of Boston, have made a remarkably good catch of fish, including fine trout of 2 lbs. each; four, 3 lbs.; four, 3½ lbs.; one, 4 lbs.; one, 4½ lbs.; one, 5½ lbs., and one salmon, 3 lbs.

Mr. T. B. Stuart, of New York, an old-time angler at the Upper Dam, is there for his annual outing. Mr. C. H. Haynes, of Boston, has taken over seventy fish at the Upper Dam this season. One day's catch was five salmon, weighing 25 lbs. Mr. Eugene Lynch and M. H. Curly, of Boston, are at the Upper Dam, and having their usual good success. A hearing is to be held at the Upper Dam on Saturday, before the Fish and Game Commissioners, on a proposition to stop all night fishing.

Reports from Kineo, Moosehead Lake, say that fishing is better there than ever. The L. E. Pierce party, of Boston, or, as it is familiarly called, "The Moosehead Total Abstinence Club," is again out of the woods. Generally good fishing is reported, though some members did not have great success. The party this year was composed of Commodore L. E. Pierce, Boston; H. C. Dilworth, East Orange, N. J.; W. F. Perkins, Wakefield, Mass.; E. Smith, Warren, Mass.; C. W. Cheency, S. R. Ellis, J. H. Davis, W. T. Bullard, G. A. Yates, Boston; B. J. Nelson, Worcester; Frank Fitzpatrick, Cambridge; F. M. Dean, St. Albans, Vt., and J. E. Dilmas, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Good sport is reported from Rangeley Lake. The other day the guests at the Rangeley Lake House were watching from the piazza five boats with fishermen, all within speaking distance. Within half an hour six salmon had been taken, all in the boats at the same time.

Mr. Wm. B. Smart, of Boston, is off for his annual fly-fishing trip to Redington, Me.

SPECIAL.

about, and it does not maintain aquaria or plants for aquaria. All the spring spawning fishes hatched by the State, such as shad, smelt and pike-perch, are distributed and planted as soon as they are hatched and ready to feed, and the fall spawning fishes would not live in an aquarium without an abundance of cool running water, which an ordinary school aquarium would not be likely to furnish. The more satisfactory way to establish an aquarium and stock it and balance it with plant life to produce oxygen which the fishes consume, after which the aquarium requires no water except to replace what is evaporated, would be read the exhaustive article in *FOREST AND STREAM*, Dec. 25, 1897, and then buy the fish and plants of some dealer who advertises in *FOREST AND STREAM*, and if they do not advertise they should, because I speak from experience when I say that this season there seems to be a boom in aquaria and aquaria supplies. That is the best that I can do, and I sincerely regret that I can do no more to furnish aquaria for school purposes. The idea of educating school children to understand something of the habits of our fishes is a most commendable one, and is in line with the idea of Dr. John D. Quackenbos, which he carried out in a school geography to teach the children the breeding seasons of all game birds and fishes, and as each State in the Union was under review the fish and game laws of the State were given; that as the children were taught that Albany was the Capital of New York, and that it was bounded, etc., that certain birds and animals could be legally killed only at certain times, and that fishes could be legally caught with hook and line only at certain seasons, and that they must not be caught at other seasons or by other means at any time.

Perch Over 100lbs. in Weight.

Mr. Alfred Jardine, the mighty pike fisherman, of England, who, perhaps, has caught more large pike, or, as we call the fish, pickerel, than any man since pike fishing with fine tackle became one of the higher branches of angling, writes in the *Gazette* of some mammoth perch which are to be found in the waters of Australia, and there considered the best of the native fishes. Specimens weighing from 120 to 130lbs. have been taken, and Frank Buckland advocated the introduction of this giant perch into the waters of Great Britain. Since Mr. Mygatt received a blow in the neck from the tail of a tarpon which rendered him unconscious for three hours, and Mr. Horder and two companions were overturned in their boat and in deadly peril because a leaping tuna did not take kindly to the gaff when brought alongside, it may not be necessary to introduce any more large fish to our waters to provide exciting sport for our anglers, but it is interesting to know that a member of the perch family grows to such great weight, and is entitled to be called the largest of all fresh-water fish, as it exceeds in weight the great Mahseer of India, which has been compared in its fighting qualities to the kingly salmon, although I have an idea that the salmon would protest, if it could, at being put into a class with this carp. If another reason is required why we do not wish to try this big perch in our waters, Mr. Jardine gives it when he says: "We tried it cooked three ways, viz., baked with savory stuffing, fried in fillets, and boiled with sauce of parsley and butter; and it was better than good mullet."

Once I was asked to a dinner where a fish of German origin, which has been landed "in our midst" to increase the profanity habit of our people, was the chief item of the menu, and it was cooked in red wine and white wine (and possibly in blue wine), and with savory stuffing, and it was good; but I am of the opinion that if a nice tender bootleg (one of the kind that I had when a boy, with red tops and gilt eagle birds on them) had been served in those wines and those savory stuffings and sauces, it would have passed and received the same verdict as was awarded to the fish, for the diners consumed more trimming than fish.

As one of our common people, I think it safe to say that we are not suffering for the introduction of any more fish into our waters to feed our 70,000,000 of patriotic inhabitants, if the fish to be palatable has to be cooked in red, white and blue wine with trimmings, but inside of twelve months somebody will wish to try this great perch in our waters and plant it in some mountain trout brook, or else history will not repeat itself.

Salvelinus Marstonii.

Having had the pleasure of naming this fish after Mr. Marston, I have ever since been interested in it, and have made several ineffectual attempts to obtain specimens, hoping to send some to Mr. Marston, that he might see the fish named after him, but up to this time I have not succeeded. The first and only specimens that I have seen of the Marston trout come from Lac de Marbre, in Ottawa county, Quebec. I saw a notice of this fish in a newspaper, and sent it to Mr. Marston, who printed it in the *Gazette* (London), and said: "If some of our friends in the Tourilli Club would send me in ice a good specimen of *Salmo marstonii*, I would be extremely obliged, and will pay all expenses of carriage. For years I have been hearing about this game and handsome namesake, and should like one stuffed in my fishing den. If I do not see or catch *S. marstonii* before I die, I shall begin to think it's 'all my eye.' " The clipping is, I assume to be, a printed statement of Dr. Evermann, Ichthyologist of the U. S. Fish Commission, and after stating that the fish was first described by Prof. Garman, of the Museum of Comparative Zoology, Cambridge, says: "This trout belongs to the group of salmonoids known in Europe as charrs or saiblings, represented in America by a number of species and varieties, most of which inhabit arctic regions. Later authorities have consequently assigned Marston's trout to the genus *Salvelinus*, of which our brook trout (*S. fontinalis*) is the best known example. * * * Marston's trout is known from Lac de Marbre, from which the type came, and from Decallones township, seventy miles east and forty miles north of Montreal. This fish cannot be mistaken for the speckled or brook trout of either sex, except perhaps during the parr stage. It differs markedly in color and form, having among other distinguishing features a plain back, a deeply forked tail and thirteen dorsal and twelve or thirteen anal rays, instead of the ten and nine rays, respectively, of the brook trout." About the time of

the Sportsmen's Show in New York last spring, a gentleman in Canada wrote me that I would probably find at the show in the Quebec exhibit a skin of a red trout (the male Marston trout is almost as red as a breeding male Sunapee saibling), which might prove to be a Marston trout. The skin I easily found, but it was of a common brook trout in breeding colors, so I was disappointed in my quest.

I think, however, that Mr. Chambers has in Quebec a painting of a Marston trout, although that is not what it purports to be. Anyway, it is very like a Marston, although it did not come from waters that are known to contain it, though it may be more widely distributed than is stated in Dr. Evermann's description.

I am yet in hopes to obtain a specimen of this fish to send to Mr. Marston, and would be very glad of the assistance of any Canadian friend who will aid me in the undertaking. I once made a journey of five days in the wilds of Canada in search of a "red trout," only to find at the end of it that the fish was nothing more than our common brook trout, and that it did not have the forked tail which the men said it had before I started on the trail. It was really the forked tail which decided me to make the journey, and when I found the tail of the red trout was square, the men said that was what they meant all the time, although, when I drew a forked tail of a fish on bark before starting, they said that was the shape of the tail of the red trout.

Report from the Restigouche.

Under date of Runnymede, P. Q., June 7, Mr. Mitchell sends me another letter about the salmon fishing in the Restigouche River, Canada, from which I quote in part for the benefit of *FOREST AND STREAM* readers:

"Just a word or two to say that so far we have had a very poor season on the Restigouche. Up to this date a dozen fish are about all that have been killed by all the fly-fishermen on this entire river. They are getting very few in the net, and not over four or five have been taken at the club." (When a good catch of fish is reported from the nets in the tidal portion of the river, the fishermen up the river, at the Restigouche Club and above, expect to find fish in the pools within from two to three days after the run is reported from Campbelltown.) Mr. Mott killed his first fish to-day. Mr. Fairchild got one a few days ago. There are eight rods at Camp Harmony, but not a fish yet. One or two of them are here for the first time, and I hope they will get some fish before long. Archie was fortunate in killing two fine fish on May 31—24½, 24½ lbs. respectively. June 1 I killed one on the Cleveland water weighing 22lbs (the first since I bought the water). The logs are running pretty thick now, and we cannot fish much. Mr. Ayer is expected to arrive Saturday, the 10th. The Alford water is lower now than when you and Mr. Burdick left last year. Thirty-one fish were killed on it in '98, and I hope to kill a few when the logs stop running. I went down to Tide Head yesterday to fish for sea trout, but it was a disagreeable day—cold east wind and occasional showers. Only got five trout, largest 1½lbs. 9 P. M. Archie has just returned from a trouting trip down river with young Mr. Mott. They caught forty-eight trout, weighing 40lbs., and said they had good sport, but the fish are at Dawson's, and I have not seen them yet."

Mr. Fairchild fishes just below Mr. Mitchell's water and just above the Golet water. Mr. Jordan L. Mott, Jr., fishes the Dawson water, where Billy Florence formerly fished, and it is on the opposite side of the river from Fairchild and Golet. Camp Harmony is the Dean Sage water, now added to the Sweeney water, which is opposite the Alford water, owned by Mr. Mitchell. Archie is Mr. Mitchell's son, and a fine salmon fisherman, as would be expected from the son of his father.

A. N. CHENEY.

Newfound Lake.

ASHLAND, N. H., June 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In reply to your correspondent from Newfound Lake, who subscribes Landlocked Salmon House instead of his name, let me say: The facts in this case are that complaints have been made to the Commission for the past three years of certain parties taking salmon in front of the screen with grapple and spear; but we have been unable to secure sufficient evidence to convict until May 11 last. Mr. Wentworth and myself were at Newfound Lake for a day's fishing, when another complaint was made of a party grappling a salmon in front of the screen. Upon investigation the party admitted that he did take a salmon with a grapple in front of the screen, and took it home, dressed it nicely and cooked it. Most people do not cook diseased fish "found lying lengthwise against a screen." From the man's own evidence we were satisfied that it was a case of pure cussedness and fined him as the law directs, and he paid the fine before leaving the room without a murmur.

There seem to be a few people living near this fine lake who are determined to deplete the lake all they can; and by grappling and spearing and fishing the small salmon out of the breeding brooks, they manage to catch hundreds each year, which, if left alone, would materially increase the fishing and save them the trouble of grumbling all the time about poor fishing.

It is a fact that more pounds of salmon and lake trout are taken from this lake each year than from any other body of water in this State of the size, and I might say any one in New England.

There are taken annually from this lake, under direction of the Commission, from 700 to 1,000 parent trout, which produce from 1,000,000 to 1,500,000 eggs, and in no year within my recollection have more than five dead trout been found killed by such treatment; and most of those were either diseased or deformed when taken. But judging from the story of your correspondent, they might be seen in front of the screen at almost any time.

Last year there were planted in the tributaries of this lake 77,000 fine landlocked salmon fry; and this spring large numbers have been seen in the streams, and I am told are being caught by the parties who have been so sorely persecuted by the closing of the waters in front of the screen.

There are, I am happy to say, many residents about the

lake who appreciate what the Commissioners are trying to do for the lake, and they deplore wanton destruction of the food fish by the miserable poachers.

At the request of some of the most prominent citizens about the lake, we closed a small tract of water between the cofferdam and the screen, which we consider we were warranted in doing in the interest of fishing in this lake.

Now if the poachers and grumblers would turn their attention to protecting their fish instead of fishing the streams all day where the salmon fry have been planted and at night carrying their catch home under a lock for fear some one would see the short trout and salmon taken, they would benefit themselves a hundred times more than by the course they are now pursuing.

If the foregoing statement of fact will clear up any of the darkness in the rural district alluded to I am glad; but if it does not, I would advise your correspondent to lay the matter before His Excellency the Governor at once.

F. L. HUGHES,

Sec'y New Hampshire Fish and Game Commission.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST

Chicago Fly-Casting Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., June 10.—About a dozen members of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club met at the North Lagoon, Garfield Park, this afternoon for the third club series of the season. The weather was bright and very fresh, a decided change from the torrid weather which prevailed earlier in the week, and the afternoon was a very enjoyable one. Messrs. Belasco, Greenwood, Hascal, Ludlow, Lippincott, Newkirk, Peet, Renwick, Salter, Smith and Strell took part in the competition, the honorable secretary, Mr. George Murrell, being too busy with the records to take a hand at the floats. A stiffish wind prevailed, which during the fly-casting quartered from left to right across the floats, and during the bait-casting from right to left, the driftage for fly of frog being very noticeable. The wind lessened toward sundown, while the dry-fly work was going on, but was the occasion of a very low set of scores. The club programme is billed to open at 1:30 in the afternoon, but it was somewhat later than that when the work began to-day. In the bait-casting event each man is now required to make three casts at each buoy in the set of five, of fifteen casts in all, and with eleven entries this takes considerable time. It was nearly 7:30 o'clock when the secretary made his announcements, and the cheerful party began to bundle up the rods and set forth for home.

Splendid fellows are these of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club, and they well enough understand the use of the fly rod or the bait rod. These club contests are purely amateur, and are highly enjoyable affairs. To-day a number of ladies were present with their husbands, Mesdames Murrell, Peet, Hascal and Ludlow, these being more or less interested spectators, while the nearly invisible work of the fly went on.

The long-distance fly-casting event was won by F. N. Peet, who had plenty to spare with his fine record of 119ft. Distance and accuracy was won by H. G. Hascal, 89 2-3. Accuracy and delicacy was captured by C. G. Ludlow, 96 1-6, and the bait-casting event was won by H. A. Newkirk, 94 8-15, close crowded by Hascal, who was only 4-15 behind him. The following are the scores of the day:

	Long Distance Fly, Feet.	Distance and Accuracy, Per Cent.	Accuracy and Delicacy, Per Cent.	Bait Casting, Per Cent.
J. D. Belasco...	85	56 2-3	...	61 2-3
H. Greenwood...	89	85 1-3	85 5-6	91 14-15
H. G. Hascal...	109	89 2-3	94 1-6	94 4-15
E. Letterman...	90 8-15
C. Lippincott...	...	86 1-3	95 1-3	85 13-15
C. G. Ludlow...	95	82	96 1-6	89 1-15
H. Newkirk...	...	80 2-3	92 1-3	94 8-15
F. N. Peet...	118	79 1-3	94 5-6	90 8-15
E. A. Renwick...	106	80 1-3	...	82 4-15
G. W. Salter...	...	75 2-3	86 2-3	87 3-5
A. C. Smith...	106	82	93 1-6	88 1-5
G. W. Strell...	73 2-3

Holders of Medals.—Long distance fly, F. N. Peet; distance and accuracy, H. G. Hascal; accuracy and delicacy, C. G. Ludlow; bait-casting, H. A. Newkirk.

Club Fishing Meet.

The fishing meet of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club, held at Bass Lake, Ind., last Saturday, was a very successful little affair, something like two dozen being on hand. They paired off and had a very pleasant time, although the fishing was not very extraordinary. Messrs. Hascal and Smith received the souvenir for the most fortunate pair. Mr. Murrell caught the biggest bass, 3½lbs., and Mr. Goodwin drew the booby prize. Being well pleased with the locality, some of the members contemplate going back again before long, among these Mr. Murrell, who says he has never seen big-mouth bass fight better than they do in that lake.

A Few Bass.

A few bass are being taken by our anglers. Mr. H. W. Perce is now absent on the Fox River on a floating trip from McHenry to Elgin. Mr. E. Wilkinson has been trying the Fox River near Clintonville, and has one or two nice catches. About as good fishing as I have heard of this season for bass has been at Corey Lake, Michigan, where Mr. H. G. Hascal and three friends took 120 bass on their recent trip. At the same water, last week, Mr. H. H. Miner caught thirty bass. These fish averaged small, and many of them were returned. That ought to be a good fly-fishing water, for usually the bass of under a pound weight are the best for fly-fishing.

Trout.

Messrs. Newkirk, Peet, Smith, Hascal, Chadwick and their friend, Mr. Tinthoff, start next week for Michigan for a long session with the rainbow trout.

Mr. F. B. Orr returned last week from his trouting trip at Merrill, Wis., where he had very good fortune and enjoyed the benefits of the first flight of mosquitoes.

Several members of the Gaylord Club will go up next week to try the waters of the Pike and other streams in that very delectable neighborhood.

The old reliable State of Michigan is giving very good account of herself in the way of trout this month. Mr. George L. Alexander, of Grayling, Mich., whom I have often mentioned as president of the Fontinalis Club of that State, writes me under date of June 8 that the Au Sable River is ready and waiting for me to come and tackle it. Mr. Alexander is so very good as to ask me to have a trip with him, and he promises to take me to a place where there are a few grayling, which fish he bids me to speedily attempt, since it will soon be too late forever. I should enjoy nothing more than a few days with Mr. Alexander, who is a prince among anglers, and very skillful withal. Some of these days I will drift into that neck of woods.

One often hears the proverb that it is the busiest men that one should approach if one wants to get anything done. I don't know what I would do if anything should happen to my friend Mr. Merston, of Saginaw, who sends me lots of news, and who sometimes makes me a bit unhappy by telling me of the good times he is going to have, or has been having. It seems that the last trip of the Saginaw crowd (this week) was a very troutful one. Mr. Merston says that everyone had all the fishing he wanted. It was not necessary to keep any small fish, for one day he took thirty-nine, which filled his basket, among these three rainbow trout, one of them 18 in. long. "I lost another," says Mr. Merston, "that seemed to me as long as my arm, and I had a long, hard fight with him. I had two or three brook trout that weighed 1½ lbs. each, and lost a number of old whoppers." Everybody had plenty of trout and everybody was happy. Yet this came pretty near being the end of the Saginaw crowd, which causes one to reflect that there may be some danger in wilderness railroad travel even in the best company. It seems that during the run home there came up a heavy thunderstorm which hustled everybody into the car. The rest of it I shall let Mr. Merston tell for himself:

"The engine immediately started with us," he says, "and we 'slicked up' preparatory for dinner. This was about 9:30 in the evening. It was blowing a hurricane and the rain coming down in barrels full. The engine was running like a scared dog, with only our car and a caboose behind. Suddenly there was a crash, a bumping on the ties and the shock of grinding brake wheels, and we all set our teeth and hung onto our chairs, awaiting with dread the termination. Whether we were to be upside down or when the car would stop was a question. Finally it stopped, right side up, and we were not off the track and apparently all right. But the engine had caught it. A great tree had blown across the track and demolished the cowcatcher and pilot, and derailed the engine. Fortunately we were only four miles from our destination, and managed to get word to another engine, the crew of which on arrival seemed to know just what to do, and we were back on the track in half an hour and caught our train and got home bright and early Monday morning."

That was a near enough thing, but as lightning never strikes twice in the same place, I presume the hardy Saginaw crowd need not expect to meet another fallen tree with their special car at any time soon. Climbing a tree with a locomotive is a feat not desirable of itself nor apt soon to be duplicated.

Muscallunge.

Mr. Marvin Hughitt, Jr., and Mr. Charles Antoine, of this city, returned Monday from a muscallunge trip to the Manitowish Chain. They caught eighteen muscallunge, but most of them were very small, the heaviest 10½ lbs. Upon the other hand, their luck in wall-eyed pike was very remarkable, for Mr. Hughitt was lucky enough to kill one that weighed 11½ lbs., a very extraordinary weight for these waters.

Messrs. C. H. Lester, O. von Lengerke and William Nash left Tuesday evening for Hayward, Mich., where they will spend a week fishing for muscallunge.

There were twenty-two guests last week at Kabekona Camp, Minn., among others Mr. George F. Jennings and son, Dr. McDonald and Mr. J. E. Callahan, all of Chicago. Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Mussey returned yesterday from their trip to Kabekona, after a very pleasant and successful time. I am glad to be able to say that the alarm felt by Mr. McCartney for the future of his fishing resort now proves to be groundless. The Northern Pacific has put back the train which was laid off between Brainerd and Pine River, and the connection is now good throughout, so that one may leave Chicago in the evening and reach the camp the next evening. The temporary withdrawal of the train necessitated a lay-over of twenty-four hours, which bid fair to be fatal to the camp.

Mackinaw Way.

Mr. J. E. Smith, of Caldwell, Ohio, writes me as below for information regarding fishing in the upper part of the South Peninsula:

"I have been reading your articles in the FOREST AND STREAM, and it occurred to me that possibly you would kindly give me information in regard to bass and trout fishing near Mackinac and the Soo, Michigan. I expect to spend three weeks in August near these two points. Any information you can give me will be thankfully received. Was at the Snow Islands last year, but found bass fishing poor."

If Mr. Smith will write to Mr. C. L. Lockwood, general passenger agent of the G. R. & I. Railroad, Grand Rapids, Mich., he will get something better than a railroad answer to his query, for Mr. Lockwood is an angler and knows where the fishing is. For bass fishing near the Soo, he might write to Hon. Chase S. Osborn, ex-game warden, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich. Mr. Osborn is now Railroad Commissioner, but he is still a sportsman, and still lives in Sault Ste. Marie. I think either of these gentlemen would be glad to help out the above inquirer.

The Georgian Bay.

While I was at Cleveland this week I learned of a little party who will take an extended fishing trip this summer in the Georgian Bay country, after muscallunge and bass. There will be two sections of this party, the first leaving June 15, and including Messrs. J. C. Trask, L. A. Roby, D. W. Scribner and H. B. Burrows. About a couple of weeks later these will be joined by Messrs. R. R. Holden, A. S. Brooks, O. F. Clay and C. E. Kennedy.

Castalia Club.

At Cleveland I met among other gentlemen Dr. E. E. Beeman, whose fame is world-wide as the inventor of Beeman's Pepsin Chewing Gum. Dr. Beeman is very much of a sportsman, and is fond of a boat, a gun, a dog and a rod. He is a member of the famous Castalia Club, and through him I heard again of my old friend, Andrew, the club keeper, who it seems has been busy again among the brown trout. The last big fellow taken by Andrew was a grand one, weighing 10 lbs. 8 oz. This fish was brought to Cleveland and served in state. Dr. Beeman told me that it was caught on a 6 oz. rod and on a No. 6 fly hook. The worthy doctor told me that this giant robber of the stream was caught fairly on the artificial fly. "Not that I would affirm, however," he remarked, "that there are no better lures than the artificial fly, far better. Upon the contrary, such is the especial virtue and excellence of the chewing gum manufactured by myself, that in several cases Andrew has manufactured therefrom an artificial worm so alluring that its use has been positively forbidden by the house rules of the club. I need say no more in modest praise of our product than to point out its popularity as an article *pour passer le temps* among even the finny aristocracy."

Carp.

Mr. A. J. Barge, of Cleveland, is another gentleman who is fond of both gun and rod, and he has no use for that imported nuisance, the carp, as food for the rod, though sometimes he has enjoyed very good shooting on them. This spring while duck shooting on the club marsh near Port Clinton, he found the duck feed nearly eaten up by swarms of these carp. He pushed around on the flats and with vindictive zeal shot over 150 of the carp, but seemed to make no impression on their numbers. He says they are ruining the marsh, destroying the celery and the wild rice, and he would cheerfully see the last one of them exterminated.

E. HOUGH.

480 CAXTON BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

The Salt-Water League.

NEW YORK, June 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In the FOREST AND STREAM of May 20 you published a list of delegates up to that date. Since then I have appointed some others. Following are the additional ones, which please add when you publish a full list. I will from time to time send you the new names of those I appoint:

- Branch 35. A. H. Dirkes, Ninth avenue and Fiftieth street.
- Branch 36. Frank Efner, 86 Thompsons avenue, Brooklyn.
- Branch 37. O. M. Beach, 41 Union square.
- Branch 38. Mr. Hesbach, Goose Creek, L. I.
- Branch 39. Fred Hochgraef, 314 East Thirty-fourth street.
- Branch 40. B. Burstel, 17 Riverdale avenue, Yonkers.
- Branch 41. Thos. J. Conroy, 28 John street.
- Branch 42. W. F. Gugler, 315 Bowery.
- Branch 43. Robt. Payton, 251 West Broadway.
- Branch 44. J. A. Schneider, 1512 Broadway.
- Branch 45. C. J. Schukraft, 100 Second avenue.

On Wednesday evening, May 31, a meeting was called by the delegate of Branch No. 1, Mr. Wm. Roeber, at 309 Eighth avenue, and an organization perfected in that district. Meetings to be held on the first and third Wednesdays of each month at the above place to enroll members in the district, also to enlighten members when and where to go to catch fish, what tackle and baits to use, and other points of benefit to members. Headquarters of Branch No. 1 is at 329 Eighth avenue. Information given and taken as to violations of the law, etc. The following officers were elected to office of Branch No. 1 for 1899, and they are hustlers: Mr. Chas. Lorsch, Chairman; Mr. Fred Estz, Vice-Chairman; Mr. Chas. S. Crane, Secretary; Mr. Robt. Cook, Treasurer; Mr. Robt. H. B. Fisher, Sergeant-at-Arms.

We are making great strides in what we have set out to do. That is one good reason why our membership is increasing. More fishing station owners came into our ranks last week. I wish every delegate would organize his district at once and try to beat Branch No. 1.

Fishermen of New York are wanted to join this League. Its purposes as set forth in the constitution are declared to be:

"The objects of this League are, namely, to obtain legislation looking to the enactment of beneficial laws for the protection of salt-water fish, the co-operation of fishermen at large in conforming to and enforcing the same, and generally in furthering and aiding all lawful methods looking to prompt action in all violations of law appertaining thereto.

THEO. BIEDINGER, Pres.

NEW YORK, June 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* By request of the president of the League, I herewith send you additional names of delegates, hoping you will publish the same with the others sent you by Mr. Biedinger:

- Branch 43. Schneider, J. A., 1512 Broadway.
- Branch 44. Schukraft, C. J., 100 Second avenue.
- Branch 45. Tobin, C. V., Huguenot, S. I.
- Branch 46. Bjur, Warner, Seaside Dock, Rockaway Beach.
- Branch 47. Cochran, Albert, Tottenville, S. I.
- Branch 48. Mehlhop, W. D., 108 East Twenty-seventh street.
- Branch 49. Schott, Edward, 170 Broadway.
- Branch 50. Selsing, Fred, 27 Carroll street, Brooklyn.

EUGENE THIDNER, Sec'y.

Long Island Fishing.

EAST ROCKAWAY, L. I., June 12.—The net fishermen have done their best to clear the bay of fish, but so far there has been no apparent decrease in the supply. Three gangs of fishermen, each with a net, drag the channels every day. They have been catching from 700 to 1,000 lbs. of fish for each crew. Weakfish predominate. A few kingfish have been caught, and fluke and flounders are plenty. Drop-line fishermen have had fine sport with the weakfish in the bay. The parties who go off to the fishing banks or the wreck of Iberia have come back loaded down with ling, weakfish, etc. Blackfish are still scarce.

QUEENSWATER, L. I., June 12.—The large weakfish have arrived and are caught both in Wreck Lead and in Broad Channel, along Hicks' Beach. There is excellent fishing in the ocean. Bluefish are beginning to arrive, and the professional fishermen prophesy a big run before the season is over. Crabs are becoming plenty, but are not caught much yet, except for bait. They will soon work up into the creeks, where they are captured by the amateur fishermen at the docks and along the creek edge.

MASSAPEQUA, L. I., June 10.—This has been a great week for fishermen. Weakfish have been very plenty and of large size. Some very good catches are reported. Strange to say, they have been caught by rod and reel from the edges of the meadows near the bathing houses of the Massapequa Hotel. Heretofore it has always been thought necessary to take a boat to get weakfish, but some very fine fish have been caught by casting lines from the shore.

Fishing Up and Down the Potomac.

Little Falls.

ABOUT three miles above the Aqueduct, or Free Bridge, at Georgetown, is the Chain Bridge, though there is nothing in the present appearance of the modern iron girder structure to indicate the origin of the name. It is inherited from the first bridge on the same site, long since destroyed.

The path to this is a finely macadamized roadway with the retaining wall of the C. and O. Canal on one side and the Palisades of the Potomac on the other, a delightful ramble or drive in the early dawn of a June morning, when one inhales champagne in the life-giving air and from the river floats a gentle mist, "Like that which kept the heart of Eden green before the useful trouble of the rain."

On the opposite or Virginia shore is an electric light and power house, getting its water from Pimmit Run, which empties into the Potomac just below the bridge.

At the foot of the bluff is a rude path up the river some distance to Little Falls, where tide water meets the Potomac and where begins that famous estuary, the most important of any that marries the Alleghenies to the Atlantic; a hundred miles in length, several miles in average breadth, and a channel to float an iron clad to the Capital.

The falls are well named Little, since they are no more than a rapid, but the current is swift, and the water tumbles in mad confusion, and foams and roars in a way to daunt a novice, but that would be child's play to the skillful voyageur in his birch bark canoe.

Our last trip here was a family affair, and the trip was driven along the Summit road after leaving the bridge, to a point opposite the falls, and a picnic grounds selected on a shady knoll commanding a beautiful view of the river. Here the babies were to be left for the afternoon, while the rods clambered down the steep bluff to try the pools and rapids below.

The knoll was found to be grassy and inviting with wild flowers in plenty, but a closer inspection showed a patch of young poison ivy or poison oak. An immune of the party volunteered to pluck it out by the roots and carry it away. When this was done and blankets spread it was voted safe for the little ones, and they came to no hurt, but the alleged immune several days after found his hands, particularly the tender places between the fingers, covered with irritating vesicles, for which lead water and the ordinary simple remedies afforded no relief, but after a single varnishing with collodion they disappeared.

This recalls the experience of a friend who had been badly poisoned with the vine, and every spring suffered a recurrence of the symptoms, swelling, inflammation and blisters, without fresh exposure. In the fifth year he was induced to try the prescribed homeopathic remedy, rustox as it is called here (*Rhus toxicodendron*), in which he had no faith, but to his surprise was at once relieved, and has never since been troubled though annually exposed.

He still flouts the system of sugar pellets, but takes off his hat to rustox, which he has been often heard to recommend as the only specific. This he stoutly maintains against the suggestion of some of his friends that in his own case he had simply outgrown the effects, and the thorough inoculation had saved him since.

The river at Little Falls narrows to a gorge, and rushes down the long reach a miniature cataract; though the anadromous fishes do surmount the obstruction, they find in the deep pools at its foot a temporary resting place; a relay for the strong, the end of the route for the weak.

As the fish start up for their early spring run, the white perch seem to avoid the shallow water and go straight up the deepest parts of the channel. In this they are unlike the herring and some others which are caught on the banks, but in the hauls for these latter fish very few white perch are caught. The consequence is the perch reach the pools like these at Little Falls, and are caught there in quantities in the deep water, several weeks before they are found in their usual haunts in the coves and shallows, miles below.

Here in the holes below the rapids, the shad and herring and lampreys and mullets and perch are dipped in April and May with long-handled hoop nets, 3 or 4 ft. in diameter, and about as deep; an operation requiring considerable strength and skill.

Occasionally then, a great 6 ft. sturgeon may be seen at play a little distance below, as if he too belonged to this great drove of immigrants, and was rounding up the procession at this natural corral. Leaving the water with a mighty leap he seems to clear two or three times his length and falls upon the surface with a splash as if a plank had been dropped broadside, and with a noise that may be heard across the river.

Even the bass in these estuary waters get the roaming habit, and may be caught under dams and occasionally bump against flood-gates. Within a couple of weeks a little school of 4 lb. big-mouth bass amused a party for several hours on a sunny afternoon. A bridge permitted approach to within 3 ft. of a water gate, and these bass, always in pairs, came up to get through.

Foiled in this they turned tail on the trickle of waste from the gate and rested motionless on the flat rock at the bottom, which had barely enough water running over

it to cover the fish, and there they would stand with just enough motion of the fins to keep their balance, apparently debating whether to make a nest on the spot, seek some new and more favorable locality or go home.

So long as all was quiet they seemed content to rest with only that quiver of the fins, and the bull dog expression that appropriately goes with their pugnacious disposition, but with the flicker of an eyelid or the raising of a finger they were off like a shot, returning only when everything was again still.

Sometimes "snatching," as it is called in Scotland, is practiced at the falls on quite a large scale. A series of triangles are tied to a line a foot apart, and these are dropped in the deep water alongside a steep rock at the foot of the falls. A moment's rest till the fish gather about, and a quick jerk usually engages several herring, and sometimes a better fish. Bushels are caught at times in this way, by pot-fishers who have no net.

Swift water trebles the weight of a fish on the line, and so adds to their apparent fighting qualities that it is a generally accepted theory that the fish which frequents rapids and stony bottoms is far gamer than the fish that lives in a pool; and the argument is plausible enough; that the very exertion of constantly contending with the currents must give the fish a harder nature, a better muscle, a firmer meat, a more decided character; must, in short, make them in every way superior to those which dwell in still waters. Of course, all this is true in a measure, but it is well not to be carried away with the idea to the extent of confining one's fishing to foamy waters, else will the angler sacrifice half the pleasure which is to be had out of his holiday.

Drop a minnow into the rushing waters of the Nepigon and your reel will empty as fast as if there was a salmon on; you get a strike, and tackle which will save a 6lb. bass will hardly get in your 2lb. trout; not because the trout is so far superior, but because the current is strong. Bubbles on the water do not alone give character to fish. The mullet is a mullet still, even under a waterfall; and the pike of the pool is fierce, voracious, cunning, athletic and unconquerable. He comes with a rush and a snap, sometimes for yards on the surface of the water; hits the fly with a certainty that leaves nothing to be desired, and does acrobatic stunts all the way to the net, if he does not get off before, which he is like enough to do.

He is a mighty hunter, and his method of pursuing his prey keeps him always fit. There are some anglers who consider there is but one black bass, the small-mouth, and that the other is useless for food, lacking in gamey qualities and only fished for by the misguided. In this they are mistaken, and it is a theory they will abandon and resent when their experience is wider.

It is possible that in the Florida lakes they may be tame sport, and there seems to be a general agreement that in some of the swamps of Ohio the big-mouth is an inferior fish, but there is yet to be found his superior where he has a fair chance.

His open countenance enables him to feed on 1/2 lb. fish and over, and the exercise he gets in running these down keeps him in the pink of condition the season through. He is called the "jumper" in Kentucky, and the Fish Commission tell of one in the Holston River, Tenn., clearing a 12ft. barge with a 14ft. leap; there is a well authenticated instance of an 11ft. jump made by a hooked bass in a pool on the lower Potomac.

Taking the two fish at their best, there is no man living can tell the difference in their taking the fly, in their fight to the boat, or on the platter, by any other sign than that one has a more capacious smile than the other; and by the same token he is just a little the better jumper and will leave the water oftener after being hooked, and is as long in coming to the net as his cousin who says "prunes."

Granby and Dewar are revising a new edition of the "Haddon Hall Library of Sports," and the first volume, just out, is a reprint of Sir Edward Grey's "Fly-Fishing," an interesting sketch of his experiences and delights with the dry fly. He has an ingenious theory that when a trout runs to the weeds he does not roll himself up in them, as some anglers contend, but just lays hold of the stems with his mouth and hangs on; this accounts, he thinks, for the dead pull one has when the trout reaches the brush, and he mentions several instances to prove this, where the patch of weeds was too small to hide his fish, and he could see it all the time; and of frequently catching them with pieces of weed in the mouth.

This is clever and interesting, but will require something more of demonstration to be universally accepted.

C. A. Munger in the Knickerbocker for 1855, told of similar devices by the intelligent fish of the Susquehanna.

"It may be some large fish hath taken your bait, and run under a stone. If so, he will come shortly out and you shall lose nothing but time, for which the Susquehanna angler careth not a fig. Some there be who say that this river aboundeth with a very large and strong fish, which taketh great delight in pestering the honest fisher, by seizing the line between his teeth and curling his tail around a root or stick and holding there until the twine be broken. * * *

"Yet if it be not true, it is but a harmless bit of pleasantry which is allowable to our gentle craft; though no Susquehanna angler will tell large stories, much less lie." HENRY TALBOTT.

Proposed Texas Trials.

MR. ROBT. W. SHAW, of Galveston, Tex., has undertaken to promote field trials in his State. In a recent letter to Texas sportsmen he says:

It is generally conceded that field trials have been a strong factor in the improvement of the bird dog; in fact, it is the only means to make the improvement general, for public competitions bring to the front dogs of force and individuality, suggesting the best to breed to and the most desirable blood lines to perpetuate, and afford opportunities of seeing typical specimens of both breeds in an exhibition of high class field work.

State field trial associations have proven a success in other States. Can we not make one a success in Texas? We have as good dogs as may be found elsewhere, and surely we have as keen sportsmen, fully abreast with all that pertains to dog and gun; refined and cultured people form the nucleus of true sportsmanship the world over, and we know the craft is clean here and elsewhere.

I am reasonably sure a field trial association would prove a success, and I believe these conditions would insure it: Make the initiation and entry fees light, thus making the cost of membership inexpensive. The membership should be large so that the interest may be general, and to avoid all local jealousies and in the interest of harmony, I think it would be well to change the location of the running grounds annually. This would be practicable, as there are so many portions of Texas eligible and available.

I suggest that an organization meeting be held in the city of Dallas early in July, and that the local sportsmen of every county in the State get together and accredit a delegate to attend the Dallas meeting and submit a list of names for membership, elect officers, adopt by-laws and running rules, and decide on a point to hold the first field trials.

I shall be pleased to hear from you and will thank you for any suggestion that may favor the object in view.

ROBT. W. SHAW.

Yachting.

Fixtures.

JUNE.

- 12-13-14. Royal St. Lawrence, Yankee-Dominion match, Dorval, Lake St. Louis.
14. East Gloucester, cup, Gloucester, Mass.
15. Portland, cruise, Portland, Me.
17. Larchmont, spring open, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
17. Morris Yachtsmen, spring open, City Island, Pelham Bay.
17. Winthrop, squadron cruise to Nahant, Massachusetts Bay.
17. Taunton, club, Taunton.
17. Gravesend Bay, annual, Bath Beach, New York Bay.
17. Hull, Mass., annual, open.
17. Beverly, open, Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
17. Jubilee, open, 2d cham.
17. Jamaica Bay, dory class, Jamaica Bay.
17. American, club, Newburyport, Mass.
17. Philadelphia, annual, Philadelphia, Delaware River.
17. East Gloucester, club, Gloucester, Mass.
17. Plymouth, club, Plymouth, Mass.
17. Quannapowitt, club.
17. Corinthian Mar., club, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
17. Jeffries, cruise, East Boston, Boston Harbor.
17. Royal Nova Scotia, club, Halifax, N. S.
18. Penataquit Cor., snipe class, Bayshore, L. I.
18. Gloucester, spring, Delaware River.
18. Old Mill, club, Jamaica Bay.
19. Brooklyn, annual, open, Bath Beach, New York Bay.
19. Pavana, annual, open, Communipaw, New York Bay.
20. Atlantic, annual, open, Sea Gate, New York Harbor.
21. Royal Nova Scotia, open, Halifax, N. S.
21. East Gloucester, cup, Gloucester, Mass.
22. New York, annual, open, New York, New York Harbor.
22. Boston, club handicap, South Boston, Boston Harbor.
24. Norwalk, club, Norwalk, Conn., Long Island Sound.
24. Corinthian, Phila., knockabout, Essington, Delaware River.
24. West End, club, Detroit, Lake St. Clair.
24. Beverly, club Cor., Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
24. Royal Nova Scotia, knockabout class, Halifax, N. S.
24. Seawanhaka Cor., annual, open, Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound.
24. Winthrop, club, Great Head, Boston Harbor.
24. Morris Yachtsmen, special, City Island, Long Island Sound.
24. Burgess, 2d cham., Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
24. Jamaica Bay, club, cats, Jamaica Bay.
25. Penataquit Cor., club, Bayshore, Great South Bay.
- 26-29. Sea. Cor., cruise to New London and return, L. I. Sound.
28. Mosquito Fleet, open, South Boston, Boston Harbor.
28. East Gloucester, cup, Gloucester, Mass.

JULY.

1. Wood's Holl, sprit and cat class, Quissett.
1. Quincy, club, Quincy, Boston Harbor.
1. Eastern, annual, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
1. American, annual cruise, Newburyport to Boston.
1. New Rochelle, annual, open, New Rochelle, L. I. Sound.
1. Columbia-Defender, New York, New York Harbor.
1. New Jersey-Knickerbocker, cup, Bayonne, Newark Bay.
1. Beverly, Cor., Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
1. Burgess, club, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
- 1-4. Williamsburgh, an. cruise to Cold Spg. Harbor, L. I. Sound.
1. Winthrop, hand sweeps, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
1. Savin Hill, open, Savin Hill, Boston Harbor.
1. Corinthian, Phila., knockabouts, Essington, Delaware River.
2. Penataquit Cor., snipe class, Bayshore, Great South Bay.
3. Stamford, annual, open.
- 3-5-6. Seawanhaka Cor., 20ft. trials, Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound.
2. Atlantic, cruise, rendezvous at Larchmont; 5, Larchmont to Black Rock, Black Rock to New London; 7, New London to Shelter Island.
- 4-5-6. Chicago, trial races, Canada cup, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
4. Larchmont, annual, open, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
4. Boston City, open, South Boston, Boston Harbor.
4. Corinthian, Marblehead, club cham., Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
4. Wollaston, Burgess cup, Wollaston, Mass.
4. East Gloucester, club, Gloucester, Mass.
4. Pavana, club special, Communipaw, New York Bay.
4. Newport, annual, Newport, Narragansett Bay.
4. Jamaica Bay, club, Jamaica Bay.
4. Quannapowitt, club.
4. Wood's Holl, sprit & cat classes, Wood's Holl, Hadley Harbor.
5. American, annual, open, Milton Point, Long Island Sound.
5. East Gloucester, club, Gloucester, Mass.
6. Indian Harbor, special, Greenwich, Long Island Sound.
7. Sea Cliff, open, Sea Cliff, Long Island Sound.
8. Riverside, annual, open, Riverside, Long Island Sound.
8. Jamaica Bay, dory class, Jamaica Bay.
8. Corinthian, Phila., knockabouts, Essington, Delaware River.
8. Royal Nova Scotia, open, Halifax, N. S.
8. Burgess, club, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
8. Winthrop, club, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
8. Wood's Holl, open, Quissett.
8. Norwalk, club, Norwalk, Long Island Sound.
9. Penataquit Cor., 15ft. class, Bayshore, Great South Bay.
10. Manchester, 1st cham., Manchester.
12. East Gloucester, cup, Gloucester, Mass.
- 15-17-18-19-20-21. Larchmont, race week.
15. Penataquit Cor., snipe class, Bayshore, Great South Bay.
15. American, handicap, Newburyport, Mass.
15. Beverly, club Cor., Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
15. East Gloucester, cruise, Gloucester, Mass.
15. Wollaston, ladies' day, Wollaston, Mass.
15. Quincy, open, Quincy, Boston Harbor.
15. Winthrop, hand sweeps, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
16. Corinthian, Marblehead, 3d cham., Marblehead, Mass. Bay.

15. Taunton, club, Taunton, Mass.
15. Jamaica Bay, club special, Jamaica Bay.
15. Royal Nova Scotia, all classes, Halifax, N. S.
15. Corinthian, Phila., knockabouts, Essington, Delaware River.
15. Wood's Holl, sprit and cat classes, Wood's Holl.
15. Savin Hill, club handicap, Savin Hill, Boston Harbor.
15. Burgess, 16ft. class, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
15. Seawanhaka Cor., Roosevelt cup, Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound.
15. Quannapowitt, club.
16. East Gloucester, cruise to Marblehead.
16. Williamsburgh, club, cats, Long Island Sound.
16. Old Mill, open.
16. Squantum, Burkhardt cup, Squantum, Mass.
16. Penataquit, annual, club, Bayshore, Great South Bay.
17. Manchester, 1st cham., West Manchester.
17. Quincy, ladies' day, Quincy, Boston Harbor.
18. Newport, ladies' day, Newport, Narragansett Bay.
18. East Gloucester, cup, Gloucester, Mass.
21. Wollaston, moonlight sail, Wollaston, Mass.
21. Taunton, club run, Taunton, Mass.
22. Burgess, open, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
22. Corinthian, Phila., knockabouts, Essington, Delaware River.
22. Wood's Holl, sprit & cat classes, Wood's Holl, Hadley Harbor.
22. Jamaica Bay, dory class, Jamaica Bay.
22. New Jersey-Knickerbocker, cup, Bayonne, Newark Bay.
22. Penataquit Cor., 15ft. class, Bayshore, Great South Bay.
22. Quannapowitt, club.
22. Penataquit Cor., snipe class, Bayshore, Great South Bay.
- 24-29. Oconomowoc, race week, Oconomowoc Lake.
- 24-25-26. Quincy, challenge cup, Quincy, Boston Harbor.
24. Manchester, 2d cham., Manchester.
24. American, moonlight sail, Newburyport.
26. East Gloucester, cup, Gloucester, Mass.
- 26-27-28-29. Beverly, race week, Buzzard's Bay.
- 26-27-28. Royal St. Lawrence, Seawanhaka cup, Dorval, Lake St. Louis.
27. Jamaica Bay, cat classes, Jamaica Bay.
29. New Jersey-Knickerbocker, Ellsworth cup, Bayonne, Newark Bay.
29. Plymouth, club, Plymouth, Mass.
29. Royal Nova Scotia, one-design, Halifax, N. S.
29. Norwalk, club, Norwalk, Long Island Sound.
29. American, club handicap, Newburyport.
29. Winthrop, open, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
29. Indian Harbor, annual, open, Greenwich, Long Island Sound.
29. Corinthian, Marblehead, 4th cham., Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
29. Quannapowitt, club.
30. Penataquit Cor., 15ft. class, Bayshore, Great South Bay.
31. Wood's Holl, open, Quissett.
31. Manchester, 3d cham., Manchester, Mass.
30. Lake Champlain, annual cruise, rendezvous Port Henry, Lake Champlain.

AUGUST.

- July 30 to Aug. 8. Lake Champlain, annual cruise, L. Champlain.
1. Wood's Holl, club, Wood's Holl.
2. Royal Nova Scotia, squadron cruise, Halifax, N. S.
2. East Gloucester, cup, Gloucester, Mass.
- 3-4-5-7-8. Manchester, midsummer races, Manchester.
5. Beverly, Cor. race., Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
5. Burgess, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
5. East Gloucester, club, Gloucester, Mass.
5. Hempstead Harbor, annual, open, Glen Cove, L. I. Sound.
5. Jamaica Bay, dory class, Jamaica Bay.
5. Sea Cliff, annual, open, Long Island Sound.
7. New York, annual cruise, rendezvous.
- 7-8-9. Royal Canadian, Canada cup trials, Toronto, Lake Ontario.
7. Knickerbocker, annual cruise, rendezvous College Point.
- 9-10-11. Corinthian, Marblehead, midsummer series, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
12. Corinthian, Marblehead, open, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
12. Horseshoe Harbor, annual, open, Larchmont, L. I. Sound.
12. American, cruise to Squam, Newburyport.
12. Quincy, club, Quincy, Boston Harbor.
12. Taunton, club, Taunton, Mass.
12. Wood's Holl, open, Wood's Holl, Quissett.
12. Wollaston, open, Wollaston, Mass.
12. Bridgeport, Bridgeport, Long Island Sound.
12. Royal Nova Scotia, one-design class, Halifax, N. S.
12. Norwalk, club, Norwalk, Long Island Sound.
12. Quannapowitt, club.
12. Squantum, handicap, Squantum, Mass.
12. Jamaica Bay, annual cruise, rendezvous.
- 12-13. Winthrop, cruise to Marblehead, Winthrop.
12. Savin Hill, club handicap, Savin Hill, Boston Harbor.
12. Penataquit Cor., 15ft. class, Bayshore, Great South Bay.
13. Williamsburgh, sloop classes, Bowers Bay, L. I. Sound.
- 14-15-16-17. Lake Y. R. A. meet, Toronto, Lake Ontario.
- 14 to 19. Oshkosh, J. L. Y. A. week, Oshkosh, Wis.
- 14-15-16. Erie, open, Erie, Pa., Lake Erie.
14. American, open, Newburyport.
16. Annisquam, open, Annisquam.
17. Newport, ladies' day, Newport, Narragansett Bay.
17. East Gloucester, open, Gloucester, Mass.
17. Taunton, ladies' day, Taunton, Mass.
19. Corinthian, Marblehead, 5th cham., Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
19. Beverly, club Cor., Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
19. Burgess, club, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
19. Jubilee, annual, open, Salem Bay.
19. Huguenot, annual, open, New Rochelle, Long Island Sound.
19. Morris, special club, Port Morris, Long Island Sound.
19. New Jersey-Knickerbocker, Cor. cup, Bayonne, Newark Bay.
19. Royal Hamilton, open., Hamilton, Lake Ontario.
19. Royal Nova Scotia, all classes, Halifax, N. S.
19. Quannapowitt, club.
19. Philadelphia, cup, Philadelphia, Delaware River.
20. Penataquit Cor., snipe class, Bayshore, Great South Bay.
21. Royal Canadian, Canada cup, Toronto, Lake Ontario.
- 21-22-23-24-25. Seawanhaka Cor., Cor. of Philadelphia, knockabout match, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
21. American, moonlight sail, Newburyport, Mass.
24. Plymouth, open, Plymouth, Mass.
25. Kingston, open, Duxbury Bay.
26. Royal Nova Scotia, club, Halifax, N. S.
26. Jamaica Bay, dory class, Jamaica Bay.
26. Huntington, annual, open, Huntington Bay.
26. Manhasset, special, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
26. Beverly, open, Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
26. Corinthian, Marblehead, 6th cham., Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
26. Duxbury, open, Duxbury Bay.
26. Burgess, club, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
26. Quincy, club, Quincy, Boston Harbor.
26. Seawanhaka Cor., Center memorial, Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound.
26. Winthrop, club, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
26. Wollaston, handicap, Wollaston, Mass.
26. Quannapowitt, club.
26. Wood's Holl, sprit & cat classes, Wood's Holl, Hadley Harbor.
26. Norwalk, club, Norwalk, Long Island Sound.
26. Savin Hill, club handicap, Savin Hill, Boston Harbor.
26. Atlantic, Ballantine cup, Sea Gate, New York Harbor.
27. Williamsburgh, ladies' race, Bowers Bay, Long Island Sound.
27. Penataquit Cor., knockabouts, Bayshore, Great South Bay.
28. Cape Cod, open, Provincetown, Cape Cod Bay.
29. Wellfleet, open, Wellfleet Harbor.

SEPTEMBER.

- New York, trial races, America cup, off Sandy Hook.
2. Larchmont, special races, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
2. Jamaica Bay, dory class, Jamaica Bay.
2. Beverly, open, Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
- 2-4. Corinthian, cruise, Philadelphia, Delaware River.
2. Philadelphia, cup, Philadelphia, Delaware River.
2. Wood's Holl, club.
- 2-4. Wollaston, cruise, Wollaston.
2. Indian Harbor, special, Greenwich, Long Island Sound.
- 2-4. East Gloucester, cruise to Hull.
2. Royal Nova Scotia, one-design class, Halifax, N. S.
2. Penataquit, fall club regatta, Bayshore, Great South Bay.
4. Larchmont, fall regatta, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
4. Atlantic, Adams cups, Sea Gate, New York Harbor.
4. Beverly, open, Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
4. Bunker Hill, annual, Boston Harbor.
4. Lynn, annual, open, Nahant, Massachusetts Bay.
4. Newport, club, Newport, Narragansett Bay.
4. Wood's Holl, sprit & cat classes, Wood's Holl, Hadley Harbor.
4. Burgess, club, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
4. Sachem's Head, annual, open, Sachem's Head, L. I. Sound.
4. Pavana, special club, Communipaw, New York Bay.
4. Royal Nova Scotia, Prince of Wales cup, Halifax, N. S.
4. Norwalk, open, Norwalk, Long Island Sound.
- 7 to 11. Interlake Y. R. A. meet, Put-in-Bay, Lake Erie.
9. Royal Nova Scotia, open handicap, Halifax, N. S.
9. Atlantic, Gould cups, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
9. Seawanhaka Cor., fall race, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
9. Larchmont, special, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
9. Hull, Mass., open, Hull, Boston Harbor.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

Sept. 4-7.—Toronto, Can.—Toronto Industrial Exhibition Association's eleventh annual show.
Nov. 22-24.—New York.—American Pet Dog Club's show. S. C. Hodge, Supt.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 6.—Bicknell, Ind.—Indiana Field Trial Club's trials. S. H. Socwell, Sec'y.
Nov. 14.—Chatham, Ont.—International Field Trial Club's tenth annual trials. W. B. Wells, Hon. Sec'y.
Nov. 14.—Washington, C. H., O.—Ohio Field Trial Club's trials. C. E. Baughn, Sec'y.
Dec. 8.—Newton, N. C.—Continental Field Trial Club's trials. Thos. Sturges, Sec'y.

9. Winthrop, cruise to Hull, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
9. Wollaston, handicap, Wollaston, Mass.
9-10. Y. R. A. of Massachusetts, rendezvous and sail, Hull.
9. Wood's Holl, club, Wood's Holl, Quissett.
9. Burgess, 3d cham., Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
10. Penataquit Cor., knockabouts, Bayshore, Great South Bay.
14. Newport, ladies' cruise, Newport, Narragansett Bay.
16. American, fall regatta, Milton Point, Long Island Sound.
16. Philadelphia, cup, Philadelphia, Delaware River.
16. Corinthian, Phila., knockabout, Essington, Delaware River.
23. Corinthian, Phila., knockabout, Essington, Delaware River.
23. Riverside, fall regatta, Riverside, Long Island Sound.
24. Williamsburgh, annual fall regatta, Bowery Bay, L. I. Sound.
27. Taunton, ladies' day, Taunton, Mass.
30. Corinthian, knockabout, Essington, Delaware River.

OCTOBER.

3-5-7. New York, America Cup matches, Sandy Hook.

NOTHING definite is yet known as to the date of Shamrock's launching, but it will probably be about July 1. A statement is current that Britannia, now refitting at Cowes, will sail a series of trial races with her; but this is uncertain, and she will probably come to this country an untried boat.

Columbia.

THE Cup defender Columbia was successfully launched on the date announced, June 10, at 8:15 P. M. During the week everyone about the shops was busy finishing up the innumerable odds and ends of work. The deck was completed, the topsides were painted white, and the steel plate forming the archboard was fitted and riveted. On Friday morning men were set to work to remove a part of the water end of the south shop, to give room for the yacht to pass out. By mistake much more of the partition was removed than was intended, disclosing the after body of the yacht to the newspaper men and others on the look-out in rowboats. In a very short time all the lower portion of the partition was replaced, hiding the yacht. This incident gave rise to the report that the launch would take place at once, a day sooner than announced.

Saturday was clear and pleasant, an ideal June day. The newspaper men and photographers were in force all day, though all access to the shop was as closely guarded by watchmen as when the yacht was just in frame. During the afternoon the crowd began to gather, coming by train from Providence until the numbers ran up to thousands. Off the works were anchored the yachts Defender, Quissetta, Priscilla, Queen Mab, Vergana, Sultana, Electra, Marietta, Carmita, Ligeuner, Scythian, Felicia, Narada and Velthra. The steamer St. Michaels lay alongside the Herreshoff pier. The torpedo boat Morris came up from Newport at dusk and created much confusion among the numerous rowboats grouped closely about the south shop. The south pier was closed, except to friends of the Herreshoffs, but the north pier was open to all who could find a foothold on it.

Within the shop Mr. and Mrs. Iselin stood on the launching platform near the bow, while N. G. Herreshoff, Capt. Barr and some of the crew were on the deck of the yacht, whose bows were draped with garlands of flowers. At 8:15 the cradle was started slowly down the ways by means of the engine and windlass, Mrs. Iselin breaking the bottle over the yacht's bow and christening her Columbia. The progress of the boat was slow but steady. As the counter, with the name in gold letters, emerged from the end of the shop, the crew set up a flag-pole with a silk ensign. As the middle of the deck cleared the shop a second pole with the private signals of Com. Morgan and Mr. Iselin was set up, and finally the New York Y. C. burgee was placed on the bow. Within about five minutes from the start the yacht was afloat, and she was soon warped in and made fast to the pier. During the progress down the ways a calcium light was burning brightly on board the St. Michaels, and other lights were thrown on the yacht, so that her form could be seen to good advantage. It shows all the characteristics ascribed to it—a round bilge, great hollow below, very thin and deep fin, and easy fore-and-aft lines. The dimensions, according to the most reliable reports, are: Length over all, 131 ft.; l.w.l., 90 ft.; beam, 24 ft. 2 in.; draft, 20 ft. To keep within the 90 ft. l.w.l. limit, the yacht will be sailed at a little under 20 ft. draft.

The launch was marred only by an accident, for which those connected with the yacht were not responsible. A couple of photographers had prepaed a quantity of magnesium powder on a slide of the coal shed on the north wharf. Several boys had dropped to the slide unknown to the photographers, and when the powder was exploded one of them, Napoleon Sans Souci, nine years old, was killed, while two others had their legs broken and a man was injured.

The yacht will be fitted out as rapidly as possible, and it is expected that she will be ready to race with Defender within the next two weeks. Defender will be hauled up as far as her spars will permit on the Herreshoff railway, and will be cleaned below water.

Corinthian Y. C. of San Francisco.

SAN FRANCISCO.

Tuesday, May 30.

THE Corinthian Y. C. of San Francisco sailed a race on May 30 in a strong breeze, the course being from a line off Meiggs' Wharf around Presidio Shoal Buoy, thence around Blossom Rock Buoy, thence around a stake boat off Southampton Shoal, then to and around Presidio Buoy, and across the starting line. The times were:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
*Speedwell	3 08 40
36ft. Class.		
†Harpoon	2 55 55	2 55 55
Emma	3 15 50	3 12 22
Edna	3 14 00	3 12 51
Queen	3 21 09	3 20 56
30ft. Class.		
Æolus	3 29 46	3 29 46
Truant	3 33 54	3 33 54
25ft. Class.		
Meroke	3 06 33	3 03 23
May	3 21 10	3 21 10
20ft. Class.		
*Witch	3 33 00
*Sail over.	†Disqualified.

Witch, the only starter in the 20ft. class, was sailed by the young son of Mr. Will Brooks, with a crew of boys.

Douglaston Y. C. Annual Regatta.

PORT WASHINGTON—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, June 10.

THE Douglaston Y. C. sailed its annual regatta on June 10 from the new station on Manhasset Bay, the light weather in the morning cutting down the list of starters. It was not until 2:33 P. M. that the start was made, a moderate southerly wind having come up shortly before. In consequence of the late hour, the larger yachts were sent over a twelve-mile course, from the club station around the Gangway Buoy and the spar buoy on Execution Reef, the smaller ones sailing a seven-mile course, around the Gangway Buoy and home. Once started, the race was sailed in a moderate breeze throughout, shifting S.W. during the latter part. The times were:

Cutters and Sloops—43ft. Class—Start, 2:38.	Length.	Elapsed.
Eurybia, Charles Pryer.....	40.02	Did not fin.
Lotowana, T. O'Connor Sloan.....		3 13 29
Cutters and Sloops—36ft. Class—Start, 2:38.		
Memory, E. Hope Norton.....		3 08 10
Anoatok, O. Sanderson.....	34.00	2 38 54
Sloops—30ft. Class—Start, 2:38.		
Haydee, A. D. Morstadt.....	26.05	3 28 57
Narika, F. T. Cornell.....		3 37 35
Sloops—30ft. Class (Special)—Start, 2:43.		
Hera, R. N. Ellis.....	30.00	2 42 41
Esperanza, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr.....	30.00	2 44 15
Carolina, Pembroke Jones.....	30.00	2 43 00
Knockabouts—21ft. Class—Start, 2:53.		
Kantaka, G. J. Bradish.....		3 16 45
Spindrift, S. C. Pirie.....		3 10 40
Kittie, Hazen Morse.....		3 08 31
Seawanhaka Knockabouts—Start, 2:53.		
Midge, F. W. Boyer.....	21.00	3 10 00
Thelga, A. P. Thayer.....		Did not finish.
Cabin Cats—30ft. Class—Start, 2:58.		
Dot, C. T. Pierce.....	29.58	2 52 09
Cabin Cats—25ft. Class—Start, 2:58.		
Win or Lose, T. S. Appleby.....	23.50	3 00 25
Waltz, C. C. Converse.....		3 45 10
Qui Vive, G. A. Freeth.....		Did not finish.
Idler, P. J. Kane.....		Did not finish.
Skimmaug, L. Duryea.....		Did not finish.
Open Sloops—18ft. Class—Start, 3:03.		
Ripple, J. A. Meek.....	17.91	3 44 45
Belle, W. W. Swan.....	13.05	2 41 30
Open Catboats—25ft. Class—Start, 3:08.		
Sadie, B. M. Wallace.....	21.01	1 33 30
Florence, A. H. Alker.....	22.04	2 50 57
Open Cats—21ft. Class—Start, 3:08.		
Spunk, C. E. Siltworth.....	19.00	1 34 10
Marguerite, S. G. Poole.....	20.87	2 29 09
Constance, Charles Corrie.....		2 01 09
Elftwa, A. Rosler, Jr.....		2 08 43
Open Cats—18ft. Class—Start, 3:08.		
Babble, Geo. R. Moran.....	15.75	2 37 30
Captain, R. W. Aldrich.....	16.58	1 38 30
Lobster, T. J. S. Flint.....	14.90	1 58 50
Dories—Special Class—Start, 3:18.		
Prize, Com. Japees.....		Not officially timed.
Ketch, H. L. C. Ketcham.....		Not officially timed.

The winners were: Lotowana, Anoatok, Haydee, Hera, Kittie, Midge, Dot, Win or Lose, Belle, Sadie, Spunk, Captain and Ketch II.

Burgess Y. C. First Championship.

MARBLEHEAD—MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

Saturday, June 10.

THE Burgess Y. C. sailed its first championship race on June 10 in a moderate south wind. Among the starters were four new boats, the raceabouts Peep, Persimmon and Pyrate, and the 16-footer Cyclone. Peep led her class to the outer mark, but mistook the course, heading for Half-Way Rock instead of Cat Island. When the error was discovered it was too late to regain the lost ground, and she withdrew. The times were:

Raceabouts.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Jilt, W. O. Gay.....	1 15 29
Tunipoo, E. A. Boardman.....	1 16 10
Persimmon, C. H. W. Foster.....	1 16 47
Typhoon, R. Boardman.....	1 18 32
Pyrate, B. B. Crowninshield.....	1 18 42
Fancy, C. F. Lyman.....	1 18 59
Peep, W. B. Stearns.....	Withdrew.
Handicap Knockabouts.		
Optisah, S. Foster.....	1 20 41	1 20 41
Spry, W. L. Propley.....	1 21 04	1 21 04
Agnes, D. C. Holden, Jr.....	1 24 05	1 22 05
Fife, J. A. Jennings.....	1 27 49	1 26 49
Class III.		
Cyclone, F. G. Macomber.....	0 49 25
Chip, L. F. Percival, Jr.....	0 54 21
Gunning Boats.		
Woodcock, F. J. Dupar.....	0 58 10
Yvonne, R. W. Strout.....	0 59 39
Ha Ha, A. F. Whitmore.....	1 01 15

Jamaica Bay Y. C.

ROCKAWAY BEACH—JAMAICA BAY.

Saturday, June 10.

THE Jamaica Bay Y. C. sailed a race for the cat classes on June 10 in a light southerly wind, the times being:

First Class—Start, 2:40.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Ella B.....	Did not finish.		
Madeline.....	6 01 00	3 21 00	Not meas.
Alta.....	5 50 30	3 10 30	Not meas.
Mavourneen.....	5 42 30	3 02 30	Not meas.
Mildren Myrtle.....	6 03 00	3 22 00	Not meas.
Lucy A.....	Not timed.		
Second Class—Start, 2:45.			
Lochinvar.....	5 45 30	3 09 30	Not meas.
Josie P.....	6 05 00	3 20 00	Not meas.
Third Class—Start, 2:50.			
Vitess.....	6 06 00	3 16 00	3 16 00

Canarsie Y. C. Pennant Race.

CANARSIE—JAMAICA BAY.

Saturday, June 3.

THE Canarsie Y. C. sailed a pennant race on June 4 in a variable wind, the times being:

Sloops.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Plover.....	3 21 13	6 32 50	3 11 37	2 08 11
Steeple Jack.....	3 23 04	6 25 25	3 02 21	3 02 21
Open Cats, 20ft. and over.				
Comet.....	3 28 45	6 18 05	2 49 20	2 49 20
Siren.....	3 24 53	6 27 05	3 02 12	3 00 17
Ethel.....	3 25 50	6 20 20	2 54 30	2 54 15
Open Cats, 18 to 20ft.				
Lochinvar.....	3 26 32	6 21 10	2 54 38	2 53 32
Ideal.....	3 28 40	6 29 15	3 00 35	3 00 35

The South Boston Clubs.

GREAT changes have come about within the last year or so in the conditions at City Point, and the quarters of the yachtsmen there are entirely different affairs from the old buildings which they occupied. Handsome new homes have been constructed by the South Boston, Columbia and Boston Yacht Clubs and the Puritan Canoe Club, and everything there is now as well arranged for small craft as could be desired. In the first place the dredging and the construction of the Strandway have given the yachtsmen a depth of water which they never had in old times, and there is no more of the wading ashore through the mud flats which was so unpleasant a feature of yachting at City Point. There is now 6 ft. of water at low tide at the floats of all the club houses, and the rubbish-strewn beach has given place to a neat granite wall, in front of which floats are moored and on top of which the club houses are situated.

At the end of the row of club houses toward the point stands the house of the South Boston Y. C. Next to it will be that of the Columbia Y. C., which is in the process of construction and may be finished some time in July. It is a square three-story structure, with a large piazza running along the water front, from which steps and a run lead down to the float. The entrance to the building opens into a circular staircase hall and reception room 18 ft. in diameter, and from this hall all the public rooms of the building, the ladies' room, committee room, smoking and recreation room and dance hall may be reached without entering that part of the building which is devoted to the lockers.

On the second floor are the smoking and recreation room and the ladies' room, both of which open on to the water front of the building. Above these is the dance hall, which takes up all the space under the roof with the exception of that set apart for lockers, being 34 by 30 ft., with a clear height of 10 ft. at the lowest point. There are forty lockers in the building, each 6 by 9 ft., besides some additional store closets which can be used for lockers.

A little further along, opposite the foot of O street, is the house of the Puritan C. C., which was recently completed. It is a less pretentious building than the yacht club houses as regards size, but it is slightly from the outside and well planned inside. It has a frontage of 42 ft. and a depth of 37 ft. The whole of the first floor is occupied by lockers and canoe racks, and on the second floor are the committee rooms and storage apartments, besides a good-sized meeting room, prettily furnished.

At the end of the line nearest the city is the house of the Boston Y. C. This has been in commission for more than a year, and everything there is now in good shape and running smoothly.—Boston Transcript.

Yankee—Dominion Match.

DORVAL—LAKE ST. LOUIS.

THE White Bear champion, Yankee, after a long trip by rail, arrived at Lachine on June 6 and was launched at the Dominion Bridge Company's works. On June 8 Mr. P. C. Store, general manager of the Chicago & Great Western Railway, arrived at Dorval in his private car, accompanied by Messrs. C. W. Griggs, H. T. Drake and J. P. Ordway, ex-commandores of the White Bear Y. C.; J. W. Taylor, commodore of the Inland Lake Yachting Association; F. M. Douglas, T. L. Wann and W. S. Morton. The races began on Monday, June 12, the courses and general arrangements being the same as in the Seawanhaka cup races of previous years. The steamer Duchess of York will follow the yachts.

The first race was sailed on June 12, the course being two miles to windward and return, sailed three times. There was no wind early in the day, but at 2 o'clock the breeze came in from S.W. light at first, but freshening until it kicked up quite a sea. The crews were:

Yankee.—L. P. Ordway, Capt.; F. W. Douglas, J. E. Ramelay and C. M. Griggs.

Dominion.—G. H. Duggan, Capt.; F. P. Shearwood, W. A. C. Hamilton and G. D. Boulton.

Dominion crossed first, about 7s. ahead of Yankee, and gained from the start, being 2m. ahead at the windward mark. On the run down Yankee gained 33s., but at the weather mark on the second round Dominion was 4m. 59s. ahead, having shown to much greater advantage as the water grew rougher. She finished the round with a lead of 5m. 27s. The wind fell and also shifted on the last round, to make a reach out and in, Yankee showing to much better advantage, though Dominion still had a lead of 4m. 55s. at the outer mark. The last leg was almost a drift, and Dominion gained so that she finally won by 9m. 58s.

The Canada Cup.

THE 35-footer Prairie was launched at Ogdensburg on June 2, and on June 6 she started for Chicago. Mr. C. H. Thorne purchased the steam yacht Vailima of Mr. W. H. Post, of Ogdensburg, as a tender for Prairie, to tow her to Chicago. The two called at Charlotte for coal on June 7, and on June 9 they reached Port Dalhousie and entered the Welland Canal.

On June 3 the Fearnside fin-keel 35-footer was launched at Hamilton, being named Hamilton. The Duggan 35-footer was launched at Hodson's shops, Toronto, on June 5. She was built in a second-story loft and had to be lowered into the water, which was successfully done. She was named Toronto. The work of rigging will go ahead rapidly, the ironwork and hollow spars having been already prepared under Mr. Duggan's direction at Dorval. Her crew includes J. Wilson Morse, as skipper; George E. Evans, Gordon Crawford, J. H. McMurray, J. W. Gale and Harry Johnston. The McLeod boat is nearly ready for launching at Andrews' yard, Oakville, and the Payne boat is well under way.

The Rochester yacht Genesee will be under command of J. E. Burroughs, with Wm. J. Graham, Chas. Van Voorhis, M. A. McDuff, James McDonnell and Alexander McDonnell as crew. Her sails arrived on June 5 from Wilson & Silsby. The fin-keel Verona, of Hamilton, has been purchased by F. E. Rogers, and will be used for tuning up Genesee. She arrived at Charlotte on June 7. A trial was arranged on June 7 between Genesee and the old 52-footer Cinderella, now owned at Charlotte, but the later carried away her topmast.

Defender.

ON June 3 Defender left the Bristol Works at 3:30 P. M. and sailed down to Newport, anchoring in Brenton's Cove at 6 o'clock. Mr. W. Butler Duncan, Jr., who will have charge of her through the season, was on board, with Capt. Rhodes. Nothing was done on Sunday, but early on Monday morning the crew was at work, and at 11 o'clock the yacht was under way, the lower sails being set. With a fresh breeze she ran up Narragansett Bay as far as Prudence Island and returned to her anchorage in the Cove. On Tuesday morning she was again under way, standing out to sea with a light breeze and meeting more wind and a ground swell outside. Just before noon, when outside Brenton's Reef Lightship the club topsail was sent up, but when nearly home the whip of the halyards parted and dropped the big club a distance of about 100 ft. It tore and passed through the mainsail and struck the deck on the port side about 20 ft. abaft the mast, the end passing through the jib, planking and bringing up finally against the bottom plating, which was not seriously injured. The spar passed through the galley and officers' mess room. It was found necessary to saw off the spar, after which the wreckage was soon cleared, the torn mainsail lowered, and the yacht was put before the wind under her headsails, running past Newport and on to Bristol. On her arrival half a dozen sailmakers went aboard and set to work at the mainail, while the hole in the deck was patched temporarily. She left Bristol on Wednesday at 8 o'clock and sailed out of the bay and nearly to Block Island in a fresh S.E. breeze and sea. The new steel mast has stood well thus far, and promises to be a success, while the sails are in good shape and the yacht working satisfactorily. She sailed up to Bristol on Saturday and was present at the launch of Columbia.

Mr. Duncan is now living at Newport, and the yacht will be sailed every day. As soon as Columbia is ready the two will be tried together.

Wollaston Y. C., Burgess Cup Race.

WOLLASTON, MASS.

Saturday, June 10.

THE first race of the Wollaston Y. C. for the Burgess cup was sailed on June 10, the times being:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Muriel, J. L. Smith.....	15.01	2 22 05	1 49 05
Edna, Charles F. Marr.....	15.07	2 33 55	2 01 29
West Wind, W. M. Chase.....	16.01	Did not finish.	
Dictator, W. J. Coombs.....	16.10	Withdrew.	
Mable, L. Lewis.....	15.00	Withdrew.	

Winthrop Y. C. Handicap Race.

WINTHROP—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, June 10.

THE Winthrop Y. C. sailed a handicap race on June 10 in a light east wind, the times being:

	Corrected.
Alma, C. A. Heney.....	0 47 15
Alert, John MacConnell, Jr.....	0 49 27
Hermes, A. W. Chesterton.....	0 51 40

Idalia.

THE steel steam yacht designed by Gardner & Cox, of New York, and built at Roach's yard, Chester, was launched on June 10, being christened Idalia for five-year-old Miss Sara S. Long. The yacht replaces Illawarra, sold to the Government last year, and is 186 ft. over all, 140 ft. l.w.l., 20 ft. beam and 12 ft. 10 in. depth, with engines 12½, 20, 22 and 23 by 18 in. She is very completely and elegantly finished throughout.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The fifty-third annual regatta of the New York Y. C. will be sailed on Thursday, June 22, over the regular courses, starting off Buoy 13, at 11 A. M. The regular prizes in each class will be a \$200 cup for first, if two or more start, and a \$75 cup for second, if four or more start. For boats in cruising trim, in each class, a cup valued at \$100 will be given for the first, if two or more start, and a cup valued at \$50 for the second, if four or more start. Entries are also solicited for the Bennett Regatta cups—a cup for schooners and a cup for single-masted yawls, in racing trim, the latter receiving allowance under Rule 2. Entries must be made in writing and lodged with the regatta committee, at the club house, before 11 o'clock A. M., June 20. The iron steamboat Cepheus, provided for members and guests of the club, will leave Pier 1, Hudson River, at 10:15 o'clock punctually, and will touch at the same point after the regatta. Each ticket will admit the member to whom it is issued and the women accompanying him, but its transfer is prohibited by a by-law of the club. Exception is made for yacht owners whose vessels are entered for the regatta, who may transfer their tickets, provided that the names of those to whom the transfer is made appear on the back of the ticket, indorsed by the secretary of the club. The regatta committee includes S. Nicholson Kane, Chester Griswold and Irving Grinnell.

The thirty-third annual regatta of the Atlantic Y. C. will be sailed on Tuesday, June 20, starting off the club station, Sea Gate, at 11 A. M. The club offers the following prizes in each class, in which two or more yachts compete: Schooners—Class B, \$100; Class C, \$90; Class D, \$80; Class F, \$70. Sloops, Cutters and Yawls—Class H, \$70; Class J, \$60; Class K, \$50; Class L, \$40; Class M, \$30; Class N, \$25; special "thirties," \$50. Mainsail Yachts (cabin)—Classes S and T, \$30; Classes V and W, \$25. Mainsail Yachts (open)—Classes S and T, \$25; Classes V and W, \$20. Entries must be filed with Col. Austen, chairman of the regatta committee, No. 57 Chambers street, not later than noon of Monday, June 19. The measurer of the club, Mr. George Hill, will hereafter be found at No. 150 Fifth avenue, New York.

On June 4 the members of the Jamaica Bay Y. C. drew lots for the new club dories, the result being: No. 1, Vice-Com. Benjamin F. Daly; No. 2, William A. Shefler; No. 3, C. A. Allen; No. 4, Meas. Louis Pflug; No. 5, Dr. John B. Leprohan; No. 6, R. H. Kimball; No. 7,

W. J. Pell, and No. 8, Fleet Capt. F. A. Lafound. There will be races for this class every other Saturday, beginning June 17, over a short triangular course in front of the club house, two rounds being sailed for a race. The winner will be determined by a point system, as follows. First boat, 5 points, second 2, and third 1, and the boat having the greatest number at the close of the season to take the prize.

The annual regatta of the Brooklyn Y. C. will be sailed on Monday, June 19, starting at 11 A. M., off the club station, Bath Beach, Gravesend Bay. The race will be under the rules of the Y. R. A. of Long Island Sound, and open to yachts of all recognized clubs. Entries may be made to the regatta committee, Box 154, Brooklyn.

Nahma, steam yacht, estate of Robert Goclet, sailed from New York on June 7, for the Clyde, where she will lay up for a year.

Capt. Samuel Bailey, the veteran rigger of the Greenport shipyards, met with a painful accident on June 5, at Rackett's Basin, where he was finishing a job of placing the boiler in J. B. Hutchinson's steam yacht Vanish. Two shear poles, each about 40 ft. in length, had been erected over the yacht, and after the boiler had been lowered on board by this appliance Capt. Bailey and his gang proceeded to take down the poles. In doing this one of the poles slipped, and the weight carried the end against the wooden bulkhead with great force. Capt. Bailey's foot was caught between the end of the pole and the bulkhead and received the force of the fall. Fortunately the falling poles struck on a pile of boxes and the injury was not as serious as it otherwise would have been. Capt. Bailey was in great pain, and was taken to his home in a carriage, where Dr. Manaton attended him. He said that no bones were broken and that Mr. Bailey would suffer no permanent injury.—Brooklyn Times.

The Sag Harbor Y. C. has filed articles of incorporation at Albany, the directors of the club for the first year being Horace G. La Mont, of Brooklyn, and Julien A. Udall, Francis H. Palmer, John L. Sherwood and Olin M. Edwards, of Sag Harbor. The club will build a house at Sag Harbor.

Canoeing.

New York C. C.

THE New York C. C. sailed its annual spring regatta on June 10 off the club station, Bath Beach, the events being as follows:

Sailing Race, Six Miles, Triangular, Record Event.—Won by Louis H. May, canoe Aziz; time, 1 hour 49 minutes 30 seconds. F. C. Moore, canoe Pioneer, second; time, 1 hour 52 minutes 32 seconds. G. H. Plummer, canoe Kismet, third; time, 1 hour 59 minutes 47 seconds.

Paddling Race, Decked Canoes, One-half Mile with Turn.—Won by Louis H. May, canoe Aziz; Prof. Brennermann second, F. C. Moore third, Wolsley Carmalt fourth. Time, 7 minutes 3¼ seconds.

Tandem Paddling Race, Open Canoes, Single Blades, One-half Mile with Turn.—Won by John C. Mowbray and Barron Fredericks; Plummer and Paula, second; F. C. Moore and L. H. May, third; Houghton and Schuyler, fourth; Smythe and Inslee, fifth. Time, 5 minutes 32 seconds.

Filipino Race—Savage Filipinos vs. New York Canoe Club Savages—Club Fours, Open Canoes, Single Blades, One-half Mile with Turn.—Won by the Filipino Savages, Mowbray, Fredericks, Moore and Smythe; Schuyler, Paula, W. H. Fales and Plummer, second; Houghton, Inslee, Fales and Pool third. Time, 4 minutes 44 seconds.

Grand Naval Combat, Filipino Savages Against New York Canoe Club Savages.—First bout, Filipinos Moore and Fredericks defeated Smythe and Plummer; second bout, Mowbray and Foster defeated Carmalt and Houghton; final bout won by Moore and Fredericks, defeating Mowbray and Foster.

The Filipino visitors, Messrs. Mowbray, Fredericks, May and Smythe, created much amusement. The club is now in a very prosperous condition, with a fine station and club house and large membership. The officers are: D. D. Allerton, Pres.; Barron Fredericks, Capt.; John C. Mowbray, Sec'y; William H. Houghton, Purser, and Richard Foster, Mate.

Brooklyn C. C.

THE Brooklyn C. C. held its opening races on June 10 at the club house, Fifty-sixth street, Bay Ridge, the results being:

Rudd Paddling Trophy Race, Half a Mile, with Turn; Double Blade Decked Canoes.—Won by Henry M. Dater, Canoe Rattler; J. R. McDevitt, canoe Brooklyn, second; Percy F. Hogan, canoe Disgrace, third. Time, 4 minutes 20 seconds.

One Half-Mile, Open Canoes, Passenger Race, Double Blade.—Won by Harry M. Dater, canoe Ne Ne Moosha; Percy F. Hogan, canoe Poohkah, second; J. R. McDevitt, canoe Brooklyn, third. Time, 5 minutes 25 seconds.

Fifty-Yard Swimming Race.—Won by Henry M. Dater; J. R. McDevitt, second; J. F. Eastmond, third. Time, 1 minute 59 seconds.

Trap-Shooting.

Fixtures.

June 14-15.—Bellows Falls, Vt.—Interstate Association's tournament, under auspices of Bellows Falls Gun Club. C. H. Gibson, Sec'y.

June 14-16.—Cleveland, O.—Cleveland Target Co.'s tournament.

June 14-15.—Lewiston, Ill.—Lewiston Gun Club tournament. H. H. McCumber, Sec'y.

June 17.—Lyndhurst, N. J.—Contest for the Bergen county cup between Feigenspan and Money; 25-live-bird handicap.

June 17.—Hackensack, N. J.—All-day amateur target tournament by Bergen County Gun Club. C. O. Gardner, Sec'y.

June 20.—Ogden, Ill.—Ogden Gun Club's annual tournament.

June 20-22.—Wheeling, W. Va.—Third annual tournament of the West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association, under auspices of the Wheeling Gun Club, Wheeling, W. Va. John B. Garden, Sec'y.

June 21-23.—Columbus, O.—Tournament of the Ohio Trap-Shooters' League, under auspices of the Sherman Rod and Gun Club. J. C. Porterfield, Sec'y, O. T. S. L.

June 22.—Norwalk, Conn.—Connecticut State League shoot, on grounds of Naromake Gun Club. G. B. Thorp, Sec'y, Bridgeport, Conn.

June 22.—Sherburne, N. Y.—Sherburne Gun Club tournament. J. L. Paddiford, Sec'y.

June 24.—Lyndhurst, N. J.—Contest for E. C. cup and championship of New Jersey. T. W. Morley vs. W. H. Huck.

June 27-29.—Altoona, Pa.—Target tournament of the Altoona Rod and Gun Club. Wopsononock Heights. G. G. Zeth, Sec'y.

July 1.—Sherbrooke, P. Q.—Annual tournament; targets; Dominion Day: open to all amateurs. Chas. H. Foss, Sec'y.

July 1-2.—Milwaukee, Wis.—Grand tournament of Milwaukee Gun Club, in Carnival Week. S. M. Du Val, Sec'y.

July 4.—Pawling, N. Y.—All-day tournament of the Pawling Rod and Gun Club; targets.

July 4-5.—Hastings, Neb.—Hastings Gun Club amateur shoot; \$150 added. W. S. Duer, Vice-President.

July 7-9.—Denver, Colo.—Second annual tournament of the Cleveland Gun Club, at Sedam's Shooting Park.

July 8-9.—Oshkosh, Wis.—Tournament of the Winnebago Gun Club. Trophy for State target championship. Oscar Cray, Jr., Sec'y.

July 18-20.—Little Rock, Ark.—Arkansas State tournament.

July 19-20.—Providence, R. I.—Interstate Association's tournament, under auspices of the Providence Gun Club. R. C. Root, Sec'y.

July 26-27.—Ocean City, Md.—Third annual midsummer tournament: two days at live birds; two at targets; \$300 added. J. R. Malone, Manager.

Aug. 9-10.—Portland, Me.—Interstate Association's tournament, under auspices of the Portland Gun Club. S. B. Adams, Sec'y.

Sept. 6-7.—Portsmouth, Va.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under auspices of the Portsmouth Gun Club. W. N. White, Sec'y.

Sept. 13-14.—Cherokee, Ia.—Cherokee Gun Club's third annual tournament. J. D. Anderson, Sec'y.

Oct. 6-7.—Pawling, N. Y.—Tournament of Pawling Rod and Gun Club; targets and live birds.

First and third Fridays of each month.—Watson's Park, Burnside, Ill.—Semi-monthly contest for Montgomery Ward & Co.'s diamond badges.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties on all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

The programme of the Altoona Rod and Gun Club's tournament, to be held June 27-29 at Wopsononock Heights, Pa., has just come to hand. It is a handsome and tastily arranged little book. On the front cover is a picture of the Heights, with the shooting grounds at Lookout Point in the foreground. In the distance are the surrounding Alleghenies, and at the foot of "Old Wopsey" lies the broad plateau into which, says the programme, two magnum traps will keep constant streams of targets pouring during the progress of the shoot. Within the book are views of various sections of the Heights, pictures of shooting celebrities, etc. The programme consists of ten events on each day, eight at 15 targets and two at 20 targets, \$1.25 \$1.75 and \$2.25 entry. Interstate Association rules will govern, and the purses in all events will be divided according to the equitable system: In 15-target events, four moneys; in 20-target events, five moneys. Targets 2 cents each, to be deducted from the purses. Shooting begins each day at 9 A. M. Guns, shells, etc., sent in care of the secretary will be delivered to the grounds free of charge. A trap will be manned and everything in readiness for shooting by noon on Saturday, the 24th, and will be at the disposal of any who desire to practice or shoot private races or sweeps. To reach the Heights, take electric cars at Altoona to Juniata Station, then P. J. E. & E. R. R. train to Wopsononock. Programmes can be had of the secretary, Mr. G. G. Zeth, Altoona, Pa.

The programme of the Ohio Trap-Shooters' League tournament, to be held June 21-23, at Columbus, O., under the auspices of the Sherman Rod and Gun Club, is issued and ready for distribution. This is an open shoot, except cup events, which are open only to members of the Ohio Trap-Shooters' League. Six hundred dollars is added—\$210 in cash and \$360 in prizes. Interstate Association rules will govern, the Sargent system of traps will be used, and the purses will be divided by the equitable system. Manufacturers' agents will be required to pay \$4 each day extra. Ten events are scheduled for the first day, among which is the race for the Ohio State Journal trophy. Eleven events are down for the second day, including the L. C. Smith trophy and championship of Ohio race, the Press-Post trophy race, and the Sportsman's Review two-men team trophy match. On the third day ten events will be shot, including the special five-men team contest for the Shooting and Fishing State championship team trophy, valued at \$300, and the special handicap amateur prize race. Guns, etc., shipped to J. C. Porterfield & Co., 11 South High street, Columbus, O., will be sent to grounds free of charge.

At Memphis, Tenn., on May 27, J. D. B. De Bow, of Nashville, defeated A. H. Frank for the State championship cup in a 50-live-bird race by a score of 48 to 43. The same day W. R. Elliston won the Memphis Gun Club cup in a 25-bird handicap by shooting out Dr. Grogg and Acklin, who were tied with him on a score of 23. The shoot-off was at 10 birds, and Elliston scored 9 to Grogg's 8 and Acklin's 6. The cup now becomes his personal property.

The Iowa Falls Gun Club will hold a two days' tournament June 28 and 29. There are thirty-one events scheduled for the two days, and both live birds and targets will be shot. The former will be trapped at 15 cents, and 2 cents will be deducted for targets. Like most of the shoots in this part of the country, this will be strictly an amateur affair. L. Hezzlewood is the secretary.

The twelfth annual tournament of the South Dakota Sportsmen's Association will be held at Canton, S. D., June 20, 21 and 22. The programme calls for ten events on the first two days and nine on the last. All events are at targets except No. 8 on the last day, which will be 10 live birds, for the championship medal. G. A. Gage, of Bridgewater, is president, and A. L. Jones, of Canton, secretary.

The Bergen County Gun Club announces an amateur shoot for Saturday, June 17, at the club's grounds, Hackensack, N. J. The opening event will be the club handicap, 50 targets; and six other events, at 10, 15 and 25 targets, will follow. Trains leave New York at 12 M., 1:10 P. M. and 2:20 P. M.

The new edition of the "Forest and Stream Trap Score Book" contains the rules adopted by the Interstate Association, together with the American Shooting Association rules, and Hurlingham. It is the most complete score book on the market. More is told of it in the advertisement elsewhere.

June 24 has been fixed upon for the contest for the E. C. cup, emblematic of the championship of New Jersey, between Messrs. T. W. Morley and W. H. Huck, at the grounds of the Lyndhurst Shooting Association, Lyndhurst, N. J.

On June 17, Messrs. Feigenspan, Moffett and Money shoot for the Bergen county cup, at Morley's shooting grounds, Lyndhurst, N. J. There will be a 25-bird handicap arranged, and sweepstake shooting, same day and place.

A five-men team race between the Pawtuxet Gun Club and the Woonsocket Gun Club will take place on the grounds of the Pawtuxet Gun Club, at Pawtuxet, R. I., on Saturday, June 17. Several sweeps will also be shot.

The third annual midsummer tournament, under the management of Mr. J. R. Malone, will be held at Ocean City, Md., June 26 to 29, inclusive. There will be two days devoted to targets; two to live birds; \$300 will be added.

BERNARD WATERS.

Fort Smith Gun Club.

FORT SMITH, Ark., June 3.—The regular weekly shoot of the Fort Smith Gun Club took place at the fair grounds to-day.

The largest attendance of the season, the most difficult targets and the shooting of Miss Oglesby were the features.

Schüler 1212021221— 9

The New York State Shoot.

It was a record-breaker, was this New York State shoot, though the latter in name only. It was a wide open shoot, save that professionals were partially barred; that is to say, they could shoot for targets only, and ten special high averages on the first three days, and in the Buffalo Audubon Gun Club event of the fourth day. Herein was a radical departure from the policy and traditions of the past, as they pertained to this matter. There were thus no target events limited to resident shooters; in short, it was open to the world, save one special trophy event, the Dean Richmond trophy. There were shooters from far and near, young and old, tall and short, lean and fat, with all kinds of powders and all kinds of guns, and yet more different ideas and theories of shooting and related matters than there were degrees of skill, and of the latter there were many. The liberal division of the purses tempted the weaker brethren to join in the competition with a good chance to break even, while, on the other hand, if they shot better than usual there was a small chance and a greater hope of money won and money to burn. There were five moneys in all 15 and 20-target events, so that eleven in the one and sixteen in the other, as to the scores, was in the money. There generally were so many shooters in the ties that the money was split up very fine, and no specially large winnings were made, considering the great magnitude of the event. Thus, while there were large sums shot for, there were many shooters who were dividing them into small parts.

The shoot took place at Buffalo Audubon Park, a place most suitable in every way. The electric cars afforded convenient transportation, running past the hotels and passing within a few hundred yards of the grounds.

Mr. Paul North was in charge of the shoot. He worked like a beaver. He seemed to be everywhere, and whenever there was a kink in the working he straightened it out quickly and correctly, and kept all the details of the tournament constantly in action. The competition was started on three magnum traps, in a line east and west, and numbered 1, 2 and 3. On the second day a fourth magnum trap was installed, and was much needed. This will be apparent when it is stated that about 85,000 bluebirds were thrown during the tournament. The traps worked well. The men went to the score in squads of five. When No. 1 squad finished shooting at No. 1 set of traps, No. 2 squad stepped in at No. 1 traps, and No. 2 squad began at No. 2 set of traps in the second event; thence No. 1 squad went to No. 3 set of traps, and began the third event, No. 2 following after in turn, followed by No. 3 squad, and so on, till the last squad had shot. Thus there were three events being shot at the same time. Mr. North after a short time had the squads so organized that as soon as one squad finished the next squad was ready to step in place, so that there was little delay in shifting squads, and many times none at all. In short, Mr. North was a most efficient and industrious manager, and he pulled the shoot through most skillfully and successfully. He was most ably seconded by Mr. Charles J. Moyer, who was squad hustler and had charge of the traps, and who worked with diligence and ability which contributed much to the uninterrupted progress of the shoot.

The very responsible and important department, the cashier's, was filled most ably by an expert, Mr. R. C. McConaughy, of Cincinnati, O. The infinity of detail in his department was systematized and handled so deftly that there was not the slightest difficulty in conducting the office. Squad cards were issued promptly, so that the shooters were kept going continuously, and the cash was all made up a few moments after the last gun was fired each day. On the evening of the fourth and last day the whole financial interest of the shoot was settled, excepting the winnings of about a dozen shooters, some of whom had left town, some had not called for their winnings, etc. Mr. McConaughy was assisted by Mr. Gill, who compiled scores, etc. The club workers were Mr. C. S. Burkhardt, who was chief manager, and Mr. L. W. Bennett. Their duties were very exacting. Considering their many responsibilities, it is remarkable that they shot as well as they did.

The trade representatives were out in goodly numbers. There were E. D. Fulford, of Remington fame; Harvey McMurchy, of the Hunter Arms Co.; R. O. Heikes, of Remington Arms Co.; A. G. Courtney, U. M. C. and Remington; J. J. Hallowell, J. S. Fanning, the Gold Dust exponent; D. Lefevre and F. Lefevre, of the Lefevre Arms Co.; and of the Du Pont representatives there were W. L. Colville, C. W. Bidwell, Neaf Apgar, H. Duckert, F. H. Conover and E. N. McCarney. B. H. Norton, Hazard powder; Leroy, Remington, U. M. C. and Du Pont; T. H. Keller, Kings Smokeless and Peters cartridges; Edward Banks, E. C. and Schultze; J. R. Hull, Parker gun, and Gus Greiff, Francotte gun; and Geo. Mosher.

There was a host of shooters who were in the amateur competition. From Cleveland came Alex. Green, J. Alexander, Redwing, James Grant, Dale, Mayo, Johns. From Baltimore came a hot squad: Hood Waters, James R. Malone, J. M. Hawkins, E. H. Storr and A. H. Fox. From West Virginia came F. E. Mallory, S. T. Mallory and J. F. Mallory, all of Parkersburg, and L. E. Mallory, Jr., of Bradford, Pa., and Dade, of Sistersville, W. Va. There were E. Rike and R. O. Heikes, Dayton, O.; C. Young, Springfield, O.; C. Powers, Decatur, Ill.; Leroy, Campello, Mass.; H. Kirkover, Fredonia, N. Y.; Shorty, Dudley, New York; Lane, Weller, L. Byer, McCord, Norton, Myer, Glover, Borst, Wayne, Case, Kirschner, Rochester; J. S. Remsen, Brooklyn, N. Y.; E. C. Burkhardt, Foxie, C. S. Burkhardt, 333, Wheeler, Leuschner, Kewau, Talsma, Norris, Griffith, Warren, McCarney, R. H. Hebard, Cooper, Oehmig, Zella, Fries, Schwartz, Horning, Buffalo, N. Y.; Wride, Sodus, N. Y.; L. B. Fleming, Bessemer, Pittsburgh; Easton, Vail, Burton, Norwalk, O.; Apperson, Kokomo, Ind.; Trego, Tyrone, Pa.; Lupus, Baltimore; E. W. Hull, Akron, O.; T. W. Morfey, Lyndhurst, N. J.; Whitney, Phelps, N. Y.; Colvin, Burlington, Vt.; Kelsey, East Aurora; Alkire, Woodlyn, O.; Doc, San Antonio, Tex.; Allison, Boston, Mass.; 99, Gates; Howe, Hingham, Mass.; Willey, Danville, N. Y.; Conover, Hamilton, Ont.; Deremo and Denny, Watertown, N. Y.; G. Piercy, Jersey City; Bennett, Montpelier, Vt.; Sporting Life, Philadelphia; B. A. and W. H. Eastman, Barre, Vt.; Weidbusch, Scranton, N. Y.; McPherson, St. Thomas, Ont.; W. M. Thompson, De May, Jackson, Mich.; Carr, Tuttle and Bridger, Auburn, N. Y.; Hobbie, Birmingham, N. Y.; Spross, Toledo; Snow, Brooklyn, O.; Mingo, Ravenna, O.; Hopkins, Jamaica, L. I.; Wapner, Briggs, Canada; Ruble, Chicago; Bissett, S. River, N. J.; Catawba, Syracuse; Thomlinson, Batavia; Du Pont, Owego; F. C. Y., Troy; Valentine and Sweeney, Albany; H. W. Brown, Binghamton; Morris, Dalley and Papworth, Baldwinsville, N. Y.; J. Hunter, Fulton, N. Y.; C. S. Fairburn, Manitowish, Brigger, F. Bennett and Wilson, Hamilton, Ont.; W. H. Burnham, York, Pa.; J. S. Boa, Chicago; Wadsworth, Wolcott, N. Y.; Friday, Albany; Poole and Taylor, Bridgebury, Can.; Price and Marrott, Simcoe, Ont.; Palmer, Syracuse; Connor, Lacona, N. Y.; Burnett, Hamilton, Ont.; Killick, Lyons, N. Y.; G. Brewer and F. Bosthroid, Jersey City; Uncle Dan Catepole, Wolcott, N. Y., and many others. There were many distinguished visitors in attendance.

A most bountiful and substantial lunch was served each day at a very moderate price, the cuisine being in charge of Mrs. Garbe. The shooters owe her a debt of gratitude for the abundance and cheapness of the eatables provided.

Expert amateurs were handicapped as follows: Each shooter making 90 per cent. or over each day paid \$4 per day to the management. Each shooter making 85 per cent. and less than 90 per cent. paid \$2. These amounts went into a special purse, to be divided pro rata among amateurs shooting through the first three days' programme, and who failed to get one of the twenty special average prizes. These amounts were deducted from the winnings at the end of each day.

The Convention.

The forty-first annual convention of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game was held in German-American Hall, corner of Main and High streets, Buffalo, N. Y., Monday evening, June 5. The president, Mr. James J. Reid, presided.

Mr. Gates, of the committee on credentials, reported that all had paid their fees and filed their credentials, and also reported the following clubs in the Association, making fourteen in all, as follows: Rochester Rod and Gun Club, Hunter Gun Club, Dansville Rod and Gun Club, Emerald Gun Club, Buffalo Audubon Club, Davy Gun Club, Peoria Gun Club of Buffalo, Spencerport Gun Club, Onondaga County Sportsmen's Association, Citizens' Gun Club, Onondaga County Sportsmen's Association, Bison Gun Club, Cazenovia Gun Club, Baldwinsville Shotgun and Rifle Club.

This committee reported in favor of the election of these fourteen clubs as members of the Association, their dues having been paid. Carried.

Mr. Gates, in behalf of the committee on credentials, said: "Last year, at Rochester, an unfortunate occurrence took place which I don't care to particularly mention, but the point about it was this: That a team was permitted to compete for the Dean

Richmond trophy that had not been elected a member of the Association, but there was some claim that they had paid their dues. Now, I would like to know from you, Mr. President, whether the competition for the Dean Richmond trophy is limited to those fourteen clubs as the members of your committee report. If not, I desire to make a motion on the subject. In other words, the people who have paid their dues and expect to contest want to know whether the competition for the Dean Richmond trophy is limited to these fourteen clubs."

Mr. Reid said: "I should certainly rule that the teams competing for this trophy come from the clubs whose credentials are before us now." He then remarked on the work done by the club and the valuable prizes collected, and continued, "It devolves on a very few men, but I wish to remark before you all and to give credit to one gentleman member of the committee who I think is very justly entitled to a great deal of credit, and it ought to be openly expressed here before every man in this room—to my friend Charley Burkhardt, on my right—that his work in this matter has been indefatigable, and I do not know what we would have done without him on the committee. I remember well the time when the club would have gone out of existence were it not for the tireless efforts put forth by Mr. Burkhardt to preserve and hold together the Audubon Club. In fact, I look upon him as the regenerator of the club and its savior, and I think it is my duty here to-night to openly express to you, one and all, my infinite gratitude for the work he has done. He has worked for you like a Trojan."

It was carried that the inanimate target championship trophy be accepted, and that the president of the club appointed to hold the shoot of 1900 name a committee to confer with this committee and to endeavor, if possible, to secure modification of the terms, so as to meet the suggestion made by Mr. Keller, which was a 50-bird race. It was carried that the secretary be instructed to send to the committee representing the donors of this trophy the thanks of this convention for the trophy offered.

It was carried that the next State shoot be awarded to the Oneida County Sportsmen's Association, of Utica, N. Y.

Mr. W. L. Colville spoke as follows: "Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Convention: I think before this convention winds up the business before it this evening that some special mention should be made of a gentleman who was a member of the State Association, who has lately departed this life. I refer,



C. S. BURKHARDT,
Manager New York State Shoot, 1899.

gentlemen, to that distinguished citizen, the Hon. Roswell P. Flower, whose death was chronicled only a few days ago. Mr. Flower, I understand, at the time of his death was an honorary member of the Watertown Club, and I think that at this time it is proper and fitting that resolutions of condolence upon his death be passed by this convention. It was the custom of people not so very long ago to regard a man who went out with a dog and gun as a person who did not amount to much; but times have changed, and so have the opinions of mankind, until to-day the shooters of America stand in the foremost ranks of citizens, of business men and of statesmen, and when such a distinguished citizen and statesman as the late Hon. Roswell P. Flower lends his name to this Association, I think this Association, upon his death, should take some action, and I therefore move you, Mr. President, that a resolution of respect to the memory of the late Hon. Roswell P. Flower be passed at this meeting." Carried unanimously.

The president read the names of the following gentlemen who have been selected to act as the officers of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game for the ensuing year: Henry L. Gates, President; Dr. A. R. Simmons, Vice-President; Charles R. Minzer, Secretary; Oscar A. Wheeler, Treasurer.

The convention adjourned to meet next year at Utica. The motion being regularly seconded, it was put before the convention. Unanimously carried. The convention then adjourned.

First Day, Tuesday, June 6.

The weather was delightfully clear and pleasant, and the great tournament began on time under the most favorable conditions in that respect. A wind blew betimes with grateful breeziness from the south, which was in a direction from the shooter to the traps, most comforting to those present, the weather being hot, but most disturbing to the flight of the targets, which ducked quickly in their flight or took a flatter and more erratic course in consequence and made goose eggs appear in the scores with frequency. Those who shot in the morning had the breeziest part of the day. Later the breeze was intermittent. About 5 o'clock the weather became cloudy and a very light sprinkling of rain fell, whereupon the sky quickly cleared up again.

Notwithstanding that the three traps were kept running up to their full limit and the squads one after another were kept ready to follow each other with hardly a moment's delay, the eighth and ninth events were but partially finished and were carried over to the second day.

There were nine events on this day's programme, four at 15 targets, four at 20, these eight having a uniform entrance of \$2, and one at 25 targets, \$5 entrance, \$500 guaranteed purse, and surplus added. In each of the other events \$25 was added. Thus the total entrance for the day was \$21 and the total number of targets was 165. Notwithstanding the erratic targets there was some great shooting. Charley Young broke 162 of the 165 targets, with a number close up to him.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Broke.
Targets:	15	15	25	20	20	15	15	20	20	
F E Mallory.....	15	14	25	20	20	12	14	18	17	155
S T Mallory.....	13	15	21	13	17	14	14	20	17	144
Dade.....	13	12	21	12	18	13	14	18	18	139
J F Mallory.....	14	14	20	15	17	14	11	18	16	144
L E Mallory, Jr.....	12	14	23	15	17	11	14	18	19	143
Alex.....	12	11	21	18	19	12	13	18	18	142
Redwing.....	14	13	24	16	18	14	14	19	19	151
James.....	15	13	24	17	18	14	15	20	18	155
Grant.....	15	13	20	14	17	12	15	19	16	141
Dale.....	11	9	25	14	15	13	14	20	19	140
Rike.....	15	13	20	19	16	14	14	18	19	148

Young	13	15	25	19	20	15	15	20	20	162
Ponsus	14	14	24	20	20	14	14	18	20	158
*Leroy	14	15	22	18	18	11	14	18	20	150
*N Apgar	14	14	21	17	19	13	13	20	18	135
*Hallowell	13	15	22	15	18	14	14	19	18	148
*Fanning	15	14	22	18	19	14	14	19	18	153
Kirkover	13	15	24	19	17	12	15	16	16	147
Schorty	15	14	23	19	17	14	14	19	19	154
*Heikes	13	15	22	17	19	15	13	19	20	154
Lane	12	18	24	17	9	13	12	18	19	142
Midce	12	11	22	13	10	14	11	14	14	121
Weller	12	13	21	14	15	13	12	16	17	133
Byer	14	12	23	16	18	12	9	18	20	142
Norton	13	12	22	14	18	15	7	16	18	135
Hood	14	14	24	20	18	14	14	20	20	158
Hawkins	14	13	24	19	19	13	13	20	18	153
Malone	13	15	21	16	15	12	13	18	19	142
Stow	13	12	24	15	20	13	15	19	17	148
Fox	14	14	23	15	19	11	9	19	20	143
*Courtney	10	14	20	19	19	13	13	19	18	145
J S S Remsen	13	15	20	18	20	14	14	17	18	149
E C B.	12	11	18	18	17	10	13	16	12	126
*J R Hull	14	12	18	16	19	12	12	20	18	141
L Fleming	14	13	22	19	14	14	13	17	18	142
Vail	13	14	25	18	19	14	14	18	20	155
Hammond	11	13	29	13	16	14	13	18	15	133
Green	13	15	23	18	19	14	13	20	19	154
Easton	13	13	22	16	19	13	10	17	17	140
Apperson	13	13	23	16	20	13	13	20	18	149
Trego	12	14	23	20	17	13	13	19	18	149
Bessemer	12	13	18	17	15	8	13	17	18	131
Stire	12	13	20	15	16	14	13	17	16	136
Loupas	12	14	20	18	16	14	12	17	16	139
*Foxie	12	13	23	14	13	10	10	15	19	129
C S B.	10	10	18	13	16	13	13	18	14	125
*Fulford	15	14	19	15	19	12	13	16	19	142
333	11	14	19	15	19	12	13	16	19	134
Glover	12	12	20	19	18	13	13	20	16	143
E W Hull	11	12	20	16	19	13	14	15	19	139
Morfe	14	13	21	18	16	15	14	19	15	145
Meyer	12	14	23	17	16	12	14	19	17	144
McCord	9	10	22	17	17	12	14	17	18	136
Whitney	13	13	20	17	18	14	14	20	17	146
Dudley	13	11	20	17	17	15	12	18	16	139
Norton	7	10	15	10	12	6	11	11	12	94
Colvin	11	11	16	10	13	8	10	13	15	107
Kelsey	13	14	22	18	17	14	15	20	18	151
Wheeler	12	14	21	18	14	11	12	19	19	140
Leuschner	12	12	17	16	18	11	12	17	17	132
Alkire	8	14	22	15	18	14	15	19	18	143
Doc	9	11	14	17	16	12	79
Burton	12	11	20	14	19	12	13	17	19	137
Allison	11	15	22	19	16	12	14	20	17	146
99	12	14	22	15	20	10	13	16	14	136
Swiviller	12	13	20	18	16	15	13	15	17	139
Warren	12	10	21	15	19	9	11	16	17	130
Howe	13	13	22	18	19	12	10	19	16	142
Willey	12	8	19	15	17	13	12	19	15	130
Talsma	10	11	20	14	14	13	13	17	16	128
Conover	12	15	21	15	18	14	12	19	16	142
Deremo	6	12	22	13	16	12	14	16	17	128
Piercy	10	13	22	17	15	12	10	16	18	133
Pimpelly	12	11	23	19	19	15	13	19	20	151
J Alexander	10	12	17	18	17	13	13	14	14	128
Himold	12	14	24	12	17	14	15	14	14	136
Bennett	9	13	17	11	13	11	14	16	16	120
Sporting Life	10	12	20	20	18	13	12	14	16	135
B A Eastman	9	13	20	16	14	13	8	17	18	128
W H Eastman	10	11	22	15	18	10	11	17	19	133
*Scott	14	11	19	15	14	13	12	17	15	130
Weidebusch	11	10	21	17	18	9	12	19	19	136
McPherson	10	11	13	15	14	13	11	17	13	127
W M Thompson	13	14	22	17	18	13	13	19	17	146
De May	9	13	19	10	9	9	9	18	14	110
Tuttle	11	12	24	16	18	14	13	12	18	142
Bridger	11	12	17	15	13	10	13	16	15	122
Hobbie	14	14	20	16	14	11	11	19	17	135
Spross	12	13	25	19	17	15	14	15	17	147
Carr	11	10	20	17	19	14	13	16	16	136
Griffith	13	15	22	18	19	14	13	18	17	149
Inman	11	14	22	16	15	13	13	18	19	141
Gates	12	13	20	17	20	12	13	18	13	138
Slade	13	12	18	18	12	14	12	15	14	126
Denny	13	13	21	17	16	12	10	102
Snow	12	8	23	17	19	14	15	20	16	144
Johns	7	13	16	17	15	11	11	14	13	117
Mingo	13	10	21	15	14	12	14	18	17	134
Maygo	7	11	18	14	15	12	12	17	14	121
Bartlett	11	13	21	14	19	14	12	18	20	142
Waters	15	10	22	15	16	13	91
Hopkins	13	12	22	17	16	12	13	18	17	140
Wayper	12	11	22	18	16	14	13	18	18	142
Briggs	10	8	15	14	8	9	6	12	12	94
Rubb	11	14	23	18	18	15	14	...	20	133
*McMurphy	12	15	20	15	20	12	10	20	18	142
*Banks	12	15	23	18	19	12	13	18	19	149
*Keller	8	15	18	16	15	12	11	15	19	129
Bissett	13	13	23	10	18	13	13	16	16	133
Catawba	10	11	24	19	18	13	14	16	18	143
Tomlinson	6	8	15	12	13	11	65
McCarthy	7	12	19	15	16	11	10	90
Du Pont	10	13	23	16	18	14	12	17	20	143
Tracy	7	7	18	17	16	10	5	15	12	107
E S C.	11	11	20	18	17	14	14	17	16	138
F C Y.	10	12	22	17	14	10	10	17	14	126
Valentine	9	11	18	18	17	12	10	19	16	130
Sweeney	6	14	19	17	17	12	11	17	16	129
H W Brown	13	12	21	17	18	13	10	19	17	140
R H Hebard	8	9	21	14	12	12	11	87
Wayte	13	10	19	16	10	8	13	16	18	123
Morris	10	14	18	14	18	11	11	15	17	128
Dalley	15	14	24	19	17	13	11	18	16	147
Payworth	9	9	16	10	10	10	11	15	14	104
J Hunter	11	13	18	17	18	13	12	19	17	138
Fairbairn	8	7	12	14	16	12	11	15	17	113
Brigger	10	9	15	11	14	11	10	15	17	112
F Bennett	9	7	8	15	2	6	4	4	10	65
Wilson	10	8	17	16	17	14	13	17	15	127
Burnham	8	13	19	13	18	11	9	16	9	116
J S Boa	12	14	20	18	20	13	...	20	19	136
*Cooper	13	12	16	14	10	55
Wadsworth	11	10	11	13	15	57
*D E B.	10	10	11	14	16	45
Nick	7	14	13	15	18	67
Borst	10	12	19	17	10	68
Friday	6	8	15	11	17	10	117
Mosher	9	9	18	18	17	14	...	14	18	67
Case	6	11	19	15	17	9	...	12	14	103
Kirchner	7	12	16	18	17	12	18	...	11	111
Poole	14	14	20	15	18	13	94
Taylor	11	7	13	13	17	12	10	83
Price	11	12	21	18	18	9	89
Merlatt	11	9	19	16	55
Palmer	11	14	20	16	16	9	86
Oehning	8	10	11	9	11	12	61
Bailey	12	13	18	33	56
C Eschrich	11	12	21	14	58
Rail	8	11	19	12	50
Zoeller	15	14	21	50
O'Conner	10	9	...	12	14	7	38
Duncombe	8	11	17	16	17	11	...	16	13	109
Burnett	12	12	10	34
Killick	11	12	35
F Lefevre	12	12	18	18	17	14	9	91
Fries	11	11	17	69
Schwartz	10	11	12	13	10	9	35
Horning	11	15	19	9	54
Greiff	11	14	18	43
Norris	13	12	16	16	19	12	12	16	...	46
Karew	8	11	15	13	117
*Fallow	...	14	...	16	16	32
G S McArthur	17	19	13	49
Miss Hyland	5	9	14
*Birds only.										

\$2 in each event, excepting No. 3, which was the Grand Merchandise event, entrance \$5. In this there were eight classes of ties, a total of 108 prizes. Of these, ten were assigned to the ties on 25; twelve to the ties on 24; thirteen to the ties on 23; 11 to the ties on 22; thirteen to the 21s; eleven to the 20s; nine to the 19s; eight to the 18s. The ties on 25 numbered nine; eighteen tied on 24; twenty-three on 23; seventeen on 22; twenty-two on 21; twenty-three on 20; nineteen on 19 and eight on 18. The 25s were F. E. Mallory, L. E. Mallory, Jr.; Rike, Schorty, Hawkins, Apperson, Kary, Spross and Ward.

The 24s were Dade, James, Alex, Powers, Kirkover, Storr, Malone, Stine, C. S. B., Morley, Meyer, Burton, Kelsey, Hopkins, Renecke, Ruble, Elwing and Wayper.

The 23s were Redwing, Young, Weller, Byer, Vail, Green, Easton, Trego, E. W. Hull, Whitney, R. G. Wheeler, Alexander, Pumpelly, G. Bennett, Conover, W. H. Eastman, Gifford, Wayte, J. S. Boa, Tuttle, Talsma, Zoeller and Floss.

The 22s were S. T. Mallory, Hood, Hammond, Lupus, McCord, Alkire, Sweeney, Thompson, 99, F. G. Wheeler, Howe, Allison, Fairbairn, Denny, Pankner, F. H. Kennedy and Poole.

The 21s were Grant, Dale, Midge, J. F. Norton, Fox, Dudley, Du Pont, Leuschner, Mingo, Sporting Life, W. H. Brown, E. S. C., F. C. Y., Valentine, J. Hunter, Hobbie, Carr, Briggs, Tracy, H. Burnett, Palmer and Cummings.

The 20s were the sixth class. They were J. F. Mallory, Inman, Remsen, E. C. B., Fleming, Bartlett, Bissett, Catawba, Piercy, Lane, Kirshner, B. A. Eastman, Daley, Wilson, Hyland, L. Norris, Graham, Tray, Covert, F. Lefevre and McPherson.

The 19s were 333, Glover, Snow, Willey, Fries, Cooper, Price, Holmes and Nick.

The eighth class were Weidebusch, Gates, Morris, Hadley, R. H. Hilbard, R. S. Stephens, Bowman and Wadsworth.

It will be perceived that in several of the classes there were more in the ties than there were prizes. The contestants who were tied on 25 solved their troubles quite happily, for they appraised the prizes, the result being a total valuation of \$162, allowing each one \$18. Then each one paid the difference between \$18 and the article he wanted if it was appraised about that amount, or was allowed the difference in cash between the appraised article and \$18 if it was less than that amount. The result was: F. E. Mallory secured the Parker hammerless; L. E. Mallory the bicycle; Apperson the camera and plate holders; Ward a case of whisky; Shortmeier a guitar, etc.

The 24s and nearly all the other contestants in the other classes of ties were much dissatisfied. There were many who thought the ties should be shot off, holding that the result should be decided by a competition from start to finish, rather than starting in a competition and ending in a lottery. On the other hand, there were those who were averse to competition if lots could be drawn to settle the matter. Groups gathered here and there discussing the matter pro and con, but after a long while the result was that lots were drawn. There were a few in the ties who did not know the matter was so settled till all was over. Much dissatisfaction resulted. Some referred to the statement in the programme which read as follows: "Our Grand Merchandise event contains a very valuable list of prizes, and is so arranged that every man getting a good place in ties is sure to get a prize worth considerably more than the entrance, and also practically guarantees that every man getting 18 or better will get a good prize." By the lottery disposition of the matter, some men who got 24, 23, etc., got no prize. The better way would have been to have shot it off.

In the second class of ties, Mr. E. Reinecke got the Smith gun. In the third class Vail got the Remington gun. In the fourth class F. E. McCord got the Lefevre gun. In the fifth class Leuschner got the Ithaca gun. In the sixth class Remsen got the Hollenback gun, which disposed of the guns. The best prizes in the seventh and eighth classes were sewing machines. Thus closed an event which ended most unpleasantly, which is the way with most merchandise competitions when hard and fast rules are not made to govern the finish as well as the start. A shoot-off would have been acceptable to the large majority, and would have made a definite conclusion on actual competition as to the merits of the men as shots, deciding the matter then, instead of a mere matter of chance in which shooting skill was no factor at all.

There was a large number of spectators on this day, of whom a number were ladies.

The remarkable shooting feature of the day was the performance of Apperson, who missed only 3 targets out of the 170 shot at, a total of 167, and a gain very near to 98 per cent.

On this day 178 shooters participated, the Merchandise event being a very tempting inducement to all.

A fourth magautrap was installed on this day, which made the shooting facilities about equal to the demand. This enabled the management to clear up the left-over part of Tuesday's programme and all but a small part of this day's programme. Without the fourth trap the programme probably could not have been finished. As it was, only a part of the last event, No. 9, was left over to the following day. Something over 30,000 targets were thrown in the different events on this day, an extraordinary number, overshadowing everything of the kind which has a place in the history of the sport.

Johns	12	8	17	16	13	14	15	15	16	126
Maygo	9	9	16	14	16	14	17	13	13	121
Mingo	12	13	21	14	19	13	19	17	19	148
Piercy	13	11	20	17	16	7	14	16	16	130
Heinhold	11	11	16	13	14	10				78
Bennett	11	14	15	16	16	12	13	14	18	129
Sporting Life	13	11	21	19	18	17	17	15	12	137
*Swiveller	13	14	22	20	16	12	17	18	19	151
Kelsey	14	15	24	18	17	14	20	18	18	158
Weidebusch	14	13	18	17	15	14	18	20	18	147
Gates	13	14	18	18	17	15	18	10	16	148
Howe	13	13	22	14	18	11	18	20	14	148
R. G. Wheeler	11	13	13	16	18	12	17	14	15	139
Tomlinson	12	7	16	16	16	12	16			95
J. Alexander	14	14	23	15	19	12	18	17	16	148
H. W. Brown	13	13	21	17	19	13	19	17	18	140
Pampelly	14	12	23	17	18	12	17	19	19	151
Lane	14	12	20	17	19	14	16	18	17	147
E. S. C.	13	14	21	16	18	11	15	20	16	144
Mosher	11	12	17	14	15	11	16	17	17	130
Kirchseiner	13	9	20	12	17	10				81
Wray	4	9	14	13	12	12	15			79
S. R. Kay	15	12	25	17	16	14	16	17	19	151
Case	12	12	17	14		13	12			68
Gail Bennett	11	11	23	13	18	10	19			105
B. A. Eastman	12	10	20	16	14	12	12			96
W. H. Eastman	13	13	23	16	16	13	17			111
Conover	12	12	23	15	19	15	18	17	17	148
Spencer	15	15	17	15	17	14	18	18	13	142
Briggs	8	11	10	11	10	4				67
Denny	11	12	22	16		13				94
Longnecker										16
Baumann	7	11	10			12				48
Wadsworth	12	12	18							42
Griffith	14	13	23	20	19	14	19	18	19	159
Allison	12	15	22	16	16	11	17	20	16	145
Slade	11	10	17	18	17	10	19	14	14	130
Duncombe	11	0	17	18	17	10	19	14	14	121
Hopkins	12	12	24	17	19	14	14	18	15	145



NEW YORK CITY MEMBERS' CUP.

*Reinecke	12	12	24	16	20	11	20			115
*J. Lodge	12	10	11	11	13	12	16			85
F. C. Y.	14	13	21	15	17	11	17	16	16	143
Willey	13	10	19	14	15	9	16	19	17	132
Valentine	13	11	21	14	15	10	20	17	15	126
Wayte	11	11	23	15	16	14	15	18	17	140
W. Morris	14	9	18	15	19	11	14	17	20	138
Dalley	14	10	20	17	20	11	12	18	19	141
J. Hunter	10	13	21	18	18	13	17	17	14	141
J. S. Boa	14	13	23	17	20	13	19	17	17	153
Tuttle	12	14	23	19	18	12	18	17	17	150
Bridger	12	11	16	16	16	13	15	17	18	134
Spross	14	10	25	18	19	15	19	20	18	158
Hobbie	13	13	21	16	17	11	17	17	19	144
Carr	14	11	21	18	18	11	17	19	20	149
Talsma	14	14	23	17	18	11	16	17	18	148
Fairbairn	12	8	22	17	13	12	16	17	19	141
Wilson	14	9	20	16	13	10	13	16	17	135
Brigger	13	8	21	14	16	12	16	16	17	133
Highland	13	13	20	14	15	9				84
*Miss Hyland	8	8	6	10	9	9				50
*Tracy	11	15	21	11	17	15	17			107
*Friday	9	10	17	16	16	10				68
Scott	12	9	18	15	16	14	14			98
R. H. Hebard	13	10	18	14	15	10	16			96
J. Mayper	15	13	24	20	20	14	17	18	18	159
Ruble	12	13	21	18	20	13	15	16	20	151
*Fries	12	9	19	14	17	13	16			100
*Schwartz	10	10	14	15	17	8	9			83
L. Norris	10	13	20	18	15	12	12			100
N. Burnett	10	12	21							43
Borst	12	13	17							42
Oehning	6	6	24							30
R. Stevens	7	15	8	15	12					67
Beck	10	8	17	14	14	17	14			63
Cooper	8	15	19	16	14					72
Graham	11		20	16	14	12	17			90
Zoeller	13	15	23							51
Peters	13	12	13							38
Pauckner	10	11	22							43
Papworth	13									26
Tracy	14		20	17						51
Holmes	9		19	14						42
Price	15	15	21	17	15					83
Page	7	14								35
Sherman	11	10								37
Cummings	13	11	21	15	17	15	19	11		122
Karew	7	11	16	13						47
Cooper	8		16	11						38
Poole	15	13	22	19	17	14	16	19		135
Kennedy	13	10	22	17						120
Grieff	15	14	23							52
Palmer	10	8	21							39
Horning	7	10	14							31
Hatz	6	6	11							28
Dr. Colvin	10	9	14							33
Nick	10	10	19							44
Floss	13	10	23							46
E. Spross			18							18
Covert	11	12	20							69
Ward	11	14	25							55
Taylor			13							13
F. Lefevre	12	11	20							48
McPherson			20							20
Story			14							14
Deremo	10	14								24
De May	12									24
White	11	14								14

P. Brown	16	18	16	50
T. Brown	16			16
Bailey	12	10		22

Third Day, Thursday, June 8.

The programme of this day was precisely like that of Tuesday. There was a total of 165 targets, and a total of \$21 for the day's entrance in all events. The weather was very similar to that of the previous days, the wind still blowing from the south, but the weather was cooler. There was a great crowd of spectators, gentlemen and ladies. The programme was run off smoothly, the fourth magautrap relieving the pressure, and there also was a reduced number of entries.

Young fell off somewhat in his shooting, scoring 149 out of 165. Powers was high, losing but 5 of the total.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Broke.
Targets:	15	15	25	20	20	15	15	20	20	
F E Mallory	15	13	23	18	17	15	15	17	18	151
S F Mallory	11	14	20	19	17	12	13	16	15	137
Dade	14	12	23	15	17	13	14	18	17	143
J F Mallory	12	13	20	19	17	11	13	15	17	137
L E Mallory, Jr.	15	15	21	20	19	13	14	18	17	152
Dale	13	15	25	18	15	13	12	18	15	144
Grant	14	15	23	18	13	13	14	18	14	147
James	15	15	23	19	20	15	14	17	19	157
Redwing	14	14	24	18	20	13	15	18	18	154
Rike	14	12	22	18	13	13	13	18	20	148
Young	14	14	25	20	19	10	13	18	16	149
Powers	15	14	25	19	18	15	14	20	20	160
Leroy*	13	15	23	19	18	15	13	19	20	155
Apgar*	12	13	22	17	18	12	13	18	15	140
Hallowell*	14	14	24	19	17	13	14	17	18	150
Fanning*	14	14	24	19	13	13	12	17	18	150
Kirkover	14	15	22	18	18	13	14	20	17	151
Shorty	11	15	23	19	17	12	12	18	20	147
Heikes*	15	15	24	18	20	15	13	18	18	156
T H Kennedy	12	11	21	16	15	11	11	19	15	135
Wride	13	10	20	15	11	11	19	13	17	126
J L W	13	13	19	16	19	11	11	18	17	137
Byer	15	14	23	18	19	15	14	19	18	155
Ruble	15	15	23	17	18	12	14	19	18	151
Hawkins	15	12	21	20	19	13	15	18	20	152
Malone	14	12	19	14	16	13	15	15	16	134
Storr	15	14	23	16	16	15	13	18	18	150
Fox	15	13	22	16	15	13	14	20	18	146
Hood	13	13	23	17	19	15	12	20	18	150
Courtney*	13	13	21	19	17	12	12	16	16	139
Remson	10	14	22	16	15	8	10	16	17	128
E C B.	11	10	20	14	14	11	12	17	17	126
Hull*	15	12	23	19	16	15	11	16	17	144
Fleming	13	15	25	18	16	13	14	16	17	147
Vail	12	14	23	17	16	13	13	19	16	143
Hammond	14	15	23	17	12	12	12	15	17	137
Green	15	13	24	20	15	14	12	15	18	144
Easter	14	14	18	17	18	13	14	18	18	144
Apperson	15	14	24	19	17	9	11	14	19	140
Trego	15	13	24	18	17	13	10	15	17	142
Bessemmer	14	13	21	15	15	14	10	20	15	137
Stine	14	10	23	19	15	12	13	19	18	143
Lupus	12	14	22	15	19	15	13	17	17	144
Foxie	11	12	20	18	14	11	14	18	17	135
C S B.	15	13	21	17	16	11	12	17	13	135
Fulford*	13	15	22	18	19	13	14	17	17	148
233	12	13	17	18	12	14	12	15	12	125
Glover	15	14	24	16	13	14	14	15	19	149
Tracey	11	12	20	18	16	11	9	15	18	139
Norfev	13	14	23	15	19	13	14	19	19	149
Meyers	15	15	24	20	19	15	15	16	20	156
McCord	14	9	25	17	16	11	11	17	18	138
Whitney	14	14	22	19	17	14	13	20	18	151
Dudley	12	15	24	20	17	14	15	14	20	151
Johns	12	13	20	18	19	12	13	16	14	147
Maygo	11	9	20	14	15	10	12	15	13	119
G W Hull	13	13	24	18	16	15	13	19	17	148
Mingo	13	14	18	17	19	15	14	19	18	147
Kelsey	14	15	25	17	18	13	15	18	18	153
McMurchy*	15	15	21	18	16	14	19	19	19	154
Banks*	15	15	22	17	19	13	14	19	16	150
Keller*	10	12	19	17	15	13	12	16	16	130
Bissett	13	11	18	7	18	14	13	15	19	138
Catawba	13	12	19	13	19	13	15	14	16	131
Alkire	14	15	24	19	19	14	14	19	19	157
Sweeney	11	13	21	17	15	13	9	16	18	133
Burlon	14	13	21	16	18	11	14	14	20	141
Weidebusch	11	14	19	16	16	15	14	19	15	139
59	15	10	21	15	14	12	14	17	19	137
Wayte	13	10	22	15	14	11	11	15	15	129
W Morris	15	14	22	16	18	14	13	9	17	138
Dalley	14	11	22	18	19	10	12	13	17	136
Hunter	13	12	21	17	16	9	12	14	14	128
Spencer	11	12	21	12	16	11	11	18	18	131
J S Boa	13	13	24	18	18	13	13	18	15	145
Wayper	13	12	21	20	17	12	13	19	17	141
Howe	12	14	21	17	15	14	11	16	16	136
Swiveller*	11	14	20	15	19	15	14	18	17	143
Tomlinson	13	9	17	18	16	9	82
Gates	14	11	24	18	15	12	15	18	19	146
Carr	15	12	22	20	18	15	12	17	18	149
Tuttle	13	13	20	16	18	12	10	15	11	128
Spross	14	15	18	19	19	12	14	18	19	118
R G Wheeler	13	13	22	17	18	10	13	17	14	137
Allison	12	14	22	17	20	12	11	18	18	144
Griffith	15	15	22	20	14	15	15	20	19	160
Inman	14	13	21	15	19	14	14	15	17	142
Hopkins	12	10	23	17	17	13	13	20	16	141
Slade	13	13	18	17	19	11	14	14	16	135
Barkett	14	15	22	16	17	14	11	17	17	143
Du Pont	14	11	21	20	19	15	12	18	19	149
B H Norton*	11	11	15	13	14	9	5	3	10	91
F G Wheeler	11	12	22	13	12	14	10	17	12	123
Lenshuer	11	10	19	18	17	11	13	14	19	132
Fairbairn	11	13	20	19	17	12	9	18	16	135
Wilson	12	13	20	17	13	14	10	15	19	133
Brigger	12	10	17	17	16	13	12	13	16	126
Willey	12	14	19	13	18	12	15	17	19	139
Talsma	14	12	20	12	13	12	11	16	14	124
Hobbie	14	9	19	18	13	10	13	15	19	150
II W Brown	11	12	21	19	17	12	14	19	17	142
Pumpelly	12	15	24	20	14	14	13	20	17	149
Lane	14	15	20	17	17	12	14	18	18	145
E S C.	12	12	19	17	12	14	15	15	20	136
Valentine	14	11	20	17	17	13	15	18	18	133
F C Y.	11	12	23	17	14	13	12	10	19	131
L Bennett.	9	11	22	14	11	11	13	18	14	122
P Brown	11	7	18	12	15	63
F Lefevre	6	14	21	18	16	...	15	18	...	108
Waters	14	10	24
Mosher	10	9	19
Palmer	13	7	19	15	...	13	12	14	...	93
W F Smith.	12	12	...	18	42
S P Kay.	14	10	24	...	12	60
De May.	11	8	19
White	11	11	22
Poole	13	13	26
D Lefevre	10	11	22	...	19	62
Denny	11	12	21	...	19	13	13	15	...	104
Conover	12	11	13	36
Duncombe	...	12	19	...	17	10	12	70
Dereemo	12	12
Zoeller	18	15	15	48
Price	15	15
J B.	8	8
Grieff	15	16	...	31
Hennessey	15	...	15

Redwing.....500	465	.930	Vail.....500	454	.908
Kelsey.....500	462	.925	Meyers.....500	454	.908
F E Mallory.....500	461	.922	Rike.....500	453	.906
Whitney.....500	459	.902	Kirkover.....500	453	.906
Shorty.....500	458	.918	Spross.....500	453	.906
Hood.....500	457	.914	Byer.....500	453	.906

The Expert Averages.

To the ten high guns of the experts who shot through the entire programme of the first three days, the club gave \$10 each. To the first average, the club gave a gold watch chain set with a diamond. The club defined experts as those who were manufacturers' agents or who are known and recognized as professional trap-shooters. First average in this class was won by Mr. K. O. Heikes, who broke 468 out of the 500 shot at, an average of .936, Leroy being close up with .934, and Fanning in turn following close with .922. The ten high men for the three days were:

Shot	at.	Broke.	Av.	Shot	at.	Broke.	Av.
Heikes.....500	468	.936	Banks.....500	451	.902		
Leroy.....500	467	.934	Fulford.....500	447	.894		
Fanning.....500	461	.922	J H Hull.....500	440	.880		
McMurphy.....500	455	.910	Swiveller.....500	433	.866		
Hallowell.....500	453	.906	Apgar.....500	433	.866		

The New York City Trophy.

This trophy is a beautiful, large silver cup, valued at \$200, and was donated by members who reside in New York city. It is emblematic of the target championship of the State of New York. The conditions in this shoot were that the shooter making the highest score in the first three days' programme—that is, the highest average on a total of 500 targets—should be the winner, and the competition was open to all residents of New York State, professional and amateur. The winner of the cup executes a bond in the sum of \$200 to the State Association as a guarantee for the return of the cup.

Mr. F. D. Kelsey was the successful competitor, on a record of 460 targets broke out of the 500 shot at, an average of 92 per cent.

Fourth Day, Friday, June 9.

The weather had changed in a way to make favorable conditions for big scores. Hardly a breath of air was stirring till late in the afternoon. The sky was hazily overcast, the sun being hidden, but the light was soft and good. The targets held to true flights and were sharply distinct in the even light. There was no retraction on gun barrels or targets, or glare to strain the eyes, and there consequently was a general improvement in scores under the improved conditions. There was a falling off in the number of shooters. The target programme was finished early in the afternoon, and there were but two of them on the programme, namely, the Gold Dust Powder event, \$2.50 entrance, five moneys, and a 1lb. can of Gold Dust powder and powder measure to each of the fifty high guns. There were sixty-six competitors in this event, of whom Weidebusch, Glover and Fanning made straight scores, while Hull, Boa, Hood, Griffith, Ruble, Dade, Kelsey, Stine, Meyer, Rike, Leroy and Apperson missed but one each. The 23s were Swiveller, Vail, Wayer, Byer, Wride, Kirkover, Storr, Fulford, Allison, Ward, F. E. Mallory, L. E. Mallory, Heikes, Whitney, Hawkins, Fleming, Powers and Apgar.

No. 2 was the main event of the day, and was about the only one of the meeting which gave the manufacturers' agents a chance to compete for something of material and immediate advantage, as it was a handicap at 50 targets, open to all, entrance \$5. There were six prizes, valued at nearly \$1,000. These, after the event was finished, were sold on a cash basis, the amount, \$582, being then equally divided between the twenty-four who tied on 50, who were Heikes and McMurphy—both scratch men—and Carr, Tuttle, Reinicke, Howe, Bessemer, Stine, E. S. C., Morfey, Meyer, McCord, Whitney, Hawkins, Powers, Leroy, Gates, Leuschner, Denny, Weidebusch, Wride, Hopkins, Hood and Storr. Each received \$24.25. There were three of the Baltimore squad straight in this event—Hood, Storr and Hawkins. There was no wrangling or unpleasant feature in this event, as there was with the Merchandise event of the second day. The scores of both events are given in the table below:

Events:	Audubon	Events:	Audubon
Gold Dust.	Handicap.	Gold Dust.	Handicap.
Targets:	50	Targets:	50
F E Mallory.....23	46 2-48	Hobbie.....18
S T Mallory.....17	A C H.....16
Dade.....24	46 3-49	Hull.....24
J T Mallory.....17	Weidebusch.....25	46 4-50
L E Mallory.....23	Spross.....22	42 3-45
Heikes.....23	50 0-50	Vail.....23
Sweeney.....21	44 4-48	R H Hebard.....20	36 7-43
Carr.....21	47 4-50	Elliott.....22
Tuttle.....20	47 4-50	Wayper.....23
Kelsey.....24	47 2-49	Byer.....23	45 4-49
Reinecke.....19	47 4-50	Wride.....23	43 7-50
Lodge.....17	38 7-45	Kirkover.....23	45 2-47
Kennedy.....18	44 5-49	Zoeller.....21	43 4-47
Glover.....25	45 2-47	J S Boa.....24	45 4-49
Howe.....22	46 4-50	Atwater.....18
Trego.....21	46 3-49	Storr.....23	47 3-50
Bessemer.....22	46 5-50	Malone.....22	43 4-47
Stine.....24	46 4-50	Hood.....24	48 2-50
Fairbairn.....17	39 7-37	Fulford.....23	45 2-47
E S C.....24	45 5-50	Hammond.....21
Morfey.....22	47 3-50	Allison.....23	45 4-49
Meyer.....24	49 2-50	Griffith.....24	45 2-47
McCord.....22	47 4-50	Slade.....19	37 5-42
Whitney.....23	48 2-50	Hopkins.....22	48 4-50
Bartlett.....21	46 3-49	Ruble.....24
Remsen.....18	40 3-43	Ward.....23	41 4-45
Shorty.....22	Foxie.....23	44 5-49
Fanning.....25	47 1-48	McMurphy.....50	50 0-50
Hawkins.....23	48 2-50	Denny.....23	45 5-50
Courtney.....21	45 4-49	Deremo.....23	39 7-46
Rike.....24	47 2-49	Poole.....23	40 7-47
Fleming.....23	43 3-46	Wheeler.....23	43 4-47
Powers.....23	49 1-50	Fairburn.....23	43 4-47
Leroy.....24	49 1-50	Willey.....23	43 5-48
Apgar.....23	42 3-45	Brigden.....23	40 7-47
Apperson.....24	47 2-49	W H Brown.....44	44 4-48
J R Hull.....21	44 3-47	Pumpelly.....45	44 4-49
Gates.....22	48 4-50	L Bennett.....36	5-41
Swiveller.....23	42 4-46	Du Pont.....46	3-49
Leuschner.....22	48 6-50		

The Dean Richmond Trophy.

This was the State event, the only one of the programme, and was shot off at 15 live birds, \$20 entrance per team, birds extra, 60 per cent. of purse and trophy going to first team, 40 per cent. to second. Two clubs tied for first on a score of 42—the Audubon Gun Club and the Onondaga County Shooting Association. They agreed to divide the money, but shot off for the trophy on 5 birds. They tied again, the score being 13 each. On the second tie the Audubons killed straight, while the Oneidas lost two birds. The Audubons thus won the trophy.

There were eight teams in this contest, three men to each team. Mr. T. W. Morfey refereed the first 15 birds. Mr. L. H. Schortemeier refereed the shoot-off. There was a dense crowd spread far and deep on each side witnessing this contest, and the applause which greeted the victors bore testimony to the great interest felt in the event.

The birds were a very poor lot as a whole, many sitting when the trap was pulled or dawdling away on the wing in the most indifferent manner. Occasionally a good bird was trapped, but such was the exception. Nevertheless, there were a number of good kills made, which evoked great applause. Many of the long shots, however, were due more to the slow time of the shooter than the swiftness of the birds. With the better shooters, the birds were rarely hard for the reason that such shooters never permitted the birds to get far enough from the trap to become hard.

The sensational shot of the event was Glover's 11th, a lubberly dark bird, which flew about as fast as could a wheelbarrow if it had wings. He missed it clear with his first barrel, though it rose slowly; then he held his fire, and, waiting till the bird laboriously and slowly flew overhead toward him, missed it neatly and widely, to the great hilarity of the multitude. Courtney's 2d, 7th, 9th and 10th were fairly good birds. Gates' 9, 10 and 11 were all good, two of which were missed. McCartney's 4th and 5th were good ones. Dalley's 1st and 4th were his hardest, although his 9th, a miss, was not at all easy. Kirkover had a swift second bird, and a good quartering incomer in the 11th. Heinhold's birds were all quite easy. Cooper's 4th, 6th and 9th were his hard ones. Meyer caught a corker in the 6th, and it almost got out of bounds, though hard hit. Mosher had a straight score till his last, a hot straightaway. Dr. Kilburn's 4th and 5th were his hardest. Emond's two misses were on swift birds. Morris was favored with easy ones. Burkhardt shot in quick time, and an uphill race, having missed his first. Reinecke drew easy ones, 333's last bird

was a hot left incomer, and was missed. Byer had easy ones. McMurphy shot as a man who would not be denied what he wanted. Fulford had several hot ones, but he negotiated them very neatly, according to their needs. Stacy's averaged very easy, but he showed he could shoot better ones if they chose to appear. Papworth's first was about the hardest one he had, and he treated it to a goose egg. Kelsey shot in good form, though losing his first. McCartney's three misses were on good birds. A circling incomer tangled Foxie in the first, and was the only one he failed to register correctly. Glover was not in his usual good form.

The wind blew from the shooters to the traps, about a 7 o'clock wind, though it was so mild it had little if any effect on the birds. The sky was cloudy when the race began, but the sun broke forth in the fifth round, in the ninth round it became cloudy again. The details are all set forth in the scores, which follow:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1899, by Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

Syracuse Gun Club.	
1 2 2 4 5 1 1 5 2 5 8 2 2 4 8	
←→H→←→→→→→→→→→→→→→→	
A G Courtney.....1 2 0 1 2 1 0 2 1 1 1 0 1 2 1—12	
3 4 5 1 1 1 1 5 2 5 3 2 2 4 8	
←→H→←→→→→→→→→→→→→→→	
G A Mosher.....2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 1—14	
5 5 1 3 4 5 2 4 5 4 8 1 4 2 3	
←→H→←→→→→→→→→→→→→→→	
H McMurphy.....2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 1—15—41	

Oneida County Shooting Association.	
2 4 5 5 3 1 5 3 2 3 4 5 8 4	
←→H→←→→→→→→→→→→→→→→	
H L Gates.....2 2 2 2 2 2 * 2 0 2 2 2 2 1 2—12	
2 4 2 5 2 4 4 2 1 1 3 5 1 3 5	
←→H→←→→→→→→→→→→→→→→	
Dr. Kilburn.....2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—15	
2 5 2 1 2 5 4 4 2 5 4 1 3 1 3	
←→H→←→→→→→→→→→→→→→→	
E D Fulford.....2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—15—42	

Cazenovia Gun Club.	
3 2 5 5 4 3 5 5 1 4 2 1 2 3 3	
←→H→←→→→→→→→→→→→→→→	
W McCarthy.....2 2 0 0 1 2 2 1 1 2 2 2 0 2 1—12	
5 4 5 5 4 3 2 3 2 2 3 1 2 5 4	
←→H→←→→→→→→→→→→→→→→	
F Emond.....1 2 1 2 1 0 2 2 1 2 1 0 2 1 2—13	
5 1 2 2 1 4 1 3 2 2 3 5 4 5 2	
←→H→←→→→→→→→→→→→→→→	
R Stacy.....2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1—15—40	

Baldwinsville Shotgun and Rifle Club.	
2 3 5 5 1 2 3 3 2 4 4 3 1 3 4	
←→H→←→→→→→→→→→→→→→→	
Dalley.....0 0 2 2 2 2 1 * 0 1 2 2 2 2 2—11	
5 3 1 1 3 4 4 3 5 1 2 3 3 1 2	
←→H→←→→→→→→→→→→→→→→	
W Morris.....2 * 1 2 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 1 0 2 2—13	
1 2 5 5 2 2 3 1 1 3 3 1 4 1 5	
←→H→←→→→→→→→→→→→→→→	
Papworth.....0 1 1 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 1 1—14—38	

Audubon Gun Club.	
5 4 4 2 1 1 3 5 3 3 2 4 1 5 4	
←→H→←→→→→→→→→→→→→→→	
H D Kirkover.....2 2 2 2 2 2 2 * 2 2 2 2 2 2—14	
5 1 5 1 4 1 2 4 1 1 4 4 3 5 5	
←→H→←→→→→→→→→→→→→→→	
C S Burkhardt.....0 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—14	
2 5 1 4 4 4 1 2 5 5 3 1 3 3	
←→H→←→→→→→→→→→→→→→→	
F D Kelsey.....0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—14—42	

Peoria Gun Club.	
1 4 3 5 4 4 5 3 2 1 2 1 2 5 2	
←→H→←→→→→→→→→→→→→→→	
F C Heinold.....2 2 1 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 2 1 1 2 0—14	
2 2 3 4 5 3 2 3 2 1 1 2 5 5 5	
←→H→←→→→→→→→→→→→→→→	
F Reinecke.....1 2 2 0 * 1 2 2 1 2 2 2 1 2—13	
5 5 1 2 5 3 2 2 3 2 2 4 5 4	
←→H→←→→→→→→→→→→→→→→	
E N McCartney.....1 2 0 1 2 0 1 1 1 2 2 0 2 1—12—39	

Bison Gun Club.	
2 1 4 3 1 5 3 5 3 5 2 2 2 3 5	
←→H→←→→→→→→→→→→→→→→	
Cooper.....1 1 1 0 1 * 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 2—13	
8 5 1 3 4 2 2 5 5 5 1 4 5 3 5	
←→H→←→→→→→→→→→→→→→→	
333.....2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—14	
5 1 5 4 2 3 5 5 1 3 4 2 5 3 5	
←→H→←→→→→→→→→→→→→→→	
Foxie.....0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—14—41	

Rochester Rod and Gun Club.	
2 4 2 4 5 2 2 4 1 3 2 4 4 4 3	
←→H→←→→→→→→→→→→→→→→	
Meyer.....1 1 2 1 1 2 0 2 1 1 1 1 2 2—14	
5 2 2 4 5 1 5 5 5 3 3 2 3	
←→H→←→→→→→→→→→→→→→→	
Byer.....1 1 1 2 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 2 1—14	
1 2 5 1 5 4 4 4 5 5 5 2 3 5 4	
←→H→←→→→→→→→→→→→→→→	
Glover.....1 2 * 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 0 1 1 2 2—12—40	

The Shoot-Off.

The shoot-off for the trophy evoked the most intense interest and excitement. When Kirkover finished straight the applause was tumultuous, almost equal to the applause of the winning team when the last shot was fired.

The Syracuse Gun Club and the Bison Gun Club divided second money. The scores:

Audubon Gun Club.	Second Tie.	Third Tie.
5 2 5 4 4	4 4 1 5 5	
←→H→←→→→→→→→→→→→→→→	←→H→←→→→→→→→→→→→→→→	
H D Kirkover.....2 2 2 2 2—5	2 2 2 2 2—5	
1 5 3 2 1	4 3 1 5 2	
←→H→←→→→→→→→→→→→→→→	←→H→←→→→→→→→→→→→→→→	
C S B.....0 2 2 2 2—4	2 2 2 2 2—5	
2 4 5 5 4	2 3 5 2 1	
←→H→←→→→→→→→→→→→→→→	←→H→←→→→→→→→→→→→→→→	
F D Kelsey.....2 2 2 * 2—4—13	2 2 2 2 2—5 15	

Oneida County Shooting Association.	
3 5 4 5 4	5 2 5 5 3
←→H→←→→→→→→→→→→→→→→	←→H→←→→→→→→→→→→→→→→
H L Gates.....0 2 2 1 2—4	2 2 2 2 2—5
2 2 3 3 1	5 4 5 4 5
←→H→←→→→→→→→→→→→→→→	←→H→←→→→→→→→→→→→→→→
Dr. Kilburn.....2 2 0 2 2—4	2 0 1 1 2—4
5 2 1 5 1	2 1 2 1 3
←→H→←→→→→→→→→→→→→→→	←→H→←→→→→→→→→→→→→→→
E Fulford.....2 2 2 2 1—5—13	2 1 1 0 1—4—13

Guns, powders and shells used in the Dean Richmond trophy contest were as follows:

Gates used a Greener gun, Schultze powder and trap shells. Fulford used a Remington gun, Schultze powder and trap shells. Kilbourne used a Francotte gun, Schultze powder and trap shells. Courtney used a Remington gun, Schultze powder and trap shells. McMurphy used a Smith gun, Schultze powder and trap shells. Mosher used a Syracuse gun, Du Pont powder and smokeless shells. Myer used a Smith gun, E. C. powder and trap shells. Byer used a Parker gun, Gold Dust powder and trap shells. Glover used a Parker gun, Schultze powder and trap shells. Foxie used a Smith gun, Du Pont powder and smokeless shells. Cooper used a Lefevre gun, Du Pont powder and trap shells. 333 used a Smith gun, Latfin & Rand powder and trap shells.

Kirkover used a Parker gun, Du Pont powder and trap shells. Kelsey used a Smith gun, Schultze powder and trap shells. C. S. B. used a Parker gun, Du Pont powder and trap shells. Emond used a Smith gun, Du Pont powder and trap shells. McCarthy used a Colt gun, Du Pont powder and trap shells. Stacy used a Francotte gun, Du Pont powder and trap shells. Heinold used a Greener gun, Du Pont powder and trap shells. McCartney used a Parker gun, Du Pont powder and trap shells. Reinecke used a Syracuse gun, Du Pont powder and trap shells. Papworth used a Lefevre gun, Du Pont powder and smokeless shells.

Dalley used a Greener gun, Du Pont powder and smokeless shells.

Morris used a Lefevre gun, Du Pont powder and smokeless shells.

Guns, Powders and Shells.

Only an approximate mention of the number of each kind of guns, powders and shells used can be given, although one man occupied himself diligently in gathering the information herewith given:

Guns: Smith, 39; Parker, 32; Lefevre, 16; Winchester, 12; Remington, 9; Greener, 8; Francotte, 7; Baker, 4; Burgess, 2; Prechtel, 1; Scott, 1; Purdy, 1; Syracuse, 1.

Powders: Du Pont, 59; Schultze, 29; E. C., 14; Hazard, 11; L. & R., 9; Kings, 6; Gold Dust, 4; Troisdorf, 1; Oriental, 1; Walsrode, 1.

Shells: U. M. C., 101; Winchester, 37; Peters, 6; U. S., 1.

Side Lights.

The Baltimore Shooting Association was represented by seven members, who wore black blouses, on the breast of which in orange letters was the legend, "Baltimore S. A." The oriole colors were well to the front from start to finish. On the first day the squad members, Messrs. Hood, Waters, Hawkins, Malone, Storr and Fox, finished first in the amateur teams, averaging .915 for the whole squad. In the eighth event they broke 95 out of 100; in the ninth event, 94 out of 100. On the second day, fourth event, 15 targets, they broke 73 out of 75, and on the third day, in the first event, they broke 72 out of 75. Hood Waters' average on the first day, .968, was a great percentage; on this day he broke 54 straight. The squad's average for the three days was .901. Much credit is due to Captain Malone's efforts in organizing the squad and in maintaining the interest to a degree which brought it into competition. This was Mr. Storr's first tournament of importance, and Fox's first shooting over a magautrap. The squad used Schultze in U. M. C. shell.

The West Virginia squad also gave a good account of itself. In it were Messrs. F. E. Mallory, S. T. Mallory and J. F. Mallory, of Parkersburg; L. E. Mallory, Jr., of Bradford, Pa., and E. O. Bower, of Sistersville, W. Va. They were the first squad in the order of shooting. On the first day the squad broke a fraction over 90 per cent., and the same on the second day out of the 850 targets shot at. On the third day they broke a fraction over 87 per cent., a most excellent showing as a whole.

There were several tents pitched on the shooting grounds, the largest of which was that of the Audubon Gun Club, which covered a liberal space, affording seats for the spectators and a good place for a display of the manufacturers' goods. There also was the Canadian tent, the West Virginia tent, the Ohio tent, the Rochester tent, the Du Pont and Hazard tents, in which were large supplies of ammunition, and the refreshment tent, presided over by Mrs. Garbe and several very pretty waitresses. Could the Spaniards have seen those tents before the war began and heard the rapid firing of the line of squads, they would have indeed considered that life was worth living and that there should not be any war.

On Thursday evening Mr. W. L. Colville, known well to readers of sporting literature as Dick Swiveller, gave a most charming dinner to a circle of friends at the Hotel Iroquois, Buffalo. They were Messrs. A. C. Paterson, W. K. Park, J. J. Hallowell, J. S. S. Remsen, A. G. Courtney, H. Kirkover, B. H. Norton, Rolla O. Heikes and B. Waters. An ordinary was reserved for the exclusive use of the party. The dinner in its arrangements was the work of a master mind, and was only equaled by the appreciation of the guests. Mr. Colville expressed the extreme pleasure he felt in a few appropriate remarks and the dinner proceeded with great success amid an enthusiastic discussion of explosives, velocities, penetration, recoil, and this, that and the other thing concerning shooting.

At the coffee stage Mr. Colville gravely assured his guests that he had given great thought to the subjects under consideration, and knowing what would be the topics of discussion, he had prepared a short paper which would settle every debatable point for all time, and all would then be res adjudicata, etc. The group was deeply interested, and every face was turned to him with that look which one sees on the faces of people who are looking at the camera as the photographer is about to press the button. Without any change in his serious countenance, Mr. Colville read as follows:

"The examination of the different theories regarding the age of man is a subject of interest. Nature is an inexplicable, eternal mystery which baffles the strenuous efforts of mighty intellects to learn the open secret which tempts the inquisitive understanding of man. Her veil is forever closed against the meager intelligence of humanity. However dexterously we may snatch facts and laws from her, we are unable to fathom the depths of the inner meanings of nature. The naturalist, Pliny, jumped into the crater of Vesuvius to no useful effect.

"The laws of Kepler and Newton are not sufficient to illuminate the smallest fraction of the darkness of the human intellect. But after all, in spite of our intellectual weakness, we know some eternal facts of nature from which the scientists deduce, or rather see, laws and theories. The scanty knowledge tempts us to proceed further into the realm of the known.

"Thus, the human being strives to understand the great truths underlying the heterogeneous and ever-changing phases of nature. There is great pleasure in the attempt and the consequent failure. But like an unfortunate child, the intellect of man, backed by his divine nature, again attempts and discovers many facts which are efficacious in the construction of laws and canons.

"If external nature is a mystery, the human race that at present reigns supreme over the original creatures of the world is still more inscrutable—the life, the consciousness, the nature of man—mysteries of the mystery. The strange but scientific blending of the organized character of man and his unearthly nature transcends human power of reasoning and imagination, and he is left to grope in the darkness of semi-intelligence surrounding theories, the facts that are veiled by his opaque understanding. The many minds of many man, divergent as they are, yet at times will come together in cohesive agreement on some point and subject. A fair illustration of this is presented to us in the present generation, where it is agreed that the insidious effects of the ithisorous and ignowadon should be guarded against. Beware of these germs, which, entering the blood corpuscles and finding lodgment at the base of the brain at the apex of the spine, will surely work their way to the index finger and thus throw the nerve centers from equilibrium, and a consequent distraction of range-finding, resulting sometimes in partial dementia, the only remedy for which so far known to science is the liberal administration of a powder the name of which it is useless to mention, so time-honored and efficacious has it become. This powder administered in 37 to 42 grain doses, made up in U. M. C. and W. R. A. capsules, will be found to relieve overanxiety, fluttering of the heart at exciting moments, preservation of the shoulder muscles, a general lessening of worry and perturbation of spirit. It brings carefulness and contentment, sweetens the temper and prevents to a superlative degree what is vulgarly called 'kicking.'

"Inclosing these brief remarks, gentlemen, I beg to thank you for your close attention to the details of an event that has been the cause of bringing together so many brainy and representative men of the country. It is seldom in the course of mundane affairs that such occasions occur; it is therefore with more than passing satisfaction that I am enabled to

The Soo Tournament.

STROUX CITY, June 9.—After one has attended a tournament given under the auspices of the Soo Gun Club he can readily understand to what the great success of this organization's shoots may be attributed. Here one finds the glad hand of fellowship extended to him everywhere, and there is no organization of a like character whose officers and members are so universally popular, both individually and collectively, while the pride and interest they manifest in their visitors and guests are commendable. This seems to be the chief aim of the club, and the revenue of these shoots seems to be a secondary consideration, for the main object and desire seem to be the comfort and pleasure of the participants. This element is not always in evidence at other shoots; so that with all these desirable factors it is easy to discern why this club's tournaments have been so well attended for the past three years, and why they will continue to be popular in the future.

True, collectively the attendance was not so large as in the two previous years, but take the percentage of those who shot through the programme on each day, and it will exceed that of the former shoot, while it will also be found second to none in the country.

The record and reputation the Soo Gun Club has established in this respect may well be a source of pride to the officers and members, for it is well merited, and there is nothing that has done more to advertise the city. If all its other affairs are conducted with the same able executive ability, it is indeed a fortunate community. Nothing but continuous success can ever be attributed to the energy and enterprise of Mr. C. H. Hamilton, president; Mr. H. H. Hawman, treasurer, and Mr. E. R. Chapman, secretary. The latter is deserving of especial mention, as he, almost, unassisted, took care of all the detail work in the cashier's office, and that too with exactness and dispatch.

Shooting Grounds.

Few clubs in the West are so well fixed in regard to grounds and equipments as this one, which owns the grounds on which it shoots, a plot of fourteen acres, on the bank of the Missouri River. Here they have erected a nice club house, a two-story structure, with a broad veranda extending around three sides of the building, this also being two stories. The lower floor is used for gun room and lockers, while a part of it is set aside for an office. The upper floor is one large room, where the shooters may lounge about, and on this occasion it was used for a dining room, being amply large for this purpose. The veranda facing the grounds is 2ft. long and 8ft. wide, so it will readily be seen that it will accommodate quite a large crowd.

This club does all its target shooting over a magatrap, and on this particular occasion three of these machines were used, which is perhaps the first time this has ever occurred. Mr. Chas. North, of the Cleveland Cartridge and Target Co., has charge of these, and under his fostering care they never failed to perform consistently. Mr. North was ever attentive to business, and his quiet, gentlemanly demeanor cannot help but add to the popularity of his company's goods. There was no shelter over the score, but just in the rear there was a long wooden structure for spectators and shooters. A picket fence separated these from the shooters at the score, so that no one could encroach upon those actually engaged in shooting. One other feature is the nice cinder walks at the score, which makes a very desirable footing for this purpose, these being smooth and hard. The shooters faced south and shot toward the river, so there was little interference from the sun, and the background was also very good. In addition to these many desirable features, the grounds are also equipped with a set of live-bird traps which embody the underground system of trapping, all of which go to make up a first-class shooting grounds.

Programme.

In regard to this, the club had gotten out a very nice one for the average amateur, but it erred in giving all the cash as average money, in place of adding it in each event; for by doing this the ordinary and erratic shooters stood no chance whatever of getting a part of it, for only those who shot consistently well could hope to win any of these prizes.

Again, the class system should not have prevailed in the dispensation of this money, for this encouraged dropping for place, while its inequity should preclude its use by any organization which has the welfare of the sport at heart. Furthermore, the giving of prizes for low averages should also be discouraged; for while it is doubtless encouraging to those who have actually shot bad to get some returns, it also has a tendency to breed crooked shooting, and the unscrupulous shooter ever stands ready to take advantage of this. Merit and equity should receive the most consideration in competitions of all characters. When clubs desire to give high average prizes these should always go to the high guns.

Hamilton is a one-arm shooter, and to land a part of the money under such a handicap is therefore all the more creditable.

There are five merchandise prizes for the five low averages, and these went to Ray, Redfern, Aney, Fogg and Andrews and Cook, the latter pair dividing fifth prize.

The weather conditions were ideal, and there was not a breath of air to interfere with the flight of the targets.

Gilbert made the high run of the day—95 straight. Events Nos. 2, 5 and 8 were known-angle events. All told, eighty-five participated, and of this number sixty-two shot all the programme.

First Day, Tuesday, June 6.

One of the chief features of to-day's shooting is the number of participants who shot through the entire events. Sixty-nine of the eighty-two principals shot everything on the schedule, and I question if a similar number have done likewise anywhere else, though it is possible that this number may have been equaled at Knoxville in its palmy days.

This is an amateur shoot, but the competition is as classic as though all of the "profes" were present, and the rank and file is setting the pace that requires constant attention and consistent large totals to get a part of the average money. There are but two trade representatives on hand, Gilbert and Budd. The former, by constant hard grinding, managed to lead the bunch, but he found this no snap, as he has but a margin of three breaks over Peterson and Mortenson, who are second, while that little brother-in-law, Klein, was hunching him some too. Whenever this trio are present, they make the leader get nearly all of them, and this is what Gilbert came very near doing. He has a run of 77 straight to his credit, and in addition to his total shown in the programme, he has 30 more breaks to his account.

The programme provides for ten averages of \$10 each, but this is divided class shooting, and thus twenty-six share in a division of this money. By this Peterson and Mortenson get \$5 each—they divide first average. Had Mortenson been mean enough to drop his last bird he would have been \$5 better off, as would also Peterson, but to Mortenson's credit it must be said that he scored this, although by doing so he was aware that it would cost him \$5. Mortenson shot in squad No. 12, while the other high men shot in the early squads. Klein broke 2 targets less than either of the above, but he wins second average without a tie. J. Boyd Sittler and Gage tied for third average, and they each got \$3.30. Then again Sonders got fourth average alone. Hunter and Steege have to be content with \$5, while Hughes, who is lucky, but breaks less birds than they, gets \$10. Seventh average is cut up by Kimball, Baldwin, Rust, Trotter and Taylor. Aney, Kortright, Furgeson, Burk, H. Boyd and Lewis divide eighth average, Palmer, Dorton and Wood take ninth, and Crabill and Elliott tenth. The injustice of awarding averages in this is so apparent that it is unworthy of any comment. There are also five low-average merchandise prizes to the value of \$10, which are given in the same manner; thereby Cowan, who broke but 89 out of 150, gets first; Pat, with 101 out of a like number, takes second; Terryberry and Slocum, with 103, divide third; Thurston, with 106, gets fourth, and Redhead, with 108, is given fifth. This came about by virtue of a total of 5 in the closing event.

The best squad record of the day was made by a squad composed of the home club, which contained J. Boyd, Hunter, Hawman, Duncan and Hamilton, they breaking 74 out of 75, running straight up to the 50th round, when Hamilton slipped one. Owing to the fact that Mr. Hamilton is a one-armed shooter, this miss is quite excusable, as of necessity he is shooting under a great disadvantage.

The weather opened up favorably, but by noon it had clouded up, and soon after that it began to rain quite hard. That the programme was shot out is due to the use of three magatrap, which are under the fostering care of Chas. North.

The programme consisted of ten 15-bird races. The tabulation must convey any additional details. Nos. 2, 5 and 8 were known-angle events.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Gilbert	14	14	14	15	14	15	15	15	15	14	150	145	.966
Peterson	15	14	15	13	15	15	13	13	14	15	150	142	.946
Mortenson	13	14	15	14	14	15	15	14	15	13	150	142	.946

Klein	14	15	15	13	13	14	13	14	14	15	150	140	.933
J. Boyd	14	13	14	13	15	13	14	15	14	14	150	138	.920
Sittler	14	15	14	14	15	12	14	14	14	14	150	138	.920
Gage	13	15	14	13	15	15	12	14	14	14	150	138	.920
Sonders	15	13	11	14	14	14	12	15	15	15	150	136	.906
Budd	13	15	13	14	14	15	15	12	12	14	150	136	.906
Hunter	11	14	14	14	15	14	15	13	14	11	150	135	.900
Steege	12	12	13	14	15	13	14	15	13	13	150	135	.900
Hughes	14	14	13	10	13	15	14	15	13	13	150	134	.893
Trotter	13	14	13	13	13	15	12	14	14	13	150	133	.886
Kimball	13	14	13	14	13	13	14	12	14	13	150	133	.886
Baldwin	12	13	11	13	15	14	15	13	13	13	150	133	.886
Taylor	13	11	13	14	12	13	14	13	15	15	150	133	.886
Rust	13	13	13	10	14	12	15	15	14	14	150	133	.886
Aney	12	14	13	15	14	13	13	14	11	13	150	132	.880
Kortright	14	13	13	12	14	13	12	13	15	15	150	132	.880
Furgeson	12	13	13	13	9	13	13	12	13	11	150	132	.880
Burk	13	12	14	13	13	14	14	15	11	11	150	132	.880
H. Boyd	12	13	14	12	13	12	14	14	15	11	150	132	.880
Lewis	15	14	15	11	15	10	14	15	9	12	150	132	.880
Palmer	14	15	12	13	12	14	15	15	12	12	150	131	.873
Dorton	12	12	13	13	14	14	12	15	12	12	150	131	.873
Wood	14	13	13	14	11	13	13	14	12	14	150	131	.873
Crabill	14	15	11	11	13	13	11	14	14	14	150	130	.866
Elliott	14	13	14	12	13	14	12	11	14	13	150	130	.866
Higgins	12	14	12	11	12	12	13	13	14	15	150	129	.860
Lowery	13	12	13	13	14	13	13	15	10	10	150	129	.860
W. R. G.	14	15	14	14	13	11	11	13	13	11	150	129	.860
S. A. Smith	15	10	13	13	12	14	11	13	14	14	150	129	.860
Lenord	12	14	13	14	14	13	12	13	12	12	150	128	.853
McDonald	11	13	13	12	13	15	14	14	13	11	150	128	.853
F. O. Walker	13	14	10	14	12	14	13	10	13	14	150	128	.853
Miller	12	14	14	12	13	12	14	12	13	13	150	128	.853
Brandon	13	13	12	13	11	15	12	13	14	12	150	128	.853
Hawman	13	12	11	12	15	13	15	12	12	12	150	127	.846
Patch	14	12	14	15	14	14	10	7	14	13	150	126	.840
Duncan	12	11	12	13	15	15	12	11	14	11	150	126	.840
Moore	11	12	11	13	14	11	13	13	14	14	150	126	.840
Shaw	14	14	14	13	13	12	9	11	14	13	150	126	.840
Henshaw	14	12	12	13	12	14	13	12	13	11	150	126	.840
Gray	11	13	13	13	14	12	12	12	12	12	150	125	.833
J. Peterson	11	11	11	10	13	11	13	14	15	15	150	124	.826
Lindsley	9	13	13	11	12	13	13	13	14	13	150	124	.826
Ballard	9	10	14	12	14	13	13	13	14	12	150	124	.826
Wold	11	10	13	15	11	11	12	13	14	13	150	123	.820
Peck	11	12	11	11	13	13	14	12	13	13	150	123	.820
Halla	14	15	11	11	10	14	12	12	13	13	150	122	.813
Betsworth	13	11	15	12	11	13	15	11	11	10	150	122	.813
Calif	13	13	12	13	11	12	13	13	10	10	150	121	.806
Redfern	11	12	12	10	10	12	13	13	14	14	150	120	.800
Fogg	12	12	14	12	11	11	12	12	13	13	150	119	.793
G. E. T.	12	14	10	10	8	15	13	11	11	15	150	119	.793
Townsend	12	13	10	14	12	13	12	11	13	9	150	119	.793
Power	13	12	7	10	12	13	12	12	12	15	150	118	.786
Andrews	13	13	9	12	13	13	10	9	12	14	150	118	.786
Hamilton	14	13	13	9	14	12	12	9	7	12	150	115	.766
Myers	10	13	9	12	13	12	14	7	10	14	150	114	.760
Noid	11	11	9	10	10	12	9	9	13	14	150	111	.740
Cook	11	9	9	10	10	12	10	12	14	9	150	110	.733
Gold Dust	12	10	12	11	12	9	11	11	12	10	150	110	.733
Thurston	15	12	14	12	12	11	9	10	9	5	150	108	.720
A Redhead	15	6	6	9	10	11	11	13	12	12	150	106	.706
Thurston	15	6	6	9	10	11	11	13	12	12	150	103	.686
Terryberry	9	13	11	11	8	12	12	7	11	9	150	103	.686
Slocum	8	9	8	11	12	10	11	11	10	13	150	101	.673
Pat	12	9	10	10	11	12	9	8	10	10	150	89	.593
Cowan	8	8	9	8	7	10	7	11	12	9	135	104	.770
Ray	11	12	12	13	13	12	9	12	10	10	135	94	.696
Hoffman	12	10	10	13	12	8	11	9	9	9	135	81	.675
Adams	12	9	10	10	11	12	9	8	10	10	120	76	.866
Brown	10	10	13	13	13	7	10	10	10	10	90	66	.733
Klink	8	5	4	7	9	10	10	10	10	10	75	33	.440
Sophy	8	5	4	7	9	10	10	10	10	10	60	35	.583
L. G. Walker	6	9	13	7	10	10	10	10	10	10	45	41	.911
Langers	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	45	39	.866
Riedesel	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	45	28	.622
Gorman	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	45	26	.577
Reinhart	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	45	26	.577
Sheiff and Keefe	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	45	26	.577

Second Day, Wednesday, June 7.

Most of the principals in to-day's competition were here yesterday, and have thereby been enabled to familiarize themselves with the surroundings; so that not a few have doubtless profited by this. At any rate, the competition was much more spirited, so that high averages and straight scores were the prevailing features. Gilbert, who is only in the exhibition business at this tournament, is again high man, with the capital average of .986, having lost but 2 targets all day. Among the amateur class you will find Crabill and Taylor tied for high honors, with an average of .953. Hughes is second, .946; Klein third, .940; Peterson fourth, .933. Then come Kimball, Sonders and Palmer, .926, fifth, and these are followed by Steege and Wood, .920, sixth. Next is Gage and Mortenson, .906, seventh. Now come Dorton and Peck, .886, eighth. Then Shaw, Budd, Baldwin, H. Boyd and Duncan, .893, ninth. Kortright, Patch, Calif and Powers, with .886, divide tenth average. As yesterday, there are ten high averages of \$10 each, which, by virtue of the class division, permits all the above-mentioned, with the exception of Gilbert and Budd, to share in the purse, in accordance to how many there are in each class.

Event No. 7 constituted the race for the interstate championship cup, and this showed seventy-nine entries, of which twelve—Crabill, Hamilton, Wood, Mortenson, Hogan, Klein, Palmer, H. Boyd, G. E. T., Gold Dust, Ellis and Higgins—finished with straight scores, and then shot it off miss-and-out, which resulted in a win for Frank Crabill, of Missouri Valley, Ia., who was only required to break eight straight; \$10 each went to the three next highest, and Hamilton, Wood and Mortenson got this.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot	at.	Broke.	Av.
Gilbert	15	14	15	15	15	15	14	15	15	15	150	148	.986	
Crabill	14	13	15	14	14	14	15	14	15	15	150	143	.953	
Taylor	15	15	14	15	14	15	14	13	15	13	150	143	.953	
Hughes	14	15	14	15	14	15	14	14	13	14	150	142	.946	
Klein	14	15	12	15	12	15	15	15	13	13	150	141	.940	
Peterson	15	15	12	14	15	13	13	14	15	14	150	140	.933	
Kimball	13	14	13	15	14	14	12	15	14	15	150	139	.926	
Sonders	15	13	14	14	14	14	14	12	15	14	150	139	.926	
Palmer	14	12	14	15	15	13	15	14	14	13	150	139	.926	
Steege	15	15	14	14	12	13	11	14	15	15	150	138	.920	
Wood	14	14	15	14	13	13	15	11	14	15	150	138	.920	
Gage	15	13	12	14	13	14	14	13	14	14	150	136	.906	
Mortenson	13	14	13	13	13	14	15	13	13	14	150	136	.906	
Dorton	12	13	14	14	14	13	13	14	14	14	150	135	.900	
Peck	14	14	14	15	15	10	14	12	14	13	150	135	.900	
Shaw	12	14	14	14	14	12	14	14	13	13	150	134	.893	
Budd	11	15	12	14	15	12	15	13	14	13	150	134	.893	
Baldwin	14	14	13	13	13	15	14	13	10	15	150	134	.893	
H Boyd	12	13	14	12	13	14	15	14	13	14	150	134	.893	
Duncan	13	15	13	14	15	15	14	12	11	12	150	134	.893	
Kortright	14	15	13	13	12	12	13	13	15	13	150	133	.886	
Patch	13	14	14	14	14	13	13	11	13	14	150	133	.886	
Calif	14	14	14	11	15	12	12	13	14	13	150	133	.886	
Power	13	13	13	14	13	13	15	12	14	14	150	133	.886	
Smith	13	12	11	13	14	14	14	14	14	13	150	132	.880	
Trotter	14	14	14	14	14	13	11	12	12	14	150	132	.880	
McDonald	13	13	13	15	13	11	12	14	13	15	150	132	.880	
Hawman	11	13	11	14	13	13	12	15	14	15	150	131	.873	
Sittler	14	15	10	14	14	14	13	15	10	12	150	131	.873	
Higgins	12	12	12	14	14	15	15	9	14	13	150	130	.866	
Townsend	13	15	12	12	15	11	12	12	14	14	150	130	.866	
McDowell	13	14	13	12	11	14	13	15	13	12	150	130	.866	
Ellis	10	14	10	13	14	15	15	13	11	14	150	129	.860	
J Peterson,	11	13	11	14	13	13	13	14	13	14	150	129	.860	
Parker	11	15	14	12	13	9	12	14	14	13	150	127	.846	
W R G.	11	12	9	11	14	14	12	14	11	9	150	127	.846	
Hannilton	15	11	12	10	13	11	15	13	14	13	150	127	.846	
Henshaw	11	14	11	14	14	12	12	14	12	13	150	127	.846	
Fargeson	12	13	10	13	15	8	14	14	15	12	150	126	.840	
Wold	15	15	15	11	9	14	13	12	10	12	150	126	.840	
G E T.	9	12	12	14	11	11	15	15	15	12	150	126	.840	
Miller	10	12	14	13	12	12	13	14	14	12	150	126	.840	
Lindsley	14	14	10	13	14	14	7	14	12	13	150	125	.833	
Boyd	12	14	9	11	12	14	12	12	13	15	150	124	.826	
Hunter	14	14	14	13	12	12	10	13	14	10	150	124	.826	
Moore	14	11	12	12	14	12	11	14	13	11	150	124	.826	
Thurston	13	14	9	12	10	9	10	10	14	12	150	123	.820	
Rust	12	12	13	14	11	14	11	14	13	9	150	123	.820	
Siocum	12	14	10	14	14	13	11	11	14	10	150	123	.820	
Halla	14	9	12	14	12	12	13	13	13	13	150	121	.806	
Burk	15	10	8	12	14	13	15	15	12	10	150	121	.806	
A Redhead	10	12	12	12	11	12	12	14	11	11	150	117	.780	
Gold Dust	9	13	8	13	13	13	15	14	11	7	150	116	.773	

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Shot
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	50	at.
Gilbert	14	20	15	18	15	18	50	155
Budd	14	19	12	20	15	20	48	155
Peterson	12	20	14	20	15	17	47	155
Klein	11	20	15	17	15	18	47	155
Mortenson	14	19	13	18	15	18	46	155
J. Boyd	12	17	13	20	14	18	46	155
Patch	12	20	14	19	15	20	43	155
Taylor	14	19	13	19	14	17	46	155
Duncan	13	19	14	16	12	18	44	155
Hawman	10	19	11	15	10	16	39	155
Wold	12	18	12	13	13	17	32	155
Aney	8	19	12	17	14	12	34	155
Gray	9	17	9	18	14	13	36	155
Steege	13	18	12	16	17	17	43	140
C. Boyd	13	18	12	16	17	17	43	140
Andrews	13	17	14	19	15	15	39	120
Higgins	12	13	11	18	15	15	45	120
Parker	14	20	14	15	13	18	18	105
Hunter	13	20	13	17	11	11	11	85
Hughes	10	10	11	11	14	14	44	85
Wells	10	10	11	11	14	14	44	85
Bristow	12	18	12	9	9	9	9	65
Baldwin	11	9	9	13	17	17	17	65
Rust	12	18	14	14	14	14	14	50
Trotter	12	18	13	13	13	13	13	50
Terrberry	12	11	13	13	13	13	13	50
Saunders	15	20	20	20	20	20	20	35
Henshaw	13	15	15	15	15	15	15	35
Dorton	9	19	19	19	19	19	19	35

The table shows that Saunders shot at 35 and scored them all, but he dropped one in the shoot-off in the team race. The club added a sum equivalent to 10 per cent of the purse in to-day's event. The weather was again fine.

General Averages.

In this respect the showing is not so good, for the reason that but few remained over for the fourth day, as there was practically nothing to hold the shooters, and there were no general average prizes. Thus it is that but thirteen shot through. Of these, Gilbert, who has been shooting an extraordinary pace throughout, is high with .973; George Peterson is second with .943; Klein third, .935; Budd fourth, .933, and Mortenson fifth, .927. The others appear in the table in the order. To the credit of the local club it must be said that four of the thirteen whose names appear in this table are its representatives. One other, Hunter, was forced to withdraw from the last two events, owing to his gun breaking down.

Shot	at.	Broke.	Av.	Shot	at.	Broke.	Av.
Gilbert	605	589	.973	Patch	605	538	.889
Peterson	605	571	.943	Duncan	605	535	.884
Klein	605	566	.935	Hawman	605	508	.839
Budd	605	565	.933	Wold	605	489	.808
Mortenson	605	561	.927	Aney	605	488	.806
Taylor	605	558	.905	Gray	605	470	.776
J. Boyd	605	555	.900				

Fitchburg Shots in a Wind.

FITCHBURG, Mass., June 7.—In spite of the excessive heat there were eleven shooters in attendance at the shoot of the Fitchburg Rifle and Gun Club Monday, June 5. It was by far the hardest shooting we have had this season, owing to the high wind, which seemed to whirl in from every quarter, playing havoc with the targets and keeping the shooters guessing. The team shoot came just in the thickest of it, when an advancing shower was preceded by a liberal amount of wind that twirled the targets in a way that was anything but gentle. The result can be obtained by a perusal of the scores. Oh, no! we don't claim to be experts; if we were, such trifles would not trouble us. Dix and Edwards had to step down into the ranks, while Converse and Hawkins rise to take their places, only to fall again at the next shoot. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Dix	7	8	4	6	4	6	4	6	4
Cutler	4	6	8	6	4	7	8	4	6
Russell	6	8	4	2	3	4	6	4	6
Estey	4	2	4	2	4	8	4	6	4
Edwards	6	6	4	6	5	4	6	4	6
Hawkins	5	3	3	4	8	6	4	6	4
Converse	8	4	8	6	5	7	9	6	4
Cone	1	3	1	4	1	2	4	5	6
Cowdrey	2	4	5	6	4	5	6	4	6
Putnam	6	7	8	4	6	7	7	7	7
Emory	4	5	6	7	7	7	7	7	7

Events 1, 4, 7 and 9, regulars; 2, 5 and 8, unknown; 3 and 6, reverse.

Team No. 1.	10 Regular.	10 Unknown.	10 Reverse.
Dix	101010101	101010101	101010101-16
Cutler	101010101	101010101	101010101-17
Russell	100010101	000010001	010010001-9
Estey	100000010	101010101	101010101-14-56

Team No. 2.	10 Regular.	10 Unknown.	10 Reverse.
Edwards	011010101	101010101	001000101-15
Hawkins	001001001	101010101	101000111-18
Converse	110010010	011010101	100111011-18
Cone	010010101	010000000	100000001-7-58

Centerdale Gun Club.

CENTERDALE, R. I., May 30.—The Decoration Day shoot of the Centerdale Gun Club was successful in every respect. There was a large attendance of spectators and a long list of shooters. A strong wind made the shooting hard. Nos. 10, 11 and 12 were extra events. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	10	15	15	10	20	10	20	10	15	15	15	15
Campbell	6	13	13	9	17	12	9	16	7	12	10	10
Root	7	11	10	7	12	13	10	15	9	14	14	11
Greene	8	12	14	6	15	11	7	14	10	14	11	11
Mills	7	14	11	6	11	11	5	17	6	13	9	9
Getchell	6	13	11	8	14	11	8	13	9	12	13	9
Bain	7	12	12	8	14	12	7	15	6	14	12	9
Greener	10	11	13	8	18	11	4	17	10	11	14	12
Smith	5	12	10	10	14	9	6	12	8	11	11	11
Reiner	8	10	10	6	16	14	8	16	7	11	11	11
Richards	6	14	12	8	18	13	8	15	14	12	13	13
Griffith	9	13	14	8	17	11	8	19	8	14	14	14
Slade	2	8	8	6	10	7	6	14	6	14	6	6
Phetteplace	7	12	9	9	15	8	4	11	7	11	11	11
Powell	7	8	5	2	7	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
F. Arnold	8	13	10	6	12	12	8	11	11	11	11	11
Inman	6	10	10	7	13	7	10	17	9	11	11	11
A. Arnold	4	9	8	7	14	8	2	6	11	11	11	11
Barber	6	5	9	5	13	6	7	10	11	11	11	11
Bailey	4	5	9	4	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Remington	9	9	4	13	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Dyson	4	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Francotte	5	7	8	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10

Keene Lawn Gun Club.

NEW BEDFORD, Mass., May 30.—The first shoot of the Keene Lawn Gun Club, of New Bedford, Mass., was held on their grounds at Fairhaven to-day. The tie between Eggers and Corey was shot off, Corey winning by breaking 5 straight. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
L. Cuddy	101000110001010101010100-12											
J. Brophy	101001100110000101010101-13											
A. Corey	111101011100110110110111-19											
M. Bennet	011111111111111110011010-20											
J. Gillow	010100101111101100011111-16											
J. Lehmer	010000110001110000110000-9											
J. Devlin	010000000010000001001000-5											
J. Greenwood	0000000000000000000000-0											
J. Almon	110011000101010110101010-14											
E. Parker	001101001001000100010001-9											
J. Neil	0000000101001001100000100-6											
G. Eggers	011110111111110011111010-19											
A. Casey	0000000000000000000000-0											
H. Franklin	0010110011000101101010001-11											

HARTLEY FRANKLIN, Sec'y.

Haverhill Gun Club.

HAVERHILL, Mass., May 30.—Our Memorial Day shoot is now but a pleasant memory, made so by the fact that it was the best of our many good ones.

If the visiting shooters succeeded in extracting a little of the pleasure that it gave us in trying to entertain them, we are indeed satisfied.

We were favored with good weather, which would seem to prove the efficacy of hoping for the kind we had, as our club to a man have been chanting wishes in many different languages for a good day, these many weeks.

We were expecting a good attendance, but not in any such numbers as invaded the quiet of Hoyt's Grove between the hours of 10 and 11 A. M. In the advance notices of the shoot, and also on the programmes, we proposed giving a lunch complimentary to shooters and their friends, and the promise was adhered to down to the smallest particular, for it was just a lunch—for the number present—and nothing more; they all assured us in an extremely well-bred manner that it was ample, and while we appreciate their kind indulgence, we still think it would have been better to have had enough left over to make one fly think life was worth the living.

Our specially invited guests, the Portsmouth Club, responded with a full squad, and were accompanied by several ladies. Thos. Howe, of Hingham, with his "Gatling gun"; LeRoy, shooting his usual rapid gait and murmuring something about "Du Pont's"; Billy Allison, wearing the same old hat, and shooting with his usual skill; Miskay, Williams and Horace, who are very near relatives, and who in their early days were given, not tin rattles and drums for toys, but such articles in the shooting line as they now use so effectively, in all probability; Climax, better known to us as Jimmie Burns; Rule, who said he was coming to visit us again, and would on that occasion have some shot in his loads, and many other shooters from the different cities and towns of our own State, in addition to several from New Hampshire.

Shooting began at 10:15, and notwithstanding the lateness of the hour we trapped nearly 5,000 targets, with but twelve broken in trapping by actual count. The members' handicap prizes were won by the following: First, sole leather gun case, by President George; second, 64 lbs. Du Pont smokeless, by Merritt; third, 100 loaded shells, by Graffam, our latest recruit.

The shooting on the whole was very good, taking into consideration the strong wind; but the contest for the prizes was not so sharp as was the case at our April 19 shoot, most probably caused by the sleepless nights of the prospective winners, numbering possibly the entire list of contestants, who were doubtless lying awake for the purpose of practicing an unconcerned look when they should be declared the winner of one of the prizes. We are inclined to have a warm spot in our hearts for the Portsmouth boys, and fear they might have been neglected more or less during the day, as we are still bunglers at running a shoot, and doubly so while trying to act the role of entertainers, with all the details to look after. This same Portsmouth Club are past masters in the art of royally entertaining visiting shooters, which fact was demonstrated to the writer, who made one of a delegation from the Haverhill Club a few years ago. Scores:

Events:		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:		10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Miskay		5	7	3	6	10	9	7	6	8	7	6
Horace		8	9	7	6	7	8	5	8	9	6	3
Leroy		9	9	8	10	10	8	9	7	10	9	10
Williams		8	7	5	10	8	6	5	9	6	9	9
Allison		7	10	6	10	10	10	9	9	8	8	7
Howe		8	9	4	8	8	9	9	6	8	7	9
Climax		8	9	8	10	10	8	6	7	10	10	8
Burton		7	2	6	10	8	8	3	6	9	7	7
Rule		7	7	6	9	10	7	8	9	8	9	8
F. Manson		5	6	5	5	7	6	5	6	6	7	7
Frizzell		7	7	6	7	7	7	7	6	4	5	7
Beckman		8	6	5	5	9	5	5	5	5	5	5
Sprague		6	6	3	6	5	7	5	6	7	3	7
George		4	9	9	8	9	7	7	7	6	7	10
W. Manson		4	2	6	5	4	4	2	7	5	6	3
Lambert		8	8	7	10	7	8	6	5	5	5	5
Miller		8	8	5	10	7	6	4	8	4	5	7
Graffam		7	8	3	5	4	4	4	4	4	4	4
Griggs		5	5	4	7	7	7	7	6	6	7	4
Tozier		1	6	7	7	7	7	7	6	6	7	4
Merwin		2	3	4	5	4	4	4	4	4	3	3
Philbrick		4	4	6	6	7	6	5	5	5	5	5
Newick		4	7	7	6	6	7	7	7	6	6	6
Freeto		4	4	8	4	5	5	7	7	8	4	6
Wheeler		4										
Eaton						4	4	8	5	6	5	7
Orne							2	2	3	0	3	3
Leighton							8		7	7	5	8
Merritt								7	7	6	5	7
Harley								4	4	3	0	3
Webster								5	4	5	5	8
Moore								1	4	5	5	5
Brooks									6	6	4	6
Tenney									3	8	8	4
Cole									1	0	1	0
Bradford									5	7	5	5
Ingham										6	4	5
Osborn										5	8	8
Rogers											6	9
Yarp											1	7

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO.

TERMS, \$4 A YEAR, 10 CTS. A COPY.
SIX MONTHS, \$2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 24, 1899.

VOL. LII.—No. 25.
No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

Sport may be defined as the fair, difficult, exciting, perhaps dangerous, pursuit of a wild animal, who has the odds in his favor, whose courage, strength, speed or cunning is more or less a match for or superior to our own, whose natural instinct engages a considerable amount of our intelligence to overcome it, and whose death, being of service, is justifiable. Lord Lovat.

HUNTING PRESERVES AND RENTALS.

ONCE a year there comes to us from a real estate firm in Scotland a register of deer forests, grouse moors, low-country shootings and salmon fishings which are for lease; and the compendium is never devoid of suggestion of the magnitude of the interests of the game preserves of Great Britain. The system is one of which we have no counterpart in our own country, and yet the signs of the times appear to tell us that the beginning of it will be known here in some modified form in the not distant future.

The preserves listed as for lease comprise, of course, only a part, and we assume a minor part, of all the shootings which are to let. What the total rental of such preserves may be we have not the data to show, but the aggregates of those here given are sufficiently impressive. Sixty-six deer forests are described, of which the aggregate annual rental specified amounts to £84,465, or \$410,500. There are 428 grouse moors, the rental of which sums up \$840,214. The mixed shootings number 296, with a total rental of \$383,262. Late autumn and winter shooting is advertised on fifty-eight preserves, the total rental of which is \$16,784. All these are in connection with houses, which range from castles to hunting lodges, and there are in addition 145 shooting privileges without houses, the total sum asked for which is \$133,816. Altogether the rents amount to \$1,786,383; and yet this is, as we have said, not by any means the measure of the total renting valuation of the preserves of Scotland. Take the deer forests for instance. We have not at hand data for computing the extent of the deer forest territory nor its valuation. Figures given not long ago by Lord Lovat estimated the number of deer forests in the Highlands at 110, covering 2,000,000 acres, with an annual rental value of £300,000; and it was estimated that during the thirty years preceding the date of this computation there had been spent on and about the forests the vast sum of £4,000,000.

While many of the most famous forests have been hunting preserves from time immemorial, or at least for centuries, vast tracts of territory in the Highlands now devoted to deer forests have supplanted what were in the early years of the century sheep pastures. The change has come about gradually, having been induced by the varying returns possible to be earned from the land as a sheep pasture or as a deer forest. Decrease in the price of mutton and wool, increased cost of wintering sheep, and on the other hand the growing numbers of hunters induced by improvement in firearms and a developed love of sport, with consequently more generous prices paid for hunting privileges—all these have had a steady influence in driving out the shepherds and supplanting them with foresters and keepers.

The rental of a deer forest is of course determined by supply and demand. The proprietor gets for it all he can induce the deer stalkers to pay. We find in the Badmington Library an interesting computation of the basis on which a Highland estate must be rented as a deer forest to make good to the proprietor the amount he might get for it if used in other ways. It is estimated that to produce a stag six years old—the age at which it is fit to be shot—300 acres are required, which would be worth for sheep and grouse £30. In addition to this possible revenue from his land for which he must provide in his rental for hunting purposes, there are various other expenses which the proprietor must meet, as for the maintenance of shooting lodges and foresters' houses, repair of roads and bridges, and the rent he must "lie out of" while the forest is stocking. All this does not leave a great margin of profit to the proprietor out of a rental which is based upon the rate of £40 per stag, the ordinary rent of forests in Scotland. As prices rule in these days, a Scottish deer forest brings to its proprietor a greater revenue than he could get from the land in any other way; and while the advantage or disadvantage of the system as to the Highlanders themselves has been argued

pro and con in Parliament and the press, and in pamphlets and bulky volumes, there is perhaps good reason to hold the opinion that the deer ranges are on the whole a benefit.

To rent a deer forest for the season does not mean simply to hire the privilege of shooting over so much territory; it means taking a country place which may be a castle or an extensive establishment of residence and appurtenances. Nor is the game confined to deer; there are likely to be grouse and salmon, the amounts of which the lessee is privileged to take being carefully stipulated. Here, for example, is a "great sporting domain, yielding about forty stags and 2,000 brace of grouse, with magnificent residence," the rent being £4,000 for the season. And here in detail is just what may be had in exchange for £3,000 for the season in Inverness-shire:

This magnificent forest extends to 32,000 acres, fully stocked with heavy and splendid deer, a great many being royals. Forest comprises some of the grandest and most picturesque scenery in the Highlands. Stags limited to 100, and hinds to 40. For several seasons by far the best average of any single forest in Scotland both as to the weight and quality of deer were obtained here. Besides deer, there are the usual varieties of Highland game. Most excellent trout fishing in lochs and streams, boats provided. The Lodge is without exception the most beautifully situated and handsomely furnished in the Highlands; contains three public, five bed rooms, one dressing room, bath room, three double servants' rooms, servants' hall, and office. The old Lodge, 200 yds. away, contains one public, five bed rooms, two servants' rooms, and offices, gillie's house. Stabling for nine horses. Coach house, kennels, and good vegetable garden. There is a hut in the forest, nine miles from the lodges, containing four rooms and three attic rooms. Rent asked, £3,000, including all upkeep, wages of four stalkers, taxes, etc.

This whole system of leased preserves in Great Britain is a business system conducted on business principles. The game supply is maintained as the farmer maintains his poultry stock; the privileges accorded to the lessee are definitely agreed upon, and are governed by the controlling principle that the parent stock, the capital must not be impaired. So many stags may be taken, so many hinds, so many birds, so many fish. Under such a system of exploitation the stock in trade is of assured permanence.

THE CARP NUISANCE.

If Mr. Palmer had not confined himself to the introduction of birds and quadrupeds, in his paper on the peril of bringing new species of animals into a country, he might have written a pertinent chapter on the German carp as it has been imported into America and placed in our waters. It is almost grotesque now to look back upon the enthusiasm and confidence with which advocates of the carp set themselves to the task of giving him free range in various States, and to compare this with the current complaints which come from many quarters that the fish is a nuisance which has ruined the streams for other and better varieties, and which is so firmly established that its eradication is beyond the ingenuity of our fisheries authorities.

The New York Fish Commission has recently received a petition from Walden, in Orange county, submitting that the Walkill River, which is one of the finest streams of water in the State and the leading stream in Orange and Ulster counties, and which formerly was noted for bass and other game fish, has of late been so infested with German carp that there is now only a remote possibility of catching a game fish of any kind. The complaint comes from Supervisor I. H. Loughran, of Montgomery. He says that the fish wallow in the mud like hogs and keep the waters roiled so that bass fishing is out of the question. He petitions the Commission to take some measure to exterminate the nuisance. What the Commissioners propose to do about it we do not know, nor what they might do. In ponds or small lakes which are capable of being drained the fish can be shoveled out as they were a few years ago in Passaic, N. J., but how they are to be cleared from a river is one of the fishing problems more than one fish commission would pay a round sum to have a solution of.

Nor does it help matters to be told that the carp is after all a good table fish if we only knew how to cook it. That may be quite true, and we are perfectly willing to concede it. But we never did assent to the proposition of exchanging our black bass for carp, or our ducking marshes for carp; and we are not willing to have the bargain thrust upon us. Now that the evil of the carp has

grown to such dimensions the State and National authorities should exhaust the fishcultural ingenuity of the day in the quest of remedial agencies. To declare that the carp must go is simple enough; to devise how it shall go is another thing.

THE TOILSOMENESS OF SPORT.

Now whatever could possess intelligent and usually sensible men to make martyrs of themselves and undergo hardship and suffering after the manner of Mr. Lewis Hopkins and his misguided companion in the "game of freeze out" of which the tale is told this week? These men had not lost any ducks for which they were compelled to make quest in zero weather; and if they had been ordered out by their country to undergo such winter rigors they would have thought themselves heroes and have made much of their display of patriotism. We heard a New York lawyer the other day describing with manifest satisfaction how he had trudged across New Foundland carries bearing his share of burden of camp duffle, and how at the end of the trip he was ready to fall down with fatigue. The closer we get to the sportsman, the fiercer the light we let in upon him in his woods retreat, the more shall we find him a fellow of infinite enjoyment of "hard lines." It seems as if sometimes he were almost actually perverse in making it hard for himself, when, as Nessmuk used to say, he might as well "go light" and have some comfort. For one thing there is the joy of the battle, the overcoming of difficulties, the mastery of obstacles, the enduring of strenuous wrestling with the opposition and the satisfaction of triumphing over it.

The toilsomeness of sport takes a multitude of forms, as there is a multitude of devotees of different tastes to court it and strive mightily with it. Now it is a duck hunter in the ice, now the canoeman poling the rapids, the oarsman bucking against wind and tide, the elk hunter cutting his pack-train way through down timber, the sheep stalker dragging his wearied limbs across the rock-slide, the July woodcock shooter fighting mosquitoes and dodging rattlers in a Pennsylvania swamp, the Mississippi bear hunter doing the very hardest "stunt" of his life in the canebrake, the Long Island trout fisherman in the icy water of opening day contracting the first trout of the season and a case of rheumatism warranted not to let go until his dying hour. In some one of these, or in some one of the scores of other exercises of what we call sport, you, good sir, who are a sportsman, have made test of the fascination and thralldom. By suffering and enduring and achieving you have won for yourself a place with the initiated; and well may you smile—though you may not speak—when you hear foolish talk of the effeminacy of sport and the laziness of sportsmen.

SNAP SHOTS.

Writing from St. Augustine, a correspondent tells us that the friends of the birds in Florida did not accomplish in the Legislature all that was sought for in the way of better protection for plume and song birds. Amendments were introduced going much further for the protection of birds which are not game than the provisions of the law finally enacted, but the House did not assent to these. However, Florida is gradually becoming educated, and there are many reasons why those who have given their endeavor to the cause of the song and plume birds should feel encouraged by the measure of success already achieved, and should keep up the good fight. A growing sentiment in their support may be counted on in the more settled districts, and all in good time the cows counties will follow.

The Christian County Hunting Club, of Tennessee, has been in continuous existence for forty-eight years, and the correspondent who tells us of it notes the remarkable fact that some of the charter members are still active participants in the camp hunts. This is an extremely long life for an association of men held together almost informally by the common interest its members have in an annual outing. Many a more pretentious organization, social and political, has run its course and been forgotten while this company of Tennessee hunters has maintained its life. What tales the oldest members might tell the youngest of the changed hunting conditions the half-century has wrought! Our compliments to the Christian County Hunting Club; may it live another half-century.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Pioneer Days.—IV.

Hermit Life in the Woods.

BY ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

NEXT day they searched for a suitable site for their cabin, and found it, indicated by the choice of some former hunter's camp beside a little creek, with a convenient landing for boats, and yet out of sight of the main stream, though but a little way from it.

They at once set to felling trees for their house; cut the logs of proper length; hauled them to the spot; rolled them up; notched them and set them in place; cut a place for door and window; split and hewed puncheons for floor and roof, and in a few days had a substantial house, all the crevices warmly chinked with moss and clay; a stone fireplace at one end; a one-posted bedstead in a corner with a luxurious bed of marsh grass and cedar twigs, distilling aromatic fragrance and inviting dreamless sleep.

Pork barrel and meal barrel had their corner; there was a furnishing of rude table and stools, one for each and a third for a guest; hooks for the guns on the walls, and numerous wooden pegs, until at last everything was handy, comfortable and rudely homelike.

Josiah's day dreams added the presence of his fair-haired Chloe, and his heart beat quick at the thought of her longed-for coming. After the wooden hinged door was hung with wooden latch lifted from outside by a string, and a wooden shutter of the same sort was in place, a shed was built for the oxen, a stack of marsh hay made beside it for winter use, and the pioneers looked forward without apprehension to the coming of the dreary months of snow-bound solitude.

Now Josiah plied his axe to making a clearing, the log heaps were burned, the ashes stored for future potash-making, and a little rye scratched into the virgin soil for next year's crop. A thin fringe of the giant water maples was left along the shore dividing the three-acre clearing from the brown marsh through which the sluggish channel curved its amber waterway. Here toward nightfall came wonderful flights of water fowl, innumerable in countless flocks, making the air pulse with the vibrant whistle of pinions, and the splash and surge of alighting to feed and rest among the measureless acres of wildoats that bordered the channel. Then Kenelm would steal forth in the log canoe he had fashioned from one of His Majesty's pines, and fire a deadly shot into the unwary throng, whereupon followed a thunderous burst of up-rising, and as it subsided the echoes of the solitary discharge rippled out in far-off waves of sound, beating against distant hills and wooded shores.

Often a deer fell to his bullets, and once a mighty moose, wallowing in the marsh to the fringe of lily-pads, was waylaid and killed, furnishing a winter's supply of wild beef, which was smoked and dried and stored in the low loft.

Besides such service, Kenelm was tending his traps every day all along the two streams, and far back into the wild forest by blazed lines, where deadfalls were set for marten and fisher and bear, so that before the first snows fell to whiten the steel-blue helmet of Camel's Hump—Tahwah-be-de-e-wadso—or grizzle the pine-clad crest of nearer Charlotta, the cabin walls were lined with the appropriated coats of every fur-bearer, from panther, bear, wolf, fox, down to the humble mink and muskrat.

"They'll turn us aout-door, Josier," he said, as he took account of stock, "if I don't pack 'em aout tu the settlements when it comes snowhoin'." And with that object in view he began making snowshoes and toboggan, for he was skilled in all such Indian craft.

Josiah did not look forward to this period of loneliness with very cheerful anticipation; the lonely silent days when he should have no means of whiling away the slow hours but in cutting firewood, feeding the oxen and reading his two books, the Bible and "Pilgrim's Progress."

"Tain't nothin'," said Kenelm, "an' you'll be right as a trivet, an' jest take solid comfort o' life. Half a berril o' pork, an' as much meal, a chamber full o' jerked meat, an' a million acres o' firewood tu your door. I wouldn't ask no better, an' you can go in my place if you want to."

But the original plan seemed best, as Kenelm could best dispose of the peltry, and was the better woodsman for such a journey. So a little before Christmas he set forth on his snowshoes, hauling the toboggan load of choicest furs and provision of no-cake and jerked venison for the journey, and bearing a birch-bark letter to Chloe from her lover.

Betaking himself first to the frozen, snow-covered channel of Little Otter, then across to the Great Otter to Pangborn's, thence to the end of his journey by the Old Indian Road, whence in the bloody days of savage warfare many a marauding band of French and Indians had gone on its deadly errand, and returned with prisoners and plunder and ghastly trophies.

Josiah was not yet of the sort to take kindly to a solitary life, and the lonely days passed heavily, more heavily the long, lonely nights with no companionship but the fire and the leaping shadows it cast upon the corrugated walls, the image of a three-legged stool stretching across the floor, climbing the logs and snatching at the cross beams with his own shadowy figure leaping and falling beside it, till both seemed grotesque, uncanny goblins dancing to the crackle and roar of the fire until it burned low and they faded out, then sprang to fitful life when a charred brand briefly flared with an expiring flame.

When he covered the coals and crept into his blankets and all the room was in gloom but the dull ashen glow on the hearth, the cheerfulest sound was the muffled bursting of a smothered coal, or simmer of the sappy back log, or the faint clash of the stabled oxen's horns. With these were mingled the outer voices of the night; the sharp crack of the frost-strained trees, the moaning of the wind in the interminable forest, the boding hoot of an owl, the howl of a hungry wolf, the creak of the snow under the stealthy tread of some night prowler.

Once in the dead of a still night such a sound culminated in a scratching ascent of the jutting corner logs and the claws of the intruder tore at the puncheon roof, beneath

which hung a saddle of frozen venison. Then the stealthy footfalls crunched toward the chimney, were heard climbing it, and then long-drawn sniffs came muffled down its hollow. Josiah sprang from his bed, drew from it an armful of straw, hastily raked open the coals and threw it upon them. There was a puff of smoke, an upburst of flame to the chimney top, a gasping hiss of fright and menace, a scream of rage, a headlong plunge into the snow, and long-receding leaps fading into the silence, leaving nothing behind but an odor of singed hair. After that an armful of marsh hay was laid ready every night for a similar emergency.

Besides the time given to providing firewood, Josiah spent much of it in hollowing out sap troughs and making spouts for the coming spring sugar making, and perfected himself in the art of snowshoe weaving, that he had learned of his comrade, and also practiced the art of wearing them. He made splint brooms of birch, and wooden bowls and spoons, and had pleasant fancies of the commendation his handiwork would receive from Chloe when she came to see it. At times he was oppressed by fearful forebodings of mortal sickness and lonely death, and pictured to himself the horror of his returning comrade at finding him stiff and stark in the cold and desolate cabin. On such occasions of foreboding he found more comfort in his Bible than he had ever thought possible, and he made a vague resolution of joining Chloe's church when the opportunity was given him. Besides the comfort the one book gave, he found great lightening of weariness and loneliness in both volumes, and wished for but one other, and that was "Robinson Crusoe," in whose adventures and lonely life he imagined parallels to his own experience.

Once his next-door neighbor, Pangborn, and his son came to visit him, spending the night and part of the next day with him, and giving him some very old news from the southern settlements. The care of the oxen prevented his returning the neighborly call, which, if it enforced the sense of loneliness, also made him feel that he was not quite forsaken by his kind.

So the weeks passed until six were gone, and then one day when the frozen lake was booming its plaint of long imprisonment, he heard a faint but nearer and less supernatural voice upon the creek, and looking out saw his home-coming friend briskly shuffling toward him on his snowshoes, trailing the well-laden toboggan behind him. There was great rejoicing and unfolding of news, and delivering of messages from friends; a brief, unsatisfying, complaining letter from Chloe, and consequent doubt and misgiving—not lessened when Kenelm said solemnly, "You don't want to set your heart to much on women folks, 'cause they're all more deceivin' 'an the wind that blows. I know 'em all through, an' they can't fool me no more."

"You don't mean Chloe?"

"I don't mean her no more 'n the rest on 'em—they've all got to be right 'n under your eye to be sure on 'em," Kenelm responded bitterly, and continued, "The Widder Ballau give me her word afore we come away last fall, an' wha' d' ye think? Wal, sir, I found her merried tu ol' Deacon Wetherbee when I got back. She must ha' took up wi' him afore we was out o' sight on the road. But she's the last!"

He began unpacking the tea, coffee and sugar he had brought, and reported a handsome sum of money deposited in the Hartford bank from the sale of the fur. Josiah was disheartened, for he felt sure his love affair was going wrong, yet scorned to ask questions which showed lack of faith. He was glad when spring and sugar making came to keep his hands busier and his thoughts from brooding on Chloe.

A Game of Freeze-Out.

THAT is what Jack called it, and I guess the name fits. We went after ducks, and might have done some good had our powder not frozen up. The railroad is not far distant from the beautiful Nolachucky River, where it flows near the historic town of Greenville, Tenn., and at that point Jack White met me one winter day with duck boat and boatman, guns and shells, and other implements incident and necessary to a two or three days' duck run.

After trying all other methods, I unhesitatingly pronounce the method of duck hunting in vogue down here the most delightful and least laborious of any.

Our boats are stanch, but light, and are cut in two in the middle for convenience in transporting. Two gunners and a boatman make a complete party. When there is a tide or freshet in the early winter is the time to go.

Sitting side by side on the middle seat, the boatman propelling and steering from the rear, running from three to six miles per hour, close in to the bank, where the numerous crooks and turns permit near approach before the ducks flush, then the sport is of the highest order. A small foot stove, heated by charcoal, keeps the feet warm, and clothing and enthusiasm (in our ordinary weather) do the rest. Jack and I were bachelors when this hunt occurred, and therefore have never been accorded the sympathy that rightly belongs to men who have passed through the perils that we braved on that memorable occasion. Realizing that it is a little late in the season for a cold-day story, I hope FOREST AND STREAM may find this useful on a very warm day, in order that the contrast may add to the interest—like an artist friend who fills his house with winter scenes in summer and vice versa.

Coming from the "effete East," where business had called me, softened by steam heat and parlor-car service, I met the tempter, as aforesaid, expressed my bag and overcoat home, and clothed light, so as to improve my shooting, began the hunt that stands forth very prominently amid the hill country of memory.

There is no necessity of reference to notes to detail the facts relating thereto; a mental brand is as lasting when frozen as when burned in.

We walked about town an hour or so before turning in, and Jack made an investment that made him the object of my most sarcastic ridicule, for the evening, and bitterest envy for the next two days.

It was a lumberman's shirt—red, rough and warm. Had it been a thousand-dollar sable, it could not have

felt better than it did fifteen hours later, when a sleeve of it filled with a strong arm around my neck steadied me as, frozen almost stiff, I was helped from the boat up a steep bank to a roaring log fire in a hospitable farmhouse, walking, as I seemed to be, on a pair of borrowed legs, and they a very poor misfit.

It was cold when we started, and "it grew, it grew; listen to my tale of woe."

By 11 o'clock in the forenoon the mercury was too low to classify, or associate with, and we were making for the roaring fire aforesaid. A single duck and one pair had been the total flush for the morning. The single we killed or else it was as Jack said, "It froze and fell dead when it flew high enough for the wind to fairly hit it." At any rate, we got it. The pair was missed—"undershot" by the same authority, "for I saw the icicles cut from their feet," said he.

Coffee and sausage, ad. lib., with an hour of the good fire revived us sufficiently to tempt us to resume, in spite of the protests of our host, who was a humane and hospitable gentleman. The afternoon was several degrees worse than the taste we had already had, as the wind had increased to a gale. The spray was blowing over us by 3 o'clock and every drop that struck froze fast. Ducks and everything else that could fly and had either sense or instinct, had sought a more salubrious clime, and we didn't care. The object of our quest changed entirely, and a comfortable house, with a good wood supply, was all the sport that we wanted. We had laid aside our guns, and were both wielding paddles, for the double purpose of hurrying to shelter and the warming exercise, when we rounded a point and ran into a fine flock of mallards, huddled close up to the bank in under the willows. There was a wild scramble for guns as the ducks dashed out and took to flight.

My excitable friend threw his paddle overboard, kicked the stove over, and proceeded to work his pump gun in the general direction of the duck flight. Dropping the gun that I had half raised, I laid to with the bailer to extinguish the incipient conflagration that the overturned stove had started in the well-tarred bottom of our boat. When the excitement had subsided we recovered the paddle, and a pair of ducks, but the fire was gone beyond recall. The only warm event in that afternoon was the conversation immediately following, I suggesting to Jack that he should not try to kick ducks to death when he had come shooting, and he assuring me that if I could not shoot ducks it was only fair that I did not drown him while he was doing so.

A half hour more steady paddling, with our feet on the cake of ice that quickly formed in the bottom of the boat where the water had been thrown, brought us to a house on the bank. A man came shivering forth to answer our hail, who "lowed as how we mou't git the ole woman to let us stay all night."

Landing the boat we left the river, which was now running full of loose ice, and stumbled up the bank to the house. The "ole woman" had some dozen objections, and half dozen children, but all combined could not overcome our insistence, after we had gotten a glimpse of the fire that burned brightly in the big fireplace. Long separated brothers could not have been more affectionate than we were, crowded close together in a narrow bed in the "other room" through the long hours of that cold night, during which the mercury continued to retrograde.

The good woman had given us a supply of water in her glass pitcher, evidently the pride of her heart, and enjoined upon us particularly not to leave any of it standing therein over night, "as it would sure freeze and bust the pitcher."

Hurrying to seek the warmth that we hoped to find under the cover, we left that fated pitcher half full of water sitting on the table by the thin board wall, whose cracks gave ample opportunity for the elements to do their worst. Before our congealed blood had shown more than faint symptoms of resuming its normal flow sounds of suffering began to emanate from the doomed pitcher. Reminding each other of our dereliction to duty, and each assuring the other that we ought to arise and rescue the treasure, we burrowed down deeper under the cover and waited, hoping for the best, but fearing the worst.

In the morning we threw out of the window the solid contents of the shattered idol, and sorrowfully arranged its remains in an artistic heap over a silver dollar, hoping that its successor might be to the entire satisfaction of its erstwhile admiring owner.

When we sought our boat we found it frozen fast in the ice, although the channel was yet open. Breaking it loose, we poled and broke our way out to open water and resumed our trip. Another full day's run had to be made before we could reach a point where we could haul to the railroad. We found four more ducks during the day, that our boatman said had evidently deliberately sought self-destruction by remaining exposed to the awful weather, instead of going on south, and these we killed as an act of mercy.

That night, so frozen and miserable that a dog would have slept out on the top of his kennel to shelter us, we tied up near a large and prosperous farmhouse, and sought its owner, where he was making comfortable his stock at the barn. If that fellow has since that time gotten his deserts, he is suffering more than we did then, and from the reverse element.

"Been huntin' ducks on the river an' purty nigh froze, eh? Well, I should think so. No, I can't take ye in for the night, nor for no other time; don't know ye, nor nothin' about ye," and he resumed his interrupted labors. Near by was another house, much less pretentious, but with an air of comfort about it that made us homesick. Making our way there, we found it the home of a noble, big-hearted young gentleman—a fellow sportsman—who, with his charming young wife, gave us a hearty welcome. Our trials and sufferings were fully sympathized with, and every comfort was most hospitably extended.

The next morning a team was secured to take us to the railroad, eight miles away. Loading into the wagon our boat and baggage, we bid our kind host and hostess farewell, and started on the last stage of this eventful trip.

Jack climbed into the wagon and declared his intention to ride until he froze out.

The pair of young mules that furnished the motive power

had been in the stable for three or four days, and were full of go. On the first good long down-grade stretch of road they proceeded to "turn themselves loose," as the driver expressed it, and shake up things until they started every seam in the boat. Jack held on bravely for half the distance, and then came out over the tail gate like a flying squirrel, alighting on the frozen road in a heap and rolling after the wagon for 30 or 40 ft., giving his entire anatomy a fair chance for bruises without the slightest show of partiality. He was neither happy nor comfortable when we overtook him, but his fine flight of vehement oratory in describing the conduct of the untamed steeds indicated that he was at least warm once more.

His peroration, as he rubbed the largest contusion on his head, with one hand, and sought to free his garments from the accumulated dust of the road with the other, was to the effect that "he had rather sail the stormy seas with an ice floe for a ship than ride behind a pair of fool mules with ambitions to make records." Every experience teaches more or less wisdom, and this episode was no exception.

Jack walked the rest of the way, as he should have done, but there was a pronounced impediment in his gait. The special providence that is said to watch over fools and bad boys brought us safely home at last, and our dreary old dens looked like paradise after the awful experience we had passed through.

Aside from the fact that no ordinary fire satisfied us the entire winter through, we had, strange to say, suffered no great amount of lasting harm from the exposure, and at the next opportunity we went again, which is "another story."

LEWIS HOPKINS.

Making Acquaintance.

Editor Forest and Stream:

One of the first things that an old hunter does when he moves into a strange community is to size up his neighbors for signs of good fellowship, and if he is fortunate enough to discover a well-kept dog here and there he knows he is all right, for he rightly judges that he who has a fondness for dogs is a good man to tie to, while, on the other hand, the man who despises a dog is a good man to stay away from.

Jim B— lately moved from a suburban town to a suburb of the city.

When he and his wife started out on their house-hunting expedition there was a conflict of ideas between them as to location, convenience and comfort. He wanted a spacious yard, with roomy outbuildings and a house with an isolated room that he could fit up for a snuggery, where he could keep his books, guns and paraphernalia in as much disorder as he pleased—where he could be boss and let his dog lie on the floor, if it suited him—to all of which his wife made little objection; but she insisted on having her own way in certain things that a woman knows more about than a man, and with a view to find as nearly as possible what both wanted, they spent many weary days of searching, until they found a place which, though not up to the requirements, was a sort of compromise; and as they stood viewing it after the decision was made, Mrs. B., with a sigh of relief, remarked that "the house was neat in appearance, and such a lovely yard for a flower garden."

"Yes, and such a nice place for a dog to run in," replied Jim.

"Oh, I believe you think of nothing but that nasty dog; but I won't have him tracking up my walks and porches, and you'll have to keep him chained in that shed you think will make such a nice kennel." All of which made Jim smile, for he knew that his wife liked the dog as much as he did, and she also liked Jim, but possessed that womanly tact of bossing a man around that commands obedience without any feeling of humility, and he promised to keep the dog chained—sometimes.

As time works wonders, it soon brought relief from the strain of settling down, and when the last carpet-tack had been driven, pictures hung and things brought to rights generally, Jim began to take his bearings. Thus far he had not seen enough of the "men folks" to judge of their congeniality, nor any dogs except on either side a silky, long-haired lap poodle, which puzzled him to guess which end the head was on, and when, one day, one of them fell off the steps, and he heard the murmured "tootsy wootsy" compassion of its mistress, he concluded that so far as that side was concerned he need look for no bond of sympathy. But, what does he see? Two handsome English setters coming up the street, followed by a man, and that man the husband of the woman who was bemoaning the accident to her pet. When the gate was opened and the two setters bounded up the steps, greeted by the vigorous barking and joy of the poodle, who was not hurt at all, the transformation was complete, and Jim said to himself, "That man's all right, and I must make his acquaintance." Less than a week afterward Jim's dog was frolicking with his neighbors, and the two masters were blowing smoke at each other across the back fence. Jim's neighbor was short of stature and broad of girth. His face was jolly and he smoked good tobacco, a fact which came to Jim's knowledge when his pipe was smoked out and his neighbor forced his pouch upon him to refill it. When he returned the pouch and had passed upon the quality of its contents, his neighbor remarked: "I am an inveterate smoker; it is one of my comforts, and does me no harm. If there is anything that will cement the bond of good feeling between congenial spirits it is a companionable smoke. When I am hunting my pipe is as necessary to me as my ammunition, and I think that the hunter who does not smoke misses a good thing in an outing. When lunch time comes, the best part of it is the smoke that follows."

"I think as you do," said Jim, "and besides the comfort of a good smoke and siesta at noontime, I find pleasure in taking observations. If it is a familiar spot, I note the changes that have taken place since my last visit. Old trees have fallen, to take the places of old logs decayed, and new trees have sprouted. The ravages of time and weather have given a general, if slight, change to the appearance of everything. I may also note the spot where I dropped a grouse on some previous visit, and the memory serves to occupy my thoughts for a time. Then I talk to my dog, and his happy, intelligent look is sufficient answer to all that I may say

to him. And my gun, too, comes in for a share of admiration. I contemplate the symmetry of its proportions and the beauty of the engraving on its locks, and bring it to my eye, because it is natural to do so. I imagine how easy I could drop another grouse in the same place if one should spring up then. An evanescent odor of dead leaves and rotten wood that might be offensive at home seems pleasant here, and there is such a fascination about the place that I am loath to leave it. All this may seem like gushy sentimentalism to an unappreciative person; but it is my hobby and affords me pleasure. In fact, a man without a hobby of some kind loses a good deal of the best part of life."

"We seem to have many feelings in common," said the neighbor. I frequently overhaul my outfit, not because it requires attention, but because there is satisfaction in doing it. A sportsman is much like an overgrown boy, and his outfit his playthings. He will have many things in it that he will never make use of, but he gets them because they strike his fancy when he sees them, and he finds satisfaction in handling them and imagining what a convenience they will be if needed. I suppose I already have more loaded cartridges than I shall use in several seasons, but I am still loading more because I like to do it, like the boy who never wearies of doing a thing over and over again, which to us might seem like useless occupation; yet we once found amusement in doing the same things."

"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," said Jim. "I hope you will find it agreeable to go hunting with me this fall. I have several places to go where we will find royal entertainment among my farmer friends. In the meantime, I wish you would come over to my house and rummage among my things. I have books, relics and a wheelbarrow of other things that I think will interest you."

"It will be very agreeable, I'm sure, provided that you will also go with me to some of my resorts, and—"

Just then feminine voices were heard coming through the back door, as the two wives were approaching, Jim's wife being the last: "It will be too lovely for anything—cut bias and trimmed with—my goodness! There's my man talking to yours, and I'll bet all he's talking about is guns and dogs."

"No, we were only discussing new bonnets and gored skirts," lied Jim. "Is supper ready?"

J. S. B.

PITTSBURG, Pa.

June Prospects.

CACHE COUNTY, Utah, lies on the Idaho boundary of the State. It is divided longitudinally by Bear River, which, with its tributary streams, affords the best of trout fishing in season. The trout and a few deer in the hills are all that there is to protect, and up to date protection has been decidedly scant. Last week the fish and game warden of Cache arrested and secured the conviction of a lad for trouting out of season. This so surprised and pleased the county commissioners that they raised the warden's salary from \$20 to \$30 per month. Henceforward the warden will devote himself more assiduously to his official duties and pay less attention to dry-farming and fruit-growing in a region where the fruit is frost-nipped in June.

It was a great relief to come from the icy plateau of Cache to the sunny land of market gardens between Ogden and the great Salt Lake. Heretofore I had supposed the region west of Ogden to be principally salt marsh, but it is very different. It reminded me much of the market garden parts of Long Island or of New Jersey between the Passaic and the Hackensack rivers. The soil is a sandy loam streaked with alkaline clay strips, the latter being devoted to alfalfa or to pasturage. Natural sloughs abound, and in these the water is only slightly brackish. These carry off the surplus water of irrigation, and are an important factor in the leaching out of the "saleratus" that permeates to a certain extent all the soils of the old Bonneville basin.

In the swamp grasses that border the sloughs, the Limicolæ have their Garden of Eden. Last Sunday I devoted to ornithology. The friend with whom I spent the day drove me some three miles to show the beauties of the land—the asparagus and green peas and ripening strawberries, and the less developed but none the less attractive artichokes, cauliflower and brussels sprouts. While he expatiated on these things, I was noting down Bullock's oriole, hummingbirds and especially one tern (silvery and with the top of the head black) that poised over a little brook and darted downward and dived and devoured minnows for my individual benefit. We left the buggy and walked across a potato patch, planted on a genuine sand knoll. Suddenly I was aware of a couple of kildeer running before us and endeavoring to attract our attention. When we would not be attracted they came back and circled about us. I could not understand their actions until we almost stumbled over two nests, right in the row between a couple of diminutive potato plants. The nests were simply little hollows scooped out of the sand, and the brown, speckled, conical eggs were all placed point downward.

"If you are interested in birds," said my friend, "I can show you a sight when you get back to the house."

He was right. No sooner was the horse stabled than we walked out through the currant patch, scarce 50 yds. from the kitchen door, and came abruptly upon a little slough that widened in the level ground into a shallow carex-grown marsh, freckled here and there with patches of glistening sand. Never had I beheld such a picture. There were a few ducks in pairs, mostly greenhead and teal, but the waders, the typical shore birds, were innumerable. How I wanted my Cones or Ridgeway. They well knew that they were not only protected by law, but that their visitors were perfectly harmless, so I had every opportunity for close observation. Phalaropes, snipe, plover, avocets, curlews, were all in evidence, and the dunes were fairly dotted with noisy sandpipers. I only hope that the avifaunal exposition will be in full blast in the autumn. I saw here many species that I did not know were to be found in the intermountain region. Jack-snipe predominated, and the bird here called the "black-snipe" (a little larger than golden plover) made a good second. Among the snipe nesting was the order of the day, but most of the ducklings are hatched. Of course

the region is beyond compare for hawks and muskrats.

My next move was southward into the vicinity of Utah Lake and its tributary rivers. The season has been unusually backward, and upon the higher ranges snow has scarcely begun to melt, and high water cannot be expected for a couple of weeks yet. This means only poor fishing at the opening of the season (June 15), but the indications are that during the summer it will be better than usual.

Doves (a game bird under the new law) are through nesting, and are bunching for their annual campaign upon the grain fields. They may bunch in safety for three more weeks—then look out. Chickens and grouse, owing to late storms and severe weather, do not give as good promise as they generally do at this time.

Game warden Newell is having considerable trouble with the Telluride Power and Transmission Company, over their power plant dam in Provo River. Being a foreign corporation and having no interest in the country save for what money they can take out of it, they have determined to ignore the "fishway" section of the law. Their dam is quite high, and last year they made no provision for the passage of trout up to the spawning grounds. As a result, the best of the trout became exhausted in trying to leap the dam, fell back disabled among the rocks, and floated helpless down the stream. It is no exaggeration to say that, during the height of the run, a wagon load of fish were ruined in this way every day. One farmer told the Commissioner that he picked from the head of an irrigating ditch sixteen large and helpless trout in a single hour. This year the company has put in a fishway on the "fall and pool" plan, but it is not adequate to the exigencies of the case, and the Commissioner refuses to accept it. The soulless corporation refuses to make the necessary modifications, and there the matter rests so far as Utah county is concerned. But Wasatch county, higher up the river, has been deprived by the dam of its trout fishing, and it proposes to make a test case. In the meantime, the Telluride Company may learn that a charge of dynamite well placed is far more expensive than a proper fishway.

I shall not have an opportunity this year to grumble at the lawbreakers who have been dynamiting and weiring the trout out of Strawberry, and peddling trout in the mining camps a month before the season opened. The Indian agent at Ft. Duchesne has put the Strawberry country (Uintah Reservation) in charge of the Indian police, and poachers will find little grace in their eyes—for which Heaven be praised.

SHOSHONE.

Provo, Utah, June 9.

Red Lights and Juniper Greens.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Accept thanks for memoranda clipped from your issue of Dec. 6, 1896, regarding the so-called "stump" bear, though I am not familiar with the term as applied. I recall the interest I experienced in reading the same at the time of publication, especially in respect to the individual variations mentioned in the Ursidæ family, as designated under the modern system of differentiation, though I had already added at least three to Dr. Merriam's elongated list of thirteen or more—there being twenty years ago not more than three recognized species as you state. And I had previously in your columns in a series of letters entitled "Winter Sports in North Carolina," treated incidentally of the same old stump bear (so-called), under the name of *Sinnaker*, by which name alone he is locally known in Hyde county, where the natives are said never to shave or to own a mirror. By these simple but thoroughbred backwoodsmen, he is regarded as a man-eater as well as a cattle-killer, and as distinct from the ordinary hog bears and cattle bears of that wilderness district as is the man eating tiger of India from its kind; perhaps more so, because of physical characteristics, particularly the distinguishing white spot, as big as one's hand, which invariably marks its breast. This totem is as unique in zoological annals as the mark on Cain's forehead, which stamped him as a murderer!

The sinnaker is the only bear I ever heard of which relishes human flesh and systematically hunts for it when he cannot get other food. But I have never heard him called a stump bear; though I am sure of having read somewhere, perhaps in the FOREST AND STREAM, of a plausible explanation of the cognomen. Reckon it is a paraphrase for swamp bear, which is more appropriate. However, as there is a good deal of timber cutting in all Southern swamps, especially of white cedar (locally, juniper) and cypress, these bad bears, lying low in wait for a mouthful of African logger casually passing, might readily be mistaken for the stumps which concealed them; just as stumps have been mistaken for bears by school children from time immemorial.

By the way, I fancy I can impart some interesting and perhaps novel facts in this connection, about logging and milling in these juniper greens, as the timber tracts are called, which cover at least three-fifths of the intersound peninsula which lies between Albermarle and Pamlico Sounds, and embraces the counties of Beaufort, Tyrell, Washington and Hyde. The geographical center and crown of this expansive area is occupied by Lakes Pongo and Phelps, which are phenomenal bodies of water like Lake Drummond in the Dismal Swamp, out of which flow numerous streams with an ample fall for mill power, say from 7 to 18 ft. Artificial canals connect these lakes with the sounds, and give access to small sailing vessels which are employed in shipping the products of the interior farms. The principal operator in this region is Capt. John L. Roper, of Norfolk, Va., from whom the lumber town of Roper, in Washington county, is named. In all its features it is almost the counterpart of a Minnesota or Wisconsin lumber town of fifteen years' growth, with neatly-painted houses of the modern class, five churches, a line of stores and warehouses, graded and lighted streets, sidewalks, and two sawmills with an output of 100,000 ft. of lumber per day. The population is about 800, and as thrifty and full of push as any Northern community. Between the towns of Roper and Pongo, twelve miles distant, six tramways penetrate as far as seven miles into the juniper and cypress swamps, where camps of negro immunes defy mosquitoes and malaria, and manufacture first quality shingle by hand. They

live in hovels contrived of rough boards and juniper bark, which stand about 6in. above the surrounding water on the sawed-off stumps of trees which have been felled. There is no terra firma, and no ground to stand on except a narrow platform in front of each door, from which perch and bream can be caught when needed for a meal. Pots and kettles are set on tubs filled with sand, where a small fire is built. Often in cold weather the tenants build rousing fires inside, and camps have been known to burn up, in spite of the water, all around them. The tramways are operated by mule power, and when the flat cars go into the woods, the animals traverse an intermediate plank between the wooden rails; but as there are no siding, turn tables, or platforms at the end of the track, and only water space to stand on, the mules just jump the tracks in order to reverse for the return trips. In the course of time they become quite expert in this feat, and get into position without waiting for orders. Good sheds are provided for them, with plenty of prog; and in these respects they fare far better than the men.

In these somber swamps the "juniper greens," dense with foliage, alternate with "reed lights," which are known in most localities as canebrakes, or slashes; and I have more than once experienced a joyous relief upon emerging from the cheerless monotony of the timber into these grateful open spaces of many acres in extent, where the sun falls unintercepted by branches, or foliage of any sort. So that, to my sensibility, no designation can be more appropriate than "reed lights," which are indeed a light in the darkness, and very grateful to the eye. Interspersed throughout the broad expanse of wilderness are "oak islands" and "pine hamiks" of dry soil, like those of the Florida everglades. (Don't say hammocks, or hummocks. Hamik is the original Seminole vernacular, and is correct.) Bear trails cross these patches of cane from forest to forest; and in parts of the country which have been drained and cultivated, and planted in corn, with fields of the succulent stalks and roasting ears interspersed throughout, the bears of whatever class or designation have advantages in the way of forage such as are enjoyed nowhere else in the world, and the stump bear has as "good a show as any of them."

CHARLES HALLOCK.

Natural History.

In the Olympics.

WE have received from the Field Columbian Museum of Chicago the report of D. G. Elliot, F. R. S. E., of the expedition made last season to the Olympic Mountains, Washington. The story of the trip gives an excellent picture of mountain wilderness travel with a pack train, and we transfer it for the benefit of the FOREST AND STREAM's public:

The expedition to the Olympic Mountains, authorized by the Executive Committee of the Field Columbian Museum, left Chicago on the 16th of July, 1898, going via Seattle to Port Angeles, on the Straits of Fuca. At Port Angeles most of the outfitting was accomplished, and on the 24th of July, the pack train, consisting of nine horses, carrying our camp equipage, and conducted by six men, left the town, and started on the journey into the interior of the mountains, which loomed grand and massive before us, their rugged sides and towering peaks, many of them crowned with snow, shadowed in the clear waters of the sea that washed the shore at their feet. The first day we only traveled about ten miles, along a well-made road, that is intended eventually to reach Lakes Southerland and Crescent, the most important bodies of fresh water in this remote corner of Washington. From our camp, known as MacDonald's Ranch, there was only a narrow trail running along the eastern bank of the Elwah River, which rushes and boils with a wonderful rapidity and force in its headlong march to the sea. The trail by no means keeps near to the stream, but mounts occasionally several hundred feet above it, and one, from these heights can look down, almost perpendicularly at times, through the forest of mighty trees, and catch here and there amid the foliage, glimpses of the foam-covered, troubled waters.

Our difficulties of the march commenced at the beginning, for one of the horses, while attempting to pass a slippery spot on the trail, missed his footing, and rolled with his pack some 50ft. into the valley below. He struck on his back with a force that awoke all the echoes of the mountains, and we hastened to where he had fallen, expecting to meet only a mangled body, instead of which we found he had struggled to his feet and was yawning mightily as if he had just awoke from a sound sleep. He had struck squarely on his back, and as he happened to be carrying the bedding, the soft blankets, etc., had saved him probably from instant death. As it was, he escaped with the loss of one eye, which had struck on a root as he reached the ground. We camped that evening at a deserted ranch, owned by a Swede by the name of Johnson, who, suffering from an attack of gold fever, had gone to the Klondike. The camp was on the bank of the river, about 10ft. higher than the water, and a short distance above a cañon. This was about 100ft. wide, with perpendicular walls, between which the river tore along with irresistible strength. In the spring, during floods, huge trees, perhaps 30ft. in circumference, are hurled through this gorge with the power of a catapult, and in a crevasse of the rocks one old forest monarch has been wedged by the power of the furious river, 20ft. above its ordinary level. We remained in this camp a week, and obtained a large number of desirable mammals.

Our route from here was across the river, and at the end of the week the water had fallen sufficiently to permit our horses to cross at a ford a short distance above our present position. Two miles above, on the western bank, we camped near the mouth of a brawling stream that tore down the valley, coming from far in the mountains, and was lost in the rushing Elwah. From this point there was no trail, and for the next ten days the men were busy cutting a path through the forest on the mountain sides, until they reached a height where the trees became fewer, and then gradually disappeared at timber line. We were trying to reach the country where the elk were accustomed to pass the summer, just be-

neath the everlasting snow of the higher range. The forest was primeval, and the individual trees gigantic, many mounting upward for 150ft., perhaps more, without a branch, a massive trunk rising in the air straight as a needle. These magnificent cedars are characteristic of the northwestern forests, and are very impressive from their enormous size. The journey up this trail was a very rough one—hard on men and horses. Two of these the first day indulged in some somersaults, which, fortunately, did no damage to them or their loads, and we eventually arrived at a small pond named Happy Lake, a view of which is here given, and camped. The trail, however, had been so steep, exactly like crawling up one side of a peaked roof, that the loads on the horses had to be materially reduced, as it was impossible for them to climb heavily loaded as they were, and it was several days before all our impedimenta was gathered into camp. We were now at a height of something between 5,000 and 6,000ft.; my aneroid gave 5,300; but I think it underrated the elevation, as I had noticed it was not so accurate when tested with known heights, as it had originally been. Our first camp was near the borders of Happy Lake, but the mosquitoes were so numerous and extra ferocious that we were obliged next morning to move to a locality about three-quarters of a mile away, where a level place sufficiently large was found, on which to pitch our tents. This was not by any means an unusual occurrence in our journeying through these mountains. They were so exceedingly steep, and their sides so broken up by ravines, landslides, and every kind of obstruction inimical to level ground and peaceful progress, that places suitable as sites for tents were not easy to find. The accompanying views give a very good idea of the appearance of Happy Lake, and of the first location of our camp in the vicinity. Some elk signs had been seen in our wandering about the neighboring "hog-backs" and peaks, and in one spot was plainly visible, where four of the animals, affrighted at some object or sound, had dashed down the almost perpendicular side of the mountain into the depths below. So steep was this descent that none of us would have dared to attempt it, but fear may at times carry animals in safety through perils, which if dared in cold blood would have probably caused their destruction.

We were nearly three weeks at this camp, during which time we were engaged cutting a trail further into the mountains, and hunting and exploring their valleys and summits. Flowers of all kinds and hues were blooming in profusion about us, and certain tracts were a mass of one solid brilliant color, as though laid out by the hand of some skillful gardener. Our tents were pitched on the edge of a ravine, at the bottom of which flowed the waters of Happy Lake on their way to the sea, and across this and over the ridge of the Storm King range, rising above Lake Crescent, we could see on a clear day the waters of Fuca Straits, with the ships sailing from or to the Pacific, and the island of Vancouver beyond, with its surface broken by hills and high mountain ranges. South of the camp rose a lofty "hog-back," from whose crest could be obtained a fine view to the north and south. This ridge terminated in a steep peak toward the west, from which one looked down into the yawning depths beneath.

Nothing is gradual in these mountains, extremes are always present. Everything seems to stand on one end like the trees, and the soil is only kept from tumbling into the valleys by the rocks, which seem every moment about to lose their hold and dash into the abysses below them. Looking south from this "hog-back," across the intervening valleys, through one of which flowed the waters of the creek, known as Boulder, and which emptied into the Elwah, near our second camp on that stream, could be seen the north wall of the central snow range, rising perpendicularly from the valley, and inaccessible from that side by even a goat. Its summit was broken by many a yawning chasm of unknown depths, and on whose brink no foot of man had ever trod, with craters of extinct volcanoes opening their great mouths to the sky and disclosing their smooth interior walls going sheer down for hundreds of feet until hidden in the depths, or disappearing in the snowdrifts that filled the interior two-thirds to the crater's lip. In one of the strolls around camp Mr. Akeley, who took all the views that illustrate this paper, found a squirrel asleep on a log, and after getting the proper focus, he awoke the little fellow, who, disgusted at being disturbed in his nap, began to swear at his tormentor in the most vociferous and reprehensible manner. While in this excited condition his portrait was taken, as shown in the accompanying view.

The trees at this altitude were black spruce, hemlock and firs, giving a somber and lonely appearance to the landscape. The spruce grew in clumps of six or eight, ranged generally in a circle, their branches sweeping the ground, and affording in their midst a good shelter from the wind and rain, but they were good for very little else. Although we hunted continually, no elk were seen while we remained at this camp, and deer, the true black-tail (*O. hemionus. Rafin.*), the only species found in these mountains, were very scarce, and we only succeeded in obtaining a doe and a fawn. But our collection increased considerably, although the variety was not great. I do not think I was ever before in a country that was apparently so devoid of animal life. One might walk for days and see nothing save a squirrel, chipmunk, or bluejay, and only occasionally be challenged from the higher peaks by some watchful marmot, whose shrill whistle awoke the echoes around, as he expressed his disgust at the intrusion of an inquisitive and troublesome biped. Not far from our tents, measured by distance, but exceedingly far off when the climb back was considered, for it was situated deep down in a valley by a running stream, was a colony of the unique Sewellel, a species that seems to have lingered beyond its time on the earth, and known to the people as mountain beaver or farmers, though seldom had any one seen the animal. An account of its queer appearance and strange habits is given in the proper place in the catalogue of mammals included in this paper.

By the newly-cut trail along the "hog-back" and through the forest which covered portions of the route, we made our way to our next camp, further in the mountains and nearer to the forbidding north wall of the main snow range. We overlooked a small lake lying deep

down in a hollow, known to us as Boulder Lake, and whose waters, plunging down a precipitous cliff at the outlet, formed the creek that terminated at the Elwah River. The cliffs were covered with loose stones and sand, and were in all but a few places impossible to climb. The summits on the south of this lake were so broken by jagged ridges, impassable ravines, snowfields of uncertain depths and yawning chasms, that progress in any direction was out of the question.

It was soon ascertained that it would be impossible to go further south, either with horses or men, and as elk seemed to be exceedingly scarce in the locality, I desired to cross, if possible, the intervening range to the west and strike the headwaters of the Solduck, a river of similar character to the Elwah, but smaller, and which emptied into the Pacific Ocean. Mr. Akeley and two men made a day's trip to see what could be done, and reached the second ridge to the westward. They found five lakes, one of which they named Elliot Lake. It lies well toward the snow range, deep down amid the mountains, and is square in shape, quite different in this respect from all the other bodies of water, which are either oval or round. Elliot Lake is, perhaps, about one-third of a mile in length, of great depth apparently, and probably occupies a small crater of some extinct volcano. From its isolated and almost unapproachable position it will probably never become a summer resort for tourists, nor is it likely that many persons will ever gaze upon its quiet waters. The "hog-backs" in many places were so sharp that it was necessary to place one foot on each side of the ridge and so shuffle along, while the perpendicular sides shot down below many hundred feet, and the slightest stumble, or rolling stones or sand might cause the loss of foothold, followed by a swift descent into the depths, and consequent utter annihilation of the explorers. One more effort was made to find a passage to the west for our train, and I sent our three men, who were gone two days and a night, and who reported that it was impossible to go further. We seemed to have reached the stopping place, and that wings were the only possible means of locomotion in any direction save on our back trail.

From certain points on the ridges fine views of Mt. Olympus were obtained, and the great mountain loomed heavenward bearing its mighty glaciers and fields of snow that glistened in the sun. Rumbblings were heard as if avalanches were descending; these succeeded by a crash after a few seconds' interval, and this was imagined to be some swift-moving glacier on Olympus that reached the edge of a chasm, broke off and fell into the gorge, possibly the cañon of the Hoh, in a similar manner as the Muir glacier is constantly throwing off bergs with explosions like the discharges of artillery.

Further progress being impossible, I decided to retrace our steps, descend the Elwah to a point where our first camp from Port Angeles was made, and cross by a trail that led to Lakes Southerland and Crescent, and then follow up the Solduck and cross to the headwaters of the Bogashiel River, which is stated to take its rise from one of the glaciers on Mt. Olympus. Great fires were now raging in the mountains, as no rain had fallen for six weeks, and dense smoke obscured all the view and effectually put an end to photographing. A perfectly beaten and easy trail runs along the Solduck, and horses travel it frequently, but from the Solduck to the Bogashiel is another matter. The trip to the latter river was successful, five elk having been obtained, but the animals were scarce and they were only procured after much toil and deprivation. The country, when the vicinity of the snow range is reached, is so rough and broken that it is next to impossible for a man to travel over it, and to take horses is out of the question, and ours were left for a month shut in a grassy place. Everything must be carried on one's back, and every year the elk that remain are retiring further into the recesses of the mountains. The rainy season had also set in, and out of thirty days it poured more or less in torrents for twenty-eight. On this elk trip no collection of small mammals was made. A fine series of fish was procured from the two lakes, embracing every species known to inhabit these waters, and some new ones. A list of these will be published by my chief assistant, Dr. S. E. Meek. The trout in Lake Crescent grow to an enormous size, and one specimen was taken that weighed 13lbs. Altogether between 500 and 600 and 600 specimens of mammals were obtained, with few exceptions embracing all the species known to inhabit the region, besides the fish above mentioned, and sundry reptiles and insects.

The Wild Pigeon in New England in 1663

In looking through one of the earliest publications relating to New England, I came across the passage quoted below. As much interest has been manifested of late in regard to the life history of the wild pigeon in the United States, and as the work referred to is probably not accessible to many of your readers, I thought it might be well to put this in print. The title is, "Two Voyages to New England, Made During the Years 1638-63, by John Josselyn, Gent. Published in 1674." I am not so fortunate as to possess an original copy; this is from the Boston reprint of 1865, and is from the "Second Voyage" (1663), which has a quite full account of the wild beasts, birds and fishes of the new settlement:

"The Pidgeons, of which there are millions of millions. I have seen a flight of Pidgeons in the Spring, and at Michaelmas when they return back to the Southward, for four or five miles, that to my thinking had neither beginning nor ending, length nor breadth, and so thick that I could see no Sun. They joyn Nest to Nest, and Tree to Tree by their Nests many miles together in Pine-Trees. I have bought at Boston a dozen of Pidgeons ready pulled and garbidge for three pence. But of late they are much diminished, the English taking them with Nets."

It will be noted that the wild pigeons began to be "much diminished" even at that early date.

F. C. BROWNE.

FRAMINGHAM, Mass.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

The Seaboard Air Line.—II.

THE spring travel of 1898 has been very heavy. As I wrote you last autumn, I exchanged "*auf weidersehen*" with many little friends "en route," and purposed to be on hand with a greeting for them on their return this spring. I was fortunately able to keep my engagement, and have to chronicle their arrival in due course. The orioles came on by special train, being four days ahead of schedule, arriving on May 6 instead of 10, as is their custom. I was surprised to hear the first males sound their cheery, "Hello! Hello, Will! Back again! Back again!" so much ahead of time, but they received a heartiest welcome nevertheless, you may be sure. My other little friends were on time, and appeared *en masse*, making the air at once vibrant with melody. Our unrivaled brown thrush as usual led the choir from the rustling treetops, while down below in the cool twilight of spruce and hemlock the swamp robins fluted inimitable grace notes to the robin's noisy obligato. Scarlet tanagers were in number, in marked contrast with the spring flights of past five years, as were the brown thrush, indigo bird and golden-crowned accentor. Of the great horde of less prominent individuals, the number seemed to be about normal. I saw no less than seven of the shy little accentors or oven-birds; one pair are with us still, having nested, though I have not located their "tepee" as yet. I do not name all the friends that have returned this spring; it suffices to say that most of the familiar forms and voices were noted in average numbers. A few geese and ducks slipped by in silence, high overhead, as is their fashion at this season.

As I have stated, I live at a way station on the line, but so attractive are its surroundings that most of the little travelers take a stop-over ticket when starting, and spend a few days with us before going on to keep their summer engagements further north. They have promised to look me up on their return next autumn. Should they not find me, I trust some one who loves them as dearly as the writer will be here to wish them a *bon voyage*."

WILMOT TOWNSEND.

BAV RIDGE, N. Y.

In a Michigan Camp.

THE FOREST AND STREAM gospel of consideration for the wild creatures verily spreadeth apace. A young man with me found a brood of young partridges (ruffed grouse) the other day in the course of his day of work. He counted fifteen, and thinks there were a number more. Being sharp-eyed and used to the ways of woods dwellers, he put his hand over one of the downy golden youngsters. He could feel it under his hand, but could not see it. Carefully opening the rubbish and grass, he presently discovered the cunning young hider, and took it in his hand, where it very shortly became quite contented—indeed, seemed at home. When relating the circumstances to me, I inquired if he let it go again. "Oh yes, sir!" was the answer; "I was a good deal more careful to let it go than I was to catch it." He was obliged to put it down, as it was in no haste to go of itself. Carefully, he restored it to the place he took it from, nearly where the nest was hid, and where he could still hear the old ones calling.

Yesterday the same man found five young rabbits, each with a little white streak in its forehead. He did not think it wise to bring them in, so left them where he found them; but they had already become tame, and had no dread of him, and those with him—six or eight others. After talking with me about them, he went out to-day and brought in four of them—the fifth being gone. Was the fifth destroyed? Where is the mother? Well, they have a new mother now! They will sit in one's hand and eat clover blossoms, and suck a rag dipped in milk just as if they had always done it. We have a mite of a shepherd pup in camp. Guess we better bring them up together.

J. B. DAVIS.

LEELANAU COUNTY, Mich.

Game Bag and Gun.

"Exterminatory Peregrinations."

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of June 10 I commented upon our new Florida game law, and spoke of the influences making for it, chief among them being the outrages perpetrated by game killers (of what I denominated "the Coquina type"), who have invaded our State and slaughtered our game and wild life. What I wrote was thus intended to be explanatory of how we feel toward game butchers. That Mr. Shields (Coquina) happened to present himself to me as typical of the class under consideration was due to what I may term the accident of his having left on record in the book "Hunting in the Great West" a shameless account of his exterminatory peregrinations here. I wrote of Mr. Shields precisely as any other person going by his record might have written of him; and what I wrote was strictly from an impersonal standpoint. I had no more personal animus against Mr. Shields than I would have against an automatic shotgun shooting sixty times a minute and to all the thirty-two points of the compass at once.

But now comes your correspondent, Mr. A. F. Rice, who, in your issue of June 17, professes to see in my communication the inspiration of an "ulterior motive." He thinks I must be one of those whom Mr. Shields "has correctly branded as game hogs."

Bless your heart, how deliciously characteristic that is. I quoted from Mr. Shields his own account of killing plumed birds from steamer decks, dropping water birds in the ponds as he passed by, shooting garfish "for pastime," putting out the eyes of alligators and torturing them in various and sundry ways, setting fire to live opossums—and I did this with the single purpose only to illustrate the influence which such disgusting practices have had upon our lawmakers—and I am therefore, Mr. Rice sapiently concludes, one of those whom Mr. Shields has "branded as a game hog." To holler "game hog" is with these people "the whole thing." It

does it all. I have often wondered in a mild way what formula Joshua used when he caused the sun to stand still. I know now.

But Mr. Rice, if he will permit me to say it, is mistaken. I have never been branded by Mr. Shields—not that I know of. I have pursued my way as a sportsman for so these many years, without ever having been attacked, as so many others have been, by Mr. Shields because my catch of fish or game did not tally with what he decreed was the proper thing. I have never received, as have others, from Mr. Shields impudent letters taking me to task because my sporting ways were not his ways. In none of these several ways in which other folks are "stacked up against," as Mr. Rice puts it, have I come in contact with him. Suppose I had been assailed with his blackguard epithet of "game hog," what would that show? You know that out in the Yellowstone Park there is a Mud Geyser, which year in and year out spouts mud. Go there any day of any year, or any night, and you'll find it—bub, glug, glub—spouting mud. If you come too close you'll have to dodge the blamed thing. But even if it spatters you, you don't get mad at it. Because you are a man, and it is a natural curiosity. If you went to fighting a mud geyser, they'd say you were gone in your upper story, and probably put you in the lock-up of Mammoth Hot Springs.

Mr. Geo. O. Shields is to me, as I have said already, simply a type of the visiting shooter who has scourged Florida with his devilish exterminating forays. He presents himself to me as an impersonal phenomenon. His devastating crusade here was, to me, a manifestation of a phase of depraved human nature, rather than the exploits of an individual. I know him only as he describes himself and his deeds in his book. I go by his record as he himself made it and has recorded it and is to-day proclaiming it wherever he can get a dollar in trade for it. Being thus free and absolutely independent of any honest imputation of wrong motive, I claim my right and exercise it to speak the word which it seems to me is right to speak. If the language in my letter printed in your issue of June 10 was in any particular intemperate, I am sincerely sorry for it; but I still am persuaded that I did not express a half of the abhorrence of Coquina's cruelties in Florida, and of the disgust at the coarseness of Mr. Shields' recital, which any man of average sensibility must feel who reads his book.

Mr. Rice insinuates that my quotations were not fair. I quoted literally. Mr. Rice thinks I should have given the context of such sentences as these:

"Capt. Schoonmaker informed us that we would find plenty of game from this point up, so we brought out our guns—Dr. W. got his shotgun and I my rifle. We took up our positions on the quarterdeck ready for business."

"Then there was sport! He gave us such a gymnastic exhibition as only a wounded gator can give. He first tried to stand on his head, then he tried to stand on his tail. Then apparently tried to turn himself wrong side out. Finally, recovering temporarily from the shock, he reached the water, and was lost to our sight forever."

"During the remainder of the day we had fine sport shooting blue herons, white egrets, blue and white ibises, ducks, cormorants, coot, etc., but owing to the motion of the boat (she made about fifteen miles an hour) I made rather a poor score with the rifle."

(Mr. Rice avers that these birds shot from a passing steamer and left to rot were killed for "museum" purposes. I confess I hadn't thought of that. Mr. Shields perhaps meant to make a "museum" of all outdoors.)

"I was thirsting for the blood of a 'gator.'"

"We saw large numbers of garfish sporting in the sunlight. We shot a few of them merely for pastime." (More "museum.")

"The smoke had scarcely cleared away after my last shot, when a third gator looked up near us, and instantly caught a right fielder in his left eye, that turned him over."

"I went back, and there, sure enough, was an old fellow swimming along down the creek as unconcernedly as though he had never heard the report of a gun in his life. I waited until he came within about 50 ft. of me, and then gave him one in the leeward optic. He turned two or three somersaults, and stopped on his back with one forefoot sticking out of the water. We left him there as a warning to his kind." (What "museum" is he in?)

"We put a bunch of dry moss in the opening and set fire to it. In a few minutes a possum came tumbling out through the fire, and old Rover, who stood there waiting for him, made short work of him." (Old Rover, too, appears to have been working the "museum" racket.)

"While we were at supper, a large gator raised his head in the middle of the river opposite our tent. I sent a message from 'old reliable,' and in an instant more he was lashing the water into a foam, minus an eye." (Any "museums" up your way, Mr. FOREST AND STREAM, stocked with one-eyed alligators?)

"For instance, there are cranes, pelicans, cormorants, water turkeys, alligators, etc., offering shots at all ranges, and affording such fine opportunities for practice that anyone is justifiable in improving these opportunities when not in localities where game is to be found." (Let your "museum" instinct have full play, as it were.)

Could a ton of context relieve these passages of their coarseness or prevent them from giving stamp and character to the book?

Mr. Rice says that in those days we all did such things. I envy Mr. Rice his manifest enjoyment of the blessing of youth with its credulousness and optimism; but I want to tell him that he has turned his back upon the pole star of truth when he entertains the queer notion that we were all like the Florida butcher in those days. Why, there were plenty of sportsmen then. We sportsmen were not all born yesterday. Sportsmanship did not come into the world when Coquina established the L. A. S. as a business enterprise to advertise himself. But really it is hardly worth while to consider the implication made by Mr. Rice that in the days when Coquina, shooting from

steamer's deck, was killing plumed birds to rot on the shore, the practice was one indulged in or approved by sportsmen. There have always been among shooters individuals who were prompted by thirst for alligator blood, and lust for killing everything within sight, but we did not in those days any more than we do now call them sportsmen.

Mr. Rice tells us that these Florida atrocities were perpetrated when Mr. Shields was a youth. I am sure I don't know just where Mr. Rice draws his mark between youth and adult manhood, but come, now, it does seem to me that when one has arrived at an age where he has assumed matrimonial obligations he ought to be expected to have fixed principles about the destruction of innocent creatures on the water or in the air.

Mr. Rice intimates that the author of the book has repudiated its teachings. If the record showed this to be the fact I would be the first to welcome it, but on the contrary the circumstances oppose any such conclusion. In 1889 (which was not so very long ago) Mr. Shields tells us that this book, "Hunting in the Great West," had met such a kind reception that he was encouraged to print his "Cruisings in the Cascades" (with "museum" material of the same sort). The edition of "Hunting in the Great West," from which I have quoted, was printed in 1890—not so long ago. The fact is, moreover, that the book is now, to-day, advertised and sold by Mr. Shields. So that now, at the present time, Mr. Shields is making public boast of how he killed our plume birds to rot on the river banks, and of how he mutilated our wild creatures for fun.

How this fits in with Mr. Rice's theory of a humble and contrite heart, for the life of me I cannot see. It appears to my feeble understanding that one evidence of contrition and regeneration would be the suppression of this roster of one-eyed alligators whose leeward optics had been bored out by Mr. Shields, this catalogue of the plume birds of North America killed from steamer decks by Coquina here in Florida. It is a book which, it seems to me, any right-thinking man would call in and suppress, instead of trying to find new readers for the braggart self-revelation contained in it. If I were a reformed game butcher with this "Hunting in the Great West" in my record, I'd let a contract for sackcloth and ashes, and I'd bury the book so deep that you'd have to sink a shaft deeper than our deepest St. Augustine artesian well to resurrect it. For let me assure you of one thing, such a book is an eye-opener as to the sportsmanship record of the man who wrote it.

And just here a word, to revert to Mr. Rice's ingenuous way of concluding the whole matter by the cheerful theory that I have been "stacked up against as a game hog." I will say confidentially to Mr. Rice that I don't take much stock in the noisy reiteration of that oburgation by his president. It sounds to me too much like the strident shouting of the convert who is not quite certain of his own conversion, nor any the more dead-sure that others are wholly convinced of it, but means to persuade them by lustily damning the sinners. In fact, to my mind, this besmearing of other folks with opprobrious epithets, discharged from the safe vantage of his official position, is all of a piece with shooting birds from a steamer's deck; that is to say in spirit the two are identical. It does not appear to me to indicate a changed heart, but only to be a changed manifestation of the same old heart.

And I don't see how, by holding in one hand a megaphone through which to shout "game hog," and selling from the other to "who'll have another one?" the "Hunting in the Great West" with its practical lessons in cruelty, the president of the L. A. S. can be expected to restore the plumed birds to our rivers, or to our one-eyed alligators the "leeward optics" he and his kind have shot out. I don't suppose he himself expects to. I do suppose that he will sell his book so long as he can get a dollar for it, and holler "game hog" so long as that brings in the dollars too.

Just one more word, and that of apology for the space I have unwittingly consumed. My pen has inadvertently been led on by Mr. Rice, and I have written more than I have intended, though on a theme by no means exhausted. But I am not concerned with Coquina, only with Florida. If in what I wrote the other day I showed what nature of man this is who is befouling others so lavishly with his blackguard epithets, let that be counted as incidental. My main purpose has been to put on record the attitude we have taken in Florida toward game butchers. We propose to have no more of them. I want to impress on any youth who may purchase of Coquina his book in this year of grace, 1899, and may be stimulated by it to deeds of blood which he thinks to perpetrate in Florida, the solemn truth that he would find himself here most woefully disappointed, and it would be better for him to stay away.

ST. AUGUSTINE, Florida, June 17.

Notes from Gettysburg.

GETTYSBURG, Pa., June 10.—Editor Forest and Stream: A covey of partridges were seen inside the town limits one day last week. Thirteen in number—two old birds and eleven chicks.

Thomas H. Bowen, of Mackall, Calvert county, Md., has caught carrier pigeon "N. A. 43912," and holds till owner can be communicated with.

N. S. Wautz, a farmer living near Pleasant Valley, Maryland, has in his possession a magnificent eagle which measures 6 ft. 6 in. from tip to tip of wings. It was captured by his son under singular circumstances. The youth noticed a flock of crows in the orchard which were making an attack on the eagle, which was sitting on a limb of an apple tree, and he concluded to take a hand in the battle. Picking up a stone he hurled it at the kingly bird, striking it on the head, which rendered it helpless. Young Wautz at once seized the eagle and carried it to the house, where it soon revived and is now caged.

Bass season is now in, but no reports from fishermen have arrived yet.

F. M. B.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

A Lion Hunt by Moonlight.

DURING the summer season of 189— I spent the months of December, January and February among the Golis Mountains in Somali-land, prospecting for paying deposits of pyritic ore, much of which is found in the narrow valleys between the high peaks of that picturesque range. In addition to half a dozen white miners, I had some fifty natives with me, two-thirds of whom were Somalis and the remainder a mixture of Matabeles, Kaffirs and "Cape Boys," the latter having served the DeBeers Company in the Transvaal and being quite expert in the ordinary routine of mining work, although so lazy it was next to impossible to get them to do much. We commenced operations about fifty miles north of the native town of Faf, and by Jan. 1 had progressed westward some 200 miles, finding ourselves in the heart of the Golis Range, and in about the wildest country to be found under the Southern Cross. The few native villages we encountered were formed of low, miserable huts, made by leaning a number of small trees toward a common center, their roots forming a circle on the ground, the spaces between being filled with leaves and mud. Even the more enlightened Somalis I had brought with me from the coast were inclined to turn up their noses at their less favored brethren, exhibiting a sense of lofty contempt that was very amusing.

The country had at least one redeeming feature—it was an ideal sportsman's paradise. While much of the soil was rocky and barren, producing no more pretentious vegetation than scattered cactus needles and thickets of wait-a-bit thorns, we would occasionally strike the bed of a mountain stream, fed by periodical springs, and would invariably find the banks lined with thick growths of mimosa and aloe trees, extending out on either side from 50 to 500yds., while the soft sand along the bed of the creek would be covered with tracks of antelope, hyena, wild boar, leopards and occasionally lions. Whenever we encamped near one of these "wadis," as the Somalis call them, we were sure to be treated during the night to a kind of infernal concert, in which the mournful howl of the hyena and the wailing cry of the jackal blended inharmoniously with the deep voice of the lion.

On Jan. 2 we arrived at a village by name of Zama, which, in the Somali language, signifies "the residence of the king." Although it was larger than any we had encountered since leaving Faf, comprising some 800 huts and perhaps five times that number of inhabitants, it possessed the usual amount of filth and mangy, yelping curs, the latter snapping at our heels as we made our way to the residence of the king; while the dirty Somalis lounging about the rude huts drove the blow-flies away from their eyes and watched us listlessly. Arriving at the door of the royal abode, we were informed that the king was asleep and could not be disturbed, but that we might see him later in the day. As it was really necessary to secure his permission—and thereby protection—to cross his domains, or spend half our time fighting marauding bands of Somalis, we encamped on the outskirts of the village and waited for his majesty to finish his siesta. The sun had nearly reached the line of trees in the west when a messenger brought word that the king would grant us an interview. After the usual amount of formality we were admitted into the royal presence and found the old fellow to be in a very amiable mood and willing to exchange anything in his possession for some of the gaudy trinkets we had brought.

During the interview, which I made as brief as possible, owing to the horrible stench of the place, the king informed me that we might be able to do him and his people a great favor, providing we were "mighty hunters," as he had no doubt all white men were. In explanation, he said that for several years his village had been much annoyed by a pair of immense lions, which had preyed nightly upon his herds of sheep and buffalo, occasionally going so far as to waylay a man or woman, for a change of diet. As we were intending to continue our journey at daybreak the following morning, I informed him that, much as I would like to oblige him, we could not possibly spare the time it would require. When I had returned to camp, however, one of my men, by name Allen, whom I had found to be a most venturesome hunter, proposed that we make a night hunt of it—a practice common among professional hunters in Central Africa, but one in which I had never indulged. In fact, it had always seemed hazardous enough to meet the king of beasts in the light of day, when one's life depended entirely upon nerve and eyesight; to seek him in the dark, or by the uncertain light of the moon, seemed to me to be a little short of tempting providence. As Allen appeared to be very anxious to engage in a night hunt, I at last consented to accompany him, and strapping on our cartridge belts we shouldered our heavy express rifles and accompanied by a Matabele by name of Mengwe (it is always best to limit such parties to two or three individuals), walked over to the village and informed the king that we were ready to proceed against his enemies, providing he would send several of his warriors along to show us the lair of the lions and would lend us a sheep for bait. This he readily agreed to do, and soon we were on our way to the haunts of the lions, accompanied by half a dozen Somalis, who were leading a half-grown mountain sheep. The lions were supposed to make their home in the heart of a forest of dense bush jungle, about five miles from the village, and some distance up a narrow cañon, or ravine, and as we made our way in this direction the Somalis regaled us with stories illustrating the great strength and prowess of the marauders. They had named the lion Bas-Acharin-rajel (murderer of many) and the lioness Eaj-Haib (evil one), and from all accounts they fully merited their rather fantastic titles. When they had first appeared in the neighborhood the natives had mustered up courage to attack them, and accordingly a great hunting party was formed, composed of nearly a thousand of the bravest warriors. This party had met the lions in the mountains near their lair, and after a decidedly one-sided battle, in which twenty-three of the natives were killed, the survivors had retreated pell-mell to their village, where they had since remained, preferring to lose their sheep rather than their lives. The story of the guides did not tend to increase our assurance to any extent, and it was with a feeling very close to fear that we made our way slowly and cautiously over the rough ground. When we had progressed about four miles our guides pointed ahead

to where the river bed we were following made a sharp curve around the base of a mountain, and informed us that on the opposite side of this mountain we would find the lair of the lions. They then bid us good night (at least that is the way I would interpret the Somal phrase, "Amar ku sikka"), and leaving us to our "fate," started on a run for the village, while we continued slowly on, keeping a sharp lookout for any sign of the lions, as the natives had informed us that the pair invariably used the ravine through which we were passing when making a descent into the valley in search of food. In fact, the well-beaten path which showed plainly in the fading twilight indicated as much, and so we moved with extreme caution, intending to select an elevation overlooking the path, where we could lie in wait for them. Soon we found a very desirable place, where a large boulder extended out from the side of the ravine, forming a kind of shelf, the upper surface being about 10ft. above the level of the river bed. It was an ideal place for an ambuscade, and tying the sheep to a large cacti plant we scaled the ravine and seated ourselves on the rock, where we carefully examined our guns to make sure they were in perfect order. Although our position gave us a decided advantage over the game, we were by no means free from danger, as the side of the ravine was not so steep as to prevent a lion, unless badly wounded, from climbing to the surface of the rock. In fact, the lions which infest the mountains of Somali-land and lower Abyssinia are able to scale the rocks like grizzly bears, as I had found once before, much to my discomfort.

While we waited in silence the twilight slowly faded into a shadowy dusk, which in turn gave place to complete darkness, so dense we could hardly distinguish the outlines of the river bed below us. Soon the first rays of the rising moon began to throw a dim, uncertain light over the mountain tops, which gradually increased in



THE VERMONT DEER M'KINLEY.

brilliance until it was so light we could have seen to read a newspaper, although at a distance of 100yds. it would have been impossible to distinguish between a lion and a sage brush. For nearly an hour we waited in silence, hearing nothing more interesting than the occasional howl of a hyena or the cry of a night bird.

"Wonder if they are going to disappoint us?" whispered Allen. "Perhaps they—"

"Listen," interrupted the Matabele. "You hear dat, sahib?"

"That" was a deep, moaning sound, which seemed to issue from the side of the ravine to our right, several hundred yards distant, and was followed by a number of most diabolical sighs, similar to the sound made by a choking horse; these were followed by a series of low, growling roars, which gradually increased in volume until the very mountain seemed to vibrate as they died away in a hundred little echoes. The "murderer of many" was leaving his home!

After the first series of roars, an apparently interminable time elapsed—a creepy silence in which we hardly breathed—while we intently studied the bushes to our right, vainly trying to detect some sign of life. Even the very crickets and night birds had ceased their chirpings, while the poor sheep, which had been bleating piteously at intervals, crouched silently on the ground. For several minutes we sat, straining our eyes and ears, on the alert for the first sight of the game, when a slight movement from the Matabele caused us to glance in his direction. He pointed silently up the ravine, and a second later I thought I could distinguish the sound of steps among the bushes, although I could not make out a living object. The sound grew more pronounced, and soon I could plainly hear the rustle of the leaves, as some animal brushes against them. Little by little the sound grew more audible, until I could plainly distinguish the footfalls of one or more heavy animals, and a little later was able to make out the forms of two large beasts, moving slowly along in the uncertain light. As they approached nearer I recognized the prowling gait of a lion. They were probably unaware of our presence, as the wind was blowing steadily from them to us, and moved along with slow, stealthy steps, while we crouched lower on the rock and noiselessly cocked our guns. As they approached nearer I could see that the lioness was in advance, the lion following a few paces behind.

They had arrived within perhaps 20yds. of our rock when the sheep, no longer able to restrain its terror, gave a frightened bleat. Instantly the lions stopped, the lion giving a subdued growl, which was answered by a snarling whine from the lioness, the latter crouching low in the bushes. For a moment the lion stood still, and then, with another low growl, began to creep toward the

struggling sheep, which was striving to break the cord that held it and bleating piteously. As he slowly approached I could see the phosphorescent glow of his eyes, which appeared to increase in brilliancy as he crept nearer. When he had arrived within ten paces he crouched as though about to spring; but after remaining in that position for several seconds he suddenly arose to his full height and began to circle the sheep, evidently suspecting a trap. The lioness had in the meantime crept cautiously forward until she was within a few paces of her lord and master, and was apparently about to disregard the caution of the latter and spring upon the sheep. As I did not want to sacrifice the helpless animal, I glanced at my companions and saw that they understood that the critical time had arrived. Leaning in their direction I whispered instructions for Allen to fire at the lioness, while the Matabele and I would take the lion, adding that they should fire at the flash of my gun. A second later the lion turned his side toward me, and aiming at a point just back of his shoulder (the uncertain light would not permit me to risk a head shot) I pressed the trigger. The reports of our rifles rang out almost simultaneously, and were followed by an angry roar from the lion, the lioness giving a frightened screech, and for a moment the smoke completely obscured our view. When it cleared we could see the lioness making off slowly, staggering as she ran, while the lion was making ineffectual attempts to scale the ravine in order to reach us, a dragging foreleg showing that a shoulder had been broken. Quickly recharging our guns we fired point blank at the lion's shaggy head, just as he had secured a foothold on a ledge of rock several feet below us, and was somewhat relieved to see him tumble to the ground, although he was on his feet in an instant. He had apparently had enough of this unequal warfare, however, and staggered after his mate, which had already disappeared in the brush. We gave him a parting volley, but as he was at least 30yds. away it probably missed him.

Following the wounded lions into the brush in the uncertain light was not to be thought of, and so we collected dry brushwood and built a fire, deciding to camp where we were during the night. On the following morning we took up the bloody spoor of the lion, and found him in the small "park" which these animals invariably clear around their lairs, lying on his side, stone dead. The lioness was nowhere to be seen, however, and as we could not spare the time to hunt her up (the small amount of blood on her spoor indicating that she was not badly wounded), we removed the skin of the lion with our hunting knives and returned to camp. On examining the carcass of the lion I found that one ball had pierced his left shoulder, splintering the bone; another had entered his mouth and lodged in his lungs, while two others had wounded him slightly about the head.

ART. S. JENNINGS.

In the Rockies.—IV.

Light thickens, and the crow
Makes wing to the rooky wood;
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse,
While night's black agents to their preys do rouse.
—Shakespeare.

SELECTING the choicest portions of the elk, we devoted the balance of the carcass to bear bait, dragging it along the mountain side for some distance with a couple of broncos in order to leave a malodorous trail for the benefit of *Ursus horribilis*. Each morning we visited it in hopes that a grizzly had found it during the night, in which event we would await his return in the evening. But the abundance of berries and other food seemed to have kept the bears from wandering far in search of supper, and although we knew from the sign that there were some in the vicinity our bait was unmolested, save by the wolves, who found it the third night.

Returning from one of these trips, we were gratified by a discovery Chad had made. The lake has several arms, formed by the embouching cañons, and in one of the remotest of these bodies of water Chad, while fishing and exploring that morning, had located the feeding grounds of a bull moose, and we determined to spend the night there in hopes of getting a shot as he came down to the lake. We took a nap after dinner, and late in the afternoon Dan, Chad and I tossed our blankets into the canoe and embarked in this nocturnal expedition.

Across the lake, in the solitude and silence of the twilight, our canoe slipped as noiselessly as the funeral barge in Tennyson's "Elaine," and then along the opposite shore beneath the mountainous mass of rock that rises a sheer 1,000ft. from the water's edge, cut with chasms and caves, and graced with fantastic figures by the action of the wind and wave. Weird profiles and masks looked down and frowned from the rocky walls, and a sense of loneliness and mystery fell upon us.

At last we rounded a rocky promontory, and came in view of our camping round. It was a level, meadowy expanse at the mouth of a cañon, from out of which a torrent rushed and poured into the lake its limpid water distilled from the snow fields above. The soft soil of the meadow was torn by many hoofs, its succulent herbage cropped close. Below it, in a little cove concealed from view, Chad made our camp, and while he was preparing supper I went up with rod in hand to look over the meadows and whip the stream that came down out of the cañon.

It was rapidly growing dark upon the shore of the lake, and night had already fallen within the cañon walls. With a white moth I whipped the stream a short distance up from the lake, and landed a couple of beauties, who put up a noble fight in that swift water. Leaving it, I started back on a straight cut through the meadow. As soon as I was beyond the deafening influence of the roaring torrent, I heard, or thought I heard, a sound. Pausing, I peered vainly through the shadows, and concentrated all my powers in the sense of hearing. I had just started on again, when suddenly something startled the stillness—a swishing sound; gazing in the direction whence it came, I descried on the mountain side above me a big bear complacently sitting on his haunches and stripping a bush of its berries at one fell swoop. So closely did his color assimilate with his surroundings that my eye had probably passed him over several times until, guided by the sound, he was located. With a lurching motion, much like a sailor on land, he strode to the next bush, and, as-

suming a sitting posture, stripped it of all its berries by sweeping his forepaw upward along its length, the branches passing through and between the long scimitar-like talons, which stripped them of leaves and berries alike. It was a grotesque, half-human posture, and the manner in which he brought the handful of bruised berries and leaves to his mouth, and gulped them down, was absolutely human in its gluttonous avidity. I had but a fleeting glimpse of this rare and unusual spectacle. His next move was to shamble a little further off, and his huge gray form grew quickly indistinct in the fast-falling darkness.

After eating we extinguished the fire and moved up nearer the meadow, where we secured a commanding position, and rolling up in our blankets lay in wait.

It was intensely still. The stars shone brilliantly in mid-heaven, but we were compassed about with darkness by the steep mountain ranges that arose around us. I started when I turned as I lay, and saw, high as a balloon, in the dark depths of the western sky, a gleaming point of molten silver. The moon, not yet risen for us, had found the snowy crest of some sky-piercing pinnacle. In the darkness we heard some animals moving on the mountain side, the rattle of the dry, dead shrubs and grass coming crisply through the keen air from far above us, and then the measured slosh, slosh of another moving with long, low strides along the swampy edge of the meadow. Oh, for a few moments of moonlight! Our gaze is riveted on the mountain tops, which are ablaze with silvery refugence. Slowly the light steals down, while the minutes drag their slow length along, until at last the full-orbed hunter's moon rests upon the rim of the eastern range, and floods the scene with its mellow and treacherous light.

Dan remained to watch the meadow, while Chad and myself cruised in the canoe along the lake shore. We spread our blankets on the bottom to deaden any sound, and I sat in the prow while Chad propelled the craft as silently as the shadow of a cloud. Hour after hour we stole softly along in the shadow of the shore. At last there came a sound, clear and unmistakable, a heavy animal moving through the brush. With frequent pauses it approached. Nearer and nearer came the sound, with intervals of silence when it paused to feed or listen. To our excited senses the sound was exaggerated, and with all my senses concentrated upon it in that intense silence, I felt that the animal was as big as an elephant. Neither of us for a moment doubted that it was aught but the giant of the *Cervidae*—the moose.

We were ambushed in a cove whose surface was dotted with water lilies, and whose shallow bottom was ramified with their long, fibrous roots, the greatest food in the world for moose. We waited with bated breath to see some big palmated bull wade out into the water and submerge his head beneath the surface in search of the delectable vegetable. I determined to take no chances. I made up my mind to wait until he should wrench a root from its bed in the mud, and stand in the bright light perfectly still, broadside on, chewing away in bovine content.

At last the animal is at the water's edge. Each leaf fringing the brush-bordered shore shone like silver in the moonlight. We heard the tinkle of the ice that had frozen along the margin, his hoof splashed into the water, and across the glossy surface a hundred gleaming circles sped in rippling, wavy chase. The next moment the bushes parted and gave egress to—a doe. Chad dropped his paddle with an exclamation of disgust. The deer threw up her head, and for one moment stood at gaze, the incarnation of startled terror, then, wheeling, she bounded back into the brush and crashed up the mountain side.

We returned empty-handed, and found Dan sound asleep where we had left him. We had our vigil in vain. But I recall it with no regret.

Never shall I forget the scene when the full autumnal moon rode high in the heavens. For a long time I lay awake and looked upon it. Above us towered the tremendous ranges of eternal snow, silvered by the moonlight, which splashed many a jagged precipice edge besides with the gleaming metal, but the precipices themselves and the lower steepes were all in indigo blue. The lake lay like a mirror. Faintly, from far above, was wafted the bugling of the bull elk.

Upon such a scene I closed my eyes past midnight, and when I awoke all was chill and gray, the pine-clad slopes were somber, and the upper steepes were dun-colored in the dawn.

FRANCIS J. HAGAN.
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Pheasants in the Genesee Valley.

ROCHESTER, June 5.—There was a large and enthusiastic meeting of sportsmen in the office of F. J. Amsden, in the Powers Building, last night, for the annual election and reports of the Genesee Valley Fish, Bird Protective and Propagation Association.

The society is in excellent condition. T. W. Fraine, chairman of the breeding committee, reported that twenty pheasant had been liberated at Riga, Clifton and Fishers; sixteen dozen quail at Irondequoit, Chili Fishers and Seneca Park; he also reported that several dozen pheasant chicks were seen last summer by members of the Association.

Superintendent of Pheasantry Toogood reported that he had two cocks and nine hens breeding pheasants for the Association. Nine chicks have recently been hatched. The matter of having the members endeavor to interest the Legislature in extending the season for breeding pheasants was discussed, and an effort will be made to do this. According to the present law it will be lawful to shoot pheasant in 1900. It is believed that a longer period would result in stocking the forests so that there would be little danger of the bird becoming extinct. The treasurer reported that the liberation of birds had cost the Association about \$100. There is a balance in the treasury of \$117.43.

Officers were elected as follows: President, James H. Brown; Vice-President, E. C. Meyer; Treasurer, T. W. Fraine; Secretary, F. J. Amsden. H. S. Woodworth, Daniel Bascom, W. F. Brinsmaid, A. B. Lamberton, Thomas R. Griffith, E. H. Burrison, L. N. Ely and C. C. Laney were elected members of the Executive Committee.

Kansas Quail.

EMPORIA, Kan., May 30.—Am back here on my old hunting grounds, and on looking them over am very glad to say that the quail are in more than full numbers. The first stroll I took I flushed a bevy of about twenty within sixty rods of the house. They are now nesting, and this morning I saw a flock of young birds. There is one pair that I am sure have a nest within ten rods of the house. The breeding season is long here, and I think they must raise two broods, as I have seen their eggs as late as Sept. 20.

In the face of all claims to the contrary, I think Kansas is yet to be, so far as quail are concerned, the best shooting ground in the country. Instead of decreasing with the settlement of the country, they increase. The old settlers say that when they first come here, aside from in the timber along the creeks there were but few quail; but now nearly every line of hedge, or orchard, or bunch of brush that has sprung up in the pastures since the prairie fires were stopped, and each weedy, unburned slough, has its bevy of birds.

It is pleasant to be among them. Often, as I sit in the house at sundown, I can hear the notes of from two to half a dozen pair coming up from the grass lands about here; and in June I have ridden for mile after mile and not been out of sound of their whistle—the male bird sitting on the fence-posts or some prominent place, sending out his strong, clear "Bob White," or rather "More wet," as we used to interpret his note in New England, while up from some secluded place in the grass lands would come the softer, more plaintive note of the mother bird brooding over her treasures. Then often one or both of the old birds would be seen scuttling along the road or standing by the roadside looking at us as we



THE VERMONT DEER M'KINLEY.

passed. I could not understand this at first, but I soon learned that not far away was a brood of cunning little ones, and the old ones were simply trying to draw our attention away from their families to themselves. How I wish I could make them understand how safe they are, so far as I am concerned, and so persuade them to bring out their little downy treasures for inspection; but I cannot talk quail language, so I seldom get more than a glimpse of them until they are big enough to fly. As they grow larger they gather into the hedges, and it is always a pleasure to see them trotting along, feeding as they go; or at the call of the old birds bunching together.

It is this habit of bunching up that does more to thin their numbers than any other one thing, for there are but few hunters here who will not take advantage of it, and to secure from two to a dozen quail at a single shot seems to be something to be boasted of. One "man" boasted to me that in one of the snows of the past winter he potted thirty five at one shot as they were huddled together in the cold. I did not believe him. Neither did I call hard names, but simply said: "I should be ashamed to tell of it if I had done it." And I have reason to think this did more good than harder language, for it brought out much discussion, both at the time and later, and I know certain persons have something to think of in regard to game matters more than they ever had before.

One habit of the quail here that does much to keep up the supply is that of staying close around the farmhouses. On many of the farms there is a bunch of quail that feed in the corral and even with the tame poultry, and the farmer gets so attached to them that while he leaves the rest of his farm open to any one who cares to hunt, he yet watches and protects that particular bevy as closely as his flocks of hens. Then other bevies, on being flushed, make directly for the vicinity of the house. One bevy that I know of, when shooting begins find refuge in an evergreen tree in the dooryard, where they are never disturbed. If this is not just as much the exercise of reasoning power as for a Kansan to go to the cellar when he sees a cyclone coming, what is it? Here on the Cottonwood River there are several bunches that on rising invariably cross the river, and so never get cleaned out.

But, as I have said once before, the Kaffir cornfields are getting to be the stronghold of the Kansas quail, affording as they do both cover and feed. The corn is so dense that the young are safe from the hawks, which are very abundant here at just the time they need such protection, and as the crop is usually left in the shock through the winter, they can find food in all weather, and I am satisfied it is this that has carried them through the terrible storms of the past winter; and I would again recommend this grain to any who are interested in game preserves. It is not too late to plant it yet.

I would thank Mr. Cook for his pleasant words in regard to the quail holding their scent, but what I wanted to know is how they do it, and if the act is involuntary or voluntary; and if the latter, why they do not exercise that power oftener. Would also like to know how many eggs the quail lays before sitting. In several instances have found from sixteen to nineteen, and in one instance twenty-one.

Have read with much interest Capt. Gallup's comments on the eagle. From my own observation, I think that in anything but strength and power of flight, he is not much of an ornament on the shield of a republic. Would like to say to the old gentleman that though I have wandered far from the ancestral homestead, yet I am on the maternal side a Gallup of the Gallups.

PINE TREE.

[There is no definite number of eggs; the nets noted by Pine Tree may be taken as typical, perhaps.]

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

The Kewanee Storage Case.

H. Clay Merritt, of Kewanee, Ill., whose illicit traffic in game has often been the cause of comment in the columns of the sporting press, is to go once more unwhipped of justice. His case coming up for trial under a judge more technical than wise, the jury had instructions which left them no option, and the greatest offender in this State, or at least the one best and most publicly known to be an offender against the game laws, is for the time free to try it all over again. This may literally be the case, for the State warden, Mr. H. W. Loveday, will move for a new trial and cite the earlier decisions of our Supreme Court as ground. Should new trial be denied the case will go to the Supreme Court direct. From the history of these several Kewanee cases, the people may gather a notion of the magnitude of the game dealers' interests in this State, and the hold they have in defending their great but lawless commerce. It is a long cry to the FOREST AND STREAM Plank of "no sale," but it looks as though that was likewise the measure of the safety of our Western game. Any sale is all sale.

Movements.

Mr. A. W. Adams, of this city, and one of our best known sportsmen, starts to-night for Greene, in Chenango county, N. Y., where he will spend a month or so with his brother, Mr. Platt Adams, of the latter place.

Mr. Harry Marlin is in Chicago this week on a business visit, and reports trade good, both East and West. It is his first trip on the road for some time.

Mr. J. Dyer, representing the Remington gun and the allied trade interests, is making a short stop in Chicago. Mr. Dyer is one of the oldest men on the road in the sporting trade, having sold shells and guns since the year 1, but he seems good for many years more of doing good.

Singing Mouse No. 15.

If I lose proper count in my record of singing mice, I hope to be corrected, but I believe that it is singing mouse No. 15 that I have now discovered. Here is his history, written by Mr. H. B. Smith, of Williamsburg, Va.:

"I have noticed your announcements from time to time in the FOREST AND STREAM in regard to the singing mouse, and as you seem to be making a methodical record of the existence of such a thing, please let me add one more instance to your list of authentic reports. Some years ago one of my sisters informed the family that she had frequently been awakened late at night by a strange, chirping noise, and that she had been forced to the conclusion that the sounds were made by a mouse. Investigation proved that nearly every night a mouse entered the room from a closet to get water, and after drinking indulged in peculiar vocal demonstrations. The whole household became very much interested in the matter, and the strange midnight singer was promptly adopted by the family as 'our singing mouse,' and especial pains were taken to protect it from the cat. One morning a dead mouse was found floating in the basin, and as the sounds in my sister's room were never heard afterward, it is reasonable to suppose that the drowned mouse was 'our singing mouse.' This drowned mouse was of the usual mouse color, and showed no abnormal structural development. As this letter is written simply to record a fact and not to evolve an anomalous species, I think it proper to say that no song birds have ever been kept in our family. The sounds produced were a succession of chirps, which, while they could not be mistaken by any one for the song of a canary bird, yet were so birdlike in tone and arrangement that the mysterious serenader was supposed to be a bird until my sister proved it to be a mouse."

Michigan Wardenship.

The new game warden of Michigan, Mr. Grant M. Morse, resides at Portland, in Ionia county, and he is reported to be a busy man already. Hon. Chase S. Osborne, ex-warden, and now Railroad Commissioner, is a rising man. It would not surprise me to see him Governor of the State some time. Mr. Morse may feel that he is on a ladder which runs upward if he likes.

The Prince a Poor Shot.

I don't know but I have, at different times, mentioned in these columns the visit of the Prince of Wales to the little town of Dwight, Ill., many years ago. Yesterday I was talking to Mr. Edward Kemeys, of this city, who lived at Dwight at the time of the Prince's visit. He says that the Prince had quite a retinue with him at the time, although he traveled incognito. Mr. Kemeys says that His Royal Highness was at that time a very poor shot. Of course, there were no breech-loaders in those days. A gamekeeper would load a gun and hand it to His Highness, and the latter would promptly blaze away without effect as the big birds whirled up. The Duke of Newcastle, an old gentleman, was a very good shot. He would wait until the bird missed by the Prince was well out, and would then kill it easily. "Your Highness," he would then remark, calmly, "that was a fine shot you made. You couldn't have come closer to the bird without hitting it." Mr. Kemeys tells me that he has shot over old Jock of Hazeldean, the pointer sent to Dwight by the

Prince of Wales. "He was a fine old dog," says Mr. Kemeys, "with a wonderful nose, and staunch as steel. I remember that he had three crooked hairs in his eyelashes, which turned in across the ball and sometimes inflamed the eye; and he had a tail set on rather high, which gave it an odd, arched look. He was a grand old dog, and I wish I might have another day with him on such prairies as those about Dwight used to be in those days long past."

180 CAXTON BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

E. HOUGH.

A Veteran Camp-Hunt Club.

CLARKSVILLE, Tenn.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I see so many highly interesting accounts of camp hunts of different clubs, and to read them is so much like taking a hunt with them, that I feel tempted to give a description of some of the grand outings our little club has had. I belong to a club that was organized forty-eight years ago—The Christian County Hunting Club. Some of its charter members are in it yet; they are quite old veterans of the chase. Our club is restricted to twenty members. I do not know if there are many older clubs. I believe it would be interesting to know the dates of some of the old clubs and their early hunting. Our club has kept a record of their yearly hunts. We have one member who boasts that out of forty-eight hunts he has been on deck at forty-six of them. This is Mr. J. S. Parrish, who has more deer to his credit than any member of the club. He is getting well along in years—I will not say how many, for this may meet his eye; but they sit lightly upon him. His eye is as keen and his aim as deadly as of old; he sits his horse like a centaur, and can outstride a Rough Rider. His laugh is as ready, his good humor as contagious and his love of sport as keen as with the youngest member. He attributes his good spirits and health to his wildwood life once a year.

In the early years of their hunts, the members could get to the best grounds in a day's drive from home; but the woodsman's axe and the pot-hunter have driven the game further and further, till they now have to go several hundred miles. One of their old deer drives is now a famous watering place, where thousands of visitors go every summer. We now take our hunts in Florida, Montana, Mississippi and Arkansas. Since we go by train and boat, one's baggage is not so restricted as when we went by the mule route, and it seems as if everyone takes advantage of it. To see our outfit unloaded at depot or wharf, one would think we had come to stay, and as a native remarked on seeing us unload, that "We had more luggage than the Southern Confederacy." Our Hunt does make quite a show when we get strung out—twenty men on horseback, seven wagons, six servants and thirty or forty hounds. It did look like we meant business, and we generally do. We don't try to kill game just for the sake of making a record, but it takes a good deal of meat to satisfy twenty hungry hunters and the guests that we always have, say nothing of the servants and dogs. We thoroughly enjoy each hunt. We don't believe in making a toil of a pleasure. I will some time give a short sketch of some of their early hunts in Kentucky and Tennessee.

C. L. BRADLEY.

Long Island Meadow Hens.

LONG BEACH, L. I., June 19.—Meadow hens were never quite so plentiful as they are now. Old baymen say it is due to the continued dry, clear weather and the absence of the usual cold storms, which so often occur during the season of incubation. The law permits the killing of the rail, mud hen, galinule, grebe and bittern, the birds likely to be found with the common meadow hen, at any time except during the months of May, June, July and August. During the month of September there is therefore likely to be some fine sport in this vicinity, killing the meadow hens and their relatives, appropriately known as the clowns of the meadows and beaches.

Philbrook.

SOUTH HANOVER, Mass., June 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of June 10 the always-interesting Mr. Hough speaks very approvingly of the hunting knife which I made for him. This is pleasant, but your compositor puts wormwood in my cup by making me Philpot instead of Philbrook.

Now I take some pride in my name. My ancestors were people of good repute, and my father was a "mighty hunter before the Lord," being both a sportsman and a clergyman. So kindly give space in your valued paper to the correction, and get me right before your readers.

N. W. PHILBROOK.

In his "Break-up of China," Lord Beresford says that the troops are armed with fourteen different styles of rifle, including the "gingal." The latter is a weapon between 9 and 10 ft. long. * * * Their weights vary from 40 to 60 lbs. Three men are required to handle them. When in action, the gingal is laid along the shoulders of two men, while the third man fires it. I also saw bows and arrows. * * * It seems incredible, but some of the soldiers are still practiced in shooting with bows and arrows at a target. When at Pekin, I saw them practicing in an open space near the observatory. Hitting the target is a detail of minor importance; the real merit consists in the position or attitude of the bowman when discharging his shaft.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The address label on the wrapper shows the date of the close of the term for which the subscription is paid. The receipt of the paper with such dated address label constitutes the subscriber's receipt for money sent to us.

Subscribers are asked to note on the wrapper the date of expiration of subscription; and to remit promptly for renewal, that delays may be avoided.

For prospectus and advertising rates see page iii.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing and hunting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

Notes from the Pacific.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In my last I mentioned that the fiat had gone forth against the seals, on the plea that they were getting more than their share of the fish in our waters, all of which was put on the ground of public utility, but really in the interest of the Italian fisherman, for nobody else cared.

The result was a determination to exterminate the fish eaters. The seals congregate in great numbers along the rocky shores of the coast outside the harbor, having what are called rookeries or breeding places. At our famous seaside resort, the Cliff House, a collection of outlying rocks lying a few hundred yards from the shore have always been a favorite resort for the seals, hundreds of them coming to the rocks for their midday siesta, and so affording a very interesting sight to tourists and visitors. They are a great attraction, so much of a feature that the proprietors of the hotel some years ago procured the passage of a law prohibiting their destruction. Of this immunity the seals seem to be aware, and consequently exhibit themselves to visitors with apparent pride. Some of them are very large, weighing from 1,500 to 2,000 lbs. The bulls, or sea lions, as they are called, are very belligerent and fight savagely. Some islands lying out at sea some fifteen or twenty miles, and belonging to the Government, are also favorite resorts.

Representation having been made to the Government of the destructive appetites of the seals, permission was obtained to invade this favorite haunt of the fish eaters. A number of sharpshooters were engaged to commence the work of destruction, and repaired to the haunts of the seals on the coast just above the entrance to the harbor, and for a few days hundreds were killed. But the intelligent animals soon discovered that they were being made game of, and quietly took their departure for the rocks, it is said, which are protected by law from the rifles of the destroyers. At any rate, the shooting gave out, not a seal showing himself, and now comes the withdrawal of the permission by the Government to shoot on the Farrallone Islands, probably the result of a protest by friends of the seals against their wanton destruction. So the whole scheme seems to have ended so far in a fizzle; and the seals appear to have won, and will continue to indulge their appetites on fish diet, regardless of the interests of the foreign fishermen and the canneries that load ships for foreign ports with canned salmon by the thousands of tons.

The Acting Chief of the Biological Survey, in countermanding the permission, writes the Fish Commissioners asking if they are certain that seals eat salmon exclusively, and whether they do not feed on other fish indiscriminately. This is a puzzler to the Commissioners, so far as the consuming of other fish is concerned. No doubt the seals do eat something else when a salmon is not handy; but the general opinion is that they prefer the best the market affords, and are epicures as to salmon, the proof being that in crossing the ferry we frequently see them tossing and playing with big salmon in their mouths. It looks as if the Commissioners had the best of the argument. Meantime the shooting goes on along the rocks not under Government jurisdiction, although it does not amount to much.

I see by the last number of FOREST AND STREAM that the trout fishing has been unusually good this year. The same is the case with us. Large catches are being made by the anglers who are so fortunate as to be able to kick the shackles loose from the slavery of business. Even in the immediate vicinity the sport has been good, but in the more remote streams many fish are being caught, and of large size. Reports from the McCloud, the home of the Dolly Varden, is that they are running larger than ever before; and in our famous Lake Tahoe, even ladies are counting their success by the hundreds of pounds. Fish there are taken by trolling, the lake being too deep for fly-fishing. But in the outlet, the Truckee River, trout are taking the fly greedily, averaging 1½ lbs. But there are many streams further north and just over the boundary line in Oregon where they run from 4 to 6 lbs. There is one place, an Indian reservation, where three or four friends, who are so fortunate as to obtain special permission to fish the waters of a river running through it, make their regular summer excursion from here and camp out, taking their supplies and tents from here, and spending five or six weeks, enjoying fishing as is fishing. They fish from canoes, handled by Indians. The stream is rapid with pools that require skill in management of the canoe. Six-pounders are not exceptional.

But for my part I prefer for fly-fishing more moderate size. It is work to handle fish of such weight, and there is more sport in filling your basket ("creel," I suppose I should say) with those of from ½ to 1½ lbs. With light tackle, you have the sport without the labor. I am aware that I shall horrify all the scientific anglers in declaring that I am not partial to the lightest tackle either. No 6oz. rods for me. I want to handle the fish and not have the fish handle me. Not that I propose throwing them over my head and landing them in the top of a tree. There is a happy medium, and an 8 or 9oz. rod gives the power to handle your fish within a reasonable time. It is all very well to spend a half-hour or an hour over one fish, when they are scarce and far apart; but I prefer to keep moving, and am curious to see what the next fellow will be like.

For salt-water fishing, we claim that not on the Atlantic or Pacific coasts is there a place that equals Catalina Island, in the Santa Barbara Channel, about thirty hours by rail and steamboat down the coast, where almost every variety of fish can be caught, weighing from one to hundreds of pounds. It is also a delightful place of resort, with a heavenly climate, neither hot nor cold; delightful bathing and romantic drives; a good hotel and moderate charges; boats galore, and at a day's cost not equivalent to the cost of the boat itself. Everything moderate. It is the headquarters of the famous Tuna Club, the chair-

man of which is high hook—the man that has caught the largest tuna with rod and reel—until he is dispossessed by the man who has caught a still larger one. These little pan fish are a species of herring weighing from 100 to 300 lbs., very much like the Florida tarpon, and equally gamy. The big sea bass are abundant and equally large. I saw one at a tackle store yesterday from Catalina, that weighed 400 and odd pounds, caught with rod and reel. Hod carrying is nothing compared to that kind of labor; and I don't hanker after such.

Those who prefer salmon fishing can get all they want off Santa Cruz, three or four hours down the coast, by trolling from boats, or in the fall with rod and reel on any of the rivers in tide water, where they empty into the Pacific; and if you want heavy sport, there you are. A 15 lb. salmon, doing an acrobatic business, jumping 6 ft. in the air and sprinting at the rate of thirty miles an hour and over, is no joke, and when finally captured you sit down on the thwart of the boat and blow with the impression that you have just dug ten bushels of potatoes. Sport enough for the likes of me, and no higher ambition for 300 lb. tunas or 400 lb. black bass.

Englishmen go to Norway—a long trip at great expense—and think they have done wonders if they land three or four salmon in the course of two weeks. A trip to California with more wonders to see would repay them better, and I will guarantee them as many salmon in an hour if they can handle them in that time.

I saw a curiosity a few days since—an old, long, single-barrel flint lock shotgun, and with it a bag of flints. It belonged to an old Missourian, who brought it across the plains in 1849. I tried to buy it, but the old man said no. It belonged to his grandfather, and had killed more Indians, deer, "b'ars" and coons than would load a steamboat. It was a rum looking old craft indeed, with a barrel 36 in., the stock running the entire length—split and wired up with tin plates—a marvel of patch work. It was about 8 cal. It had the appearance of an old-fashioned Kentucky rifle that had been bored out. The old man said she was a terror to shoot—rather a question of which he meant, the shooter or the shootee. With the usual old style of load of about four fingers of powder, well rammed down, and a handful of buckshot, she must have awakened the wilderness and knocked the shooter endwise, unless he took the precaution to have a tree at his back. It reminds me of my boyhood days, when we drew straws to see who should fire the old Queen Anne musket Fourth of July, and be laid up with a lame shoulder for a week—a good excuse for not having to milk or split the kindling wood.

PODGERS.

P. S.—If your correspondent that wanted flints did not get a supply, I think I can beg a few for him from the old Missourian. They are of a very old-fashioned brand, and like wine, must have improved with age.

The Dolly Vardens of the Dosewallups.

SEATTLE, Wash., June 3.—The Dosewallups is a name that grows on one. When the unusual sound first greeted my ears I could not help thinking of Skamokawa, Mukilteo Humptulips and Puyallup. That was years ago. Now the familiar sound recalls long miles of beautiful fishing water, swift riffles where the Dolly Varden and the rainbow wait on the tyee salmon, and deep shady pools where the monarchs of their race, whaling big trout of 10 and 12 and 15 lbs., hold the fort against all comers.

To fasten a hook into the jaws of one of these big fellows has long been a cherished ambition of mine, and repeated failures only served to inflame my ardor. How at last I succeeded in reaching that consummation so devoutly wished for and met with defeat on the very eve of victory is the object of this yarn.

The Dosewallups is a rapid mountain stream flowing from the heart of the Olympics into Hood's Canal, an arm of Puget Sound, and distant from Seattle fifty-eight miles by water. Apart from the attraction it holds for the angler, the lover of nature would find a visit interesting. On either side towering mountains shelter the narrow valley along its course; deep cañons walled by solid rock confine its waters, that rush through in angry foaming torrents, to glide peacefully over wide reaches shaded by thickets of alder and maple.

Nestling close under the foothills on the wide flat made by the river at its entrance to salt water lies the little settlement of Brinnon, where the fisherman may find accommodation if he be a stranger in the land. A good wagon road follows the course of the river for eight miles, and beyond a trail goes six miles further into the mountains. Here and there along the valley settlers have hewn themselves homes out of the wilderness, in all some ten or twelve families being located along the river.

It is just six years ago this very month that I paid my first visit, and although I fished patiently "from morn till dewy eve" up stream and down, offering the juiciest morsels of bait and the most alluring of spoons, no trout came to creel. But they were there. I remember clearly how, late in the afternoon, tired and disconsolate, I sat on a shelving rock above the river. Directly beneath me was a deep swirling pool which I felt sure was the abiding place of more than one big trout. Presently my attention was attracted to the shallow water above, and there I saw with amazement actually dozens of trout, and of such unusual size that I could hardly trust my own eyesight. They were swimming slowly from the deep water, up on to the riffle in quest of their evening meal. Alas for wasted opportunities! Had I but known it was the "succulent minney" that they were after! (And right here the confession must be made that at that time I belonged, and still owe, allegiance to the ancient and honorable brotherhood of "plunkers," sneered at openly by many who practice its rites in secret.)

Every year since I have visited the river, sometimes for a day and again spending a hurried vacation of two or three days on it, occasionally rewarded by a small catch, and on one memorable trip killing two rainbow of 5½ and 4 lbs. respectively.

At that time I made the acquaintance of Mr. Frank O. Robinson, a resident of Brinnon, a thorough sportsman and the most successful fisherman on the river. In

fact, I believe Frank is responsible for the death of more trout, big and little, than all the fishermen that ever visited the locality. The rig he uses is entirely different from anything I have ever seen, and a brief description of it may be of interest. Frank tells me he got the idea from a rig used by the Siwash in trolling for salmon, using herring for bait, but he has improved on the original. Presume that you are using 150ft. of black silk braided line. Cut two lengths from it, one say 30in. long and the other about 9in. Take the 30in. length and loop it at both ends. To one end secure a swivel and to the other a plain ringed hook of good size. Now take the 9in. length, loop at both ends and to one end fasten a hook a size or two smaller than the one already used. Make a running noose on the vacant loop and pass it over your 30in. length, securing it so that it can be passed up and down at pleasure. Adjust the upper hook so that it will hang about the length of a minnow above your lower one. Below your swivel two or three split buckshot are necessary in a strong current to act as a sinker, and when you have secured your swivel to your line you are almost ready for business.

Take a live minnow 3 or 4in. long, pass the lower hook into its mouth and through the body, bringing it out under the belly as far down as possible. Secure the upper hook point upward through the minnow's head, adjust the slip noose on your line till you have the minnow stretched out full length, both lines being perfectly taut. Cast well out into the current, allow your bait to be carried down stream some distance from you, then draw in gradually, working your minnow. The life-like action of that minnow in the water will surprise you and its death-dealing qualities cease to be wondered at.

Frank and I had planned several times to go out on the river together, but some business always intervened. He came to town the other day with a photograph, which I inclose, of four trout, three of which he had caught during one afternoon—the small one on the left a rainbow of 5lbs., standing to the credit of Mrs. Robinson. The other three weighed 10¾, 10 and 5½lbs., all Dolly Vardens. The sight of these and a warm invitation from Frank to join him for a day or two, was all that was necessary to set my appetite on edge.

Next morning found us on the steamer, and by 2 o'clock we were in Brinnon. We started to fish at the mouth of the river almost on salt water, where Frank had caught the big ones a few days before, and fished carefully up stream. Evening found us at Rocky Point, a mile up, without a single trout. Here at a sharp bend where the river runs against a high rocky bluff is a famous hole, and in it we surely would find them. But even Frank's skill failed to meet any response in the shape of a strike, and starting for home we discussed the situation, both equally at a loss to account for it. The river was in splendid fishing condition, owing to the cold weather.

Making an early start next morning, we fished over exactly the same ground with the same result, and meeting at Rocky Point about 9 o'clock we decided they were higher up, and determined to follow them till dark. Very shortly after I was rewarded by a strike, and landed the first trout, an innocent who weighed only 3lbs. or so.

This was altogether too small to make any fuss over, so I yanked him out without ceremony.

About 1 o'clock we reached Roselle's Hole, the furthest up point I had previously been, and as this pool can be fished only from one stand, Frank sat down and invited me to go ahead.

Casting well above, I allowed the current to carry my bait down to the end of it, then starting to draw it in, I get a telegraphic communication that makes me stand up straight. Jabbing it back—whizz—away goes the line, a big one by the heavy pull, and I am fast to him. He stays by the hole and cavorts around it like a Siwash on a jamboree, but the automatic keeps a steady strain on him, and slowly he is brought to shallow water. Here he makes some rushes that take my breath away, but after a long struggle I slide him out on the bank. Six pounds at least is Frank's verdict. A close guess, for the scales at night show 6¼lbs. A second one of 5lbs. is hooked by Frank a few minutes later, and safely landed.

We feel we are doing better, and contented we rest here; eat our lunch and smoke the pipe of peace.

We are sure now the big fellows are higher up, and determine to follow them. Soon we come to the first cañon. Here for a mile the water rushes through narrow rock-bound walls, and we are obliged to clamber up hill to the road and follow it, the river entirely hidden, but the roar it makes constantly in our ears. Again striking the valley, we find a wide reach, where, with hip boots, we can just manage to wade over. The objective point is a long, deep, shady riffle, where we are likely to meet our game. Frank soon reports a heavy strike, which he misses, and as I am close by he allows me to try for him. Letting out more line, the minnow drifts down; then as it is drawn up I see a long brown body shoot along the top of the water, and even before I feel the strike I sock it to him with the butt, and "there she blows." The circus is going again in full blast. But here is an ideal place to play a fish. Clear, shallow water, no hidden roots or logs to give him vantage. I let him have his own way in all things, till finally, completely played out, he is brought to shore, a sight for the sons of men to rejoice and be glad over. Seven and three-quarters this one, and the largest for the day.

Keeping on till evening, fishing only the likeliest pools, 7 o'clock found us six miles from home with fifteen trout. Of these Frank had killed nine, after invariably allowing me to fish the best places ahead of him. Dividing the catch and strapping them over our shoulders, we started for home, tired, hungry and happy.

We had planned a trip to the Duckabush for the next day. This river is only three miles from the Dosé-wallups, just over the divide, is somewhat smaller, and the fishing in it is just as good if not better. But we had already all the fish we cared for, save my big fellow, and decided we should go still higher up our own river and spend the day in search of him alone.

Before retiring we cleaned our catch, and the contents of their stomachs was quite interesting. In one we found a frog little the worse for his experience, save that one leg was chewed up considerably, smaller fish of various kinds and sizes, a very little salmon spawn and any quantity of periwinkles, a small shell bug found all over

the river bottom. Laid out side by side, they made a most imposing show, and cleaned, the catch weighed exactly 52lbs. Next morning before we started Frank took a shot at them with his camera.

And now comes the story of the big fellows that got away. They always do. Taking Frank's mules, we rode up eight miles, then tied them up, took to the trail for two miles more, and struck in to the river. We fished down stream for almost an hour without result. Then we came to a deep pool overhung by maples, and in all respects an ideal spot for the object of our search. My companion declared at once that here, if anywhere, the whale would be found. Casting in, slowly the current carried my line to the end of the swirl, then as I lifted the tip to work it back, it came. A strike so fierce and sudden that it sent a thrill through me, and only Frank's loud halloo brought me to my senses. "There! Now you've got him at last. That's a big one sure. Hang on to him. Hang on to him." "I'll hang on if I have to follow him to salt water."

But this big fellow wasn't built that way. He sulked and I couldn't budge him. Then he'd take a saunter round the pool, and I'd try to lift a little to get a glimpse of him, but I might as well have tried to lift a tree. Now thump, thump, thump would come along my line, and it felt as if he were smashing his head on the rocks away down at the bottom of the pool. I kept all the strain on him that I dared, and still every once in a while I could feel that thump, thump, thump, just like the screw of a big steamer. Then suddenly I felt my line slackened, and my reel being open it came toward me in a helpless can't-help-it kind of style that made me sick. He had worked himself loose. I laid my rod down and felt like—Well, no language that I had any knowledge of could do the situation justice. Frank at sight of my face was in convulsions of laughter, but it was some considerable time before I could join him.

It took a large portion of cold chicken, many slices of home-made bread and butter and copious draughts of river water to restore my balance. My companion meanwhile had amused himself landing one or two little fellows of 5 or 6lbs., but I could not pretend to take any interest in the proceedings. Starting out again, we kept on down stream, Frank occasionally landing a trout.

We reached a small cañon where the water entering diagonally made a tremendous swirl at one side. It was very deep and looked promising. Clambering down, I cast in, and in a minute or two was fast to a fair-sized fish. He put up quite a fight, but presently gave signs of quitting, and when I got him to the top of the water—there—right behind, following his every movement, was the largest trout I had ever seen dead or alive. I lost all interest in the one I was playing. "Holy Jonah," I yelled to Frank. "Come and see the whale." He cautioned me as he came down to keep quiet. I slid my fish in to him, which he unhooked, telling me I would get the big fellow with the next cast. Putting on a fresh minnow, I dropped my line in, but for a few minutes there was no response. I think the water at this particular point must have been soft, deep, and the river not over 15ft. wide, making the swirl so short I had to fish almost straight down. Suddenly in moving my line I felt it stop gently. I wasn't sure it seemed like the nibble of a small fish. Then a little pull, and hesitating no more, I socked it to him good and hard. Quick as thought he came back at me with a jerk so strong and sudden that my rod snapped in two like a pipe stem, just above the butt, and I was left standing with about a foot of the rod in my hand, to which my reel was attached, and the rest of my rod was down in the river. Recovering it quickly, I found he had added insult to injury and taken my tackle along with him. Evidently it wasn't my day. Frank had offered me the use of a cane pole on starting out, and advised me to take it. But I had brought my salmon rod with me, and felt sure of being able to handle anything in the river. I had used it for years trolling for salmon in the bay, and killed fish up to 26lbs. But the pitcher that goes too often to the well will get broken. My rod was probably weakened by the unusual strain of the day before.

After this we decided to quit. On the way back I felt sore and sorry over my ill luck. But a sight of the string already caught restored my spirits.

An invitation from Frank to stop another day and try the Duckabush had to be declined. Bidding a hearty good-by to my kind host and hostess, I was hardly aboard the steamer when I was busy laying plans for a return trip and an active resumption of hostilities against that whale.

JOHN FRASER.

ANGLING NOTES.

Eyed Fish Hooks and Mental Telegraphy.

It is more than likely that I shall become a believer in "mental telegraphy," as I think Mark Twain called it in an article in the Century some years ago, when he related a series of coincidences in his own experience.

About two weeks ago I was looking for a place on Sixth avenue, New York, between Forty-second and Forty-third streets. I knew the name, but not the number of the establishment, being told only that it was between the two streets I have mentioned. I walked to Forty-third street, without finding it, and stood on the corner wondering if I remembered correctly the directions I had received. Diagonally across the street on the next corner was a building, and mechanically my eyes read the sign over the door, "William Simpson." The name was familiar to me in some way, and yet I could not connect it with anything, until in a flash it came to me that it was the name of a man I had written to within a few weeks in reply to a query concerning a work of the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission, and that I had sent the letter to Sixth Avenue.

Walking across the street I entered the store and introduced myself to Mr. Simpson, and found that at the moment I entered my letter was on his desk, and he was replying to it. He was a contributor to FOREST AND STREAM, and in talking of fish and fishing, mentioned my "first letter." I assured him that I had never written to him but once, and that very recently. He said that eighteen years ago, because of something I had written in FOREST AND STREAM, he had asked me about fishing in the

Adirondacks, and where to go, and that I had replied, and he had followed my directions to the Seven Chain of Lakes, and had spent six seasons there. But about eyed hooks. A short time before I found Mr. Simpson in the act of writing to me, I was walking down Park place on my way to see about having some aquaria repaired for a fish exhibit, and noticed Mill's sign, and went in for a few moments, as I had not been in the place since he moved from Warren street. In talking about tackle, eyed hooks came up for discussion, and I expressed my opinion of them to Tom Mills, and for several days after, on occasions, eyed hooks came into my mind. A book came home from the binder's, where I had sent it to have new binding, and as I looked through it I was impressed with the fact that the colored plates of flies, etc., showed them to be tied on eyed hooks. The inscription on the title page shows that the book was given to me in 1883 by the late Dr. Elisha Sterling, the friend, companion and classmate of Dr. Garlick, the father of American fishculture, and it was written by Hewitt Wheatley, Sr., angler and publisher, in London, in 1849. The title is "The Rod and Line; or Practical Hints and Dainty Devices for the Sure Taking of Trout, Grayling," etc., and it is illustrated with steel plates, colored by hand, of flies, beetles, grubs, moths, spinners, etc. The book is filled with marginal notes and comments in the handwriting of Dr. Sterling, and extracts and paragraphs and whole pages are underlined by the same hand. I have looked at the book dozens of times since I have had it, and never before noticed that the flies were on eyed hooks. A comparatively recent invention, it was supposed, and not to be confounded with the common ringed hook. Upon looking at the text to find if the author really meant the hooks to be eyed, I found on page 74 the following, undersigned by Dr. Sterling:

"I generally use these (artificial beetle) on hooks having a fine eye at the extremity of the flank. In fact, I very commonly make all flies, large and small, on similar hooks; a practice which will doubtless be scouted by many anglers. Nor shall I attempt to persuade any one to adopt it, although it possesses the advantage of enabling me to use either fine or thick gut with the same fly. It is far more desirable, for when the fly is tied on gut, the gut is very soon so worn as to be unsafe, and the fly consequently valueless. Besides, in an ordinary sized round snuff-box, I carry to the river three hundred flies, a compression of the material with which I am well pleased, more especially as each is kept separate and available without trouble."

This I thought to be as much of a find as when I discovered Japanese flies to be tied on needle-pointed barbless fishhooks, a fishhook patented in this country within the past twenty years, and in use in Japan for two or three hundred years, and so I made a memorandum on my "Angling Notes" sticker: "See Wheatley's book for flies on eyed hooks and quote from page 74." I resolved that if ever I got the time to resume my angling notes in FOREST AND STREAM that I would attempt to show that the eyed hook, whether "turned down" by Pennell or "turned up" by Hall, was not a recent invention, as I supposed, for Wheatley's book makes it certainly fifty years old. Here is where the mental telegraphy or coincidence comes in. This morning the mail brought the Fishing Gazette from London, and as I opened the paper on the first page was an article by my friend, Marston, devoting two columns to Wheatley's book, and I was so amazed that I went to the angling notes sticker and looked at the memorandum and found it as I have quoted, so it was no day dream. I would like to know from Marston just when he wrote the article, for I think I can find from the bookbinder when he sent me the book after binding it, although it is possible I may not have seen it when first it was returned. If I made the memorandum at about the time that Marston was writing the article, I would be willing to take a few shares, common stock in Mental Telegraphy, Limited. Mr. Marston discovered from Wheatley's book much more than I did, for he finds that the "red tag" and "Alexandra" flies were either invented by Wheatley or in use before his time. Another discovery I will give in Mr. Marston's own words:

"Wheatley ought to have lived and fished nearly half a century later than he did, for he would have delighted in the 'dainty devices,' to use his own words, of the dry-fly fisher. That he was in advance of his time seems clear from the fact that he had eyed hooks made to dress his flies on; and most beautiful eyed hooks too—small, slightly turned-up eyes on the most perfect of Limericks, also special long-shank eyed hooks for May flies, beetles, etc. Thanks to the kindness of one of my correspondents, Mr. H. Longfield, of Broad View, Mallow, Ireland, I have in my possession a fly and a caterpillar dressed by Wheatley on his eyed hooks, and given by him to Mr. Longfield in 1856. I referred to this in the Fishing Gazette in September, 1884, after there had been much correspondence on the question of eyed hooks, which, for dry-fly fishing purposes, were reinvented by Mr. H. S. Hall and Mr. George Bankart.

"The caterpillar has a piece of gut still attached to the eye, and the knot used is the same as that which I, nearly thirty years later, christened the 'Turle Knot,' after Major Turle, who first showed it to me when I was fishing with him on the Test."

This is not the first time, by the way, that I have been in communication with the Gazette by mental telegraphy.

Several years ago I was experimenting with caging live May flies to see if they would bear transportation for the purpose of transplanting, and before I could print the result of my experiment, the Gazette published something upon the same subject from the pen of an English angler, who had been experimenting in the same field.

A. N. CHENEY

California Jewfishing.

AVALON, Santa Catalina Island, Cal., June 11.—The first Jewfish for the season of '99 was caught by Col. R. A. Eddy, of San Francisco, and weighed 240lbs.

Dr. Jno. Gallway, of Frisco, has just come in with a catch of fourteen yellowtail, one barracuda, one halibut, the result of four hours' fishing off Avalon. W.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

A Fisherman's Story.

THE president of the Fishing Club, to which I have the pleasure and privilege of belonging, is a most successful and enthusiastic fisherman, and I regard him as one of the greatest fishermen of the present time. His success in catching fish is only equaled by his powers of description, and he has given me many interesting accounts of his various experiences.

The following account I obtained either from our president or from some other source, which I do not recall just at present, but of course there are so many interesting fish stories that it would be unreasonable to expect any one to remember just where they all came from. The person, however, who had the experience which I refer to was fishing from his canoe one bright afternoon in the early autumn, but, not meeting with any great success, he had settled into a condition of calm and quiet repose. His fly was floating idly on the placid waters, and he was basking in dreamy delight in the sunshine which fell in a golden flood about him, and which is so grateful at that season of the year, and was just dimly conscious of the beauty of water and sky and hill by which he was surrounded. Suddenly there was a break and a splash of a huge fish, his fly disappeared beneath the waters, and he had a strike of unusual vigor, which awakened all his drowsy senses in an instant. He sprang to his reel and in less time than it takes to relate it his line was singing through the water, the surface of the lake around his canoe was seething and boiling, and those electric thrills which are so often referred to by well regulated and conventional fishermen were following each other in quick succession up and down the ossified railway of his spine, and permeating his whole nervous system.

Around and around the canoe went the excited fish in his mad rush for liberty, and so quickly did the startled fisherman have to turn in order to follow him that the surrounding hills and lake and sky all seemed to his vision to be blended together in one bright mass of coloring. Like a flash it dawned upon him that the fish, by its swift rotary course around the canoe, was endeavoring to overcome him with dizziness, and cause him to fall into the water, thus terminating the struggle.

Fully realizing the seriousness of the situation, with great presence of mind the fisherman maintained his equilibrium and succeeded in foiling the fell purpose of the maddened fish. Finding that it was thus foiled in its purpose, with eyes blazing with fury the fish sprang from the water and leaped at the throat of the fisherman and, narrowly missing him, fell into the water on the opposite side of the canoe with a loud splash. Again and again did the fish circle around the canoe, and again and again did it leap from the water and spring at the throat of the fisherman. But the fisherman, with steady nerve and calm courage, born of many desperate encounters with savage fish, evaded the onslaught of the fish by gently inclining his head from one side to the other as the fish sprang at him, thus allowing it to pass by him.

How long this struggle continued it is impossible to say, but the fisherman, realizing that it was an unequal contest—that the fish was in its native element and that he had only a frail canoe beneath him—decided to go ashore and there continue the contest. Skillfully guiding his frail craft to the bank, he succeeded in getting upon the shore, and by a skillful jerk just in the nick of time succeeded in landing the fish upon the shore beside him, and was foolish enough to suppose that the contest was ended. He was not long, however, in discovering his almost fatal error, for no sooner had the fish reached the shore than, renewing its attack, it rushed upon him and chased him up a tree. When the fish saw that the fisherman had escaped its rage and anger knew no bounds. It lashed the ground furiously with its tail, breaking down the bushes and scattering the leaves in every direction, and finally, in a paroxysm of fury, it died of rage at the foot of the tree.

The fisherman descended from the tree, and just at that moment hearing a couple of his guides coming over the portage, he called to them to come and help him in carrying the fish into camp. They quickly came to his assistance, and, gathering up the fish, it was discovered that it weighed just 1½ lbs. Overcome with astonishment at this strange and unaccountable discovery, and being much exhausted by the trying experience through which he had passed, and in addition to all this his lips and throat being parched, he reached around to his hip pocket in a kind of mechanical and, I think I may also say, a methodical way, and drew from it his flask. Slowly removing the stopper he placed the flask to his lips, but, to his utmost surprise and disappointment he found that it contained nothing. He remembered distinctly that he had filled it that very morning before leaving camp, and the only way that he could account for its unsatisfactory condition of emptiness was that in the whirling and sidelong motion which he had gone through in his protracted struggle with the fish, the contents had all spilled out.

In spite of the savage conflicts which take place between the fishermen and the fierce game fish, and which we cannot contemplate without some misgivings, there are a beauty and tranquillity about the woods, the mountains and the lakes that are delightful and inspiring.

I well remember taking a trip in our club territory many years ago during the early history of the club to a portion of the territory which was then almost unknown to the members, but which has since become a very familiar spot. The place which we visited was one of the larger lakes of the territory. A party had just returned from this trip, being the first club members to visit this lake, and we heard remarkable tales of the grand scenery on the way; of the dark and beetling cliffs which guarded the approach to the lake in question, and of the large fish that had gotten away from one of the members of the party while trolling through one of the lakes through which they had passed, all of which stimulated our desire to see this same country and other regions beyond. So we started without any unnecessary delay, and reaching in due time, about nightfall, a large lake adjoining the lake we were journeying to, we camped for the night. The following day was dark and showery, so that we did not break camp that day, but occupied our time in camp and fishing between showers on the lake on which we were camped.

Toward evening the clouds began to break away and the weather showed signs of clearing, and in order to

get an early start the next morning, we decided to have our canoe taken over to the adjoining lake. There was no portage cut between the two lakes, and we had to work our way slowly and painfully through the trees and underbrush, and partly along the bed of the stream which flowed between the two lakes, it taking us over an hour to travel the necessary half mile or so of distance. As we emerged from the woods and bushes along the sides of the tortuous stream, and came out upon the lake which we had been seeking, the sun had broken through the clouds and was sinking below the western hills which encircled the lake, casting a soft light over the landscape. The lengthening shadows of the mountains were cast far out upon the still water. Noiselessly the myriad trout were rising all over the lake, the tiny ripple spreading out in ever widening circles as far as the eye could reach. In the calm stillness of the evening hour all nature seemed at rest, and as I gazed upon that scene of tranquil beauty far from the abode of man my heart was filled with joy and peace.

It has been my privilege to see much grand and beautiful natural scenery since that time. I have seen the Alps, those eternal hills rearing their snow-clad heights to the sky. I have stood upon the summit of Mt. Washington and have seen the beautiful landscape beneath spread out like a scroll at our feet. I have looked from the highest peaks of Mt. Desert upon the beauties of mountain and sea; but that scene of peaceful beauty upon the lake, amid the solitude of the woods and mountains, which I looked upon over twelve years ago, is as fresh in my memory as if I had gazed upon it but yesterday, and I hope it will not fade as long as memory shall last.

C. P. C.

Strawberry Bass in New Jersey.

IN the May report of Fish and Game Protector Charles A. Shriner, of New Jersey, record is made of the importation and distribution of 82 white bass, 714 pike-perch, 254 strawberry bass and 30 channel cats. The report says:

The work of bringing the fish on from the West was intrusted to Wardens Riley, Kerr, Snyder and Hawkins, and I am satisfied that they did everything in their power to make the trip a successful one. Unfortunately, at Elmira the drawhead pulled out of the car, necessitating its being taken from the train and repaired. The Erie Railroad Company did everything possible, under the circumstances, the repairs being made promptly and the car attached to the next express train. The loss of fish was consequently far smaller than had been anticipated when the accident occurred.

On trips of this kind to Lake Erie it is impossible to designate the number and kinds of fish to be taken; the catch is affected by numerous circumstances—wind, temperature, the movements of fish, etc. The fish cannot be kept for any length of time, and sometimes several days elapse before a catch is made suitable for taking East. It will be observed that in the lot brought on during the last trip there were considerable numbers of strawberry bass, a fish hitherto a stranger to New Jersey waters. The wardens had been instructed to obtain these fish, if possible, in order to secure their introduction into the waters of New Jersey. Hitherto more attention has been paid to superior or larger kinds of fish, and the work would have been continued on these lines for some time had it not been that the last Legislature refused to make an appropriation for stocking purposes. Consequently the trip just made will probably be the last for some time to come, and to this the determination to bring on as many strawberry bass as possible was due.

I regret exceedingly that I was not able to fill all the applications made for fresh-water fish, as I had been in the hope of doing, and as I feel confident I should have done had it not been for the accident to the car en route. As it was, the fish were sent to points most easy of access, many of the fish, on account of the delay, being in anything but a good condition for further extensive traveling.

The strawberry bass is known throughout the West by a number of different names. It is frequently called the calico bass, and this name is more appropriate than any other, when the appearance of the fish is considered. It is also known in the West as grass bass, bitterhead, lamp-lighter and bank lick bass; in Lake Michigan it is invariably called the barfish, and in the southern part of the West it is referred to as goggle-eye or goggle-eyed perch. As a matter of fact, the strawberry bass, like the rock bass, the crappie and other similar fish, belongs to the sunfish family. The strawberry bass is of a bright gold and black, with numerous varying shades, being one of the most beautiful of fish. It is fond of grassy bottoms and quiet and clear water, and objects to mud. Although specimens weighing 2 lbs. have been found, it is seldom that the fish attains a size of more than 1 lb. It is very gamy on the hook, and rises readily to the fly. It is frequently confounded with the crappie, a fish it very much resembles in general appearance and structure, the principal differences being that in the crappie the white predominates where the gold is found in the strawberry, and that the latter is not fond of muddy bottoms, as is the crappie. Professor Kirtland, in George Brown Goode's "Fisheries and Fishery Industries of the United States," speaks as follows concerning the strawberry bass:

"The grass bass has not hitherto been deemed worthy of consideration by fish culturists; yet, from a long and intimate acquaintance with its merits, I hesitate not to pronounce it the fish for the million. It is a native of our Western rivers and lakes, where it usually resorts to deep and sluggish waters; yet in several instances, where it has found its way into cold and rapid streams, and even small sized brooks, it has adapted itself to the change, and in two or three years stocked to overflowing these new locations. As a panfish for the table it is surpassed by few other fresh-water species. For endurance and rapidity of increase it is unequalled. The grass bass is perfectly adapted to stocking ponds. It will thrive without care in very small ponds of sufficient depth. It will in no way interfere with the cultivation of any number of species, large or small, in the same waters. It will live harmoniously with all others, and while its structure and disposition restrain it from attacking any other but very small fry, its formidable armature of spinous rays in the dorsal and abdominal fins will guard it against the attacks of even the voracious pike."

To numerous inquiries in relation to the prospects of

a distribution of black bass during the coming season, I will say that in view of the expenses recently incurred by the purchase of quail, and the recent trip West after fish, the appropriation for stocking purposes is nearly exhausted, and it is doubtful whether enough will be left in the fall of the year to warrant resuming the work of netting the canals. In order to make the disappointments as few as possible, I made an application to the United States Fish Commissioner for a supply of these fish, and I am glad to say that a liberal allotment has been promised to New Jersey, this end having been attained through the influence of former Governor John W. Griggs.

The most important arrest of the month was that of Toni Poligino by Warden Pheasant. The warden had for some time tried to break up a custom of some Italians of throwing lime into brooks, and thus securing fish. His watching finally resulted in his catching the defendant, who was promptly convicted. Upon being sentenced he refused to pay the fine imposed, preferring to spend the money he had in securing counsel who had advised him that the law was unconstitutional, and that he would be released on habeas corpus proceedings. Counsel sued out a writ and gave four different reasons why his client should be released. The writ was returnable before Supreme Court Justice Van Syckel. After an exhaustive argument the judge sustained the law on every point, the result of which is that the defendant is now serving a sentence of ninety days in the county jail at Elizabeth, he having exhausted all his funds in legal proceedings.

The Landing Net in Pennsylvania.

PHILADELPHIA, June 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Replying to your inquiry concerning the case in Monroe county, where parties were fined for use of landing nets in landing trout, Sec. 1, act of May 22, 1889, does not specifically permit the use of same, and the question must naturally hinge upon when a fish is actually caught. If not caught until landed, the words "any other appliances for the catching of fish except rod, hook and line" would bar use of the landing net; though the intent of the law was not to prohibit the landing net in common usage as its name implies, and its use in any other manner would be clearly illegal in trout waters except for the catching of bait fish for angling purposes, as provided in Sec. 6 of same act.

It is the consensus of opinion among anglers that the higher courts will permit its use for landing purposes after a game fish is actually hooked. The only solution of the problem pending decision is for anglers generally to avoid (as they should always do) any friction whatever with natives or residents of fishing localities; for it is not to be expected that anglers, one to another, would make use of this apparent oversight in the law except for spite.

I do not think the landing net will be discarded to any extent for the present, as this particular case takes its inception from motives prompted by local differences directly due to the unpopular practice of leasing waters, the exclusion of the public from fishing therein being, of course, a logical result of the lease.

Happily for those depending on public waters for angling recreation, a condition of affairs exists in most of the counties of the State different from that in Monroe and Pike. Public waters there have vanished like buffalo from the plains, or supposedly so, and differ over technicalities may be expected to arise.

These other sections of the State continue to let anglers as well as to value the expenditures they let. All are welcome, and I feel safe in saying the use of landing net for landing purposes would be unquestioned.

If the higher courts should decide against the use of the net, it must revolutionize tackle in this State until the next session of the Legislature, in that rods will need be pitched over ferrules ordinarily used in sea rods in order to "yank 'em" up the bank, all sizes, to keep within the letter and spirit of "rod, hook and line."

The gaff being technically "rod and hook," may come within the latter meaning as a last resort for the angler and a tip for the tackle dealer, since it is free from the word net, but I fear this is heaping sarcasm upon the salmon.

M. G. SELLERS.

Long Island Fishing.

QUEENSWATER, L. I., June 19.—The smaller weakfish have either left the bay or have all been caught by the net fishermen. The second run of large fish have, however, arrived, and have furnished fine sport for the experienced angler who knows how to catch them. One party consisting of Dr. Ruter, of New York City, and two other gentlemen, caught 192 weakfish in one day, averaging 2½ lbs. each. Fluke are biting freely, both in the bay and off to the fishing banks. Sea bass are also plenty at the banks. Crabs are getting more and more plentiful, and there is every prospect of their being caught in large quantities before the season is over. A large number of fishermen came down on Sunday. The largest catch to a boat was ninety fish, including an assortment of weakfish, bass and fluke.

Exterminating the Fish.

EAST ROCKAWAY, L. I., June 19.—There is serious complaint made by the line fishermen over the methods adopted by the professional net fishermen. During the past two or three weeks we had a great run of weakfish. They come into the bay by a narrow inlet several miles from the bay proper, and run up into the bay and adjacent channels. When the fish get up into these comparatively narrow channels they are easily caught by the nets of the fishermen, and are soon all taken. There are three gangs of net fishermen from Atlantic Dock; they fish almost every tide, and have been averaging from 800 to 1,200 lbs. of fish a day for each gang. It is safe to say that at least a ton of fish have been taken each day during the past month in the narrow channels and creeks at Hempstead Bay by the net fishermen. The line fishermen have good sport for the first few days after the fish arrive, but as soon as the fish work up the channels they are captured by the nets, and there is nothing left but straggling fish, mostly fluke and blackfish.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST

Camp "Forest and Stream" Tenth Annual.

NEWTON, Iowa, June 15.—This is the season of the year when J. B. H. and I have been accustomed to go into camp together. At about this time, for the past ten years, we have been used to take the little tents and the aluminum frying pan and the little axes and the gun barrel stove and our other dear belongings, and go into camp among the big oak trees which grow on the hill above our little lake. This year the little tents are still in the bags, and the stove has not been heated, and the axes have perhaps rust upon them. We hold our annual camp not by the side of the little lake this year, but at the bedside of J. B. H., here, where he is weary and has set down his burden for a while. They tell us that it may be some time before he goes upon other camps. Since I am with him, and since this is our camp, and since J. B. H. himself is a character of much more than ordinary interest, I feel more like writing of him than of other men and things.

Years ago, seventy and seven years ago, J. B. H. was born in old Virginia, where he grew up big and tall and strong in stature and strength far beyond the average man. In his prime he could lift clean off the ground the weight of 1,500 lbs. Once a man noted for his strength of hand wished to shake hands with J. B. H. for the purpose of testing his grip of hand. Seeing his treacherous purpose, this big Virginian, the kindest soul on earth, met him half-way, and taught him a lesson. He gripped his hand so felly that the blood burst from under the nails, and he punished weaker men no more. Fairly a giant in strength, J. B. H. was a Quaker by faith, and never disposed toward war of any sort. He never struck but one man in his life, and that one who told him he had lied. It was one blow, and the man barely survived it. Since then J. B. H. has said he would never use his hands again in such a way.

When J. B. H. was young, back in Old Virginia, he was powerful and fleet beyond the average youth. One winter day, when crossing a barren field, he started a rabbit, which ran away before him. There was a light snow upon the ground, and the young man was shod heavily, but he started after the rabbit, and the running being for some time in the open, he soon thought he could run it down in fair chase. So he ran and ran, and came up with the nimble game time and again. The rabbit doubled and dodged after its fashion, and J. B. H. could not kill it, though it was often at his feet. The blood stood red in his eyes, and often it seemed he must fall, but J. B. H. was wont to finish a thing once begun. He finished this race, and at last killed the rabbit. They found him lying in the snow, nearly blind, his clothing stripped from his chest and snow heaped on his neck in the fight for breath. It would be better for us all had the rabbit never sprung in front of the Virginia youth and tempted him to this trial. At that very time, in the opinion of J. B. H., he overtaxed his heart and hurt it permanently. Never till its owner was past three score years and ten did the stout old heart complain, but now they say it will never be itself again. Perhaps the races in the Western snows after crippled turkeys did it no good, for never did this natural hunter ever spare himself when the chase was asked. He was known all through the section of the West (whither, Virginia-like, he wandered later in life) as the most tireless and swiftest walker, the most indefatigable hunter, and the most powerful physical man in all the countryside. More than that, and better than that, he was known as the kindest and sweetest soul that ever misjudged humanity. His enemies he could have handled, had he ever had any enemies, and it only fell to him, as it has to many, to learn that it is one's friends who are most dangerous. Simple, kind and credulous, he could never, even till the very close of his business life, learn to believe that all men are not gentlemen, and as such worthy of trust and confidence. He was content to live so that all might think him worthy of trust and confidence. To-day the town and the country round about are waiting at his bedside. They have worn a smooth road in front of his gate where they have driven up to ask how J. B. H. is getting on. Last night, in the room near his bedside, I saw several persons who had come to ask for a look at the sick man. They were members of a mission class he teaches when he is well. I saw that they all were poor and ill clad. One of them was black. They all had tears upon their faces. These are the guests, this year, at Camp Forest and Stream. They are welcome, and they are prized.

It was early in his youth, when about thirteen years of age, that the father of J. B. H. gave him his first gun, a rifle, of course, for in that time and country no one cared much for the scatter gun. In the place where we camp this year, it hangs upon the wall, old, old and worn, the wood about the locks soft and rotted away, the set trigger grown very soft and risky of touch. It was a flint lock when J. B. H. first had it, years ago, when George Washington was a present memory in the Blue Ridge country. Then the old rifle was changed to a "pill-percussion" lock, and then altered to the percussion cap lock. In his hands this was a splendid weapon. But few men have ever gained more skill with the rifle than did J. B. H. In that country it was a crime to bring in a squirrel shot back of the ears. The rifle was used for all sorts of game. I am stating the truth when I say that J. B. H. once killed three quail out of five, flying, in the open stubble fields of Virginia, with the single ball from the old rifle. I know that when he came into the West—the West which was then a real frontier country, with Indians and deer and turkeys and other wild creatures—he would not use a shotgun for a long time. He killed many and many a turkey flying with this squirrel rifle, and always said it was not difficult to do. Yet he said that for some reason he had never killed a prairie chicken flying with the rifle, though it seemed easier than to hit a quail. Later on, when the long wagon trains crossed the plains, J. B. H. was one of the caravan, and there he killed his first buffalo, and that too with the old squirrel rifle, though he admitted that for such work the ball was light. This same old rifle I myself have often shot, and it is accurate to-day as ever, I presume, though I do not blame it for refusing to perform its best for any hands but those that first used it. It is a heavy gun, long and with a thick

soft iron barrel, yet heavy as it is, its weight in gold would never purchase it.

J. B. H. left his old home in the Short Hills of the old Blue Ridge, back in Old Virginia, long, long ago, very early in the 50s. He was one of the first settlers in the new land. He saw the West grow and change and learn that "progress" which means so much of deterioration. He saw the vast prairies fenced, and saw them come into the hands of aliens who never loved a gun. He saw the enormous abundance of the wild forests and streams changed to dearth and destruction by the senseless greed of those not fit to act for themselves. He saw the deer pass away, and then the wild turkeys, and at last even the swarms of prairie chickens, those beautiful birds which were so fit for that Western region, and which ought always to have been allowed to survive. No one cared for prairie chickens when J. B. H. came to this part of the West, but later on men hunted them. J. B. H. had one of the first and best of the bird dogs, and when he took up the use of the shotgun it was easy to his hand, where all guns fitted well. Two dozen quail, three dozen prairie chickens without a miss I myself have seen him do. In the old senseless way there was once a side-hunt, in 185—, and on one day J. B. H. killed many dozens of prairie chickens. From that day to this, though that was scores of years ago, he has never shot more than he could use of any sort of game. This was long before the days of game laws, but J. B. H. made game laws of his own. The doctrine we now promulgate and call correct and sportsmanlike, J. B. H. discovered independently scores of years ago, in a region where he was laughed at for his scruples and told that the game could never be exhausted. That, I take it, was a real sportsmanship of his, an instinctive sportsmanship, a real gentlemanliness, which makes J. B. H. very well worth writing about to-day.

It was my fortune to meet J. B. H. many years ago, and I learned of him most of my own notions of sport. It seems to me I at least had a good teacher, no matter what the pupil was. That was long before there was any FOREST AND STREAM, or any other sportsmen's paper. It was years ago that J. B. H. began to read the FOREST AND STREAM, and I doubt if any man ever read it more closely or appreciatively, though he would never commit to writing any of his own ideas. He held that a man was entitled to be a man, and have his own ideas, but need not suffer criticism if he did not flaunt them. How he regarded the FOREST AND STREAM (and this is why we put the name of the paper on our camp, even on this, our last camp) I may tell by a remark of his but a few days ago. "I do not think," said he, "that any Christian man need ever be ashamed to read FOREST AND STREAM, or to believe in it, for it teaches the doctrine of temperance and forbearance. I do not doubt it has done much to preserve our game." Perhaps he said this half in excuse as well as in conviction, his mind running back to the time when men were sometimes spoken of with slight for being lovers of the gun.

I recall one of the village anecdotes which may have some shade of truth in it. J. B. H. was once off on a camping trip, and he forgot to come back home on Thursday in time for the weekly prayer meeting, which was a circumstance hitherto wholly unknown in his history. On the following Sunday the minister invited all as usual to meet at this weekly prayer meeting. "I will be there," said the minister, "and the Lord will be there, and Deacon J. B. H. will be there—unless he goes a-fishing." This chagrined J. B. H. sadly, so the old story goes. But from that time to this the pew at the prayer meeting has always seen his face when he was within reach of home and able to be on his feet. He has been a good man, and has more than lived up to his professions. This is why the people come to his bedside—why the poor people, white and black, come in to look at the gaunt, gray figure that now lies on the bed in the camp Forest and Stream for this year. Alas! the old Virginian, the Western pioneer, the fearless and cheerful sportsman of many trails, I fear he could not to-day run down the rabbit in fair flight of foot. He could not even climb the big hill by the little lake, nor use the rifle, or even the rod, with his old zest and skill. The sun comes up, and the sun goes down, but it is not the shadows of the trees which we see, however like this may to the light reflected from placid waters. J. B. H. lies with his big hands—brown hands they are, even to-day—upon the covering, and all we can do is to talk of other days. If I could talk—if it were well to talk publicly in print—much of this, my idol and my ideal of the actual American sportsman and the simple, kindly gentleman, it might perhaps do other persons good. But J. B. H. would not like that. He isn't rich now, but is proud as when he had good store of worldly goods. Yet he has the old rifle that hangs there on the wall, and he has the clear mind of old, and, best of all, the conscience that has been always clear. He told me that he was not conscious of having ever intentionally wronged any human being, though he did not tell me this to say aloud. Now his big brown hands, once so strong, so useful, so kind, are idle, and his keen blue eye is paler, and his feet, once so tireless, have tarried for some days. But in front of Camp Forest and Stream, perhaps the last Camp Forest and Stream, the people have worn a smooth road where they have driven or walked or ridden often from many miles away, to ask how fares it now with J. B. H., old citizen and beloved friend. To these J. B. H. says that all is well.

If you wish to read of a sportsman and a man, read here. I do not know of any better, and you might have many worse than he to set a lesson for you, though it was always furthest from his way to preach to his fellows, or to set any lesson other than that of a simple, clean and steadfast life. Never a drop of liquor, never an oath, never a fear, never a reproach. There are possibilities in knighthood which I know are not outside the limits of a real sportsmanship.

Western Waters.

The bass are beginning to bite now a little, but nothing very big has been doing. The fact continues that this has been an unseasonable sort of year so far, with any number of storms and any amount of high water. Up in Wisconsin and Michigan it is a good time for lumbermen, but a poor time for trout fishers, for all the streams are on flood. Even the muscullunge waters are affected, and the heavier fish do not yet seem to be rising, though a number of small ones are recorded now and then from the

better known localities. I mentioned last week the little trip of Messrs. Von Lengerke, Nash and Lister to Hayward, Wis. They got only nineteen muscullunge, and the heaviest of these was but 9 lbs. As they were coming out of the woods on the last day of their trip, and at about 7 o'clock in the evening, they were surprised to see all the heavens, but recently nearly dark, lit up with a great glowing yellow light. Their guide was frightened and said that such a light meant no good, though he couldn't explain it. At the station they learned its cause. They had seen, at a distance of ten or a dozen miles, the lurid oriflamme of the cyclone, the same storm which swept New Richmond, Wis., from the map and killed nearly 200 persons. They passed through New Richmond going into their camp, but on getting this word they took train about by another road, and so missed a day's delay and the sight of many gruesome things. This same storm made torrents of all the streams of upper and western Wisconsin, and in more than one community set aside all thoughts of sport.

The lower country, such as Indiana and Illinois, is showing better fishing this week than Wisconsin. The bass are rising well in Indiana. Mr. Geo. Murrell and his friend, Mr. Crosby, of this city, have gone to Bass Lake again after big mouths. The Kankakee is a disappointment this year, a carful disappointment.

The Fox Lake chain, in upper Illinois, is offering a little fun these days, and the regular Saturday afternoon train of the Wisconsin Central road is taking out many persons, some of whom have the air of cognoscenti, and some that of picnickers. Among the fishermen to leave this afternoon were Messrs. H. English and J. A. Wood, who go to McHenry, and will try the Pistakee Bay waters above there. Messrs. Chas. F. Hills and Robt. Miller, both old-time bait-casters on the Fox Lake waters, will be on hand this week. It is rumored that there is a little test of skill on hand, in which Mr. Hills is concerned, and if so I am glad I am not the other fellow, for Mr. Hills is a mighty caster, with two hands and no glass arms.

E. HOUGH.

Full Creels in Canada.

THE steamship St. Olaf, which leaves to-night for Labrador and the north shore of the Gulf and River St. Lawrence takes down the bulk of the salmon fishermen who will fight the king of fresh-water fishes in the rivers that roll down to the sea, the snow water of the great northeast of arctic Canada. Mr. Chas. Stewart Davidson, to whom all true sportsmen owe so great a debt of gratitude for his efforts on behalf of salmon preservation in Canada, is on his way down to his newly-leased river, the Marguerite. Mr. Henry Russell, of Detroit, is also on his way down to the coast, and has received a telegram from his friend, Mr. Robt. E. Plumb, of Detroit, informing him that the latter killed his first salmon of the season this morning on the River Mingan. Mr. Geo. C. Jarvis left here last night for the Metapedia. Messrs. W. M. Macpherson, I. H. Stearns and Dr. F. W. Campbell, of Montreal, who are fishing their pools on the Restigouche, write that their sport has so far been greatly interfered with by the large number of logs in the river. Among other salmon fishermen who leave to-night for the north shore salmon rivers are F. S. Hodges, of Boston, who is on his way to the Natashquan; Dr. Henry S. Van Dyke, of New York; Phillip Schuyler, Gray Pollock, C. E. Chapman, M. S. Paton, H. S. Holt, Ralph Townsend and Mr. Peck, of Montreal. Edson Fitch and Veasey Boswell, of Quebec, and Mr. Toland, of Philadelphia, are enjoying good sport on the Moisie, and no information has yet been received here as to the success of the members of the St. Marguerite Salmon Club, now upon their river.

From Lake Edward, and in fact from all the lakes along the line of the Quebec & Lake St. John Railway, the spring trout fishers bring back marvelous reports. Lake Edward has returned as good a score of heavy fish as it ever did. The members of the Triton Club who have been up to their preserve seem to have been exceptionally fortunate. They found their biggest fish in Lake Batican. Albert Hiscock, son of ex-U. S. Senator Hiscock, took one of 8¼ lbs. He was accompanied by W. S. Andrews, of Syracuse. Judge Hiscock, of the Supreme Court, accompanied Douglas E. Petit and William Nottingham, of Syracuse, and twelve of their fish weighed 60¼ lbs. The two largest were 6½ and 3½ lbs. respectively.

Another party of Syracuse, who enjoyed some rare good sport at Lac des Passes, had a novel experience the other day. Near Starvation Point, which they had so named last year because they were disappointed there in failing to connect with an elaborate lunch that had been ordered for them, they left their fine city raiment, jewelry and other baggage a week or two ago, on entering the woods, as well as a general supply of provisions appertaining to a well-arranged base of supplies in a log camp which a day or two later was swept out of existence by a bush fire. The gentlemen who had thus to return home in their angling costumes were L. C. Smith, of the Smith Premier Typewriter Company; Judge Smith, of Chicago, and Geo. S. Rood and Geo. S. Larrabee, of Syracuse.

The annual meeting of the St. Bernard Fishing Club was held at Lake Saccacoma Camp on Monday, June 5. General Wm. H. Henry, president, in the chair. It was voted to increase the membership of the club to forty, and the following officers were elected: General Henry, President; C. G. Williams, Secretary; James W. Brock, Treasurer; Committee on Membership, W. H. Henry, James W. Brock and Chas. H. Wilson.

Mr. Gregory, president of the Triton Club, has returned home to Syracuse from a delightful visit to the club waters, in which he was accompanied by Judge Kennedy and Dr. Mooney. The Judge, despite his eighty years, and over half a century's experience of fishing and camping in the woods, can cross a portage and cast a fly with many a much younger member of the craft.

The very best fly-fishing for ouananiche ought to be close at hand. The fish are making their appearance in the Grande Discharge, and the steamer Mistassini has commenced its daily trips across Lake St. John. By Thursday or Friday next the best angling of the year ought to be fairly open to visitors, and the third and fourth weeks of this month and the first two or three weeks of July will see it at its best.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

QUEBEC, June 10.

A Gulf Capture.

SCENE.—The village of Tarpon, Mustang Island, or, as down on the maps, "Aransas Pass, Texas."
Time.—Early morning.
Subject.—Fisherman.
Object.—Fish.

ALL night long had I dreamed of it, and as I emerged from the primitive dining room of the little seaside hostelry, and was cheerily greeted by the Boniface after an early breakfast, I felt sure that the day would prove propitious.

For a week I had tanned in the soft Gulf winds, and for a week also I had daily sought the blue-green waters of the Pass, casting, trolling and deep-sea fishing. Daily had I felt the mighty tug of the foraging tarpon, and daily had I witnessed the sight of the magnificent great-eyed herring as it breached—vomited, as it were—from the clear waters, its muscular length hanging for a moment in mid-air like the arc of a silver crescent cut gleaming against the sapphire sky.

Daily had I fought for my prize. My stubby rod had bent like a whip, and my line had cut the water with a prolonged swish, while reel had whizzed and whizzed until its revolutions had sounded like the wind a-crescendo through the wires of an Eolian harp. I had tugged, and reeled in, and the tarpon had tugged, and reeled out, and the same end came in every instance—the tarpon escaped.

Broken pole, broken line, broken hooks and broken heart. Each had marked the outcome of the contest, and now, as I once more gazed at the wonderfully alluring vista, I felt that success must at last rest upon my efforts, for this day marked the close of my brief vacation.

A pleasant breeze was roughening the face of the inner bay, and there was a slight swell coming through the Pass, breaking ponderously on the rock jetty and curling smoothly upon the brown sands of the beaches. The offing was clear and a loud-mouthed bevy of tern made merry music as they dove for minnows near the inner point.

My boatman was wading in the shallows casting his net for bait, and as I left the hotel, and with my tackle, and strode energetically down the long wharf, Dan dropped the leads of his net into the bow of his boat and there came the sound of small fish flopping, and I knew then the bait was safe.

"Fine day for tarpon, Dan," I hazarded, mildly, for Dan was a great fisher of fish.

"Couldn't be better," came the reply, as Dan bent to the oars and forced the flat-bottomed skiff from the cove into the Pass. "Saw a school break just afore you came, sir, an' they're feeding mighty hard this morning. Guess we'll land a big fellow to-day and break our hard luck."

This was consoling, and I confess to a feeling of enthusiasm as I heard the water ripple beneath the bow and considered the prospects. I always liked to hear Dan talk that way, and although his optimistic prophecies did not always materialize, they were nice to listen to.

The mullet kicked vigorously as I hooked it through the lips. This was natural, but as I made a cast and let the line fly out some 60ft., it fell into the yeasty crest of a small wave, and the mullet concluded there were better times coming, for I saw a little fellow swimming blithely, as if he were not on a big hook and baiting for larger quarry.

"Guess we'd beter take the tide," remarked the boatman as he let his oars drop. "The fish are running out, and we can drift and give your bait a chance to drop."

I agreed with Dan. I always did in such matters. We allowed the little craft to drift easily along, my line sinking and the stiff current giving it a pull that kept my thumb on the brake constantly, and my senses on the alert for the anticipated strike.

The man who has occupied a like position can well understand the feeling that then takes possession of the fisherman. Each pressure on the line, the tremble of the blue passing water, the gentle movement of the bait, even the slight surge of the boat as it rises on a swell, each constitutes a portion of the whole, and in each, for the moment, the expectant angler finds the waited-for strike, only to realize the following instant that he has been mistaken.

I was sitting quietly thus meditating, when suddenly, as is always the case, there was a stiffening of the line, and the next instant came a musical whirr of the reel as it rapidly revolved under the pressure. The rod bent as I bore on the brake to set the hook, and then there was a quick slackening of the line, and Dan's voice came to me, as it seemed, out of the distance.

"Get ready, sir, he's going out of the water."

Dropping the point of the rod to bring the weight of the steel snood on the fish's mouth, I raised my eyes in time to see the voracious and splendid creature fly into the heavens, his great silver scaled sides glistening in the sunshine as head and tail bore toward each other. Then down he came. The water dashed skyward in a gleam of scintillating fragments, and once more the line tautened and the reel clicked and clicked until a hundred yards had gone to the worse, when the rush ended and the strain let up.

"Now's your chance," yelled Dan, eagerly, as he "backed water." "Reel in while he's restin'."

Maybe I didn't reel, but I did, wondering all the while that the fish did not again break, and it was only when the empty hook rattled disconsolately against the sides of the boat, that I ceased wondering. The tarpon had, to use the vernacular of the day, "flew the coop," and once again was I left swearing at fate and very much disgusted.

"Never mind, sir," consolingly chimed in my boatman, "first one off, second one on," and with this cheery reflection ringing in my ears, I mechanically baited and threw my hook into the bubbling waters and prepared for the fortune the fates should accord.

The sun grew into the heavens as we slowly drifted seaward. By this time the Pass was dotted with the boats of other fishermen, and in a fury of disgust I witnessed the skillful landing of a 6ft. tarpon by the man with a record. So intent was I upon this performance that I forgot my own line, when I was aroused into action by the sound of my reel flying loose and a series of exclamations from Dan.

"Put on the brake," he shouted excitedly, and as I in-

voluntarily pressed my thumb to the rubber, there came a series of fierce irresistible tugs that made the line smoke and the rod bend with the terrific strain.

"Holy smoke, what is it?" I queried with amazement, watching the wire-like line stretching into the deep waters of the pass.

"Say, Dan, the thing ain't going to leap," I added, and all the while the line was going steadily out, although I had a pretty heavy pressure on the brake, and Dan had given the boat way, following the fish.

"Hit her hard, Dan," I yelled, "or the dod-blasted fish will get every inch of line I have on the reel."

Dan struck several fierce licks with the oars and gradually the strain lessened as the skiff plunged ahead. It was no use trying to reel in, however. The fish, whatever it was, figuratively, had the bit between its teeth, and it set the pace with a vengeance, heading directly out to sea. Visions of liver-colored devil fish, monstrous squid, sperm whales and the Lord knows only what, flitted through my mind as I felt the awful vibration of the rod and realized my inability to take an inch.

I had been forced to edge up, clambering almost over Dan's back until I reached the bow of the boat and knuckled myself into the angle with feet braced and teeth firmly set. My arms began to ache with the terrific pull, and my senses were on the qui vive, for I feared each moment either line or rod would give way. Dan was hard at work with the oars, and was too busy for speech.

At last, when it seemed that an hour must have elapsed, there was a slackening of the line, and I reeled in with a speed born of desperation. Only for a moment, however, when the rush began again, the fish making a wide circle and changing his course into the inner bay, something I was glad to notice, for had it continued seaward, nothing could have prevented its ultimate escape.

Heading in, brought us against the current, and we were going heavily—like a new car with an underground trolley—and still the line pointed bottomwards and the quarry evinced no desire to ease up. Sheering first in one



TOWED IN.

direction and then in another; tugging with intense earnestness, jerking and towing—the thing on my hook continued its mad career while I alternately gave or took line, and Dan sweated at the oars.

I knew I had not hooked a tarpon. That much was certain, but what I had hooked, was so far a mystery that even so experienced a fisherman as Dan, in a brief breathing spell, announced his inability to solve. Whatever it was, it was a whopper, and in that fact I felt reasonably hilarious, and even complacent, in spite of the probability of its escaping after all, and that my limbs ached from the prolonged exertion.

We had been gradually veering toward the beach and shallow water. I was in hopes by this procedure to gain upon the fish and bring it to the surface. I was considering the probabilities contained in the proposition when the strain on the line slackened for the second time. I reeled rapidly for a minute and gained fully 20ft. of the line, when the water parted a score of yards ahead of the boat and a great brownish-black mass rolled heavily on the surface, threw up a vast volume of spray, and then disappeared, but not so quickly but that Dan had seen it.

"Jew fish," he tersely remarked.
"Jew fish," I echoed; "well it's big enough to suit me, jew fish or whale."

I had not time for further reflection, for the line again stiffened, but to my satisfaction, the rush of the fish had ceased for the time being, and soon the line was nearly perpendicular, the boat floating almost above the quarry.

"He's sulking," said Dan, and I soon realized what he meant, for nothing I could do resulted in budging the fish an inch, and I began to despair.

"Give him the rod with a steady strain," suggested my fish-erudite boatman, and acting upon this suggestion, I bore heavily upward with brake set, and waited developments.

This was more than the jew fish could stand, and in less than five minutes he came from his anchorage as sluggishly as a captured pig, giving up the fight, and with all his strength and massive bulk, falling victim to a 27-strand cuttyhunk, and a hook that seemed like a toy within the broad cartilage of the wondrous mouth.

Not daring to use the gaff, Dan gently worked the boat into the beach shallows, and until the form of the leviathan grounded clumsily upon the sands, gasping and resigned to its fate.

Leaping into the water, Dan struck the gaff into the exposed gill and slid our capture safely beyond danger of escape, bending the while beneath the weight of the fish.

Then, and only then, did I breathe easily, and as I gazed upon the creature that had given me so much exertion and so much anxiety, I felt that the laurels were mine, and that disappointment was no more. Tarpon had I lost, but

jew or June fish, I had gained, and in the comparison, nothing was missing.

The beast was 9ft. in length, and weighed a trifle less than 750lbs., nearly all good meat and ugly enough to have satisfied anyone.

I learned that only once had my capture been exceeded in size, and the record then had been a thousand pounds. "Jew," or June fish, similar in many respects to those great deep-sea bass caught off the Cataline Islands on the Pacific Coast, are more or less common in the waters of the Mexican Gulf, and are caught from Yucatan to Key West; but on the Texas coast, from Brazos to Velasco, the fish are greatly in evidence and, in fact, are frequently caught by the coast fishermen and served in the chief Texas cities.

Seldom, however, does it fall to the lot of an angler to land with rod and reel, so great and so massively magnificent a member of the family, but in the warm waters of Aransas Pass, game of all description is abundant, and the ardent disciple of Walton finds everything grist that comes to his mill.

H. M. MAYO.

New England Fishing.

BOSTON, June 19.—Moosehead Lake fishing continues good, with brook trout rising to the fly in a very satisfactory manner to those who do not expect to catch bushels of trout at every outing. Mr. Walter L. Hill has just returned from his annual fishing trip to that celebrated lake. He was accompanied by H. B. Kirk, of New York; W. H. Morrison, of New York; James Murphy, of Boston; James A. Greeley, Jr., of Boston, and E. M. Farmer, of Arlington. They had good fishing, "taking all the trout reasonable fishermen ought to want," says Mr. Hill. All were taken on the fly.

Mr. Louis A. Aspinwall and Dr. Cutler, of Boston, have been on their regular annual trip down the river, below Providence, for tautog. They did not have the success of a year ago, the run of tautog having gone by, or some other reason, for exactly which the fishermen are somewhat at a loss. But they got over a dozen tautog, and had a good trip. One little adventure concerning their bait is worth noting. Generally they use mussels, but this time they were bound to try fiddler crabs. The night before they "baited up" a place on the shore with scraps of meat and other kitchen waste, and a little later they could catch the little fiddlers by suddenly jumping upon them, before they had time to get under the rocks. In this way they secured a tin pail full. The cover was put down tight, giving the little fellows only an occasional chance to breath as they went down on the steamer. That night the tautog fishermen stopped at a hotel. After supper they thought that they would stroll through the little town a while, leaving their pail of bait in their room with the cover just loosened a little, in order that the little crabs might not stifle. When they returned to their apartments the girls and everybody were excited. The little crabs had lifted the pail cover and were disporting themselves over the corridors and stairways in profusion. They were taking particular delight in bumping down stairs, evidently bound for the water. The fishermen gathered up all they could, but it was some time before quiet was restored. Many of the other guests were afraid of fiddler crabs in their rooms, and generally the beds were thoroughly looked over before the occupants "turned in."

It seems that Big Bario Lake, Nova Scotia, is becoming noted for its trout fishing, though some of the first to find it have been keeping as still about it as possible. A party of Bostonians, consisting of Charles E. Tingley, Dr. Kellogg and William E. Gray, have secured control of 400 acres of land on the borders of the lake. The only other camp there is that of Mr. Frank F. Dodge, of Boston, established two or three years ago. This year, on his annual trip, with Mrs. Dodge and son and Mr. Robert L. Pond, good success was had. The morning of their departure they fished Silver River, taking a string of 105 brook trout. The Boston party first mentioned has named its camp Graykelting. It is said that fishing rarely fails in this section. While there are moose in the woods, no deer are noted. Big Bario is generally reached via Yarmouth; thence to Weymouth by rail, then a six-mile walk to Silver River, and thence by canoes. There are other ways across the country.

The Thames party has just returned from a fishing trip to Moosehead. In the party were F. W. Thomas, C. W. Hinman and F. J. Davis, of Boston; Henry B. Leach, of Toronto, and A. H. Whitney, of Ashburnham, Mass. The gentlemen fished five days, and made a most remarkable record, including 94 togue, or lakere, and 124 brook trout. The total weight of their string was 360lbs. The largest brook trout taken weighed 3½lbs., and was taken by Mr. Whitney.

Considerable catches continue to be reported from the Rangeleys. Mr. G. W. Mitten, of Boston, stopping at the Birches, has taken two salmon of 4½lbs. each, and eight good-sized trout. Dr. L. T. Foss, of Boston, is having a camp built at Birch Island. Good fishing is reported at Kennebec Lake. J. S. French, of Boston, is having good success there.

The salmon fishermen are getting started. Mr. C. H. Barnes has gone to his preserve on the Restigouche, where he will be accompanied by Col. Stackpole and Mr. F. C. Fitch.

The Maine Fish and Game Commissioners gave a hearing Saturday at the Upper Dam, Me., on a petition that the pool below the dam be closed to all fishing after sunset till sunrise, from Aug. 15 till Sept. 30 each year. The claim is made that a great many trout, especially large ones, are destroyed by night fishing, and often by questionable means. Rather curiously the signers of the petition, responsible parties, did not appear at the hearing, much to the disgust of the Commissioners. It is reported, in fact, that the Commissioners had to send out for some one to represent the petition. After considerable delay it came out that the long-time guests and fly-fishermen do not favor the proposition, while guides and residents of the State are in favor of some rule that shall prevent the annual destruction of big trout that takes place there, especially after they begin to gather at the spawning beds. The claim is made that the large male trout are inclined to fight everything that comes near to the beds, especially at night, and hence anything like an artificial fly or bait that is dropped near is seized. It is certain that some-

thing must be done to prevent so many trout being taken late in the summer and fall, especially at the Upper Dam, or Rangeley fishing will very soon be where that of the Adirondacks is to-day. The Commissioners, at the close of the hearing, reserved their decision.

Alexander H. Wood, of Boston, died at 7 o'clock Saturday evening. Mr. Wood was well known and much beloved by anglers who have had the good fortune to know him. Both a trout and salmon fisherman, he made many visits to favorite waters. A fishing friend of Grover Cleveland and Joseph Jefferson, he was interested in trout and salmon waters with them. Born in Kelso, Scotland, sixty-four years ago, he early acquired a Scotchman's love for the angle. At the age of twenty he came to America, and as soon as success in a mercantile life would allow, he gave time and attention to his favorite pastime.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry B. Stowell and Mr. and Mrs. N. Brewer, of Lynn, have been having great success bass fishing at the Gables, Mt. Vernon, Me. Strings of 50 and 100 bass a day have been made, some of the fish going up to over 3lbs.

SPECIAL.

Staten Island Fishing.

GIFFORD'S, S. I., N. Y., June 19.—One of the pleasant surprises of the season is the number of weakfish which are caught here every day. The fishing began very early this year, and the fish are caught in large numbers. Last Wednesday Mr. Fred Sibley, of New York, got fourteen fine weakfish, and on Saturday Mr. Winfield Provost, of Hackensack, N. J., and two friends, took eighteen home. On the same day Mr. Samuel Beatty, of New York, caught a dozen, averaging about 2lbs. each. On Sunday the fishing was not so good, due, no doubt, to the cool spell of the past few days. Nevertheless, the usual pleasant gathering of ladies and gentlemen took place, and nobody grumbled because there were no fish.

The company here is of the pleasantest; everybody is good natured whether there be good fishing or none at all, and Mrs. Collins and her obliging young lady assistants do all in their power to make pleasant the stay of the stranger within their gates.

G. F. D.

NEW DORP, S. I., N. Y., June 19.—Weakfishing has just begun here, the first fish of the season being landed early last week. The fish were large, weighing about 3lbs. each. Will keep you posted as to the fishing here.

CAPT. G. W. PETELER.

Lake Winnepiseogee.

A FRANKLIN FALLS, N. H., correspondent reports the taking at Lake Winnepiseogee, in two days' fishing, of thirty-five trout and a salmon, the string weighing 150lbs., by Messrs. M. M. Fitzgerald, C. L. Eddy and A. S. Ashworth.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

Sept. 4-7.—Toronto, Can.—Toronto Industrial Exhibition Association's eleventh annual show.
Nov. 22-24.—New York.—American Pet Dog Club's show. S. C. Hodge, Supt.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 6.—Bicknell, Ind.—Indiana Field Trial Club's trials. S. H. Socwell, Sec'y.
Nov. 14.—Chatham, Ont.—International Field Trial Club's tenth annual trials. W. B. Wells, Hon. Sec'y.
Nov. 14.—Washington, C. H., O.—Ohio Field Trial Club's trials. C. E. Baughn, Sec'y.
Dec. 8.—Newton, N. C.—Continental Field Trial Club's trials. Thos. Sturges, Sec'y.

Dog Lore.

My old friend and shooting companion Jake is the possessor of a young dog mostly of the setter persuasion, whose doings have been very interesting to note. The day when Cap and I first became acquainted was cold and blustery, and the scattered birds found in the high woods were wild as hawks. This was the dog's first experience, and his owner was anxious to overcome his gun-shyness, which had before been noticed.

From the start he took considerable interest in his work. The few shots fired in the woods, and fortunately not very close to him, did not cause him any annoyance. Soon, however, we approached a clearing, where two farmer boys, who escorted us at their own suggestion, discovered a rabbit. They proceeded to shoot after poor "Mollie" with their muzzle-loaders charged with black powder. A third discharge of their artillery was too much for Cap, and he came by me at a determined dog-trot toward the barn where our team was hitched. Coaxing had no effect, so we allowed him to give us the go-by. An hour later, when we returned to the barn, we discovered Cap in the wagon, with a half-grown chicken, which he had seized en route, and without damage to the bird. This he was playing with very much as a cat with a mouse. Just why he, who had not possessed the reputation of a "chicken dog" before, should have chosen this time for game practice caused considerable comment.

I next heard of him last spring, when Jake's good lady attempted the raising of a brood of ducks, with a hen as mater. While the young birds were in the yard, he would station himself between them and the creek, and for a time managed to keep them away from the water. They finally evaded him and reached the creek. Then he was kept busy plunging in and bringing the birds to the house and his mistress, with the feet of the little swimmers only visible as they fanned the air in vain efforts to escape. Each bird was carefully deposited before Jake or Mrs. B. with an air of having done quite the proper thing; nor could he seem to understand that he had not saved each duck from a watery grave. However, the incarceration of the birds in his mouth soon wrought its work, as the little things were almost smothered, and they hardly survived a second trip from the creek.

This occurred on a place stocked with chickens of all sizes, which he never molested, unless they happened to wander into the feed house. Should they do so, and Cap

discovered them, there was a quick and noisy scatteration.

His last effort to immortalize himself occurred a month ago, when his master secured a dozen quail for breeding. The crate containing the birds was placed on a barrel in a large room, where Cap and his father, a dog "of credit and renown," soon located them. They were greatly excited over their find, and it required some work to get them out of the way while Jake was hitching up his team preparatory to distributing the birds on the farms, fully two miles away. The dogs were fastened up until he was well started with the birds, which he released by pairs. A couple which had died on their journey from the West were also thrown out from the wagon into a swampy spot on one of the farms.

Both dogs were awaiting Jake's return, having discovered in the meantime that the birds had been removed. As soon as the team appeared, they took the back track at a clipping gait. Within less than two hours they returned, Cap holding in his mouth one of the dead birds which his master had thrown away in the swamp. This was easily identified from its condition and shape, as it had been trampled flat by the other birds before it was removed from the crate. Cap's satisfaction at his bit of work was unbounded. If the previous examples of his mentality are clever, we must consider this last feat remarkable. Yet, in the language of truthful James, "I state but the facts." As between reason and instinct in dogs, I favor the former. To those who care to work out the mental processes involved above, paraphrasing our Revolutionary hero, I say, "If this be reason, make the most of it."

SCAIBE.

PHILADELPHIA.

Points and Flushes.

The Philadelphia Dog Show Association, recently admitted to the American Kennel Club, will hold a dog show in Philadelphia during next November, and have claimed the 15th, 16th, 17th and 18th as dates.

Yachting.

Fixtures.

JUNE.

21. Royal Nova Scotia, open, Halifax, N. S.
21. East Gloucester, cup, Gloucester, Mass.
22. New York, annual, open, New York, New York Harbor.
24. Boston, club handicap, South Boston, Boston Harbor.
24. Norwalk, club, Norwalk, Conn., Long Island Sound.
24. Corinthian, Phila., knockabout, Essington, Delaware River.
24. West End, club, Detroit, Lake St. Clair.
24. Beverly, club Cor., Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
24. Royal Nova Scotia, knockabout class, Halifax, N. S.
24. Seawanhaka Cor., annual, open, Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound.
24. Winthrop, club, Great Head, Boston Harbor.
24. Morris Yachtsmen, special, City Island, Long Island Sound.
24. Burgess, 2d cham., Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
24. Jamaica Bay, club, cats, Jamaica Bay.
25. Penataquit Cor., club, Bayshore, Great South Bay.
- 26-29. Sea. Cor., cruise to New London and return, L. I. Sound.
28. Mosquito Fleet, open, South Boston, Boston Harbor.
28. East Gloucester, cup, Gloucester, Mass.

JULY.

1. Wood's Holl, sprit and cat class, Quissett.
1. Quincy, club, Quincy, Boston Harbor.
1. Eastern, annual, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
1. American, annual cruise, Newburyport to Boston.
1. New Rochelle, annual, open, New Rochelle, L. I. Sound.
1. Columbia-Defender, New York, New York Harbor.
1. New Jersey-Knickerbocker, cup, Bayonne, Newark Bay.
1. Beverly, Cor., Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
1. Burgess, club, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
- 1-4. Williamsburgh, an. cruise to Cold Spg. Harbor, L. I. Sound.
1. Winthrop, hand sweeps, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
1. Savin Hill, open, Savin Hill, Boston Harbor.
1. Corinthian, Phila., knockabouts, Essington, Delaware River.
2. Penataquit Cor., snipe class, Bayshore, Great South Bay.
2. Stamford, annual, open.
- 2-5-6. Seawanhaka Cor., 20ft. trials, Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound.
3. Atlantic, cruise, rendezvous at Larchmont; 5, Larchmont to Black Rock, Black Rock to New London; 7, New London to Shelter Island.
- 4-5-6. Chicago, trial races, Canada cup, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
4. Larchmont, annual, open, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
4. Boston City, open, South Boston, Boston Harbor.
4. Corinthian, Marblehead, club cham., Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
4. Wollaston, Burgess cup, Wollaston, Mass.
4. East Gloucester, club, Gloucester, Mass.
4. Pavonia, club special, Communipaw, New York Bay.
4. Newport, annual, Newport, Narragansett Bay.
4. Jamaica Bay, club, Jamaica Bay.
4. Quannapowitt, club.
4. Wood's Holl, sprit & cat classes, Wood's Holl, Hadley Harbor.
5. American, annual, open, Milton Point, Long Island Sound.
5. East Gloucester, club, Gloucester, Mass.
6. Indian Harbor, special, Greenwich, Long Island Sound.
7. Sea Cliff, open, Sea Cliff, Long Island Sound.
8. Riverside, annual, open, Riverside, Long Island Sound.
8. Jamaica Bay, dory class, Jamaica Bay.
8. Corinthian, Phila., knockabouts, Essington, Delaware River.

THE London Times describes the new Shamrock as follows:

"The hull of Shamrock is made of a new alloy of extreme lightness and strength. Nothing could be smoother than the under-water surface it makes. The yacht is unlike the later challengers in many respects, but the model, except in the matter of draft, is largely that of the 52-rater Saint, though it embodies much of what was successful in Ailsa.

"The following are her dimensions: Length over all, 125ft.; length on load waterline, 89ft.; beam, 22ft.; length from bowsprit end to main boom end, 190ft. Her draft is 19ft. gin., and the height from deck level to topmast head is 138ft.

"It is improbable that she will race on this side the Atlantic."

The beam, 22ft., is less by a couple of feet than the yacht was supposed to have, but it is doubtful whether the Times figures are correct.

The Yachting World says:

"Further unexpected difficulties have been met in the construction of the Shamrock, and though none of them will permanently affect the boat, they have delayed the work so that her launch is impossible before the last day of the month, and some modification of the arrangements for the sailing trials have been rendered necessary by the delay in her construction. The only thing yet absolutely fixed is that when she is launched she will be taken to Fay's yard, at Southampton, to be finished there. All her

standing and running gear is completed, and it is expected that, once launched and her masts stepped, her outfit will be finished in a day or two."

Out of the many vague reports current there is nothing known to a certainty. The yacht will probably be launched about the end of June. She may sail some informal trials with Britannia, but there is no likelihood of any such thorough trial and tuning up as the American yacht will undergo.

Up to the middle of last week it was expected that Columbia would be ready for trial by June 18 at latest, but this was found to be impossible. The tender St. Michael's went to City Island and brought a wooden boom of De-fender to Bristol, to be used in the trial; but it is probable that the new steel boom will be ready by the middle of this week.

It was expected that Columbia would be ready for her first sail on June 21, but an unexpected cause of delay appeared at a late moment. The blocks are largely of aluminum castings, made at a foundry at Warren, about four miles from Bristol. When they were tested in the machine last week they failed, both in the shells and sheaves, so that it was necessary to make new and stronger ones. This will cause a delay, and it is not yet known when the first trial will take place. The 64ft. topmast was sent up on June 19, and most of the rigging is in place.

The Canada Cup.

ON June 10 the first of a series of three races for the McFarlin cup was sailed off Charlotte by the Rochester Y. C. The race was a drift, only three yachts, Verona, Genesee and Iris, finishing. Verona, the 27-footer purchased in Hamilton, beat Genesee by a few seconds, but the race was no test. On the following day Genesee sailed from Charlotte for Buffalo, and on her arrival there she was swung aboard a steamer to be taken to Chicago. Prairie was due at Chicago about June 17. She passed Detroit in tow of Vailima on June 13.

The following paragraph has been sent out as news from Chicago, and published in many papers. It evidently refers to the yacht launched some six weeks ago, and fully described at that time:

CHICAGO, June 15.—Another international racer has been launched for the trial races in this city. The supplementary contests, which will last for a week, will begin on July 4, and are for the purpose of selecting a craft to uphold the challenge of the Chicago Y. C. for the Canada cup. The name of the 35-footer last launched is the Josephine. She is a modified bulb keel, 26ft. on the waterline and 47ft. over all, and spreads 1,500ft. of canvas.

Thus far but four yachts have been reported as built for the trial races—Genesee, Prairie, Josephine and Veva. It is now reported that the Racine Boat Manufacturing Company has a 35-footer ready for Mr. George Warrington, of Chicago.

The newspapers on both sides of the line are already exchanging compliments, as follows:

CHICAGO, June 16.—At the present time there are three Canadian cup defenders in the water. The Canadians are preparing a warm defense for the Chicago Y. C. when it goes to Toronto in August to bring back the Canada cup. Of the three boats, there is but one that is seriously feared by the Chicagoans, and that is Duggan's Toronto. Duggan has a reputation for building boats with an ability to get over the water like a hungry greyhound going after a fat rabbit. His boat is a centerboard, and is said to be built on the principle of one-raters—rather on the skimming-dish pattern, and as fast as it is able to make 'em. The Toronto has lead on the centerboard, with a lead shoe on the bottom. She has no inside ballast, and at present is being fitted out with three suits of sails.

That Fearnside boat, the Hamilton, is now in commission, but those who have seen her do not express any great admiration for her. Canadians who would like to see the Chicago Y. C. win out say that there will be nothing to fear from the Hamilton. She is shy considerable lead on her keel, and will not be able to show her heels to any one unless this is remedied, so they think up north.

The first Canadian boat in the water was the Myrtle, and since her launching she has done nothing to set the world afire. Like the Hamilton, she needs more lead on the keel, and even with the additional ballast will not be fast enough to win out, the critics say. She is rated as about a match for the Erma.

Hamilton.—Reports from Rochester are to the effect that in the first of a series of yacht races, off Charlotte, for the Fisher cup, the Rochester Canada cup challenger Genesee was badly beaten by the Verona, a 27-footer built by Weir, of this city, and sold last year to a Rochester syndicate. As the cup defender now being built by Mr. Weir is expected to prove many minutes faster than the much smaller Verona, it would appear that the Genesee, at least, of the American challengers, might as well be counted out of the game.

Royal Hamilton Y. C.

HAMILTON—BURLINGTON BAY.

Saturday, June 10.

THE first race of the new 35ft. class on the Lakes was sailed at Hamilton on June 10, the starters being the fin-keel Hamilton, designed by J. H. Fearnside, and the fin-keel Myrtle, designed by Wm. Burnside. The two yachts are new and but recently launched. Hamilton carried an old and small suit of canvas belonging to the old Nadia, her new sails not being ready. Myrtle had her new canvas. Under the circumstances the race cannot be considered as a fair test. The wind was light from the east. The times were:

35ft. Class—Start, 2:35.			
	Finish.		Elapsed.
Myrtle	5 21 45		3 48 45
Hamilton	5 31 28		3 58 23
Skiffs—16ft. Class—Start, 3:00			
Sothis	4 57 50		1 57 50
Flight	5 01 10		2 01 10
Sara	5 02 05		2 02 05
Rippah	5 05 45		2 05 45
Amah	5 08 20		2 08 20
Sheila	5 08 10		2 08 10
Sultana	5 14 30		2 14 30
Thetis	5 15 45		2 15 45

Yacht Designing.—XXXII.

BY W. P. STEPHENS.

(Continued from page 458, June 10.)

PROBLEM VIII.—To describe an arc of given radius through two given points. Let A and B, Fig. 82, be the given points; set the compasses to the given radius, and from A and B in turn describe the short intersecting arcs, which will give the center of the circle. From this center with the same radius as before describe an arc which will cut the two points.

Problem IX.—To find the center of a given circle. Let ABC, Fig. 83, be the circle; draw any chord, as AB, bisect it and draw the perpendicular CD, the diameter; bisect this to find the center E.

Problem X.—To find the center of an arc of a circle. Let ABC, Fig. 84, be the arc; from any two points, A and B, with a convenient radius, describe four intersecting arcs, and repeat the process with the opposite points B and C. Draw through these intersections the lines DE and GF, which will intersect at the center of the circle H.

Problem XI.—To describe an arc of a circle through three points when the center is not accessible. It is frequently necessary to lay out a portion of a circle of such large diameter that it cannot be swept by anything in the nature of the compasses, beam compasses or trammels; as in the case of the deck beams of a large vessel. Several methods are used, the principal ones being as follows:

First Method—Mechanical.—At two points of the required circle, AB, some distance apart, pins or nails are driven, as in Fig. 85. Two straight rulers are then fastened firmly together at such an angle that, when each is in contact with one of the pins, the intersection of their outer edges, C, coincides with a third point of the required arc. The point of a pencil is then held firmly at the intersection, and the rulers are moved, being always in contact with the pins, describing an arc of a circle. The apparatus may be made in permanent form, adjustable to any circle, the two rulers being hinged at C with a brace and clamping screw to hold them in the required position.

Second Method.—Let ADB, Fig. 86, be the required arc, as for instance when the chord AB represents the length of a deck beam and the distance CD the round up of the beam. Draw BD, and at right angles to it BE; also DE parallel to AB. Divide the half chord CB into any number of equal parts, as at 1, 2, 3; and DE into the same number of parts, $1^1, 2^1, 3^1$. Join the corresponding points of division 1, 1^1 , etc. Draw BF perpendicular to AB, and divide it into the same number of equal parts as CB, as at a, b, c. Draw the lines Da, Db, Dc; the intersection of 1, 1^1 and Da, of 2, 2^1 and Db, and of 3, 3^1 and Dc, will be points of the required circular arc.

Third Method.—In Fig. 87 draw DB, and from C the line CE perpendicular to DB; lay off FE equal to FC; then the angle EDB will be equal to the angle CDB. Divide CD and DE into any number of equal parts. Draw BG perpendicular to AB and in length twice CD, and divide it into the same number of equal parts. The intersections of 1, a, 1^1 , B, etc., will be points of the curve.

Fourth Method.—Let AB, Fig. 88, be the length, and CD the round. From C, with a radius SD, describe the arc D, a, b, c, E. Divide CE into any number of equal parts, as at 1, 2, 3; and CB and the arc DE into the same number, at a, b, c. Also divide CB at $1^1, 2^1$ and 3^1 , and erect perpendiculars at each point. Take the distance 1, a with the dividers and lay it off on $1^1, a^1$, and the other distances on their corresponding perpendiculars, $2^1, b^1$ and $3^1, c^1$; the points a^1, b^1, c^1 , will lie in the required curve. This method, and another similar one, but still less accurate, are only approximate; but the error is small when the span AB is great in comparison with the rise CD, as in the case of a deck beam; and the operation is simpler and shorter than the preceding ones.

After one-half of the required arc has been described by one of the above methods, the same operation may be repeated for the other half; but the same end may be attained more speedily and easily by erecting perpendiculars at corresponding points of each half, as in Fig. 86, and transferring the distances already found in the first half to the proper positions in the second.

Problem XII.—To describe a parabolic arc through two points. Let A and B, Fig. 89, be the points, and AC a tangent to the required curve. Draw CB and divide it into any number of equal parts, and divide AC into the same number. Erect perpendiculars at each point of division on AC, and join each point on CB with A by the lines A, 1^1 , etc. Number the divisions of AC from A and those of CB from B, as shown; the intersections of the lines having similar numbers, 1, 1^1 , 2, 2^1 , etc., will be points of a parabolic curve tangent to AC at A.

Problem XIII.—To describe a curve of *versed sines*. Let AB, Fig. 90, be the base of the required curve and AD its height. Bisect AD in C and from this center describe the semi-circle passing through A and D. Divide AB into any number of equal parts, and also the semi-circle AD into the same number of equal parts. The distance A, a, the *versed sine* of the arc A, 1^1 , is set off on the first perpendicular, 1, a^1 ; the distance A, b, the *versed sine* of A, 2^1 , is set off at 2, b^1 , and each of the other distances from AB to the points of division of the semi-circle is set off on its perpendicular, giving a series of points on the required curve. This curve is symmetrical, the half BE being an exact reverse of DE, the two being tangent at E; while the curve is tangent at B to the base AB, and at D to a line parallel to AB. It is the easiest and most natural curve by which two parallel lines can be united. It is familiar by name to the tyro in designing in connection with the well-known investigations and theories of the late J. Scott Russell and with the now accepted theory of the curve of areas that has replaced them.

Problem XIV.—To describe a *trochoid*. The *trochoid* is a fuller curve than the *curve of versed sines*, and while, in theory, the latter is used to govern the disposition of the displacement in the fore body of a vessel, the *trochoid* is used for the run or after body. Its construction is similar to that of the *curve of versed sines*, as in Problem XIII., up to a certain point; but after the *versed sine* is set off, as at 1, a^1 , Fig. 91, the *sine* of the arc a, 1^1 , is set off horizontally, giving a point, a^{11} , on the required curve. In actual construction, after the arc AD and the

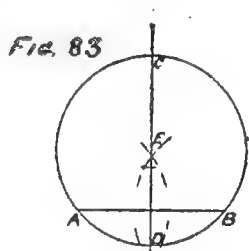
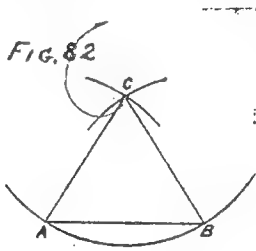


FIG. 84

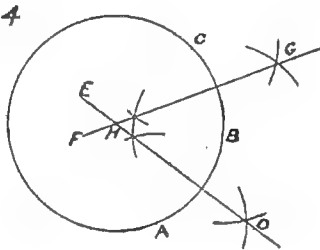


FIG. 85

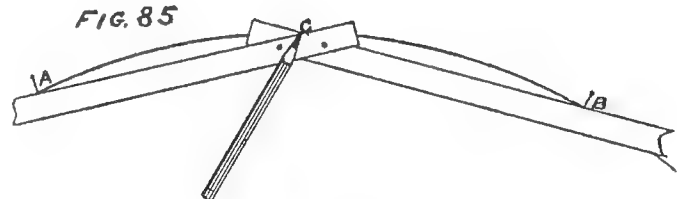


FIG. 86

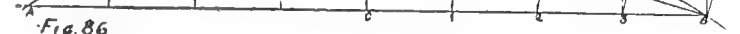


FIG. 87



FIG. 88

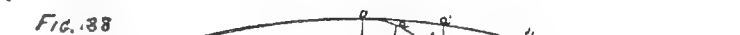


FIG. 89



base AB are divided, lines are drawn from A through the points of division of the arc A, 1^1 , A, 2^1 , etc., and a line parallel to each is drawn through the corresponding point of division; thus a line parallel and equal in length to A, 5^1 is drawn through 5 and similarly through the other points.

In dealing with any curve too large to be described by instruments, a number of points on the curve are located by means of measurements according to one of several methods. The simplest method is by means of what are termed *rectangular co-ordinates*, or *abscissas* and *ordinates*; the position of each point being determined by its distances from two given lines. Thus in Fig. 90 the point b^1 may be located by measuring the distance A, 2 along the line AB, and also the distance 2, b^1 vertically from AB. The two lines AB and AD are known as the *co-ordinate axes*, the horizontal line AB being called the *axis of abscissas*, and the vertical line AD the *axis of ordinates*. The distance of a point from the *axis of ordinates* measured on a line parallel to the *axis of abscissas*, is called the *abscissa* of the point; and similarly, the distance from the *axis of abscissas*, measured parallel to the *axis of ordinates*, is called the *ordinate*. Thus the *abscissa* of the point b^1 is the distance b, b^1 , or its equivalent, A, 2; and the *ordinate* of the same point is 2, b^1 or A, b.

The term *ordinate* is in constant use in designing, indicating the distance of a point from a line. Usually the line is horizontal, as in the sheer and half breadth plans, and the distances are measured vertically; but in some cases, as in the body plan, the ordinate may be the horizontal distance along a level line from the vertical center line.

In the case of the curve DEB, Fig. 90, the *abscissas* would be the distances A, 5, A, 4, etc., along AB, and the ordinates the distances 5, d^1 , 4, c^1 , etc., measured on the perpendiculars through the different stations.

In *analytical geometry*, from which the terms *abscissa* and *ordinate* are derived, the *abscissas* are measured from AD on or parallel to the line AB of indefinite length. In naval architecture the line AB is always assumed to be of a definite length, as for instance the load water line, and to be divided into an even number of equal parts. While the term *ordinate* is retained to indicate the distance of a point from some given line, the term *abscissa*, which would practically indicate the distance along the line at which the measurement was made, is dropped. In place of it the term *interval* is used to indicate the length of the equal parts into which the line is divided, while

the points marked by the intervals are called *stations*. In this way any curve may be readily measured, recorded and reproduced. A straight line is drawn in the general direction of the length of the curve. This base line is divided into a number of equal parts, perpendiculars are drawn to meet the curve, and the distances from the base line to each intersection are measured.

A New Interclub Challenge Cup.

THE following circular has been sent out by the Eastern Y. C.:

BOSTON, June 10.—To Members of the Eastern Y. C., the Regatta Committees of the New York, Seawanhaka Corinthian and Larchmont Yacht Clubs—Gentlemen: The Eastern Y. C., by its regatta committee, proposes to offer for competition a challenge cup substantially on the conditions stated below, and cordially asks you to send to us before June 30 any suggestions you may have to offer which would tend to produce better sport or a clearer understanding of the terms.

1. The Eastern Challenge cup is offered by the Eastern Y. C. as a perpetual challenge cup for competition by the New York, Seawanhaka Corinthian, Larchmont and Eastern yacht clubs, and such other American yacht clubs, having stations on salt water, as may from time to time be added to this list by the consent of the majority of the clubs already upon the list.

2. The yachts in competition shall always be single-masted vessels, with centerboards or fixed keels, with a waterline length not less than 39 nor more than 46ft., with a racing measurement not exceeding 51ft., according to the rules of the club holding the cup at the time of challenge, and with fixed ballast (including its fastenings) not less than 20,000lbs.

3. No frames, beams or plating of such yachts shall be of any metal other than iron or steel.

4. All challenges shall be in writing, and received before Jan. 1 of the year of the proposed race by the club then holding the cup.

5. Before April 1 the club holding the cup shall determine and announce the particular conditions of the races, which shall occur between Aug. 1 and Sept. 30.

6. Each challenge shall be decided by winning a majority in a series of three or five races, to be alternately triangular and windward and leeward, each leg to be not less than eight nautical miles in length.

7. In case of several challenges for one year, the order of sailing the respective series may be determined by lot, and the winner of each series shall defend the cup against the challenger of the next appointed series; the winner of the final series to be the winner for the year. Each series in one year shall be at the place appointed by the club to which the challenge was sent, and under their rules and management.

8. Before July 15 each challenging club shall notify the challenged club of the name and ownership of the yacht they have selected to represent them; and within one week thereafter the challenged club shall announce the name and ownership of the yacht they have selected to defend the cup against each challenge.

9. The parties to any challenge may agree upon any terms not inconsistent with paragraphs numbered 2 and 3 of this deed of gift; and, excepting this paragraph and the paragraphs 2 and 3, the terms of the deed may be amended in any year between Oct. 1 and Dec. 1 by vote of three-fourths of the clubs then eligible to challenge. By vote, at any time, of all the clubs then eligible to challenge the entire deed may be changed.

10. If for any reason the club holding the cup at any time should be dissolved, the cup shall revert to the club which last previously held it.

Please address any suggestions, before June 30, to the Regatta Committee, Eastern Y. C., Marblehead, Mass.

HENRY H. BUCK, Chairman,
HENRY HOWARD,
ODIN B. ROBERTS,
EBEN B. CLARKE, Secretary,
95 Milk street, Boston,
Regatta Committee, E. Y. C.

East Gloucester Y. C.

EAST GLOUCESTER, MASS.

Saturday, June 17.

THE East Gloucester Y. C. sailed a special race on June 17 in a light breeze, the times being:

First Class.		
Alethea, Colby & Tolman.....	1 23 41	
Rambler	1 32 11	
Second Class.		
Snap Shot, Perry.....	1 35 04	
Tuton	1 59 05	
Third Class.		
Witch, Higgins.....	1 08 22	
Imp	1 08 39	

Baltimore Y. C.—Ramsay Cup.

BALTIMORE—CHESAPEAKE BAY.

Saturday, June 10.

THE Baltimore Y. C. sailed a race on June 10 for a cup presented by Vice-Com. Ramsay. The wind was fresh N.E., and the times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Albatross	10 58 48	1 11 38	2 12 50
Nepenthe	10 58 15	1 25 10	2 26 55
Flossie	10 58 10	1 29 40	2 31 30
Seymour	11 01 00	1 45 50	2 44 50

As the yachts had not been measured, the winner is not known.

Cohasset Y. C.

COHASSET, MASS.

Saturday, June 17.

THE Cohasset Y. C. sailed its first race of the knock-about championship series on June 17 in a fresh S.E. breeze. The times were:

	Finish.
Eleanor, F. W. Moors.....	5 26 10
Delta, R. G. Williams.....	5 26 30
Nereid, W. R. Sears.....	5 27 35
Baracuta, Albert C. Burrage.....	5 30 01
Remora, Crocker & Tower.....	5 31 20
Heralda, A. Bigelow, Jr.....	5 32 24

The Yankee—Dominion Match.

DORVAL—LAKE ST. LOUIS.

June 12-15.

THE international match on Lake St. Louis last week furnished good sport for both contestants and created a good deal of interest among yachtsmen throughout the country. Naturally, one side was defeated, but after sailing the match to a conclusion the visitors showed their spirit by a frank admission that they had met a faster boat. They took their defeat philosophically and without complaints and lamentations over exceptionally bad weather.

The match was made last fall, in answer to a challenge from the White Bear Y. C., of White Bear Lake, Minnesota, to the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. Immediately after the victory of Dominion last August, when it was rumored that the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. would adopt retaliatory measures against the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. for having admitted the double-bilged yacht Dominion as its representative in defending the Seawanhaka international challenge cup, the White Bear Y. C. sent a challenge for the cup; in fact, a representative of the club visited Dorval personally for that purpose. Later on, when the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. decided to challenge again for the cup, it brought such influence to bear on the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. that the White Bear challenge was declined and its own accepted. Shortly after this the White Bear Y. C. sent a new challenge to the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. offering to race Dominion with the champion White Bear yacht of the year, Yankee; both yachts to be sailed in precisely the same trim and rig as in 1898. This second challenge was accepted, and Com. James Ross, of the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., offered a handsome cup as a prize. The conditions of the races, as to measurement, crews, courses, etc., were identical with those of the Seawanhaka cup races.

The yachts have been too frequently described to warrant a repetition. Both are freaks of the most extreme type, Yankee being a scow with a flat bottom, while Dominion has a hollow fore and aft of her bottom, making two individual and distinct bilges. Her lines were published in the FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 1, 8 and 15, 1898. The two were very carefully overhauled and polished, but no alterations were made in hulls, rigging or sails.

As already recounted, the White Bear yacht and a number of members of the club arrived at Dorval in the week preceding the races, and on Saturday, June 10, Yankee and Dominion were both under way during the day. In the evening a party of over fifty dined at the Dorval club house as the guests of the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., among them being Capt. Ordway, Messrs. C. M. Griggs, F. M. Douglas, W. S. Morton, T. L. Wann, W. J. Murray, P. C. Stohr, J. W. Taylor, O. L. Taylor, H. T. Drake, J. E. Ramaley, F. L. Wanklyn, Prof. Capper, James Paton, W. J. Joseph, J. J. Riley, Jr., F. P. Shearwood, G. H. Duggan, G. A. S. Hamilton, C. H. Routh, J. C. C. Almon, W. M. Torrance, G. R. Marler, W. A. C. Hamilton, R. Lindsay, J. Rae, Mr. Monk, W. L. Hogg, W. Davidson, A. McKim, Geo. Boulton, W. B. Chapman, T. E. Vasey, R. Fitzgibbon, W. P. Stephens, A. W. Morris and Shirley Davidson.

In the absence of Com. Ross, Mr. F. L. Wanklyn presided. Toasts were drunk, songs sung and speeches made, the evening passing very pleasantly.

First Day, Monday, June 12.

The steam yacht Dama, Vice-Com. Stephens, acted as committee boat, while the Duchess of York carried the club members and guests, including a party of ladies and gentlemen from the White Bear Y. C. The course for the first race was to windward and leeward, starting off Pointe Claire. Monday morning was almost calm. The boats towed to the line at 11 o'clock, but there was not wind enough to warrant a start. As they sailed about, Yankee showed a very long gaff and large mainsail, while her large jib had the head cut off square and laced to a bamboo yard about 18 in. long. As far as appearances go in this class, she was clumsier and even less of a yacht than Dominion, which is saying a good deal. The two were manned as follows:

Yankee.—L. P. Ordway, captain, 143½; F. M. Douglas, jib, 162½; J. A. Ramaley, main sheet, 151½; C. M. Griggs, cockpit, 142½. Total, 600.

Dominion.—G. H. Duggan, captain, 152; F. P. Shearwood, jib, 149; W. A. C. Hamilton, main sheet, 140½; Ed. Boulton, cockpit, 144½. Total, 586.

Yankee's crew had been so close to the limit of 600 lbs. that some training was necessary to get them in.

At 2:15 the preparatory signal was given, the wind by this time being strong enough for a start, from S.W. Ten minutes later the starting signal was given, Dominion going over the line first, to windward of Yankee, both on starboard tack. The water was smooth and the wind variable in force, but gradually increasing. Dominion increased her lead steadily from the start, and had a couple of minutes clear at the windward mark:

Dominion2 59 28 Yankee3 01 28

They ran down wind with a little gain for Yankee, the end of the round being timed:

Dominion3 16 03 Yankee3 17 17

On the second round the S.W. wind was strong enough to kick up a sea, which hindered Yankee, and she lost several minutes, the outer mark being timed:

Dominion3 45 40 Yanke3 50 32

Dominion set her spinnaker, but the pole fell and let the sail into the water for a short time. Yankee set hers very promptly. The wind fell on this leg and shifted to the south, so that spinners came in and balloon jibs were set. The end of the second round was timed:

Dominion4 05 20 Yankee4 10 50

Dominion gained 38s. on the run, giving her a lead of 5m. 30s.

The last round was sailed in a light and variable wind that gave no tests of the boats. Yankee gained a little on the windward work, and lost a great deal by the wind's vagaries on the last leg. The outer mark was timed:

Dominion4 38 35 Yankee4 43 30

The finish was timed:

	Elapsed.	
Dominion	5 09 32	2 44 32 0 09 58
Yankee	5 19 30	2 54 30

Second Day, Tuesday, June 13.

There was a hot sun on Tuesday morning, but a lively S.W. wind, and plenty of sea. The course was triangular, the first leg S.W. toward Isle Perrot, the second in toward Beaconsfield. The start was made at 1:02:22, both boats having two reefs turned in and second jibs set. Though Dominion was first over the line, Yankee was close on her weather quarter, and in a good berth. In a very short time, however, Dominion served her as she did Challenger last year, walking out from under her lee and broad across her bows to a windward berth. When about half way to the first mark, Dominion shook out her second reef; Yankee held her well, however, and was but 45s. astern at the turn, the times being:

Dominion1 22 33 Yankee1 23 18

Running down the wind, Dominion failed for a time to pick up the second mark, and overstood a little. Yankee gained on her, and they turned the second mark together:

Dominion1 34 07 Yankee1 34 12

They jibed at the mark, and Dominion's starboard backstay fouled the spreader and was not set up, her mast going over the side. The White Bear men offered to call the race off, but they were ordered by the committee to sail the course, which they did, finishing the second round at 2:40:15, the race being awarded to them. Dominion was taken in tow for Dorval, and on arrival there a new mast was promptly shipped in readiness for the next day.

Third Day, Wednesday, June 14.

The wind on Wednesday was N.E., at times quite fresh and then falling. The start was made off Beaconsfield, the windward mark being off Pointe Claire. When they got away, at 1:28, Dominion led, but with Yankee on her weather quarter. As on the preceding day, Dominion soon worked out a lead, and at the weather mark she was 2m. 55s. ahead, the times being:

Dominion1 50 04 Yankee1 52 57

On the run Yankee picked up a little, the end of the round being timed:

Dominion2 08 20 Yankee2 10 36

There was more wind on the second round, but Dominion made very little gain; she failed to fetch the mark, and had to make a short hitch. The times were:

Dominion2 29 15 Yankee2 32 05

The run home was made in a lighter breeze, the round being finished:

Dominion2 48 05 Yankee2 51 49

The last round was sailed in a light wind, the outer mark being timed:

Dominion3 10 15 Yankee3 13 53

The finish was timed:

Dominion3 27 30 Yankee3 30 08

Fourth Day, Thursday, June 15.

What proved to be the final race was sailed on Thursday, over the triangular course in a wind that was from the N.E., but variable both in direction and force, at times dropping to a calm, at other times giving the crews all they wanted in the way of hiking exercise. The day was cloudy and unpleasant, and it rained from the start almost to the finish. The triangular course was sailed, to the Beaconsfield mark first, a reach; then a reach to the Isle Perrot mark, and a beat home, three rounds.

The start was given at 1:54, Dominion crossing first. Both carried balloon jibs. Dominion gained on the first leg, the times at the turn being:

Dominion2 09 15 Yankee2 10 00

They jibed over and carried the ballooners to the second mark, where they were timed:

Dominion2 22 00 Yankee2 24 45

It was now dead to windward, and in a fresher breeze. The two were separated in the tacking, and for a time Yankee had all the wind she wanted; the end of the round, however, showed a gain of 1m. 55s. on this leg for Dominion, or 4m. 40s. for the four miles.

Dominion2 42 10 Yankee2 46 50

On the next leg the wind fell light and shifted so far to the east that spinners were set, the rain meanwhile falling heavily. The times at the Beaconsfield mark were:

Dominion3 01 00 Yankee3 07 00

They set balloon jibs on the reach to the second mark, and the wind freshened at times, Yankee picking up 1m. 23s. The turn was timed:

Dominion3 13 00 Yankee3 18 23

Dominion made the last leg without a tack, but Yankee got in a short hitch at the beginning, which was unnecessary. The end of the round was timed:

Dominion3 24 20 Yankee3 29 02

Dominion had a lead of 4m. 42s. at the start of the third round, both setting spinners. Though the rain finally stopped at this time, the wind died out with it, leaving Yankee to drift. The first mark was timed:

Dominion3 44 45 Yankee4 03 35

On the next leg this fluke was reversed, Dominion being becalmed while Yankee made up 12m. on her; the second mark being timed:

Dominion4 11 25 Yankee4 17 45

The last leg was a close reach, but at the line Dominion had to make an extra tack. Yankee gained on this leg, so that the finish was timed:

Dominion4 29 10 Yankee4 31 32

Dominion won by 2m. 22s., making her the winner of the series and the owner of the Ross cup. Yankee was shipped back to White Bear Lake on the following day.

On Saturday evening, prior to the departure of the Western yachtsmen, a dinner was given by them to Mr. Duggan, on board the private car, those present being Captain Ordway, Mr. Oscar Taylor, Mr. Murray, Mr. Reid, the designer; Mr. Ramaley, the builder of Yankee; Mr. Douglas, and Messrs. Wm. Davidson and W. B. Chapman, of Montreal. After the dinner, at 8 P. M., the car started west.

Morrisania Y. C. Annual Regatta.

CASANOVA—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Sunday, June 11.

THE Morrisania Y. C. sailed its fourth annual spring regatta on June 11, the course being from Casanova, East River, around the Gangway Buoy, for the larger yachts, and around the Stepping Stones for the smaller. There was a fresh breeze at the start, but it soon fell, and the greater part of the race was a drift. The times were:

Class A—Sloops Over 30ft.	Length.	Start.	Finish.
Florence, G. Schroeder.....	34.06	11 51 00	4 20 00
Yankee, A. W. Strong.....	34.00	11 52 00	6 00 00

Class B—Sloops—25 to 30ft.	Length.	Start.	Finish.
Water Lily, McLoughlin.....	27.02	11 58 00	5 28 00
Connie, G. Ollweiler.....	27.02	11 58 15	5 56 00
Gracie S., R. Sheppard.....	27.01	11 54 00
Peerless, C. Hendricks.....	27.05	11 58 10	5 44 00

Class C—Cabin Jib and Mainsail—17 to 25ft.	Length.	Start.	Finish.
Psyche, D. Macherwirth.....	21.03	12 08 00	4 40 00
Iolanthe, C. Marshall.....	22.09	12 09 00	3 27 05
Niagara, J. Meyer.....	24.07	12 09 00	6 04 00

Class D—Open Jib and Mainsail—17 to 25ft.	Length.	Start.	Finish.
Mamie K., E. Kiel.....	22.06	12 14 40	5 07 00
Sport, H. Booth.....	19.02	12 16 30	5 06 00
Ideal, J. Coldrum.....	19.00	12 14 30	3 42 00

Class E—Cabin Cats—25 to 30ft.	Length.	Start.	Finish.
Aller, J. Nafis.....	25.10	12 02 50	5 25 00
Lou, Geo. J. Oakes.....	28.04	12 03 05	4 33 30
Allegro, E. Miller.....	26.00	12 20 00

Class G—Open Cats—17 to 25ft.	Length.	Start.	Finish.
Fairy, C. Look.....	20.06	12 20 30
Pastime, E. V. Bergin.....	18.10½	12 20 28
Venus, J. Sassenscheid.....	18.01	12 20 50	4 14 00
Genesee, J. Cadogan.....	22.00	12 21 20	4 06 00

Class H—Open Cats—Under 17ft.	Length.	Start.	Finish.
Henry, C. Algoever.....	16.10	12 26 50	2 15 00
Teresa T., J. Toole.....	17.00	12 29 50
Mamie R., M. Rehm.....	16.10	12 28 00
Little Dean, N. Rae.....	16.00	12 30 00	2 13 00
Captain, A. Armstrong.....	16.07	12 31 00	2 03 00

The winners were: Class A, Florence; Class B, Water Lily; Class C, Iolanthe; Class D, Ideal; Class E, Lou; Class G, Genesee; Class H, Captain.

Burgess Y. C.

MARBLEHEAD—MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

Saturday, June 17.

THE Burgess Y. C. sailed its thirtieth annual regatta on June 17 in the afternoon, following that of the Corinthian Y. C. in the morning. The wind was fresh, and a good race resulted, the new Peep winning in the raceabout class. The times were:

Raceabouts.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Peep, W. B. Stearns.....	2 08 15	2 08 15
Sintram, W. P. Fowle.....	2 08 43	2 08 43
Persimmon, C. H. W. Foster.....	2 09 11	2 09 11
Tunipoo, J. L. Bremer.....	2 09 25	2 09 25
Pyrate, B. B. Crowninshield.....	2 09 45	2 09 45
Colleen, H. M. Sears.....	2 10 30	2 10 30
Suzanne, F. Brewster.....	2 13 30	2 13 30
Fancy, C. F. Lyman.....	2 13 54	2 13 54

Special Class A.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Sally VI., L. M. Percival.....	2 12 01	2 12 01
Sagola, L. Stanley.....	2 17 00	2 17 00
Nameless, W. H. Stewart.....	2 25 55	2 25 55

Handicap Knockabouts—Class K.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Opitsah, S. M. Foster.....	1 36 52	1 36 52
Agnes, D. C. Holder.....	1 43 50	1 41 45
Carina, J. P. Clark.....	1 43 58	1 41 53
Aspanet, H. A. Morss.....	1 47 57	1 43 52

Special Class B.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Plover, W. H. Chamberlain.....	1 44 26	1 44 26
Cyclone, T. G. Macomber, Jr.....	1 54 18	1 54 18

Gunning Boats.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Ha Ha, A. Whitmore.....	1 58 07	1 58 07
Woodcock, F. Dupar.....	2 04 43	2 04 43

Corinthian Y. C., of Marblehead.

MARBLEHEAD—MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

Saturday, June 17.

THE Corinthian Y. C., of Marblehead, sailed its first championship race on June 17, starting at 10:20 A. M., the wind being light S.E. The times were:

Raceabouts.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Jilt, W. O. Gay.....	2 13 35	2 13 35
Pyrate, B. B. Crowninshield.....	2 13 55	2 13 55
Tunipoo, J. L. Bremer.....	2 16 35	2 16 35
Colleen, H. M. Sears.....	2 16 54	2 16 54
Sintram, W. P. Fowle.....	2 17 54	2 17 54
Fancy, C. F. Lyman.....	2 19 13	2 19 13
Peep, W. B. Stearns.....	2 20 30	2 20 30
Suzanne, F. Brewster.....	2 21 00	2 21 00
Persimmon, C. H. W. Foster.....	2 21 33	2 21 33

Class C.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Rowena, W. H. Rothwell.....	1 23 20	1 21 20
Sally IV., L. M. Percival.....	1 22 50	1 22 50
Sagamore, A. Lawson.....	1 30 00	1 29 00
Koorali, R. C. Robbins.....	Did not finish.

Class D.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Opitsah, S. H. Foster.....	1 32 46	1 32 46
Agnes, D. C. Holder.....	1 35 40	1 33 10
Aspanet, H. A. Morss.....	1 38 25	1 34 01
Carena, J. P. Clark.....	1 36 56	1 34 26
Fifi, J. Jennings.....	1 40 27	1 36 16
Maia, Everett Paine.....	1 40 31	1 38 01
Spray, W. L. Cropley.....	1 38 46	1 38 46

Squantum Y. C.

Saturday, June 17.

THE Squantum Y. C. sailed its first championship race on June 17 in a light breeze, the times being:

First Class.	Corrected.	Corrected.
Wild Duck.....	1 04 09	Alberta1 26 45
Tomahawk.....	1 04 16

Second Class.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Freckle.....	1 16 37	Mary C.....1 25 50
Zoe.....	1 18 22	Juanita.....1 26 47
Maude.....	1 25 28

Freckle protested Zoe for fouling on the line.

Royal Canadian Y. C.

ON June 10 the Royal Canadian Y. C. sailed a cruising race from Toronto to Niagara, the starters being Canada, Merrythought, Vivia and Vreda. Merrythought beat Canada by 11m. 15s., the others not being timed. On the same day a race was sailed in the bay between Wona, the old Burgess boat, and Sylvia, the times being, start 3:00:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Sylvia.....	5 05 25	2 05 25
Wona.....	5 37 01	2 37 01

Government Model-Making.

THE following interesting description of the model of warships and their construction is from the New York Times. The business is an art in itself, delicate and expensive beyond the ideas of the casual spectator who sees these models on exhibition:

Not many days ago the Washington papers gave an account of the accidental death from asphyxiation of James A. Marceron, an aged modelmaker employed for many years at the Washington Navy Yard. Interest in the announcement was increased by the statement that he had constructed many of the models of warships shown in the halls of the Navy Department, most of which have been seen at the different expositions in the country since the department began to make a collection of models to illustrate types of ships added to the navy.

Marceron had been employed by the Navy Department for many years. Long before the full models now made were manufactured, he helped to construct the half models formerly constructed, but since the custom of making full models, complete in every particular, was adopted, and the force was increased from two or three modelmakers to a force sometimes as large as twenty men, he had been only one of many model constructors, some of whom are very skillful.

The model shop, which is a part of the Bureau of Construction and Repair, and under the direction of Rear Admiral Hichborn, Chief Constructor of the navy, is a part of an ancient shiphouse in the Navy Yard. It is in the northwest corner of the house sheltering the marine railway, up which is now and then hauled a small vessel needing to be docked and renovated. There is a suite of rooms, running alongside the new model tank on one side and overlooking the lofty interior of the shiphouse on the other side. Once there was a smell of oakum and clutter of stores about the place, but the odor of the oakum has departed, and there are few stores about now to make a clutter. At the end of the dock the Fern, a little vessel that was greatly in evidence a year ago, is tied up to wait the use of the District Naval Militia, and not far away are the battered trophies brought from the wrecks of Cervera's fleet.

Two of the rooms in this model department are ordinary offices, with an odd cupboard or two that seem to be old. Further back are the workshops. Against the walls of the workshops there are some old half models of hulls, one an unnamed large vessel, designed for steam, but having the lines of a sailing ship. Near by is the model of the Jamestown, now a training ship, her fighting days long passed. Upon a bench is another model, the oldest in the place. It is a finely made half model of the old ship-of-the-line United States, with a proud bow and elaborately carved stern, her sides pierced for twenty-eight guns, and room aboard for fifty. This is a fine specimen of the oldtime model. Upon another bench, drawing near to completion under the hands of the latter-day modelmaker, is a miniature battleship Iowa, glistening with red below, and creamy white above the waterline. From keel to truck, from stern to stern, she is in little an exact copy of the warrior cruiser that alone left 4in. marks on three of the armored cruisers of Cervera.

It is a beautiful piece of work. As it is still in the workman's hands, not yet protected by the glass case soon to be put over it to exclude the dust and the curious fingers of admiring crowds, it may be examined closely, and it is seen that the features to be found on the designer's drawings are all to be found in the model. Bilge keels, hawse holes, gangways, sponsons, shutters, armor, stanchions, auxiliary engines, cranes, davits, skylights, steam launches, the whole outfit of boats, everything to be found on the real Iowa, is faithfully reproduced here, so that one might not be surprised to find that the model was a practicable one, and that the wicked little 4in. guns might presently bark out a salute or a disastrous broadside.

This little battleship, so pretty in its red, white and buff, with brasswork all aglow, is almost as fine a piece of construction as a watch. Indeed, much of the minute work upon it was constructed with jewelers' tools and put together with all the care of a timepiece. The hull is made of pine wood, carefully selected for the purpose. With the blue-print designs from the Bureau of Construction before him, and working on a scale of 1/4 in. to the foot, the builder lays first the keel-piece, then carves out another plank to make a horizontal section of the hull and glues it firmly above the keel-piece, and by successive layers, each carrying approximately the shape of the hull for a new section, wood is added until the hull model is completed. As the solid hull would be unnecessarily heavy, parts of it are made hollow, but enough is solid to give the hull immunity from shrinking.

Rough edges remain after the shaping and building up of the hull, and these are carefully finished off with knife and plane and glass and sandpaper before the paint is applied. Meanwhile other modelmakers are at work. The guns of different calibers are made from the finest steel. Their mounts are built in exact imitation of the big mounts constructed in the gun foundry. The stays, cables, awning and other fixtures are prepared, as none of these articles can be purchased from any trade stock. No one carries imitations of anchor cables in stock. A laughable story is told by Chief Constructor Hichborn concerning the first attempts to get men to work skillfully upon the minute parts of the models. A man was assigned to make the chains for the anchors of the Charleston, the first of the modern models made for the Navy Department. He received material and tools, and with instructions as to how the cables were to be made, he went at his work. Three days afterward he went to the Chief Constructor. "Chief," said he, "I want to be discharged." "What is the matter?" inquired Mr. Hichborn. "Well," said the man gloomily, "I don't like my job." "Why do you dislike it?" inquired the surprised Chief. "Well," explained the man, "I started three days ago to make chains. I had finished up a lot of links and left them on a paper on my bench. Last night somebody left the window open, and the wind blew the papers and links out, and I can't find them. I want to be discharged." The Chief laughed at him, and asked him to go back and begin over again, but to see thereafter that his window was shut when he was away.

Just "off the ways" in the model ship is a miniature copy of the new Kearsarge. The hull is made, and cavities in the deck show where the double turrets will be inserted that will carry the 12in. and 8in. guns. When the Iowa is off the bench and out of the hands of the finisher the Kearsarge will take her place, and before the Paris Exposition is ready for opening it is possible that the whole miniature fleet of the United States vessels will be across the ocean, to show the visitors to that exhibition some of the vessels which won for the navy in 1898 the prestige it is now enjoying. The model fleet is one of types rather than a complete reproduction of the ships of the navy. It includes in the completed and incomplete list the battleships Kearsarge, Iowa, Massachusetts, Maine and Texas; the armored cruiser New York, the ram Katahdin, the monitors Monterey and Miantonomah, and the cruisers Atlanta, Baltimore, Charleston, Columbia, Newark, Olympia, Yorktown, Bancroft, Helena, Nashville, Petrel, Annapolis and Wheeling. There is also a model of the torpedo dynamite vessel Vesuvius, and one of the old Kearsarge.

The models are expensive. The largest (like the New York and the Columbia) cost \$7,000 each, the smallest about \$2,000, including the cases. While the expense seems to be a good deal, amounting up to date for the fleet of models, something like \$75,000, the Navy Department does not consider it money wasted. From the time the first model was made, and it was shown at distant interior points, the models have been the best exhibit to the people of the growing navy. Talk about "big ships" is all very well, but not until a large number of people in the interior saw the models of the battleships did they seem to be anything more than mere names and expensive promises of power. Some of the Representatives in Congress from interior States would have prevented the construction of the expensive battleships if they could have had their way. The exhibition of the models and their explanation by naval officers who exhibited them, weaned the Western voter from the idea of economy at any cost of National pride, and as they have traveled about the country the models have proved to be eloquent lecturers to and proselyters of the men who had been led to believe that this country had no use for battleships, and was not likely to get into war with those who were spending money for such expensive luxuries. Pride in names, too, has had something to do with increasing interest in "our" ships, so that before Dewey and Schley and Sampson had made the fighting record for the navy the inland citizen was prepared to take a very keen interest in the movements and achievements of naval vessels, small and great.

The completed models are to be seen, ordinarily, in the hall in the main entrance to the Navy Department in this city, and in the hall above, just outside the door to the reception room of the Secretary of the Navy. The New York, Massachusetts, Columbia and Maine have the most conspicuous positions. The model of the Maine is not quite satisfactory, as it was made before the final changes in the vessel and therefore is not a correct reproduction of the battleship as she was when blown up in Havana Harbor. The model has three masts, while the Maine had but

two. The models of the Maine, Yorktown, Petrel, Baltimore and Newark were made before the order was given by Secretary Whitney for painting the ships white. They are painted black above and red below the waterline, while all the later vessels are in white, red and buff.

Larchmont Y. C. Spring Regatta.

LARCHMONT—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, June 17.

THE annual spring regatta of the Larchmont Y. C. on June 17 promised to be a fine race, with the new Acushla II. entered against Syce and Kestrel and good entries in other classes. Unfortunately there was so little wind that the fleet barely covered the shortened courses, and the times show nothing of the merits of the boats.

Schooners—Class B.		
Colonia, C. A. Postley.....	Length.....93.13	Elapsed.....6 45 54
Schooners—Class D.		
Amorita, W. S. Brokaw.....	M.....74.92
Quisetta, R. L. Lippitt.....71.17	6 56 35
Schooners—Class F.		
Clorita, P. F. Dodge.....51.46	6 20 35
Uncas, Chas. Buchanan.....	7 14 05
Sloops—Class K.		
Syce, Fred Hoyt.....50.86	4 31 06
Kestrel, J. B. Miles.....48.37	4 15 19
Acushla II., Wilmer Hanan.....51.00	4 30 11
Sloops—Class L.		
Hussar, J. D. Baird.....39.05	7 11 57
Liris, C. B. Hendricks.....48.00	5 10 55
Sloops—Class M.		
Anatok, O. Sanderson.....34.00	4 35 30
Possum, H. L. Maxwell.....35.00	5 32 21
Memory, E. H. Morton.....34.17	Did not fin.
Sultan, J. Somerville.....37.10
Albion, S. J. Hyde.....41.00	5 29 21
Sloops—Class N.		
Newasi, A. H. W. Johnson.....28.03
Narika, J. T. Cornell.....	5 32 33
30ft. Class.		
Hera, R. N. Ellis.....30.00	4 41 10
Esperanza, H. O. Havemeyer.....30.00	4 49 56
Sloops—Class P.		
Skuumaug, L. Duryea.....24.00
Mainsail Yachts—Class S.		
Kit, M. E. Bellows.....30.00	5 25 47
Dot, C. T. Pierce.....29.58	5 28 12
Mainsail Yachts—Class T.		
Idler, P. J. Kane.....21.30	3 12 57
Win or Lose, I. S. Appleby.....23.50	2 39 06
Florence, O. M. Olker.....22.04	3 52 56
Mainsail Yachts—Class V.		
Mynab, T. J. S. Flint.....15.15	2 59 15
Lobster, T. J. S. Flint.....	3 12 05
Ox, W. N. Bovier.....19.02	3 18 46
Spunk, C. E. Silkworth.....19.00	3 06 23
Kazaza.....	3 52 00
Miriam.....19.36	3 08 45
Constance, C. Cowie.....20.00	3 09 56
25ft. Knockabouts.		
Alyce, W. Hennen.....25.00	5 01 48
Oiseau, J. R. Maxwell.....25.00	4 38 02
21ft. Knockabouts.		
Cockatoo, H. L. Eno.....21.00	4 57 29
Kittie, H. Morse.....21.00	5 05 47
Speedrift, S. E. Pirie.....21.00	Did not fin.
21ft. Knockabouts (S. C. Y. C.).		
Midge, F. W. Boyce.....21.00	4 59 48
Tosto.....21.00	Did not fin.
Lucille, Daniel Bacon.....21.00	5 08 13

Shackamaxon Y. C. Annual Regatta.

PHILADELPHIA—DELAWARE RIVER.

Sunday, June 11.

THE twelfth annual regatta of the Shackamaxon Y. C. was sailed on June 11, the course being around the Wheat-sheaf Buoy, twenty-nine miles, with a time limit of seven hours. A fresh N.W. wind hurried the yachts down the river and a shift to the south brought them home. The times were:

Fourth Class—Duckers—Start, 11:53.		
McGinty, W. Claussen.....	Outer Mark.....2 41 00	Finish.....5 15 00
Albert S., C. Shallcross.....2 43 00	5 15 15
John Hirst, J. Hirst.....2 47 00	5 21 30
Third Class—Duckers—Start, 11:59.		
Howard G., H. Anderson.....2 40 00	5 12 12
George B., George Post.....2 45 00	5 13 15
Woodman & Florrie, J. Herr.....2 46 00	5 16 00
Freda K., H. Quinn.....2 44 00	5 17 15
Second Class—Duckers—Start, 12:07.		
Lottie W., E. Winters.....2 42 00	5 13 30
Anna, J. E. Brewer.....2 43 00	5 15 30
Igidius, D. B. Sharp.....2 44 00	5 17 00
Second Class—Tuckups—Start, 12:15.		
Emma, H. Blatz.....2 42 00	5 11 00
Millie, B. Wilson.....2 46 00	5 15 00
Sallie, B. J. Ormrod.....2 53 00	5 24 00
Maggie, I. Jones.....2 53 00	5 25 00
Open Yachts—Start, 12:18.		
John Engle, J. Hassenphat.....2 26 00	5 46 00
Royden, F. Barrett.....2 42 00	4 54 00
Two Harrys, J. Ritter.....2 40 00	4 54 15

Windward Y. C.

BROOKLYN—NEW YORK BAY.

Sunday, June 11.

THE Windward Y. C. sailed its first race on June 11 in a fresh south wind, the times being:

Class A—Sloops and Cabin Cats Over 25ft.		
Miranda.....	Start.....11 56 15	Finish.....2 16 30
White Cap.....11 57 30	2 41 10
Curlew.....11 56 30	2 14 45
Class B—Cabin Cats Under 25ft.		
Chip.....11 56 20	2 21 30
Dolphin.....11 56 18	2 26 55
Florence.....11 56 45	2 22 50
Class C—Open Cats Over 18ft.		
Bonito.....11 59 35	2 43 25
Etta.....11 59 55	2 41 20
In It.....11 59 30	2 24 00
Class D—Open Cats Under 18ft.		
Coot.....12 00 00	1 33 00
Rags.....12 01 08	1 31 15
Ruth.....12 01 45	1 31 25

Queen City Y. C.

ON June 10 the Queen City Y. C. sailed a race for the 17ft. class on Toronto Bay in a light south wind, the times being, start 2:45:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Mayfly.....	5 05 00	2 20 00
Turtle.....	2 09 00	2 24 00
In It.....	2 09 03	2 24 03
Block.....	Did not finish.

Hull—Massachusetts Y. C.

NAHANT—MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

Saturday, June 17.

THE annual race long ago instituted by the old Dorchester Y. C. on Bunker Hill Day and perpetuated by the Massachusetts Y. C., was sailed this year on June 17, by the newly-joined Hull-Massachusetts Y. C., over the old course off Nahant. The wind was S.E., light at the start, but freshening until there was almost a reefing breeze at the finish. The times were:

30ft. Class.		Elapsed.
Ashumet, William F. Bache.....	2 11 13
Meemer, R. C. Nickerson.....	2 11 45
Elfreda, Hall and Johnson.....	2 22 34
25ft. Class.		
Windora, W. L. Ward.....	2 11 47
Hermes, A. W. Chesterton.....	2 12 35
Little Peter, Henry Moebis.....	2 15 27
Thordis, Thomas B. Wales.....	2 16 16
Eleanor, Davis B. Clapp.....	2 16 49
Jeanette, Walter Burgess.....	2 24 49
Helene, W. S. Burgess.....	2 38 42
21ft. Class—Open.		
Heiress, C. D. Mower.....	1 58 28
Thelma, F. L. Pigeon.....	2 05 16
Bud, S. N. Small.....	2 12 18
21ft. Class—Cabin.		
Privateer, A. H. Doble.....	2 24 15
Harriet, L. T. Harrington.....	2 26 57
Dafila, H. E. Fowle.....	2 27 40
Spartan, W. C. Lewis.....	2 48 45
Arab, W. F. Scott.....	Withdraw
18ft. Class.		
Dauntless, Benner & Paffen.....	1 50 31
Duchess, Charles Hayden.....	1 52 09
Alice, F. H. Cheetham.....	2 17 30
15ft. Class.		
Ray, S. A. Freeman.....	2 03 20
Attilla, A. L. Lincoln.....	2 21 05
Bedbug, F. D. Lawley.....	Withdraw

Eleanor protests Hermes and Hermes protests Windora. The judges were E. C. Jewell, W. E. Sheriffs and T. E. Jacobs.

Beverly Y. C.

WING'S NECK—BUZZARD'S BAY.

Saturday, June 17.

THE Beverly Y. C. sailed its 274th race, the first of the season, on June 17, starting in a fresh N.E. breeze that fell to a drift. The times were:

21-Footers.		
Cyrella, R. W. Emmons.....	2 53 26
Quakeress, W. C. Harrison.....	2 55 16
Kalama, David Rice.....	Not timed
Edith, C. M. Baker.....	Not timed
Amanita, J. Crane, Jr.....	Not timed
18ft. Restricted Class.		
Poltoos, L. Bacon.....	2 09 06
Esther, E. N. Farnsworth.....	2 11 26
15ft. Restricted Class.		
Uarda, J. Parkinson.....	2 09 57
Next, Paul Jones.....	2 10 03
Flickamorr, N. F. Emmons.....	2 10 14
Peacock, Robert Winsor.....	2 15 56
Vim, F. W. Sargent, Jr.....	2 18 24
Go-Bye, L. G. King.....	2 21 51

The judges were F. E. Cabot and David Rice.

Plymouth Y. C.

PLYMOUTH, MASS.

Saturday, June 17.

THE Plymouth Y. C. sailed its second regatta on June 17 in a light breeze, the times being:

Third Class.		
Lobster, C. C. Clapp.....	1 56 56
Bobolink, L. B. Goodspeed.....	1 57 08
Maud, W. C. Hathaway.....	Withdraw
First Special Class.		
Grace, M. S. Weston, Jr.....	2 13 20
Dolphin, N. Morton.....	2 24 40
Amie, Bittinger Bros.....	2 29 40
We're Here, Oliver L. Edes.....	Withdraw
Ideal, W. T. Whitman.....	Withdraw
Second Special Class.		
Frolic, J. C. Dawes.....	1 31 51
Kittiwake II., H. M. Jones.....	1 32 47
Veritas, Alex. Holmes.....	1 35 05
Scrap, A. Holmes.....	1 30 00

American Y. C.

NEWBURYPORT, MASS.

Saturday, June 17.

THE American Y. C. sailed its first handicap race on June 17, the times being:

	Handicap.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Susie, T. Huse.....	scratch	1 31 28	1 31 00
Toddie, J. C. Todd.....	0 03 00	1 37 35	1 35 00
Dewey, R. Jacoby.....	0 04 00	1 37 25	1 35 00
Indian, A. M. Moody.....	0 06 00	1 50 25	1 44 00
Quickernawink, Little & Stone.....	0 06 00	1 47 20	1 41 00
Crackjack, Rodgrass Bros.....	0 06 00	1 53 50	1 43 00
Night Owl, E. A. Amend.....	0 07 00	Did not finish.
Voodoo, M. Currier.....	0 07 00	1 57 15	1 50 00
Ragtime, E. T. Noyes.....	0 07 00	1 57 44	1 51 00
Frisky, H. Moody.....	0 07 00	2 06 20	1 59 00
Lobster, P. A. Creeden.....	0 10 00	2 27 35	2 18 00
Celeno, H. S. Noyes.....	0 07 00	1 58 05	1 51 00

Hempstead Bay Y. C.

FREEPORT—GREAT SOUTH BAY.

Saturday, June 10.

THE opening race of the Hempstead Bay Y. C. was sailed on June 10, starting in a light N.E. wind, which soon fell to almost a calm. The times were:

Class 2—Catboats.			
	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Beulac.....	11 21 32	2 10 28	2 48 36
Mardi.....	11 20 50	2 18 53	2 58

WESTERN TRAPS.

Montgomery Ward Ninth Contest.

CHICAGO, Ill., June 16.—The ninth contest in the Montgomery Ward diamond badge series was shot off at Watson's to-day, there being eighteen entries qualified and one visitor—Fred Gilbert—who shot in with the others. The result brings out another two-times winner, George Roll, of the Blue Island Gun Club, being the victor to-day, and having won the badge once before. This ties him with Sturdevant, of Evanston Gun Club. Mr. Roll also won the high average medal to-day after tying Dr. Shaw with 15 straight. Dr. Shaw will in all probability prove the final winner of the high average medal, as he has run 15 straight and gotten into the ties a number of times, though unlucky, as to-day, in shooting out the ties.

There were eleven men tied on 15 to-day—Shaw, Roll, Hicks, Hollister, Barto, Amberg, Steck, Elias, Odell, Irwin and Magill. The first string of five cut off all but two—Roll and Steck, who had to shoot 20 birds to get at a finish. Mr. Steck missed his last bird, which gave the decision to the big man from Blue Island.

The heaviest handicap allotted was that given to Mr. Palmer, who was placed at 32yds., though he was given 2 birds. Mr. Palmer retired with 13, and ascribes it to his distance, though ordinarily a bird is thought better than a yard. The other handicaps showed less divergence than was the case earlier in these series, 29yds. and 4 birds being the most liberal allowance, while the 30yd men were in the preponderance.

The ties on 14 were four in number, White winning inside the first string of 5. Palmer won the tie on 13 in the same early stage. The following are scores of the contest:

W B Leffingwell, 30, 1.....	222122211102011	—14
S Palmer, 32, 2.....	222002211*22011	—13
Dr Shaw, 30, 1.....	1211111111212	—15
*F Gilbert, 30, 0.....	2212211110111121222222	—24
Geo Roll, 30, 0.....	12222222211112	—15
G Muff, 28, 3.....	2*00211*01101211w	
T P Hicks, 31, 2.....	0221121211111	—15
F H Hollister, 30, 2.....	02121122121111	—15
John Elias, 28, 2.....	012122110212112	—15
H Odell, 29, 4.....	21211212022121	—15
Parker, 30, 2.....	11022122121*12*	—14
Irwin, 30, 2.....	222121*120221121	—15
J R Magill, 28, 4.....	112122112212021	—15
J B Barto, 30, 2.....	221212012222222	—15
J H Amberg, 30, 2.....	2112011120122122	—15
E M Steck, 30, 2.....	222121222212012	—15
H Smith, 30, 0.....	222021212202122	—13
J L White, 30, 1.....	012021212111111	—14
H Levi, 29, 4.....	20221*1200201222222	—14

Ties on 15:	
Dr Shaw, 30, 0.....	1211*
G Roll, 30, 0.....	222222122212111212
T P Hicks, 31, 0.....	11110
F H Hollister, 30, 0.....	*
J B Barto, 30, 0.....	110
J H Amberg, 30, 0.....	10
E M Steck, 30, 0.....	12111212111122110
J Elias, 28, 0.....	12*
H Odell, 29, 1.....	11*20
Tramp Irwin, 30, 0.....	220
J R Magill, 28, 1.....	1012*

Chicago Challenge Trophy.

During the afternoon of June 16 Messrs. T. P. Hicks and Silas Palmer shot off their race for the Chicago trophy. Mr. Palmer was placed at 32yds. and Mr. Hicks at 31, the latter winning by 2 birds. The time of the race was twenty-five minutes. The birds were good and those lost seemed to have been missed clean and hardly touched. Palmer's 5th bird was a very fast one, but was killed clean with the first barrel. Hicks' 24th bird was flagged. The direction of the light wind was from left to right across the score. The following were the scores:

Palmer, 32.....	1 2 0 2 0 2 2 0 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 0 2 1 2—21
Hicks, 31.....	2 1 2 2 1 1 2 2 2 0 1 1 2 1 2 2 1 2 1 1 2 1 2 1—23

It is announced by the trustees that should no challenge from an outsider intervene, the series for this trophy will be ended by a three-cornered race between A. C. Paterson, Silas Palmer and T. P. Hicks, each of whom has won the trophy five times.

Elgin National.

Word from Mr. C. E. Middleton, somewhat delayed, tells me that the Elgin National Gun Club shoot, June 3 and 4, was very successful financially and socially. The two Chicago visitors, Messrs. Irwin and Boa, acquitted themselves very well, Boa winning high honors for the two days, running 82 straight on June 4. Other shooters were on hand from Belvidere, Fox Lake, Aurora, etc. A picnic lunch was served free daily, and everybody voted the shooting park a great success.

South Dakota Association.

The twelfth annual tournament of the South Dakota Sportsmen's Association will be held at Carlton, S. D., June 20-22, targets and live birds. The contest for the live-bird championship of South Dakota will be held on the last day of the tournament, and promises to be an interesting event. Some of the best birds purveyed by John Watson at his Burnside Park come from Dakota.

E. HOUGH.

480 CAXTON BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Eureka Gun Club.

Chicago, Ill., June 17.—To-day was ideal for shooting. A good steady breeze blew from left quarter. Some good scores were made, Fred Gilbert shooting in fine form. Mrs. Carson made her best score of the season—23 out of 25.

In the trophy, W. D. and F. P. Stannard each got 24 out of 25, winning Class A. Dr. Miller won Class B, O. J. Buck won Class C and Dr. Morton won Class D. The scores follow:

Ed Steck	110110101111111111111111—22
Cunningham	11011011011011111111001—19
O. J. Buck	0111111101101111111101—21
Mrs Carson	1101101111110100110001—17
Gilbert	1111111111111111111111—25
F P Stannard	1110111111111111111111—24
Dr Miller	110011111111111111110111—22
R B Mack	1001111101100001111111—18
Spreyde	0110111110111101101011—20
E H Ford	10001101011110100110101—15
H E Wiley	11111111111101111010111—22
W D Stannard	1111111111111111111111—24
Dr Morton	0110111101011001111111—19

The Mussey cup event, a handicap at 15 singles and 5 pairs. Won by Mr. V. L. Cunningham:

Singles.	Doubles.	H'cap.
F P Stannard, 0.....	01 11 11 10 11	—21
Mrs Carson, 6.....	10 10 01 10 10	00110—16
Gilbert	11 11 10 11 11	—23
O J Buck, 2.....	01 11 11 00 11	11—21
H E Wiley, 3.....	11 11 10 01 11	010—21
W D Stannard, 0.....	01 01 01 10 11	—21
Steck, 0.....	01 11 11 11 11	—23
Dr Miller, 0.....	01 01 11 01 01	—19
V L Cunningham, 2.....	00 11 01 11 11	10—23
E H Ford, 5.....	10 10 10 10 11	1111—20
Dr Morton, 4.....	01 00 00 10 10	111—18
R B Mack, 5.....	01 00 01 01 11	1111—23

Dr Carson.....0001011
Steck.....10 00 10—7
Cunningham.....11011 01 01 11—9

Team shoot, 25 targets:	Steck's Team.
Ed Steck	111111111111111111111110—23
Fred Gilbert	1111111111111111111111—24
H E Wiley	11011111111101101111—22
Dr Miller	101111111111111110001—21
Mrs Carson	11111110111111111001101—20—110

Stannard's Team.	
W D Stannard	1110111110111110111111—22
V L Cunningham	1111111111111011111111—24
O J Buck	1111101011111111111011—22
Dr Morton	1001100001111111110101—16
E H Ford	01100111000111111110110—17—101

Sweepstakes:	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	15	10	15	10	10	10	Targets:	15	10	15	10	10
Kehl	5	1	3	0	4		J Fanning	8	8	10
Rhodus	9		Workman	10	9
Richards	3	8	5	9	9		T Eaton	7	8	11	6	5
Dr Meek	8	10	9	8	9		E S Graham	13	10
Northcott	10	3		Hellman	11	9	13	8	..
Dr Shaw	13	8	14		O'Brien	12	4	12	..	7
Mrs Shaw	7	2		A W Fanning	4
Fanning	8	6		Northcott	7	5
Workman	8	7		Brabrook	5	..	6	3	..
N Ford	10	8	5	4	..		S M Meek	..	5
S Eaton	7	5		Strickler	..	5	9	7	4
Young	13	9	11	6	9		F Smith	..	11	5
E Eaton	5	7	10		Cornelson	..	11	7
Brabrook	4	5		Nusley	..	10	6	9	..
Dr Royce	9	4	10							

June 9.—To-day was almost a perfect day for shooting. The weather was clear, with very little wind, and some good scores were made. All shooting was over the magatrap. In the medal shoot, Adams, F. P. Stannard and W. D. Stannard tied on 24 in Class A, Dr. Miller won in Class B, Spreyde in Class C, and Mrs. Carson was high in Class D. In the handicap shoot six men tied on 25, and in the final shoot-off at 10 birds O. J. Buck won.

Trophy shoot:	
Adams, A.....	1111111111101111111111—24
W D Stannard, A.....	1111111011111111111111—24
F P Stannard, A.....	1111101111111111111111—24
Cunningham, A.....	101101111111111110011111—21
Dr Miller, B.....	1101101101101101111111—20
Spreyde, C.....	1011100111101111111111—21
Buck, C.....	1011111100000111111101—18
Mack, C.....	0110111101101000101111—17
Jones, C.....	1100000110001010011111—12
Mrs Carson, D.....	101111110111100011001—18
Pumphrey	01111110011011011011001—18
Ford	1001100001011110110101—15
Sundermeyer	11001000100101101011100—13

Handicap shoot, 25 targets:	
Buck, 4.....	1111111101111011111111—25
F P Stannard.....	1111111111111111111111—25
Ford, 4.....	1111111111111110110011101—25
W D Stannard.....	1111111111111111111111—25
Mack, 5.....	111111111110101111101111—25
Cunningham, 2.....	1111110011111111111111—25
Adams.....	1111101111101111111111—23
Spreyde, 4.....	111111100110111011111010—23
Dr Miller.....	1111111111101111101101—22
Mrs Carson, 6.....	1010111111101110110000011111—22
Boroff, 4.....	11111111111001100110101110—22
Sundermeyer.....	11111111101101011010100—18
Jones.....	101111110100101010011—16
Pumphrey.....	011101011101100010011101—15

Shoot-off, 10 targets: W. D. Stannard 10, Buck 10, Mach 9, Cunningham 8, F. P. Stannard 8, Ford 7.
Shoot-off, 10 targets: Buck 10, W. D. Stannard 9.
Sweep, 25 targets: Adams 22, Mrs. Carson 17, Buck 23, Dr. Miller 21, W. D. Stannard 22, F. P. Stannard 24, Pumphrey 18, Jones 15, Sundermeyer 15, Cunningham 23, Ford 18.
Practice, 25 targets: Adams 21, Mrs. Carson 17, F. P. Stannard 25, Pumphrey 16, Buck 14, Dr. Miller 18, Ford 17, W. D. Stannard 24, Spreyde 22, J. F. Jones 13, R. B. Mack 23, Sundermeyer 15, Cunningham 10.

Garfield Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Ill.—The sixth trophy shoot of the Garfield Gun Club was held June 10. No. 4 was the trophy event. Hicks and Graham tied in Class A on 23, and in the shoot-off Hicks won—14 to 11. Dr. Meek won in Class B, and Dr. Royce in Class C. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	15	10	25	15	10	15	Targets:	10	15	10	25	15	10	15
Workman.....	6	8	7	16	Hicks.....	..	8	23	11	10	13	..
Kehl.....	2	7	5	3	4	Fanning.....	..	6	12	5	5	11	..
Northcott.....	8	7	5	15	9	6	..	Wolf.....	..	5	21	7
Richards.....	5	10	7	19	9	7	10	G Riddiford.....	..	6	6	6
Dr Meek.....	10	..	8	23	13	Smith.....	..	3	10	8	5	5	..
Eaton.....	4	..	5	17	7	5	..	Dr Royce.....	..	4	15	8	10
Young.....	4	9	4	14	8	5	8	S M Meek.....	..	3
Dr Shaw.....	9	14	..	22	12	9	..	Stiger.....	..	17	8	6	9
Mrs Shaw.....	7	3	..	17	12	W Riddiford.....	..	13	10	7
Hellman.....	7	11	8	20	10	9	..	Mathews.....	..	14	10
Rhodus.....	..	7	4	16	Lowry.....	..	17	11
Smedes.....	..	8	7	14	10	5	11	Dr Hodgson.....	..	9
Graham.....	..	10	9	23	13	Dr Graves.....	..	8	4

Dr. J. W. MEEK, Sec'y.

Alpine Gun Club.

June 7.—Scores made here to-day at the shoot of the Alpine Gun Club:

Match, 10 live birds:
Barto221111111—10 Simonetti1211202002—7

Twenty-five targets, three traps, known angles, unknown traps:
Barto 23, Simonetti 22, Plouzke 14.

Garden City Gun Club.

July 10.—The club shoot of the Garden City Gun Club was held here to-day. Levi and Rice won the diamond badge and the cash prizes respectively. The scores:

Club shoot:	
Levi, 30, 2.....	12111012111102012—14
Rice, 30, 1.....	201012112121212—14
Leffingwell, 30, 0.....	2120122211210—13
J P Watson, 30, 0.....	*2202222221222—13
Amberg, 30, 0.....	1*1220212112120—12
Hollister, 30, 0.....	12021**2221221—11
J Watson, 30, 0.....	202010011*0222—8
*Dr Kibbey, 30, 0.....	1112121122221—15
*Palmer, 32, 0.....	02022121122212—13

Team shoot:	Team No. 1.	Team No. 2.
S Palmer.....	22000—2	01022—3
H Levi.....	12212—5	22102—4
J Watson.....	00012—2	20002—2
W B Leffingwell.....	21010—3	11222—5

Match:
W B Leffingwell.....122*112122221212011110*2—21
S Palmer.....2222*11212221022110102211—21

Practice:	
Dr Kibbey.....	2222*00000202222120011112—16
S Palmer.....	0112221220210221212110102—8
	10102221002212122121212—40

RAVELRIGG.

Garfield Gun Club.

June 17.—The scores made at to-day's shoot of the Garfield Gun Club are appended. In the trophy event E. S. Graham won in Class A, Hellman won in Class B, Dr. Royce won in Class C. The scores in full of the seventh trophy shoot are as follows:

The scores in full of the seventh trophy shoot are as follows:															
Kehl	0009000100000010000100001														
Rhodus	1011010100010011001110100														
Richards	11101011111101010110110														
Dr Meek	0111000110111111111111101														
Northcott	001101101110100010011001														
Dr Shaw	1111101100111111111110011														
Mrs Shaw	011011111111101101100110														
Fanning	1100001001111101111001101														
Workman	1111011011111011011110113														
N Ford	011010111110111111011110														
T Eaton	110111000000101100010001														
Young	1110001111011011111111117														
E Eaton	1101101010100110101000001														
Brabrook	0000100001011101000009110														
Dr Royce	1011010001111111011011111														
E S Graham	1110111111111111111011011														
Hellman	0101111111111111111111101														
A W Fanning	000010000101010010001000														
F Smith	0000010101001000100010001														
Nusley	1100000101011101011111110														
Cornelson	0001000000100010111110101														
North	01101101000101010101110003														
J Fanning	11010110111111111011001111														
De Long	110100110000100011110101														

The Chamberlin Tournament.

THE sixth annual tournament of the Chamberlin Cartridge & Target Co., which took place on the grounds of the Cleveland Gun Club, Cleveland, Ohio, June 14 and 15, fell far short of the expected support and short of that accorded the Chamberlin tournament of last year. This was not from any inherent defect in the attraction itself nor from any indifference on the part of the shooters; the whole explanation is in that it followed the great shoot which was held in Buffalo the previous week. However, on this point all were not agreed. The bitter strike then in progress was mentioned by some shooters as being the cause of the falling off in attendance; others attributed it to the Buffalo tournament, while others again thought that both strike and tournament were the causes. Undoubtedly the Buffalo shoot was the real cause, though most of the shooters had but a vague idea of why it was so. The strike, as it related to the shoot, was too remote and to unrelated to be considered as being specially obstructive. It hampered transportation to the shooting grounds, and that was all. The Chamberlin Company had provided two large buses, which carried the shooters to and from the grounds via Wilson street, connecting with street cars which passed the hotels where the shooters were staying. Another route was by street car, railroad and bus, with a few minutes' walk at the end of the route by way of warming up. Thus the transportation, while inconvenient, was far from being suspended, in so far as it related to the tournament.

The falling off in attendance was a logical sequence to the Buffalo shoot. First of all, five moneys in 15 and 20-target events, where there were so many good shooters in the competition, was proved to be disappointing, so far as any returns to the shooters were concerned. Not a few shooters shot much better than a 90 per cent. gait and did not make expenses. It was natural that they should look askance on a proposition which embodied the same principles of competition as that with which they had but just finished. Next, and more important still, was the fact that the Buffalo shoot had cost the shooters a great deal of money, so much that an interval of time was necessary in which to re-adjust depleted finances. Of course, there were individual shooters to whom the expense was of no special consideration, but as a body the matter of expense is a matter of the first importance. A brief analysis will illustrate this point more clearly. Dealing with round numbers, there were nearly 100,000 targets thrown in the programme and preliminary events at Buffalo, which at 2 cents each took \$2,000 out of circulation among the shooters. In the merchandise event \$860 more were contributed, and shells, railroad fare and hotel must have averaged quite \$10 more to each of the 174 or more shooters, to say nothing of the incidental expense of the trip which would make about \$7,000 more or less that they contributed during the week prior to the Cleveland shoot. These figures are rough estimates, and therefore are inexact, but they serve to show that the shooters had spent a great deal of money for shooting, and these shooters were the same to which the Cleveland tournament looked for support. Also, the Buffalo shoot demonstrated to the satisfaction of most of the shooters that it took a very high performance and some good luck added thereto to break even. An average of 90 per cent, and better many times failed to clear expenses. Nevertheless, the shoot was far from being a failure, there being 58 shooters on the first day, 50 of whom shot through the entire programme. The second day had about the same number, though there was quite a change in the personnel.

Each day's programme was alike, namely, eight events, four at 15 targets, four at 20, each \$2 entrance; five moneys, class shooting. In the programme events, manufacturers' experts and professionals were barred, also for average prizes, excepting that offered for the best average in the professional class. This was a watch chain, a diamond, value \$50, set in a plain gold locket. A similar one was offered to the shooter making the highest amateur average. The highest average in the professional class was made by Mr. Rolla O. Heikes, who broke a total of 398 out of a total of 420 shot at, that number constituting the total number of the three days' programme. This was about an average of .947 per cent. Mr. J. S. Fanning was next in this class, with 391 broken, a fraction over 93 per cent. Each manufacturer sending representatives to the tournament was taxed \$5, with the privilege of paying as much more as they chose. Shooters who averaged 90 per cent. or better had \$4 deducted from their winnings each day, while those who broke less than 90 and over 84 per cent. had \$2 deducted each day. Those who desired to do so could shoot for targets only by way of paying 25 cents in each event. These moneys were divided pro rata among the amateurs (excepting the winner of first average) who shot in all programme events, and they netted each \$7.75. However, it seems a bit unjust to tax a shooter \$4 for shooting a 90 per cent. gait or better, or \$2 for shooting an 85 per cent. gait or better, if the winnings of the shooter are less than his entrance money, or less after deducting the tax. In such cases the shooter is simply paying, not out of winnings, but out of pocket.

In the amateur class, high average was made by Mr. Chan Powers. His was a phenomenal performance. There were 140 targets in each day's programme. In that of the first day he missed but 4. In that of the second day, part of which was shot on the first and part on the second, he missed but 2. In that of the third day, all of which was shot on the second day, he missed but 3, a total of 9 for the three days, an average of nearly 98 per cent. He was tied by Green on the first day, but led him 2 targets on the second day's programme and 5 on that of the third. Green's score would have been extraordinary in itself were it not so eclipsed by that of Powers, as it was over a 96 per cent. gait.

The trade was represented by Messrs. R. O. Heikes, A. G. Courtney, Capt. A. W. du Bray, L. Squires, J. S. Fanning, J. J. Hollowell and J. H. Mackie.

Mr. Paul North was manager, and his office was marked by the same diligence and efficiency as characterized it at Buffalo the previous week. Mr. R. C. McConaughy was cashier. Every detail was handled with the promptness and precision which come from perfect ability. After the Buffalo shoot, of which he had the cashier's department in charge, any other ordinary shoot would be a mere exercise, so far as the cashier's department is concerned.

Wednesday, June 14, First Day.

The weather was distressingly close and sultry. There seemed to be much humidity in the air, and the perspiration oozed out plentifully, but would not evaporate. There was much loosening of collars and mopping of faces in consequence. The shady side of the house and the open tent were the favorite nooks on the grounds. An early start was made to catch the 7:50 train, the depot of which was reached by street car. This train took the party to Petrie street, where a bus was waiting to take the shooters to the grounds, and although it had much the same capacity as a gospel tent—that is, always room for one more—a return trip was necessary to take the overflow. A few minutes' walk was necessary at the finish, ending in a climb up a long flight of stairs, so that every man was well warmed up for the work at hand before a shot was fired.

The first day's programme was finished, and all the parties at interest signifying their willingness to finish the three days' programme in two days, the second day's was begun, and five events of it had been shot when the day ended.

A warm northwest wind blew mildly and fitfully throughout the day, which would be about a 7 o'clock wind as the shooters stood at the traps. This made quite a difference to the slow shots, but practically none at all to those who shot in quick time. The targets were not thrown hard. As a whole, the conditions were not unfavorable to good scores. The background is good; indeed, the grounds are most pleasantly situated, besides being well equipped. Two magautraps most satisfactorily threw the targets. Once the shooting began, everything went off like clock-work. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Broke.
Bluelocks:	15	15	15	15	20	20	20	20	140
F E Mallory:	14	13	12	11	18	16	18	15	117
S T Mallory:	11	13	15	15	17	17	17	20	125
Dade	12	14	14	14	14	18	17	17	120
J T Mallory	14	12	12	13	16	18	18	17	120
H G Wheeler	15	13	14	12	20	18	19	18	129
James	14	14	14	12	17	19	17	20	127
Dale	15	14	14	12	17	18	18	17	125
Redwing	12	14	14	10	18	18	18	17	121
Grant	13	12	12	10	16	16	16	19	113
Carr	12	13	13	11	17	19	18	18	121
L Burton	13	12	12	12	16	16	18	18	117
Easton	14	15	13	14	19	13	19	17	124
Spross	14	13	12	14	18	16	20	17	124
Green	13	15	14	15	20	20	19	20	136
Snow	14	13	14	15	18	20	16	18	128
Reihl	13	12	13	14	15	17	18	19	121
Bibbee	13	14	13	11	16	17	16	16	116
Mackie	11	9	14	11	16	17	18	16	112
Cox	13	12	13	11	17	14	15	15	110

Andrews	11	10	12	9	12	16	12	13	95
Heikes	15	14	14	13	20	18	18	18	130
Powers	14	14	14	14	20	20	20	20	136
Fanning	14	14	14	13	20	17	17	19	128
Hollowell	15	14	15	12	15	13	20	19	123
Du Bray	13	11	14	12	18	16	16	15	115
Alkire	15	14	13	13	19	15	12	18	119
Shepardson	13	12	14	15	19	17	16	17	123
Allen	11	11	11	11	17	13	18	13	105
Squier	14	12	9	7	18	13	15	12	100
Gambell	12	12	13	11	13	17	16	16	110
Shaner	13	12	11	11	19	17	17	17	117
Atkinson	13	14	12	11	18	18	18	18	122
Hull	13	12	15	12	20	16	20	13	121
Mingo	12	14	15	15	18	18	18	17	127
Gray	11	12	11	9	11	13	15	19	101
Decker	11	7	9	10	13	10	13	14	87
Chamberlin	13	10	12	6	15	16	14	16	102
Ruble	13	12	15	14	16	17	9
H H Williams	12	14	11	11	13	14	14	16	105
J I C	8	9	14	12	17	12	13	12	97
Courtney	13	11	12	10	17	16	15	16	110
Johns	14	11	13	12	18	17	18	19	122
Cochran	10	11	11	12	18	20	17	18	117
Fleming	14	12	13	15	19	19	16	19	127
J S Boa	14	13	14	15	19	20	18	19	132
Lang	10	9	11	12	8
Weakland	11	10	12	11
Doc	12	13	11	8	9	16	13	14	97
White	12	12	13	13	14	15	16	17	111
Breck	13	12	9	13	15	12	17	17	108
Sherman	12	12	13	13	13	13	13	18	114
W B Burton	4	8	8	9
Sporting Life	11	11	9	12	13	13	14	18	101
Cleves	12	10	12	9	16	14	13	14	100
Waters	9	12	13	13
American Field	10	13	12	18	...
Chic	17	16	16	14
Forest and Stream	16	12	...
Douds	8

The second day's programme is given herewith, keeping in mind that events Nos. 1 to 5 inclusive were shot on the first day and Nos. 6 to 8 on the second day:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Broke.
Bluelocks:	15	15	15	15	20	20	20	20	140
F E Mallory:	14	13	14	14	18	16	18	18	125
S T Mallory:	13	12	12	12	18	20	17	20	125
Dade	12	11	14	14	19	18	17	17	122
J T Mallory	14	13	15	14	19	16	15	16	122
H G Wheeler	13	13	13	15	19	20	18	20	131
James	14	14	15	14	18	17	16	19	127
Dale	14	11	12	13	19	18	18	19	124
Redwing	15	15	15	14	20	18	19	17	133
Grant	13	12	12	13	20	19	15	19	123
Carr	11	13	13	11	16	19	14	16	113
L Burton	13	12
Easton	13	14	14	13	19	18	19	18	128
Spross	14	14	14	11	16	18	17	17	121
Green	14	15	14	15	20	18	20	20	136
Snow	14	12	13	12	17	15	17	19	119
Reihl	15	14	14	12	18	15	16	17	121
Bibbee	11	13	14	14	17	17	17	18	121
Mackie	14	13	12	13	17	19	17	18	121
Cox	11	11	14	14	17	18	18	18	121
Cleves	12	13	10	11	17	17	16	15	111
Heikes	15	15	15	15	19	19	18	19	135
Powers	15	15	14	15	20	20	20	19	138
Fanning	14	13	14	14	19	20	19	18	131
Hollowell	13	13	12	15	19	17	16	16	121
Du Bray	14	11	10	11	18	18	16	14	112
Alkire	15	14	13	11	18	17	19	16	123
Shepardson	14	14	12	12	18	18	17	14	119
Allen	12	9	12	15	17	12	12	18	107
Squier	11	13	11	14	16	15	15	18	112
Gambell	13	13	11	12	19	18	17	13	116
Shaner	14	11	14	14	19	17	18	18	125
Atkinson	14	15	12	12	15	19	16	18	121
Hull	12	13	13	13	18	19	20	20	128
Mingo	13	14	14	15	16	16	20	19	127
Gray	9	9	14	13
Sporting Life	8	13	10
Chamberlin	12	6	10	11	13	15	15	14	96
Sherman	15	11	11	12	15	14	16	15	109
H H Williams	10	13	12	12	15	17	14	17	110
Doc	9
Courtney	13	12	12	12	16	18	18	20	121
Johns	15	12	14	11
Cochran	12	15	14	13	13	16	18	18	119
Fleming	15	13	14	13	17	17	18	18	125
J S Boa	15	15	14	14	18	17	17	18	128
J I C	11	12	13	13	17	16	18	15	115
French	11	15	10
Lang	15	10	16	17	...
Mac	10	14	16	14	...
Mutter	16	17	17	19	...
Swift	9	11	10	12	...
A W Reed	12	15	17	18	...
Blue Rock	9	13	15	15	...
Pumphrey	16	12	17	17	...
C B Wolfe	15	10	12
Alex	18	20	18

Thursday, June 15, Second Day.

A heavy rainstorm in the night cooled the atmosphere and the sweltering heat of the previous day was past, much to the gratification of the shooters. The light was not so glaring, and the conditions were all better both for comfort and good work. A cool, mildly gusty wind blew from the northwest, comforting to the shooters, but toying with the targets at times, as shown by occasional duckings and dodgings of them, causing thereby not a few misses to such shooters as made no allowance for the changed conditions, or to such as were a bit slow. The remainder of the second day's programme was finished before that of the third day was taken up. The last gun of the entire programme was fired about 4 o'clock.

A question arose during the day in respect to whether a target was broken or not. One of the shooters shot at a piece of a target. The referee did not see it. When questioned, several of the shooters declared it a miss. No one declared it a hit. It was declared a lost target. The shooter objected on the ground that the outsiders should have no voice in the decision. In matters where the referee saw with his own eyes that contention would be good. Where he did not see, the only way to maintain the equity is to get the testimony of reputable shooters who did see. Common sense should govern under the circumstances, rather than far-fetched technicality. It would be manifestly unfair to give the shooter another target to shoot at if he had fairly missed, and there is nothing unfair in the referee being so informed if he failed to see it. Moreover, while this practice may not be embodied in the rules, it is sanctioned by fairly good general usage. The rules are founded on common sense and equity, which should govern exceptional cases as well as in all others.

At the close of the shoot Admiral Courtney presented \$10 to each of the other members of his squad—Messrs. Alex. Cochran, Fleming and Boa—this as agent of his company.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Broke.
Bluelocks:	15	15	15	15	20	20	20	20	140
F E Mallory:	11	14	14	13	18	15	20	19	124
S T Mallory:	11	14	13	11	17	18	17	17	119
Dade	12	15	15	11	17	17	16	19	122
J T Mallory:	12	13	12	13	15	16	17	17	115
H G Wheeler	12	14	15	13	16	16	17	19	122
Dale	13	14	15	15	17	18	18	20	130
Grant	12	14	13	12	20	17	18	19	125
James	14	14	13	15	18	18	18	19	129
Carr	13	14	13	12	15	17	18	16	118
Redwing	11	13	15	13	17	20	20	16	125
I C.	12	12	12	12	16	18	15	18	115
Easton	11	15	12	13	17	19	18	19	124
Spross	14	14	12	14	19	19	18	18	128
Green	12	14	15	15	19	19	20	18	132
Snow	13	11	11	13	19	17	18	16	118
Reihl	14	15	11	14	17	19	17	17	124
Bibbee	10	14	15	12	14	17	19	19	120
Mackie	13	13	13	10	18	18	19	17	121
Cox	15	11	13	13	16	16	16	15	115
Cleves	10	10	10	9	14	14	13	11	91
Heikes	14	14	15	15	19	17	19	20	133
Powers	15	15	15	15	19	20	18	20	137
Panning	15	14	14	15	18	18	19	19	132
Mallowell	13	14	12	13	17	16	16	19	120
Qu Bray	11	11	13	14	18	16	16	19	118

Honoring the Dead.

OMAHA, Neb., June 10.—The shooters of Omaha recently conceived the idea of putting on foot a movement to raise a fund for the erection of a monument to the memory of the Nebraska soldiers who fell in the war with Spain and in the Philippines. In order to accomplish the above it was decided to have a team contest between the two rival gun clubs—the Omaha and the Du Pont; also, to further stimulate interest, it was arranged for a similar race to be shot between the county and city officials. The general public was invited to witness these contests, and for this privilege the gate was 25 cents. In order to raise as large a fund as possible everyone interested was appointed a committee of one to solicit the purchase of tickets. Thus in this manner something over 4,000 tickets were disposed of.

The contest between the two local clubs was identically like that of the city and county—50 targets per man. This, singularly enough, resulted in a tie by a total of 405. It was at first supposed that the Omahas had won by 1 bird, and this club left the grounds under this impression, though it has since been discovered that it was a tie. The shooting was done on the Exposition grounds over a magautrap, and there were probably a thousand spectators present to witness the sport. The weather was fine and there was but little wind. Parmelee, Loomis and R. Kimball made the high score on the Omaha team, while Young and Curtis led the Du Pont.

Mr. Chas. North, of the Cleveland Target Co., and the FOREST AND STREAM correspondent were the out-of-town visitors present.

The contest between the city and county officials was disposed of first, and resulted in a win for the city by 337 to 331.

There were ten men to a team and each principal shot at 50 targets. The individual scores of the teams are as follows:

City.	County.
Bates.....40	H S McDonald.....45
Counsmen.....37	J W McDonald.....40
Clark.....37	Hummel.....40
Cook.....36	Hart.....40
Bingham.....36	Lewis.....32
Dunn.....35	Shand.....31
Downs.....34	Shields.....30
Huntelman.....32	Jones.....30
Heigelman.....27	Ostrom.....27
Schurig.....23	Pickard.....16
337	331

Next came the club contest:

Omaha Club.	Dupont Club.
G W Loomis.....01111111111111111111—24	C H Young.....10101110111011011111—19
F S Parmelee.....11111111111111111111—22-46	C H Curtis.....11111111111111111111—24-43
R Kimball.....11111111111111111111—22-46	C R Andrews.....01111111111111111111—23-43
G F Brucker.....11111111111111111111—22-46	T Kimball.....10101110111111111111—21-42
Blake.....11111111111111111111—22-45	G W Icken.....11111111111111111111—24-42
D Burgess.....11111111111111111111—17-41	W Salisbury.....11111111111111111111—21-41
C Johannes.....01100001011111111111—17-39	W D Townsend.....01111111111111111111—22-40
J P Smead.....11111111111111111111—19	H A McDonald.....01001111111111111111—18-40
J C Read.....01511111111111111111—20-39	C W Bishop.....11001111111111111111—19
McFarland.....11111111111111111111—18	F Dvorak.....11011111111111111111—20-39
00010101111111111111—13-31	11100111111111111111—16-36
405	405

PAUL R. LITZKE.

Boston Gun Club.

WELLINGTON, Mass., June 16.—The eight shooters who visited Wellington in search of a cool breeze Wednesday last, which was terribly hot, were a trifle disappointed in finding only a warm one. Nevertheless they commenced without loss of time to make the atmosphere hotter by repeated doses of nitro powder and chilled shot. The day otherwise was a fine one for target demolition, and by and by, when the sun descended behind the club house, and chairs were placed on the corner of walk, where a breeze played truant, the conditions were tolerable.

Some good scores were made in the match, and fair results were apparent throughout entire number of events.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
Targets:	10	10	10	5p	10	10	10	10	10	5p	10	10	5	6
Gordon, 17.....	8	8	5	6	9	5	8	6	6	10	6	7	7	5
Miskay, 18.....	8	9	4	8	8	10	10	4	8	12	7	9
Leonard, 16.....	8	5	4	7	5	7	6	6	8	8
Woodruff, 17.....	9	9	..	8	8	9	4	..	12	..	8	..	4	..
Nichols, 16.....	5	5	..	3	6
Adrian, 16.....	6	3	..	7	6
Horace, 18.....	8	9	8	6	8	9	7	7	11	..	7
Spencer, 18.....	8	7	9	2	6	13	6	8	6
Henry, 15.....

All events unknown angles from magautrap; 3 and 11, pairs; 8 and 9, infielders.

Merchandise match, tenth contest, 30 targets, unknown angles:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
Miskay, 18.....	11	10	11	10	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Horace, 18.....	01	11	11	10	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Woodruff, 17.....	01	11	11	10	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Spencer, 18.....	01	11	11	10	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Gordon, 17.....	11	11	11	10	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Leonard, 16.....	01	11	10	00	10	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11

Audubon Gun Club.

BUFFALO, N. Y., June 17.—There seemed to be a disposition to rest on the part of the shooters after the great shoot of last week, as there was a decrease in the attendance. C. S. Burkhardt's fine shooting was the feature. He made an average of 94 per cent. on the programme events, and a total of 125 out of 135. He also showed in fine form in the live-bird events, scoring 32 straight without a miss. The B badge and Hebard trophy wins were undecided. C. S. Burkhardt won Class A badge, making a straight score of 25, which makes the fourth straight score in this season's badge events, with only one more shoot to finish the season.

The Audubon Gun Club is making arrangements for the Fourth of July celebration by holding an all-day shoot. The programme will consist of both targets and live birds. The feature of the day will be the shoot for the Clinton Bidwell trophy, in open competition. The committee in charge contemplate a fee of \$5 instead of \$10, which will be an incentive for the largest attendance which has ever contested for this trophy.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	15	**	**	25	20	20	Targets:	15	**	**	25	20	20
C Burkhardt.....	14	25	27	23	17	18	Eaton.....	11	22	22
J J Reid.....	11	19	19	24	16	..	Porter.....	9	17	24	17
Warren.....	11	22	29	14	Storey.....	8	14	19
A C H.....	13	23	Dr Carroll.....	13	23	27
E Burkhardt.....	10	24	21	..	18	16	E W Smith.....	..	27
Talsma.....	14	23	J H Hull.....	..	27
McArthur.....	10	22	24	W McCarthy.....	13	14	14
Poole.....	10	21	28	..	19	..							

* Badge. ** Hebard trophy.

Craig—Goodhue.

SHERBROOKE, P. Q., Canada.—Up in the Province of Quebec they have a great many shooters of the middle class. They have very few who can be classed as stars, but what they lack in skill they more than make up by earnest endeavor and immense ambition.

For the past two years an "individual trophy" has been passing about among a dozen of the gamiest shooters, and it gets little chance to rust. T. M. Craig, of Sherbrooke, has held it a good deal, and J. B. Goodhue, of Rock Island, has had it on his mantlepiece. It has also been in Montreal more than once. It bears the names of all who have shot for it, either as winners or losers, and gains in value and interest as it travels.

The last match was shot on June 3. J. B. Goodhue challenged T. M. Craig, and won a nice clean match:

	20 known.	20 unknown.	5 pairs.	Total.
Goodhue.....	17	19	7	43
Craig.....	16	15	7	38

W. L. Cameron, of Montreal, has since challenged Goodhue, and the match will be shot on July 1, during the progress of the Sherbrooke Gun Club's tournament. This tournament, as has been remarked before, is always a success from every point of view, and the 80 per cent. man is sure to find it a delightful occasion.

Dupont Gun Club.

OMAHA, Neb., June 13.—The club shoot of the Dupont Gun Club was held here to-day. There was a strong wind, which made the shooting hard. Following the club shoot was a match—Townsend and Curtis against Berlin and Burgess, 100 targets per man. The scores:

Club shoot:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
Berlin.....	11	10	00	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Plumber.....	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Wesley.....	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Parmelee.....	01	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Townsend.....	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
McDonald.....	10	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Windheim.....	10	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Curtis.....	01	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Roberts.....	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Davies.....	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
H Bauman.....	10	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Elborn.....	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Goodrich.....	10	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Goldsmith.....	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Morrill.....	10	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11

Team race:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
Curtis.....	01	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Townsend.....	10	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Burgess.....	01	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Berlin.....	10	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11

Brookton Gun Club.

BROCKTON, Mass., June 15.—Inclosed find scores of our shoot to-day. It was a perfect day, but we did not have a large attendance. All the traps were set as low as possible, and speeded up a trifle, which, with a smooth, even wind blowing all the time, made the targets just scoot. Leroy was not bothered in the least with the speed of the targets; he broke his usual 96 out of the even 100 he shot at. We are always pleased to welcome him home. Every one appears to do better with him in the game. Next shoot changed to July 1, when we expect to shoot over a magautrap. A regular warming is expected. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
Targets:	10	15	15	5	15	15	10	15	15	30	30	30	30	30	30	30	30	30	30	30
Barrett.....	9	13	14	2	12	11	3	29	26
Donoghue.....	12	11	9	30
Leroy.....	9	14	15	1	14	15	1	14	13	30	30
W Woodard.....	5	12	12	4	11	10	6	29	27
Allen.....	..	10	9	4	11	6	4	3	..	22
Worthing.....	..	12	13	4	10	10	4	29	24
Bishop.....	6	7	4	9	20
Stork.....	9	13	3	25

A. A. BARRETT, Sec'y.

East Side Gun Club.

SAGINAW, Mich., June 11.—The club shoot of the East Side Gun Club was held to-day. A strong wind blew across the grounds, and the targets were hard to hit. No. 1 was a practice sweep; No. 2 was for the Finley Brew Co. medal; No. 3 was a walking match, and No. 4 was the club shoot. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	25	25	15	25	Targets:	25	25	15	25
Popp	15	..	17	..	Carpenter	19	..	21	..
Baum	21	20	7	21	Tremper	13	9	19	..
Bliss	22	24	..	24	Breckelsbauer	15	12	13	..
Kragmann	12	14	4	16	Ender	14	4
Schaitberger	10	Tompson	16	6
Messner	22	20	9	23	Lafayette	12	10	18	..
Wolf	10	13	..	8	Lord	9
Nougle	14	11	6	15	King	6	11
Dambacher	14	11	4	..	Baumgartner	6	20
Lamb	10	12	..	W Tremper	11	..

